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Greensboro Patriot.

JOHN B. HUSSEY, Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO N. C.,

Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1881.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The best surgeons and the best railroad men in the country are now editing newspapers.

Franklin Reed, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second district, has resigned in favor of Judge Gilbert, the Greenback candidate, who will run on a Fusion ticket. The election which took place last Tuesday resulted in the defeat of the Fusion ticket.

Senator Vorhees is inclined to think that there will be objection to the admission of the Senators elect from New York, and that there ought to be an investigation. Senator Vorhees' opinions are by no means infallible. His guesses are oftener wrong than right.

The tea crop of China is some 60,000 chests short. Lovers of the beverage, however, need not be alarmed at the situation. This deficiency means neither a lack of tea or high prices, but a great activity in currant leaves, hay seed, catechu, iron fillings and similar materials, that go a long way to making the tea of commerce.

A Representative of the Agricultural Department at Washington has been sent to Canada to produce the best varieties of good winter seed wheat. He has found one which he thinks valuable, known in Canada as the Finlay variety. It is described as a bald wheat, with red grain, white chaff, and stiff (but not heavy) straw. It is a hard grain and makes excellent flour, and has also a heavy yield. The representative referred to is so well satisfied with it that he has already secured over 200 bushels, and wishes to take with him to Washington 400 or 500 bushels more. Our farmers might do well to make a note of this.

One encouraging development in the President's case is the expressed desire for a little innocent divertisement in a game of "seven up." But there is solid comfort in the circumstance of his having discharged four out of the seven doctors who have been attending him. The mere fact that he was boured by the presence of so many physicians is an elopnent argument in his favor.

We have not, thus far, undertaken to make a resume of the President's case. So many distinguished profesional authorities have favored us with their opinions that we felt a diffidence in thrusting foward a mere layman's view. We do not subscribe to the buoyant opinion that he is convalescent. On the contrary, we believe that a long and painful and uncertain journey lies before him ere he can reasonably hope to emerge into the flowery meade of safety. But we have been powerfully impressed by his independent action in asserting himself as against the multiplicity of doctors, and we really begin to believe, for the first aime since that tragic 2 nd of July, that he has a living chanch to recover and resume his place at the head of the nation. That this indication may prove to be true to the facts we devoutly trust. The death of the President would be a national calamity in our opinion. Heaven forefend it!

The English colonies in Australia and New Zealand are prospering with wonderful rapidity. They exhibit rich products and are extending their commerce, competing in certain lines of trade with other and older countries still more advanced in manufacturing than they are. New South Wales, whose population will not ascend to more than 700,000 souls, dedicated $2,100,000 to public education during the last year; while Victoria appropriated $500,000 to increase the efficiency of her postal service, and to subsidize coasting steamers. In the last ten years New Zealand has opened 5000 miles of new roads without taking into consideration existing railroads and other public works.

Forty-one regular lines of steamers touch at all the Australian colonial ports and secure their communication with the rest of the world. The little railroad from the port of Sandridge, in Hobson's bay, to Melbourne, does as much carrying traffic per annum as would 5000 middle-sized steamers, as far as actual freight movement is concerned. These colonies are the cradles of seven great States; nor would it be surprising should the next generation witness the United States of Australia ranked among the great nations of the world.

The thirteenth reunion of the Army of the Cumberland will take place at Chatanooga, Tennessee, on the 21st. We thank the committee for an invitation to be present. The Army of the Cumberland will be received by the Army of the Tennessee, and one of the days will be devoted to joint ceremonies. Thus the gray and the blue will mingle in fraternal affection on that field where years ago they contended as enemies. While the issues of the war are dead, we cannot forget that the heroes who so gallantly maintained their cause on so many sanguinary fields, amid trials, sorrows and disasters, are also passing away; while soon, too soon, nothing will survive but the memory of their unparalleled achievements. These army reunions are both pleasant and profitable. They enable old comrades to meet to talk over the historic past and to "fight their battles o'er again." But what is more than all, at these reunions the gallant dead are not forgotten. Their words and their deeds are remembered by their surviving comrades, while tear will bedew the cheeks of many as they recall the kind faces and the noble actions of their old companions, who fell "on the field of honor."

Even though the comet's presence does not signalize the end of the world it cannot be called a wholly foolish generation that sees some unaccustomed signs in the times. Never were the seasons the world over so violently knocked out of their ordinary behavior. For months we have been hearing of the abnormal heats of Europe—with droughts, earthquakes and what not of a disagreeable sort. The winter, too, was unexampled in severity all over the Eastern world. The abnormal is indeed the common story over all the earth's surface, and we should bear with philosophic resignation the severities of heat now put upon us. In Michigan, beside the corps, it has so parched the earth and trees that a casual spark has set fire to a third of the surface of the peninsula. In this belt of destruction not only are the forests scorched and burned, but dozens of thriving villages have been consumed, and with them the riches of years and sometimes the lives of men as well as beasts.

These certainly are grave events if considered as signs, but for the moment the country isn't inclined to take the abstract view of them. The thought of the moment is that thousands have been rendered homeless; that the authorities of Michigan appeal to the thoughtful for help, and that unless the untouched East responds promptly to the stricken West the miseries of starvation and homelessness will supplement the cruel blows of fire and destruction. As to a remedy for such frequently-recurring disasters it is fairly doubtful whether the ingenuity of men can cope with the elements of rainless weeks and a burning sun.

An Attempt to Kill Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—At 7 o'clock last evening an attempt was made to kill Guiteau in his cell. At that hour Battery B, second artillery, was relieving Cap. Graves's command which had been on duty at the jail the previous 24 hours. The battery arrived in three wagons, in the first of which, was seated First Sergeant Mason: As the wagon drew up in front of the jail, Mason jumped out, threw his cap aside, and with musket on shoulder, proceeded to the right wing of the jail. A few seconds brought him abreast of the window through which Guiteau had been often seen. Putting his gun to his shoulder, the clear report which rang through the jail told the story of his intention and act. The ball grazed Guiteau's head and penetrated his coat which was hanging on the side of the cell Sergeant Mason surrendered himself to his commanding officer, Capt. McGilvary, who immediately put him under arrest,

Mason is a native of Virginia, and has been nineteen years in the service. He says he shot for the purpose of killing Guiteau and was sorry he missed him. He had become tired of riding over cobble stones to jail every day to guard the life of such a cur as Guiteau, so made up his mind to kill him.

We quote the following beautiful lines by Dean Stanley, first published after his death by *The Spectator*, and evidently written after the death of Lady Augusta Stanley:

"'Till Death us part.'
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

'Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissoluably sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.
"*Till Death us join*'
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breaths hope sublime
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.
"Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever."

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is to become the fortunate owner of a remarkable suit of clothes. It is to be manufactured from raw cotton at the Atlanta Exposition within the space of 24 hours—the cotton to be picked, ginned, spun, dyed and woven in public.

ARTHUR'S PRAYERS (?).—*New York*, Sept. 8th.—Vice-President Arthur remained quietly at his house all day and did not attend any of the churches where prayers were being offered for the recovery of the President.

Bound.

BY L. V. P. RANDOLPH.

Behold a Nation and a Chief imbound,
Whilst sages daily watch the auguries!
Not, as of old, in blood of senseless beasts,
Or fight or guileless birds, or drifting clouds;
But in the ebbing life of martyred strength
In fluttering pulse, or fever's fateful flush.
Helpless is he? Nay, helped by powers unseen;
Weak from the blow, yet strong to stay or go;
Longing for life, that he may serve his age
And fill the measure of his country's need;
But shuddering not to cross the turbid flood,
If comes the summons. Thus roll on the weeks
In rhythmic cadences of joy or fear,
Now and again the Sabbath closing in,
To seem to claim for him a higher day.
Bound is the noble woman at his side—
To him by sweets and most sacred ties,
And yet by stronger ties of precious faith
And loyalty, to Duty and to God.
Bound are the people. Anxiously they wait
With bated breath the whispers of the wires
Which tell of cheerful courage—danger—hope,
Were it a question but of human help,
Of rescue possible to bravest men,
How suddenly would millions forward rush
Bare their own breasts to bless their hero friend,
And save his life at peril of their own!
Yet, no Prometheus, bound by desperate fate,
Is type of this our state of sad restraint.
There is an outlook from the bed of pain,
And Chief and Nation are the Father's wards.
He speaks: "*Be still and know that I am God!*"
Thus comes the order from the Great Serene.
All thanks and glory to His Holy Name.
His people's prayers on wings of faith may fly
And find a welcome at the gracious throne;
The sufferer and his friends, though bound, are free;
The flesh is weak, but the freed spirit mounts
Above the pain, the dread, the anxious thought
And, bowing to the Will that never errs,
Finds perfect peace in perfect trust alone.

MONOPOLIES.—One of the most interesting questions just now is, "What is a monopoly?" The idea implied by the word is that of somebody or something that wants to do all the business to the exclusion of everything and everybody else. That this idea is carried into the every-day life of many a monopoly is not to be denied. There are gigantic companies which are monopolies and there are little companies which would be monopolies if they could. The only reasons why the smaller concerns are not monopolies is that they have not enough money or that they are not managed with the business ability which is generally at the foundation of the building of a monopoly. There is an almost universal desire in the human soul to monopolize. Most young men who begin business aim at having the biggest establishment in town. Some of them succeed in the object of their ambition, and in consequence of their success are unpleasantly spoken of as monopolists by those who are less successful. There are few persons in business, whether as individuals or in a corporate capacity who would not like to buy out some comopetitor or run him out of town. There are hardly any who are willing to take a solemn vow and rigidly keep it, to the effect that they will always afford every competitor an even chance with themselves.

Persons who call themselves anti-monopolists are fond of taking measures to reform, or even to crush, what they are pleased to call monopolies. Sometimes they overreach themselves. The people in a little town which owes its existence to a railroad hold solemn meetings and threaten the road with almost everything short of extinction. They are angry at it for being bigger than they are. Forgetting that it is their chief benefactor they pass ordinances which, if carried out, would tax it to death. Failing to recognize that but for its presence they would have no communication with the rest of the world they enact a law that the trains of the monopoly shall pass through the town at no greater than funeral speed. There have been cases in which monopolies, vexed out of all patience by the petty conduct of the rulers of such one-horse towns, have taken up their tracks and gone by some other direction, leaving the little town to shrink into a "deserted village." In California, the other day, ground was broken for the Grangeville and Antioch Railroad, which, according to the announcement of the projectors, is to be an "anti monopoly" road. When the president of the company broke the sod he said: "In the name and behalf of the anti-monopoly I break ground on the first anti-monopoly railroad". Now, what do these projectors wish to accomplish? Simply the destruction of the power of the monopoly. How will they proceed to do it? Only by becoming more successful and consequently more powerful than the monopoly now is. When they do this they will swallow the present monopoly, and thus they will themselves become monopolists. It is the old story of the big fish eating the little ones. The little fish conscientiously disapprove of the big ones and of their selfish ways of gobbling that which is small. But let the little fish escape the jaws of the big; let them grow up to be big fish, and they are as real monopolists as the most gigantic.

New York Democrats.

The Democratic State committee have issued a call for a State convention to be held at Albany on October 11. They also passed resolutions expressive of sympathy for the President and his family and stating that the bullet of the assassin imperiled the country as the election frauds of 1876 had done.

The Heroine of the White House.

According to Capt. Henry, of the Presidential household, the first stampede of the doctors occurred on Friday Aug. 26th, a little after noon. The symptoms then were so extremely alaming that they held a hasty consultation and made one more effort to struggle against what appeared to be the inevitable decree of fate. In spite of every effort they could make, it seemed that the patient was rapidly sinking and his tenure of life only a question of a few minutes or hours. The greatest crisis of all had apparently arisen. Another consultation and it was decided that Mrs. Garfield should be immediately notified to prepare for the worst.—Having come to this determination, two of their number visited Mrs. Garfield in her room and plainly laid before her what they believed to be the real terrible facts in the case. They said that it was useless to struggle longer, that even what they could do was little, and the limitation of surgery had been reached. They stated the situation as tenderly as possible, and asked that she no longer delude herself with the idea of there being any hope of recovery. This was really the first time that they had formally given up the case. It was then that the pluck of this little woman came to the surface. Every feeling of love, and duty, and tenderness of the wife and mother came uppermost in an instant. Rising erect before them and firmly setting her lips against the expression of the emotion that struggled for utterance, she bravely said:

"Gentlemen, you shall not give him up. He is not going to die; he is going to live. I feel—I know it. Go back to your post every one of you, and leave it not until every remedy is exhausted—until death itself has set his seal upon him, for I will not believe that he is dying. Go back and do what you can. You cannot do more, but don't give up. I am his wife and I say that we will not give up until the end itself is upon us."

"In this style," says Capt. Henry, "she met the first stampede of the doctors. This is not, perhaps, her exact language, but it conveys the idea. There never was such a woman. She has never given way longer than a minute or two at a time to the display of the grief which at times well-nigh consumes her. As soon as these short paroxysms pass away she would return once more to her post, and seemed to inspire those around her with the same indomitable spirit, with the same limitless will, with the same supernatural energy. All along she has borne herself with the most remarkable grit I ever saw in a woman. It beats all. While the rest of us were weakening and trembling between hopes and fears, she, a weak woman as you would call her, seemed inspired with this wonderful stamina of mind and body. If Garfield owes his life to anybody, it is to Mrs. Garfield.—But for her I believe he would long ago have succumbed to the icy band of death. To her the Nation owes it for the preservation of his life. This seems extravagent, but I tell you we cannot give her too much praise."

After weary, anxious and prayerful weeks the scene changes. It is on Tuesday, Sept. 8th at Long Branch:—"Crete," said the President to his brave little wife, about eleven o'clock this morning, as the ringing strokes from the belfry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, almost cross from the cottage, reached his ears, "what are they ringing that bell for?"

"That?" said Mrs. Garfield, who had been waiting for the surprise; "that's the church where we were when you first came down. They're all going there to pray for you to get well," and getting on her knees she said: "And I'm going to pray, too, James, that it may be soon, for I know already that the other prayer has been heard."

Then and Now.

[Concord Register.]

A short time ago Vance, Jarvis, Worth and others were perfectly satisfied with the road in the hands of that corporation, and glad that they were rid of 'Best & Co.' Suddenly it springs up before the astonished gaze of the distinguished trio, by their attention being called to it by merchants who are feeling it, that the Richmond & Danville road has about gobbled up all the railroads in the State, and that that Company is 'discriminating' on freight charges.

In Virginia an enema was made of the republican party and injected into little Billy Mahone, in the hope of saving the readjuster stomach and affording sufficient nutrition to enable the little fellow to split the solid south.

Financial Outlook.

(Washington Post.

No one who believes in the law of general averages, the equity of nature or the justice of Divine Providence, is either surprised or alarmed at the shortness of some of our great export crops and the increased supply of those products in Europe this year, as compared with 1880, or either of the two or three years next preceding.

Time, at last, makes all things even. It is not given to one nation to enjoy permanent prosperity at the cost of other nations. Not even a protective tariff, piling imposts on the wares with which the bread-eaters of Great Britain pay for our wheat, corn, beef and pork, can annul the laws of nature. We had four successive great crops, and we were enabled to sell our immense surplus at high prices by scarcity of food in Europe. This was the foundation of our great prosperity. This brought in large supplies of foreign gold and kept the balance of trade largely in our favor.

We shall not have so much wheat this year at best by 60,000,000 bushels. The British market will draw a large portion of its supply from Russia and contiguous wheat-growing sections. But we shall have all that we can use and a large export surplus. This does not mean misery or ruin. And, although the corn crop will be short and consequently the hog yield light, yet we need fear no disaster. We shall have enough and to spare.

There is no danger of a financial crash. The horizon holds no menace of a financial storm. With gold coming in from Europe in large quantities, and an unliquidated trade balance in our favor of $100.000,000 on which to draw, we can face the future with a cheerful mien.

STAR ROUTE ROBBERS.—Assurances from Washington, unfortunately not so explicit as they could be wished, are reiterated that the Star route robbers have not been forgotten during the President's illness. The personages in charge of the matter are, it is said, now ready to take the cases into court and treat Dorsey, Brady and the others incriminated to healthful terms in the penitentiary. The testimony collected is to be submitted to the grand jury of the District of Columbia and upon it, the government officials make no doubt, the robbers will be broken. It is characteristic of the method brought about by long tenure of ower by a party that the incriminated personages should with apparent sincerity demand access to the department records. This has been the practice hitherto. So soon as a robber was cornered he fled to the spot where the traces of his criminality were to be found and by the connivance of party associates destroyed the evidence. Until the records in Washington are scanned by a party indifferent to the preceding functionaries or their regime there will be no means of knowing exactly the amount of robbery perpetrated since the change that came over the party in power in 1870–1. How seriously the records muss compromise the suddenly grown rich statesmen the significant firet in the Interior Department in 1876 is an evidence.—*Philadelphia Times.*

PRESIDENTIAL DISABILITY—AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE QESTION.—In consequence of the accumulation of executive business in the United States, the time seems to be rapidly drawing near when it will be impossible to go any further, even provisionally, without some arrangements for the conduct of affairs during the disability of the President. According to common sense, that arrangement should cease when the President again becomes capable, but the Supreme Court might not be able to reconcile a strict interpretation of the Constitution with common sense and equity, although the Vice President would doubtless be willing to acquiesce in any legitimate scheme for removing the obstacles founded on technicalities. The American people have had another warning that the machinery of the Constitution is liable to awkward hitches at points where it would be dangerous to get into a dead-lock.—*London Times.*

"Swaping the Devil" &c.

[Concord Register.]

The effort to check the Richmond & Danville railroad in its anaconda grip, by wresting the Western road from them on the mere quibble that the time to complete the extension was secured by 'fraud,' and turn it over to 'Best and his Boston syndicate, is about as bad policy as has been any of the former acts of the State in this matter. It is 'swapping the devil for the witch.'

What the People Want.

Statesville *Landmark*: They want the Westren Railroad finished and conducted, without regard to political influences, upon business principles. They believe now that it is being put through as rapidly as possible and there appears no good reason for disturbing the existing status, if the controllers will only come to terms, as come they should, upon the matter of discrimination.

The condition of the President is so encouraging that the half-breed papers may safely resume their abuse of Vice-President Arthur.

Washington Notes.

[Correspondence PATRIOT]

WASHINGTON D. C., Sept. 15.—Mr. Cowie, 5th Auditor of the Navy, has received a letter from Yorkohama, Japan, from Mrs. Mangum, wife of Willie P. Mangum, Esq., late Consul of the United States at Tien-Tsin, China. She states that the embalmed body of her husband will arrive in New York about the middle of this month. Having to attend to private unsettled business of Mr. Mangum's, she will be detained in the East some two or three months. She therefore requests that the friends of her husband in Washington will deposit his remains in a vault in the Congressional Burial Ground, where Diplomatic and consular officials receive final or temporary sepulture. When she comes, arrangements for his burial will be made.

Mr. Mangum was the son of Priestley H. Mangum, of Wake county, and nephew of the late distinguished Senator Mangum, after whom he was named. Just before the war he married Miss Ladd, of this city. I become acquainted with Mr. Mangum about 1858 or '9. He was an elegant gentleman, of fine talents and solid worth.

In the Spring of 1861, adhering to the Northern cause, he was appointed Consul to Ninpo, China, but in about four years was transferred to Nagasaki, Japan. He remained there some fourteen years, when he accepted the consulship at Tien-Tsin, where he died.

THE NORTH CAROLINA MIDLAND.

Railroad news, like "niggers" is "mighty onsartain." It often needs confirmation to make it reliable.—It is about as hard to obtain as it is tenuous when you handle it.

A lot of Winstonians, friends of the proposed North Carolina Midland, have been in Alexandria and this city for two or three days; but not a word of their conferences with Mr. Barbour and his associates can be had "for love or money," as the saying is. Along with them, registered at the same hotel, are two or three Northern gentlemen believed to be capitalists. The North Carolina delegation is composed as follows: H. W. Fries, Salem; A. H. Phfol, C. B. Gorrell and P. A. Wilson, of Winston.—Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is also here.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES.

Mack Seaton, Esq., son of W. W. Seaton, of the old *National Intelligencer*, is Chief Clerk of the Pension Office.

Mr. Robert R. Cotton, of Pitt county, is here to leave his daughter and another young lady at school in Georgetown. Haven't we some North Carolina seminaries for young women?

The irresistible Joseph G. Hester, who has been very quiet for several months, has broken out in a new place. He has invented and patented a new steel pen. May he not find the "pen mightier than the sword," with which he is said to have slain his fellow marine in the Confederate war?

The Christmas case will hardly come up before the first week in October. The grand jury have a great deal of business before them, including a number of murder cases. They will take early action in the Howgate and Star Route matters. C. W. H.

DEATH OF DELMONICO:—The death of Lorenzo Delmonico the celebrated caterer of New York, appears to have caused a feeling of universal regret, not only among the young bloods who frequented his famous uptown house, but by many of the "bon ton" who, several times a month, dined there with their families. Mr. Delmonico died a victim to excessive smoking. His cigars were made expressly for him in Havana, and were lengthy and very strong. He would smoke 30 daily. He began without a cent in 1832, and has died werth over $2,000,000, and except in the matter of tobacco is said never to have been guilty of personal extravagance. He was justly proud of the business he had built up, and not long ago remarked that there were no celebrated divines, lawyers, authors, actors, doctors, politicians, or social lions that had not been dined and wined in his establishments, to say nothing of distinguished visitors from abroad.

Among others was Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French, who returned to dine there daily with James Walleck. This compliment Delmonico hugged to his soul, for he was an ardent admirer of the Napoleons, and used to wear a lock of Napolean Bonaparte's hair in the locket of his watch chain, and would not, he said, take $10,000 for it.

He often furnished dinners that cost from $10,000 to $30,000, and one time when Jim Fisk, at 4 p. m. ordered a dinner at the Erie building for 6 p. m., for 150 persons, Delmonico had it ready at sharp 6. His family will run his different resturants, but the face of the quiet unassuming little man, who hovered around the dining-room or about the cashier's desk, has vanished from the scene of his glory forever.

Mr. John Kelly seems to be completing arrangements for laying out the New York Democracy again this fall. He has had so much experience that the thing comes handy to him now.

The Inter-Ocean says Guiteau is a man-devil, but Mr. G. still puts it in the old way, "I'm a Stalwart of the Stalwarts!"

About Wines—Tokay Vineyard.

[Cor. of the News and Observer.]

TOKAY VINEYARD,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 12, 1881.

My attention has been called to the local paragraph in your Saturday's issue respecting native wines Whilst it is undoubtedly true, as stated, that immense quantities of American wines are annually shipped to French ports, and there cased and labeled and branded with foreign marks and then reshipped and sold in their native land, at an enormous advance, to those who require a "foreign" article, nevertheless justice to myself and my patrons demands that it be added that there is no difficulty in disposing of all that is made at "Tokay." My experience so far has been that every gallon of "the marketable crop" is either sold or engaged long before the succeeding crop is put on the market. The demand is steadily increasing and I feel confident that if the yield were fifty thousand gallons a year, as we anticipate its being within the next year or two, the result would be the same. Even this season, with all untoward circumstances resulting from the unprecedented drought, we confidently count on half the quantity. But not to digress. If the evil complained of in your article went no further than that suggested, it would only have the effect of parting fools and their money. That class, as a rule, despise the economical and prefer "the high priced" in all things, though inferior. Wine at a dollar a gallon is too plebeian. It is their harmless whim to pay four or five prices for the self-same article, encased in European packages, in order to enjoy "the reputation" of drinking the juices of the Rhine, the Moselle or the Douro. But we have the high authority of the *American Wine and Grape Grower*, as well as that of several of the leading "dailies" of the day, who have investigated the subject, for saying that American wines, like some American citizens who go abroad, are sadly contaminated by contact with vile "bogus" admixtures; in other words, that they are "doctored" and flavored, and "blended" with the refuse of the French wine press, until their own parents would never recognize their denationalized offspring. But it is well known, according to the authorities quoted, that in their brief sojourn on foreign soil, they are adulterated with some of the deadliest drugs known to the chemist, in order to give "body" and increased "bulk." This is the little "honest penny" or perquisite of the "mixer," a "professional" of European origin. We occasionally get an intimation as to what extent meat and drink adulteration is carried on in this "blessed country." Sugar, syrups, ground coffee, flour, spices, corn wine (vulgarly called whisky) and a host of other articles of daily diet, are replete with poisonous compounds. Shame on our law makers that they permit it! So much for American enterprise." Wine until lately has been a European specialty. Why not the "enterprise" of the Old World keep pace with that of the New in this her special production?

It is self-evident, if not axiomatic, that the nearer the source of supply the purer the article. The original manufacturer, whether of meat or drink, dare not resort to these base expedients.

In conclusion, it is a well known statistical fact that for the past few years the production of *pure* European wines has been entirely inadequate to the home demand, and is steadily decreasing. Hence, what right has the American consumer to assume, as he sips his sherry, port or sauterne, that the mixer or compounder is giving him the genuine stuff, when they know full well that the abominable compounds will satisfy his fashionably vitiated taste equally well? The home (European) palate, being accustomed to, demands and requires the genuine article. Facts are stubborn things, but facts.

W. J. GREEN.

THE TRUE WIFE:—The true wife is often unfashionable in loving her husband and him only, in not caring to attract idle admiration or the homage of the more serious adored. When she married it was for love, pure and simple; and she did not look to her wifehood as to her papers of release from control and her charter for unlimited freedom. She has no very decided opinions or politics, woman's rights, or the doctrine of fate and free-will. She slips insensibly, and by the natural training of love, into the groove of thought where the husband finds himself, and holds his position to be the best of all because it is his. She is more content with his fame than she would be with her own; indeed, she finds hers in his, and would not care to be a personage on her own account. She desires for herself, for her honor and supreme personal happiness, only his love, only his health and prosperity; and so long as he is safe, her star is without a cloud to veil its happiness.

Six Nevada widows, each worth over $300,000, have formed a compact and solemnly agreed to take no men but editors for second husbands. Gentlemen, even in the darkest hour we have stuck to it that things would work out all right in the end.

SECRETARY WINDOM had a brief interview with the President last week. It was the first time he had seen him since the President was shot.

Familiar Quotations.

Grave judges and others learned in the law, have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Becon who speaks of matters that "come home to men's business and bosom," who lays down the axioms that "Knowledge is power," and who utters that solemn warning to enamored benedicts, "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that "corporations have no souls," and that "a man's house is his castle." The expression "an accident of an accident," is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," occurs in Rentham, but is an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Beccaria. To Leviathan Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, "Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools." It is John Selden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind; and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery, "With how little wisdom the world is governed." Mackintosh first used the phrase, "A wise and masterly inactivity." "The schoolmaster is abroad," is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is "abroad," in the sense of being absent, as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is "abroad" in the sense of being everywhere at work. In the familiar phrase, "A delusion, a mockery and a snare," there is a certain Biblical ring, which has some times led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.—Chamber's *Journal.*

The Forest Fires.

CINCINNATTI, Sept. 12.—The following appeal has been telegraphed from Port Huron.

To the American people: We have to night returned from the burned district of Huron and San Ilac counties.

We have seen burnt, disfigured and writhing bodies of men, women and children; rough board coffins contained the dead, followed to the grave by a few blinded, despairing relatives; crowds of half-starved people at some of the stations, asking bread for their families and neighbors.

We hear of more than 200 victims already burned and more charred and bloated bodies are daily discovered. Already more than 1500 families are found to be utterly destitute and houseless. They are huddled in barns, in school-houses and in their neighbor's houses, scorched, blinded and helpless; some still wander half-crazed around the ruins of their habitations vainly seeking their dead; some in speechless agony wringing their hands and refusing to be comforted. More than 10,000 people, who only a week ago occupied happy, comfortable homes, are to-day houseless and homeless sufferers. They were hungry and almost naked, when found, and in such numbers and so widely scattered that our best efforts and greatest resources fail to supply their immediate wants. Without speedy aid many will perish and many will suffer and become exiles.

Our people will do their utmost for their relief, but all our resources would fail to meet their necessities. We appeal to the charity and generosity of the American people to send help without delay.

E. C. CARLETON,
Mayor of Port Huron and Chairman of Relief Committee.
William Hartraff, Charles A. Ward, Charles B. Peck, John P. Sanborn, Omer D. Conger, Peter B. Sanford.

Envious People.

The envious never rejoice in the good fortune of their friends. Directly a man rises in life they come to the front with a story about his low origin, and wonder that so obscure an individual should ever have amounted to anything. The fact that he has amounted to something, that he has proved himself a success, seems to make some of his acquaintances feel that they have been robbed in a manner, and that by so much he has risen above them in position or influence, by so much they are dwarfed. Men who have groped blindly to find a fitting place for their talents find it, and with it comes naturally appreciation, money, influence, prosperity. Can their good fortune cause anything but rejoicing in a magnanimous and noble mind? One thing is certain: the man or woman who is occupied in picking to pieces the crown lawfully won by a successful neighbor, is not likely ever to wear one; for the time thus spent is worse than wasted, and the disposition that can find pleasure in employment so ignominious and degrading, can never find those aspirants, labors and toils congenial, which bring deserved reputation, honor and success.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has written a letter expressing regret that pressing business engagements will prevent him from attending the reunion of the North Carolina ex-Confederate soldiers at Raleigh during the approaching State fair. He says he "could find few gratifications in the world equal to that of meeting again the North Carolinians with whom he served in the most trying times that this century has ever known."