

THE FRANKLIN COURIER.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$2.00 per Annum.

VOL. IV.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1875.

NO. 38.

Love Reciprocated.

Only a shelter for my head I sought,
On stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank Thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the label of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried;
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour—
And the whole heart was mine!

GRANDMA'S STORY.

"Just one more story, grandma; about when you were a little girl and lived in the woods," said Frank.
And grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy-chair, and shut her eyes, thinking.
I remember as if it were only yesterday, she said, raising her head and looking at the children who had gathered around her. It was only seven, and my little baby brother wasn't a year old. "I'm going to the spring-house," said mother, "and you must stay in the room and rock baby, if he wakes." So I took my knitting, for I had learned to knit, and was very proud of the stocking that was growing under my hand.

It was a cool day, late in the fall, and the doors were all shut. Baby slept, and I knitted for half an hour. Then he awoke and began to cry. As I got down from mother's great easy chair, where I had been knitting, I thought I heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had gone off with father to the mill. Something rubbed against the door and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid, and went to the door and fastened the bolt. I stood still, listening, with baby in my arms—he had stopped crying—and I could hear my heart beat, thump, thump, thump!

All at once there came a short, cruel kind of bark, and then a snap. A moment after the window broke with a loud crash, and I saw the long head, open jaws and fiery eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An angel sent by our good Father in heaven must have told me in that instant of terror what to do. The wolf was climbing in through the small window, and to have lingered but a second or two would have been death. Moved as if by a power not my own, and without thinking what was best to do, I ran, with baby held tightly in my arms, to the stairs that went up into the loft. Scarcely had my foot left the last step, when the wolf was in the room below.

With a savage growl he sprang after me. As he did so I let the door, which shut like a cellar door, fall over the stairway, and it struck him on the nose and knocked him back. A chest stood near, and something told me to pull this over the door. So I laid baby down, and dragged at the chest with all my strength. Just as I got one corner over the door, the wolf's head struck it and knocked it up a little. But before he could strike it again I had the chest clear across. This would not have kept him back if I had not dragged another chest over the door, and piled ever so many things on top of these. How savagely he did growl and snarl! But I was safe.

And now I grew frightened about mother. If she should come back from the spring-house, he would tear her to pieces. There was only one window or opening in the loft, and that did not look toward the spring-house; and so there was no way in which I could give her warning, or let her know, if she had seen the wolf, that we were safe.

For a long time the wolf tried to get at us, but at last I could hear him going down the stairs. He moved about the room below, knocking things about for ever so long, and then I heard him spring up to the window. At the same moment I heard my father's voice shouting not far off. Oh, how my heart did leap with gladness! Then came Lion's heavy bark, which grew excited, and soon I heard him yelping down the road in the wild way. The wolf was still in the window. I could hear him struggling and breaking pieces of glass. Lion was almost upon him, when my father called him off in a stern command. All was silent now, but the silence was quickly broken by the crack of a rifle, which sent a bullet into the wolf's head, killing him instantly.

"Father! father!" I cried, from the loft window. He told me afterward that my voice came to him as from the dead. He ran around to that side of the house. Mother was with him, looking as white as a sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands together, and lift their eyes in thankfulness to God.

When I tried to pull the chest away, I could not move them an inch. In my great danger God had given me strength to drag them over the loft door, but now that the danger was past my little hands were too weak to remove them. So father had to climb up a ladder to the loft window, and release baby and I from our place of refuge.

Mother did not know anything of our danger until she had finished her work in the spring-house. Just as she came out she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared in sight.

If "conscience makes cowards of us all," the brave man has no conscience.

Overdue and Careless Men.

How many years of her life does a woman spend looking out of the window for men who are overdue? I have not lived half of my three score and ten years yet, and I am sure I have wasted time enough in the fruitless operation to have made myself mistress of all the hieroglyphics ever discovered. Only one thing I have learned, that man, like the peasant woman's "watched pot that never boils," never comes when he is looked for; and that hasn't done me any good; for, still, whenever I have occasion, I invite the influenza by sitting in a strong draught, with my eyes fixed on the furthest point possible, with visions of hospital ambulances and woeful telegrams before my eyes, whenever any one, from my grandfather to my little nephew, doesn't "arrive himself" in proper time. "Well, Polly, what's the matter? You look solemn." "Solemn! Well, you know enough not to flog yourself into his arms and cry: 'The sea has given up its dead,' or anything of that sort. You say: 'Ah!' in an offended tone, or in an unnaturally calm one, and perhaps remark that 'dinner was burnt to a crisp four hours ago,' or that you have 'sat with your bonnet on ready for the concert from seven until nine,' and wait for some explanation. It is sometimes vouchsafed, and then generally proves to be: 'Met a fellow.' Yes, meeting 'a fellow' is reason enough for any amount of staying out. Who is 'a fellow,' I wonder, that he should outweigh wife, mother, and sweetheart, daughter, niece and aunt? Why should 'a fellow' have such influence? No one ever sees 'a fellow,' or hears all his name. He is never produced. Ask after him, and you hear that he is not the sort of fellow to be introduced. He is never brought home. Apparently he is not good enough; but he is important enough to upset a household, to keep meals waiting, to keep people up until midnight; to have met him is ample excuse for anything forgetful or neglectful.

A Glorious Success.

The New York *World* remarks that the successes and sensations of such celebrations as that of Boston are so intimately associated with their drawbacks and discomforts that we cannot separate them. A crowd of 350,000 people means a scarcity of beds and a difficulty of obtaining board, much crushing in the streets and more on the cars. A procession ten miles long means a procession five hours late, and the lopping of ceremonies and orations, though that may not be regarded as an unmitigated evil. With her celebration Boston has had her little worries; nevertheless, it must be said that the success was so great as far to outweigh them. Pleasant weather, an immense throng, a long and brilliant procession, no serious accidents, and a general freedom from annoyance in the matter of delay and oversight—all these Boston had, and these should satisfy even Boston. The most gratifying features of the day were unquestionably the warm fraternal feeling with which the military representatives of South Carolina, Maryland and Virginia were received, and the unanimity with the speakers dwelt on the necessity for renewing in 1875 that intimate affection between North and South whose testament in 1775 was sealed by the people of both sections with their blood. No better object could occupy the popular attention on such a day and in such a place.

The *Tribune* asks: How could we better celebrate the centennial anniversary of this memorable battle than by just such demonstrations of the new spirit, binding together the union of States which the heroes of Bunker Hill died to establish? Until now the work of 1775 has not been perfectly accomplished. It took eight years to make us an independent people; it has taken a hundred to make us one. But henceforth we can honestly wear the motto which was once little better than a satire—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

A Warning to Tramps.

The New York State superintendents of the poor adopted the following: "Whereas, The evils that result from the presence and increase of able-bodied tramps in all the counties in the State of New York require that effective measures be taken for their relief and prevention; and Whereas, It is the opinion of this convention that all able-bodied tramps and paupers should, as far as practicable, be compelled to labor, and that efforts should be made by the boards of supervisors and overseers of the poor, and others having the authority to do so, to devise means for their employment, in addition to the ordinary work now required of them.

Resolved, That it should be the established rule that every such person, and all others who ask alms, should be required to labor to the full extent of their ability for whatever alms they receive.

Resolved, That in addition to the ordinary industries now pursued on the poorhouse grounds and farms, this convention suggests among others that the following kinds of industries may be profitably introduced, viz.: the breaking of stones for roadways; the culture of broom corn and manufacture of brooms; the culture and preparation of osier willow, and the manufacture of willow ware; and the stripping and preparation of the common Indian corn husks for bedding and stuffing uses.

The English Failures.

The depression in the English iron trade, says the editor of the *New York Graphic*, has reached a crisis in the failure of several great firms, with liabilities amounting in the aggregate to some forty-five millions of dollars. This disaster has since been followed by the suspension of houses engaged in the East India trade for sixteen millions. This has naturally enough shaken public confidence, and while bankers are carefully revising their credits there is a growing feeling of insecurity, deepening into alarm.

These English failures have an immediately disturbing influence on American finances. They upset calculations, and derange rates of exchange and the relative value of securities, and create profound uncertainty for the time. But the final effect on American interests will unquestionably be wholesome and invigorating. The sooner the business world reaches equilibrium the safer and healthier and better it will be for the business of all countries. Business cannot any longer be considered as a local affair or in its purely national aspects. Lombard street and Wall street and the Bourse open into each other, and are mutually dependent parts of one great system of exchange. The trade of the world is essentially one. The stoppage of railway building here creates a panic in London. These recent failures must be studied in connection with great general causes in order to be understood. It is too much overlooked that our vast mechanical improvements and increased means of swift transportation have had a powerful effect on production of all kinds. There is too much raised and too much made, and waste and loss are the inevitable incidents. Business of all sorts is overdone. We forget how enormously business facilities have increased within a half century, and how a single mercantile house to-day does more business, handles more goods, has larger interests involved, and covers a wider area by its operations than half an old-fashioned city. Not enough allowance is made in our financial and economic calculations for the vast changes brought about by improved mechanics and inventions which have revolutionized the industry of civilized nations. And this overdoing of business has disturbed markets and deranged exchanges within a dozen years as never before. The trade of all Europe is embarrassed and clogged by the enormous quantities of products, which outrun the purchasing capacity of the people, and the multiplication of mercantile facilities and operators. Merchants confess that they do not know where to send a ship's cargo of anything and make money by it. They cannot live by trading on each other. The three Yankee boys who made half a dollar apiece by swapping jackets have represented the operations of a class of stock speculators; but even these are compelled to bottom their transactions on the solid work and want of the world. The exceptional activity of special trades in England ends by the natural operations of economical laws, and however embarrassing the failure to English credit for a time it will tend to a healthier condition of business and exchange in the end.

A Common Sense View.

The following piece of wisdom was uttered by State Superintendent Briggs of Michigan: "The prevailing tendency of the present time to introduce the higher branches of study into our schools to the neglect of the elementary is greatly to be deplored. After the children are well grounded in the elementary branches of study, then, and not till then, let them carry their investigations further. The education acquired in our schools is, I fear, becoming too superficial in its character. As our teachers in the public schools are required to give instruction in what is termed the higher branches of study, it seems essentially necessary that the township superintendents, who are examining officers, should be capable of testing the qualifications of applicants for teachers' certificates in said studies. I hold that managing ability and the faculty of instructing in common English branches, regardless of the knowledge had in the higher studies, should mainly determine the grade of certificate each applicant is entitled to. I know of many teachers who make no pretension to a knowledge of the higher studies, but have won an enviable reputation as managers and instructors, faithful, earnest, capable, and highly honor themselves and the profession of teaching, that are entitled to and should receive the highest grade certificate that can be conferred under the law.

To Test the Quality of Silk.

The weight and bulk of silk is very much increased by treating it when dyed with salts of iron, tin, and other chemicals; this increase in weight ranges from one hundred to three hundred per cent. The fiber so treated is seriously injured in quality and rendered so combustible that it is liable to undergo spontaneous combustion. The simple washing of the fabric will make a change in its stiffness and density if the weighting is very great, which may be easily perceived. If it is burned, the adulterated silk will give but a faint trace of its characteristic animal odor, and the ashes will be found to contain a large percentage of oxide of iron.

A HORRIBLE SIGHT.

The Pucky Attempt of a Murderer to Avenge Himself on an Assailant cut Short by Death.

The following is taken from the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* account of the assassination of Tom McGehan, the murderer, at Hamilton, Ohio. It was while defending McGehan from an accusation of murder that Clement L. Vallandigham accidentally shot himself. The *Enquirer* says that such is the state of public sentiment in Hamilton that it is doubtful if the murderer of McGehan will ever be hunted up or punished when found. The account says:

Twelve buckshots were found in the head and neck of the dead man, and three in the counter, making in all fifteen. The window-pane opposite the diamond-shaped orifice was shattered, or rather completely blown out, by the explosion; portions of the glass being found driven into the tough wood-work of the counter, and one piece having been shot through a mirror hanging over the shelving of a side-board beyond. Five of the missiles had pierced the black felt hat worn by the deceased; but only one of the wounds seems to have been necessarily fatal—one which, passing through the lobe of the left ear, severed the jugular vein, glanced thence along the left breast, tearing the flesh apart in a ragged gash thirteen inches long, and finally buried itself in the lungs.

McGehan, notwithstanding his hideous wounds, including the shot which must have instantly destroyed the sight of one eye, seems to have understood the whole situation before either of the terrified men at the other side of the bar had sufficiently recovered from their fright to comprehend its cause. The whole savage nature of the burly ruffian was instantaneously braced by the iron resolve of vengeance. With one eye-crooked covered by the cruel shot of the cowardly assassin; with the life blood leaping in torrents from his veins at every throb of the panting heart; with every nerve of sensation alive with the keenest agony; with the very consciousness of death upon him, and the redness of death dyeing the sanded floor beneath him till his feet slipped in his own gore, the grim courage of the man never failed him. He grasped his revolver and strode toward the door, endeavoring, in the act of hastening to meet his enemy, to husband all his strength for the possible encounter. But the blood welled up too fast, and the stout man staggered, for the first moment feeling how near death was.

Then came the terrible struggle, the man's iron determination to avenge himself, redoubled with the knowledge that his life was ebbing with his blood. According to the horribly vivid testimony of witnesses, his efforts to reach the door seem to have been much like those of a drunken man wielding all his will to maintain his footing. His cowardly enemy was but within a few yards of him, and the shadowy destroyer had gapped in between them with all that ghastly night against which human will and fleshly strength must strive in vain. But all that human will and strength could do under such frightful conditions the dying man did. He had walked out and was standing about three feet in front of the bar when he fell, his feet slipping in his own blood. While grasping with one hand at a table leaning against the east wall he seems to have swung round, his head and shoulders sinking against the wall as he slipped forward. He must have died almost immediately afterwards, leaning slightly on his elbow, as in the last vain effort to rise, his head and shoulders being jammed a little forward. And many who peered through the saloon windows by the first gleam of gray daylight, to behold the gory corpse, remembers that Tom Myers had died in the same attitude. During the night his wife had been informed of his fate, and early in the morning, accompanied by her son, a lad of thirteen summers, came up to the saloon. It was the intention of the officers not to let her see him, as he lay in just the position he fell, which was in a pool of blood, sickening to behold. But ere the officers could prevent it, the boy had opened the door with a key he had, and the wife in an instant was sobbing over her dead husband, with her arms around his neck and her lips pressed to the cold, mangled and bloody lips of the dead man.

An Intelligent Mouse.

The Austin (Nevada) *Reveille* says: A poor little mouse, whose home is under the floor of the *Reveille* office, came out the other morning to forage for his breakfast. Seeing some printing-ink which had been spilled upon the floor, he thought that would make a good meal and he went for it. After nibbling a little while, he became frightened at a noise made by those watching him, and started to run back to his hole; but the ink being of a sticky nature, he found himself unable to move, whereupon he set up a doleful squeak. In a few moments along came a larger mouse, probably his father, who seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and at once commenced an attempt to release his diminutive relative. He stepped carefully over the ink until he came to the little mouse, and laying hold of the back of his neck with his teeth tagged away till he released it. The affair was witnessed by several persons, who were so interested in the novel sight that they offered no molestation to the animal.

The Spanish Kaleidoscope.

In the Spanish political situation, just before the advent of Alfonso, the great necessity was that some one section of the political elements should become supreme—that is to say, that out of the thirty or forty so-called parties which divide the allegiance of the ever loyal hidalgos at least half a dozen should so far agree on a common policy that they could act as a unit on the two or three public topics that are of consequence, and the continued division of all the others should rule the country. It was because of the failure of Spanish politicians to frame any such combination through the inevitable conceit and personal pride of many leaders that the republicans came to the surface and remained there long enough to show that they within their lines were scarcely less divided on primary ideas than the many factions of royalists respectively. But the combination which brought in Alfonso seemed to have secured the needful cohesion—by what compromises or bargains the world did not care; for some political immorality in that way was less offensive than the disorganization of a great country threatened to become. It is, however, likely to appear that there was no chemical combination of the political elements in that cohesion, but only a mixture; that it was a mere truce by which the parties agreed to forgo their hostilities till they could make a general effort to cheat one another, each with the aspiration to govern under Alfonso's name. But they have come again to a standstill, and the government and the juvenile majesty are in a hopelessly false position. They cannot govern the country absolutely, for want of strength; they cannot govern it liberally, for want of faith in the people. They are unable to seize the nation in that absolute grasp which uses force wherever it finds it to accomplish whatever the peril of the country requires; for there is in their circle not a man of the right fiber; but they cannot throw themselves upon the country, and declare what they want; for if their helplessness were declared they would be driven out by as small a display of force as brought them in. So we may anticipate an early and dramatic change in the bits of painted glass that make up the picture of Spanish politics.

The Lost Steamer.

The steamer *Vicksburg*, recently lost in the north Atlantic, was an iron vessel of 2,434 tons burden, rated A No. 1 in the British Lloyd's, and drew twenty-two feet of water. She was built in 1872 by Dumbarton, McMillan & Co., for the use of the Liverpool and Mississippi Steamship Company, to ply between Montreal, Quebec, and Liverpool. She was divided into four water-tight compartments. She was bark-rigged, and her frame work was considered very solid and very substantial. She was three hundred and twenty-six feet long, thirty-eight feet breadth of beam and twenty-five feet depth of hold. She was provided with a compound surface-condensing engine, with a thirty-six inch stroke of cylinder, and when inspected after completion was pronounced to be a superior vessel and in every respect staunch and seaworthy. She was valued at \$350,000, and was insured for the full amount in English companies.

The usual commander of the vessel was Capt. Thurlie. Capt. Bennett was captain of the Quebec. On the day on which the *Vicksburg* was to leave Liverpool, Capt. Thurlie was taken sick, and by request was transferred from the *Vicksburg* to the Quebec, Capt. Bennett taking his place. No accident had ever occurred to the *Vicksburg* before, save in her first year out, when she went ashore in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a hole was made in her hull. She was, however, refitted, and according to the testimony of the survivors was afterward "stronger and better than ever." Capt. Bennett, though only twenty-eight years of age, was an experienced officer. He was only recently married. He was employed on the same line since it first started. The voyage in which he met his death—for the opinion is that he went down with the vessel—was the first one in which he had charge of the *Vicksburg*.

The Root of the Plague.

A Wisconsin journal, sympathizing with the districts of its neighboring States which have been destroyed by grasshoppers, attributes the development of the pests to the scarcity of birds, which formerly abounded in great numbers, and feeding on the grasshopper eggs, prevented the vast swarms of hoppers which now ruin the farmers of the northwest. The editor remarks:

The blackbird—in fact, every kind of bird that would pick up a kernel of corn or shallow a cherry—has been butchered by these short-sighted, selfish classes. From the cities have swarmed sportsmen of high and low degree, who have slaughtered the prairie chicken until now in some localities where they ought to exist in great numbers, not a single one is left. Then, too, not satisfied with this work of destruction, every winter tons upon tons of these birds have been trapped and sent to the East. There has not been a pigeon roost in the last ten years that has not been invaded by mercenary men, who have slaughtered the young by thousands, or captured them to be used in that most brutal of all sports, a trap-shot—one which it seems strange that any sportsman would indulge in.

Bunker Hill Monument.

Boston correspondents have been hunting up the history of the monument at Bunker Hill, and from their accounts we learn that in 1822 a number of gentlemen of Boston and vicinity proposed to build an imposing structure to mark the spot of the first battle of the revolution, and to replace the small monument erected in 1794 to the memory of Gen. Warren. The ground was purchased, and an association was formed, which was incorporated by the Legislature in 1823. The first president was John Brooks, then governor of Massachusetts, who had borne a musket at Bunker Hill, and the name of Daniel Webster headed the roll in the first board of directors. Very little was done for the next year, although a public appeal had been made for funds, which was not very liberally responded to, notwithstanding the fact that it was written in Webster's matchless enthusiastic style. In 1824 a standing committee was appointed, who elected Solomon Willard architect and superintendent, to give his time, talent and energy to the enterprise for eighteen years. This was a step toward something definite, and another appeal for aid met with such success that a committee on design was appointed. They had a difficult task to perform, for general opinion ran strongly in favor of a column, and it was not until June 7 that a better judgment prevailed, and an obelisk was decided upon. Meantime the semi-centennial of the battle had come so near that it was only ten days in the future. The sanguine patriots who had first conceived the idea of the monument had thought to celebrate its completion on that day, and their successors determined, although there was no monument, nor even the beginning of one, nor any money to build it, that an imaginary corner-stone should be laid on the 17th of June. The events of that great day in 1825 hardly need to be recounted, for they have become part of the nation's history. All Boston poured its population upon Breed's Hill, where Daniel Webster delivered that matchless oration which has, for half a century, been as familiar as household words in no corner. Although there was no corner-stone, the ceremony of laying it served a useful purpose, for it so awakened popular enthusiasm that funds to a limited amount were obtained.

At this time \$10,000 had been contributed, and the State gave \$7,000 over much bickering. With this sum, the work progressed for two years at a slow rate, and resulted in getting a monument to the height of forty feet, built of Quincy granite. It was then abandoned for four years, until finally the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association took hold of it, when money began to flow in in response to the popular enthusiasm generated by a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which Edward Everett delivered a masterly oration. In 1834 work was resumed, and steady progress made until July, 1842, when the cap stone was placed amid simple ceremonies. During the last year, the enterprise was almost wholly sustained by the proceeds of a ladies' fair held in Boston.

The monument being completed, it was decided to dedicate it June 17, 1843, and great preparations were made for the event. President Tyler and cabinet, together with many State and federal dignitaries, were present, as were one hundred and ten survivors of the Revolution, gathered from all parts of the Union, one of whom had borne a gun at Bunker Hill. Daniel Webster delivered a glowing eulogy of the country, which, with his address at the laying of the corner-stone, has since become so well known to every schoolboy. The monument is two hundred and twenty-one feet in height, and each side of the square measures thirty feet at the base. The total cost of erection was \$101,963.

What it is to be of Royal Blood.

The London *Examiner* has created considerable comment in England by criticizing rather sharply the appointment of the Prince of Wales to a field-marshalship. It says: Honor to the brave! With feelings of unfeigned delight the public will read the first three names in the Birthday *Gazette*. "To be field-marshal, General Sir John Foster Fitzgerald; General the Marquis of Tweeddale; and General His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall." A glorious triumvirate; a trinity of heroes, possessing equal claims to public honor.

Field Marshal Sir J. F. Fitzgerald is a veteran of ninety years, who has been eighty-two years in the service and commanded a brigade in the peninsula. Field Marshal the Marquis of Tweeddale is eighty-eight, and has seen seventy years' service; he, too, is a peninsula hero. Field Marshal Albert Edward, according to *The Examiner*, has never seen any service at all except in the autumn maneuvers last year, when he was gallantly taken prisoner in the sham fight, and afterwards ran away under a murderous fire which was contrary to all the rules of the game. The pay of a field marshal is about \$15,000 a year, so that the military income of the heir apparent, who also holds two colonelcies, worth together over \$10,000 a year, ought to be a sufficient reward for a most distinguished career. And the worst of it is that there are some really eminent soldiers on the list of generals—not worn-out old men either—upon whom the baton might have been bestowed with the applause of the whole nation.

The Brook Farm Community.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* writing of George William Curtis, draws a ludicrous picture of the Brook Farm community, with which Mr. Curtis was connected. As many of the members have since become prominent in their profession of letters, the sketch will be read with interest. Precisely what the community was no one knows, nor will they ever know, for the philosophers are chary of their secrets, and the result of this venture was not such as to court publicity. To its members it promised a utopian existence, wherein the wholesome toils of Arcadia and the divine inspiration of Parnassus should blend in harmony; or, as Frederick Bremer puts it, "that people, instead of going to heaven as now, by the thorny path, will wander thither on roses," and more of the same sort. To outsiders it seemed a very absurd undertaking of impractical people to do impossible things. Its earthly site was Roxbury (near Boston); its aim was—somebody in the clouds; its result, speedy dismemberment, disappointed expectations, and financial ruin. Among its members were Dr. Channing, the Unitarian saint; Theodore Parker, his antagonist in creed; Hawthorne, to whom many of its aspects must have been irresistibly droll; Dana, who breathes now a different atmosphere in the pages of the *New York Sun*; Curtis, "the brilliant young hero," as yet untraveled; Alcott, I think, and several others. Emerson, though invited and bound to the community by many ties, shrewdly declined joining, but he visited it often. Margaret Fuller, the Isis to Emerson, the Oisris of those new mysteries, was a frequent guest likewise, and if her hosts appreciated her as much as she appreciated herself, they must have enjoyed her society. Although Hawthorne positively disclaims any description of Brook Farm in the "Blithedale Romance," still that will remain to the profane, at least, a tolerably true record of that episode. How droll those chapters are! Miss Coverdale leaving his cozy bachelor rooms to go into an April snowstorm, and trying to say: "How pleasant this is," while the flakes fly between his teeth; then Zenobia, an idealized Margaret Fuller, and whose sad fate was the paraphrase of a tragedy on Concord river. Hollingsworth, too, the philanthropist, to retain whose society Coverdale declared they would have to commit systematically one crime apiece, for peccadilloes would never satisfy him; and hapless old Silas Foster, their farmer—the practical leaven in this impractical mixture, who addressed saint, philosopher, or sage in pretty much the same tones he would have used to his oxen; who shocked Coverdale by mentioning pigs; who gulped his tea as if it were a decoction of castor; who perpetrated enormities with the "batter-plate" fancy his assembly, with every sentiment preternaturally refined, in intimate association with a man whose table manners were "less like a civilized Christian than the worst kind of negro!" Was ever a more ludicrous picture of unnatural partnership? Or even a more delicate allegory of the triumph of sense over theory than Silas's advice when the fainting girl is brought into a circle that question her motives, but offer no help! "Being by this time fully gorged, he crowned his amiable exploits with a draught from the water pitcher, and then favored us with his opinion about the business in hand. And certainly, though they proceeded out of an unimproved month, his expressions did him honor. 'Give the girl a cup of hot tea and a thick slice of this first-rate bacon,' said Silas, like a sensible man that he was; 'that's what she wants.'" After this taste of transcendentalism Curtis went traveling as "A Howajdi on the Banks of the Nile."

Isn't it Time it was Stopped?

Two years ago during a political campaign one W. D. Moore, a local Democratic politician of Pittsburgh, Pa., was charged by the Pittsburgh *Post* with being a traitor to his party, and with having sold himself to the Republicans. Mr. Moore brought suit against the *Post* for libel, and has just obtained a verdict of \$1,000 damages. "It is a new thing for a politician to sue a newspaper for mere partisan abuse. The success of Mr. Moore, however, will probably induce other men who have been libeled merely as a matter of party policy to bring libel suits against their defamers. At all events it is to be hoped that such will be its effect. The systematic tying and personal abuse which form part of the recognized tactics of some party newspapers are a disgrace to the American press. The sooner it can be established that such newspapers are to be held responsible for what they say the better. The theory that because a man is in public life therefore he is outside of the pale of the law and can be called a thief and a swindler with impunity, is responsible not only for the disgraceful scurrility of the press, but in a great measure for the reluctance of decent men to take part in politics."

A Reliable Florida Correspondent Tells of Eating Sweet Oranges that have hung on the tree the year round, and of eating sour oranges that have remained on the tree two years. Oranges that hang after the new crop starts lose their juice, which returns to the tree, and in the fall fill up with the juice-like the new crop.