THE WEEKLY ERA.

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Theodore O'Hara's Elegy.

DELIVERED AT THE BURIAL IN FRANKFORT OF THE KENTUCKY SOLDIERS SLAIN AT BUENA VISTA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and *fallen* few.
On Death's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought, at midnight, haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed—
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red *stains* from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing *troop*, the flashing blade,
The *bugle's* stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more *may* feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath
Knew well the watchword of the day
Was "victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide—
Not long our stout old chieftain knew
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his own loved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By_ graves of their fathers' gore
Ex first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory, too.

Full many a Norther's breath hath swept
O'er Agostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Must awake each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the "*dark and bloody ground*,"
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave—
She claims from war his richest spoil,
The ashes of her brave.

Sleep well their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Dear to a Spartan mother's breast
Is many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
Kind kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulcher.

Rest, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the *blood ye gave*,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's *voiceful stone*
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a *vanished* age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor time's cold palm can ever rend
Or chase from glory's shrine
Your names, your fame, your country's love,
Your deeds, your lot, divine.

Note.—The words in italics mark the correct reading which the common version often fail to give.

Fat and Lean.

Meat-eaters and vegetarians show in their persons the effects of the diet. The first has the most brain force and nervous energy. A mixed food of animal and vegetable rations developes the highest intellectual powers. A strictly vegetable living ordinarily gives a fair complexion and amiability, and extreme pugnacity when the vegetarian's views in regard to that one engrossing thought of his life are discussed. They are annual meeting reformers, without ever setting a river on fire. Grains are a sober, frugal race, rather slender, not tall, conscientious and contentious on religious subjects. They largely subsist on rice, pulse, milk and keimac, something similar to a whipped cream, through a vast region of an arid country where they are indigenous. They are not destitute of mutton, goats, venison and game; but they manifest no disposition to feed on meats, as is necessary in temperate zones, or in high northern latitudes. An intellectual man, one of their kindred, who rises to distinction by the grandeur of his mental status, is extremely rare. The beer and ale drinkers expand and grow fat, but they are not much given to profound researches in science.

Carlyle on Husbandmen.

In the following grim, grand way does Thomas Carlyle take off his hat to the man that plows, that sows, and reaps, and threshes wheat for bread:—"The toil worn craftsman that with earth made instrument laboriously conquers the heart is blessed of all men. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, notwithstanding, wherein lies a cunning virtue indefeasably royal as the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, bespoiled, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a living man like—the more venerable for the rudeness—man because we must pity as we love, alas, hardly entreated brother. For as thy back was bent, for us thy straight limbs and fingers were so deformed. Thou wert the conscript on whom the lot fell, and in fighting our battles were so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrusted might it stand with the black adhesions and defacements of labor, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on, man, in the duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

After a stove has been polished it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot ,and tea pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them with suds. Rubbing is the best way of polishing knives, tin-ware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than a dry cloth.

A graceful man is that Scranton editor. He had a gold pen given him, but keeps it under a glass case, saying his old scissors will do well enough for his editorials.

[From Piedmont Press.]

Manufacturing Will Pay.

Great Ends are Accomplished by Little Beginnings.

We have preached on this text before, and though we may be talking to Dead men—Fossils, that would grace the ante deluvian period, we shall not give it up, nor tire of pressing the absolute need of developing, fully, this interest. Clinging tenaciously to old landmarks and looking back upon the footprints of our grandsires will not do it.

"We must take a long breath, brace our muscles and fix our eyes upon the foremost in the race, with the firm resolve to overstep them, or to fall—trying hard. The first tumble may come. Never mind! Up again; tighten waistband and inflate lungs once more; and, ten to one, trying hard will win. At least it will gain a decent place in "the field," and save an ugly and deserved "distance." Sitting by the track and shaking a wise head never will. What were the vast monopolists of the East in the beginning? Had they sat with their hands in their pockets and contemplated the status of their great grandfathers, would there have been any colossal spinneries and factories in New England? And to prove this let us look at a New England village—a drop in the great bucket filled by Lowell and Lynn and their overflowing sisters. Fall River, Mass., was, a few years back, a small and unknown hamlet. What Fall River is to-day—and *why* she is so—let our people learn from a Northern newspaper, the New York *Times:*

"Fall River seems to be the most "rapidly growing city in New England. During the past year its "population has increased nearly "seven thousand, while its cotton "mills, for some years past its "speciality, have augmented in "proportion. It is now the City of "Spindles, having robbed Lowell of "that honor by the extraordinary "extent of its manufactories and "the enterprise of its inhabitants. "Fall River has now in operation "thirty mills, containing about "1,100,000 spindles, representing "some $25,000,000 of capital, and "employing about 15,000 operatives. "The success of the mills there has "been almost unprecedented, and "may be inferred from the prevailing price of the shares. The stock "of the Union Mill, begun in 1861, "has recently sold for $7,500 ($1,000 "being the par value); that of the "Granite Mill, begun in 1865, for "$450 (the par value being $100); "the Merchants' Mill, begun in "1868, for $210 (the par value $100); "while that of the other mills "which have just gone into operation, like the Mechanics', Wampenoag and Slade, is held all the "way from $125 to $190 per share. "In addition to the mills already "built, twelve or fifteen more are "already in progress and projected. "The fact that it has direct water "communication to New York and "that it is at the terminus of a "great steamboat line, is of much "advantage in furnishing ample "facilities for shipment. Fall River "is not only the largest cotton "manufacturing town in New England, but in America, and its future bids fair to exceed its present "as its present exceeds its past. "Its recent rapid growth would "indicate that it may, at no distant "day, eclipse Manchester itself—"the greatest cotton manufacturing "centre on the globe."

This looks enormous. It is better; and is so proven by statistics. And the same immense return, *upon an investment originally small*, may be made by any practical set of men, in half a dozen different enterprises. Why our people should hesitate to trust their capital in such enterprises—*sure, safe* and *immensely paying*—we cannot divine. We should not only have a half dozen other enterprises, less costly, perhaps, yet paying equal premiums upon a small investment.

And, what Fall River is to New England, the Catawba, with its thousand tributaries, the smallest of which affords most excellent shoals, mill sites and water power is to Western North Carolina. Look for a moment at our peculiar advantages in this particular, and what we say of this particular locality, might be said of our neighboring towns, though our familiarity with them in this respect will not enable us to speak so much in detail.

The Catawba, flowing over a bed of solid rock, shut in by high rocky banks, lined with the finest shoals—within two miles of us. At the nearest point we find the Horse Ford Shoals, with a capacity almost without bounds—said to be *equal* in capacity and certainly *superior* in many other respects, to that of Lowell on Fall River, that sustains a population of 50,000.

The South Fork of the Catawba, a much smaller river, but large enough to run large manufacturing establishments, runs still closer; being *within* two miles—at Rowe's mills. Like the main river, it presents a series of fine mill seats coming in rapid succession, it being characteristic of the streams in this vicinity to descend by a succession of swift shoals falling over the horizontal strata of granite which underlies, and are laid bare by their channels.

Tributary to these two streams are seven creeks, each large enough to run merchant mills and saw mills; and each, like the parent streams presenting a series of fine mill seats, and similar strata of granite. Of these creeks, Drowning, Horse Ford and Snow creeks, are the tributaries of the Catawba; and Stony, Oil and Sides creek—tributaries of the South Fork, which also at Lincolnton at length receives Clarkes creek. Three of these creeks, Clarkes, Stoney and Sides creek, and also some of the branches of Horse Ford creek, have their sources within the corporate limits of this town.

Tributary to these two rivers and seven creeks are a host of smaller creeks and branches, resembling the larger streams in the structure of their channels, and having many little shoals available for running light machinery, such as oil mills, barks mills, cotton gins, turning lathes, drills, augers, &c.

Where, then, we ask can be found a more extraordinary aggregation of water power. In a locality, too, perfectly free from miasmatic diseases, and in which the streams hold their size unusually well, during the dry weather of summer, and machinery never be stopped by ice during winter. It lies between the cotton producing regions of the South, and the wool growing region of the mountains; and is surrounded by iron mines and an unlimited supply of the finest timber; a climate mild and genial; plenty of food; on one of the great railroad lines of the South, and near its probable intersection with two others, equally important.

This branch of our subject is capable of enlargement, which we shall attempt in a future article. Our people shall *hear* whether they *act* or not.

The Signal to the Wife--How Engineer Guild Died.

In the material chronicling of daily events as they occur, it is not expected that much poetry or sentiment will manifest itself. In the newspapers, the chord vibrated the most frequently is that of horror. Fearful accidents, riots and murders come in a damp, inky way to the breakfast table, and fasten one while the neglected coffee cools. But once in a while, without designing it, flowers of poetry will bloom beneath the busy fingers of the telegraph operator as he sends his dot-and-dash story along the wires. He does not know it, perhaps, for his brain is busy with the translation of his copy into the mystic alphabet of Morse.

Such a story comes as a sad sequel to the appalling catastrophe at Pawcatuck River. First we were thrilled to the heart by the graphic recital of the rushing train, speeding on through the black night towards the yawning chasm, just ahead. Then came the fatal leap, the leap into the clammy arms of Death, and o'er all the crushed and broken cars and their living freight, the flame king waved his crimson banner. While reading the story we could hear those agonized shrieks of the men and women slowly roasting to death. The picture was just as vivid as that given us of the noble Atlantic grinding upon the cruel rocks at Marr's Head. But it was all a picture of horror. Running through it, however, is a silver thread of sentiment, a touching little episode, as tender in its effect as any wrought by the loving hand of Dickens.

The engineer, Wm. D. Guild, lived in that part of Providence known as Elmwood, his house being close to the railroad crossing. And in that house were his wife and bairns. So every time he rushed by the loved spot, whether in night or day, in storm or sunshine, he sounded a short, peculiar signal upon the locomotive whistle, as a greeting to his wife. Think of a hoarse shrieking locomotive whistle uttering notes of love. This signal meant that he was there and "all right," and we can easily imagine how eagerly she listened for the sound. To her it was sweeter music than ever dropped in a golden stream from the pen of Chopin. In time the people of Providence, and the regular passengers along the line, came to know the sound, and when they heard it would say, "That's Guild's signal to his wife." On last Sunday night she missed it for the first time, and will never hear it again.

Such an incident as this, supplemented by the noble character of the man and his heroic death, sound and fill out as pathetic a story as was ever told. He was as gallant a man as any that ever tilted for a bit of ribbon in the rosy days of the chivalric time. True he was an engineer, a smoky, begrimed engineer, always looking ahead to where the flaming eye of his engine searched into the night; but he was none the less a hero. When the end came at last he did not quail. They say he could have jumped from the train, but he preferred to die at his post. No doubt his last thoughts were of the wife and babes at home. A prayer fluttered up from his lips to heaven, and then came the crash. His burned body was found erect, with his face to the front and his hand upon the throttle valve. That was a death to die, since die we must, one and all of us. The "Black Sergeant" can come in no better guise than when he relieves a man from the post of duty, and tells him to turn in for the long sleep of eternity.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Punctuality.

Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, has quite a reputation for fastidious punctuality. The following story is told of him. He was to make a prayer at the unveiling of the statue of Franklin in Printing House square. His watch lost time. The cars were obstructed! He reached the Astor House just in time to see that he had a minute and a half to meet his engagement. The road was blocked by crowds gathered to witness the unveiling. The Doctor worked his way through Nassau street, to the corner of Spruce. In the meantime, all the other gentlemen who were to take part in the exercise had assembled in the room from which they were to proceed to the ground. It wanted but a few minutes to twelve when one of them said, "We are all here but Dr. Deems." Horace Greeley said, "He lives up town. Give him ten minutes." "Yes, gentlemen," added Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*, give him ten minutes, and if he is not here then, send for the Coroner, for you may be sure the Doctor is dead." At that moment the City Hall clock pointed to twelve, and Dr. Deems opened the door.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The New York dispatches mentioned, a few days since, the fact that the English detective who came over in the forgery matter had had his pocket picked while seeing the New York sights. Further particulars come by mail. The officer in question was Sergeant Green, made famous by Charles Dickens as the smartest detective in London. About half-past two in the morning, at the close of his trip, he was asked to drink a bottle of wine with an apparently "perfect gentleman," and woke up some hours later minus his watch, chain, studs, pocket-book, and gold snuff-box. No trace could be found of them until last Thursday evening, when they were privately returned to one of the station-houses with the following note:—

"Give this stuff back to that English chump who says he is a detective. He is a duffer.

"ONE OF THE BOYS."

Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being:—"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." "I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world: and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.
Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.
Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.
If we do well here, we shall do well there:
I can tell you no more if I preach for a year.

A Boston girl who was married four years ago, in a dress worth $5,000, may now be seen splitting her own kindlings and doing her own washing.

Nevada pioneers cast bread upon the waters by exporting hoop poles, which return to them on whiskey barrels.

The Atlantic—Notable Wrecks.

This is the great disaster of the half-century; not since the British frigates St. George and Defence were wrecked off the coast of Jutland, in 1811, has any such frightful loss of life been added to the sorrow of the sea. In that wreck 2,000 men were drowned. The sinking of the Royal George off Spithead, in 1782, when Admiral Kempenfeldt went down with his 600 men, was long celebrated in song and story as the greatest catastrophe by sea for many generations. The Amazon, a West Indian mail steamship, left Southampton, on the first voyage, on the 2nd of January, 1852, and the morning of January 4, was destroyed by fire at sea, about 110 miles W. S. W. of Scilly. The accident was ascribed to the spontaneous ignition of combustible matter placed near the engine room. Of the 161 persons on board, 102 perished by fire or drowning. The Arctic left Liverpool Sept. 20, 1854, and came into the iron propeller Vesta during a dense fog, on the 97th of Sept. off Cape Race. She was built at New York in 1850, by Wm. H. Brown, at a cost of $700,000 and was insured, exclusive of cargo, for about $600,000; the cargo was insured for $300,000. She was of 3,500 tons register, and had boats sufficient for 500 persons. The passengers and crew numbered 439 persons, of whom about 307 were lost. The Birkenhead, an English troop ship, iron paddle-wheeled, and 566 horse-power, sailed from Queenstown, Eng., Jan. 7, 1852, for the Cape of Good Hope, and struck on a pointed pinnacle rock, off Simon's Bay, South Africa, on or about the 26th of February following. She had on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2d, 6th, 12th, 43d, 45th and 60th Rifles, 73d, 74th, and 91st Regiments, making with the crew, a total of 638 persons, 454 of whom perished. The Pacific, a Collins steamer, left Liverpool for New York in January, 1855, with 185 persons on board, and was never heard from. The Austria, a British steam-emigrant ship, sailed from Hamburg on the 2d and Southampton on the 4th of September, 1858, with 538 persons on board, and was burned in the middle of the Atlantic on the 13th; only 67 persons were saved. The St. Paul, Capt. Pennard, an English vessel from Hong Kong to Sidney, Australia, with 327 Chinese emigrants, was wrecked on the island of Rossel, Sept. 30, 1858. The captain and eight of the crew left the island in search of assistance, and were picked up by the schooner Prince of Denmark. The French steamer Styx was dispatched on the island and brought away one Chinaman on the 25th of January, 1859. All the rest had been massacred and devoured by the natives.

The Lima, an American bark, with emigrants, was wrecked off Barfleur, on the 17th of February, 1860, above 100 lives were lost. The Blanche Net, containing the children of Henry L., of England, and a large number of children was wrecked on the same rock November 25, 1120, 363 lives being lost at the time. Besides these are recent instances of the Luna, Hungarian, Anglo Saxon, London, Evening Star, Central America, City of Boston, and the Northfleet.

[London Correspondence N. Y. Times.]

The British Royal Family in Bad Favor.

The High Church people are very angry with the royal family just now. The Duke of Edinburgh's equerry and confidential friend, Elliot Yorke, has married a Jewess, a daughter of Sir Anthony Rothschild, and is about to be married himself to the Czar's only daughter, who, of course, belongs to the Greek Church. On Thursday night the Duke and the Prince of Wales voted for the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister—I fancy the first time they ever voted at all. Then the princes go to the theatre night after night, although we are now in Lent, and even the Queen does not scruple to hold courts and levees in that sacred season. A more practical grievance is that of the ladies who cry out about having to go to court in winter weather with bare arms and shoulders. They have to take their place in the carriages in a long line of vehicles early in the forenoon, in order to be in good time. A carriage, even with the windows up, is not a very warm place, and all the roughs and ragamuffins assembled to peep through the windows and criticise the appearance of the "quality" in free and easy language. "Oh, my! here's a skinny one!" or, "Lor'! she's a fat enough for a first prize!" is about the pleasantest remark the poor, shivering, red-nosed devotees of royalty are likely to hear concerning themselves. After an hour or so spent in this cheerful and exhilarating manner, the ladies who are going to pay their respects to their sovereign are ushered into a large, and by no means warmly ventilated room in the palace. Here there is more waiting and shivering. Then the Queen arrives, and there is a bold rush through the velvet barriers leading to the throne-room; young and old, admirals and debutantes, captains and dowagers, swords and flounces, are pell-mell crushing and rustling into the presence of royalty, where rank and beauty at last arrive, short of breath and red of face, from the free scrimmage outside.

Does Travelling Pay?

There is one thing that tends to give the student or lover of travel something of an unsatisfied feeling as his journey draws near its close, especially if he has been limited as to time, and that is the thought of how much there is in Europe to study and to see, and how little, comparatively, he has accomplished. Yet, even with this feeling, the author could not help hugging to his heart the real solid enjoyment that had been experienced in visiting those scenes hallowed in dreams of youthful imagination, in realizing the hopes and anticipations of years, and also the thought of what a pleasure the memory of these sights and scenes in foreign lands would be, in years to come, as they were recalled to mind.—*Over the Ocean, by Curtis Guild.*

Sheffield, it is said, is about to give to the world a greater benefactor than Watts. The price of coal has been one of the great questions of the hour in England, and the probable exhaustion of the coal fields has made those interested in posterity very uncomfortable. Now a substitute is promised, and one, too, of which there is an unlimited supply. Mr. Wright's invention for warming and lighting is already patented. In passing through a charged battery atmospheric air is carbonized, and thus combustible gas is produced which burns brighter than coal gas, and when mixed with air has a heating power which can melt copper wire.

What to do with Old Books and Newspapers.

Not long since a gentleman visiting a charity hospital, remembering that he had some illustrated papers in his pocket, gave them to an old man there who could not read. He would have forgotton the circumstance if he had not been reminded of it by one the physicians of the institution whom he met afterwards. "He has not yet finished studying those pictures," continued the doctor after mentioning the incident. "Do you remember the dull, vacant countenance of the man? You would be surprised now at his sprightliness, and when I spoke to him of the change he said: 'O, Doctor! you can't know what a joy these papers have been to me! I have lain on this bed week after week. I have counted again and again all the squares in this counterpane; I can shut my eyes and put my finger on any particular figure in it. I know every speck on the walls of my room. I can tell just how many bricks in the wall of the opposite building can be counted through my window, and I have been so tired until I got these papers.'"

Is such a result worth the expenditure of a little trouble, a postage stamp and a newspaper wrapper? Generous hearted people often complain that they can give nothing, because they have no money to bestow; and yet there are so many tender charities that require very little money, and sometimes none at all.

If travelers would mail books and journals to some charitable institution, instead of leaving them scattered about in cars and hotels, the benefit conferred would be out of all proportion to the small amount of trouble requisite. Stay-at-home readers can take their discarded books to some poor unfortunate they may chance to know, or send them to those who are interested in public charities, that they may dispose of them. And even many invalids (who are generally great readers) will doubtless be glad to learn that although apparently able to do so little for themselves or any one else, they have this opportunity afforded them of so greatly helping other invalids, more unfortunate than themselves, to the enjoyment for which they are too poor to pay.—*Home and Society, Scribner's for May.*

Dressing the Female Form.

LECTURE BY MME. C. S. LOZIER, M. D.

A lecture was delivered yesterday morning by Mme. C. S. Lozier, M. D., on "The Influence of Dress on the Health of Women," at 187 Second avenue, before a small gathering of ladies, girls and nurses. The general argument was that all articles of female apparel should depend from the shoulders, and not from the waist, in order that with every upward movement of the arms the clothing might yield at the same time. She called attention to the necessity of pure blood in order to insure the development and healthy condition of the human system. She showed by manikin and plates the structure and action of the organs for circulation of the blood—the heart, arteries and veins. It was important to this end to permit the utmost freedom of action in the superficial as well as internal veins, and to avoid all practices that introduce a poisonous element in the blood. Among the latter causes of disease was instanced sleeping in close rooms on low beds and wearing close veils; drawing the bedclothes over the mouth, by which carbonic acid gas was inhaled, and by the process called endosmosis passed into the blood, rendering it poisonous, or at least unfit for its purposes. The lecturer begun the consideration of the effects of impeding circulation by speaking of belts at or below the waist; showed not only how they crowded upon the surface small vessels, but by pressure of the ribs, or directly on the circulation of the viscera, caused their disease and displacement.

If a beast of burden were seen in the streets with a part of his harness binding his body closely, as ours often are, and the weight of a load appended to it, as a woman's burden of clothes press down her muscles and veins, a call would be made to the pitying Bergh for immediate relief.

No pity is demanded for ladies who are daily practising such cruelties, because they do not know what is producing the evils they suffer, or, knowing, have not the courage to resist murderous customs, and especially so long as men abet them by admiring fashionably dressed ladies. The subject is to be continued at the next lecture—*New York Herald, 16th inst.*

There may be no more drunkenness in Boston now than is usual, but the number of drunken persons in the streets and other public places is unusually large. A person can hardly walk up Washington street on an afternoon without being jostled by drunken men between the old State House and the Boylston Market, and the spectacle of a drunken woman among the crowds of that sex seen on that thoroughfare every pleasant day is so common as scarcely to attract attention. The number of drinking places is certainly not decreasing, and if they do not increase it is not because of legal restraints. The churches are doing something to keep the young from indulging in the habits that make drunkards—some of them, we are sorry to say, very little; reform clubs are stretching out their hands to rescue the fallen, and other temperance organizations are working in their own way, and doing much good; but busy as they are in trying to save or rescue, and busy as death is in removing the victims of this vice, the powerful agencies of King Alcohol keep the ranks of his devotees always full. His recruiting officers are in every street, and in some sections of the city his recruiting stations are placed on almost every corner, and in defiance of law, and of public opinion also, those whose relations to the public should make them prosecutors in many instances, encourage and protect the traffic.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Kansas City politician, defeated in the late election, is said to have nailed up his front gate, turned his dogs loose in the yard, and to propose to devote the rest of the season to watching his garden grow and to fighting potato bugs.

A Syracuse paper has received a poem on the loss of the Atlantic, but is afraid to publish it, less some of the survivors seeing it might feel worse than they did at the time of the tragedy.

A Detriot furniture man hung out a card inscribed: "Buggy! For Sale!" and placed it upon a second-hand bedstead.

Fashion Dots.

Short sleeves have gone out of fashion, even in full dress.

Duchess cloth is the finest woollen fabric ever manufactured.

Velvet and yak lace are the standard trimmings of the season.

Suits of gray stuff, with stripes that look like sponge, are worn.

"Orange blossom faille" is the latest material for bridal dresses.

Massive cut steel buttons are the latest adornment for ladies' costumes.

The vulgar custom of displaying wedding presents has gone completely out of fashion.

Materials formed of alternate stripes of satin and velvet are very fashionable for skirts.

The fade tints are going out, and the old fashioned, bright, positive colors are being worn again.

Silks are less expensive this year. The ladies herein have a most excellent excuse for getting three new silk dresses instead of one.

Steel buttons are bluish, or browned like a rifle barrel, engraved, or else cut into glittering points. Carved wooden buttons are also worn.

Lace is used in great profusion on the bonnets of the spring. Lace strings are again in vogue, fastened under the chin with a little bunch of rose buds.

The most fashionable walking costumes are of very light colored cloth, trimmed with dark velvet bands. The skirt is striped lengthways with velvet bands.

The new club handled parasols are common. They were stylish a year ago. The ladies who are now on their way back from Europe will bring the correct thing.

Sashes are now worn lined with another color as blue lined with rose, or buff for instance. They are made with a long, swinging loop to hold up the pouffe of the dress.

Oxydized silver ornaments are much in use on bonnets. They are in the form of shields, poignards, buckles, birds, helmets, anchors, battle axes, medallions, filigree ferns, thistles, and what-no-jets are also much worn.

Among new colors are ainon, a greenish yellow; alligator, a purplish blue; corbeau, crow color; ecorce; lichen, a grayish blue; suede; paon, peacock color; apricot; nicolo; blanc et perle; blanc et argent; blanc et or and blanc et ble.

Treachery Begetting Treachery.

It is a fortunate thing that most men agree in marking down treachery among the very blackest of crimes. So the outcry has been terrible against the Modocs for treachery resulting in the death of General Canby. This is just. But the condemnation of that fearful crime is as bitter a condemnation of the treachery which preceded it. How have we ourselves dealt with the Modocs? In 1852 there were Indian troubles. The Boston *Globe* tells this story. In that year "a company under the command of Captain Benjamin Wright organized and proceeded from Yreka to the Indian country around Tule Lake and the lava beds, and fought three unsuccessful battles. Their force being insufficient for the Modocs, they returned to Yreka and organized a larger force, and then marched again to the Modoc country. Winter approaching, found the Modoc supply of blankets, ammunition and food extremely limited; consequently the Modocs were anxious for a cessation of hostilities.

"Captain Wright received the Modocs' overtures with great cordiality. A peace conference was agreed upon, and a place was appointed in the immediate vicinity of the massacre of General Canby. The conference met, about twenty five Indians and thirty white men. While discussing terms, Wright gave his men the signal and in a moment they killed eighteen Modocs. Seven Modocs escaped. Thus perished the fathers of the present Modocs. Captain Jack was then but nine years old, John Schonchin nineteen, Boston Charley and Hooker Jim two years each. It is propable that revenge grew with age, culminating in the Canby-Thomas massacre. Some years afterward, Wright was appointed Indian agent at Rouge River. He was apprehensive of Modoc vengeance. One night a Modoc chief named Enos murdered him, and horribly mutilated his body. Enos was afterward captured and hanged. He died exulting that he had wreaked vengeance on the leader of the massacre of his murdered tribe."

Let us condemn the black-hearted acts of the Modocs, but let us be equally just in condemning the acts of our own representatives. This act of the command of Captain Wright is a fair sample of the old time way of dealing with the savages.

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaire. The latter passing in haste through Lyons, was hailed by the bishop with—"Hi! hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postillion!"

An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first cause was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money; "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

A man writing of the weather says: "The backbone of winter is broken, but the tail wags yet occasionally."

A tailless calf was born in Warren county, Indiana, last week who is enjoying life now—but wait until fly time.

Memory of the Dead.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.
—*Shakespeare.*

Love.

O that sweet influence of thoughts and looks!
That change of being, which, to one who lives,
Is nothing less divine than divine life
To the unmade! Love? Do I love? I walk
Within the brilliance of another's thought,
As in glory. —*Beddoes.*

What an Old Man has Noticed.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in nearly all things money is the main object in view.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest in the end.

I have noticed that silks, broad clothes and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtue's when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried.

Warning to Umbrella Carriers.

The man who walks the streets, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of Fifth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, Thursday morning. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the joint of the umbrella off by running his eye against it. The man swore, and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize, and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately after carried the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his front hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a bystander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hook handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked but the entire umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand, and plunged head foremost into one of Squire's plate-glass windows. In the excitement and confusion that ensued the umbrella was put into a hack and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.—*Press.*

Sad Case.

A lady in town who has been getting ready for Easter requested her husband to go to the dressmaker on Friday and tell her that she (his wife) had changed her mind, and would have the watered silk instead of the poplin, and that "if she thinks it would look better with bias flounces without puffing, and box-plated below the equator, which should be gathered in hem-stitch gudgeons up and down the seams, with a gusset-stitch between, she can make it up that way, instead of fluting the bobinet insertion and piecing out with point applique, as I suggested yesterday." The man is now a raving maniac.—*Savannah Advertiser.*

We may as well quote a bit of obituary poetry which recently appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, because nothing more wonderful in the way of rhyme was ever constructed. Here it is: "Our little Sallie did to heaven go, Baby life so fleet is, She was afflicted with the cerebro-spinal meningitis. 'Tis hard to lose our Sallie so, But the reflection sweet is, That she's gone where there is no cerebro-spinal meningitis." A lovelier litte bit of elegiac poetry we do not remember to have read, albeit the demise of the infant population is continually calling out that sort of thing.

A newsboy at Niblo's the other night criticized Buffalo Bill in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the house, and to this effect:—"He's not stagy." The Hon. Mr. Cody has not received a prettier compliment from any of the critics.

"A Lurid Lunch" is what a Chicago *Times* reporter heads an account of a fire in that city. He doesn't say that the plates were licked clean by the flames. A boiling beverage is what troubled him at the time, probably.

Husbands rule low in the Baltimore courts. A woman who lost one by an accident on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad thought he was worth $10,000, and sued the road for that amout, but she was only awarded $200.

From trustworthy data it has been estimated that at least one-fourth of all the persons born in the United States have at birth lungs in a tuberculous condition, and in consequence are predisposed to pulmonary complaints.

A lawsuit to recover the value of a duck was dismissed from a Troy (N. Y.) court, the other day, after each party had spent about a hundred dollars on it.

A Pennsylvania Congressman is credited with saying that he will pay his debts with his back pay, thus placing it where it will do the most good.

It is to be presumed that Black Jim, of the Modocs, is a happy man. His mother-in-law has been captured by the soldiers.

OFFICIAL.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the third Session of the forty-second Congress.

[GENERAL NATURE—No. 55.]

AN ACT making appropriations for sundry civil expenses of the government for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby, appropriated, for the objects hereinafter expressed, for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, namely:

PUBLIC PRINTING AND BINDING.

For the public printing, for the public binding, and for paper for the public printing, two million dollars, and of the sum hereby appropriated printing and binding may be done by the Congressional Printer to the amounts following, namely:

For the Court of Claims, fourteen thousand dollars; for the Department of State, twenty-five thousand dollars; for the Treasury Department, three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; for the War Department, one hundred thousand dollars; for the Navy Department, eighty-five thousand dollars; for the Interior Department, two hundred and twenty thousand dollars; for the Agricultural Department, twenty thousand dollars; for the Department of Justice and the Attorney General's Office, ten thousand dollars; for the Supreme Court of the United States, twenty-five thousand dollars; for the supreme court of the District of Columbia