THE WEEKLY ERA.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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POETRY.

The Baggage Fiend.

BY FRANK CLIVE.

'Twas a ferocious baggage man, with Atlantean back,
And biceps on each arm piled in a formidable stack,
That plied his dread vocation beside a railroad track.

Wildly he tossed the baggage round the platform there pell mell,
And crushed to naught the frail bandbox where'er it shapeless fell,
Or stove the "Saratoga" like the flimsiest egg shell.

On iron clads, especially, he fell full ruthlessly,
And eke the trunk derisively called "Cottage by the sea,"
And pulled and hauled and rammed and jammed the same vindictively.

Until a yawning breach appeared, or fractures two or three,
Or straps were burst, or lids fell off, or some catastrophe
Crowned his satanic zeal, or moved his diabolic glee.

The passengers surveyed the wreck with diverse discontent,
And some vituperated him, and some made loud lament;
But wrath or lamentation on him were vainly spent.

To him there came a shambling man, sad-eyed and meek and thin,
Bearing an humble carpet-bag with scanty stuff therein,
And unto that fierce baggage man he spake with quivering chin:

"Behold this scanty carpet-bag! I started a month ago,
"With a dozen Saratoga trunks, hatbox and portmanteau,
"But baggage men along the route have brought me down thus low!

"Be careful with this carpet-bag, kind sir," said he to him.
The baggage man received it with a smile extremely grim,
And softly whistled "Mother, may I go out to swi n?"

Then fiercely jumped upon that bag, in wild, sardonic spleen,
And into countless fragments flew—to his profound chagrin—
For that lank bag contained a pint of nitro-glycerine!

The stranger heaved a gentle sigh and stroked his quivering chin,
And then he winked with one sad eye, and said, with smile serene,
"The stuff to check a baggage man is nitro-glycerine!"

From the Buffalo Courier.

[From Richmond State Journal.]

Money.

The friends of the usury law are quoting with an air of triumph the example of Connecticut. She repealed her law against usury, but after nine month's experience has restored it. The cause seems to have been the high price of money which almost immediately followed repeal. But it is an unfortunate fact for the advocates of usury legislation that the stringency was general. Money was worth in New York City 50 per cent during that period. We called attention to this state of things at the time, and endeavored to point off the true cause of this damaging tightness in the money market. It has occurred before, and will again, while the present false system of finance continues. The currency, which is to the business world what the implements of industry are to the laborer, is controlled by rings. These rings tighten or loosen, expand or contract to suit their convenience. Honest industry and legitimate trade are at their mercy.

The remedy is in the assumption of control by the people of the manufacture of money. The people who use money to subdue the earth and improve the condition of its inhabitants by creative labor are alone the safe custodians of the power to manufacture money. Its circulation can be placed under their control by legislation of the simplest character. It is only necessary to *understand the true nature of money* to *see* where the great trouble now lies. Money is a *tool* or *instrument*. A few favored parties are now manufacturing it.

Suppose, as used to be done by European monarchs, the government should farm out the privilege of making plows among those who could best pay for it, limiting in the same franchise the total amount of plows that could be manufactured, is it not quite clear that plows would be scarce and high at times, and that farmers would be quite at the mercy of the manufacturers?

That is precisely the trouble with the money market. We want *free banking*. We want the government which now comes into the market as the great borrower to pay a lower rate of interest and issue money just such as we have now in the legal tenders, convertible into bonds bearing a low rate of interest, at the option of the holder. We want this money thus convertible receivable for ALL DUES. This is the first step; and this taken, the next will soon be clear. We have *no faith* in usury legislation. It only distracts the attention of the people from the true source of help which is to relieve the currency from the ring of financial Pirates who have captured it.

Handling a Snapping Turtle by the Wrong End.

A man name Grisley, who by strict economy and severe industry has succeded in getting his family a little place, free from encumbrance, was fishing iu Still river, near the Beaver Crook Mills, on Sunday afternoon.—After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The but-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to stop, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and stooped down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Grisley's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to do anything for him; for they jast caught a glimpse of a bare-headed man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was the turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not stop until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at white face and bare head, and dust begrimed clothes, and asked what was the matter, he said: "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

[From Raleigh Biblical Recorder.]

Men Born in North Carolina, Who have Attained Distinction in other States—Statesmen, Jurists, Divines, &c.

In searching for facts in the personal history of Baptists Ministers, who were born in North Carolina, and have attained eminence in other States, my mind naturally reverted to the many distinguished men, in the various walks of life, who were natives of this State but have achieved reputation beyond her borders. I was surprised to find them so numerous, and will begin this series of articles by adverting very briefly to some of these illustrious names.

It is now settled beyond controversy, I believe, not only that Andrew Jackson read law and practiced law in Salisbury and Guilford County, but that he was born in this State. When a little boy, the writer, in going to Cook's Mill, Mecklenburg County, used to pass by the house in which James K. Polk was born; and Andrew Johnston, it is well known, was a native of Wake County, N. C.

Hon. Hugh Lansen White, of Tennessee, who was a candidate for President in 1836, was a native of Iredell County. Hon. William Rufus King, of Ala., Vice-President during Mr. Pierce's administration, was born in Sampson, John H. Steele, who became Governor of New Hampshire, was a native of Rowan, and a carriage maker by trade.

Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, who has been Governor of Connecticut, and is now a member of Congress, and the chairman of the National Centennial Committee, was born in Robeson County and is by profession a printer. Gov. Mosely, of Florida, was a native of Lenoir. Gov. Polk, of Tenn., of Mecklenburg; Bayley Peyton, of the same State, and a man of national reputation, was from North Carolina; so was Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, who fell early in the late war. Chancellor J. L. Sneed, of the Supreme Court of Tenn., was born in Raleigh. Judge Bragg of Mobile, and Gen. Braxton Bragg were the sons of John Bragg, a carpenter in Warren County, who had the wisdom to educate his boys, and in some respects, an abler man than all of these was Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, who was born in Orange County. These are a few names that have risen up before the eye of memory, or the many sons of North Carolina, who have become distinguished in affairs of State beyond her borders. Nor is the list smaller or less brilliant, when we come to estimate the number and character of the eminent preachers our State has sent forth to labor in other fields. The Episcopal Church is small in North Carolina, but she has given an unusually large number of Bishops to other dioceses.

Bishop Polk, of Tennessee, was born in Raleigh, and in the main building of the Baptist Female Seminary. The present Bishop of Georgia, John Beckwith, was also born in this city. Bishop Davis, of South Carolina, a man of sainted piety, was a North Carolinian, so was Bishop Hawks, of Missouri, Bishop Green, of Miss., Bishop Freeman, of Arkansas, and a greater man by odds than either of them, Dr. Francis L. Hawks, who died only a few years since in New York, was born in North Carolina, practiced law for some years and entered the ministry in this State.

Bishop Paine of Alabama, an honored name among Methodists, was born in Person County. Dr. Wadsworth, a very distinguished Methodist preacher of Alabama, was born in Craven, and Dr. J. E. Edwards, a gentleman of fine reputation in the Virginia Conference, was born in the Guilford County.

I am not so familiar with the great names of the Presbyterian Church, but as that Church has always had an unusually large number of learned and able men in its ministry at home. I have no doubt that it has contributed its full quota of eminent laborers in other parts of the great vineyard which the South and West have afforded.

The men with whom the Baptists have enriched other States have been peculiarly great, and it shall be the special object of this series of articles, to sketch their lives, and illustrate their virtues. We have had some great men in North Carolina, Biddle, Meredith, Wait, Finch, McDaniel, Crudup, Trotman, J. L. Pritchard and others were all good and useful men, and some of them were great men, but our greatest men have shed the lustre of their splendid talents on other fields.

During the past hundred years no State in this Union has produced, in our Baptist Zion, more illustrious names than those of Mercer, Kerr, Brantly, Manly, Mims, Howell and Poindexter. T. H. P.

The Escape of Benjamin.

Dr. Edward Warren, of Baltimore, who has gone to Egypt in the service of the Khedive, dined with Mr. Benjaman in London the other day. In a letter to the Baltimore *Bulletin*, Dr. Warren has the following account of Benjamin's escape from this country in 1865:

I had a delightful dinner at the Junior Athenæum Club, with Mr. Benjamin, who so distinguished himself as Secretary of State to the late Confederate Government. He is a most charming companion. He possesses a peculiar vivacity of mind, which renders him specially interesting under all circumstances. His account of the last days of the war, his escape to Europe and his career at the London bar, was thrilling to the last degree. Alone, and in the disguise of a farmer seeking lands, he succeeded in reaching the western coast of Florida. There he hired an open boat, and, with two fishermen as his companions, proceeded on the perilous enterprise of a voyage to the West India Islands. After making the entire circuit of the peninsular—traveling only at night, subsisting on turtle eggs, and exposed to innumerable dangers by land and flood—he boldly put out to sea, and eventually reached the island of St. Thomas. From thence he sailed for England; but the vessel took fire, and he was rescued and again carried to the island. Finally, he reached London, and in the latter part of August, 1865, commenced his career as a barrister. He was without means, his friends powerless, and he had to take a position upon the lowest round of the professional ladder. Brains, however, invariably tell in the long run. He soon electrified the nation by the brilliancy of his genius, the power of his logic, and the depth and variety of his legal knowledge. His fame extended, his clients multiplied, and finally, after a splendid forensic effort before Parliament, he received a note from the Chief Justice, saying his "gown was won;" and on the succeeding day he was promoted to the distinguished position of "Counsellor to her Majesty the Queen."

From the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Bill Arp on Female Suffrage—Trial of Susan Antney, &c.

ROME, GA., Aug. 1873.

MR. EDITUR—Soosan Antney is nuthin to me—that is nuthin pertickler. No woman aint exceptin Mrs. Arp, but when I heard they was a tryin her for votin, my feminine instincks carried me strait to the kourthouse. I was on her side before I got there and I am on her side yit. Women in general is my weekness and espeshally a woman who name is Soosan. I always envied a man who could fondle over his wife or sweetheart and call her "Soosy." It sounds so meller and soft. So when I seed Soo-san Antney arrained up before the judge like a konvict I was mad—mad with the whole Yanky nashun. They raise a hellybilloo over the old broken konstitution and mend it up so as to let the black babboons vote in the Rebel Staits, but if a white woman of sense and spunk dares to do it, it shocks their pewritan modesty. The old judge tried to look fierce, and said a woman shouldn't unsexherself. I have seen a heap of men who, when they got sorter old, took up a kind of sour grape spite against good lookin women. But Soosan looked at the judge as strait and egul. She stood up square on her pastern joints, and remarked that she was free-born and nativ born and had property of her own, and had a right to vote for the law-makers of her choice. She said that women done as much for the country as the men, and, if they didn't fight in a battle they raised the boys that did. That havin em and nussin em in sikness and in helth was a harder job than fightin, and if men dident believe it, jest let em try it a while. She sed if the judge could name good reesun why they shouldent vote, she wanted to know what it was.

Soosan's eyes flashed a little angelic fire when the judge fined her a hundred dollars, and she remarked that every advance in sivilization hed to have its martyrs, and she was reddy. She throwd a hundred dollar bill over to the clerk, and sed she would bet another hundred dollars that that money never reached the State treasury. She dident mind that old judge no more than if he was a monkey. She told him that if they would base the votin bisness on morality, or property or intelligence, or all three put together, the women would be satisfied; but they based it on wearin britches, and drinkin whisky, chawin tobakker, and keepin one wife at home and another sum where else. She declared that she had as much rite to choose her political masters as Suthern niggers or the hethen Chinee. That if the women cold vote there wouldent be a drunkard, nor a thief, nor a fool on the bench, nor in any other offis, and whiskey would be harder to get than arsenik. An old, red nosed swell faced winked one eye at her and asked "what she would do he goll say?" When the court adjourned the crowd cheered Soosey, and one man sed he'd pay the fine; another sed he'd see her a fair fite with the judge; another said the law dident say whether the britches must be worn outside or inside, and another sed he'd rather risk the women to vote than thousands of them drunken furriners and fools who elected John Morrisey.

Now I've been thinking a heap about this votin business myself and my opinyun ar that Gov. Jinkins is a mity smart man, The first time he run for Governor they beat him because he sed he dident think that every fool and every vagabond ort to be allowed to vote. He was for drawin in the lines instead of lettin em out, and the melankolly sequel hev proved that he wer right. If was a king I wouldent let anybody vote who couldent tell whether General Jackson was dead or alive, or who took more than three drinks a day as a regular thing, or who chawed tobaker after he had gone to bed, or who was a meaner man than his daddy, or who believed in gosts and witches, or who didn't put on a clean shirt onst a week, or who dident earn 50 cents a day at sum respektable bisness, or who shouted at nite meetins more than two hours on a stretch. I heard a blind freenologist say that the way to test a man's sense was to draw a straight line from the top of his upper lip to his forrerd and and another from the lower corner of his nose to the hole in his ear, and if the angle between was less than 60 degrees he might be smart for a monkey but he was a fool for a man. He sed that this test would rule out nearly all the idiots and Africans from votin, and if it dident their faith in witches would. I wouldent let a furriner vote until he had lived here and behaved himself for ten years, and he shouldent vote then unless he had married an Amerikan gal or was a raisin children on Amerikan soil. I wouldent let no unmarried man vote who was over 30 years old; though I would let all sich justify by swearin that they had tried but nobody would have em. Id make em name the gals in their affidavy.

I would let every married man and his wife and every widder vote, if they wasn't cut off by the foregoin exceptions. They should have one vote apiece for themselves and one for every child they had. This last would elevate the Arpian family about the election times shore. Akording to Solomon, all sich ought to hva a heap of privileges, for it aint no pikayune bisness to raise a big drove of chirldren. Jest let any hide-bound batchelor try it and see. I look upon respektable children as the hope of the State, and if I had my way these stagnant old rips who won't marry, but prowl around and live easy and die rich and leave no sign, at least none to speak of, should be taxed heavy and the money appropriated to the orfins' fund. What's a man worth to the State who leaves it no defenders after he's ded and gone; who patronizes no Sundy schools or Mundy schools—buys no candy or baby clothes, or balls, or barlow knives, or long stockins, or jackonet muslin, or hoop skirts or galluses. What intrust has he got in the perpetuation of great principles? Why, a chronic old batchelor can just turn over in his one-horse bed and die and not keer a durn if the world cums to an end in fifteen minutes. He wouldent keer if the devil was to break loose and eat up the women and children alive.

Now Im not sayin a word agin them married foaks who sumhow or else haint aksidently been blessed with offsprings. By no means. They showed a willingness to hav em, and that's enuff for me. Ive always apologized for peopul who done the best they could, whether they succeeded or not. I aint no fona parte to chop a mans head off for losing a battle, whether he was to blame or not, Im a friend to married foaks, children or no children. Lawful wedlock is sosletys mainspring, its back bone, its life inshoorance; no patience with these stingy stags who wont marry without git a pile of penshun muney, who want to be hired to do it, who around a town, waiting for sum gal to turn up, while theres lots po ones, purty and clever, waiting to take shoogar in them. Now I don't want to be misderstood about this votin business. I aint in favor of women mixin with skalawags and trash at the polls. By no means. I want the moral strength and influence of their votes bkaus they are purer and purer and honester than men, but I would hev em to stay at home and let ther husbands or their fathers or their next friend vote for them as the case may be. If a man fooled his wife out of her vote he wouldent be exactly the cleanest thing, but it would be a family matter, and nobody's bisness. It wouldent be the only thing he has some men fool em about. There are strong minded women and weak minded men, and in such cases it would let the longest pole knock the persimmon. The time used to be was when a married woman didn't hav no voice in nuthin—exsept mixing baby clothes. She couldn't own any property—she had no civil existence. If anybody gave her anything the law required a man to keep it for her. If she could live with a drunken husband and quit him the law give him all the children. But as the world grows older she keeps a steppin up higher. Sum of em are studying medicine and make the best sort of doctors for women, and for children at an hour old an under. They do clerkin and book-keepin and telegraphin and printin, and can keep a post offis better than a man and never steal a sent. If they do peep into other women's letters its only out of kuriosity, and they always tell em up again. Take it altogether it looks to me like the time has come nigh cum when the men have got to admit that a woman is jussis good as a man if not better in most everything that requires more sense than muscel. I wont say she ought to vote if she dont want to, but I do say that no politishun could carry her vote with a drink.

BILL ARP.

The Air-Line Route to Atlanta.

In a few days the new road from Danville, Virginia, to Atlanta, Georgia, will be completed. This 407 miles in length, and has cost $8,000,000. From Danville to Richmond is 140 miles, making the distance from Richmond to Atlanta 547 miles. The road from Danville to Lynchburg (75 miles) is now in course of building. When completed, the distance from Washington to Atlanta will be 637 miles, by way of the Orange and Alexandria road.

This road will traverse one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of the United States, and a section remarkably rich, moreover, in mineral deposits of great value. As the Richmond *Enquirer* justly remarks:—

It lies at the base of the Blue Ridge, is abundantly watered by innumerable streams from the mountains; its climate at all seasons is delightful; the heat of summer is tempered by cool mountain breezes; it is cooler by several degrees than New York or Philadelphia. Rarely does snow exceed an inch in depth, and there are elevated localities where it is unknown. Fruit of all kinds, especially the grape, grow luxuriantly and yield abundantly. Vineyards are multiplying rapidly, and the product in time promises to rival France and Germany. The soil is composed of disintegrated gneissold rocks, which have decomposed to great depths.—The feldspar of these rocks furnish abundance of alkaline matter, from which cause the Piedmont sections of Virginia and North Carolina have become the best tobacco lands in the world—a single crop of tobacco requiring as much alkali as 120 crops of cotton fibre. The color is red, resulting from the oxidation of iron which it contains. The Piedmont region of North and South Carolina and Georgia constitutes the best and surest cotton belt of the United States.

The iron deposits of Western North Carolina and South Carolina have been examined and analyzed by Profs. Genth and Lesley, of the University of Pennsylvania. The quantity is inexhaustible, and the quality equal to any others in the United States. There are 65 per cent. magnetic ores, entirely free from sulphur and phosphorous, peculiarly well adapted to steel manufacture; also titaniferous ores for felting, which, from practical tests in puddling furnaces, are greatly superior to Champlain ores. There are properties which were in the market when the Air-Line Railroad was commenced at $25,000, for which the owners now ask nearly $200,000. At present there are comparatively few settlements along the line between Charlotte and Atlanta. The country is covered with forest, consisting of pine, white oak, post oak, hickory, poplar, and other varieties.

All this fine country will soon be open to the enterprise of the people of this District. They are forty of Baltimore, and have only to make an effort to secure a large portion of its trade, which eventually must prove very lucrative.

Relics of Daniel Boone.

In the Public Library building at Louisville, Ky., hangs, on a pair of rustic hooks an old rifle and a shot pouch. Near by is a piece of beech log, sawed a convenient length to set on end in the relic case. Posted up is an old letter dated 1789. Only these, and nothing more. The old powder horn is stopped up by a plug of wood, which has been so often drawn by its former owner that the end is chewed off close.—But what of that? Reader, that stopper bears the marks of the teeth of Daniel Boone; that rifle was the first gun of the battles on the dark and bloody ground. Though its lock is gone, its stock broken, and its barrel rusty, that gun used to be the terror of the aboriginal inhabitants of Kentucky, who feared and dreaded it, even when it and its owner were temporarily in their possession and power. A hundred years ago, that old hero, equipped with those trusty and deadly accoutrements, led a charmed, dramatic life, roaming over the forest of which he was lord, from the great "Conhowa," (as he spelled it,) to the Mississippi. The beech log, carved by his hunting knife, which hangs by a leather string from the old belt, bears the inscription:—"Daniel Boone, 1774."

Jefferson, in his *Anabasis*, of a grand scene in Washington cabinet one day. He came in with a paper clutched in his hand, and it was the *Aurora*, and in it he was accused of ambitious projects. "By—d," said the General in wrath, "I'd rather be on my farm at Mount Vernon than emperor of all the world."

[From the Baltimore Sun.]

Female Dress.

An essay has lately been published by Miss E. S. Phelps, of Boston, upon the subject of "What to Wear," applicable particularly to female dress, in which she arraigns the modern style of female raiment as injurious to health, opposed to convenience, and antagonistic to all the essential conduct of life. This lady, who seems to have turned state's evidence against her own sex, asserts that dress is employed by women to attract masculine attention, and that there is a moral necessity for rectifying enormities which she declares this has led to. She is very severe upon her own sex, affirming that the fashionable woman is offended only at the inconveneinces of an attire dictated by corrupt French imagination, and not at all disconforted by the plan upon which it proceeds. Miss Phelps considers the Bloomer style as artistic as any it would displace. She also discusses certain objections to reform, such as that the extravagance of female dress has received too much attention, and that love of beauty is to be considered. She denies the argument in favor of costly apparel that the poorare aided thereby, declaring that the bulk of the outlay misses the poor people, and that some of the manufactures are so deleterous to all that its desirable they should cease. Miss Phelps considers that the preominating cause of these evils of dress is a desire to attract men, and thinks it would be better for the girl to say roundly, "Do you love me?" than to woo the man she likes by unhealthy styles of dress.

Miss Phelps is no doubt a little too severe upon her own sex, The love of beauty may need cultivation, but it is in itself a natural and proper sentiment, The whole of the physical creation is adorned in a way to render it pleasing and attractive. The flower of the field, that blooms to-day and to-morrow is cast into the oven, is arrayed in a glory that Solomon in all his glory could not equal. The fact that vast solitudes of nature, rarely trod by the foot of man, are decked with plants and flowers of the most beautiful hues, and that the bottom of the sea is lined with shells of diversified and gorgeous colors, would seem to indicate, as has been recently suggested, that the love of beauty is divine. At the same time it cannot be denied that extravagance in dress is one of the prevailing evils of our social life. An esthetic taste may be gratified while kept within useful and moral limits. Beauty "when least adorned" is "oft adorped the most." Absolute grace in female attire can be attained without gaud and extravagance. The best bred ladies study simplicity in their attire on ordinary occasions, and there is no surer mark of vulgarity and bad taste than deviation from this rule. An excessive passion for dress is reprehensible enough even when there are means to gratify it, but it seems to pervade all classes, without regard to means. Many act apparently upon the idea that the "manner of a woman depends upon her clothing, not her moral and religious culture, not the graces of her mind and person, but the achievements which she flaunts through the streets of the milliner and the mantua-maker. In a contest for display of this kind of course only those who have great wealth can carry off the the highest prizes. People who can wear five hundred dollar shawls, fifteen hundred dollar furs, street costumes costing a thousand dollars, and two or three thousand dollar party dresses, must, of course throw into the shade those who have no means of competing with such luxuries. The masculine world are estopped by Miss Phelps from commenting on those prices by the remark that they do not include five hundred dollars for a pipe or five dollars for a cigar. It would be better to leave the whole field of such barbaric splendor to those who are able to afford it, and whose instincts teach them to make up in show what they lack in substance.

There is no part of female education which needs more attention than the training of girls in the proper cultivation of the love of beauty, and repress in their minds the vulgar ostentations and rivalries of dress. This is a work which can only be effectively performed at home, and by the mother whose love for her offspring, if it be genuine, should make it her ambition to train them in virtue, gentleness, unselfishness, and good sense, those jewels of the heart and mind which are more valuable than all outward adornments, and which will conduce so much more to the lasting happiness and welfare of their children and of society.

A House Not Taxable.

Says a writer in the Overland Monthly:—"The loftiest house, and the most perfect in the matter of architecture I have ever seen, was that which a woodchopper occupied with his family one winter, in the forest of Santa Cruz county. It was the cavity of a redwood tree 240 feet in height. Fire had eaten away the trunk at the base, until a circular had been formed, sixteen feet in diameter. At twenty feet or more from the ground was a knothole, which afforded egress for the smoke. With hammocks hung from pegs, and a few cooking utensils hung from other pegs, that house lacked no essential thing. This woodman was in possession of a house which had been one thousand years in process of building. Perhaps on the very day it was finished he came along and entered in. How did all jack-knife and handsaw architecture enter into insignificance in contrast with this house in the solitudes of the great forest! Moreover, the tenant fared like a prince. Within thirty yards of his coniferous house a mountain stream went rushing past to the sea. In the whirls and eddies under the shelving rocks, if one could not land half a dozen trout within an hour he deserved to go hungry as a penalty for his awkwardness. Now and then a deer came out into the opening, and at no great distance, quails, rabbits and pigeons could be found. What did this man want more than nature furnished him? He had a house with a "cupola" 240 feet high, and game at the cost of taking it. This Arcadian simplicity would have made a lasting impression, but for a volunteer remark that nothing could be added to give life a more perfect zest. "Well, yes," said he, "I reckon if you are going back to town you might tell Jim to send me up a gallon of whisky and some plug tobacco." It will not do to invest a hollow tree with too much of sentiment and poetry. If that message had not been suggested we should have been under the delusion to this day that the lives of those people, dwelling in a house fashioned a thousand years ago, were rounded to a perfect fullness without one artificial want.

Hayne's Estimate of Webster.

The Hon. Henry S. Foote met the the distinguished orator Robert J. Hayne in Alabama, in 1869, and heard him deliver an address in behalf of a railway enterprise, which charmed every one who heard it.—In a conversation at this time with Mr. Hayne Mr. Foote states (in one of his reminiscences:)

I ventured to refer to the great oratical contest between himself and Webster, in the National Senate, now nearly half a century ago, and asked him what he thought of Mr. Webster's powers as a speaker. He at once answered that he supposed him, upon the whole, to be the most consummate orator of either ancient or modern times; that his ability as a reasoner he was confident had never been exceeded; that his imagination was as fertile and wrought as that of Milton or Homer; that his humor was both exquisite and abundant; that his knowledge was unlimited; that he had the most happy command of his temper at all times, and that on certain great occasions he had excelled all the speakers that had ever lived, not excepting either Demosthenes or Cicero. I then asked him what he thought of Mr. Webster's *manners?* He replied that it was always grand and impressive; that he had never heard him utter a word in a careless and vulgar style; that he seemed never to forget his own dignity, or to be unmindful of the character and feelings of others; and that when thoroughly excited the sublime grandeur of his thoughts and language derived great additional potency from his noble and soul-moving enunciation and his few but impressive gestures. I then said to him: "But, General Hayne, every one in the South admired your speeches on the occasion to which you have been referring more than they did those of Mr. Webster; and it is said that General Jackson was so much delighted with the first of your speeches in the Senate that he had it printed on satin for distribution among his friends at a distance. Was this so?" To which he replied: "I believe this to have been true; the people of the South generally approved my speech because they believed that I had been defending in it their own local interests and honor. General Jackson admired it because he thought that I had successfully vindicated the Democratic cause, to the support of which his own life had been devoted. But you know that in a few months thereafter, when our nullification experiment had developed its gigantic proportions, and after the memorable contest had occurred in the Senate between Mr. Calhoun and my ancient antagonist Mr. Webster, General Jackson became so great an admirer of the Senator from Massachusetts, that he thought seriously of making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States upon the decease of the venerated Marshall. Be assured, sir," he continued, "I never for one moment have thought of comparing that speech of mine, made in direct assailment of Mr. Webster and the Federal party of old, and to the defense of which I had thought proper to challenge him, to his great and unequaled speech in reply thereto; though it is certain that for a day or two it seemed by many that I had come off victor in the contest."

To those who thirty years ago were familiar with the leading officials of the Postoffice Department it may be pleasant to read the following, written by a gentleman then one of the most popular and efficient officers of the Department, and who still survives, in good health, enjoying the esteem and honor that should accompany advancing years. Those whose names are marked with an asterisk (*) are now dead:—

I sing of what we have and what we've not,
In this our bright and ever-favored spot;
And to begin (I'm not a "ring-tail roarer!")
If we've no bores, who'll say we've not a *Bohrer?*
Now some may think that I am but a dolt
To say if we've no horses, we've a *Colt.**
But what care I, ? I'm guided by the "Gunter;"
If we've no hounds, all know we have a *Hunter;*
And some may deem it not a little droll
That, though we have no mill, we will take *Towle;*
And yet more queer (allow me to repeat)
That we've no flour, though blest with with first-rate *Wheat.**
So, if we've hickory none, we have good *Beach;**
If "suckers" none, a sound and well-tried *Leach;**
And what is more (this none will take in dudgeon,)
If we've no perch, we have a prime live *Sturgeon.**
Nor would we pause, or in our duty falter;
We are not led, though you may see our *Halter.*
We love our country, as we've daily shown her;
And if not slaves, we surely have an *Owner.*
What's our religion? Let our *actions* tell:
Though we've no church, who has not heard our *Bell?*
Here let me stop, though "much remains unsung;"
If we're not old, alas! we're not all *Young.**
So now good-boy! excuse this trifling thing:
The humblest of us is himself a *King.*

Postoffice Department, April 8, 1846.

Here is the way a Detroit man dove-tailed sorrow and satisfaction into one another when his lamented but insured wife departed. Writing to the insurance company, he says: "Dear Sir: I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, but that my dear wife, insured for $5,000 in your company, is no more. She died to-day. Her policy is No.—. I can truly say she was a fond wife and good mother. I have the doctor's certificate, so there will be no trouble about the policy. She was sick only a short time, but suffered much. Do you give a check in advance, or must I wait sixty days for the money? Yours, etc." Who shall say that life insurance is not a good consoler?

Undoubtedly Mr. Keith, of Kinston, Massachusetts, who drew the $100,000 prize in the Louisville lottery is a lucky man, and undoubtedly any one of us would be glad to obtain a fortune with the same ease, and yet the effect of such good luck on the popular mind is not wholesome. In order that he might get his $100,000 probably 125,000 people gave a dollar for which they received nothing. It is only less honest and straight-forward than to have a subscription taken up for him among strangers. What is more, 124,999 people were disappointed to make up his exultation.

The young women who will study at Michigan University during the next college year number eighty-eight, of whom nine will study law, thirty-seven will study medicine, and forty-two will pursue the academic course.

An Accident in Danbury.

A well-known character named Wiggins, who is a frequenter of Forceps' saloon on Pine street, suddenly fell to the floor of that place Friday night. Dr. Myers, was passing at the time, was called in, and upon examining the body found that the unfortunate man was dead, having expired in a fit. The residence of the deceased was not known, but Forceps remembered that a sister lived on Nelson street, and it was decided best to take the body there. It was accordingy wrapped in a blanket and