

THE DEMOCRAT

THE DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$1.50 PER YEAR.

VOLUME I.

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX CO., N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1885.

NUMBER 16.

THE SCENT OF A FLOWER.

The scent of a flower is a wonderful thing! It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of spring;

So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power, No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower. Some odors so blend with past happier years They move us like melodies breathing through our ears;

For they bring back the faces and forms that are dead, And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold. A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know,

(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago), When tastes were more simple, and purer our pleasures. And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One day, when the dew on the leaves glittered bright, He proffered the prize with a tender "Good Night," and my heart grew faint with ecstatic emotion.

I felt in that flower lay a life-long devotion. It is gone—yet the scent of that delicate flower still holds me with all the old passionate power;

And off my sick heart would lie down in despair. That memory divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

Consider the lilies! Lord, grant us to be like the field and the garden brought nearer to Thee: tread in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power, and an infinite love in the scent of a flower.

—Jane C. Simpson, in *the Quiver*.

SHIP'S CARPENTER.

We were lying in the Penarth dock, near Cardiff, after having completed the most disagreeable of operations, the taking in of a large cargo of coals, and were waiting for the tide in order to pursue our voyage to Caen. I was pacing the deck, smoking the first pipe of peace I had enjoyed in some days, when I heard a disturbance at the accommodated ladder which led from the ship to the quay, and in a few seconds a wild, south-looking creature, with flashing black eyes and long matted hair, came leaping toward me, followed by my chief mate.

"What's the row, Mr. Robbins?" I said, as the stranger, panting and flushed, thrust himself at my feet. "Can't make him out, sir—that I can't," replied the officer. "He's a scoundrel of some sort or other—in the eyes of sailors all foreigners are alike."

"You don't think any the worse of me for having married a Frenchwoman, do you? At any rate, you won't when you see her and judge for yourself, and when I tell you that she's the dearest little body in the world—far better than I deserved."

"No," I replied, sternly. "I don't think any the worse of you for marrying a Frenchwoman. I am not such a narrow-minded idiot as that—for a good wife is a good wife, be she a Zulu, or a French woman, or anything you like; but—"

"But what?" said Dick, impatiently. "So I told him the story of Alexis; and it was his turn to grow pale.

"However," I said, in conclusion, "you leave it to me; it has caused me a deal of anxiety, and I have hit on a plan. But look here, I wouldn't show myself much in the streets to-day, if I were you, for that fellow left the ship before I did, and is prowling about now with a knife as long as your forearm, and if he caught sight of you, why—"

"I finished the sentence with a significant whistle."

"Anyhow," Dick said, "you'll be up by 6 o'clock."

"Yes," I replied, "and don't you be about when I arrive."

"I went back to the ship. To my surprise, Alexis was on deck, waiting for me."

"Well," I said, "I have looked you over very carefully at all ze ships in port, but I don't see him. But I will have a look ashore die evening ven ze people come from church."

"And you mean to kill him if you do see him?"

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur le Capitaine, but also can I do? He has insulted me and my brother and ze lieutenant and ze ole family! What else can I do?" he answered.

was so profusely apologetic, and so earnest in his promises to do anything required of him in order to work his passage, that I relented and told him he might stay on board.

"That moment Alexis—that was his name—became my most devoted and faithful servant, and, as will be seen, I never had reason to regret taken him on. He acted fully up to his promises. My carpenter, a Portuguese, was the merest apprentice by the side of Alexis, who did not only thoroughly conversant with the duties of his calling, but was an excellent sailor, willing, daring and industrious, and a good fellow to boot."

"I heard sounds of merriment proceeding from the regions of the fo'c'stle, I knew that Alexis was the cause of them. He could sing endless songs, he could play the fiddle, he could dance, he could tell the most amusing of stories in his quaint broken English, and in the most trying circumstances was ever ready with jest and gibes. Of course no one but myself knew his secret, and I must say that it made me very uneasy—for, if Master Dick was not the hero of the escapade, it was one of the most extraordinary coincidences that ever came before my notice."

However, I pondered the situation thoroughly and made my plans. My life as a sailor had been singularly devoid of romance; but, sailor-like, my pet study was romance; so that it was with mingled feelings of dread and pleasurable excitement that I looked forward to our arrival at Caen.

We arrived early on a Sunday morning; and, in spite of all the precautions I had taken, Alexis, in the bustle and confusion attendant upon making fast and warping alongside the quay, managed to get ashore before any one else. I lost no time in making my way to the offices of Curtis & Company. Dick was there, developed into a portly family man since we had last met, and was delighted to see me; and, as may be imagined, in a very few moments we were talking of old times and exchanging experiences as only chums can after a long separation.

"You'll come and dine with me, old fellow," he said. "As it's Sunday, I don't suppose you'll begin to discharge. I've a nice little place just out of the town, near the race course, and I'll introduce you to the missis and the youngsters."

"What married?" I cried. "I should have thought you were the last man in the world to go in for that sort of thing, for I remember you were always so full of the rights of free, unhampered matrimony."

"Yes—married," he replied. "And to a French woman, too; think of that!"

A paller came over my face I could feel. I knew that what Alexis said was true, and that my old friend was the unsuspecting object of his vengeance. Dick said the change.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "You don't think any the worse of me for having married a Frenchwoman, do you? At any rate, you won't when you see her and judge for yourself, and when I tell you that she's the dearest little body in the world—far better than I deserved."

"No," I replied, sternly. "I don't think any the worse of you for marrying a Frenchwoman. I am not such a narrow-minded idiot as that—for a good wife is a good wife, be she a Zulu, or a French woman, or anything you like; but—"

"But what?" said Dick, impatiently. "So I told him the story of Alexis; and it was his turn to grow pale.

"However," I said, in conclusion, "you leave it to me; it has caused me a deal of anxiety, and I have hit on a plan. But look here, I wouldn't show myself much in the streets to-day, if I were you, for that fellow left the ship before I did, and is prowling about now with a knife as long as your forearm, and if he caught sight of you, why—"

"I finished the sentence with a significant whistle."

"Anyhow," Dick said, "you'll be up by 6 o'clock."

"Yes," I replied, "and don't you be about when I arrive."

"I went back to the ship. To my surprise, Alexis was on deck, waiting for me."

"Well," I said, "I have looked you over very carefully at all ze ships in port, but I don't see him. But I will have a look ashore die evening ven ze people come from church."

"And you mean to kill him if you do see him?"

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur le Capitaine, but also can I do? He has insulted me and my brother and ze lieutenant and ze ole family! What else can I do?" he answered.

"Well, carpenter," I said, "I'm going to dine and sleep ashore, and I want a hand to carry my portmanteau."

"I'll do it, sir, I will do it, if you wish me to carry it to ze end of ze world," he offered.

"Very well, then, I shall be ready in half an hour."

said Mrs. Curtis, with tears standing in her black eyes—mild reflections of the fiery orbs of Alexis.

"Simply, madame," I answered, "your brother Alexis is here, and he is searching for your husband!"

"Alexis!" repeated Mrs. Curtis, in a horrified voice. "Oh, he will murder us all—I know he will, for he has such a fearful temper!"

"No, madame, he won't," I said, "if you do as I tell you. You have children; bring them down stairs, and meanwhile I will call in your brother. If his heart is not softened at the sight of your happiness and of your children, then he is not the man I take him for; for, although he vows revenge against your husband, he loves you dearly, and has often talked to me about you."

I rose, went to the door, and beckoned to Alexis.

"Alexis," I said, "there is a lady here who wishes to see you."

"A lady to see me, sar?" exclaimed Alexis. "Mon Dieu, I cannot show myself to a lady in disguise"—pointing ruefully to his stained and patched suit of blue jean.

"Surely you're not afraid of your sister?" whispered the poor fellow gasped, his eyes started from their sockets, the portmanteau fell from his grasp.

"My sister!" he repeated. "Our Jacqueline?"

"Yes," I answered. "Now, just listen to me. I have found out that your sister married an old friend of mine; she is perfectly happy, and is the mother of two children. If I let you go in and see her, will you promise that?"

But before I could complete my sentence, at a single bound Alexis had sprung into the house. I followed, and found him with his sister, both of them alternately laughing and sobbing, trying to speak, kissing and embracing and holding each other's arms' length—in fact, behaving as foreigners generally do in similar circumstances.

"And you are happy?" said Alexis, when the first enthusiastic burst of greeting had subsided.

"Perfectly," replied his sister; and my husband is the best man in the world; and see, Alexis—our children"—pointing to the two chubby little fellows in sailor costume who stood somewhat timidly beside with their fingers in their mouths, doubtless revolving in their minds what possible connection there could be between their fashionable-dressed mother and the uncouth-looking stranger.

Alexis kissed the boys—much against their will, evidently—and then, with a melodramatic gesture, started aside. "But ze fader," he said, "we have sworn to kill him, me and my brother, if we do meet him. I cannot break my oath; but I cannot kill him; and, again kissing his sister passionately, he left the room."

Alexis has never left me from that day to this; and never during the whole course of our acquaintance has there been the smallest shade of a difference between us. From time to time I have offered him promotion; but he has always refused, and swears he will remain until he hears of his brother, My Ship's Carpenter.

The Monkey Temple of Benares.
Moncur D. Conway, in an article on the temples of Benares, India, says: "The monkey temple is dedicated to Durga, her ferocious aspect, and the pavement in front is red with the blood of the sacrifices offered to her. She has a face of silver, a necklace of gold coins and generally gaily dressed. Along with Durga in this temple monkeys are worshipped. When I entered the precincts a priest came and threw a wreath of marigolds around my neck, informing me that I was now sacred enough to enter and behold the goddess. I was also by this consecration fitted to pay him a rupee. But I found the monkeys more interesting than Durga or her priests. There were more than a hundred of them amusing themselves in the sunshine. They gathered around me and ate leisurely, as if used to the treat, some sugar cakes which I had purchased for them at the door, that being the custom. When the crowd of monkeys had retired a patriarchal monkey, whom I had observed sitting apart in the sunshine, approached me and having received a particularly large cake rewarded me by some information while my guide was conversing with the priest. I gathered from our interview that Durga or her priests, who were worshipped in Benares, though natural, were due to my not understanding that these are all survivals from the time when man did not exist, when the banks of the Ganges were occupied by the simial race. It was the religion of monkeys I had been witnessing, though man since he came upon the scene had misunderstood much of that aboriginal faith and philosophy and embodies his errors and dogmas along with them. Nevertheless the religion of Benares to-day preserves an unbroken continuity with the religion of simial antiquity, and the priests and apes dwelt together in unity. After our interview the old ape gave me a wink and walked away munching his cake, a little bit of which he threw to the goddess Durga. Back of the temple I saw an aged and large tamarind tree with a hollow, which is the lying-in home of the sacred monkeys. Formerly there were thousands of these monkeys dwelling in and about this temple, but they became so troublesome and mischievous, and so troublesome to Benares had to interfere and all the monkeys found outside the enclosure were transported for life. In some mysterious way the monkey population has largely decreased."

Lip Reading vs. Articulation.
The New York institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb has adopted a simple method of applying phonetic analysis to the instruction of the deaf, recently devised by the principal of the institution, by which with the eye the patient may observe the motions of a speaker's lips and other organs of speech so accurately as to discern the words uttered, not by the context, or guess work, but by absolute recognition of their phonetic elements. It is found, moreover, that the deaf mute who masters this system of lip reading is enabled to speak within a shorter period and with greater precision than under the old system of teaching articulation.—*New York Herald.*

AT THE CLINIC.

Operations Performed Under the Eyes of Medical Students.

An outsider requires to have rather good nerves who attends a clinic. Here, when the medical students are assembled, those suffering from terrible maladies are brought in and they are cured, if possible, at every clinic there are operations performed on the nerves of the non-professional onlooker. As a general thing it is somewhat difficult for an outsider to obtain entrance to these demonstrations. Every medical student at Ann Arbor is provided with a colored ticket that enables him to pass the sharp-eyed man at the door, and it is impossible to get admission unless you have the permission of the professor in charge.

A clinic at one of the principal German universities is a sight that a person is not apt to forget. In certain cases all in the room, students and professors, are dressed in robes of white linen. These dresses are furnished and laundered by the college, and the object seems to be to prevent any possible chance of outside impurities being brought into the operating room. The walls and floor of the room are thoroughly cleaned each day and disinfected by some chemical spray. American colleges do not deem these extraordinary precautions necessary, and the chances are that they are not as the wonderful successes of the best American surgery show.

The operating room at Ann Arbor is connected with the hospital and the temperature is so carefully equalized that there is no change in coming from the sick bed to this room. The students are ranged in semi-circular tiers, each position being marked by a full view of the patient and the operating surgeons.

The first case that came before the students the day I was there was that of a man who was about to leave—cured. He stood before them stripped to the waist. The marks of healed incisions were on his shoulders. He came there to have his right arm removed, and the man stood there and held up his right hand as if to swear to the efficiency of modern surgery. Meanwhile the dissected bone was being passed around among the students. They cheered as the fellow left, smiling over the success of the operation.

The first operation was one that a certain young lady will be thankful for eighteen or twenty years from now. This young lady of the future is at present a very sweet and pretty baby 6 months old. One of the senior medical students—a lady—sat before the case on her lap. It made an expressive touching domestic picture. The lady student might have been Howells' "Dr. Breen" or the "Dr. Zay" of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. She was tall and well proportioned; wore a dark olive-green dress that fitted as it should and became her exceedingly. Her face was more than humanly beautiful, and the attention in it of skill, knowledge, firmness and courage. I take her as typical of the very best example of our American lady medical students. The girl patted the little thing on the cheek and the baby crowded and laughed. Dr. Maclean held the rosy foot of the child in his hand and looked at it with interest. He said the cause and remedy of the trouble that was apparent to all. The two little feet were turned in toward each other till the toes touched. They were at right angles to natural position, and the trouble—if unremedied—would cause the child to become a humped back. The feet were washed and the young man poured from a bottle the anesthetic on a towel. This was spread over the laughing face of the baby. There was a frightened cry, a stifled sob or two, then stillness. With careful quickness the lancet entered the baby's ankle—once—twice—thrice. Not a drop of blood was spilled. The little feet were bandaged into their correct position, with a speed and deftness that were truly wonderful. During this there was not a sound in the room. The first to break the silence was the baby, whose tremulous cry of returning consciousness just as the last bandage was stitched showed that she thought she had been taken a mean advantage of, just as she wanted to crow and laugh at the lady who held her. There was nothing revolting about the operation. Dr. Maclean has done what Shakespeare thought impossible and had spilled no drop of blood. When that baby takes its first steps those chubby feet will be ready to do their part.

A girl of twelve was next trundled in unconscious. She lay on the wheeled table to have a tumor taken from the side of her face—a terrible legacy of that dread disease—scarlet fever. The great difficulty in this case was the almost unavoidable danger of cutting the facial nerve, in which case one side of the girl's face would remain paralyzed. The operation was performed. The awaking was to be the test. The students looked on in breathless suspense. The doctor touched the lips of the reviving girl with the point of a needle. Finally the girl gave a pitiful wail that carried with it the suspended dread with which she had doubtless regarded the trial she was to pass through when the merciful anesthetic overcame her.

Instantly a murmur of approbation was heard. The students were quick to catch the results of the doctor's skill. "She cries on both sides of her face now," said the doctor. "But she will laugh on both sides of her face afterward."

A big man came in with an ugly tumor on the back of his neck. They offered him the anesthetic, but he waved the student aside, jocularly saying: "Never take anything, thank you; I am on my feet."

This remark was appreciated by the boys, and remarks of "plucky," "good grit," and so on passed among them. He set his teeth and stood it like a Trojan; not a groan or a cry escaped him. He did not even wince under the doctor's rapidly-applied lancet. When it was over he smiled, and looking up at the sea of faces, said:

"Good-by, boys. See you later."

Then the boys gave him a grand round of applause for his indomitable courage.

"I cut my ankle with an axe eight years ago," said the next, as he laid down his crutches, "but he stuck out his bare foot and legs, pallid, withered and apparently useless. When the man limped back to the

room from which he came, Dr. Maclean announced that he was going to treat the ankle with the cauter. This instrument is the white-hot iron that became somewhat celebrated from the fact that Clara Morris, the actress, was benefited by its use in Paris some years ago. The item went through the rounds under the heading "The Terrible Moxa," and benefited Clara also as a first-rate free advertisement.

When the man next came in he lay unconscious on the table. The cauter is a strange instrument, whose working I must admit I do not understand. One man held a bottle, another a seemingly compressible green bulb. These, and the cauter which the doctor held in his hand, were connected by rubber tubes. The bottle contained sulphuric acid, and by some means an intense flame seemed to be directed along the pencil-like cauter, that speedily produced a white heat at the point of the instrument. As the doctor held it there was a hissing sound, and then with a z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z the point became all red, and bright red, and finally a glowing white. With this, as with a pen of fire, the doctor wrote on the white ankle of the unconscious man. Doubtless he wrote "healing." Every touch of the moxa was followed by a black mark and a smell of burning flesh. Now and then the surgeon would catch the falling iron in the air for a moment till the flame lashed it into a white heat again.

Although the students applauded the pluck of those who stood the operations without the aid of the anesthetic, yet on all other occasions the utmost silence was maintained. There was nothing at all about the operations, but some of the situations were certainly as dramatic as could be imagined.

There were many other most interesting cases of which I have not the space to write. Those that I have mentioned will give some idea of what is to be seen "At the Clinic."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Seat of War in Egypt.
General R. E. Colston, formerly a bey in Egypt, contributes an article in the *Geography*, from which we get the following description of a portion of the present seat of war: "He who has traveled through the desert cannot form a just idea of that strange and marvelous region, in which all the ordinary conditions of life are completely changed. It is essentially a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or streams. Once away from the Nile, the only supply of water is derived from deep wells, few, scanty, and far apart. Long droughts are frequent. When I explored the great Arabian desert between the Nile and the Red sea, it had not rained for three years; and when I traveled over the Siwah, the route and through Kordofan, no rain had fallen for two years. Between the twenty-ninth and the nineteenth degree of latitude it never rains at all. Water becomes precious to a degree beyond the conception of those who have never known its scarcity. Members of the Catholic mission at El Obeid, where water is much more plentiful than in the deserts, assured me that the summer before, water has been sold as high as half a dollar a gallon by the proprietors of the few wells that had not dried up. When long droughts occur, the always scanty crop of doura falls away from the Nile, and the greater parts of the flocks and herds perish, as well as a considerable part of the population. It follows naturally that when undertaking a journey through the desert, the paramount question is water. A supply must be carried sufficient to last to the next well, be it one or five days distant. It is usually carried in goat and ox skins suspended from the camels' pack saddles. These are the water bottles of Scripture, which become leaky with wear, and always lose a considerable portion of their contents by evaporation. The first thing after reaching a well is to ascertain the quantity and quality of its water. As to the former, it may have been exhausted by a preceding caravan, and hours may be required to wait for a new supply to ooze in again. As to the quality, desert water is generally bad, the exception being when it is worse, though long custom enables the Bedouins to drink water so brackish as to be intolerable to all except themselves and their flocks. Well do I remember how at each well the first skiff of water was reserved for the thirsty siprawines. Great was the joy if it was pronounced "moya helwa," sweet water; but if the Bedouins said "moo-h tayib," not good, we might be sure it was a solution of Epsom salts. The best water is found in natural rocky reservoirs in deep, narrow gorges where the sun shone. As to five spring, I never saw more than half a dozen in six thousand miles of travel."

Eskimo Dogs.
Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka says in *St. Nicholas* that had as it may seem, the Eskimo dog never gets fed oftener than every third day, and generally about every third day; while in times of want and starvation in that terrible land of cold, the length of time these poor dogs will go without food seems beyond belief.

I once had a fine team of nineteen fat Eskimo dogs that went six or seven days between meals for three consecutive feedings before they reached the journey's end and good food; and although they were fed every day, they were no doubt very weak, none of them died; and yet they had been traveling and dragging a heavy sledge for a great part of the time. Other travelers among the Eskimo have given equally wonderful accounts of their powers of fasting. The Eskimo have many times of want and deprivation and then their poor dogs must suffer very much. But when they are fed every other day on good fat walrus and they do not have much hard work to do, they will get as fat and happy and playful as your own dogs with three meals a day. One of the very best things you would imagine to be good for them is the best food they get; that is, tough walrus hide, about an inch in thickness and as wiry as sole leather. Give your team dogs a good meal of this before they start, take along a light supply of it for them, and you can be gone a couple of weeks on a trip; you don't get back, feed them up well, and they will be as fat and strong as ever in a very few days.

In no country in the world is the patent office kept so busy as in the United States.

QUEER AND COSTLY DRUGS.

A Powder Worth \$300 an Ounce—Snake Virus as an Opiate.
A doctor from one of the Western cities, who has a wide practice as an oculist and aurist, entered a drug store the other day and purchased a small bottle of opiate, the new aesthetic used with such success in eye operations. He said he had prescribed it for a diseased ear. The tiny bottle half full of whitish powder cost him five dollars.

"Provincial physicians in this country are very enterprising," said the druggist, when the doctor had gone out. "They have already begun the use of cocaine in all sections of the country, and it is to many druggists a profitable drug, because they can charge a fancy price for it. I quote it at over \$300 an ounce."

"A well-stocked drug store must be supplied with a great variety of medicines now if its proprietor fills prescriptions for all schools," continued the druggist. "One day he had a call from a homeopathic physician for rattlesnake virus. The doctor had been called in to see a patient who was soon to die of cancer and who had taken ordinary opiates until they seemed to have but little effect. We did not have the medicine, but the next time I saw the doctor he said he had obtained it, and that in twenty minutes after taking a very low dilution of the virus the sufferer sank into a sweet sleep. The old days, when all sorts of insects and animals were used in medicine, were fruitful of some beneficial discoveries. The poison of a bee, when applied externally by a doctor to a patient with a skin disease, is known to a doctor who claims wonders for it in cases of scarlet fever."

"The beaver furnishes a remedy known as castor, used to quiet spasms, and the musk ox provides musk. It comes in the form of a coarse black powder, and the best of it is quoted at about \$40 an ounce. We sell considerable quantities of it to the Chinese, who are said to use it for burns. It is believed that the Chinese have a knowledge of many valuable remedies which would benefit, but, although we have been able to purchase some of their mysterious-looking drugs as curiosities, they have refused to impart the secret of their properties. Some of their notions with respect to medicine can be gained when it is known that they regard the wild ginseng root as sacred to the healing of royalty, and as a spiritual body, capable of volition and of concealing itself to escape capture. Its guardians are the tiger, wolf, leopard and snake."

"When a member of the royal family falls sick, he dies, the emperor sends him a party of heroic men go in search of the root, whose presence is finally revealed at night by a halo over the spot of concealment, which is marked, the root being dug on the following day. The cultivated ginseng or jen shen, is not believed by the natives to be endowed with the properties of the wild plant, which is freely by the subjects. It is believed that its chief value lies in its wonderful recuperating power, prolonging life when a patient has begun to sink into his last sleep, and in giving him time to arrange his affairs."

"In mentioning animal products as drugs I should perhaps have spoken of ambergris, a deposit of grayish matter which is found occasionally in the head of a sperm whale. It sells often at \$30 an ounce at retail. It is said that one whaler found a deposit of 750 pounds in a single whale."

"In the list of expensive drugs the products of the Calabar bean may be mentioned. Physicists, with respect to it, have many of the best remedies in spasmodic affections, retails at over \$300 an ounce. Apomorphine, while not to be compared with the drugs that I have mentioned, is expensive. It was discovered by a man named Wright, who subjected morphine to a treatment that entirely changed its chemical qualities, so that instead of being an opiate it is one of the most powerful emetics known and is given only in extreme cases, like poisoning. As I said at the outset, an enterprising druggist has to keep an extensive variety of medicines, the cheapness of the most expensive, which is sold as the most expensive. Pumpkin seeds are frequently sold as a remedy for tapeworm and other time ago as a vermifuge. A doctor came here the other day and called for some everlasting life. Singular thing for a doctor to prescribe, wasn't it? In medicine it is a North American plant. Job's tears is another queer remedy."—*New York Sun.*

Horrible Chinese Atrocities.
A Kelung letter to the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*: "The new and rapidly growing military cemetery of Kelung is on the east shore of the bay, almost at the water's edge, conspicuous for the number of its mounds and its crosses. The guns of three or four men-of-war from the spot at a distance of only a few hundred yards. Yet every few nights bodies are disinterred, beheaded and left in careless disfigurement. A few days since a servant of Colonel Duchesse, in pursuit of provisions, found a fowl which he desired to purchase. While bending forward to examine it some Chinese stole up behind him and he was beheaded. He was the instant of a tombstone, with his engines, went on shore to look for water. Happening to stray a little from the beaten path they were attacked and beheaded. The Viper, lying just off the shore, heard the cries of the men and sent a few shots into the bushes, but without avail. The two heads were horribly mutilated bodies were found the next morning. The French, exasperated beyond measure, resolved to retort in a similar fashion, and a day or two afterward, finding five men whom they suspected of the crime, they tied their queues together, attached stones to their feet and drowned them in the bay. Some time ago they adopted a similar method of hundreds of captured Black Flags who had been practicing the barbarities peculiar to Oriental warfare."

General Drum estimates that the whole number of men in the United States available for military duty is between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000, while the organized militia officers and men, amount to only about 90,000.

German public schools are about to adopt Hawthorne's works for the study of English.

MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

On the article by Colonel John Taylor Wood, an officer of the Merrimac during the fight with the Monitor, in the *Century* War Series, we quote the following: "At daybreak, we discovered lying between us and the Minnesota a strange looking craft, which we knew at once to be Ericsson's Monitor, which had long been expected in Hampton Roads, and of which, from different sources we had a good idea. She could not possibly have made her appearance at a more inopportune time for us, changing our plans, which were to destroy the Minnesota, and then the remainder of the fleet below Fortress Monroe. She appeared but a penguin compared with the lofty frigate which she guarded. But in her size was one great element of her success. I will not attempt a description of the Monitor; her build and peculiarities are well known."

"After an early breakfast, we got underway and steamed out toward the enemy, opening fire from our bow pivot, and closing, we delivered our starboard broadside at short range, which was returned promptly from her eleven-inch guns. Both vessels then turned and passed again still closer. The Monitor was firing every seven or eight minutes, and water level was not struck. Our ship was working worse and worse, and after the loss of the smoke stack, Mr. Ramsay, chief engineer, reported that the draught was so poor that it was with great difficulty he could keep up steam. Once or twice she was on the bottom. Drawing twenty-three feet of water, we were confined to a narrow channel, while the Monitor, with only twelve feet immersion, could take any position, and always have us in range of her guns. Orders were given to concentrate our fire on the pilot-house, and with good result, as we afterwards learned. More than two hours had passed, and we had made no impression on the enemy, so far as we could discover, while our wounds were slight. Several times the Monitor ceased firing, and we were in hopes she was disabled, but the revolution again of her turret and the heavy blows of her eleven-inch shot on our sides soon undeceived us."

"Coming down from the spar-deck and observing a division standing at ease," Lieutenant Jones observed: "Why are you not firing, Mr. Eggleston?"

"Why, our powder is very precious," replied the lieutenant, "and after two hours incessant firing I find that I can do her about as much damage by snapping my thumb at her every two minutes and a half."

Lieutenant Jones now determined to run her down or board. For nearly an hour we manoeuvred for a position. Now "go ahead," now "stop," now "astern," the ship was "stop," as Noah's ark. At last an opportunity offered. "Go ahead, full speed." But before the ship gathered headway the Monitor turned and our disabled ram only gave a glancing blow, effecting nothing. Again she came up on our quarter, and led from the monitor's side, and at this distance fired twice. Both shots struck about half-way up the shield, abreast of the after pivot, and the impact forced the side bodily in two or three inches. All the crews of the after guns were knocked over by the concussion, and bled from the nose and ears. Another shot from the same place would have penetrated. While alongside, boarders were called away; but she dropped astern before they could get on board. And so, for six more hours the struggle was kept up. At length the Monitor was wrecked on the middle ground where we could not follow, but always maintaining a position to protect the Minnesota. To have run our ship ashore on a falling tide would have been ruin. We waited her return for an hour; and at two o'clock P. M., steamed to Sewall's Point, and thence to the dockyard at Norfolk, our crew thoroughly worn out from the two days' fight. Although there is no doubt that the Monitor first retired—for Captain Van Brunt, commanding the Minnesota, so states in his official report—the battle was a drawn one, so far as the two vessels engaged were concerned. But in general results the advantage was with the Monitor. Our casualties in the second day's fight were only a few wounded. "The Monitor was well handled, and saved the Minnesota and the remainder of the fleet at Fortress Monroe. But her gunnery was poor. Not a single shot struck us at the bow, and the ship was utterly unprotected, and where one would have been fatal. Or had the fire been concentrated on any one spot, the shield would have been pierced; or had larger charges been used, the result would have been the same. Most of her shot struck us obliquely, breaking the iron of our courses, but not injuring the wood backing. When struck at right angles the backing would be broken, but not penetrated. We had no solid projectiles, except a few of large calibre, to be used as hot shot, and of course made no impression on the turret. But in all it should be borne in mind that both vessels were on their trial trips, both experimental, and both receiving their baptism of fire."

What is Life!
"What is life?" asked a reflective friend of the philosophic Montford. The answer constitutes one of the most charming utterances ever expressed by mortal. Study it:

"The present life is sleeping and waking. It is night on going to bed, and morning on getting up. It is to wonder what the day will bring forth; it is rain on the window as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden, and see the flowers, and hear the birds sing; it is to hear the news from the east, west, north and south; it is to read old and new books; it is to see pictures, and hear music; it is to have Sundays; it is to have breakfast, dinner and tea; it is to belong to a town, and have neighbors and acquaintances; it is to have friends, and it is to have sight at dear old faces, and it is to know ourselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children, and grandchildren, and many friends."

Dr. Lamphere, of Saginaw, has a cow which spatters sixty well developed horns.