

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One square, Two squares) and Rate (e.g., \$1.00, \$2.00).

The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Morals.

LUTZ & JORDAN, Editors and Proprietors.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JAN. 21, 1870.

VOL. 43: NO. 3.

Inquirer Column.

TO ADVERTISERS:

1. Postmaster is required to give notice by letter, returning a paper does not answer the law...

THE BEDFORD INQUIRER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY LUTZ & JORDAN.

OFFICE ON JULIANA STREET, BEDFORD, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN SOUTH-WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION OVER 1500.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

LATEST & MOST APPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing are equalled by very few establishments in the country. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed to LUTZ & JORDAN.

ITEMS.

GOVERNOR HAYES, of Ohio, suggested in his message to the Legislature that provision be made for a thorough examination of the workings of the New York Inebriate Asylum with the view of establishing a similar institution in Ohio.

The mill mills at Wheeling have all stopped operations to take stock. The aggregate number of kegs of nails made in that city last year, the Intelligence says, will reach six hundred and fifty thousand.

HAIR CLOTH skirts, to take the place of hoops, have recently been imported. There is a founce around the bottom, in round plaits, on all except the front breadth, and the upper part of the back has rolls of the material, for a quarter of a yard, in imitation of the bustle.

They have secured a new anesthetic in France, to supersede chloroform and its various substitutes. It is a chemical compound, and is called "chloral." It is not inhaled, but swallowed, when it produces a perfect insensibility without any dangerous accompaniments. This is, in surgical practice, a discovery of the utmost importance.

VERMONT has at last arrived at such a pitch of civilization that it sees what a bad mistake it is to tax chimney. Its Legislature has exempted from taxation for five years all manufacturing establishments heretofore to be erected in that State, and all the capital and machinery used in operating them; and also the capital and machinery put into buildings already erected, but not used for manufacturing purposes, whenever the capital used amounts to one thousand dollars or more.

The Polish Land Emigration Company, of which Hon. Caleb Cushing is President, has just purchased 35,000 acres of land, lying on both sides of the James River, in Amherst, Rockingham and Bedford counties, Virginia. It is proposed to place a colony of Poles on the purchased tract, and the transportation of such emigrants to this country will at once be begun, under the charge of Gen. Smolenski, the director of emigration.

The Chicago Tribune makes this positive grammatical point: "Will editors of quarterlies and of the New York Tribune have the grace to learn that woman is a noun, and cannot be used as an adjective; that we can have woman-lovers or woman-haters, but we will not submit to woman-teachers, nor woman teachers; that we can have female speakers and female teachers; but we rebel against female colleges, female hospitals, and all other female objects of the neuter gender."

The revolution which has broken out in the Mexican state of San Luis Potosi is the worst of two or three which have happened in that state within our memory. It has captured a Governor and the most of a Legislature, and has brought down upon it an order from Juarez calling upon a portion of the national guard, if any such force have an effectual existence in that state. Worse news, however, is the resignation of General Alatorre, one of the bravest and ablest, and perhaps now the most necessary of the Mexican Generals, who follows his late commander, General Diaz, into retirement.

Two of the youthful nobility of England have been distinguishing themselves lately. Lord Alford Pelham Clinton has won a wager of 50 pounds sterling by walking ten miles in two hours, in the presence of a select circle of friends, at Hackney Wick. The Court Journal admits that he had "no pretensions to style, his feet coming down heavily at every stride," but he walked the distance within three minutes of the prescribed time. "Loud cheers greeted the pedestrian at the termination of the feat, which was accomplished solely by great gameness."

The community of Carter's Station, Virginia, was considerably exercised a few days ago by the announcement that a Mr. Lyon, who lived in the neighborhood, had married his mother. It seems that Lyon's father had been twice married, and the children by the first wife continued to live in the family after the second marriage. Lyon, the father, died, leaving his second wife a widow, and Lyon, the son, married his father's widow. The clerk issued the license without a knowledge of the facts, and the minister requested to solemnize the marriage declined; a magistrate likewise refused, and the pair crossed over to Stony Creek, where they were unknown, and were married.

THE WAGES OF LABOR.—Before the discovery of America, money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by act of the English Parliament in 1351 at one penny per day; and in 1314 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison in England) was three half-pence per day. At this time 24 eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for 4 pence, a fat goose for 24 pence, a hen for a penny, wheat 3 pence per bushel, and a fat ox for 36 shillings and eight pence. So that, in those days a day's work would buy a hen or two dozen eggs; two days' work would buy a pair of shoes, and a fat ox cost eighty days' work. On the whole, however, it is perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does. On the whole, we guess "the good old times" were not worth recalling. [The above facts are given in Adam Clark's Commentary on Matt. xx. 2.]

HERE is another good word for Alaska from the San Francisco Bulletin: Whenever the timber resources of Alaska have been brought to view as an element of future wealth, some one of the many volunteers who are depreciating that country is ready to inform the world that there is a plenty of timber this side of Alaska. We have before us some data furnished by a resident of Sitka, which shows among other things that there is an extent of country bordering on the coast of Alaska, equal to twenty miles of width and 700 miles in length in which the white and yellow cedar predominates. How much more extensive the "cedar country" may be our informant did not know. The cedar timber in there is inexhaustible. Our redwood timber covers a limited area, and at the present rate of destruction will not last fifty years. The time will come when the cedar forests of Alaska will be more famous and a greater source of wealth than the redwood forests of California. Probably no tree is now growing upon the Pacific coast of so much real value as the red cedar of Alaska.

Poetry.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

Why don't he come? he promised me He surely should be here, And Pa and Ma are out to tea— For on the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say? When last he leave he took He asked me twice at home to stay— I wonder how I look!

Oh my! I'm almost out of breath! Suppose he asks? what then? I'll certainly be scared to death, I'm so afraid of men.

I think I'll have him though, at last— But first I'll answer so— For many a girl by hurrying fast, Outstrips her tardy beau.

Oh, here he comes—his step I hear, And now he'll soon begin! I would not for the world appear In haste to let him in!

I think I'll have him though, at last— But first I'll answer so— For many a girl by hurrying fast, Outstrips her tardy beau.

Oh, here he comes—his step I hear, And now he'll soon begin! I would not for the world appear In haste to let him in!

Miscellaneous.

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist Liszt arrived at Prague, in October, 1846.

The next day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instructions I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, and burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expenses of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-day I set out for home—peniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common; and if fortune neglect some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge my debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that this usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked. "There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why, there's scarcely anything." "I know it, sir. If you please to remember I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medalion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessing of heaven on his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels, whose value he was unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while appearing to examine the diamonds with due attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned, accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterward you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweler.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?" "My name is Liszt," he replied.

"I do not know any very rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I desire."

"Then you must be a magician!"

"If you choose I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irresistible enthusiasm—

"Bravo, Liszt! it is wonderful!" "Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied Liszt; "but I do know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sweet sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young girl of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the piano, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it, by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt, than astonished at his talent. That night the musician of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give up his wandering life, and to fix his abode in his native city, as a remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a peasant light, may be more valuable than that most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did it hate it.

One morning, the jeweler, coming to the door of his German frankness, said to Liszt, "How do you like my daughter?" "She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?" "I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?" "I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law!" "With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great pianist, Liszt.

A WOLF HUNT IN RUSSIA.

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.

We arrived at Toola, the Birmingham of Asia, on the morning of the 3d of Jan. Our party was composed, including myself, of some fifteen jolly sporting young boaters, who had all clubbed together, the day before to enjoy the winter sports. Being very desirous of engaging in a stirring hunt, having heard that, the winter before, a pack of wolves had congregated in the neighborhood of Toola, we accordingly a few days before set off from St. Petersburg, and arrived as mentioned at Toola, immediately upon our arrival we proceeded to the market and bought up a large quantity of refused meat, rotted carcases of sheep, pigs, etc., which we obtained for a few trifles.

Loading a sled with it, we ordered the driver to take and empty it out near the side, about twelve miles from the town, an opening between two fir woods. The rest of our intended excursion becoming gone, we were the whole day besieged with applications, begging for permission to accompany us from many of the wealthy citizens and neighboring gentry. Answering them with a courteous invitation to visit their ladies and come and sup with us, we obliged to engage the large dining hall at the hotel to accommodate our guests.

At supper we commenced dancing, and verily half through a set of quadrilles were we interrupted by the entrance of a thought man we had placed to watch our door. He informed us that the wolves were there, and had already commenced their supper.

It is a beautiful moonlight night when we set, the wind blowing hard, with a keen frost; just a night to enjoy a rapturous gallop. We accordingly set upon our horses and rattled along as fast as the slippery nature of the road warranted.

All and numerous were the laughable serenade predicaments some of our party got in the road. One young girl named Mat, persisted in riding on the extreme verge of the track, and, as may be supposed, the snow on either side being, with the exception of a slight upper crust, extremely soft, her horse slipping, she both rolled over and was literally buried, though not hurt. With a good deal of difficulty we dragged her and her horse out, and scolded her, at which she only laughed, declaring she had enjoyed it much.

Arriving at the edge of the forest a speck met our gaze which caused the bravest amongst us to tremble. Instead of the fifty or sixty wolves we had expected to meet, there were only six or seven, in every direction, was covered with snow, fighting masses of dark forms, and howling over pieces of the bait, when they were tearing one from the other. Coming to the conclusion that prudence was the better part of valor, we were just retiring to the nearest village when a brain Matilda fired her pistol at the rest group, wounding one severely, and howling brought the rest upon us in only. Falling back about a hundred yards the place where some decayed trunks of trees had fallen across the road, we halted 4 formed in square behind them awaiting our orders.

We had not long to wait. We had hardly meditated into and loosened our revolvers when we were attacked by about five hundred red, open mouthed, howling devils, it rushed at our horses' throats. Volley for volley we poured in among them, cry still telling in such a mass and covering the ground with writhing, struggling quags. But as one fell a fresh one occupied its place, and although the front rank sunk back in terror as their companions shrieking around them, they were forced again to renew the charge by those in the rear.

Our horses were trembling in every limb down upon howl announced the number a ferocity of our foes. Some of those hid at last thinned away, two Russians seized their flasks, and advancing to our backwork of trunks, laid a heavy train of powder along it.

Just as the front rank again rushed upon us and placed their paws upon the train, one of them snapped a pistol at it. There immediately arose a bright flash, illuminating the scene of carnage vividly. None of our number had as yet got hurt. The wolves struck back, conquered by this novel phenomenon, several of their number severely hurt.

The trick of the train of powder having driven them off for awhile, we slowly decamped, and when, as we thought, well out of their hearing, we spurred ahead and made straight for the village of Carachra.

The implacable demons followed us right into the center of the village, where we turned and stood at bay, determined to end the business one way or another. The peasants, awakened by our cries and rapid volleys, as well as by the howling and roaring of the wolves, came out in numbers to our assistance. Organizing our body as well as possible, we all dismounted and prepared for the encounter, armed with pistols, scythes, guns, axes, etc.

On rushed the gaunt, ugly looking imps of darkness, open mouthed, with their blood-stained tongues hanging from between their teeth. Nobly and bravely did the girls then exert themselves, reloading our guns as fast as we fired them, and the peasants dashed manfully into the middle of the pack, merrily wielding their long scythes, moving off legs and cutting the wretches in two.

Soon it became evident that the wolves were fleeing in every direction, sending the air with their lamentations, and leaving two hundred of their number on the field of battle, whereas on our side no one was hurt, with the exception of the German before mentioned, whose skull was found a few days afterwards on the road side, completely polished. Thus ended one of the most exciting wolf hunts in the world, which was seldom they were held enough to enter so large a village, but they were doubtless mad with hunger.—New York Clipper.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

The truth about the first meeting with closed doors, that is, on the 10th, is coming out. It was a scene of the greatest confusion. I saw now that the minority was 130. It was the Archbishop of Tennesvar, in Croatia, it is now said, who was making a Latin speech, protesting against the forms and arrangements as interfering with the independence of the Bishops, when the bell rang and he was called to order. Thereupon, it is added, the Primate of Hungary came to his rescue, and in his turn was called to order in a like manner. Upon this Daplanoff made a strong observation in good French and left the Hall, with the Archbishop of Paris and a hundred others, leg numbers in the neighborhood of Toola, who accordingly a few days before set off from St. Petersburg, and arrived as mentioned at Toola, immediately upon our arrival we proceeded to the market and bought up a large quantity of refused meat, rotted carcases of sheep, pigs, etc., which we obtained for a few trifles.

They are dying of cold, and they can not bear one another. They say the present accommodation is utterly inadequate; that they require many more rooms, and those larger than what have been improvised in and about St. Peter's. I hear that some of them say the Council ought to have been held at Lateran or the Quirinal, where they might have had a whole palace for their work, and rooms for conversation and other business. They are now obliged to find opportunities for mutual information and conference where they can, and Cardinals and others who happen to have palaces at their command, are holding nightly large reunions. Very late ones, too, I suspect, for the streets are getting noisy at midnight, more so than when I came. Thus the first meeting on the tenth ended with an abrupt adjournment, and I cannot doubt that of to-day has done also. It is not very promising for the presumed object of the Council, which every day recedes further into the limbo of vain aspirations. If the doctrine of infallibility is adopted, it is now said positively the French Concordat will be at once withdrawn, and Pius IX. will find that with a new position, new relations will have to be arranged. So the whole is in this intention announced that the Pope will send a case France of dictating, and Frenchmen do not desire the imposition. The situation is described on both sides as *spasmodic*; and nobody sees the way out of it, except by continual adjournments, till time itself brings some sort of escape. But as for any conclusions being come to and proclaimed by January 6th, is pronounced impossible.

POSITION OF THE AMERICAN BISHOPS.

The Papal authorities have housed the Bishops with careful and discriminating hospitality. Those who could not be absolutely trusted have been lodged with safe companions, in the proportion of one weak brother to half a dozen strong.

In one palace, two or three known to make their faith confirmed, are in charge of ten stout believers. The Jesuits have had the manipulation of the flock, and have done it well. There is not one of those who would not feel his feelings sounded and reported upon daily—and the common study of the printed papers compels all to speak. In this way it was ascertained what points can be pressed—supposing it desirable to press them—and what not. But the Pope will probably not propose at all what he would have to withdraw. The American Bishops, I hear it said, plead their own difficulties at home. The Synodus has excited a great deal of attention there, and has been denounced as an attack upon civil society, putting everybody pledged to it in antagonism to his fellow-citizens. At first sight it might seem that under a Constitution, founded upon the right of private judgment and the will of the majority, there would be no great reason to fear an external claim to entire spiritual and social submission. But it is plain the Americans entertain a strong dislike to the kind of thing altogether, and that any maintenance of the Pope's infallibility and supreme authority in the chief affairs of life will often find himself at a disadvantage. So the American Bishops would rather be out of it. Indeed they say they cannot hold themselves; if the new converts stipulate for their liberty. If this be the case in the United States, it cannot be otherwise in all the States of the Old World, where religion is a matter of controversy, and where there are such things as converts from one communion or one school to another. The objections to infallibility are said to take a great variety of forms, but that must be a variety of language, ex-

QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

quest of the Holy Grail forms an important and very beautiful part of the old romance of "King Arthur," compiled in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Thomas Malory—a work from which Mr. Tennyson has derived several of the adventures of his Arthurian poems. The material was at length achieved by Sir Galahad, the virgin knight in act and thought, of whom Mr. Tennyson, years ago, wrote a charming ballad poem. In the longer and more ambitious production now given to the world, the adventures of several of Arthur's knights in their search after the wondrous cup are related by Sir Tennyson, now become a hermit, to his fellow-recluse, Ambrósio. The narrative, however, is preceded by a shorter poem, called "The Coming of Arthur," in which the miraculous origin of the great warrior king is described.

The poem on "The Holy Grail" is pitched throughout in a higher key. The imagination is more fervid, the language more rich and sensitive, the music of the versification sweeter, profounder, and more sonorous. Mr. Tennyson seems here to have been thoroughly penetrated by his subject. He writes of the Grail as though he himself firmly believed in it, or as though he had actually engaged in the quest, passing through dim and perilous ways, through scenes and shadows, and phantasmal glories over dark horizons and portentous lands. The religious faith of the old legend, and its beautiful romance, are equally brought forth by the intense poetic sympathy of the writer. We follow him through splendid and majestic visions into the heart of a supernatural world and are content for the time being to dream with the old monks, and believe according to the fancies of an elder age.

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.

As what relates to the Father of his Country seems the inheritance of our nation, the following incidents—for which we are indebted to Dr. Alfred Langdon Elwyn of this city—properly belong to the public. They are told in the unpublished journal of one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence—an authority which places their reality beyond doubt, and they are of interest, as revealing the inmost thoughts in critical periods of some of the principal men of the Revolution.

Shortly after Washington was appointed by Congress commander-in-chief—that is in the latter part of May or the beginning of June, 1775; the exact date given in the diary is not remembered—after the battle of Lexington, but before the Revolutionary War had fairly begun, some intimate friends gave a dinner to the general at the Gray's Ferry Tavern, near Philadelphia, on the opposite side of the Schuylkill. The party, of whom the journalist was one, consisted, besides Washington himself, of Dr. Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Benjamin Rush. After dinner, John Adams, standing up, rose and said: "I propose the health of the commander-in-chief of the American forces!" Washington's face became a little suffused with emotion and he started back in his chair, but said nothing. The others filled their glasses and stood up, exchanging looks. As by an electric flash, while they glanced into each other's eyes, the feeling came over all that the occasion was too grave for hilarity; the prospect of an uncertain civil war rose darkling before their minds, and their wine untasted, they sat down in silence!

But when the matter of payment comes in it is the old story of equal work and half pay. To this fact General Spinner directs attention, but in a very remarkable manner. He asks what he styles *spinners*, to us it seems *conspicuous*. "It is not even asked that because they do more work, and do it better than male clerks, they should receive like pay." The reason for this is one that ought to strike joy into the Revolution camp. "For it is believed that, should this be done for them, men who have votes would, to a degree, qualify themselves for such work and thrust them out of their places and out of employment entirely." The itales are ours, but the reason belongs to the Treasurer. Dr. John Todd gives, as a reason against allowing women entrance into work now monopolized by men, that they will drive men away and eventually depopulate the East. But, according to General Spinner, this is impossible, for the man holding the balance of power, the only resource the women have is in under-bidding them.

It is therefore asked by the Treasurer that the female clerks shall be classified according to merit, as the male clerks are, but at lower salaries. Thus, while the fifth class male clerk receives two thousand a year, the woman in the same grade, doing better and more work, is to have twelve hundred. This places them on a level with the lowest class of male clerks, the corresponding female clerk getting but seven hundred.

If this in any way deserves the name of justice, it is because it is the kind that is dispensed by the character that Lucy Snowe, in "Villette," drew for the benefit of Paul Emanuel and his colleagues.

The truth is, let the opponents of woman's suffrage say what they will, that there is no competition on equal terms. Let sex once enter, and the woman must work for less money. If it is a question of power only, the possessor, whether man or woman, can make their own terms. If the favorite author is a woman, the magazines will pay her what she asks; when the houses are crowded to hear Anna Dickinson and empty to hear the Rev. Mr. Beecher, it is not she who pleases, but the man who is paid better than she because she is better, but because she holds the power of drawing the best houses, and these the manager is bound to secure. This is because their ability is exceptional; but in all branches of work where ability is equal, the man holds the power, in his political position, and the most that General Spinner can do is to ask proportionate, not equal payment.—Philadelphia Morning Post.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

Atromy, doubtless, like ourselves, have been not a little perplexed as to the meaning of these strangely sounding words, the theme of the New Poem with which the Laureate of England is now delighting his countrymen, as he soon will ours. We find in one of our English exchanges this conclusion:

"The Holy Grail was a cup made of a single precious stone, from which the Saviour of Mankind was said to have drunk at the Last Supper, which was afterwards filled with blood flowing from His wounds on the cross, and which was said to have been brought into this country by Joseph of Arimathea. According to the old legend, this mystical vessel miraculously disappeared one day from the custody of its keeper; and thenceforth it was the highest ambition of all worthy knights to go in search of it, and if possible, to effect its recovery." "The

RELATIVE PAYMENT OF MEN AND WOMEN.

In General Spinner's recent report to the Secretary of the Treasury, he makes some strong statements in relation to the female clerks employed by the Government, and incidentally supplies proof of some of the assertions made by the advocates of suffrage for women. After stating that all the coupons and all the mutilated United States notes and fractional currency are assorted, counted and prepared for deposit by female clerks, he adds that they not only do their work better, but also more in a given time than the male clerks, who receive double the salary, possibly can. To prove this the female clerks were required to re-count the work of the male clerks, and it was found that they not only corrected errors in the count, but that they detected counterfeit bills that had not before been discovered, or known to any person connected with the Treasury Department, in this city or elsewhere, which had been overlooked by the male clerks in the offices where they were originally received, and by those in this office, who had counted them. But for the discovery of these counterfeit coupons, the Government would have suffered great loss. Washington and Philadelphia, he states, are the only offices where female clerks are employed, and the best work is done in these offices by these clerks. It has been remarked here, all along, that the remittances of mutilated currency to this office from the office in Philadelphia are better prepared, more neatly done up, with less mistakes in count, and containing less counterfeit bills than those from any other office. The reason is that that office employs female clerks."

This emphatic testimony, it will be remembered, comes from a department filled by women, who have had no previous business training, and who, it is constantly asserted, are kept there, not from any reason of personal fitness, but purely through the influence of friends and relatives; and who are unrelentingly opposed and slandered by a large portion of the public. One of the most frequent reasons given against the employment of women in responsible positions is that they are less exact, and are unreliable. This assertion this statement denies, and if these women do so well, working better than men who have every advantage of training over them, there can be no question of their fitness for any similar position they may desire.

But when the matter of payment comes in it is the old story of equal work and half pay. To this fact General Spinner directs attention, but in a very remarkable manner. He asks what he styles *spinners*, to us it seems *conspicuous*. "It is not even asked that because they do more work, and do it better than male clerks, they should receive like pay." The reason for this is one that ought to strike joy into the Revolution camp. "For it is believed that, should this be done for them, men who have votes would, to a degree, qualify themselves for such work and thrust them out of their places and out of employment entirely." The itales are ours, but the reason belongs to the Treasurer. Dr. John Todd gives, as a reason against allowing women entrance into work now monopolized by men, that they will drive men away and eventually depopulate the East. But, according to General Spinner, this is impossible, for the man holding the balance of power, the only resource the women have is in under-bidding them.

It is therefore asked by the Treasurer that the female clerks shall be classified according to merit, as the male clerks are, but at lower salaries. Thus, while the fifth class male clerk receives two thousand a year, the woman in the same grade, doing better and more work, is to have twelve hundred. This places them on a level with the lowest class of male clerks, the corresponding female clerk getting but seven hundred.

If this in any way deserves the name of justice, it is because it is the kind that is dispensed by the character that Lucy Snowe, in "Villette," drew for the benefit of Paul Emanuel and his colleagues.

The truth is, let the opponents of woman's suffrage say what they will, that there is no competition on equal terms. Let sex once enter, and the woman must work for less money. If it is a question of power only, the possessor, whether man or woman, can make their own terms. If the favorite author is a woman, the magazines will pay her what she asks; when the houses are crowded to hear Anna Dickinson and empty to hear the Rev. Mr. Beecher, it is not she who pleases, but the man who is paid better than she because she is better, but because she holds the power of drawing the best houses, and these the manager is bound to secure. This is because their ability is exceptional; but in all branches of work where ability is equal, the man holds the power, in his political position, and the most that General Spinner can do is to ask proportionate, not equal payment.—Philadelphia Morning Post.

ANTE-MORTEM OBITUARIES.