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Only One.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to spert away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we;
One, only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Down by the Brook.

Down by the brook went Effie and I,
Down by the brook 'neath the forest trees,
When the air with the breath of flowers was sweet,
And the long grass swayed in the summer breeze.
The brooklet danced in the sunbeams bright,
And murmured its own sweet song of glee,
While over our heads the merry birds
Were filling the air with melody.

Ah, me! I wonder if ever now
Her thoughts go back to that dear old time,
When under the trees alone we sat,
Hearing the ripples' dreamy rhyme?
And dipping her hand in the waters bright,
How lazily she with the ripples played!
And the dimples hid in her soft, fair cheek
As I watched her there 'neath the old trees' shade.

Alas, for the vows we plighted then!
Her heart was fickle, and mine was strong;
The love she gave on that summer day
Lasted only the summer long!
Down by the brook, 'neath the grand old trees,
Effie and I no more may go,
And only the birds in their leafy nests
Shall hark to the ripples' dreamy flow.

A DASH THROUGH FIRE.

It has just lately been completed, that long line of railroad across the great island of Australia, but young as it is, many a wild scene has been witnessed there already, and many more will be ere a long time elapses. For it must be borne in mind that the population of that far-off land is an incongruous one, consisting of many races of people, strangely intermixed and mingled.

I had visited the mining districts, Botany Bay—that famous city of condemned criminals—Melbourne, and Sidney. These are the centres of interest, and the only ones. All the rest are mere appendages, sauce for the pudding, or butter for the bread. I was done with my sight-seeing, and now nothing remained but to while away a week or two, and then embark on the next ship which might be outward bound for America. I had not taken a trip over the new railroad, and determined to spend my leisure time by doing so at once. Accordingly I purchased my ticket, mounted the train, and seated myself for the journey.

The iron horse snorted, and moved majestically off from the station, as if he considered it beneath his dignity to tarry longer at that point. The road lies through a wild tract of land, though the years to come will probably see it dotted with neat villages and fine farms, for Australia is a growing land like our own great West, and emigrants are even now rapidly settling up the hitherto barren places. The scenery is such as would naturally charm the traveler with an eye to the beauties of nature. It is everchanging, panorama like, now showing the level and unbroken plain for miles upon miles, now displaying the gigantic mountains, with their craggy peaks reared upward until they seem to meet and kiss the sky, as the clouds hold them in fond embrace.

On, on, on we thundered, over the narrow rails, seldom finding occasion to stop, but pushing forward, with an incessant rattle and jar, for the other terminus of the iron road. We had just passed a train that was madly dashing eastward, with its burden of human beings, and were about to strike upon a portion of track which lay in the midst of a long, level prairie. Far ahead we could see a dense column of smoke rising heavenward, as if the whole island was on fire. I could not explain this strange thing, but kept my eye fixed on the cloud, as I leaned far out of the window, that I might see for myself what was up. The conductor happening to pass, I stopped him, and called his attention to the matter. After viewing the huge billows, as they rose one above the other, for a minute, he drew in his head, and remarked:

"The train that had just passed us has evidently fired the dry prairie grass by a spark from the locomotive. If that be the case, and I think it is, then we shall have a lively time getting through the fire, but go through it I will, for I'm bound this train shall not be the first one on the road to fall behind time for a trifle," and he went forward to speak with the engineer.

We reached the prairie, and found it as the conductor had predicted, but the fire was burning away from the track and not towards it. There appeared to be nothing in the way of our onward course, and the locomotive, jerking its pistons in and out of the cylinders like lightning, and grinding its huge drivers against the rails which guided them in their course, kept plunging ahead, and each moment nearing the sea of fire which lay to the right of the track. Hissing and leaping its tongues of forked flame licking up everything which came within their reach, that great furnace was blazing along the road for a distance of two miles or more, and making rapid advances in the direction of the wind. We had all crowded to the platforms of the train, eager to witness the magnificent spectacle. Every eye was bent on the darting flames. Spreading in three different directions, the fire was some distance in front, behind, and to our right, and it seemed as if one end of the column was running a race with our engine, for it gained on us every minute, and kept far in advance.

Suddenly the wind changed to the north, and now, roaring like a tornado, the terrible sea of heat, and smoke, and fire, came rushing towards the train. The ends traveled faster than the centre, seeming to be eager to clasp us in a hot embrace, and like a general marshalling his forces around a troop which he desired to exterminate, so that column of flame now moved around us, until we were encircled by it as by a belt. Far behind, it had crossed the track, and just ahead of us the black rails lay in its very bosom. There was but one chance for escape. Through it we must dash, and that quickly, else it should devour us in its mad march.

The engineer, a fellow accustomed to danger, and possessed of nerves like steel, gave a wild yell from the brazen throat of his iron charger, threw everything wide open, and waved his hat from the cab window at us in the cars, as we darted like lightning towards the enemy which lay in our path. The drivers spun round with the speed of the wind, and the very earth itself trembled beneath the tread of our giant as it spurned the rails with its iron reel, and swept forward on its way. One moment and we were in the very midst of the fire. The ties were burning fiercely, bright tongues of flame shot up all around us, and kissed each other over the tops of our car, and the red hot rails bent under the weight of the train as it sped onward through the gauntlet of fire.

It was, indeed, a fearful moment. Every door and window was closed, to keep out the devouring element, yet the atmosphere of the coaches was as hot as the air of hades, and the glass windows shivered by the excessive heat, kept crackling and adding to the tumult.

If a rail should break, or bend too much, all would be over. Our lives were worth little at that moment, and few life insurance agents would have granted us a policy on any consideration.

This terrible state of affairs could not last long. One of two things must happen; we would either soon be safely through the flames—or stopping in their midst be devoured by them in their fierce play around us.

The varnish in the coaches was melting, the woodwork of the sides, tops, and bottoms of the cars, was almost hot enough to ignite, and already the outsides were smoking, when we suddenly emerged into cool, pure air, beyond the belt of fire. Hastily doors and windows were thrown open, though many hands were blistered in the operation, and we rushed out again on the platforms to get some chance of breathing without inhaling the fumes of boiling varnish and smoking wood. The last coach of the train was discovered to be on fire, and its occupants were thronging forward into the other cars. But we could not check our speed to extinguish the flames yet, for our old enemy was giving us smart chase, and pressing sharply on our rear, seemingly bent on our total destruction.

Three miles further up the track stood a watering tank, so the conductor said, and toward this we hurried on. We were running rapidly, and it did not take us long to reach the place. Here we came to a stand still. The locomotive was plentifully supplied with leathern buckets, and these we at once began using dexteriously. Water was plentifully dashed on the burning coach, until it was thoroughly drenched; the other cars, badly heated and charred, were also cooled, and then we rested from our labors and surveyed the train. It was terribly damaged. Every plank was more or less burned, the sides were black with smoke, the paint had melted and run in streaks down the sides, and many of the mouldings had been so warped, that the nails had pulled out, and they had dropped off along the road. The car which had come so near burning up was a perfect wreck, being more than half destroyed, and totally unfit for further use until rebuilt. But its remains sat firmly on the trucks, and we concluded that we could safely carry it on with us to the end of the road, where it would be delivered to the mechanics for repairs. The engineer and fireman—brave fellows, who stuck nobly to their posts amid all the danger—were considerably singed, on account of their exposed position—for the cab, being open behind, had allowed some of the flames to dart within and make their acquaintance. Had not our forward motion caused a wind which blew the flames away, they must almost certainly have perished. As it was, we all felt that we had been miraculously saved from a frightful death, and fervently offered up our thanks to the Deity who had so mercifully preserved us.

Having now taken on board a plentiful supply of wood and water, we found the fiery sea again approaching us. Prairie fires travel faster than most people would think possible, the dry grass affording a first rate fuel, and the wind generally driving the flames before it. But we were in no special danger of being overtaken by the devouring element, though such a catastrophy was by no means impossible. However, discretion was evidently the better part of valor in our case, so we entered the cars, and were once more dashing forward to regions of more safety.

We soon left the prairie far behind, struck upon a hilly, barren portion of the road, and through this continued our journey uninterrupted to the terminus of the line. Reaching there on time, alive and well, we felt quite at ease again, and were in excellent spirits.

On my return trip over that same road I had another hairbreadth escape, the particulars of which I will give you in my next article.

Indians as Israelites.

A correspondent of the *Phrenological Journal*, writing from the South, gives the following statement:

"Among the points of resemblance which seem to give plausibility to the theory that the American Indians are descendants of a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel, is a custom of theirs agreeing in its main features with one described in the book of Leviticus. According to the Indian usage, the nearest of kin had a right to slay the murderer wherever he found him, during the interval that elapsed from the time the deed was done till the Green Corn Festival; but if the murderer eluded his pursuers up to that time, and then effected an entrance into the sacred circle of the dancers, he was safe from the Avenger of Blood. This Avenger had it also in his power to grant the murderer a respite. An old white settler, who lived in this country before the Indians left, tells a story of one who was thus respited for a fortnight, at the end of which time he was to meet the Avenger of Blood at a designated spot, to be put to death. Every day during the interval the doomed man approached the rendezvous and sang his death song, recapitulating his deeds of prowess and his immortality of glory. At nine o'clock on the fair spring morning of the appointed day the victim and executioner appeared under the shining green leaves of the beach, in the heart of the dewy forest glade. The white hunter had concealed himself near, and looked on eagerly, half expecting to see the victim sue for mercy, or the stern executioner relent from his purpose; but no! he first placed himself at the right distance, crossed his arms on his breast and looked calmly in the face of the Avenger, who, coolly taking aim, shot him through the heart!"

Treating Broken Arms and Legs.

Some twenty-five years ago a peculiar method of bandaging broken limbs became popular in Europe. It consisted in using, in place of dry bandage, one saturated with boiled starch, and when the limb was sufficiently enveloped with many thicknesses, splints were tied exteriorly to it, so as to keep the whole in the right shape when drying. The next day, when all was dry, the splints were taken off, when the bandage was as hard as stiff pasteboard, and formed a perfectly-fitting and inflexible envelop, which kept the injured fragments perfectly immovable in relation to one another; this is the only requisite for the perfect healing and uniting of the parts of a broken bone, which takes place in at most six weeks. This treatment has been thoroughly tested, and found very successful in cases of broken bones in calves, sheep, goats, chickens, etc.; and now the papers mention a modification of this idea in the case of the broken legs of horses. The leg is carefully set and is covered thickly with plaster. When the plaster has "set," or hardened, it keeps the limb as immovable as if it had been made of iron. Thus treated, the broken leg will knit together in a brief time, and become as good as ever.

DISTINGUISHING POISONOUS PLANTS.—At the Field Meeting of the Albany Institute, Dr. George T. Stevens, the botanist, gave a general rule in respect to distinguishing poisonous plants of the Umbelliferous order. He says it is safe to premise that any of these plants growing in wet places are poisons. He instanced a case where several children in one family were fatally poisoned by eating the roots of the Water Parsnip, mistaken for Sweet Cicely. On the other hand, the Caraway, Dill, Coriander, and Anise are examples of the wholesome, aromatic plants of this order, all growing in dry places.

A Sad Story.

The Tender Appeal of a Deserted Family.

Postmaster Billings, of Santa Clara, (Cal.), has received the following letter, which he has had published in order to reach the missing man if possible. It tells its own sad story?

To the Postmaster of Santa Clara:—Will you be so kind as to inquire if there is such a man as George Ray in your city; or where he is if he has left Santa Clara? He is about thirty-seven years of age, dark eyes and hair, not very tall, and is a carpenter by trade. He is my dear father, and we have not heard a word from him for more than two years. Ma is left with five children, and I am the oldest and am fourteen years old. Sometimes ma thinks he is dead, but I dreamed, the other night, that he came home to us, and it has made me think so much about him that I cannot help writing to you, for I cannot give up all hopes. Oh! dear Mr. Postmaster! will you do this favor for a poor, homeless girl? and you shall have many warm thanks. If you can see him, or hear where he is, will you be so good as to send him this letter? Will you please answer? Yours, truly,

The following is the letter enclosed:

MY DEAR, DEAR PA.—How can I tell you how sad my heart is while I write to you, not knowing whether you are dead or alive. Do you love us any more? Why is it that we do not hear from you any more? If you are sick and discouraged, we will try and help you to come home, and then we will work and take care of you. Oh, how hard it is to live as we do, now that the children are all separated! Willie is at the State Reform School in Lancaster, in this State, and ma does not have to pay his board; a man in Berlin has adopted Frankie as his daughter, and a rich farmer in the country has Libbie as his child, and Henry is at Fredericksburgh. I am working for wages in a small family in Massillon. Ma has learned the dressmaker's trade, and sews by the day in this city, and helps me all she can. She has been working in the city for the last two weeks, and will be there some time. It is hard to have no home, no pa to love us—and oh, pa, do take pity on us, and come back! We will all receive you with open arms. And how happy we will be to have you with us, as you have been once. Oh, pa, *do* write, and tell us if you love us still. Your sorrowful daughter,

EMMA A. RAY,
Massillon, Stark County, Ohio.

Could anything be more touching than the fervent, earnest appeal of the young girl?

A Little Fun With Hopkins.

Some years ago, says Max Adler in *Saturday Night*, a new fire company was organized at Reading, and the members one evening thought they would have a little fun at the expense of Hopkins, their foreman. They decided to rush around with the engine to Hopkins's house after dark, to throw up their ladders, pull out their hose, climb on his roof and scare him with the belief that his dwelling was on fire. But that very day Hopkins moved out of the house, and a Presbyterian clergyman moved in, without the company being aware of the change. So about eight o'clock the humorists dashed out, and went through all the movements, getting on the roof and splashing water around, and creating a terrific disturbance generally. A rival company noticing what was going on also hurried to the scene, and without understanding the joke, attached their hose to a plug, smashed in the front windows, and began to empty a ten-inch stream on the family of that Presbyterian clergyman. They squirted into all the rooms, split up the window-shutters with an axe, broke down the front door, ran out the furniture, tore off the shingles, and bawled through the trumpets until the hired girl had convulsions on the kitchen stairs. The first company tried to explain, but the new-comers thought an effort was being made to get them out of the way, and a fight ensued, and presently firemen were sliding off the roof, and pelting down the chimneys, and bleeding over the entry carpet, and having boisterous encounters with spanners and brass horns on the stairs. And the next morning that Presbyterian divine and his family moved out. They said the place seemed to be too animated and sensational for a quiet, domestic circle. They wanted a house where there was more calmness and peace; where they could have more security for their privacy and pianos, and for their front doors and shingles and peace of mind and window-sashes.

River Whirlpools.

Among the many phenomena of the Colorado river are "swirls," so called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom and breaks with a slight sound on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted teacup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning round a funnel-shaped hole in the centre two or three feet across at the top, and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught and its foremost end thrust up in the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath, the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again and to disappear. Three soldiers, deserters from Camp Mohave, passing in a skiff through the ravine immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl. One of the crew at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle, and as he swam away, he turned his head and saw the boat spin round and round, until one end being drawn into the vortex and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank as it revolved into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more, for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

Last Slave Sale of New Jersey.

The *West Jersey Press* has this bit of local history with reference to Gloucester County: A few days ago we listened to the recital of the circumstances attending probably the last sale of slaves that took place in Gloucester County, nearly sixty years ago. A free colored man became enamored of a colored girl, a slave, belonging to a family in that county, and desired to marry her, but as the law would not permit the marriage, he determined to buy her. He applied to the owner, who agreed to sell her to him for half a crown. The money was never paid, however, but this fact was not developed until years after, when, by an accident which befel a daughter by this marriage, she became a charge upon the county. This took place within a few months after the death of the owner of the girl's mother, and the executors of the estate sought counsel in the premises, and were told, in advertising the personal effects of the deceased, to conclude it with these words: "Together with all the personal property of said deceased." This was done, and at the sale, which took place in the year 1815, the father of the girl bought his wife and four children for forty cents. The descendants of this family are now living in Salem county.

Preparing for the Cholera.

Disinfectants to be Used.

Now that the cholera is in our midst, every precaution should be used. A well-known physician gives the following hints:

Prepare the following solution, keeping it on hand during the warm months: 10 lbs. copperas dissolved in 5 gals. water, to which add half a pint of crude carbolic acid, or half the quantity of pure acid; stir this well together, when it is ready for use. One pint of this solution should be poured into every water-closet pan or privy seat, and double the quantity in the ordinary yard privy, twice daily. For decomposing masses of filth which may not be immediately removed, saturate well with this solution. For outside drains connected with the house, pour in a quart daily, or oftener, if offensive.

The chamber vessels should always have a small quantity therein before use, and immediately after use. All soiled clothing or bedding should be at once removed from patient and placed in a tub having sufficient of this disinfecting solution to saturate them; should be allowed to remain therein for an hour at least, after which they should undergo a thorough boiling for half an hour or more.

Handling such articles is far more dangerous than handling or attending the patient; and especially so after a certain period has elapsed. Hence the necessity for their immediate care, before the vitilizing principle developed by decomposition has time to develop.

Should the patient recover or die, the apartment or room should be immediately closed, and thoroughly fumigated as follows:

Placing an iron dish in the centre of the room, upon some bricks or something by which fire may not be communicated, put therein 2 or 3 lbs. common sulphur, pour over it a small quantity of alcohol, and, after seeing that the room is tightly closed, set the alcohol on fire and let it burn slowly out. This liberates dense volumes of sulphurous acid, which permates every crevice and fibre of bedding and clothing. Allowing the room to remain closed 3 or 4 hours, it may then be thrown wide open and thoroughly ventilated. All soiled clothing and bedding must then be placed in the disinfecting solution and treated as before mentioned. Never put away the smallest piece of cloth, clothing, sheets, bedding, pocket-handkerchiefs or any textile fabric until it has been thoroughly disinfected and boiled, for this disease has been transmitted and communicated months and years after by being thus transported.

Plants and Health.

There are various impressions as to the relations of plants and flowers to health, and the editor of *Hygiene* has taken the proper method to collect facts. The following circular explains itself, and we willingly give place to it, with the request that replies be made to Editor of *Hygiene*, care of G. P. Putnam's Sons, 4th Ave. and 23rd Street, New York.

"In view of the recent discoveries of Prof. Mantegazza, of Pavia, Italy, concerning the production of *ozone* by certain plants and fruits, and the probable hygienic advantages to be derived from the cultivation of such plants, it is desired to obtain the experience of nurserymen and florists concerning the following points:

"I. What is the popular opinion of the effect of odorous plants on health?

"II. What plants are believed to effect the health by their odors?

"III. What plants are believed to exert injurious effects by their odors?

"IV. What diseases are believed to be affected by odorous plants, and how—favorably or unfavorably?

"V. Have you noticed any exemption from diseases as fever and ague, or other malarious diseases, by those in floriculture?

"VI. Do you know any instance of the health of a neighborhood having been beneficially affected by the cultivation of flowers? If so, what diseases were modified or checked, and what were the flowers and plants to the cultivation of which the result was attributed?

"Answers to the foregoing questions, and any other information touching the subject, may be made as briefly or as elaborately as you choose—the object being to elicit such facts as exist, and the publication of which, it is believed, may do much towards increasing the cultivation of flowers for sanitary reasons, if for no other.

"A copy of the *Hygiene*, containing the result, will be mailed to those who contribute by their answers to this effort.

On a Mission.

Brother Badger was rather taken aback a few Sundays since. Brother Badger is senior deacon of the crack church of Raybridge, and Brother Badger owns a great deal of property in Raybridge, and is very loud in his praises of the town. He would advise everybody, and everybody's relatives, to come and settle in that peaceful, moral, and beautiful municipality; and to further so laudable an end, he would sell them land upon which to build houses.

It was Sunday evening, and at the close of the prayer-meeting Parson Logos, who is the settled pastor of the crack church of Raybridge, informed his friends that Rev. Mr. Swan, of Lakeside, would supply his pulpit on the following Sabbath; and he gave as a reason for the exchange that he himself should have no time to prepare a sermon as he was going on a mission to the Heathen.

The assembly were in consternation. They loved their pastor, and did not wish to part with him.

Brother Badger arose and addressed the minister openly. He was surprised and pained.

"Wherefore?" asked the pastor.

"That you whom we so love and respect, should make ready for doing such a thing without giving us more warning."

"Doing what thing, Brother Badger?"

"Going off to the Heathen, sir."

"Why, bless you, my dear brother, *I am not going out of town!*"

Women Sent to Prison.

A few days since seventeen women, living in the village of Ascott, England, so Emily Faithful tells us, were summoned for threatening, intimidating, and molesting two young men who had been induced by a farmer to work on a farm from which the laborers in a body had seceded because he would not increase their wages from 12 shillings to 14 shillings a week. Two clergymen, in their capacity as magistrates, heard the case. The evidence was conflicting. The unpaid justices had full scope for mercy, but the women were condemned—seven to ten day's imprisonment, the rest to seven days with hard labor. The working people rose *en masse* throughout the district; the police station was assailed; but with the first ray of light a prison van containing these victims stole out of Chipping Norton and deposited them all in the county jail, together with two babies at the breast, while a score or more of motherless children were left behind.

A Romance in Real Life.

A foreign correspondent relates the following story: "Paul Starns, the late clerk of the Alabama Reconstruction Convention, has been sojourning in Europe. At Rome he made the acquaintance of Iscippi Geza, one of the wealthiest and most influential Hungarian noblemen, who was about to depart for Naples, where his family were passing the summer. The handsome American had made a most favorable impression upon the royalist, and was invited to accompany him to Naples. Iscippi Geza, the Count of Temesvar, found his lady in very feeble health, and the physician had given up all hope. A few weeks afterwards the Countess died, and Paul Starns had meanwhile so endeared himself to his aristocratic friend that another invitation was tendered and accepted to accompany the Count to his castles in Hungary. Only a short drive from the City of Temesvar lies the beautiful castle of Radowitz, the ancestral seat of the Gezas. It was presided over by the young Countess Paula, a lady of the pure Hungarian type, the only child and heir of Iscippi Geza. The young American was quite stricken by the intense beauty of the lady, and before three weeks elapsed, the two were as friendly as if they had grown up together. During the hunting season distinguished guests arrived at the castle, among whom Prince Esterhazy, of Moravia, was the most prominent. The Prince was about thirty years of age, and had lately been promoted to a captaincy of the Guards. Major-General Prince Esterhazy, the captain's father, and Count Geza, had been the most intimate friends for almost a life time, and both desired to still stronger tie the bonds of friendship by uniting their two children. This was the main object of the Prince's visit, for the necessary preliminary arrangements had long agbeen agreed upon by the two parents. Paul Starns had meanwhile cared nothing at all for the distinguished guests, but had mainly passed his time in studying modern languages. To his utter surprise, Count Geza insisted upon his joining the dinner party one certain day, and the old gentleman was quite enthusiastic, when he continued: "We have a great surprise for our friends to-day, and you must witness the proudest event of my life.' But the surprise was quite different from that expected. Captain Esterhazy proposed and was flatly refused. A bursting bombshell could not have created a more profound sensation, than Countess Paula's declaration that she would never marry the Captain. Some angry words followed, and Captain Esterhazy alluded to American intruders and beggars. Some bluster about a duel followed. Finally, Paul Starns left for Italy. Over a year had since elapsed, and the Countess was in so feeble health that a journey to Italy had been strongly advised. She had persistently refused to see any of the Esterhazy family again, and Count Geza was inconsolable when he saw the sufferings of his only child. At Rome, a sudden change overcame the Countess; she regained her health, and Count Geza was not a little surprised when he was one day informed that she had seen Paul Starns in the theatre, and that she would marry him or not marry at all. On the 12th of May the wedding took place."

Phœnician Inscriptions in Brazil.

Some time since it was stated that certain inscriptions had been discovered in Brazil, which, upon examination, proved to be Phœnician, and to record the presence there, five centuries before Christ, of a Phœnician colony. In the New York *Evening Post* the circumstances of the discovery are given as follows:

"Visconde de Sapercahy, a member of the Emperor's Council of State, received, three months ago, a letter from Parahyba, inclosing a drawing of the inscription upon a stone which the writer's slaves had come upon during their agricultural labors on his farm, and which drawing had been taken by the writer's son, a young man who could draw a little. This copy was turned over to the Historical Society of Rio, and by it to Senhor Ladislao Netto, Director of the Rio Museum, for an examination. On examining it, he found the letters to be pure Phœnician.

"The inscription is of a commemorate stone—a rough monument erected by some Phœnicians of Sidonia, apparently exiles or refugees from their native land, between the ninth and tenth years of the reign of a king named Hiram. These rash or unfortunate Canaanites—the patronymic which they have used to designate themselves—left the port of Avonizaber (now Akaba), a port upon the Red Sea, and sailed for twelve gionlunes (lunar months) along the land of Egypt—that is, Africa. The number of vessels they had and the number of males and females composing the adventurous expedition are all set forth in a concise and seemingly elegant style, these particulars being placed intermediate between the invocation—some at the beginning, and the others at the end of the inscription of the Alonim Valonuth—that is, gods and goddesses, or *superos superasques*, as is the Latin translation of those well-known Poenician words. The inscription is in eight lines of most beautiful Phœnician letters, but without separation of the words, without the vowel points, and without quiescent letters—three great obstacles to the interpretation, to overcome which a mere knowledge of Biblical Hebrew is insufficient.

"Writing to the finder on the subject, Senhor Netto expresses the opinion that the voyage was made during the reign of the second Hiram, who succeeded Solomon's ally on the throne of Phœnicia. He explains their crossing, of which they themselves appeared to be unaware, by resort to Maury's observations on oceanic currents. Like Cabral, in fleeing from the storm reigning from the Cape of Good Hope up to Senegambia, they steered into the high sea, and, seized by the famous equatorial current, which sometimes flows with extraordinary swiftness, they unexpectedly came upon the Brazilian shores. Senhor Netto writes to Ernest Renan and to Father Barges, giving them some words of his version, and asking their advice how to make his efforts of the most service to science."

Resuscitating the Drowned.

A case of restoration from apparent drowning has lately taken place in the city of Brussels, where a man had fallen into the water, and was only recovered after considerable time. Dr. Joux, an eminent physician in the city, immediately initiated the necessary measures towards his restoration, and for three hours applied all the remedies that could be thought of. No evidence of life manifesting itself in this interval, Dr. Joux proceeded to apply plates of iron heated to a white heat, to the upper parts of the body, near the more vital organs. After a short time, to the astonishment of the assistants, faint signs of breathing were observed, and in the course of half an hour the man came to life, and was finally fully restored, the only inconvenience sustained being the severe cauterization which his skin necessarily underwent.

A sacrilegious horse broke into a Pittsburgh church, and kicked around among the pews and things till it run up a bill of $800 for damages.

Daring Attempt to Kidnap a Cashier and Rob a Bank.

The town of Chillicothe, Mo., was thrown into a state of great excitement one night recently by an attempt to rob the savings bank in that place.

Smith Rembo, a large, heavy, powerful man about 55 years of age, lived about seven miles south of Chillicothe, and was ostensibly a farmer. He had a wife and two sons at home, and a bright, interesting daughter at school in town. During the war he was active as a loyalist in marauding and bushwhacking among the families of those who were on the other side.

After the war he became an active and prominent politician, but strange rumors began to float about concerning him. He employed a good many hands, and rented portions of his farm to tenants, and many of them were believed to be hard characters.

Finally, he laid a plan to rob the savings bank by capturing the cashier in the night and forcing him at the point of the pistol to open the vault of the bank and deliver the contents. In making his arrangements with some of his gang, he discovered that he was overheard by a young man named Brunk, who had once been in his employ. He then made a confidant of Brunk, who agreed to aid in the enterprise. He, however, acted as detective and revealed the whole scheme to the cashier, Mr. McWilliams, and the assistant cashier, Mr. Cooper.

After some delays the execution of the plan was attempted. Rembo drove to town in his wagon in company with Brunk and two others, named Monroe and Manseau. Rembo loafed about and made himself agreeable until evening, when, under pretence of going out of town a couple of miles to stop with a friend, he hitched up his team, and with his companions drove out into the country. After going a short distance, they concealed the horses and wagon among some undergrowth, and between ten and eleven o'clock in the night proceeded towards McWilliams's house, which was about half a mile out of town.

They had thoroughly disguised themselves by blackening their faces and wrapping black crape around their heads. In the meantime McWilliams had prepared for their reception. Six well-armed men had been concealed in the bank, and eight more, including the officers of the bank, were with McWilliams in his house.

The night was dark and starless. As they approached the house Rembo said: "Now, boys, we must tie McWilliams and wife, and take them into that woods there in the rear of the house. We will then leave enough of us to hold the family under guard, and the balance of us will take McWilliams down town and make him enter the vault silently, under penalty of death, open the vault and get the money. Then we must kill McWilliams, certain."

The party then approached the house. Rembo, Brunk, and Manseau going on the portico. McWilliams was called for, with the announcement that a friend was there and wished to see him. At that time window shutters were thrown open, and the detective, Brunk, sprang into the window, aided in so doing by a large box previously placed beneath it by Mr. McWilliams to aid him in entering. As he entered he fired at Rembo, and several other shots were fired by the men within.

Rembo fell and died immediately, having been shot four times. Monroe immediately ran, dropping his pistol in his flight. Manseau fired two shots, one of which made a slight flesh wound on the inner side of Mr. Cooper's right thigh. The men in the house started in pursuit of the retreating robbers.

Monroe and Manseau were followed to their homes, were both captured, brought to town, and lodged in jail, both of them confessing their complicity in the affair. Rembo's body was brought into town and placed in a room in the court building, where it was looked upon by hundreds of citizens. It was afterward delivered to his two sons, who are not suspected of having had any knowledge of his plans.

Monroe and Manseau are both poor men with families. They were both led into the affair by Rembo, who had some pecuniary claims against them, and threatened to cause them trouble.

Negro Jurors.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has been in the Red River Country, where the black population so largely preponderates, and the juries are selected from both races. He says: "I asked a white man who had had considerable jury experience, how it worked. He said "it worked tolerably well after a fellow got used to it."

"Did it take much effort to get used to it?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, you bet it was the confoundest hardest thing to get used to ever you heard of. I haven't got used to the smell yet. Of a hot day in a close room with a lot of fat niggers sitting on a case, it's pretty hard. But we have to submit, for if some of us white people didn't go on the jury it would be all niggers, and that would be ruin."

"How are the juries divided?" I asked.

"Oh, just as it happens, so there is some of each race on every jury. Sometimes there's only two niggers, sometimes four, sometimes six, and sometimes ten."

"How are they about agreeing upon verdicts?"

"They are better than the whites. The niggers never hang a jury. When I am on a jury with them, and the suit is on an account, for instance, I just figure up the amount, and say: 'Boys, here, Jones owes Smith so much and so much and so much, giving the figures, and Smith owes Jones so much and so much, giving figures, which leaves Jones behind with Smith so much, and that's what we must render judgment for.' They all agree to it, although they don't know any more about figures than a hog does about theology."

"I'll say this for the niggers," he continued, "they are not stubborn on a jury at all; but so far as my experience goes, they are always anxious to do the right thing between man and man."

"When their own color is involved, how is it?" I asked.

"Just the same. They do not shield their own people. They'll hang a nigger for murder just as quick as they will a white man, and a good deal quicker. Sometimes I think they are a little too hard on their own race. But I suppose they fear we will charge them with partiality. On the whole, a nigger makes a pretty fair juryman."

"Was there no great opposition to his serving in that capacity?"

"Oh, yes, thunder was to pay for a while. White men said they wouldn't sit with a nigger, they would die first, and all that, but they had to swallow the dose, and have now got used to it. There is nothing like being used to anything, is there?"

Wagner, when he goes to the Maine State Prison under sentence of death, will find ten others there in the same condition. The last hanging in Maine was in 1869, and any or all of these ten could be hanged any day that the Governor saw fit to order the execution.

The Value of Books.

Following is an extract from the very able address delivered by Hon. William Cullen Bryant on the occasion of the dedication of the new Library Building at Princeton College. He said:

To form an adequate idea of the value of books it is only necessary to suppose a state of things which should cause their sudden destruction. I do not recollect that any author into whose works I have looked has ever taken the trouble to imagine and describe the condition to which the immediate annihilation of books and manuscripts would reduce the human race. It may be said that such an event is altogether impossible. Nay, not so—improbable, I grant—improbable, if you please, to the utmost limit of improbability—but still possible. Let us suppose the white ant, the insect pest which in South America devours and destroys books and manuscripts with such fearful voracity that, as Humboldt avers, they have not left in an extensive district a single manuscript hundred years old, to become unexpectedly numerous in all civilized countries. Let us suppose it to multiply as strangely as the sugar-ants in the West India island of Grenada, when, coming from nobody knew where, they invaded the plantations in vast armies, forming dams across the stream with their drowned bodies, over which the living ones crossed to the opposite bank, devouring everything before them which had vegetable or animal life, desolating the fields and gardens and threatening to drive the human race from Grenada, until in 1780 the beneficent interposition of a terrific storm of wind and rain annihilated the vast mass of insect life and delivered the island. Imagine the white ant, produced in like numbers, by means as mysterious, invading the haunts of men everywhere, creeping into our libraries and publication offices, and consuming every printed page and every manuscript, and everything on which the press or pen can leave its trace. Into what confusion and dismay would society at once be thrown! The reader of the daily gazette from that moment would find himself ignorant of what was going on in the world, and would long in vain to learn what had happened since yesterday. In the crowded city he would find himself a hermit. The reader for entertainment would miss his accustomed refreshment; the inquirer after knowledge would find no path open to his researches; the daily teacher of Scripture would look about him in vain for the sacred volume. The tribunals would be forced to grope their way to justice without statutes or law books; the advocate would have no precedents on which to found his arguments save those which he might possibly remember or invent for the occasion. All the records of the past, all the lessons of history, all the discoveries of science, all the conclusions of philosophy, all that the poets have woven into song, all that has been written down of moral and religious truth, would be lost and be as if they had never been, save such portions of these priceless treasures as might be retained in that treacherous repository, the human memory, and how soon by the process of oral transmission might that portion become changed and corrupted and encumbered with spurious additions! In the places of worship half-remembered litanies would be stammered, half-forgotten hymns given out in halting metre and sung to tunes imperfectly recollected, and mutilated passages of Holy Writ repeated to unedified congregations.

In such a state of things we should become deeply sensible of our immense obligations to the past. For it is to the past that we owe what we are both in body and mind. The past ages have moulded the age in which we live to the shape it now wears; but for the past, man would be helplessly in a savage state. Every advance in civilization, every shining example of active virtue, every wise or sacred precept of human conduct, every triumph of art and skill, everything, in short, that stores the mind with wisdom or instructs the hand or enlightens the conscience is of the past, and books are the repositories in which they are laid up for the use of mankind from generation to generation. Destroy the volumes in which they are contained, and you blot out the past ages, with all that they have done for us, and the human race would drift hopelessly into barbarism.

A Good "Uncle."

"Uncle Cook" is a Boston philanthropist whose charitable propensities are specially moved by the woes of the criminal classes. He has been for some time Chaplain of the Suffolk County Jail; and in that capacity has done much good. But his great work has been in the Municipal Court of Boston. For the last ten years this faithful man has been a constant attendant at the Court, watching specially after the interest of the unfortunate women who are there arraigned. His success has been very marked, and, in not a few instances, he has reclaimed those who have been called "hopeless cases" for many years. The Court, recognizing his usefulness, often places these unfortunate women under his care, on probation. During the year ending June 1, he took in charge, in this manner, four hundred and thirty-two persons, becoming personally responsible for their good deportment. Of this number, 85 per cent. have proved not unworthy of the confidence which "Uncle Cook" had intrusted in them. Some of these were victims of intemperance, who have been saved to a life of usefulness, through the untiring zeal of this good man. Others were young girls, who were saved or rescued from a life of shame by "Uncle Cook's" care and Christian kindness.

It is Better.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better to walk forever than to run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by the plain pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef, and know that it does not belong to you.

The retiring editor of a Kansas paper "valedicts" himself as follows:—"If I have said anything through the columns that I am sorry for I am glad of it. To my friends, I thank you for your liberality, and to my enemies, you can go to the devil.'

Dancing Dervishes.

A Very Exciting Ceremony.

Friday being the Mussulman Sunday, says a correspondent in Egypt with Gen. Sherman, our party went to see the dancing dervishes, to do which they had to drive to the old part of Cairo, and found there a frame building in shape something like a church. This was quite full of Arabs and some Europeans, through which a passage was made, and a kind of bench secured, upon which the party stood. Around the inside of the building ran a gallery, one portion of which was inclosed by lattice work, beh