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The Singer.

She sits and sings in the room below
A tender ballad of love and woe,
Wedded to music plaintive and slow.

And who would dream that her heart is gay,
While she singeth so sad a lay—
Seeming to pour her soul away?

Why not? She doeth her heart no wrong;
Lips joy-laden the whole day long
Well can afford to sorrow in song!

So keep her Heaven! nor let her know
Other sighings than those that flow,
Rhythmic, through ballads of love and woe.

Beautiful May.

Winter's departing, angry and sullen;
After his footsteps comes a bright band:
Flowerets in numbers start from their slumbers—
May is awaking all over the land.

Deep in the hollows snow drifts are lying,
Like early sorrow, melting away;
Warm rain is falling, wild birds are calling—
Beautiful spring-time, beautiful May!

Oh, could I see her come o'er the mountain,
Under her eyelids bringing the day!
Birds would sing sweeter only to greet her,
Girl of my heart's love, my beautiful May!

—*Miss Malcok.*

JUDY.

At dawn on a February morning, fifty years since, the lookout on board the sloop-of-war Rosebud, engaged in repressing the slave traffic on the African coast, reported a suspicious sail about eight miles to leeward. Chase being made, the vessel was quickly identified by the delighted pursuers as the Arrow, a noted slaver, whose capture had hitherto proved impossible; her captain and mate, both English, being men distinguished alike for skill and hardihood, and possessing a far more accurate knowledge of the coast than was furnished to those newly-arrived by the imperfect charts of that time.

The chase had commenced about seven o'clock in the morning, and by three land was reported, something less than twenty miles distant; chase five miles still to leeward, and apparently running straight for the nearest headland.

As they approached, the land rose high, and, shelving towards the shore, displayed small bumps, marking itself as that kind of coast which generally terminates in rocks.

The sloop-of-war worked towards the shore as far as it was safe. The captain of the Arrow evidently knew the coast, and knew the little land-locked cove for which he was now making.

The crew were all on deck. The first line of breakers was passed, and their courage rose as they witnessed the cool bearing of the captain. Once only he betrayed emotion, turning deadly pale, but without changing a muscle. It was when the sea caught the Arrow on her starboard quarter, and she threatened to broach-to before the helmsman could stop her. But Jones was a good hand. He checked her at the critical moment, and kept her head right well in the center. It was when this sea, which lifted the vessel and surged along with her, subsided, that the vessel, as she fell into the hollow, just touched the ground. It was but for a moment. The next sea lifted them clean off the passage, the helm was clapped hard a-starboard, the point was rounded, and the anchor let go in what was, comparatively, a millpond. Sails were furled. She was safe as in Dover harbor.

"What about the 'ebony?'" asked Rawley of his chief. "The sloop must see our mast above the rocks, and may try the passage. In that case we're trapped."

"She'll be lost to-night," replied the other, coolly. "She could never claw off in this sea, and is too close in to escape. If she drifts to leeward only a mile an hour, she'll be hard and fast and battered to chips by midnight. Send a hand aloft, and let me know what the fellow's doing."

Report was presently made that the sloop was off the point, some seven or eight miles, carrying a press of sail, yet apparently dropping shoreward.

"Hah!" said the captain, rubbing his hands. "She's not to have the picking of the little Arrow this trip, anyhow! Well, what about these niggers. In these climates the wind chops round in a second, and then we should have her boats in the cove before we could land our ebony! They will always keep the passage open—for, if it blows, 'tis their only chance."

"Well, sir, they'll have more luck than often falls to such sharks, if they get in here!" said the mate.

"Well, land the beggars, and away with them to the rear of the hillock, where the old hut stands. Shackle them well, and land half the hands to watch them. Look after the crew yourself."

"Shall I land them all?" asked Rawley.

"No, not all. Leave Judy to me," replied the other, glancing towards a corner of the deck where, throughout the recent perilous maneuver, something like a human figure had lain crouched under a tarpaulin.

The unfortunate slaves—a hundred and seventeen in number—were quickly landed, and goaded along to their destined hiding place.

Judy, who remained on board the slaver, was now at the perfection of negress womanhood—sixteen. She was cheerful and intelligent; so quick, indeed, of apprehension, that in the short time she had been a captive, but distinguished by the captain's favor from her fellows in misfortune, she had learned much English, and begun to read.

Meanwhile, on board the Rosebud things looked less and less satisfactory. Despite all efforts, she had neared the land considerably. The wind rather increased than diminished, and Captain Henderson, though externally calm and confident as ever, began to feel serious alarm.

Again and again had he striven to make out the narrow entrance, and been compelled to claw off from the perilous spot. It was in one of these anxious searchings that he discovered the Arrow's masthead—motionless, and evidently in security. Suddenly, there was elevated on a small hillock an English union-jack. Was this a tender of assistance? Was it intended to direct them to the difficult entrance? An anxious consultation followed.

At length the mainsail split and went to ribbons, and there being no alternative but to anchor, the necessary order was given.

On sounding, they found but eighteen fathoms of water—muddy bottom—showing how much they had drifted in shore, but also affording some hope, as the anchors might now hold, thanks to the mud mingled with the sand.

Allowing her to drift into twelve fathoms, the Rosebud's captain let go both bower anchors—one backed by the stream, the other by the kedge—at the same moment, and veered away a whole cable upon that, so that now he had five anchors down, each bearing a proper strain.

"Does she drift?" asked Henderson every moment, in his accustomed steady voice, though an affirmative would have been his ship's death-warrant.

"Not an inch, sir," was the invariable reply.

Thus affairs remained for more than an hour.

On shore, the captain and mate of the slaver had been carefully watching their imperiled pursuer.

The suspicion started on board the latter had been correct. The flag had been so placed that, had the sloop used it as a guide, she must inevitably have been dashed upon the outer ledge of rocks.

As the day shut in, the two worthies resolved to improve the snare. They obtained a couple of lanterns from the brig, and hoisted them on the false bluff. This done, they returned on board, where the mate made a kind of official report relative to the slaves.

Day dawned. The gale had moderated. The Rosebud was safe. She had held on well, and though she had dragged a little, had still ten fathoms of water. About noon, a slight flaw of wind coming off the land, she instantly weighed, and got under canvas.

The slaver's people eyed this operation with intense delight, and the captain and mate had a little carouse of congratulation. At last it occurred to the wary skipper to see what the sloop was doing, and a hand was sent aloft.

The report was startling.

"Hove to, sir. Boats just entering the cove.

Rawley looked at his chief.

"Condemned, sir. Judy"—was all he said.

"No time to land her?"

"Impossible."

The captain's tanned visage flushed, and then grew sheet-white.

The mate pointed significantly in the direction of the coming boats.

"Here, Rawley," said the other, putting his hand on his shoulder, and whispering in his ear. "Be quick. You understand. Down, every man of you, fore and aft," he continued, "and scrub out the hold as quickly as possible."

The hands disappeared, and the mate, who had jumped below also, returned, leading Judy.

"Bear a hand, my lad, or we're done for!"

Those below heard one loud shriek, sounding above all the noise they made, and stopped appalled. But the mate's voice was heard, talking cheerfully:

"I'll give them work enough! They shan't get the Arrow out without a job! They shall weigh every anchor themselves. And here goes another!"

The ax was heard to fall on the stopper, and the larboard anchor dropped from the bows.

At this moment the Rosebud's boats rounded the point, and dashed alongside.

Mr. Hall had come in person. Too shrewd of observation to be easily gulled, he had observed, on entering, that had they steered for the signal they must have been lost. This confirmed him in his opinion of the character of the vessel pursued, even had she not already been pretty well identified as the victorious Arrow.

As the armed boats dashed up, the captain and mate were seen quietly smoking on deck, much at their ease.

"What vessel is this?" demanded Hall, as he jumped on deck.

"The Arrow, of Liverpool."

"Where from last?"

"Sierra Leone."

"Your cargo?"

"Emptiness," was the saucy reply.

"Jump down there, men," said Hall, disdaining further colloquy, "and examine the vessel thoroughly."

Half a dozen men obeyed.

"How many men have you on board?" asked Hall, now addressing the mate.

"Six."

"What are you doing here?"

"Getting out of the way of the wind."

"Then whither bound when we first sighted you?"

"To Loango."

"Working 'Tom Cox's traverse,' eh?" said the other, ironically. "You were standing to W. N. W. with a fair wind. Is that the course for Loango?"

"I was working my own reckoning," put in the captain, "and perhaps I should have found my port just as well without your assistance."

"Show me your papers."

"Here."

There was nothing in the papers inconsistent with what had been stated. The vessel was bound, apparently, for gold-dust; and, as far as observation went, there was nothing to justify her detention. The midshipmen reported, indeed, that the vessel, though empty, was not guiltless of that peculiar aroma that, to the nose of experience, denotes the recent presence of negroes. And a shackle or two had been found; but, beyond this, there was nothing on board to bear out the suspicion that this notorious craft was still engaged in the inhuman traffic she had hitherto pursued.

"Stay. How came you to stick up that flag yesterday in the wrong place?" resumed Mr. Hall, sternly.

"There, Mr. Rawley," ejaculated the slaver's captain, addressing his mate, with a sanctified look. "See what men get for doing a good turn. There were we, up half the night, straining our blessed eyes out, with ropes and everything ready, to render these people assistance, and this is the reward—to be treated as slaves and pirates!"

"That doesn't answer my question, sir," said the officer. "Come, you must see the captain; and, as we can't part company with such kind and well-intentioned folks, just weigh at once, and out with you, alongside the sloop."

"Weigh for yourself," was the sullen reply, "I shan't go out of this till better weather. If you start my anchors, I hold you responsible for anything that may happen to the vessel. Mind now, sir. I tell you, before you begin, not a man of mine shall render you the least assistance. The instant you touch my anchors I give up charge of the vessel, and hold you responsible to its owners. Note that down in the log, Mr. Rawley. Mark the exact time. And now, sir" (addressing Mr. Hall), "begin as soon as you please."

The officer hesitated—he knew the danger of the passage. The wind was very light, the sea still running heavily on shore, and it was far from certain he could take the brig out in safety. In this dilemma, he dispatched one of his boats to the Rosebud, giving an account of what he had seen, and requesting further orders. In the meantime he got into the other boat, and examined the soundings of the cove.

On the return of the boat sent to the sloop, the midshipman handed a card to Mr. Hall, who at once pulled back to the slaver.

"You will get under weigh, sir, and go out to the sloop. There are your orders. About it, with no more palaver."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was the answer. "I am in a safe harbor, and here I stay till my sails are repaired and my rigging set up. If you choose to take charge of her, do so, but you get no help from me."

"Very well. Then I relieve you from all responsibility. Board her, men. Some of you get that topsail aloft, just as it is. The rest weigh anchors. Smartly now. Wind's dropping."

The mate here interfered.

"Why give yourself and us more trouble than is necessary? You know very well we shall be back here in a couple of hours."

"Will you?" said Mr. Hall, doubtfully.

"At all events, we'll take the chance. So why not slip the cables and buoy the ends? There's nobody here to steal the wood."

"All right. I've no objections to that. Go slip and buoy, my lads."

Giving this direction, while walking forward, Mr. Hall remarked that the larboard anchor, which lay in only three fathoms' water, was upside down. He therefore ordered his people to slip the starboard cable; and, as he came aft again, observed to the captain:

"As you've so little cable out on the larboard anchor, we'll weigh that."

"Why so?" asked the other, uneasily.

"Because, if the wind fails us, as seems likely, we may have to anchor outside. Now, bear a hand aloft there."

Meanwhile the mate had run forward, and was seen assisting busily to unsplice the lower cable.

"Belay that," cried Hall. "Unsplice the other, the starboard cable, men!"

The mate made an attempt to complete the work, however, by attempting to slip the end through the hawse hole. But he was again frustrated, for some of the Rosebud's men had stiffened the cable before all, and brought to the messenger.

By this time the sails were loosed, and the men, assembled at the capstan, began to heave around.

The result must, I think, have been anticipated. Very few who have acquainted themselves with the but too authentic narratives of the barbarities practiced by slave captains at this period, will doubt the truth of this. They need not; for the circumstances, names excepted, are perfectly accurate.

When the anchor reached the bows it brought up with it, lashed to the shank, and gagged to stifle her cries, the corpse of poor Judy!

This condemned the Arrow as a prize.

Such, however, was the indignation of the Rosebud's men that it required the energetic interference of Mr. Hall to protect the captain from summary vengeance. Unhappily for Rawley, the active instrument in the murder, that miscreant, hoping to escape altogether, leaped into the sloop's boat which lay alongside, with only the boat-keeper remaining in it. Striking the latter on the head with some heavy instrument, and sending him into the water, the mate jumped overboard and made for the shore.

"Come back, you murdering scoundrel," shouted Hall, whose quick eye had caught the whole proceeding, rapid as it was. "Back, or we fire!"

He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a shot from the bows, fired by a sailor who had mistaken the menace for an order, stopped the fugitive. Turning round he rose, as by some convulsive movement, half above the surface, then, with a wild toss of the arms, went to the bottom.

The stunned seaman having been quickly picked up and passed on board, the boat proceeded in search of the mate's body, which, owing to a strong eddy, had been carried some little distance from the spot at which he sank. It was at length descried through the clear water, and, by means of the boat's anchor, with little ceremony hauled on board, of course lifeless.

The brig was condemned, and the value of the prize was much augmented by the circumstance of her crew betraying the hiding-place of the slave cargo. These were speedily reshipped in the very vessel in which they had been so roughly stowed, and in due course regained their home.

An Incident of the War.

Gen. Sherman, in his personal narrative, refers to the fact that immediately after the first battle of Bull Run insubordination crept out among the troops of his command to such an extent that he ordered Ayer's battery to unlimber, ready for action against them. During this "insubordination," an amusing incident occurred. The troops especially referred to were Col. McQuade's 14th New York infantry. Impressed with the idea that their term of service was out, they expressed a determination to go home. Fearful of difficulty, Sherman ordered a section of Ayer's battery to take position at the right of Fort Corcoran, on an elevated spot, the 14th being encamped on a small plain below. The guns of the battery bore directly upon the camp, and a few shells exploded in the Fourteenth would have blown the regiment to pieces.

The boys of the 14th took the matter in good humor, and seeing the smoke-stack of a mill torn down near at hand, they mounted it on a pair of wagon wheels and organized a battery of their own.

Running the improvised gun to the very limit of the camp ground to which the men were confined, they would halt, go through the manual of loading by detail, and, at the command "fire," every man in the regiment would give vent to a prolonged "b-o-o-m."

This maneuver was kept up, a new gun squad relieving an old one when tired, until the thing became such a farce that Sherman, very much annoyed, ordered the lieutenant and his section back to park.

The lieutenant in charge of the guns, afterwards a distinguished general, was so annoyed by the 14th boys that it was with difficulty he could control his temper. Some officer suggested that he fire a blank cartridge over the corps. "No," he thundered, "if I open fire on the fellows it will be with shell, and I'll fire low, too." There was no occasion for firing, as the insubordination was soon settled.

Who'll Cover That?

In one of the colored churches of Charleston the preacher adopted a novel way of raising the funeral expenses of a criminal sentenced to be hanged. Standing amid his books and pulpit drapery, with a hymn-book in one hand and a five-dollar bill in the other, he invited contributors to the fund. Laying down his five-dollar bill on the pulpit, he said: "Who'll cover that?" The amount was soon covered by one of the Crossuses of the flock. Down went a two-dollar bill followed by the exclamation: "Who'll cover that?" The amount was covered, and so on he went until he reached fifty cents. On laying down this piece of fractional currency, he said: "I now come to the old ladies; surely one of them will cover that amount." One of the elder sisters tottered up to the pulpit, and with an evident air of satisfaction covered the fifty cents with currency of the same denomination. "Now for the Sunday-school children," said the preacher, as he laid down a ten-cent bill. "How many of the lambs will cover that?" and the original ten-cent bill was buried in a heap of similar bits of the nation's promises to pay. By this novel method a goodly amount was realized.

Changed His Mind.

The late Professor D. was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex, but in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiments or notes of warning. Of course the lady replied a gentle "No." The subject was immediately dropped, but the parties soon met again.

"Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?"

The professor said he did remember.

"And do you remember my answer, Mr. D?"

"Oh yes," said the professor.

"Well, Mr. D.," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind."

"And so have I," dryly responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.

Beet root sugar can be made in California at seven cents a pound, including every expense.

The Influence of School Life on the Nervous System.

Before the American Social Science Convention, Dr. Lincoln, of Boston, stated that the entire nation was believed to be suffering from certain widespread sources of nervous degeneracy. If a child inherited a susceptible constitution from excitable parents; if from its food in infancy iron, lime, and the phosphates were mainly excluded; if its diet in maturer years was very rich and very unwholesome; if it lived in a climate exceedingly trying—at its best killing the aged by excessive cold, and the young by excessive heat—if to these surroundings were added an atmosphere of constant emulation, impelling every man, woman and child to personal ambition to get on in life and beat the others, then the result of these conditions would be to make it deviate from the sturdy Anglo-Saxon type of the pioneers who founded this country. It was the belief of the writer that besides the facts noted there was an appreciable and increasing amount of nervous damage done to children by their school life, though he could not pretend to give the statistics. That was being done in New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis, but he aimed simply at showing the physiological laws which governed the subject. He desired to demonstrate that at present nervous harm resulted from school life, whereas it was possible to derive nervous benefit from the same things. Here the doctor, in illustration of these principles, cited the principles and observations of some seventy physicians. Afterward he developed the theory of nervous action, and then cited the diseases which have been grouped under the term "nemasthma"—debility, depression, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, irritability, headache, nose-bleed, chorea or St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, hysteria, irritable spine, or spinal anæmia, and menstrual anomalies. The question before them, then, was to divert children from these evils, and by a sounder system benefit their nerves. This, he thought, would be helped in the first place by making every school provide for a reasonable amount of physical exercise. He then went to the consideration of the question whether brain-work was unhealthy, which he answered in the negative, on the ground that just as muscular labor increased the power and volume of the muscles, so brain labor increased not only the brain power, but the nervous forces on which muscular motion was absolutely dependent. If the mental machine was not overdriven, nature would develop the muscles at the same time; that by teaching the brain was developed to a certain extent, but not altogether, for a strong brain needed a strong pulse, and to have that the heart must be strengthened. This could only be done by muscular exertion, which drove blood in upon the heart, expanding, dilating and distending it. While, however, a small amount of physical exertion would be sufficient for this, it was certain the ideas generally entertained as to that amount was erroneous. The professor went on to say that happiness was the best *materia medica*, and considered the causes of unhappiness in children, laying down as a law that the true secret of happiness was in alternate labor and rest. Consideration of the bad effects of tea and coffee, and of overheating school rooms, closed the discourse, which was heard with great attention.

Boiled Green Corn.

An amusing story is told of the late George Peabody, the celebrated American banker. It appears that Mr. Peabody had invited three English gentlemen to meet two American gentlemen at dinner, at his house in London, and having received as a gift ten ears of green corn, determined to astonish his English and please his American guests, by having it served up in the well-known American style.

Accordingly, at a proper time, plates of butter and salt were placed before each guest, and the banker, with something of an air of mystery, announced that he was now about to treat his guests to a well-known and delicious American dish of food, cooked in the American manner. It would be no novelty to his American guests, but the Englishman must watch how it was disposed of by them, and follow their example and manner of disposing of it. Then, at a signal, enters a stately butler bearing a large covered dish which he deposited solemnly before Mr. Peabody; in a moment more, in obedience to the banker's nod, he whisked off the cover, and there before the astonished guests was displayed a pile of ten boiled corn cobs!

The banker gazed for an instant in mute horror and dismay, and then found voice to demand an explanation, which was finally reached when the cook was summoned—a fellow who had never before seen an ear of Indian corn in his life—who replied that he had followed his master's directions to "strip off all the outside before boiling," which he had done most faithfully, not only the husks, as was intended, but kernels also, so that the banker had only what is in America the mute evidence of the feast to indicate what were his good intentions to his guests.

Shocking Mode of Burial.

A correspondent writes from Naples: The Campo Santo Becchio, the great charnel house of Naples, contains three hundred and sixty-five pits under a wide paved square. Every evening the stone which covers one of those pits is removed and the common dead of the city for the day are thrown into it, without even a winding sheet to cover them. The old man, the young child, the rough lazzaroni and the tender maiden are dropped together in one indiscriminate mass, quick lime is thrown in to consume the bodies and the pit is sealed for another year, to be opened at its close. We waited not to see the revolting scene, although the city carts were arriving with the dead; but drove to the Campo Santo Nuovo, the cemetery for the aristocratic dead, and here I was surprised to find a burial ground laid out with such refined taste, shaded with the cypress and other trees and adorned with tombs of the most costly description; many of them were in the form of chapels, built of fine Italian marble elaborately finished. After what I heard of the burial of the dead at Naples and after what I had seen at the Campo Becchio, it was a relief to enter one that indicated so much refinement of feeling.

Saving the Hay.

A Boston paper tells a story of Mr. Williams, the ancient pastor of Dudley, Mass., who was a practical Christian. One sultry summer Sunday, says the legend, the sound of distant thunder heralded the approach of a shower. Suddenly the preacher stopped, and peering from side to side through the church windows, as if observing the tokens of a change in the weather, he quietly said: "Brethren, I observe that our Brother Crosby is not prepared for the rain. I think it our duty to help our Brother Crosby to get in his hay before the shower." With that he descended from the pulpit, and with several of his hearers, proceeded to Mr. Crosby's hay field, where they worked for half an hour, or until the hay was housed. The staunch old clergyman then returned to the church and resumed his discourse.

THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

How "Striking" is Carried on in a Legislature—Paying Board Bills.

In all State Legislatures there is a ring of members known as the "black horse cavalry," or "strikers," whose business it is to make legislation pay them personally. A correspondent of the New York *World* has been interviewing one of these strikers, and from the conversation that followed some very interesting notes were taken. The reporter says: This man showed me a full list of the black horse cavalry. To prove his prescience he marked down on a yea and nay list of the two houses the probable votes on two bills, "with money in them," which were to be considered next day. The accuracy of those lists proved amazing.

The striker went on to say: "This is the worst year that has been ever known. I don't believe any one of 'em has made $500. And it's a disgraceful business, and it's a shame they can't get no more money. Things are dryer than a desert—except the regular payments."

"What do you mean by the 'regular payments'?"

"Well (if you want to know all about lobbying) here's the way it's done: In the first place some of the big corporations know they're going to be struck. They make up their minds to that, just as they do to any other thing. So they fix the boys in this way: they make a regular promise to pay for the session $200, $300 and $500 to each rider in the cavalry, provided he supports all the bills in their interest and 'goes for' all the bills against 'em. The only trouble is, some of the countrymen are dull. You may spend hour after hour with 'em, and drill 'em over night, and some of 'em are sure to go wrong next day. They get so confused you can't reckon on 'em at all. If somebody gets up and makes a motion they're all at sea, and away goes their pile. It's enough to make a man swear horribly sometimes to hear these fools vote away their board bills.

"The minute the Legislature assembles the lobbymen gather. What do they do? Well, first they watch. They inquire about every man elected—who he is, where he comes from, his habits, his character, who he runs with; in fact, they get him down to a fine point. Then when the committees are made up they look at them. There's their chance. They find out whether they know any one on a committee. If they do they manage to know the rest of the committee soon, or perhaps they arrange it so as to 'see' only that one man."

"You say the big corporation appoint their own agents to control the Legislature?"

"Always."

"Do these agents attend to other outside jobs?"

"Very seldom. They may once in a while go out of their way to help a friend in the Legislature who has done them a good turn."

"Then the independent lobbyists have to depend mostly on their wits?"

"Yes. Some of them who have the confidence of members manage to get in with street railroad and insurance companies and other corporations likely to be 'struck,' or if they don't succeed in this they devise bills directly against the interests of these wealthy corporations and introduce them through one of the boys, and threaten these corporations with these bills until the corporations come down. Of course they don't actually say to 'em: 'Come down!' But after the bill is introduced and the corporation sends some one to protest against it, they contrive in various ways to let the agent and the company understand that for a price they can squelch this or that bill. The agent finds out pretty soon that he can't get the bill squelched in any other way; so he consults with his employers and pays over the cash."

"To the lobbyist?"

"Yes."

"And what does the lobbyist do with it?"

"Well, he puts considerable of it in his wallet and divides the rest of it among the boys."

A Temperance Lecture.

Judge Westbrook, in sentencing Batting, at Kingston, New York, to Sing Sing prison for life, for the murder of a man while intoxicated, embraced the occasion to deliver a very forcible lecture upon temperance. Judge Westbrook said:

We know that you were not in a physical or mental state to comprehend the crime. You were fired by that which has fired many a man before; your brain was crazed by that which has crazed many a brain before; but can courts, in the prevention of crime, listen to an argument and a plea like that? If they did or could, whose life would be safe or whose property secure? We know the safety of human society and human life requires that you should be punished, because you voluntarily put yourself in that condition. You became voluntarily drunk, and must take the consequences of the act which you did while in such a state.

You are guilty of an awful crime, and you are to-day receiving the judgment of this earthly tribunal; but remember you must answer to another which will judge with entire knowledge and in the sentence of which there can be no possible mistake. You have time and space for repentance and to make your peace and obtain forgiveness before you stand in the presence of the august Judge who shall there preside. Perhaps in saying what we have, our whole duty is done, yet it seems to us it is a proper time and proper occasion to utter one word more.

Is there not a most eloquent appeal from that bleeding body of your unhappy victim, and in his gaping wounds, in your unfortunate condition, and the condition of your family, against that traffic which has brought you to this bar, separated you from your wife and family, and sent Tompkins into the presence of his God? I trust that this sin and this lesson will be remembered and never forgotten. If any other argument is needed against the use of intoxicating drink and the traffic therein, you on this occasion furnish that argument, and it is written to-day, as it has oftimes been before, in tears, and in blood.

Still Insane.

The Boston *Traveller* says: It may be authoritatively stated that Miss Kate Stoddard, supposed to be the murderess of Goodrich, is in an insane asylum, and that letters of recent date announce that there is little prospect of her recovery. She has relatives in Massachusetts who are in communication with her keeper, and who have given no hope that she may recover a healthy condition of mind. The statement in the New York papers that she is masquerading about Brooklyn is, therefore, erroneous.

A Pest.

At Eufaula, Alabama, as a prevention against the bite of the buffalo gnat, the farmers are compelled to coat the ears, flanks and other parts of their live stock with tar and grease, and also to keep fires burning in their stock lots at night. The Mississippi buffalo gnat is described as about half the size of a common house fly, and jet black. It has a hump back, or shoulder, like the buffalo, and hence its name.

ALCOHOL'S REGAL RIVAL.

Satan's Second Choice for the Killing of Mankind—Some Startling Facts.

Another suicide! In this case, as in many of which no account is taken by the daily newspapers, says the New York *Sun*, the poison employed was morphine or laudanum. "Died after an overdose of laudanum" is the verdict. That overdose, however, was only the culmination of a long indulgence, extending probably over years. The usual quantity failing to produce the desired effect, it was largely increased, and the end was death. Properly speaking, this was not a case of suicide; it was the result of indulgence in a life destroying vice that was certain to terminate in death. Hardly a week passes in which a case of opium poison is not treated in some one of our hospitals. A cure is occasionally effected, but it is only temporary, and the wretched victim almost invariably falls back into the old ways, and the end is at last reached by either suicide or a total prostration of mind and body.

"I am a strong man," said a physician, "and have repeated opportunities to test my resolution under the most trying circumstances, yet so insidious and treacherous is this vice, once contracted, so demoralizing is its influence on the power of the will, that I would not dare to trust myself to a continued use of the drug even for a limited time. The craving it creates directly affects the mental organization, and eventually destroys all power of resistance. I have known ladies who in their advanced age had contracted the habit, and who carried the poison about their persons in the form of salts of opium, using it almost hourly. Indeed, the vice is more prevalent among women than among men."

With regard to the superinducing causes of the evil a distinguished physician says: They may be divided into two classes, the physical and the moral. Under the first head should be placed all persons suffering from neuralgia, rheumatism, dysinteric affections, tic-doloureaux, consumption, hysteria, uterine affections, etc. In such cases opium in some form is usually first prescribed by physicians, and continued by the patient after the habit has been acquired. The moral causes are often pecuniary embarrassments, disagreements, jealousies, sensualism, etc. In these cases the drug is resorted to to drown thought or promote excitement.

There is no doubt that opium is too miscellaneously prescribed, perhaps to the extent that if it did not exist the human race would be better off. It is a most useful therapeutic agent, but of all the articles of the *materia medica* it requires the most intelligence and care in its use. Patients suffering with delirium tremens have been killed by it, and yet in the same disease, with proper caution, it is a most beneficial remedial agent. In gunshot wounds, in railroad accidents, and in excessive hemorrhages, opium, if properly administered, is a boon to mankind; but if thrown into the system injudiciously it is most disastrous to human life.

Then the physical prostration produced by the use of opium renders its victims liable to contagion, unless they are continually under the influence of the drug. The sudden discontinuance of the use of the drug has a somewhat similar effect to that produced by a discontinuance of the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants in the case of confirmed drunkards. It is followed by a sort of mental collapse or great prostration of the mental energies. Opium gives and takes away. It defeats the steady habit of exertion, and creates spasms of irregular exertion. It ruins the natural power of life; it develops preternatural paroxysms of intermitting power; it brings on hypertrophy or enlargement of the liver, habitual constipation, bronzed complexion, rigidity of skin, vacancy of expression, general hyperæsthesia, and insomnia, or sleeplessness; a morbid condition of the stomach, rejecting many kinds of food that are regarded by medical men as simple and easy of digestion; acute, shooting pains that are confined to no one part of the body; and unnatural sensitiveness to cold, frequent perspirations in parts of the body, and a chronic tendency to impatience and irritability of temper, with paroxysms of excitement wholly foreign to the natural disposition. In the long run it saps the vitality. It engenders sterility. The offspring, if there be any, is generally marked by organic cerebral defects—impaired intellect and unconstitutional cachexia, or deteriorated vitality.

The amount of opium imported into the United States in 1874 was about two hundred tons, and it is estimated that twenty-one hundredths of the opium sold by retailers would cover all the prescriptions of physicians proper, and five per cent. excepted from the entire as an extra allowance for the various nostrums afloat would be liberal and abundant. This is from a comparison of opinions entertained by many apothecaries of New York city, and to these estimates the experienced Dr. Carnochan adds the opinion that while the therapeutic value of opium has suffered no abatement in the estimation of the profession, the total of prescriptions is proportionately less than it was twenty years ago.

A Case of Premature Interment.

A case of probably premature interment is thus recorded in the London *Jewish World*. It occurred at Wilna: A Jewish young woman, aged twenty-five, was pronounced by two Jewish doctors to be dead. The friends of the woman desired, for some reason best known to themselves, the funeral to take place on the same day, and, having obtained the necessary certificate from the medical attendants showing that the person had died, she was removed to the Jewish mortuary. While washing the body the women engaged in the operation discovered to their terror that it had gradually assumed a life-like appearance, and their dismay rose to its height when it raised itself to a sitting posture. The resuscitated woman begged those around not to bury her alive. The doctors were called in, and at their solicitation she drank some medicine which they offered to her. Ten minutes after she was again pronounced to be dead, and presently she was buried. We do not know whether the Jewish authorities at Wilna sanctioned this premature interment. If they did they are deserving of severe censure. What aggravates the nature of the case is the fact that the husband of the poor creature was absent from home at the time of her alleged decease.

A Fire.

The St. Louis *Globe* man who writes about fires thus discourses of a conflagration in a milliner's shop: The flames crowded through the door and started in for fun. They tried on spring hats and jumped upon the chairs and tables to admire themselves in the mirrors. Then they dashed hither and thither among the laces and embroideries, feeding on ostrich feathers till they became bloated, and then trampled the ruches under foot and stamped the beauties from out the flowers, until in all the wreck of matter they were left the only bright things.

A nice place to live in must Knightstown, Ind., be, which the local newspaper declares to be "a seething, boiling, warring cauldron of sickening, offensive, obnoxious scandal."

A TRUE HERO.

A Terrible Tale of the Sea—A Ship's Crew Down with the Fever.

Any one who undertook to write the history of the sufferings of seamen during the winter of 1874-75, says the New York *Times*, would find ready to his hand a very large amount of material. Beginning with the crews of the Cape Cod fishing craft, who for weeks had to endure the tortures of an ice prison without fuel, and with scarcely food enough to keep body and soul together, he would be called upon to describe the Newfoundland wreckers' terrible struggles for life on an ice-floe, and to add a chapter on the foreign vessels that were driven out to sea by inhospitable winds, just as they had almost sighted the ports to which they were bound. It would, it is true, be very difficult to do justice to the subject unless the writer happened to have witnessed the agony of a crew like that of the Rebecca Goddard. After having made land, as our readers will remember, this vessel was driven out to sea under a crushing weight of ice. Having come from a warm climate, the sailors were but thinly clad. One man was frozen to death at the wheel. Twenty-one days of torture were endured before the Goddard came within hail of a friendly tug and was brought into port. Then there were special cases of suffering in which the heroism displayed was of such a character that it would take many chapters to do fit honor to it.

The very latest case of this kind should have a chapter to itself. And even that would not be a sufficient acknowledgment of what humanity owes to the hero. On the 23d of December last, the bark Mendota left the Island of Java with a full cargo for New York. The captain and one seaman were down with Java fever when the vessel got under sail. There were two mates on board, but only one, the first, understood navigation. On him devolved the command. Before many days had passed, the second mate and the cook and steward were seized with the disease, which had already eaten away every morsel of flesh from the captain's bones. Soon, only five of the crew were well enough to work the ship. The second mate wasted away and died, but the captain still lingered between life and death. So long as the mate, Frederick Adams, was able to keep at his post, his companions worked cheerily, believing that he, at least, was fever-proof. They well-nigh gave up in despair when he, too, succumbed. Fortunately for themselves, they did not fully understand the nature of the man on whom their lives were depending. Perhaps they thought that he would be rendered as powerless as the captain, and that they would be compelled to get to land as best they could. Mr. Adams happened to have in him the material of which heroes are made. The feeling of responsibility was so strong that it, to some extent, baffled the fever. Instead of falling prostrate under it, as thousands of men in similar circumstances would have done, this lion-hearted man used to crawl out of the cabin on his hands and knees to "get the sun," crawl to the chronometer to get the time, and then work out the ship's position. While he proceeded on his daily rounds he says "you could smell the fever in any part of the ship."

Mr. Adams continued for several days to navigate the vessel in this manner, without once thinking of turning her head from the direct course in order to seek medical assistance at some of the ports within a few days' sail. It was not until the body of the second mate had been buried in the ocean that he decided to alter his course, and steer direct for St. Helena. It took six days to reach there; but he never once faltered in his duty until the Mendota was safely anchored. An hospital surgeon, well skilled in the treatment of Java fever, was soon on board, and gave speedy relief to the sufferers. Mr. Adams, like all true heroes, is very modest in describing the part he took in bringing the Mendota safely to port, merely concluding his narrative by characterizing the voyage as the "toughest" he had ever made. To add to its severity, it should be stated that during sixteen days the vessel was within five hundred miles of New York, battling with westerly winds and seas that constantly threatened to make an end of her. Now, as we have already said, the case of Mr. Adams is one that commends itself very strongly to the notice of humane societies. But for his heroic conduct the Mendota might have been lost, with every soul on board. This fact should be speedily taken into consideration, so that when Mr. Adams, who, it is to be hoped, may soon have the chief command of a ship, leaves on his next voyage he may carry with him a mark of public appreciation more substantial than newspaper articles.

The Iron Business.

The first half century of the United States, says a writer on iron, saw but little progress in the manufacture of iron, and the total amount produced in 1810 is estimated at only 54,000 tons, which is not equal to the present annual yield of four or five of our modern blast-furnaces. During this period charcoal was the only fuel employed, and the first great step in our iron manufacture was the use of anthracite. Attempts were made to employ a mixture of this fuel with charcoal at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, in 1820, and at Kingston, Massachusetts, with the anthracite of Rhode Island, in 1827, but the way to the solution of the problem was finally prepared by the introduction of the hot blast in 1831, and in 1833 a patent was granted in the United States for the smelting of iron with anthracite by the aid of a blast of heated air. The first successful attempt to use anthracite alone in this country seems to have been in 1838, near Mauch Chunk, with a furnace twenty-one and a half feet high, producing two tons of iron daily. From this the industry spread, and in 1840 there were six furnaces employing this fuel, and making each from thirty to fifty tons weekly of pig iron. To-day our anthracite furnaces are many of them sixty and even eighty feet in height, producing from 250 to 300 tons of iron in a week. Of 680 furnaces in the United States in 1873, 226 consumed anthracite, and produced nearly one-half of all the pig iron made.

The history of the growth of the iron manufacture in the United States within the last fifty years exhibits a remarkable progress. From a production of 54,000 tons in 1810, it had become 165,000 tons in 1830, 347,000 tons in 1840, and 600,000 tons in 1850, as near as can be estimated. In 1860, it had reached 919,870; in 1870, 1,856,000; and in 1872, 2,880,070 tons; while the diminished production of 1873, 2,695,434 tons, shows already the effect of the depression under which the iron interest of the country still suffers. Of the production of 1873, very nearly one-half was made in Pennsylvania, and not less than 1,249,673 tons with anthracite, while the total amount of charcoal-made pig-iron was only 524,127 tons, to which is to be added 50,000 tons of malleable iron made by the direct process in bloomaries. The importation of foreign iron and steel for 1872 was 795,655 tons; for 1873, 371,164 tons; and for 1874, less than 200,000 tons. From the figures for 1872 and 1873 we may conclude that the consumption in the United States was then equal to about 3,500,000 tons of iron yearly.

The Hopefulness of the Consum