AMERICA'S GREAT ORATOR.

THECARERS OF SERGEANTS, PRENTIS VANREE AND SOUTHERNER.

Tributes of Webster and Everett to His Elo quent Powers-The | Hest | Exponent of the Florid Style of the Past Generation-Specimens of Speech.

To only a few in the present day is the fame of S. S. Prentiss familiar. This is mis fortune for the majority. Few Americans have so well deserved lasting renown for patriotic sentiment-fewer still have challeaged enduring admiration for such res plendent gift of eloquence. A half century ago he was the idol of the Mississippi Valley as alvocate and political orator. Though still a young man, his grasp of questions of state-craft was comprehensive. His proposi-tions, launched forth by a glowing tongue in persuasive chetoric, made captives of multitudes. For readiness in extempore speech i is doubtful if our country has produced his equal, certainly not a superior. Transplanted from the abolition state of Maine, a cripple from infancy, with no other capital than edi cation, when in 1826, at eighteen years o age, he landed in Mississippi, only irrepres sible genius could have commanded for him professional and political leadership in an era and among a people prejudiced against anything and any person of "Yan kee" extraction. During his two years of service as a private tutor he read law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty; made at argument, and won his case before the United States supreme court in Washington at twenty three; was elected to the Missis sippi legistature at twenty-six and to Congrees at twenty-nine. He died in his forty

When Prentiss had rounded up a period it the course of an address in Fanetol hall Boston, and the audience was shouting it applause, Edward Everett exclaimed to Daniel Webster, "Did you ever hear any thing so eloquent?"

"Never from any other than Prentiss, was Mr. Webster's become praise. Ex-President Fillmore, in a letter from Buffalo in 1853, referring to a speech made

by Prentiss in Congress when only thirty years old, said : "It was certainly the mos brilliant I ever beard, and, as a whole, I think it fully equalled, if it did not exceed, any chetorical effect to which it has been my good fortune to listen in either House o Congress."

Ralie Peyton, in a memorial sketch of Frentiss, wrote:
"I never knew him to stammer or hesi

tate or to be at a loss for a word or for the word. He possessed a greater flow of lan-guage and was gifted with a greater variety f choice figures and classic quotations that any man I ever heard speak. He would repeat the most intricate passages from Milton, Shakespeare, Scott or Byron, with verbal accuracy and wonderful effect; while verbal accuracy and wonderful effect; while his boidest flights were always the most finished and happy. His temperament was essentially poetical; he felt, thought and spoke poetry; so that in his quotations, which seemed to come unbidden, there was so much homogeneousness, such a com-mingly of electric sparks from kindred elements, you could with difficulty distinguish what he borrowed from that which was his own: it was hard to separate the warp from the woof, there appearing to be no difference in the texture or tigure, in staple or stripe I have heard him in one speech atter enoug of the raw material of postry to fill a vo

Prentiss so far as may be judged from tile published speeches, never gave utterance to a sentence devoid of grace, force or beauty, Hear his opening words to an audiona-largely composed of the fair sex, who greeted his appearance on the stage with hand clap pings:
"The ladies, God bless them—in the sin

cerity of my heart I thank them for their presence on this occasion. I wish I were able to say or conceive something worthy of them; most gladly would I bind up my brightest and best thoughts into bonquets and throw them at their feet."

Read his compliment of a renowned lawyer representing the prosecution, and who was to answer Prentiss' speech in a

case in which the latter represented the

"The money of the prosecutor has purchased the taient of the advocate; and t contract is that blood shall be exchanged for gold. The learned and distinguished gentleman to whom I allude, and who sits before me, may well excite the apprehension of the most innocent. If rumor speak true, he has character sufficient even if without ability, and ability sufficient even without character, to crush the victim of his pur In 1811, Mr. Prentiss accompanied Henry

Clay, whose candidacy he was supporting to New Orleans. Mr. Clay had not ye spoken to the immense concourse of people gathered to do him bonor. Such was the gathered to do him honor. Such was the popularity of Prentiss that when he was seen near Mr. Clay the people shouted his name, and in thunder tones called out; "A Speech! A Speech!" To respond would be to almost show discourtesy to the eminent guest; but to his declination, by shaking his head and attempting to retire, the shout grow londer, "A Speech!"

grew londer, "A Speech! A Speech!"
Prentiss faced the concourse and lifted his hand for silence. In an instant everything was still, when, pointing to the group, in the centre of which was Mr. Clay, he declaimed: "Fellow citizens, when the eagle is scaring in the sky the owls and bats retire to their holes," and, suiting his action to his words, disappeared a nid the multitude amidst their

TO THE MEXICAN WAR SOUDIERS.

With Mr. Prentiss, for eloquent address, "all place a temple, and all seasons summer." Whether as attorney in civil case or advocate in criminal trial; in legislative hall, on the stump, or before art and literary societics, with ear and expectation on classic utterance bent, he was in every instance the orator eminently adapted for the occasion His address of welcome in behalf of the citizens of New Orleans, in 1847, to the returning Mexican volunteers, though entirely extemporaneous, was one of the most en-trancing rhotorical flights ever listened to.

In its outset he addresses them:

"No longer do you tread upon hostile
shore nor gizze upon foreign skies. Use'ess
now your sharp swords and unerring rifles. No lurking foe waylays you in the impen-etrable chapparal, or among the gloomy gorges of the mountains. Henceforth your path will be ambushed only by friends. You will find them more difficult than the enemy to quell. They will pour upon you voiteys of grape as you pass—not the grape whose iron clusters grew so luxuriantly on the hillsides of Monterey or along the ravines of Buena Vista and whose juice was the red blood—but the grape which comes from the battery of the banguet."

Further on, referring to the alacrity with which the volunteers had fallen into ranks, making up the army for the Mexican cam-

Indeed, it is a noble sight for the genius "Indeed, it is a noble sight for the genus of this great republic to behold at the call of the country whole armies leap forth in battle array; and then when their services are no longer needed, fall quietly back and commingle again with the communities from whence they came. Thus the dark thunder cloud, at nature's summons, marshals its black batallions and lowers into the horizon; black batallions and lowers into the horizon; but at length, its lightning spent, its dread artillery silenced, its mission finished, dis-banding its trowning ranks it melts away into the blue ether, and the next morning you will find it glittering in the dew drops among the flowers, or assisting with its kindly moisture the growth of the young

"We look upon our citizen soldiers with peculiar pride. They are part and parcel of ourselves; they have taught us the secret of ourselves; they have taught us the secret of our vast strength. We now know the mighty nerve and muscle of the republic. We evoke armies as if by magic, rapidly as they came forth from the sewing of the dragon's teeth; at a nod, they disappear, as though the earth had swallowed them up. But they are not gone. You will find them in the forest, in the field, in the work-shop, in the chambers of the sick, at the bar, in the councils of the country. They have returned to their old professions or pursuits. Let but the trumpet sound, and again they spring up, a crop of armed men. Proudly do we tell the world that we have, whenever occasion calls, two millious of warriors like those who stormed at Moditercy and conquered a Buena Vista. Welcome then citizen soldiers. Welcome soldier citizen."

The conclusion of this rapturous address was in the following lines:

"Gallant gentlemen, you will soon leave
us for your respective homes. Everywhere
fond and grateful hearts await you. You

will have to run the gauntlet of friendship and affection. The bonfires are already kindling upon the hills. In every grove and pleasant ariser the feast is spread. Thousands of sparkling eyes are watching eagerly for your return. Tears will fill them when they seek in vain among your ranks for many a loved and familiar face; but through those tears will shine the smiles of joy and welcome, even as the rays of the morning sun glitter through the dew drops which the sad night bath wept."

THE WILKINSON SPEECH. But perhaps the most noted effort of Mr. Prentiss was the speech for the defense in the celebrated Wilkinson murder trial at Harrodsburg, Ky., in 1839, at the age of thirty. Of this entrancing address a distin-guished lawyer said: "The whole trial perfectly conceived play having every part sustained, mingling subdued humor with infinite pathos. The characters seem complete and perform their parts to the very

Judge Rowan, one of the lawyers in the case, in referring to the speech, remarked that Mr. Prentiss had gone to Mississippi an obscure pedagogue; then correcting himself, he added:

he ælded:

"No; I cannot say he was obscure. He could not be obscure anywhere. The eruptive fishes of his great mind, like those of Etna, threw a blaze of light around him, which attracted, or rather exacted, their gaze and admiration." A few brief extracts from his speech are

A few brief extracts from his speech are introduced. Yet it is impossible to form even the slightest conception of its magical force and beauty without a full reading of it. The defendants—Judge Wilkinson, his brother, Dr. Wilkinson, and young Murdaugh—were personal friends and neighbors of Mr. Prentiss, who, on a visit to Louis ville, became involved in an array, the defending of themselves in which had necessitated the killing by them of two of the mob of conspirators that had gone to the Galt house to horsewhip the Mississippians. Mr. Prentiss, then a member of Congress, made his way by river and stage to Harrodsburg, Ky., to which court a change of venue had been secured for the prisoners, to take part in their defense. The speech in its entirety is pronounced by any number of jurists as the ablest exposition of the principles of self-defense ever embodied in so many pages, and this in a conching of such imagery pages, and this in a couching of such imagery of language as is seldom read.

Referring to the prejudice that had pre-

siled against his clients immediately after homicide in Louisvitte, he said to the

Passion and prejudice poured poison nto the public ear. Popular feeling was onsed into madness. It was with the oc-nost difficulty that the strong arm of the constituted authorities wrenched the victims from the hands of an infuriated mob. the thick walls of the prison hardly afforded protection for the accused. Crouched and shivering on the dark floor of their gloomy dungeon, they listened to the footsteps of the gathering crowds; and ever and anon, the winter wind, that played melancholy music through the rusty grates, was drowned by the tierce howling of the human wolves, who

the herce howling of the human wolves, who prowled and bayed around their place of refuge, thirsting for blood."

Commenting upon the testimony of one Ohiham, who was known to have drawn a pistol and fired at one of the Mississipplans during the affray, and yet who swore that he was unacquainted with and indeed had have a company without the defendants. Mr. never seen either of the defendants, Mr.

Surely Mr. Henry Oldham must be oblight Errant of the age, the Don Quixote olight Errant of the age, the Don Quixote olivairy. f the West, the paragon of modern chivalry "He nights, not from base desire of ven-cance, nor from sordid love of gold, not ven from patriotism and friendship, but rom a higher and loftler sentiment; from his pure, ardent, disinterested, unsophisti-cated love of glorious strife. Like Job's war horse, he 'smelleth the battle afar off,' and "You have heard, gentlenien, of the bright warm isles which gem the oriental seas, and are kissed by the flery sun of the tropics; where beclove, the cinnamon and the nutmeg grow where the torrid atmosphere is oppresse with a delictous, but theree and intoxicating influence. There the spirit of man partakes of the same qualities which distinguish the of the same qualities which distinguish the productions of the soil. Even as the rinds of their fruits spiit open with nature's rich excess, so do the human passions burst forth with an overwhelming violence and produgality unknown, till now, in our cold, ungentic clime. There, in the islands of Java, Sumatra, the Malaccas, and others of the same latitude, cases similar to that of Mr. Henry Oldham are of frequent occurrence. In those countries it is called "running amuck." An individual becomes so full of fight that he can no longer contain it; accordingly, he arms bimself with a species of dagger, very similar to that form which Mr. Oldbam wiped the blood with his pocket handkerchief, and rushing into the public streets, wounds and slays indiscriminately among the crowd. It is true, that this gallant exploit always re-suits in the death of the person performing it; the people of the country entertaining a foolish notion that it is too dangerous and expensive a mode of cultivating national bravery. But, in the present instance, I trust this rule will be relaxed. Mr. Oldham is the only specimen we possess of this pecu-liar habit of the spice islands, and he should

e preserved as a curiosity.
"But, alas, the age of chivalry has gone by and in the performance of my duty, I fear I shall have to exhibit some little defects in the shall have to exhibit some little defects in the character of Oldham, calculated in this cen-sorious day to detract from his general merits. "It was with great pain, I feel constrained to say, (for he is a sort of lavorite of mine), that telling the truth is not one of his knightly accomplishments, and that his heroic conduct in the affray at the Galt house was nothing more nor less, according to his own story. more nor less, according to his own story than a downright cowardly attempt at assay

"According to his own account of the mat-ter, he acted the part of a base and cowardly assassin. If he tells the truth, he is an assassinating villain: if he does not, he is a per-jured villain. I leave him choice of these two horns of the dilemma, though I doubt not the latter is the one upon which he is des tined to hang. I cannot believe in the exis-tence of such a monster as he would make himself out to be; and have offered his conduct to you as evidence of the existence of a conspiracy, and of his participation in it."

THE LAW OF NATURE. The prosecution laid considerable stress on the fact that Judge Wilkinson had engaged in the affray before he, himself, had been assaulted. Upon seeing the mob attack his brother and young Murdaugh, Judge Wilkinson went valiantly to their rescue, Mr. Prentiss argued that, with his two compan-ions overpowered, Judge Wilkinson was justified in expecting that the whole force of the assailants would next turn on him : that the assailants would next turn on him; that "he had a right to" prevent, by anticipating it, violence upon his own person; he had a right to defend his friend, and it was his sacred duty to protect his brother's life." Then he sails out with rhetorical flags flying and drums beating into a justification and glorification of the conduct of his clients:

"The principles of sail-defence which

"The principles of self-defense, which pervade all animated nature, and act towards life the same part that is performed by the external mechanism of the eye towards the delicate sense of vision—affording it, on the approach of danger, at the same time, the approach of danger, at the same time, warning and protection—do not require that action shall be withheld till it can be of no avail. When the rattlesnake gives warning of its fatal purpose, the wary trayeller waits not for the poisonous blow, but plants upon his head his armed heel and crushes out at

once this venom and his strength.' When the hunter hears the rustling in the jungle, and beholds the large green eyes of the spotted tiger glaring upon him, he waits not for the deadly spring, but sends at once through the brain of his crouching enemy the switt and leaden death.

witt and leaden death. "If war was declared against your country "If war was declared against your country by an insulting foe, would you wait till your sleeping cities were wakened by the terrible music of the bursting bomb? till your green fields were trampled by the hoofs of the in-vader and made red with the blood of your brethren? No; you would send forth fleets and armies—you would unloose upon the broad ocean your keen falcons—and the thunder of your guns would arouse stern echoes along the hostile coast. Yet this would be but national defense, and author-ized by the same great principle of self-proized by the same great principle of self-pro-tection, which applies no less to individuals

than to nations.

"But Judge Wilkinson had no right to interfere in defense of his brother; so says the common wealth's altorney. Go, gentiemen, and ask your mothers and sisters whether that he law. I refer you to no musty tomes, but to the living volumes of nature. What? A man not permitted to defend his brothers sgainst conspirators? against assassins, who are crushing out the very life of their bruised and powerless victim? Why, he who would shape his conduct by such a principle does not deserve to have a brother or a friend. To fight for self is but the result of an honest instinct.

for self is but the result of an honest instinct, which we have in common with the brutes. "To defend those who are dear to us is the bighest exercise of the principle of self-defenes. It nourishes all the noblest social

and constitutes the germ of patriotism itself.

"Why is the step of the Kentuckian free sthat of the bounding deer—firm, manly and confident, as that of the McGregor when his foot was on the heather of his native bills and his eye on the peak of Hen Lomond? It is because he feels independent and proud; independent in the knowledge of his rights, and proud in the generous consciousness of and proud in the generous consciousness of ability and courage to defend them, not only in his own person, but in the persons of those who are dear to him.

"It was not the blood that would deser-

"It was not the blood that would desert a brother or a friend, which swelled the hearts of your fathers in the 'olden time,' when, in defense of those they loved, they sought the red savage through all the fastnesses of his native forest. It was not such blood that was poured out, free as a gushing torrent, upon the dark banks of the melantholy Raisin, when all Kentucky manned her warrior sires. They were as bold and true as ever lought beneath a plume. The Roncesvalles pass, when fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivary of Spain, looked not upon a better or braver band."

A TERRIBLE INVECTIVE. In the outset of this address Mr. Prentise called attention to the "private part of the prosecution"—the employment of counsel by Redding, the man with whom the defend ants had the quarrel, and who, the same evening, rallied a party of his friends and led them to the Galt house to horsewhip the Mississipplans. Mr. Prentiss charged that on Redding the presentor, rested the responsibility for the killing of Rothweil and Meeks, and pointing at identified Redding as "blm whose forehead I intend, before I am done, to brand with the mark of Caln, that in after life all has become that in after life all may know and all may shun him." The following, the redemption, in part, of that promise, is a specimen of his powers of invective; and it language was ever wrought into instrument of torture to scathe and scarify, the subject of this excoriation must have felt that the instrument wa

embodied in Prentiss' tongue: embodied in Prentiss' tengue:

"But there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as criminal, but as prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inques whose deaths you nold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, aliaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, conscience, but easting before it the lood of pretended regret, and false but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the names of his slaughtered victims—victims to his false-hood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, be induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pre-tended wrongs by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call and fol-lowed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons flashed in the sharp conflict, where was this wordy worrior? Aye, 'where was Roderick then?' No 'blast upon his bugle horn' encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge their fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted

left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

"Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips the sweet cup of revenge, to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the gobiet of the Egyptian queen. I beheld gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is which looks so ruddy, and even now flushed with shame and conscious gilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit his haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his reams will be more fearful than those of the 'faise, perjured Clarence'; and around his waking pillow, in the deep hours of night, will flit the ghosts of Rothwell and of Meeks, shricking their curses in his shrinking ear.
"Upon his head rests not only all the niced shed in this unfortunate strict, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for surely as he lives did words of craft and falsehood fall from his lips ere they were hardly loosened from the Hoty Volume. But I dismiss blue and do consequent him to the dismiss him, and do consegu him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terri-ble punishment he must suffer from the scorpion lash of a guilty conscience will be considered in his last account."

STAGE AND REAL NAMES.

Who the Prominent Actresses Are in Private The following is a list of the most prominent actresses in the country, with their

stage and private names : stage and private names:

Charlotte Thompson,
Maggle Muhlanbring,
Mund Atkinson,
Louise Rial,
Maggle Harrold,
Maggle Harrold,
Madeline Lacette,
Kate Byron,
Laura Lettlar,
Mrs. D. P. Bowers,
George Dickson,
Mrs. J. H. Rowe. maggie Harrold, Madeline Lacette, Kate Byron, Laura LeClair, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, George Dickson, Fanny Davenport, Edwin H. Price. Arthur Kilioti. Henry Paddock. Maggie Mitchell, Maggie Micros, Hose Eylinge, Rose Cognian, Marie Rose, Albie Carrington, Sadie Hassen, Lizzie Derfeus Dally, Katie Baker, Kate Clayton, drs. A. K. Carrington, drs. Joe Dowling. Mrs. Billy Buckley. Mrs. Claree Handyside Mrs. Benhamin Tuth
Mrs. Harry Philips
Mrs. Nat. Goodwin.
Mrs. Dr. Arthurs.
Mrs. Dore Daytson.
Mrt. Sam Reed.
Mrs. Frank Jones.
Mrs. Frank Jones. tate Castleton, Siza Weathersby, Mrs. Prink Jones. Mrs. Pat. Rooney. Mrs. Willie Edonin, Mrs. Legrand White. Mrs. Albert Weber. Mrs. John B. Rogers. Mrs. Louis James. s. Louis James.
s. James Barton.
s. Digby Bell.
s. Osmund Tearle.
s. David Dalatel.
s. Mekee Rankin.
s. W. K. Sheridan.
ss. Charlotts Crabice.
s. Alfred Follin.
s. Alfred Follin. Dickle Lingard, Little Blanchard Mande Granger, s. — Perzei. s. Pavid Wallace, s. Herbert Kelecy, s. G. VonllesseWar s Samuel Watkins elda Seguii Caroline mili, Minnie Hauk, Alice Oates, Lily West, Ellie Wilton, Mrs. Samuel Watkins
Mrs. Harry Brown,
Mrs. Frank Wilton,
Helen Williams,
Mrs. Howett,
Mrs. D. Boucleauft,
Mrs. C. Barrest,
C. Ed. Chapman,
Ps. Charles Fox,
Ps. Lichard Golden,
Ps. George Ulmer,
Ps. Charles Kegers,
Win. Mestayer,
M. B. Curtie,
Charles A. Byrne lutia Wilson, cs. M. B. Curtis.
cs. Charles A. Byrne
cs. W. S. Corniay.
cs. John Webster,
cs. Watter Rentiey.
cs. Sam B. Villa
me. Helena Benda,
cs. E. J. Fillott.
cs. Eugene Wettherel
cs. Eugene Wettherel Marie Brockyn. Mrs. George Gidden Mrs. Robert Fulford Mrs. F. C. Harriott, Mrs. Charles Kliis, Mrs. W. C. Bryant Mrs. Koland Reed.

A Gallant Union Soldler. Gen. Durbin Ward, of Ohio, whose death occurred a few days ago, was agailant soldier during the late war. He was terribly wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Gen. James B. Steedman used to tell with a rare gusto how he saved the life of the brave soldier on that occasion. The night after the battle Steedman was riding past a cabin by the roadside. A woman at the fence said to him: "There is a dead Union officer in my house," Steedman dismounted and went in to see the dead man. He found him lying in a corner, covered with a blanket, where the a corner, covered with a branket, where the surgeons had abandoned him. He pulled the covering off, stooped down, and by the light of a candle recognized his old friend Col. burtin Ward. He was cold and appa-rently lifeless. Steedman felt his pulse and found a slight fluttering. Calling for his or-derly, who carried a canteen of whisky, he raised the dying man, and putting the canteen in his mouth poured a liberal quantity of the revivifying fluid down his throat. The reaction came, the surgeons were sent for and Durbin Ward was saved. He never got done thanking Sieedman, and he never got done thanking Sieedman, and he never could listen with patience to a temperance orator decrying spirits thereafter. "I am a living example," he used to say, "of the saving power of even commissary whisky."

Whorver lies down on his couch to sleep, Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in shunber deep,
Knows God will keep.
Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts to power alone
He dares disown.
The heart that looks on when eyelids close,

And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows.

HAVE you read Amiel's Journal? It is most provoking book; and at the same time a most charming one. What I cannot understand about it is its popularity. It has only recently been published, in excellent form, from English plates and on fine English paper, by Messis, Macmilian & Co., of New York, and Immediately attained a remarksuccess. "Everybody has read it." And yet it is in no sense a work of which one would have predicted such a popular success It contains nothing sensational, no revels period, of a family, or even in the ordina. sense of an individual, and that is what usually makes such "journals" popular Indeed it is not in any sense a memoir, or diary of external events; it tells next to nothing of the doings of prominent or of obscure people, and throws little new light upon the period during which it was written from 1848 to 1881. It is not even a connected narrative of anything; nor does it contain anything like a system of philosophy, or theory of art. But it is simply a record of the conflicting thoughts and feelings, the varying moods and reflections, of a man who at least until the publication of his journal after his death, was unknown to fame, and deservedly so, for he never did anything famous, in fact never did anything at all o any account, either in science, philosophy art, literature, or any other department o

THAT is the provoking part about it. For this journal shows on every page that the writer might have become eminent in almos any sphere he could have chosen. He ha ill the external advantages and opportunities, and every gift and talent of mind, was an original and most profound thinker, diligent student, thoroughly qualified as far as mental power and attainments were con cerned to have become a great philosopher, statesman, an authority in science, a brillian artist, keen critic, or a most useful and de lightful author. He could have enriched the world to an indefinite degree. But he simply didn't. More than once I have been tempted impatiently to throw his book aside. No man has a right to hide his talent in a napkin and bury it. It is little short of robbery to withhold from our fellow men the fruit of abilities and powers which are given us for the sole purpose of using them for the world's benefit. The tree that refuses to ear is cut down, or ought to be

AND yet, when I am charmed with the deep truths I find on nearly every page of Amicl's Journal, and delighted with the rems of literary art that are thickly scattered brough it, I am thankful that this author at east was not cut down any sooner than he was. Perhaps, after all, some trees are not meant so much to give us their fruits while alive as to give us the results of their life ong growth after they are dead. The ma hogany has as real a value as the apple tree. So at least Amiel thought when he adopted this rule for himself, and carried it out in his Iournal: " Let the living live; and you gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so." And so it is that, as his friend M. Scherer wrote: "The man who, during his lifetime, was incapable of giving us any deliberate or conscious work worthy of his powers, has now left us, after his death, a book which will not die." death, a book which will not die." Yes, it is "a book which will not die;" but at the same time I feel like applying to the author himself the words he uses of Chateaubriand's "Hene": "Instead of taking a passion for Rene [Amiel,] future generations will scorn and wonder at him; instead of a here they will see in him a pathological case; but the work itself, like the Sphinx, will endure." We can pity but not respect, nor even re-member with admiration, a man who, gifted beyond most men, and thoroughly equipped for a long and lofty service of his fellow men, could consciously and deliberately set himself to doing nothing through his entire lifetime save to record his daily thoughts and feedings; who could be deliberately say of and feelings; who could contentedly say himself: "Satisfied with the power to act, I never arrive at the will to act." It may have been a diseased moral character, but to me it seems more like an unjustifiable cowardice, for a man knowingly to shirk, to try to run away from responsibility, to refuse to act for fear of his responsibility for every action. And that is what Amiel appears have done all the time. He continually speaks of "the terrible responsibility which weighs upon us all"; and confesse

sponsibility is my invisible nightmare." PERHAPS it is not fair to say that Amiel deliberately chose his life of unproductive ness. At least he did not do it willingly, nor without a deep sense of its unworthiness. It is this as much as anything that gives a kind of plaintive, remorseful, melancholy tone to all his reflections, a tone that colors with a sombre hue the greater part of the book. "My friends," he bitterly exclaims, see what I might have been; I see what I am." And again: "To whom and to what have I been useful? Will my name survive me a single day, and will it ever mean anything to anybody? A life of no account!
When all is added up—nothing!
White of the Journal be cries: "It will be useful to nobody, and even for myself—it has rather helped me to shirk life than to prac-

With E I certainly don't agree with him that the Journal "will be useful to nobody," but believe just the contrary, this does not sufficiently explain to my mind why it should so speedily have become immensely popular; for, as the translator says in the inusually interesting Introduction, it contains scarcely anything "but the confidences of a solitary thinker, the meditations of a philosopher for whom the things of the soul were the sovereign realities of existence." All the while that I was asking myself this question, however. I found myself reading with avidity page after page, thoroughly absorbed in the book, unwilling to stop until the very last page had been turned. And I suppose that is everyone's experience. Hence the success and popularity of the

BUT that still does not answer the inquiry Why does it interest and charm one so? am not going to attempt an answer myself but will let the reader himself answer it. Tell me, for instance, why you are charmed by a piece of poetical description like this taken at random from a multitude of similar ones:
"St. Martin's summer is still lingering, and
Nothing

the days all begin in mist. * * * Nothing could be lovelier than the last rosebuds, or than the delicate gautred edges of the straw-berry leaves embroidered with hoar-frost-while above them Arachne's delicate webs hung swaying in the green branches of the pines,—little ball-rooms for the fairies, car-peterl with powdered pearls, and kept in place by a thousand dewy strands, hanging from above like the chains of a lamp, and supporting them from below like the anchors of a vessel. These little airy edifices had all the fantastic rightness of the elf-world, and all the vaporous treshness of dawn. They re called to me the poetry of the north, wafting to me a breath from Caledonia or feeland of Sweden, Frithiof and the Edda, Ossian and the Hebrides," It is not hard to answer our question so far as such passages are con-cerned. But they, after all, are only found incidentally in the volume. The bulk of it, where the author escapes from his introspective self-analysis, is taken up with literary and art criticism, and especially

with protound philosophical reflections, like this:
"We have too much barbarian blood in our
harmony, and veins, and we lack measure, harmony, and grace. Christianity, in breaking man up into outer and inner, the world into earth and heaven, hell and paradise, has decom-posed the human unity, in order, it is true, posed the human unity, in order, it is true, to reconstruct it more profoundly or more truly. But Christianity has not yet digested this powerful leaven. She has not yet conquered the true humanity; she is still living under the antinomy of sin and grace, of here below and there above. She has not penetrated into the whole heart of Jesus. She is still in the warder of penitence; she is not still in the warder of penitence; she is not still in the narthex of penitence; she is not reconciled, and even the churches still wear the livery of service, and have none of the joy of the daughters of God, baptized of the Holy Spirit." Much more there is in this vein, thoughtful, deep, often revealing glimpses of sublime truth, then again becoming dangerously mixed up in all manner of Hegelianisms and Spinozism. Just the kind of genius-flashing philosophical minds delight to read.

ONE is often surprised by the striking timeliness of many of Amiel's reflections

In theology he anticipated not a few of the destrines now emphasized by Progressive Orthodoxy. On social questions he sometimes says what seems to have been specially

alled forth by the wants and circumstance called forth by the wants and circumstances of to-day. Thus in June 1852 he wrote:

"Materialism is the auxiliary doctrine of every tyranny, whether of the one or of the masses. To crush what is spiritual, moral, human—so to spook—in man, by specializing him: to form more wheels of the great social machine, instead of perfect individuals; to make society and not conscience the centre of life, to enslave the soul to things, to de personalize man,—this is the dominant drift of our epoch. Everywhere you may see a tendency to substitute the laws of dead matter (number, mass) for the laws of the moral nature (persuasion, adhesion, faith); matter (number, mass) for the laws of the moral nature (persuasion, adhesion, faith); equality, the principle of medicerity, becom-ing a dogma; unity aimed at through unitor-mity; numbers doing duty for argument; negative liberty, which has no law in tiself, and recognizes no limit except in force, everywhere taking the place of positive liberty, which means action guided by an inner law and curbed by a moral authority. versus individualism : this is how

Most French, German, and even some English authors are touched upon, and all in manner that at once shows in Amiel all the qualifications of a literary critic of the very highest order. Look, for instance, at this judgment of Victor Hugo, after reading his Les Miserables :
"The erudition, the talent, the brilliancy

"The erudition, the talent, the brilliancy of execution, shown in the book are astonishing, bewildering aimost. Its faults are to be found in the enormous length allowed to digressions and episodical dissertations, in the exaggeration of all the combinations and all the theses, and, finally, in something strained, spasmodic, and violent in the style, which is very different from the style of natural eloquence or of essential truth. natural eloquence or of essential truth. Effect is the misfortune of Victor Hugo, because he makes it the centre of his resthetic system; and hence exaggeration, monotony of emphasis, theatricality of manner, a tendof emphasis, theatricality of manner, a tend-ency to force and over-drive. A powerful artist, but one with whom you never forget the artist; and a dangerous model, for the master himself is already grazing the rock of burlesque, and passes from the sublime to the repulsive, from tack of power to pro-duce one harmonious impression of beauty. It is natural enough that he should detest Racine. * * Victor Hugo draws in subphure acid be lightly his observed. Racine. " " " Victor Hugo draws in sulphuric acid, he lights his pictures with electric light. He deafens, blinds, and be-wilders his reader rather than he charms or persuades him. " " The only thing which seems impossible to him is to be natural. In short, his passion is grandeur, his fault is excess: his distinguishing mark is a kind of Titanic power with strange disonances of puerility in its magnificence Could any estimate of Hugo be more exactly just and true? And think of it, a Frenchman to write so discriminatingly of the great idol of France!

WHAT do our Wagner-worshippers say

"Wagner's is a powerful mind endowed with strong poetical sensitiveness. His work is even more poetical than musical. The suppression of the lyrical element, and therefore of melody, is with him a systematic parti pris. No more dues or tries; mono-logue and the aria are alike done away with. There remains only declamation, the recitative, and the choruses. In order to avoid the conventional in singing, Wagner talls into another convention—that of not singing at all. He subordinates the voice to articulate speech, and for fear lest the muse should take flight he clips her wings. So that his works are rather symphonic dramas than operas. The voice is brought down to the rank of an instrument, put an a level with the violins, the hautboys, and the drums, and treated instrumentally. Man is deposed from his superior position, and the centre of gravity of the work passes into the baton of the conductor. It is music de-person-alized—neo Hegelian music—music multiple instead of individual. If this is so, it is inteed the music of the future, the music of he socialist democracy replacing the art which is aristocratic, herole, or subjective."

WHATEVER our musicians may think of his estimate of Wagner, they will all appre date the exquisite discriminative sense displayed in his comparison of Mozart and Beethoven, called forth by hearing a concern which compositions of both these master

were rendered:

"Their individuality seemed to become plain to me: Mozart—grace, liberty, cer-tainty, freedom, and precision of style,—ar exquisite and aristocratic beauty, --serenity of soul.—the health and talent of the master —more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the Dialogues of Plato; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not dways equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs; in Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens

I PREFER to believe that it is to the beauties and striking truthfulness of passages such as I have quoted, and of which the Journal is packed full, that this book owes most of its popularity; rather than to what Mrs. Ward attributes it in her introduction. It may indeed be that "he is the type of a generation universally touched with of a generation universally touched with doubt, and yet as sensitive to the need of faith as any that have gone before it"; but the mood of the generation is different, and the tone of its thought, from that of Amiel. And I cannot but feel that it is healthier and more manly. We read and admire and are greatly profited by the Journal, not because of its morbidity self-bewaiting and introspectives. of its morbidly self-bewaining and introspec-tive medifations and reflections; but in spite of them. We are willing to put up with the weak, irresolute, timid and unmanly person-ality that looks out on every page, for the sake of the graces of style, freshness of thought, and exquisite touches of a most refined sensibility, that are manifest through the criterious characterizations, and deout its criticisms, characterizations, and decriptions. Recognizing the former, its other wise depressing and unwholesome influence becomes harmless, and does not interfer with the thorough enjoyment of the latter.

His Wife Beats Him.

John King is a little tellow. His wife, who keeps a saloon, is a big and beligerent woman. He was before Police Justice Stilsing in Jersey city yesterday for having been drunk. "Your honor, I always get drunk when my wife beats me."
"How often does she beat you?"

"Every day, your honor," he answer with a pleased smile. He was discharged. PLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

Once again the flowers we gather On these sacred mounds to lay ; O'er the tombs of fallen patriots Float the stars and stripes to-day. From the mountain, hill and valley Issued forth a noble throng,

But these heroes now are sleeping While their deeds in memory live, And the tribute we are bringing 'Tis the nation's joy to give. Bring we here the gold and purple.

Till was heard the conquerer's song

Searlet, bine and hily white, Tassels from the silver birches And the tulips gay and bright Swords no more are brightly flashing. Foes no more our land molest : Stumbering in the greenclad valley, Sweet and peaceful is their rest.

Karth to them was full of promise, Home and friends and life were dear, But when loud the war cry echoed, Quick the answer, " We are here " Ready for a nation's struggle

Sword and sabre shining bright, Move we onward to the battle, Forward in the ranks to fight." Swiftly now the years are rolling, While the honor and the fame,

Of the valiant brave increases, And more dear each noble name. Bring the flowers the grave to garland,

Let the sweetest music rise, Let the stars and stripes be waving O'er their generous sacrifice. -E. W. Chapman, in Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

Victor Emmanuel and Ris Appetit Victor Emmanuel, among his peculis-ties, was a tremendous cater, and prefer to take his meals in the strictest privacy and with the most entire freedom from straint. Often, when he was only King Piedmont, he would have all the dishes put on the table at once, and then send away all the servants. At such times he would est the servants. At such times he would est with his clows on the table, upsetting the sait on the cloth, that he might the more easily dip into it the little raw onlons which he was so fond of, and which he used to nibble all through the dinner. The quantity that he could eat was amazing. On one of his hunting trips he and his companions stopped at the house of a countryman for the night. At supper they had veal cutlets. After the meal was over, the king turned to the officer next to him and asked him how many he supposed he (the king) had eaten. As his plate was bare, for he had been throwing the hones to his dog, the officer, who had been watching the disappearance of the cutlets with awe, thought that he might venture on a bit of politeness, and replied, "Two or three." The king repeated the question to the others in turn, and they all out of respect similarly underestimated his expoils, until he came to a Savendard. spect similarly underestimated his exploits, until he came to a Savoyard, who had no regard for anything but the truth, and replied promptly, "Your majesty has eaten nine."
The king laughingly admitted that he was

It All Came From a Marriage Screnade. A bridegroom in Marshall, Ala., invited a number of young men into his house, on his wedding night, about as soon as they had set wedding night, about as soon as they had set up a pandemonium with the ear-splitting instruments they had brought with them to "screnade" him. He gave them refreshments so liberally that he escaped further annoyance from the band. Owing to the croton oil with which he had dosed the whisky they drank, several of his visitors had an interesting time of it later. Since then they have assulted him, and he has in turn put them under bonds for trial for assault and battery, and his honeymoon begins to grow conventional.

From the Centre Democrat. Where in the world is that fossiliferous ompound and animated skeleton, the Hon. John Ohio, from the state of Sherm Great shadows of the past, to think that the Jeff Davis speech has not caused the old fel-low to display the bloody shirt. What is the matter with "honest John?" and has Jeff Davis too lost his grip? Well there was a time when Jeff could cause Northern blood to boil, but now he may only stir up an oc

A Novel Locomotive. A novel locomotive is to be built for trial on one of the French railroads. Seeing that big driving wheels were good for speed, the inventor proposes to build a locomotive with six coupled wheels, 814 feet in diameter. The tender and coaches are to have wheels of the same dimensions, and the calculation is that with such a train a speed of from 72 to 78 miles an hour can be obtained.

"Para, if three wheels is a trievele, and two wheels is a bicycle, what is one wheel ?" "One wheel, my son? Well, let me see! One wheel must be a unicycle." "No, it ain't, paps, it's a wheelbarrow!"—Boston Record.
"There is something in this little fellow! like," said an appreciative up-town visitor of a young hopeful he was trotting on his knee. "Say, now," said the boy, "how did you know I had swallowed a nickel?"—New

A Saturday Night Thought.

W. Robertson. Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder, as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give no wishing for it; learn

AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER. The wisest statesman that framed a bill And the bravest soldiers that carried a gun, And the best commanders were not born till A few hours after the war was done.

They censure, condemn, and pick out flaws, With bindsight keen and judgment rare; And it gives the startled reader pause To think what they'd done if they'd been there. We can't beln wondering if it was right,

And just what Providence did it for, To send the bunglars to win the fight, -R. J. Burdette.

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Sneezing Catarrh.

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