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Poetry.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

He saw her lift htr eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt that word:
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you:"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

Miscellaneous.

Mark Twain.

He Writes About Chinamen and Desperadoes.

From the Buffalo Express.

One of California's curiosities, the people in the States will some day become familiar with through the Pacific Railroad. I mean the Chinamen. California contains 70,000 of them, and every ship brings more. There is a Chinese quarter in every city and village in California and Nevada, for Boards of Aldermen will not allow them to live all around town, just wherever they choose to locate. This is not a hardship, for they prefer to herd together.

PECULIARITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

They are a people who fondly stick to their ancient customs. They dress in the quaint costumes their ancestors wore five hundred years ago. They build temples, gaudy with gilding and hideous with staring idols, and there they worship after the fashion of their fathers. A strict record is kept by their chiefs of the name and residence of every Chinaman, and when he dies his body is sent back to China for burial, for they can never get to their heaven unless they start from China. And besides, Chinamen worship their ancestors, and they all want their share of worship after they are done with this world. Even when the Chinese Government sells a ship load of degraded and criminal coolies to a Cuban or Sandwich Island planter, it is strictly stipulated that the body of every one of them must be sent back to China after death.

The Chinamen being smart, shrewd people, take to some few of our commercial customs and virtues, but somehow we can't make great headway in the matter of civilizing them. We can teach them to gamble a little, but somehow we can't make them get drunk. It is discouraging—because you can't regenerate a being that won't get drunk.

The Chinaman is the most frugal, industrious, and thrifty of all creatures. No matter how slender are the wages you pay him, he will manage to lay up money. And Chinamen are the most gifted gardeners in the world. Give one of them a sand-bank that would not support a lizard, and he will make it yield generous crops of vegetables. The Chinaman wastes nothing. Everything has a value in his eyes. He gathers up all the castaway rags, and bones, and bits of glass, and makes marketable articles of them. And he picks up all the old fruit-cans you throw away and melts them up to get the tin and solder. When a white man discards a gold placer as no longer worth anything, the patient Chinaman, always satisfied with small profits, and never in a hurry to get rich, takes possession and works it contentedly for years.

The Chinaman makes a good cook, a good washerwoman, a good chambermaid, a good gardener, a good banker's clerk, a good miner, a good railroad laborer, a good anything you choose to put him at; for these people are all educated; they are all good accountants; they are very quiet and peaceable; they never disturb themselves about politics, they are so tractable, quick, smart, and naturally handy and ingenious, that you can teach them anything; they have no jealousies; they never lose a moment, never require watching to keep them at work; they are gifted with a world of patience, endurance and contentment. They are the best laboring class America has ever seen—and they do not care a cent who is President. They are miserably abused by the laws of California, but that sort of thing will cease some day. It was found just about impossible to build the California end of the Pacific Railroad with white men at $3 per day and take care of all the broils and fights and strikes; but they put on Chinamen at $1 a day and "find" themselves, and they built it without fights or strikes or anything, and saved the bulk of their wages, too. You will have these long-tail toilers among you in "the States" some day, but you will find them right easy to get along with—and you will like them too, because they will stand a heap of abuse. You will find them ever so convenient, because when you get mad you can snatch a club and go out and take satisfaction out of a Chinaman. The native American negro is getting so insolent, now, that the patriot from Ireland cannot take a little recreation out of him without getting into trouble. So the Chinaman will afford a needed relief.

MODEST VILLAINY.

As evidence that Chinamen are satisfied with small gains, I will remark that they drill five holes into the edge of gold coins—drill clear through from edge to edge—and save the gold thus bored out, and fill up the hole with some sort of metalic composition that does not spoil the ring of the coin. Their counterfeiters put nine parts good metal and only one part base metal in their bogus coins—and so it is very lucrative in the long run, and the next thing to impossible to detect the cheat. It is only greedy bungling Christian counterfeiters that blunder into trouble, by trying to swindle their fellow creatures too heavily.

DESPERADOES.

Another curious feature about California life was the breed of desperadoes she reared and fostered on her soil, and afterward distributed over adjacent Territories through her Vigilance Committees when she had had enough of their exploits. These men went armed to the teeth with monstrous revolvers, and preyed upon each other. Their slightest misunderstandings were settled on the spot by the bullet; but they very rarely molested peaceable citizens. They robbed and gambled and killed people for three or four years, and then "died with their boots on," as they phrased it; that is, they were killed themselves, almost invariably, and they never expected any other fate, and were very seldom disappointed.

SAM BROWN.

Sam Brown, of Nevada, killed sixteen men in his time, and was journeying towards Esmeralda to kill a seventeenth, who had stopped the breath of a friend of his, when a party of law-abiding citizens waylaid him and slaughtered him with shot guns. Mourners were exceedingly scarce at his funeral. It is said that Sam Brown called for a drink at the bar of the Slaughter House in Carson City one morning (a saloon so nicknamed because so many men had been killed in it), and invited a stranger up to drink with him. The stranger said he never drank, and wished to be excused. By the custom of the country that was a deadly insult, and so Brown very properly shot him down. He left him lying there and went away, warning everybody to let the body alone, because it was his meat, he said. And it is said also that he came back after a while and made a coffin, and buried the man himself—though I never could quite believe that—without assistance.

Virginia City was full of desperadoes, and some of the pleasantest newspaper reporting I ever did was in those days, because I reported the inquests on the entire lot of them, nearly. We had a fresh one pretty much every morning. Towards the last it was melancholy to see how the material was running short. Those were halcyon days. I don't know what halcyon days are, but that is the proper expression to use in this connection, I believe.

JACK WILLIAMS.

Jack Williams was one of the luckiest of the Virginia City desperadoes. He killed a good many men. He was a kind-hearted man, and gave all his custom to a poor undertaker who was trying to get along. But by-and-by somebody poked a double-barrelled shot gun through a crack while Williams was sitting at breakfast, and riddled him at such a rate that there was hardly enough of him left to hold an inquest on—and then the poor unfortunate undertaker's best friend was gone, and he had to take in his sign. Thus he was stricken in the midst of his prosperity and his happiness, for he was just on the point of getting married when Jack Williams was taken away from him, and of course he had to give it up then.

CEMETERIAL CURIOSITIES.

It is said that the first twenty-six graves in the cemetery at Virginia City were those of men who all died by the bullet. And the first six in another of those towns contained the bodies of a desperado and five of his victims—and there in the bosom of his family, made dear to him by ties of blood, he calmly sleeps unto this day.

MR. SLADE.

At the Rocky Ridge station in the Rocky Mountains, in the old days of overland stages and pony expresses, I had the gorgeous honor of breakfasting with Mr. Slade, the Prince of all the desperadoes, who killed twenty-six men in his time; who used to cut off his victims' ears and send them as keepsakes to their relatives; and who bound one of his victims hand and foot and practised on him with his revolver for hours together—a proceeding which seems almost inexcusable until we reflect that Rocky Ridge is away off in the dull solitudes of the mountains, and the poor desperadoes have hardly any amusements. Mr. Slade afterward went to Montana and began to thin out the population as usual—for he took a great interest in trimming the census and regulating the vote—but finally the Vigilance Committee captured and hanged him, giving him just fifteen minutes to prepare himself in. The papers said he cried on the scaffold.

The Vigilance Committee is a wholesome regulator in the new countries, and bad characters have a lively dread of it. In Montana one of these gentlemen was placed on his mule and informed that he had precisely fifteen minutes to leave the country in. He said, "Gents, if this mule don't balk five'll answer."

But that is sufficient about the desperadoes I merely wished to make passing mention of them as a Californian production.

Discovery of Mines.

The richest and most valuable mines have in almost all instances been discovered by accident; often by ignorant persons, who knew not the value of their own discovery; and by children. To an Indian hunter is owed the knowledge of the chief American mines, and to a shepherd the silver mines of Peru. This latter, leading his flocks to feed on the slopes of the Andes, lighted a fire to cook his meal, when a pebble, heated by the flame, attracted his attention by shining like silver. He found the stone massive and weighty, and finally carried it to the mint at Lima, where it was tested, and proved to be grod ore. As the Spanish laws, with a view to encourage mine-discovery, make it the property of the finder, this lucky shepherd became a millionaire.

The Sacramento gold-fields were discovered by a Mormon laborer, who worked in a saw-mill. Again, in North Carolina, in 1799, a child picked up a yellow stone, of which its father, a rude settler, thought nothing; but because it weighed fifteen pounds, used it as a door-fastener for his cabin, for he was so poor that the door had no latch. He showed this stone to one of his few visitors, and he opined it to be a metal of some sort, after which verdict the owner used to exhibit it as a curious rock specimen. Three years afterward, on going to the market at Lafayette, he took the thing to a goldsmith, and asked fifteen shillings for it, which was very willingly paid. It was in reality a nugget worth £875. Thus it took four years to find out that the yellow stones in the streams of California were gold.

It is fair to state, however, that science has occasionally predicted where the precious metals have afterward been found. Sir Roderick Murchison, for instance, after a visit to the auriferous tracts of the Ural Mountains, was struck by their great similarity to some rock from East Australia; and in his address to the Geographical Society in 1844, prophesied that gold would be found in the latter region. Led by his observations, one Smith, engaged in the iron works at Berrima, searched for gold, and found it. He came to the governor of the colony with a nugget in his hand. "See what I have found," said he; "give me five hundred pounds, and I will show you the place;" which the governor declined to do. Again, Macgregor, a Scotch shepherd, used to sell grains and nuggets of gold to the goldsmiths of Sydney, but would never reveal whence he got them.

It is not usual, however, for discoverers of the precious metals to be prudent; they consider themselves "lucky" in this particular line, and will leave or sell a good "find" in the hopes of finding a better. This is what the Spaniards call "the miners' frenzy." Thus, the richest vein of silver in Chili was discovered by Godoy, a hunter in the Andes. Fatigued by the chase, he seated himself, on one occasion, under the shelter of a great rock, and was struck by the color and brightness of a projecting part. He chipped the stone with a knife, and finding he could cut it (to use his own expression) like cheese, he took a specimen of it to Copiapo. It was found to be chloride of silver. He agreed to share the profits of his discovery with a rich man, who engaged to work the mine; they came at once to masses of silver; but Godoy sold his interest in the matter for two thousand eight hundred pounds, and started to find more mines; and having wandered about the Andes for some years, died having met with no more "luck," and without a penny.

Two brothers, named Bolados, discovered near Copiapo, in a crevice opened by some earthquake, an enormous block of silver ore, the cutting, transport, and fusion of which was so easy, that these ignorant men effected it without assistance; and in less than two years realized one hundred and forty thousand pounds. They squandered, however, this enormous sum in gambling and dissipation; and when their mine became suddenly exhausted, they had not even the wretched pittance left on which they had begun.

The history of the discoveries of the famous Allison Ranch in Nevada, Cal., is a more satisfactory one. Some poor Irishmen, workers in a neighboring mine, were so fortunate as to hit upon it. They were so unlettered as not to be able to write their names, but they were excellent fellows. They first built a chapel, to thank God for his favors; then they erected handsome villas, and placed their workmen in exceptional positions; and they went by turns every week to San Francisco to spend their ingots of gold. They retain their simplicity, though with an income as large as that of many princes in Europe, but refuse to furnish any statement of their receipts.

The success of Gould and Curry in their Nevada Silver mine is even more astounding; they were so poor that they were at first obliged to barter two-thirds of their claim to a grocer for the necessaries of life, notwithstanding which they have realized enormous sums for their own portion. Including the product of 1857, the Gould and Curry Company have got fourteen millions of dollars out of their mine.

The history of the Monte Catini Mine, in Tuscany, is very curious. M. Porte, its original owner, was half ruined by it, and sold it in 1837. Immediately afterward, a block of massive ore was found that paid all expenses, and left four thousand pounds net profit. Then for fifteen years the mine produced forty thousand pounds a year, and still continues to yield largely. M. Porte, who had witnessed this heart-rending spectacle of the immediate success of others, where he had labored in vain for years, soon died of grief. His marble bust adorns the entrance of the principal gallery of Monte Catini, but his heirs are poor.

Gottschalk, the pianist, and Lefebure Wely, a great organist, have died within a month, and each was stricken with death while playing his favorite instrument.

Reporters and Reporting.

BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

The competition of reporters for "exclusive" bits of local news is as energetic in England as it is in this country. In one instance, a reporter had very nearly got into great trouble by his zeal. He lived a mile or so out of town, and on one side of the road, for a considerable part of the way, was a thick grove. As he was returning home, late one night, after having seen the paper to press, he observed that one of the trees near the road side, had an unusual appearance. Going within the fence, he discovered that the body of a man was suspended from one of the branches.—Hurriedly cutting it down, he drew the body into a part of the grove where the undergrowth was thick, intending to conceal it. This done, he went home. Next morning he was taken into custody, on a charge of wilful murder, and brought before a magistrate. A gamekeeper, going through the woods at early daylight, had discovered the body in its place of concealment, and some other person remembered that, about midnight, he had seen the reporter issue from the grove. The case was suspicious—until a constable, searching the pockets of the dead man, discovered a written statement, with his name and place of abode, and declaring that domestic misfortune had made life so unbearable that he had resolved to commit suicide. Of course, the reporter was discharged. His explanation was to the effect that, finding such a fine bit of "local" as this too late for his own paper, he had concealed the corpse in order that the rival journal which was to appear on the next day, should not profit by the news! But for the suicide's confession, a pretty strong case of circumstantial evidence might have been made to the peril of the knight of the pen. Another of this class entered the editorial room, in an excited manner and with rapid steps. "A capital fatal accident!" he exclaimed. "About ten minutes ago, my mother-in-law tumbled down stairs and broke her neck. I have desired them not to say anything about it to the neighbors until the morning, so that we shall have it exclusively for *our* paper." His heart was in his calling, undoubtedly.

A system of reporting cases before the police magistrates has long been in vogue among all the daily morning papers in London. One gentleman of the press attended at each office, reported one or two striking cases each day, and, taking a sufficient number of copies, by the manifold process, sent one to each morning journal. Only this particular reporter was recognized by the magistrates and by the newspapers. The payment was at the rate of three cents for each line of print, and no police news except what was supplied by those reporters, so often contemptuously called "penny-a-liners," was ever received by the sub-editor. Reports of little interest were not inserted, and the pressure of parliamentary or other news very often excluded even good ones. This system, which continues (except that *The Times* has a reporter of its own at each police-office), relieved the newspapers from the heavy cost of regular salaried reporters. The average outlay was small, but when half-a-dozen papers paid for the same paragraphs, each "penny-a-liner" contrived to earn a respectable income. In the event of any great crime having been committed, which public curiosity insisted on having reported in full, the lucky reporter in whose police court the charge was disposed of, might publish from one to three columns in each paper day after day, while the interest lasted, and sometimes earn from fifty to a hundred dollars per diem. The reporters of the Guildhall and Bow street police offices were reputed, at the time I refer to, of severally making between $3500 and $4000 a year—the heaviest cases being brought before the committing magistrates here. Black mail, or accepting money for suppressing names, has rarely been charged against these police reporters, who enjoy a singular monopoly.

I am cognizant, however, of one instance in which a London "penny-a-liner" showed more sharpness than probity. It was in the autumn, a dead season for the London press, when the political and fashionable and professional classes are "out of town." A reporter, who had been called to the bar, but had never been employed there by any one, not finding any news, resolved to make it. He invented a dreadful murder, attended with romantic and mysterious circumstances, and described it, very fully as having taken place in a remote suburban district, for which he manufactured a Saxon name. He manifolded it to all the daily papers, only one of which accepted it. He supplied additional details; gave evidence at the inquest before an imaginary coroner; published a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown;" described the funeral of the victim; lengthily and legally went into conjectures as to the murderer, complimenting the police, who, he stated, were on his track. He had "a clear stage" for some ten days, until the Home Secretary thought it his duty to inquire into the case, and soon discovered that it was a fiction from first to last. The newspaper was laughed at, but the imaginative reporter, who had done nothing for which the law could punish him, was allowed to escape. Years passed by, and the next time I heard of him he was attorney-general in one of the Australian colonies, finally rising to a seat on the bench. I last saw him in 1847, when he visited England on official business, and we had a good laugh over his remarkable "Murder in Essex."

Some forty or fifty years ago the *Morning Herald*, a London daily paper which has just expired, obtained sudden and remarkable popularity, on account of its very amusing reports of cases before the magistrates at Bow street police office. Mr. Thwaites, the managing editor, accidentally encountered, in a stage-coach on the journey from London to Birmingham, a Mr. John Wight, "a fellow of infinite jest," whose quaint manner and racy wit made the long journey—I write of the ante-railway time—appear very short. He had him to dinner the next day at *the* great mail coach inn (who has not heard of *Hen and Chickens?*) at Birmingham, discovered that this facetious gentleman was a struggling patent ink bottle manufacturer, resolved to convert him into a newspaper man, and induced him to remove to London on a handsome salary. In a short time, he became the exclusive Bow street reporter for the *Morning Herald*, taking care not to be known as such. He merely sat in the court, as a casual spectator, without taking notes of any case. Nevertheless, his Bow street reports were admirable, full of life and frolic, with cockneys figuring in them who dropped their H's, and Irish people using a brogue thick as a London November fog, which looks as if one could cut it with a knife. By-and-by the best of these comic reports were published, with characteristic sketches by George Cruikshank, as "Mornings in Bow Street," and a second volume also had great success. The fact was—each case, as reported by Wight, was fictitious, or, at least, only fashioned on something that had actually come before the court. The magistrates enjoyed the joke, the public laughed, the *Morning Herald* doubled its London circulation, and, as a reward, Mr. Wight was presented with a one-third interest in the paper. This secured, which gave him a large income for life, he never wrote another Morning in Bow Street. He had worked hard, while in dependence; he eschewed labor when independence rewarded his past efforts.

There is an anecdote, of which one of our journalists, now at the summit of his profession, is the hero. When he conducted a newspaper in the West, he introduced the novelty of reporting cases before the police magistrate. One of these, in which a brawny butcher, of Teutonic race, was brought up for administering personal correction to his wife, had some peculiar features which the reporter dressed up in an amusing manner. He was sitting at his desk, when the defendant, who, if not *re*-fined, had been fined by the justice, entered the room, in company with a huge bludgeon. With a Stentorian voice in broken English, he inquired by what right he and his wife had been put into the newspapers; and his manner was so threatening that the editor, a slight youngster, without even a cane to use in defence, saw how very hopeless his case was. Keeping his eye on the burly giant, and drawing himself up in his chair, with an air of great dignity, he asked: "Do you subscribe for my paper?" The enemy stared, and answered that he did not. "Then," said the editor, triumphantly, "I do not see what right you have to find fault with anything that I print in it. When you pay two dollars, which is a year's subscription, in advance, you will have a right to complain." This was not a very logical deduction, but it hit. The man, in a very abated tone and moderated manner, muttered, "I will go and talk with mine wife about this," and quitted the office, never to reappear in it. The editor's presence of mind had saved him from an assault.—*Proof Sheet.*

A SERMON.

Delivered in the New Jerusalem Temple on Sunday, January 30, 1870, by Prof. S. S. Rathvon, Leader of the Society.

[And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. —Rev. xxi-2.]

The distinguishing doctrines of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem, in the 21st Chapter of the Book of Revelations, are these:

I. That God is *one* in essence and in person, in whom there is a distinct and essential Trinity, called in the Word, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; which have a finite correspondence in the soul, the body, and the active energy of every human being; and that the Lord Jesus Christ is this God, and is therefore the only true object of worship. The sole divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, may be regarded as the great central doctrine of the Church, because without a right conception of *who* God is, as well as *what* he is, *He* cannot become essentially a true object of human affection, and without affection, there can be no interior worship, for "God is Love." If the fullness of the God-head did not dwell in Jesus Christ *bodily*, then, whilst he was on earth, he uttered the most extraordinary assumptions that ever emanated from any being, since time began. In the very earliest days of his mission on earth, when Satan—who was the complex representative of all the aggregated wickedness of the world—appeared before Jesus in the Wilderness, offering all the kingdoms of this world if He would only bow down and worship him, Jesus asserted his sole divinity by saying: "Get thee behind me Satan, for it is written, *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*" When one of his disciples wanted some further manifestation of the identity of Jesus with the Father, he received for reply, "Hast thou been so long time with me, Philip, and hast not known me? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. "*I and the Father are one.*" Could any other being than God, restore the dead to life; open the eyes of the blind; walk on the water; feed a multitude of five thousand on five loaves and two fishes; declare that he had power of *Himself* to lay down his own life and power to take it up again; and finally, proclaim, in the face of his persecutors, "BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS I AM?" Verily, "the testimony of Jesus is the *spirit* of prophecy."

II. In order to be saved, man must believe in the Lord—not merely a blind, supine faith, but an active *living* belief—and must earnestly and honestly strive to obey his commandments, looking to Him alone for strength and assistance, and acknowledging that all life and salvation are from Him. Faith in God, is such an essential element in the character of a true Christian, that He has found it necessary to declare in His Word: "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned, yea, *is* condemned already." If the inmost of men's minds were known, it would be found that very many are lashed under the condemnation of disbelief, because *believing* does not consist in a merely sentimental faith; for, our Lord has very explicitly declared, that "He that *doeth* my commandments, he it is, that believeth in *me*," and "He that heareth my commandments and *doeth* them, I will liken unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock." Although practical faith is a necessary element of sound doctrine and of the Church, yet it is possible that not all who nominally believe, and are in the church, may have that faith; because not all are *of* the church who are nominally *in* it. When we say *the Church*, we do not refer to any particular edifice, or sect, or association, but to any number of sincere worshippers, of any class in life, and wherever assembled, who worship God "in spirit and in truth." Who, in holy confidence, look to "Him from whom all blessings flow," alone, for strength; and who acknowledge that every thing of life and salvation are from Him, and that, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." Nevertheless, if a living faith in the Sole Divinity of Jesus Christ constitutes the *centre* of that church, it will embody more of that New Jerusalem which descends from God.

III. The Sacred Scriptures, or the Divine Word, is not only a Revelation of the Lord's will, and the history of his dealings with man, but also contains the infinite treasures of his wisdom, expressed in symbolical or correspondential language, and therefore in addition to the sense of the letter, there is in the word, an interior or spiritual sense, which can be interpreted only by the law of correspondence between things natural and things spiritual. It was in accordance with this law that David, in his representative character, wrote; "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter dark sayings of old;" that the Evangelist declared that Jesus "spake to them in parables, and without a parable spake he not unto them;" that John was "in the spirit" on the Lord's day, on the Isle of Patmos, and was commanded to "write the things that must be hereafter;" and finally, that St. Paul, declared that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." According to this law, all the visible and sensuous things of this world are but the correspondential out-births of the invisible and supersensuous things of the spiritual world,—just as the body is an external manifestation of the soul within it; for without a soul the body would instantly perish. The word of God, in order that it might adapt itself to all the conditions of mankind, from the earliest to the latest ages; in order that man might realize practically the declaration—"my words they are spirit and they are life," and that they might be a "lamp to his feet and a light unto his path,"—could not be anything *less* than all else that has emanated from Him, "who is, and who was, and who is to come, *the Almighty*." The sciences of correspondences is as old as human society, and although for ages partially lost, yet in hieroglyphics, signs and symbols, something of it has ever remained, and is now being developed again in the world, through the writings of Swedenberg.

IV. *Now* is the Second coming of the Lord foretold in the 24th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew; and the establishment of the new church signified by the New Jerusalem, in the 21st chapter of the Book of Revelation; and this second coming is not a visible appearance on earth, but a new disclosure of Divine Truth, and the promulgation of true Christian Doctrine, effected by means of the Lord's Servant, Emanuel Swedenborg, who was specially instructed in this Doctrine, and commissioned to publish it to the world. While Jesus was in the flesh, he said unto his disciples—"I have many things to tell you, but ye cannot hear them now." But as soon as they *could* hear them, He came, not in person, but in the power of the Spiritual Sense of his written word. And in order that Jehovah Jesus might manifest his will to the human family, he has, in this instance, pursued the same plan that he has in all his former dispensations of truth and light; namely: through the instrumentality of a man. He, as the omniscient searcher of hearts, knew exactly what men were the best instruments to promulgate his merciful and infinite purposes. It does not militate against the testimony of Swedenborg, to say that, as a general thing, the world has not received it. The Jews did not believe in the *first* Christian dispensation, because Jesus did not come according to their literal interpretation of Scripture, and for the same reason the masses of the Christian world, do not believe in the *second* dispensation. Hundreds and thousands, yea, tens of thousands, of earnest, thoughtful Christian men, however, in looking over the events of the last hundred years, have not been able to resist the conclusion that in some manner there has been a new influx, or outpouring, of God's truth, which amounts to an entire new dispensation of His will to the human family.

V. Man's life in the material body is but the preparation for eternal life, and when the body dies man immediately rises into the spiritual world, and, after preparation in an intermediate state, dwells forever in Heaven or Hell, according to the character he has acquired during his earthly life. According to St. Paul "there is a spiritual body, and there is a natural body." The natural is "sown in corruption and is raised in incorruption," and becomes invisible to natural eyes. If we needed any assurance that this raising of the spiritual body, in the human form, takes place immediately after death, and not at a very remote future period, we might have it in the case of the rich man who "lifted up his eyes in Hell and saw Lazarus" in the bosom of Abraham; or on the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias "talked face to face with the Lord;" or in the thief on the cross to whom the Lord said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." But the matter of paramount consideration in this connection is, as to the *character* we have acquired during our earthly life. Not what was, or is our *external reputation*, but our *internal character*, for reputation relates to what we *appear*, but character to what we *are*. And while the more flattering unction may be found in the maxim that "Whilst the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return," yet the more scriptural admonition is, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? So may they do good who are accustomed to do evil." What we accustom ourselves to *think, intend* and *do* from affection, be it good or evil, determines the status of our characters; and those are the only possessions we can possibly take over with us into the spiritual world. External evils and virtues will vanish as internal evils and virtues are developed in the intermediate state.

VI. The spiritual world, the eternal home of men after death, is not remote from this world, but is in direct connection with it, and we are, though unconsciously, always in immediate communion with angels and spirits. Heaven and Hell are not so much *places* of being, as they are *states* of being. Our Lord said, "*The Kingdom of God cometh not of observations. It is not lo, here, nor lo, there; behold the Kingdom of Heaven is within you!*" Men would not be happy in Heaven, if they could even enter therein, if they had not Heaven *within* them before they entered; neither, would they be miserable in Hell, if they had not Hell *in* them. It is the aggregation of these millions of individual Heavens and Hells, that makes up the sum of happiness or misery of the larger Heavens and Hells. This is the practical lesson of this doctrine. Let no man therefore imagine that he can escape Hell and enter Heaven through artifice, however refined it may be. As to his *spirit*, he is in the spiritual world, whilst as to his *body* he is in this world; but still in a state of equilibrium and is affected by good or evil spirits just as he *wills* it. He does not originate either good or evil; these are either from Heaven or from Hell. But the Lord has endowed him with a free-will principle, in which consists his manhood, and distinguishes him from a brute. By the exercise of this faculty he can turn to God and Heaven, and, through his guardian angels, can have communion with his Maker. But by the abuse of this faculty, he can also turn towards Hell and be influenced in his thoughts and conduct by devils there. But even the *power* to will and to do, either good or evil, is from the Lord. "If I ascend to Heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there."—Man is therefore a co-operative being in his character, and his salvation or spiritual destruction depends upon whether he co-operates with influences from *above*, or with those from *below*.

From these doctrines, very imperfectly stated, it will be apparent that an honest and affectionate reception of them, involves not only an acknowledgment of the *Bible* as the *word* of God, but also the claims of Swedenborg as its illuminated expounder, no matter to what external church organization an individual may belong. An *intelligent* reception of them, of course, requires a knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, of the Lord, of Faith, of Charity, of Works, of the Resurrection, Regeneration, Repentance, Baptism, the Lord's Supper, &c., but especially of the doctrine of *life*. Without the *latter* we can, at best, be only nominal Christians, and I think we might hazard the assertion, that nominal Christianity alone, never can effect the salvation of a soul.

In conclusion we may say that wherever two or three meet in the Lord's name, there he has promised to be in the midst of them. But to meet in His name, is to meet with the *desire* to be imbued with His *qualities*. A knowledge of these qualities can only be obtained in the Word of God, or expounded from it, by one competent to teach and interpret. We believe that the Lord's new Church is now descending from Heaven, "as a bride adorned for her husband." But, as seeds that are scattered over a diversity of soil, some becoming parched, some choked, some devoured by fowls, and some taking root in good ground, and bearing thirty, sixty, or an hundred-fold, so the spirit of truth which by a general influx is now descending from God, will find a congenial element in the hearts and minds of those only who have "ears to hear what the spirit sayeth unto the churches." In our states of humiliation we may feel discouraged, but in a more exalted and hopeful frame of mind, we entertain no apprehensions as to the final result. The Lord *will*, in his own way, and in his own good time, establish *His Church* among men on this earth. If he does not find "where to lay his head," in the hearts of the professed receivers of the doctrines of the new dispensation, there, as in times of old, when he was rejected by those to whom he specially came, *He will build up his church among the Gentiles.*

An Undertaker's Wedding.

There was a "melancholy interest" in a little affair that actually occurred not a thousand miles from Boston, a short time since. A well known clergyman received one morning an imperative summons to be in attendance to perform "the ceremony" at the residence of an equally well known undertaker in the evening. He went, accordingly, supposing, of course, that he was to accompany the man of grief to a house of mourning, but was agreeably disappointed on finding the house (over the shop) brilliantly lighted and filled with guests, who the undertaker proceeded to introduce as follows:

"This is my intended wife, sir, Miss Crape. I shall marry her to-night, if you'll officiate."

"Certainly," replied the clergyman, somewhat amused; "and these are your friends to witness the ceremony?" looking around at the crowded apartment.

"O, yes, you know many of them—allow me—this is Mr. Bones, Sexton of St. Charles Church."

Mr. Bones rose solemnly, and heaved a hundred dollar funeral sigh as he bowed to the minister.

"Mr. Mould, sexton of the brick chaple."

Mould, who had a low-cut white vest, a large glossy white shirt bosom and collar, a pale face and sunken eyes, which gave him the appearance of being "laid out," replied to the clergyman's greeting with the usual sad shake of the head he had practiced at funerals the past twenty years.

"This," said the host, as the individual approached on tip toe with downcast gaze, as if disturbing the silence of a grief stricken family sitting in the front parlor at a funeral, "this is Mr. Black, the undertaker; I believe you've met before." Black bowed and inclined his head sideways, as if he expected the minister to whisper some directions to him before proceeding with the service.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Stone, the sculptor." Stone griped the minister's hand as if it were a mallet; he was proprietor of Stone's Monumental Works. Then followed introductions to the superintendents of two cemeteries, a plate engraver, and others more or less connected with the grim business of the host, who, after finishing the introductions, announced himself ready for the marriage ceremony.

"You don't mind standing here and using this black walnut case for a table, do you?" said the bridegroom; "it was too heavy to move, besides it's full of shrouds and caps that we don't want to trouble."

The minister acquiesced, and the twain were duly united, after which cake, wine and conversation pervaded the company.

The clergyman congratulated the bridegroom on his bride. "Yes," replied the happy man, "she's been my housekeeper some time—nice woman—ain't afraid of dead folks."

"Ah, indeed," said the clergyman, getting a little chilly down along his backbone in spite of himself, and wishing to change the subject, he remarked—"Any news to-day, Mr. Tressells?"

"News, no—that is, yes! You remember Merker, that jumped overboard and drowned himself from the ferry boat last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, they found him this morning in ten feet of water, and paving stones in his pockets."

"Indeed!"

"Yes! We've got him up stairs, if you'd like to see him!"

Not knowing what might come next, the clergyman thought best to take his departure, which he did with a grave demeanor suited to the occasion.

The Late Chief Justice Taney--His Life and Character--Forthcoming Biography, &c.

The interest in the life and character of the late Chief Justice Taney, revived by the recent arrival of Rinehart's admirable model of the statue which he has been commissioned to execute by the Legislature of Maryland, will doubtless be much enhanced by the appearance of the forthcoming biography in course of preparation by Samuel Tyler, of Georgetown, D. C. Shortly before the death of Mr. Taney he placed in the hands of Mr. Tyler a collection of papers and documents relating to his private and official life, that gentleman having long been his confidential friend, and having signified a desire to write the volume which is soon to make its appearance. A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, who has freely conversed with the author upon the character of the work, indicates that the materials furnish a complete refutation of the divers slanders which unscrupulous politicians have cast upon the distinguished jurist while living, and continued since his death.

Among the people of Maryland perhaps no such refutation is necessary, but it is well for the cause of truth and history that the work of writing Judge Taney's biography has been undertaken. One of these slanders persistently quoted, though repeatedly condemned, credits Judge Taney with having asserted, in the Dred Scott decision, that "a black man had no rights in this country which a white man was bound to respect," the story originating in a wanton omission of the context, the expression really being the logical deduction of legal and historical inquiry, and in effect that "it was manifest that at the time of the adoption of the constitution negroes were regarded as persons who had no rights which white men were bound to respect." The charges made in Congress and throughout the country that he rendered his decision in the Dred Scott case in the way and at the time he did for the purpose of assisting Mr. Buchanan and the extreme pro-slavery wing of the Democratic party; and also the charge made during the campaign of 1860, that he sought to influence the action of parties by announcing his preference for Douglas, or in any manner on any other occasion, will be fully met. This last mentioned point was answered in a private letter by Judge Taney, the following extract from which will show his temper upon the subject generally:

"From the time I was put upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, I have endeavored to extricate myself entirely from party politics, and I have never permitted any man to approach me as a politician. I have never even voted since my appointment. I express my opinions, of course, upon political, as well as upon other questions in the private circle. But a judge of the Supreme Court ought never to be connected with the parties and politics of the country. If he should, he will certainly destroy his own usefulness on the bench, and the court itself will be finally brought into the political arena."

Judge Taney refrained from expressing any opinion on the origin of the war, fearing that the question might come before him for adjudication. He did not hesitate, however, to say in private conversation that Mr. Buchanan's timidity was to blame for the great disaster, and that a little firmness on the part of that official would have prevented it. Having in the early part of the war issued a writ of habeas corpus in favor of a man arrested for treason, he thereby laid himself open to the criticisms of the truly loyal, and though then upwards of eighty years of age, was often threatened with arrest upon a similar charge.

Although Judge Taney was a pro-slavery man, and the greater part of his patrimony was in slaves, he manumitted every one he had when a young man, having little other property, and with a family dependent upon him. So far from his being cruel and tyranical, as has been often represented, says Mr. Tyler, "there will be facts cited in this book to show that he was a man of extraordinary kind heart and gentle nature; so far from his being haughty and aristocratic he will be found very humble and very Democratic. As an instance of this I will relate what Father McElroy, his confessor, told me. The old man, though educated as a Presbyterian, was a pious and devout Catholic. When at his home in Frederick, Md., he used to go regularly to confession. Most of the Catholics of that town were poor people. One day the judge came to confession and had to wait quite a while, there being several who had come before him. When the judge entered the confessional the priest told him he had better for the future come in by the back way, so as to avoid the crowd and not be detained. To this the judge dissented, saying that whatever difference there might be in rank and station among men in the world, he couldn't come to confession as the Chief Justice of the United States, but as an humble Christian, and that as a Christian he had no more claim to priority at the confessional than the poorest man in the parish. There was not a man or woman about him who did not soon learn to love him for some act of kindness. Among the first men drafted for the war was his body servant. The family physician offered to secure his release on the ground of physical disability, but Judge Taney, though a very poor man, declined the proffer, and promptly purchased a substitute, for which he paid several hundred dollars out of his own pocket."

Judge Taney, after a long life in the service of the public, which included the position of Secretary of the Treasury, died a very poor man. So poor that his daughters are now earning a living as copyists in Washington. If poverty be a test of party, he certainly cannot be said to have been a corrupt man. Mr. Tyler relates that soon after the outbreak of the war the Judge was notified that certain Virginia State Bonds in which he had $18,000 invested were very likely to be repudiated in consequence of the inability of the State to pay the interest, and the fact that many of them were owned in the then hostile North. He was told, however, that in consequence of his distinguished character and extreme age the State authorities would redeem his bonds if he would present them for payment. But he declined, saying that he knew no reason why his bonds should be redeemed and all the rest repudiated.

The Children's Crusade.

One of the most startling effects of this monkish delusion was the crusade of the little children. A band of fifty thousand children from Germany and France set out in 1212 to redeem the holy sepulchre. A peasant child of Vendome first assumed the cross in France, and soon an increasing throng of boys and girls gathered around him as he passed from Paris to the South, and with a touching simplicity declared that they meant to go to Jerusalem to deliver the sepulchre of the Saviour. Their parents and relations in vain endeavored to dissuade them; they escaped from their homes; they wandered away without money or means of subsistence; and they believed that a miracle would dry up the Mediterranean Sea ane enable them to pass safely to the shores of Syria. At length a body of seven thousand of the French children reached Marseilles, and here they met with a strange and unlooked-for doom! At Marseilles were slave-traders who were accustomed to purchase or steal children in order to sell them to the Saracens. Two of these monsters, Ferrers and Porcus, engaged to take the young crusaders to the Holy Land without charge, and they set sail in seven ships for the East. Two of the vessels were sunk on the passage with all their bassengers; the others arrived safely, and the unhappy children were sold by their betrayers in the slave markets of Alexandria or Cario. Other large bodies of children came from Germany across the Alps. Many perished from hunger, heat, disease; a few were enabled to die on the sacred soil of Syria; and it is estimated that fifty thousand of the flower of European youth, were lost in this most remarkable of the crusades.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

A Review of the Article in the Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Ulrich Strickler furnishes us with the following review of the article on the "Pennsylvania Dutch," which appeared in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*:

An article on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" was published a few months ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which, while it contains many facts concerning the customs of this class of people, contains also many inaccuracies, and conveys false ideas on many subjects. Two criticisms on it have been published in different periodicals, but as they point out but one or two of its many inaccuracies, we now, after having waited so long in vain for some one better qualified from a literary point of view than ourselves to perform the task, deem it our duty as a "Pennsylvania Dutchman," to point out and correct the most glaring of its inaccuracies, and particularly those which convey false ideas to those who are not acquainted with these people. The writer, who is apparently a lady and a Yankee, says: "I have lived for twenty years in the county of Lancaster, where my neighbors on all sides are "Pennsylvania Dutch," and in consequence of which she claims to be well acquainted with their language and customs. That she is an observing woman, and a person of considerable intelligence, we are not disposed to question, but that she knows very little of the Pennsylvania Dutch language, is apparent from the examples given by her as specimens of this peculiar dialect, and which are all, with one or two exceptions, incorrect. It is also apparent from the article that she knows *nothing* of these people outside of the immediate neighborhood of her residence, which is, she informs us, in Upper Leacock township, this county.

Now no one acquainted in but a single locality, and there associating with the people to only a very limited extent, could give a correct and accurate account of the manners, customs, beliefs and language of the whole so-called Pennsylvania Dutch people, no matter how strong his desire might be to do so. A foreigner who had for some time resided in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, or San Francisco, might as well attempt to give a description of the entire United States and of the manners and customs of its people, by describing only that particular city of which he was a resident, its business and its people. From a description of Boston, or even of the whole of New England, its industrial pursuits and its inhabitants, very little knowledge of the South, of the Pacific slope, of the Rocky Mountain region, or of the almost boundless prairies of the West, or of the manners, customs and pursuits of the people inhabiting those sections could be obtained. Nor will a description, no matter how correct, of the Pennsylvania Dutch of one locality be an *accurate* description of all that class of people. Although they are not spread over the whole United States, yet Upper Leacock township comprises but a very small part of the country inhabited by them.

Not only is nearly the whole of South Eastern and Central Pennsylvania inhabited by them, but there are many counties in Ohio, Indiana and Northern Illinois settled almost exclusively by Pennsylvania Dutch, who speak that language yet to a very great extent. There are also a great many in other sections of the United States, especially in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, in Western Maryland, in Iowa, and in many other sections of the Union; also in the southern part of Canada West, (now the Province of Ontario.) It will thus be seen that these people are not so insignificant in numbers (nor in influence as will hereafter be shown) as might be inferred from the article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which they are called "a people which are almost unknown outside of the rural neighborhoods of their own State." We may safely estimate their number at not less than four or five millions. There are, however, many of them, particularly in the towns and villages, who speak English partly or altogether, but who are none the less of this class for speaking a different language, as they are the descendants of parents and grand parents who were "Dutch." In many of the "Dutch" sections this language will have disappeared in one generation hence, and in two generations the English will have superceded it everywhere. Yet the people of these sections will not be a different people for speaking a different language.—We may, therefore, call all the descendants of these people Pennsylvania Dutch.

All Americans bear some resemblance to each other; there is a *something* in their appearance by which they can at all times be known from Europeans, and yet in many respects they differ widely. It is so with the Pennsylvania Dutch, they differ widely in different sections, in their customs, their religion, and even in their language. The writer of this is a genuine Pennsylvania Dutchman; his ancestors having all been Dutch, and he having been raised in a Dutch neighborhood. He has also spent the greater part of his time living and traveling among these people, not only in different countries of South Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, but also in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia and Canada. In no two sections has he found them to speak the language exactly alike; but on the contrary in every section some terms and phrases are used that are not used in any other. In one section, more and different English and partly English words and phrases are used than in another, while in another the language is nearer the pure German, and in still another we notice a slight trace of other languages. We might give examples but think it unnecessary.—"Pit Schwefflebrenner's" letters in the *Father Abraham*, are very good specimens of *Berks* County "Dutch," but they would be considered poor specimens of *York* County "Dutch," and still poorer specimens of the Dutch as it is spoken in Central Pennsylvania, in the counties of Union, Centre, Huntingdon, &c. While the language differs somewhat in different localities, yet it does not differ enough to make it unintelligible to persons from the different sections. There is, however, occasionally, a word or a phrase used the meaning of which would be dark to any one not from that particular locality. We have met with such, the meaning of which we had to inquire. This is owing to the language not being a pure but a mixed one. While nearly every, if not quite every, county of England has some peculiarities of dialect, and nearly every section of the United States and wherever the English language is spoken, yet all educated persons speaking the English language, speak it nearly alike, as there is a certain standard by which they are governed. So with all other pure languages. The Pennsylvania Dutch being a mixed dialect, has no common standard by which persons speaking it can be governed. There are no newspapers or books published, but occasionally a poem or a humorous article in this dialect makes its appearance. The most extended of these are the letters before alluded to. Each person's productions in this language differ from the productions of all others, in style, in language, but more particularly in the orthography. As the Pennsylvania Dutch is a dialect of the German, with but a trace of the English and other languages, the German orthography should be followed, and the German sounds of the letters applied as much as possible. The letters of "Pit Schweffleebrenner" are very faulty in this respect. To make the words spell what the writer intends they shall, or be as they are spoken by the people, the English sounds must be applied quite as often as the German. The English and German sounds of the letters are so indiscriminately mixed among each other that no one not acquainted with this dialect could pronounce all the words correctly—that is as they are spoken. German or English, or German and English scholarship alone would not suffice to make anything out of such words as "weaya," "neayer," "froga," "warta," etc.; it would require a knowledge of "Pennsylvania Dutch." Even his *nom de plume* "Schweffiebrenner," which is to be a combination of the two German words "*schweffel*" (not schwef*fle*) *brimstone* and "brenner" *burner*, would not be pronounced by a purely German scholar as the intention is that it should be. Sometimes two different letters, which have no similar sounds, either in the English or the German, are used to represent the same sounds. For instance, *g* and *y*, whose sounds differ in both the English and in the German are used, sometimes one and sometimes the other, to represent a certain sound. We find "neayer" and "neager" (negro) in the same letter.

"The tongue which these people speak" says the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* "is not German. They and it are Dutch." This is a blunder. They are not the descendants of emigrants from Holland, the country of the *Dutch*, but their ancestors principally came from Germany, and but a small proportion from other countries. Nor is the language *Dutch*. Although it is not German, and is called "Dutch," it comes nearer the German than the Dutch or any other pure language.

The liberal policy of William Penn, in allowing religious freedom to all settlers, and the proscriptive policy of the Puritans, served to attract not only the Mennonites but also the Lutherans and Reformed from Germany, French Protestants, Swedes and others, to Pennsylvania. Here they were not subjected to persecutions on account of religious opinions as in the New England and in some other colonies, and in consequence all classes that could not find a congenial element in other places in the New World, came to Pennsylvania. These settlers from different nationalities, speaking different languages, in their intercourse with one another, gradually formed a new or mixed tongue, and as the Germans greatly predominated, their language entered most largely into the new language. In localities contiguous to English settlements, we find the language partaking more of the English than in localities more distant from them.

We have before stated that the words given by the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* as specimens of this language were given incorrectly. We will now point them out more particularly. Although, as before stated, the language differs somewhat in different localities, yet in the main there is a general similarity, and we have not heard at any time or place, the words spoken as given by her, or as we would pronounce them from her orthography. She gives "forry" for "fahre" the German being "fahren." Pronounced like the German, with the exception of the last sound in the word (n), which is omitted. Shortening words by omitting some sounds is a peculiarity of this tongue. Nearly all words ending similarly with en are abridged in the same manner by dropping the n. In many words of two or more syllables beginning with a consonant and containing a short vowel sound in the first syllable, the vowel sound is omitted and the first and second syllables are blended into one as "*gfange*" for "*gefangen*," and in some the first syllable is dropped entirely, as "kumme" for "*gekommen*." "Koochamulto" should be "guck a mohl do," and "baltybissel" should be "halt *a* bissel." For the German word "*ein*," which represents in that language both the English adjective *one*, and the article *a* we use *a*. When an article we give it the short sound as in *at*, when an adjective the long sound as in *fate*; in some sections the broad sound as in *all*. For the adjective pronoun *one* (German *einer, eine, eins*) we use *ener, ene* and *ens*, with the long sound of *a*; in some sections the broad sound. But the short sound of *i* is never used for *ein*, as would be inferred from "haltybissel." We might quote quite a number of other errors, but consider these sufficient to prove that her knowledge of this language is very limited.

A large portion of that part of the article relating to the religion of these people, is also erroneous. We would infer from it that all these people belong to the three sects of Mennonites, which is very far from being so. All the Dunkards or German Baptists, and nearly all the Lutherans and German Reformed in the United States are Pennsylvania Dutch; the same is also true of the Evangelical Association, United Brethren, and several minor sects of German Methodists. Among the Mennonites the men do *not* keep their hats on, nor the women their bonnets, in religious meetings, and candidates for preachers can *not* excuse themselves from the service, the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* to the contrary notwithstanding. It is the doctrine of this denomination that there *is* a Divine guidance in the selection of preachers, and that the lot will only fall upon God's elect.

Although she states in the beginning of her article that she has "learned to heartily esteem" the Dutch "for their native good sense, friendly feeling, and religious character," she has taken some pains in a subsequent part to ridicule them; thus pretending one thing and laboring to prove the opposite. Remarks like the following are,—to say the least that can be said about them,—disrespectful and slanderous, and do these plain, honest and unpretending people great injustice. They are plainly *intended* to ridicule them, and bring disrespect upon them. "Titles do not abound among these plain neighbors of ours. Peter's little son used to call him "Pete" as he heard the hired men do." "A person once asked an Amish man the difference between themselves and another Mennist sect. 'Vy, dey vears puttons, and we vears hook oont eyes;' and this is, in fact a prime difference."

"After meeting is over, the Amish people are all seen going to the store which gives the highest price for butter and eggs—for they have compared notes." There are other remarks of a similar nature in the article, but we consider these sufficient to show the animus of the writer. These falsehoods are so plainly apparent to every person, that we do not consider them worthy of refutation. She also tries to ridicule their *extreme* cleanliness. Cleanliness in every thing *is* a characteristic of these people. The "tin ware and brass ladles" in a Dutch kitchen *do* "shine," and no Yankee will have his stomach turned at a Dutch table, or by seeing the process of cooking and baking in a Dutch kitchen. It would be a fine thing for the Yankee men, who love cleanliness, and dislike eating dirt, if their wives would previous to beginning house-keeping, serve an apprenticeship at learning cleanliness and cooking and baking in a Dutch kitchen. No class of people can compare with the Dutch in *real* cleanliness, in their kitchens and about their cooking.

From the great prominence given to the Amish by the long description of them, we would infer that they are a numerous sect. But they are quite the contrary, being the least numerous of the Mennonite sects, and in fact of all the sects of the Dutch.

The eastern part of Lancaster county contains nine-tenths of all this sect in the United States. The remainder, who are all emigrants, or descendants of emigrants from that section, are divided among the following places: Buffalo Valley, in Union county; Juniata Valley, in Mifflin county; Penn's Valley, in Centre county, and Huntingdon county.

Although she says, "Our Dutch use a freedom of language that is not known to the English, and which to them savors of coarseness," no true Dutch woman would hint, in a newspaper article, at a subject alluded to by our "English" lady writer, in the following words: "In regard to this (soap-making) and that other chemical operation, making and keeping vinegar, there are certain ideas about the temporary incapacity of some persons—ideas only to be alluded to here."

On the subject of education she says, "Much education the Dutch farmer fears, as productive of laziness; and laziness is a mortal sin here." In regard to laziness being despised, she is right, but in regard to the Dutch fearing education she is wrong. Laziness is not esteemed, as being industrious is one of the characteristics of the Dutch. To prove that the Dutch are not opposed to education, we have only to point to the public schools of Lancaster county, which are not surpassed by those of any "English" county in the State, and which will compare favorably with those of any section of the Union.

The leading townships in Lancaster county in educational matters are Dutch. They pay more liberal salaries to the teachers than the English townships do, and in consequence of which they can command a better and abler corps of teachers. This is also true of York and other counties which are partly Dutch and partly English. The Superintendent of Common Schools of Lancaster county, who has held the office now for *eleven* years and under whose administration the schools and the school cause have made such decided progress, is a Dutchman and so are a great majority of the leading teachers of the county, and many of them are the sons of Dutch *farmers*. The statistics of the Department of Common Schools of Pennsylvania prove that the Dutch are not opposed to education, and to them we would refer the reader. It is true that the Dutch farmers are a little slow in forsaking old and established customs and beliefs, and adopting new and untried theories, but when they once see the wisdom of a measure, they are its firmest friends. This is true of education as well as of other subjects. Although not many give their sons a classical education as yet, a good common school education is now conferred very generally upon both males and females. There are other erroneous statements in the article, to which this is intended principally as a reply, but as they are of minor importance we will pass them by unnoticed.

THE WYNOCKIE CHILDREN.

The Mystery Solved by the Discovery of the Bodies of the Children—They Are Traced by the Crows.

The mystery of the disappearance of the three children of Joseph Wyble, of Wynockie, in Passaic county, N. J., which has occupied considerable public attention for some weeks, was solved yesterday morning. The information was brought to Patterson yesterday afternoon by Mr. Rusling, the engineer of the New Jersey Western Railroad, and the excitement caused in that city by the intelligence was intense, the offices of the local journals being fairly besieged and the street corners crowded by speculative gatherings.

It seems that a man named William Ramsey, with a companion, was walking through the wilderness yesterday morning, about two miles from the hut of the Wybles, when their attention was called to a large flock of crows ascending and descending at a point near the foot of a mountain. Proceeding to the spot they discovered, near a large shelving rock, the three lost children of Joseph Wyble.

Their bodies were considerably decomposed, but still recognizable. Their wan, pinched countenances gave unmistakable evidence that their death had been caused by starvation. The bodies of the two younger children were found under the shelter of the shelving rock, while that of the oldest was found about ten feet distant. The bodies were also slightly injured by the crows.

The bodies were carefully carried to the homes of their parents, and were during the day visited by hundreds of neighbors all of whom recognized in the corpses before them the three lost children whose disappearance has caused such an excitement.

It is now quite evident that all suspicions against the parents of murder were without foundation, while at the same time it is somewhat strange that, after the diligent searches made for the children, and the large rewards offered for their recovery, they should be found within a distance of two miles from their home.

In the Senate of Kansas, on Wednesday, the memorial asking Congress to submit the Female Suffrage Amendment to the State Legislature was tabled by the casting vote of the Lieutenant Governor.

In the Senate of New Jersey, yesterday, the bill appointing a Board of Police Commissioners for Newark was passed to a third reading. The joint resolution rejecting the Suffrage amendment, was made the order for Monday next.

Jere Black's Letter to Attorney General Hoar.

Mr. Hoar's Eulogy on the Late Secretary Stanton.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1870.

Hon. E. R. HOAR, Attorney General.

SIR: I was not present in court yesterday to hear your remarks on Mr. Stanton, but to-day I was shown a newspaper report of them, which I presume to be perfectly accurate. The following paragraph has struck me with surprise:

But it is not of the lawyer, eminent as he was in the science and practice of the law, that men chiefly think as they remember him. His service to mankind was on a higher and wider field. He was appointed Attorney General by Mr. Buchanan on the 20th of December, 1860, in one of the darkest hours of the country's history, when the Union seemed crumbling to pieces, without an arm raised for its support; when, without the public counsels was doubting, and within were fears; when feebleness and treachery were uniting to yield whatever defiant rebellion might demand and good men everywhere were ready to despair of the republic. For ten weeks of that winter of national agony and shame, with patriotism that never wavered and courage that never quailed, this true American, happily not alone, stood manfully at his post "between the living and the dead," gave what nerve he could to timid and trembling imbecility and met the secret plotters of their country's ruin with an undaunted front until before that resolute presence the demons of treason and civil discord appeared in their own shape, as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and fled baffled and howling away.

This statement was carefully and deliberately written down before you delivered it. You spoke for the American bar as its organ and official head, and you addressed the highest tribunal in the world, knowing that your words were to go upon its records and there remain forever. I take it for granted, under these circumstances, that no earthly temptation could make you deflect a hair's breadth from the facts as you understand and believed them. The inevitable conclusion is that you must have in your possession or within your reach some evidence which convinces you that what you said is the truth, and nothing but the truth. I am sure you will excuse me for asking you to say what that evidence is. The paper I have transcribed from your address sounds like the authoritative summary of a historian, as he closes the most interesting chapter of his book. You can hardly consider the curiosity impertinent that prompts an American citizen to inquire what your judgment is founded upon. Besides, I have some friends whose reputation is deeply involved in the affairs you pronounce upon with so much confidence. Moreover, I have a personal concern in your remarks, for I am one of Mr. Stanton's colleagues, and am as liable as any of them to be taken on your statement for one of the "secret plotters of their country's ruin." Be pleased, therefore, to give me the information I seek.

Do you find on the records of your office anything which shows that Mr. Stanton was in violent or dangerous conflict with "demons of treason and civil discord," or any other description of demons? Did Mr. Stanton himself ever lay claim to the heroic character you ascribe to him or declare that he had performed those prodigious feats of courage while he was in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet? Has any other person who was in a condition to know the facts ever given you that version of them which you repeated to the court? If yes, who are the witnesses? What particular danger was he exposed to which tested his valor, and made his "undaunted front" a thing so wonderful in the description of it? Whose feebleness and treachery was it that united to yield whatever defiant rebellion might demand?" and how did Mr. Stanton's courage dissolve the combination or defeat its purposes?

You say that for ten weeks "he stood manfully at his post, between the living and the dead." Now, when the first law officer of the United States addressed the Supreme Court on a special occasion, and after elaborate preparation, he is presumed to mean something by what he says. How is this to be understood? You certainly did not intend to assert merely that he stuck to his commission as long as he could and gave it up only when he could not help it. Standing manfully at a post of any kind, and especially when the stand is made "between the living and the dead," has, doubtless, a deep significance, if one could but manage to find out what it is. Who were the dead and who were the living? and how did it happen that Mr. Stanton got between them? What business had he between them, and why did he stay there for ten weeks? These questions you can easily answer, and the answer is needed; for, in the meantime, conjectural interpretations are very various and some of them injurious to the dead and living aforesaid, as well as to Mr. Stanton, who, according to your representation, stood between them.

I can comprehend the well worn simile of Ithuriel's spear, but I do not see what on earth was the use of it unless you thought it ornamental and original, for you make Mr. Stanton by his mere presence, and without a spear, do what Ithuriel himself could not do with the aid of that powerful instrument. The angel with the spear compelled a demon to lay aside his disguise, while a mortal man dealt with many demons, and not only made them all appear in their proper shape, but drove them "baffled and howling away" out of his "resolute presence." I do not object to this because the figures are mixed or because it is an extravagant outrage on good taste; the custom of the times allows men who make eulogies on their political friends to tear their rhetoric into rags; and if you like the tatters you are welcome to flaunt them. But I call your attention to it in the hope that you will talk like a man of this world, and give us in plain, or at least intelligible, prose, a particular account of the very important transactions to which you refer, together with the attendant circumstances. I suppose you have no thought of being taken literally; your description of Mr. Stanton conjuring demons is only a metaphorical way you have of saying that he frightened certain bad men. I beg you to tell me who they were and how he scared them.

I repeat that you are not charged, and, in my opinion, could not be justly charged, with the great sin of fabricating statements like these. You have, no doubt, seen or heard what you regard as sufficient proof of them. What I fear is, that you have been misled by the false accounts which partizan writers have invented, not to honor Mr. Stanton, but to slander others.

If you had known the truth concerning his conduct while he was Attorney General and told it simply, you might have done great honor to his memory. He was at that time a regular built, old fashioned, democratic Union saver. He believed in the constitution as the fundamental law of the land, as the bulwark of the public liberty, and as the only bond by which the States could be rightfully held together.—He regarded his official oath as a solemn covenant with God and his country, never to be violated under any circumstances; and he had a right wholesome contempt for that corrupt code of morality which teaches that oaths are not binding upon the rulers of a free country which they find it inconsistent with their interest to keep them. He uniformly behaved with "modest stillness and humility," except when his opinion was asked, and then he spoke with becoming defference to others. And from that part of his life at least, you might by telling it truly, have derived a "lofty lesson" indeed, but this quiet, unpretending, high principled, Democratic gentleman is converted by your maladroit oratory into a hectoring bully of the abolition school, rampaging through the White House and around the department, trying to frighten people with big looks.

I beseech you to re-examine your authorities. If you still think them sufficient to sustain you, I cannot doubt your willingness to communicate them for the scrutiny of others who are interested. If, on the contrary, you shall be satisfied that you have made a great mistake, then, justice to all parties, and especially to the subject of your well meant but unfortunate eulogy, requires some amends to be made. It will be for you to say whether you will or will not ask the court for leave to withdraw that part of your speech from the record.

J. S. BLACK.

Ice Business in Maine.

The Gardiner (Me.) *Reporter* says: "The prospect of a short ice crop in the section south has created great activity in preparations for gathering on the Kennebec, and a large number of persons are making arrangements to go into the business. Every available place on the river from that city to within three miles of Richmond is said to be engaged for store houses and an immense business is to be the result. The old companies—Cheeseman, Knickerbocker, Kennebeck Land and Lumber Company and Marshall & McCausland—will fill their houses, making an aggregate amount of about 100,000 tons. The Kennebeck Ice Company have erected two houses on the Coburn place in Pittston, and have laid the sills for two more, and will store about 20,000 tons. Mr. Charles Wait has contracted to deliver 20,000 tons to parties in Philadelphia. It is to be stacked in the open air until ready for shipment. He will cut it a few miles above Richmond. Five or six other companies, composed of parties in Gardiner, are making arrangements to enter the business, who will probably cut nearly 100,000 tons in all."

The President yesterday signed the bill authorizing the Passport Clerk at the State Department to administer oaths in applications for passports.

The Governor of Wyoming Territory was before the Indian Committee of the Senate yesterday, trying to procure the ratification of the Sioux treaty, so that the Sioux may be removed from the lands they now occupy, comprising about one-fourth of the Territory.