

# The Forest Republican.

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### Rates of Advertising.

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### Items of Interest.

A New York florist exhibits a green rose.  
Texas editors clamor for the re-establishment of the whipping-post—for delinquent subscribers.  
A recent poem has the following line: "A tear danced in her eye." That tear must have been at the eyeball.  
Strawberries fade with the gentle spring. The ice cream season passes; but after all stern winter brinks, The buckwheat cakes and lasses.  
Mort-gage is a Latin word, and means "death-grip." This is worth thinking of when one wants to get hold of a house.  
Never take the bull by the horns, young man, but take him by the tail, then you can get when you want to.—*Josh Billings.*  
When a man observes to his loquacious wife: "With all thy faults I love thee still," the probabilities are that that is just the time she won't keep still.  
Liquor started it, liquor kept it up, and liquor ends it," said Thorp, who was hung at Auburn, N. Y., recently. Here's a whole temperance sermon in eleven words.  
The model husband has been found in Albany. He don't permit his wife to do more than half the work. She puts up the canned fruit in summer, and he puts it down in winter.  
A little girl in Reading, Pa., who was hit with a snowball by a boy, promptly tripped the offending youth up and rubbed his face vigorously in the snow, and an admiring bystander, at the close, gave her a silver half dollar.  
It is when a dry goods clerk of ninety-seven pounds weight attempts to help from a wagon a farmer's wife of 203 pounds weight, that the reporter seats himself contentedly on the curbstone, and waits for the catastrophe.—*Rome Sentinel.*  
As my wife and I at the window one day stood watching a man with a monkey, A cart came by with "a brood of boys," Who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage," To which she replied, as the donkey she spied, "Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

The production of gold in the United States, anterior to 1858, footed up in round numbers \$530,000,000, of which period the greatest production for one year was \$15,000,000, in 1853. From 1858 to 1875 the aggregate production was \$807,700,000, making the total yield by the country, including 1875, \$1,337,700,000.  
New York State has reduced her debt in the past year \$12,000,000, having been sinking funds with which to pay off that amount when it fell due. Her debt has steadily fallen from \$52,000,000 in 1866 to \$10,000,000 now, and will be entirely swept off within a few years. In the same time the debt of Massachusetts has risen from \$19,000,000 to \$35,500,000.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*  
Wm. Donley, an amateur detective in search of two cattle thieves, found them at church at White Sulphur, Ky., whereupon, pistol in hand, he informed preacher and congregation that they were all under arrest. While everybody looked astonished, he picked out his men, marched them out of the building at the muzzle of his weapon, and, turning on the step, shouted to the minister that he could go on with the benediction.  
A burning chimney, when the soot has been lighted by a fire in the fireplace, can be extinguished by shutting all the doors in the room so as to prevent any current of air up the chimney, then, by throwing a few handfuls of common fine salt upon the fire in the grate or on the hearth, the fire in the chimney will be immediately extinguished. The philosophy of this is that in the process of burning the salt muriatic acid is evolved, which is a prompt extinguisher of fires.

THE CHILDREN.  
Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.  
What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood.  
That, to the world, are children:  
Through them it feels the glow  
Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.  
—*Longfellow.*

The communists of the animal world are the ants, bees and such creatures. They live in communities, in which all possessions are in common, and all work for the general good. The reason of this is supposed to be that the majority of the members are non-sexual, and consequently can have no stronger attraction for one individual than another. At the same time they have implanted in them an intense working instinct. It is obvious, then, that in the absence of a similar neuter order among mankind, any attempt to imitate ant society or communism in human associations is futile and unnatural.  
While the newspapers of the East are describing the deeds of men who wrestle with bears, who dance for twelve consecutive hours, and who perform other feats of skill and endurance, those of the West chronicle the exploits of a more practical nature. Here is one Wasedam of Louisburg, Ky., who has husked one hundred and five bushels of corn in seven hours; a Nevada hunter who has killed two hundred and seven mountain deer; and a Pacific railway engineer who hasn't missed a trip since the road was opened—with the cordwood choppers and the mud-catchers yet to be heard from.

### Gray Hairs.

It can not be! Hold up the light—  
Closer—the other way;  
Yes, child, your laughing eyes' guess was right,  
My hair is turning gray.  
Among those tresses, long my pride,  
A thread of silvery shren  
Has dared audaciously to hide  
Their rippling waves between.  
Ah me! when youth and childhood seem  
Scarce to have passed away,  
'Tis sad to startle from one's dream  
And find one's hair is gray.  
I know the fire burns in my heart  
Or flashes from my eye  
As fiercely as it used to start  
In days so long gone by.  
I know I feel, I love, I hate,  
As keenly as of yore;  
I had not deemed it was so late  
Chill age stood at the door.  
Life's hours seem more than ever full  
And joy crowns every day,  
Yet o'er their current comes a lull—  
My hair is turning gray.  
You offer comfort, darling—say  
The silver lies alone;  
Companionless it will not stay  
Ere many months have flown.  
Gray hairs! you think a circlet bright  
To crown a regal head;  
One used to praise their raven light  
In halcyon evenings fled.  
But ah! that voice is silent now,  
That form is laid away,  
The lips are closed that used to vow  
Long ere my hair was gray.  
Well, let it come—the silver sign—  
I live again in these;  
Thy tresses are as surely mine  
And still more fair to see,  
For morning's gold is glinting back,  
And morning's purple lie  
Along my darling's sunny track,  
Reflected in her eye.  
What matter, since her young life grows  
More brilliant every day?  
Her mother grieves not, tho' she knows  
Her hair is turning gray.  
Ah well! the clouds have often rifts  
Their masses dark to lift;  
As suddenly the topmost life  
A silver ray is seen.  
It may be God draws back the clouds  
That bar it from my view,  
And I can hail its path of light  
Which marks my upward way,  
And so give thanks because this night  
My hair is turning gray.

### ANDREWS' RAID.

#### A THRILLING NARRATIVE OF THE WAR.

In March of 1862 the Confederate army of the West was concentrated at Corinth, Miss., under Beauregard. This army received its supplies from the rich Georgia and Carolina fields, and its reinforcements from extensive drill camps in these States. These troops and supplies were forwarded over a single line of railroad—the Western and Atlantic—running from Atlanta, Ga., to Chattanooga, Tenn., which had been, not inaptly called "the backbone of the confederacy." The movements, present and prospective, of the federal armies rendered it very important that Beauregard should be cut off from the camps and granaries in his rear. But as this railroad that was his channel of communication ran through the very heart of the confederate country, and was guarded by numberless soldiers on all sides, it was felt to be impossible to isolate the wily commander.  
Just at this time a man named J. J. Andrews, a Kentuckian, and thoroughly devoted to the Union cause, sought an interview with Gen. Mitchell and offered with a detail of twenty men to penetrate the enemy's country in disguise, capture an engine and burn the bridges of the Western and Atlantic road. The project was considered impossible; but Andrews persisted that he could accomplish it, and at length he was empowered to make the attempt. It was agreed that if he succeeded he was to be paid \$50,000. He selected as his lieutenant, Wm. Campbell, a Kentuckian, and was furnished with a detail of twenty men from the Second, Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments. Only one man was taken from each company.  
On the 6th of April, at four o'clock, the men, in the disguise of citizens, left their camps to rendezvous at Shelbyville, the federal camp being at Murfreesboro. At about midnight the twenty-two determined men met in the woods beyond Shelbyville, and the daring plot was for the first time unfolded to the detailed soldiers. The council over, the raiders scattered into squads of two or three and started for Chattanooga, the northern terminus of the Western and Atlantic road. To reach this they were compelled to march through 133 miles of the enemy's country, with soldiers standing guard over every road. After exciting adventures, the whole party reached Chattanooga, and in company with hundreds of confederates who were hurrying to the front to join Beauregard, boarded the train. They had arranged to ride to Marietta, rest there during the night, and start back toward Chattanooga the next day and burn the bridges as they came. They reached Marietta, went to the hotel, registered and turned in for a night's rest. They were in the very heart of the enemy's country, with no possible success within two hundred miles, and were determined on the next day to burn the bridges and destroy the rails of a road that was the vital artery of the confederacy, and that was literally lined with soldiers.  
At four o'clock in the morning the men were awakened and hurried on the

train. Their general scheme involved the seizure of the train by some means or other. The train once captured, they were to be pushed ahead, burn the bridges, and destroy the track. The details of this plan were not arranged. Whether the train should be captured by a trick, or by a direct assault upon the forces commanding it, was not determined upon. The whole affair was intrusted to Andrews. His men were to watch him closely, and obey his slightest sign.  
The train pulled slowly out of Marietta, and after an hour or so reached Big Shanty, where it stopped for breakfast. Big Shanty was a drill camp, and about 10,000 soldiers were stationed there. The engineer, conductor, and passengers were in the hotel at breakfast. The "Yankees" had gone in with the rest, and were quietly eating their breakfast. Suddenly Andrews appeared at the door of the eating hall and said, in a leisurely way:  
"Well, boys, if you are done, let us go and get our seats." Immediately his twenty-one men arose and started out of the hall. Their hearts were bounding wildly within their breasts, and their faces must have paled with resolution, for they knew that the hour of their trial had come. And yet they walked coolly and tranquilly out of that room, conscious that they must move so leisurely as to avoid suspicion. When they reached the door they found Andrews awaiting them. As they came out he gave each man a hurried whispered word of instruction. Then taking three men with him, he walked slowly and apparently aimlessly in the direction of the unguarded engine. In the meantime one of his band had slipped in between the baggage and passenger cars and uncoupled them, leaving only three cars attached to the engine. The other members of the band stood by the open doors of the baggage cars, ready to leap into them at a moment's notice. Several thousand confederate soldiers were standing around in sight, many of them almost touching the cars. As soon as Andrews and his three companions reached the engine, they leaped briskly upon it, he having first given a subtle signal with his hand that whisked the other raiders into the baggage car as if by magic. Then the throttle of the engine was opened, her lever was pulled back to its utmost stretch; the great iron monster thrilled for a moment, trembled uneasily, then flattened to the track, and went flying away towards the west. Not until the engine was fairly out of sight did the crowd begin to understand what had been done. When the truth was realized the most frantic uproar arose; the mass of soldiers, citizens and train hands huddled upon the track in pitiable confusion; yells of rage swelled into the air, and the sharp crackle of comment broke the monotone. Suddenly two men, hatless and coatless, sped from out of this bewildered crowd, and with pale, determined faces, started in pursuit of the engine. These were the conductor and engineer, Messrs. Fuller and Murphy, who, on foot, amid the sudden and uncontrolled laughter of the crowd, started out to catch the men, who were flying away at the rate of sixty miles an hour with their train.  
The twenty-two men upon the engine had an almost impossible task before them. They had to burn the bridges upon their route—they had to cut the telegraph wire as they proceeded to prevent the alarm preceding them—they had to meet and pass two of the regular trains of the road—they were followed by maddened enemies—and even if they should reach Chattanooga, the terminus of the road, in safety, they would find themselves in a strongly fortified post of the enemy—a hundred miles from their own lines—and in momentary expectation of the sight of their pursuers.  
And yet they went ahead, bravely and carefully. When out about one mile from the station (where there was no telegraph operator) they stopped and cut down the wire and pulled up a rail or two. Remounting their engine, they hurried on. When they reached the first station above Big Shanty they told the tank tender that they were pulling through an extra powder train for Beauregard, and asked for a schedule. He gave them one, and they found that they would meet the down passenger train a few stations above. Having more than enough time to make the schedule, they pulled along leisurely, stopping occasionally to tear up the track. They had no tools with which to take up the rails, and had to batter them down with hammers. While engaged at this work they were astounded at hearing a short distance behind them the whistle of an engine in pursuit. With one convulsive effort they tore up the rails they were hammering at and remounted their engine. As they did so they saw the engine manned by their pursuers rush around the curve. It was stopped by the torn track, and in the mean time the raiders flew out of sight. They had to stop so frequently, however, to cut the wire that their pursuers kept in sight nearly all the way. The chase was a headlong one. Two men stood on the cow catcher of the pursuing engine, to leap off and remove obstructions from the track and to tear up rails from behind the engine and lay them down in front. At length, just as they were nearing the station where they were to meet the down train, the raiders succeeded in tearing up the track very badly and loading their baggage car with some fifty rails. They then drew in on the siding and waited for the down train to clear the track. They told the powder train story to the conductor of this train.  
As they pulled out they saw their pursuers reach the broken track and halt their engine. Two men (the conductor and engineer of the stolen train) jumped

off and ran toward the down train. They boarded it and hastily turned it back and pushed wrong end foremost, in pursuit of the flying raiders. Then there was an open track and a fair race. Through village after village the two trains flew like lightning. Having to stop occasionally to cut the telegraph wires, Andrews saw that it was necessary to force his pursuers to halt also. Consequently he knocked the rear end of the last baggage car out, and dropped cross-ties and rails upon the track in front of the pursuing train. At last when he was pushed very close, he uncoupled one of the cars and left it drifting upon the track. The Confederates halted an instant, coupled it to their train, and hurried on again, pushing it ahead of them. Another car was finally dropped, and at length the last car was kindled into a blaze and left upon a high bridge, in the hope that it might burn the bridge and thus check the pursuers. But it was impossible, with the whirling at such enormous speed, to get the blaze fully started, and it went out before it ended the bridge. The pursuing train coupled this car and swept on.  
Chattanooga was now only twenty miles distant, but the foremost engine was in a sad plight. Its brass journals were all melted down; its wood and water were exhausted, and progress was virtually ended. A hurried council of war was held, and a bold and brilliant plan was determined upon. It was decided to let one of the raiders pull the engine out of sight around a curve, while the others disembarked, tore up the track, and hid in the brush near the road. Then, when the train of the pursuers arrived, and the forces on it were engaged in repairing the track, the ambushed men would spring upon them, disperse them, and send their train sweeping back down the road to wreck everything behind it, and give the raiders time to escape. But just as this plan was determined upon, the pursuing train rushed in sight, and bore down rapidly on the doomed engine. Seeing that they would inevitably be run down in a very few moments, Andrews ordered his men to take to the woods and save themselves, and shaking the hands of his comrades, who were huddled upon the tender, leaped from the flying engine, and was soon lost in the woods. He was followed by his men, who jumped from one side or the other and took to the nearest shelter.  
We recur to Messrs. Murphy and Fuller, who set upon foot from Big Shanty in pursuit of the stolen engine. As absurd as that foot-race appeared, it was the means of baffling the scheme of the determined raiders. Murphy and Fuller ran on foot for about three miles as fast as they could hurry, having no definite plan except to go ahead. After they had gone three miles they came upon a hand-car, which was lying upon the side of the track. It was used to move the road workers about. Putting this car upon the track, and impressing a force of negroes they hurried on, pushing it up grade with poles, and letting it fly down grade of its own weight. They made pretty good time with this, and at last reached a station where a side road ran out to a coal mine. An engine ready fired was standing here. They impressed it, and put it through its best paces until they reached Kingston, where the engine of the Rome railroad (a branch of the Western and Atlantic railroad) was awaiting the up train. They seized this and continued their pursuit. With this engine they came in sight of the stolen train. They followed it until they came to the place where the track was so badly torn they could not replace it. They then started on foot again, and soon met the down passenger train which they at once turned backward, and pressed the runaways so close that they had to take to the woods. Thus it will be seen that three engines and a hand-car were used consecutively in this wild and headlong chase after the raiders.  
As an evidence of the tremendous speed made in this run, it is said that the down passenger train which was reversed went fifty-two miles in sixty-one minutes, pushing a train ahead of it for several miles, stopping frequently to remove obstructions.  
Of course the men who leaped from the stolen engine had very little chance of escape. They were surrounded on every side by enemies. Within a few hundred yards of where they left their engine two regiments of cavalry were encamped. It was muster day at Ringgold, two miles away, and hundreds of farmers, armed and mounted, were collected there. The road was lined with soldiers. The alarm had been sent to Chattanooga by telegraph, and trains loaded with troops and scouts were hurrying to the scene. The day was dark, cloudy, and rainy. The raiders were unacquainted with the country, and with stars and sun hidden, did not know the south from the north. They plunged into the woods, however, and struck out for the Tennessee river. In an hour the whole county was alive with scouts and hunters. There was not a by path or cross road that was not thoroughly explored. To add to the terrors of the situation, well-trained hounds were put upon the track of the fugitives, and trailed them down with unerring certainty. The hunt, though an exciting, was not a long one. In twenty-four hours from the time they left the engine every member of the band was captured. They were in a pitiable plight when taken. They were drenched to the skin—covered with dirt and filth—in the last stages of exhaustion, and almost starved. The story of their adventures in the Georgia forest that night is a wild and thrilling one. It was a night of horror.  
At first the prisoners denied any complicity with the train-wrecking. They

claimed to be citizens of Kentucky, disgusted with Lincoln, and trying to join the confederate army. Being confronted with citizens of Kentucky, however, they were not able to carry out this fiction, and they then told a straight story—claiming that they were soldiers of the United States army, detailed to special service, and entitled to be held as prisoners of war. The confederate authorities charged them with being spies, and ordered them to be tried by a court martial. They were given able counsel, Judge Baxter of Tennessee being in charge of their case. Before the trial opened, Andrews, the leader, who was never put upon the same footing with the others, was carried before a court martial and condemned to be hung as a spy. The witnesses against him were the men from whom he had stolen the train, though his own admissions were held to be sufficient to convict him. A scaffold was prepared for him at Chattanooga, but the near approach of the federal troops caused his removal to Atlanta. Just before his death he made a daring attempt to escape, and succeeded in making his way nearly through the lines. He was finally discovered, naked and nearly starved, in a tree, by some little children who were playing in the woods. They reported his presence, and he was speedily surrounded and captured. He was then hanged almost immediately. His scaffold was erected a short distance outside of Atlanta, about the center of what is now a cotton field. He died very bravely, protesting against the manner of his death, and claiming that he was executed in violation of law. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, and was engaged to be married to a beautiful young Kentucky girl within a few days of the date of his hanging. There were no unusual circumstances attending his execution. He died quickly, and apparently without much suffering.  
When the trial of the rest of the band had begun, it was discovered that the court martial had determined to make a difference between the men who had been promised a share of the \$50,000, to be given at the close of the expedition, and those who were simply detailed for service without knowing the precise nature of the expedition. The prisoners relied upon the fact that the whole twenty men were detached for this service from the same brigade, and that their raid was hence a military expedition, and not the work of spies. They defended their having adopted citizens' dress by citing instances where Morgan's raiders had been captured in squadrons in civilians' clothes, were treated by the federals as prisoners of war, and the decision was reserved for some days.  
One day the men were in their prison playing checkers upon the floor and singing quite merrily, when some one called attention to the fact that a large body of horsemen had halted in front of the jail door. It was noticed that an immense mass of people was collected in the streets near the prison. The door was thrown open and an officer standing in the doorway called for William Campbell of Kentucky, Geo. D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrack, Samuel Slavens, Samuel Robinson and John Scott of Ohio. The men arose as they were called, except Robinson, who was very ill with a fever, and had to be raised to his feet and supported while he stood. The officer commanded the men to follow him, and they left the room with him. The prisoners who were left were in a deplorable state of uncertainty. They did not know whether their comrades had been carried out for exchange or parole or death. No intimation of the decision of the court had been given. At length they returned, headed by George Wilson, who, with a face as pale as death, said: "Boys, we are to be hung immediately."  
The guards came in with the men, and tied them hand and foot. During this preparation, the condemned men took a last farewell of their comrades. Wilson, who had been for years an unbeliever, turned to Pittenger, a comrade who was quite religious, and said: "Oh, Pittenger, I know that you are right," and then, turning to his friends, he said: "Boys, when you come to die, try to be better prepared than I am now!" Shadrack, who had been the wit of the party, but a profane and reckless man, said: "If I were only prepared to meet my God, I would be satisfied." He was urged by Pittenger to calm himself, and think of Heaven, but he replied: "It is too late, now—but I'll try, I'll try!" Slavens, who was a man of immense stature, turned toward his friends, and said: "Oh, boys, tell my wife and children!" and then broke completely down, and could say no more. Young Scott, who was married only three days before he left for the army, never said a word from the time his sentence was announced. His lips were drawn tight across his mouth, and his hands clasped in front of him. He never spoke a word. Ross is said to have been the firmest of them all. He said: "Boys, if any of you escape, tell me I died for my country; that I died like a man, and do not regret it." Robinson, so ill that he could hardly speak, and could not stand, had to be carried from the room. Only about three minutes were consumed in the preparations. The men were then carried through the front door and placed in an open cart. The cart was surrounded by a heavy force of cavalry, and an immense throng of sight-seers accompanied it.  
The place selected for the hanging was within the city limits. An enormous scaffold was erected, it being a notably low one. The scaffold was furnished with a trap floor, which sank from beneath the feet of the men at the springing of a trigger. After the men

had ascended the plank, and the nooses had been adjusted, George Wilson asked to be allowed to make a statement. Permission was granted him, and, standing there, in the shadow of a violent death, with the fatal rope about his neck choking his voice down, he made a speech that went to the heart of every man that heard it. He spoke without a tremor, and with calm and distinct utterance. He said it was not the part of brave men to murmur at death when they were brought face to face with it, and that he had nothing to say against the decree of the court that had brought him to the scaffold. He died, however, in the name of his comrades and in the name of justice, the manner of the death to which they had been brought. It was not such a death as soldiers deserved.  
After Wilson had concluded, the trap was sprung. The men fell simultaneously, and the crowd averted their faces for an instant. When they looked at the scaffold again only five men were hanging. Slavens and Campbell, who were very large men, had broken the ropes and fallen upon the ground. They were writhing there in great agony, half strangled, and the noose still pressing about their necks. The crowd made a rush toward the prostrate men. The lieutenant in charge of the hanging drew his sword and, standing over the men, drove the crowd back. The rope was speedily loosed from the necks of the victims, and they were assisted into a sitting posture. They recovered their senses in a moment, and both begged for a drink of water. This was given them, and revived them very much. The ropes were then readjusted, and the two men were made to reascend the scaffold. Their comrades were corpses. The trap was set again, and the fatal trigger was touched once more.  
The men fell with a dull, heavy thud, Campbell's neck being apparently broken by the fall. Slavens, however, was doomed to still further torture. His immense weight, and size were such that his feet touched the ground. His convulsions were terrible. His feet would touch the ground and relieve the strangulation, and then his convulsions would renew it. At once a bystander seized a shovel, pushed the ground from under Slavens' feet, and the brave man's sufferings were soon at an end. The bodies were buried near the scaffold.  
Of the remaining prisoners none was hanged. By a most daring sally from their prison, eight of the men escaped. They seized the inside guard of the prison, gagged him, took his keys, opened the front door, overpowered the sentinels, and wrested their arms from them, and after a terrible hand-to-hand combat, fought their way through the yard, and succeeded in pushing through the federal lines, which were now quite near to them. These men were all of Ohio. Their comrades attempted to escape with them, but were all wounded or driven back before they could get beyond the yard. These men, all of Ohio, were kept in prison for several months, and exchanged in March. The United States government gave very handsome medals to the survivors of this terrible raid, and provided for the families of those who were killed. The first medal was given to Jacob Parrott, a mere boy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Uncontrollable Tempers.

The Emperor of Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the depities from Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," said Tourtello, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a victim to a prooxym of this passion. Mr. Hunter, as is familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger; which, from the defect of early education, he had not learned to control. Suffering during his later years under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper, and he has been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unpleasant altercation with his colleagues in the board room at St. George's hospital, London, he was by one of them pre-emptorily contradicted; he immediately ceased speaking, hurried into an adjoining apartment, and instantly fell dead. When the fit of anger is of long continuance or frequent recurrence, it often lays the foundation of some most serious and lasting afflictions; thus many cases of palsy, of epilepsy, of convulsion; and of madness may be traced to violent anger and ungovernable temper. Dr. Good cites the case of the unfortunate and insane Charles VI. of France, "who being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for many days together, and at length became furiously mad as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword and striking promiscuously every one who approached him. Finally his intellect became chronic, fixed upon his intellect, and accompanied him to his death."

THIRTY MILLIONS STOLEN.—The money stolen in the United States during the past four years—beginning at a period just prior to the panic of 1873—by reason of defalcations, embezzlements, and breaches of trust on the part of city and county officials, bank officers, executors of estates, etc., foots up at over \$30,000,000.