Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
COLL. VAN CLEVE.

ALBANY, - - - OREGON.

THE BROOKLYN DOMESTIC DRAMA FROM A PURITANICAL STANDPOINT.

[From the Boston Gazette.]

Whatever may be the verdict, either of the jury or of the court now convened in Brooklyn or of the larger jury that is made up of the people of the nation, as to the degree of guilt to be allotted to the accused and accusing parties now before that tribunal, there can be no doubt that there is already an impressive lesson from the trial. It is found in the development of the state of society in which these parties lived and moved. Its atmosphere was sickly and feverish, and the language and actions that grew out of it were in the closest correspondence. As regards Mr. Beecher himself, if he escapes conviction of the overt act of criminality it is only to remain under imputations still fatally damaging to his usefulness as a preacher and his character as a man. He falls by his own letters, even taking the most charitable view of them. There is enough of absolute and unmitigated "gush" in these to ruin his reputation as a guide or a teacher for the souls of his fellow-beings. His twaddle about "true inwardness," his nonsense (if nothing worse) as regrads "nest-hiding," his contortions of spirit over what he asks us to believe were imaginary errors, his agonized wish for death, and the desperate state of mind that finds peacefulness in its prospect, are not alone worthy of a great teacher of Christianity—they speak a soul deficient in the attribute of manliness. We may forgive and pity such a man, but outside of Brooklyn it would be preposterous to ask anybody to accept him as a spiritual adviser. Nor is this the worst. There is a quality of deception in his acts that are still more reprehensible. He tells that, on that last day of the dying year in which the development of his difficulty with Mr. Tilton was reached, he met Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton, and was appalled by the revelation of the foul conspiracy on their part against him; yet two days later we find him writing that Theodore Tilton would have been a better man than himself under the circumstances, followed shortly after by an effusive letter to Moulton, telling the latter that God had never raised up such a friend to man as he (Moulton) had been to the writer! Then succeeded that long series of efforts at deluding the public and concealing the facts—whatever they were—that have wearied the world in the recounting since the case was opened. Guilty or innocent, could there be a more demoralizing spectacle of deception? Even the "heathen' Moulton, with all the importance with which these secrets invested him as the sole confidant of the most distinguished preacher of America, became disgusted at last under its continuance. Looking at the subject with the eye of a shrewd man of the world, and knowing well the character of the Brooklyn congregation, he advises Beecher to tell the whole story, and tells him he can stand under it. But the cowardice of Beecher overcame his faith in himself, in his people, and in his God, and the deplorable drama of shifts and of expedients to conceal the truth went on till the stories about the scandal became so much a matter of general talk with the public that Dr. Leonard Bacon determined to bring the machinery amid which its parties were moving with a crash about the ears of them all, and in so doing render deception no longer possible.

Mr. Tilton's case is somewhat different. He is not a professed teacher of religion or of morals. If he has been also a public figure, it is on a much less ambitious scale of influence, and with a greatly more limited following. He has his own ideas in this connection, although his sphere has been that of an apostle rather than of an authority. But Mr. Tilton, too, is a Brooklynite. He has to a large degree the manners and the morals of the society in which he moves. He gushes, and, if he does not groan, he attitudinizes. He is a statue of Forgiveness in his one aspect, and he is the implacable figure of Nemesis in the other. We are aware that in his position toward his wife there is much that appeals to the kindly sympathy and toleration of the public. In condoning her alleged crime he is assuming a chivalrous attitude toward an otherwise defenseless woman. He is standing between her and a judgment of the world, which, in the present state of society, falls heaviest on those who have the least power to resist and recover from it. But connected with this attitude there is a mawkish sentimentality that neutralizes to a great degree its nobility. With true Brooklynite inversion of the ideas of morality, he refuses to accept her as a sinner. She is not a fallen woman in his estimation. She has still the whitest soul he ever knew. She is an adulteress, if we accept his statement; and no virtuous woman ever became an adulteress without her full share of culpability for the act. She has left her home and her family to take shelter with the friends of her paramour, and she appears in open court at his side to aid by her presence in the ruin of her husband. Yet Mr. Tilton varies his flippant repartees with Mr. Beecher's counsel by eulogies of her saintliness and her purity. Mr. Tilton is either sincere in this or he is not. In any case, he is still a Brooklynite. If he is telling the truth he is carrying out the ideas that have assumed the place of morality in this church circle, and if he is not he is simply acting a part, and is alike congenial in so doing with the peculiar state of society there existing.

The appearance of the church itself upon the scene is equally characteristic and suggestive. Its attempts at dramatic effects are detestable. A daily procession to the court-room; an assignment of parts and of places among the spectators; a scenic display of entrance and of exit; an attempt at floral adornment ghastly in its inappropriateness; a lawyer, fresh from the defense of the most conspicuous crimes of the century against public morals, himself a member of the Plymouth congregation, the confidant and counsel of Mr. Beecher in the defense; the introduction of women to listen day after day to the disgusting details of the testimony; and, to crown all, the almost incredible intrusion of Mrs. Tilton upon the scene to hear the recounting of her shame; surely there could not be anything in the remotest degree resembling this in any Christian community outside of Brooklyn. We need add no word of elaboration to this picture.

And all this is the fruit of Mr. Beecher's thirty years' preaching. These are the characters and this is the community that it has created. We do not affirm, of course, that there are not good men and good women in and of it. But may it not arouse reflection as to the effect of sensational sermonizing? That Mr. Beecher has said much that is good we do not deny. That there has been that in his preaching which has made many men better will not be questioned. But the great body of men and women have been drawn there to witness scenic effects, to be delighted by dramatic points, in which the charm of oratory and of acting was to entrance their senses. And now we have the outcome of it all. With the spectacle of Plymouth Church, and of that Brooklyn society in which it forms a part, before us, there is no resisting the belief that its results have been greatly more for evil than for good. It has culminated in the most monstrous and deplorable scandal that the nation has ever known, in which, however the guilt or the innocence may be distributed, no one of the actors can begin to compensate for a tithe of the evil that has been wrought to society. And it has given to Brooklyn an unenviable identity as a city whose manners, whose morals, whose methods of life are a scoffing to the thoughtless and a source of mortification and sorrow to the better class of men and women everywhere.

NATURE'S BAROMETERS.

Certain movements on the part of the animal creation, before a change of weather, appear to indicate a reasoning faculty. Such seems to be the case with the common garden spider, which, on the approach of rainy and windy weather, will be found to shorten and strengthen the supporting guys of his web, lengthening the same when the storm is over. There is a popular superstition in England that it is unlucky for an angler to meet a single magpie; but two of the birds are a good omen. The reason is that the birds foretell the coming of cold or stormy weather; and then, instead of their searching for food for their young in pairs, one will always remain on the nest. Seagulls predict storms by assembling on the land, as they know the rain will bring earthworms and larvæ to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due to the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly in fine weather, and skim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats which remain in the warm strata of the air. The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise to hunt for food Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions; swine will carry hay and straw to hiding places, oxen will lick themselves the wrong way of the hair, sheep will bleat and skip about, crows will gather in crowds, crickets will sing more loudly, flies come into the house, frogs croak and change color to a dingier hue, dogs eat grass, and rooks soar like hawks. It is probable that many of these actions are due to actual uneasiness, similar to that which all who are troubled with corns or rheumatism experience before a storm, and are caused both by the variation in barometric pressure and the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

PROFESSIONAL INCOMES.

Some one has been guessing at and gossiping about the moneyed reward of well-known professional men. Charles O'Conor, it is said, has a larger income from his practice than any lawyer in America; the Jumel case alone bringing him a million and a quarter in money. Sir Roundell Palmer, who was opposed to Evarts at Geneva, makes $150,000 a year, which is more than Evarts' average receipts for his New York practice. For defending Johnson, Evarts received $10,000, and it is not thought that he will be paid a greater sum for worrying Tilton. Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, of the London bar, who has gone to India to defend the Guicowar of Bardora in a prosecution for murder, gets $50,000 for this case alone. Beach, of Tilton's counsel, is thought to be working for a contingent fee. Jeremish Black is said to trouble himself more about his case than his fee, preferring to win and get nothing than to lose and be paid liberally. Great actors are as well remunerated as great lawyers. Booth has made his $12,000 a month. Jefferson has even passed this sum in the same time. It is thought that in a season of forty weeks Clara Morris will make $70,000, while Charlotte Cushman's lingering farewells are a kind of dramatic bonanza. Boucicault, between his royalty as playwright and his skill as play-actor, is pocketing $2,000 every week at Wallack's. Great physicians find millions in their healing art—Mott, Parker, and Clarke making as much as a hundred thousand dollars each in a year's practice.

PENNSYLVANIA still produces $40,000,000 worth of lumber annually.

THE HUMAN HAND.

If not so eloquent of feeling as eyes, nor so expressive of temper as mouths, hands have yet sufficient meaning of their own to repay close observation, and to be taken as some kind of evidence of the real nature of the man to whom they belong. We do not mean by this cheiromancy, or the pseudo-scientific art of reading fortunes as well as character by crossing lines and relative proportions, soft pads here and hardened muscles there, whether the little finger goes beyond or falls short of the last joint of the ring finger, and whether the middle finger overtops all the others by a line in excess of the ordinary measurement, by which the learned in such matters assume to see the past and future, hidden deeds and unproved circumstances. But we mean the hand in its physiological aspect as part of the whole body, and therefore as characteristic and expressive as the bull-neck of the gladiator or the loose lips of the orator. From the aimless, undirected movements of early infancy, to the trembling, automatic restlessness of age, the manner of movement in hands has its own language. You see how those luckless people who are destined never to succeed in life are incapable of holding anything with a firm grip. They take up things with the tips of their fingers, and when they lay these down again they let them drop as of their own weight, rather than replace them firmly with conscious intention. They hold nothing grasped in the hollow of their hand, with the fingers closed tightly around it; all is simply picked up and held loosely dangling from the points, as if the fingers were hooks, and those not stout ones, and the palm had no part to play. These graceful, useless hands make a nice study of line, but they show the most unmistakable imbecility of character; and to those who look for moral and mental harmony in a picture, as well as for the geometrical grace of line, they are painfully contradictory and confusing. The spread fingers of affected women curved in and about like those of the Venus de Medici—or when the little finger only is crooked and divergent—or when all three fingers fly off from the finger and thumb with which an object is held—these also are silly pretenses at grace at the expense of naturalness and usefulness, which by constant repetition in pictures help to the maintenance of false taste. The firm grasp and the quiet line are both more beautiful and more useful; but these need not degenerate ito the rude grips which seizes a bubble as if it were a cannon-ball, nor the stiff ramrods which ignore the use of joints and seem as incapable of separation as the fingers of an Egyptian statue.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A murder committed three years ago, at Adrianople, has lately been brought to light under singular circumstances. The victim was a Cretan trader, who came to seek his fortunes at Adrianople, bringing with him a capital of £800. Instead, however, of gaining a fortune with this amount, it cost him his life, for it tempted the keeper of a khan where he lodged, named Yovantcho, to plan his assassination. Yovantcho, who was of a confiding nature, imparted this scheme to two intimate friends and to his servant, who readily entered into the spirit of the affair. The Cretan trader was, therefore, invited to a supper, which was served in the Bulgarian school, where, having been hospitably plied with wine till he became drunk, he was garroted and strangled. His body was then pitched into a well, and thus closed the evening's entertainment. The murdered man had a son who, strange to say, observing the mysterious disappearance of his father, gave notice of the fact to the police; but as is not uncommon in murder cases even in this country, even "the most active and intelligent" officers of the force failed to discover the culprits. The matter was soon forgotten, and probably would have remained forever buried in oblivion but that Yovantcho's servant the other day killed a man in a tavern, and was arrested. For some time his master sent him daily a supply of luxuries not to be found in the prison bill of fare, but at last imprudently discontinued this delicate attention. The imprisoned servant grieved at his master's ingratitude, told to the vali the story of the murder in which he had borne an humble part. The well of the Bulgarian cemetery was immediately emptied and searched; the bones and some of the clothing of the missing Cretan trader were discovered. Yovantcho and his two friends were arrested; they are now on their trial, and some interesting revelations are expected touching the fate of other persons besides the trader who have at various times "mysteriously disappeared.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MEXICAN RAILROADS.

The works of peace now happily engage Mexico, and the first of these in national importance is railroads. There is now only about 300 miles of railway in the country, the principal line being from Vera Cruz to the capital. This is now to be prolonged northwestward to the Pacific, as the Central railroad and its construction is in the hands of a British-Mexican company. At Leon, 280 miles from Mexico, the International railroad will branch off to the northeast for Texas. Within three months after the completion of the Central to Leon, the construction of the latter is to begin at both ends, under the English company, of which Edward Lee Plumb is the head. The International has a subsidy of $15,000 a mile from the government, and must be completed within six years, but will receive heavy premiums for every year of earlier completion. From this side the distances are as follows: From Rockdale, the present terminus of the International to Texas, to Austin, 50 miles; from Austin, via San Antonio, to Laredo, on the Rio Grande, 235 miles; from the frontier to Leon, 600 miles; from Leon to Mexico, 280 miles; whole distance to be built, 1,165 miles. The distance of St. Louis from the Mexican capital will be a little less than 2,000 miles, and of Chicago 2,300 miles. Mexico has a population of 225,000, Queretaro, 47,000; Leon, the junction, 100,000, and the International will pass through nine States with a present population of 3,250,000.

A SLASH AT SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. George Wilkes has begun in his paper, the *Spirit of the Times*, a serial entitled "Shakespeare from an American Point of View, with the Baconian Theory Considered." The first installment occupies a page and a half, and the author announces that the work will run twelve or fifteen weeks. Mr. Wilkes proposes to find out from the sentiment of his plays and his revealed history what manner of man Shakespeare was. The opening chapters condemn Shakespeare's aristocratic tastes. Mr. Wilkes says on this point:

"Dickens, who wrote mainly for the lowly; Byron, who, though a noble, fought for liberty; Cervantes, Junius, Eugene Sue, Le Sage, De Foe, Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Oliver Goldsmith and Scheherezade—the never-to-be-forgotten Scheherezade, who talked to a Prince for a thousand and one nights in such sentiments as have made the literature of Arabia a hymn—never forgot the hopes and joys and distresses of the poor. Shakespeare alone of these elevated souls prefers to be the toady of the rich and noble, and seldom, if ever, permits the humble to escape him without a derisive jest or sneer. * * * Shakespeare commenced life as a deer-stealer and a drunkard; had a child born to him in less than six months after marriage, and lived in London during his theatrical career without his wife. He was so mean as to sue one man for a debt of £6, and another for £1 19s 10d, when he had an income of £1,000 a year to himself, and died finally at the age of fifty-two, from the effect of too much drink at dinner. * * * What we have now first upon our hands is the singular anomaly presented by the spectacle of a genius of the life-giving order, born in poverty and humbleness, never betraying one emotion for a loftier sphere, or exhibiting a single sympathy with the down-trodden classes, whose degradations and miseries must have constantly intruded upon his superior comprehension. But the fog vanishes before the light of facts. We have abundant evidence that Shakespeare was, in his personal way of life, a calculating, money-making, money-saving man, and the conclusion, from the circumstances of his business in London and Stratford, must be that he suppressed his natural sentiments to a convenience of association and a sense of interest. His first patron, when he was a theatrical manager, was the young Earl of Southampton, a nobleman of enormous wealth, who, together with the Earls of Essex and Rutland, were constant visitors at his theater.

"Let not the rapt worshipers of Avon's bard, whose sacred ecstacy is thus rudely broken in upon, suppose that I take especial pleasure in these material statistics. Nothing can reduce Shakespeare from the supreme elevation which he holds in the United States as the poet of our race; but we in America take no interest in him as a politician, and scarcely any as a moralist; and, surely it is wiser for us, who are not involved in any tangles of allegiance, to disenchant ourselves of the spells woven by loyalty and doctrine, and treat this mighty mortal as a man. Perhaps the most curious and interesting problem which can thus be brought to our comprehension is—what amount of muck may mix with, and be instrumental in, the production of a flaming gem."

A DONKEY ATTACKED BY RATS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "While the question of vivisection of animals is under consideration, it would, to say the least, be only good taste for animals to refrain as far as possible from vivisecting each other. Some rats in the county of Durham appear, according to the Manchester *Examiner*, to have treated an unfortunate donkey the other day with unnecessary cruelty. The donkey, which belonged to a man named Newton, living near Shotley Bridge, was kept in an outhouse infested by rats. Hearing an unusual noise in the night, Mr. Newton procured a lantern and entered the stable, when he was grieved and surprised to see a large number of rats clinging to the donkey, which was almost dead, the flesh on its back, from the neck to the tail, having been completely devoured. The donkey could hardly have fared worse in the hands of surgeons, and if, as is to be hoped, it recovers the injuries it has received, its owner will act wisely and mercifully by either destroying the rats or the donkey. It is evident that they cannot with comfort to the latter continue to occupy the same stable."

VERY HAPPY.

Fay, writing to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* from Washington, is reminded of a story about Gen. Sherman: "Last winter he was making a call upon a foreign lady, who had learned to say, in very plain English, 'Vary happy, vary.' Gen. Sherman had a fall just as he ascended the steps of her residence. As soon as the first greeting was over, Gen. Sherman told how he had hurt himself just outside of the door. The lady smiled sweetly, and graciously said: 'Vary happy, vary happy.' The bluff soldier stared and said, 'D—n it, is the woman a fool, or is she crazy?' 'Vary happy, vary happy,' was the still smiling response to his last remark. The General abruptly left, and the lady wondered why she had failed to interest him sufficiently to induce him to prolong his call."

THE SPIRIT OF DEVILTRY.

Remarks of Hon. S. S. Cox at the Celebration of the Birthday of Burns by the Burns Club of Washington, D. C.

Your President introduces me somewhat vaguely as one of the biographers of Satan. I had supposed my humble article was long since forgotten. It is said in Scripture that the devil and all his works shall perish. I wonder that all the works *on* the devil himself have not perished. But really, he is not so black after all. He has many winning ways. He is as much entitled to a biographer as a witch to a cat. I can see that my friend, the President, takes a family and national pride in him. When the article referred to was printed, it was for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and intended to glorify "Old Knick" in literature. How I omitted Burns' "Auld Hornie" or "Clooties" I can scarcely tell. I was quite young then, had not mixed much in society or politics; had not come to Congress, and, therefore, my knowlege of deviltry was limited. [Laughter.] The longer I live the more I see of it—and perhaps the more we live the more we tolerate the evil genius.

Indeed the Scotch devil, as organized by the genius of Burns, is a substitute to his better qualities. It seems at first blush to be suggested by Milton's apostrophe to the Prince who led the embattled seraphim against Heaven; but his is a better Satan than the warrior of Milton. He takes no delight in the squeeling sinner. Old "Clootie" has a nice send-off for his noted name. Burns makes him rage, to be sure, like a roaring lion "tirling the kirks." He reproduces the wildness of the "lonely glen" and ruined castle amidst the windy winter nights. He calls on the warlocks and hags of the kirk-yards, the water kelpies of the ford, and the spunkies of the moss as his associates, until he brings his Satan, *nunc pro tunc* into Paradise *incog.* to give the infant world a "shog," and then makes him play practical joks on Job, until he fairly boiled to pardon him by the benevolent universalism of the last verse—

"I'm wae to think upon yon den—
Ev'n for your sake,"

which, out of the *patois*, means—I don't want a hell, even to put the devil in.

But this remarkably good-natured devil of Burns has some peculiarities of character and conduct which remind one of the comic devils of the sacred drama of the middle ages. He is not the devil mentioned in ancient or modern times. He is more Robert Burns than Robert le Diable. He has as little of the Assyrian devil as of the Prometheus of Æschylus. But is he not comprehended in the universal genius of Goethe? Mephistopheles takes any shape. He is the standing Diabolos of the Greek, the adversary of Job, the serpent of Eden, the dragon of the Revelation, and always jolly. I am not sure but that the infinite variety of the articles which Washington and its lobbies furnish was anticipated by Goethe, if not by Burns. Where did not Mephistopheles lurk? Where do we not find that spirit of evil? Not the old theological animal, with horn and hoof, such as the excommunicated from kirk were possessed of, and such as old wives tell of; but the sly devil, which dances in the eyes of beauty, gambols in the polka and German and on the faro-table, puts on the claw-hammer of the courtier and the frock of the preacher, pores over the missals of the scholar and the "ayes and noes" of Congress. He is to be found in the imperial palace or poorest hovel. You may see this universal spirit in the bourses of speculation, and he conceals under the big ulster overcoat the forked lightnings of his unscrupulous intellect! The Burns devil is, however, something kinder and more human than this universal genius. In one poem Burns makes him an exciseman, and though not strictly defined, it may be said of him as some one said of Raphael's devil in the Sistine chapel, "if he is not the devil it is some d——d thing or other."

He would not have the devil here for a time, although he would not object to a "devil of a time." The truth is, we each carry our devil around with us as a part of our personality. Why should not Burns' idea of incarnate evil be as jolly as himself, who was an exciseman? And what pleasure could the exciseman take in the unnatural destruction or unjust distribution of Scotch whisky? I can well imagine how in the regions of northern Scotland, where an Englishman (Shakespeare) located a "blasted heath," you know, and peopled its air with beings of metaphysical entity, that a grand and terrific ideal of the spirit of evil should rise, like "Hecate," or the witches of "Macbeth," from the dreary mists of the Highlands. But Burns' devil, while he once rode on the blasts with "Tam O'Shanter," had a more social way—as a government official. [Laughter.] He was not a conservator of fruits and flowers like you, Mr. President. He was a simple government detective. He seized spirits, it is true, as Satan does, and he confiscated them to the best purposes. He would have been an invaluable aid under any administration. I think he may now and then be detected in our "secret service." [Great laughter.]

But, ladies and gentlemen, the genius of Burns was not limited to creations of evil. It would have been more grateful to me this evening to have discussed the genial and ethereal qualities of his song. How he sympathized with nature, its beauties, its attractions, its humility, and its heart! How sweetly flowed the current of his rhyme, as he gave new purple to the heather and new blush to the rose! How the hours winged their angel flight in the loved homes which he peopled with his genius! [Applause.]

With all the splendid galaxy of Scotch intellect, and wherever the Scotch mind goes—as far as a thistle can fly, and as frequently as it can produce—no such name as that of Robert Burns has gone so far or been heralded so prodigally and warmly. If Watts in inventions, Adam Smith in economy, Brougham in eloquence, Knox in theology, Hume in history, Sydney Smith in wit, Jeffrey in criticism, and Scott in fiction were all combined in one effulgent star, it would not equal the splendors of Burns! When Burns wrote the couplet,

"Rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's the *gowd* for a' that,"

he made his name foremost among those who have championed the natural nobilities of mankind. It expresses the "legal tender" of the Creator. From out of the natural "pockets," where the richest nuggets nestle, he drew the ingot, which no alloy of human error ever tarnished or can ever destroy. A man's the gold for all that may happen to him in the accidents, fortunes, decorations and vicissitudes of time. As such he will be tested in the furnace of affliction, and in the great assay, when the genuine shall be separated from the counterfeit.

I have referred to the intellect of Scotland, whose honors are recorded by Buckle. Where has not that intellect gone? Is it limited to any hemisphere or sphere? Is not Livingstone himself a Scotchman? [The President, Smith—"He is!"] Mr. Cox—I thought so. He went into the very heart of Africa. When Burns sings that a man's a man, I know just what he means. [Laughter.] He is surely a Scotchman. I know it, if not by his slogan, then by his brogan. [Laughter.] But if the Scotch Livingstone could find the interior of Africa, why may not Campbell? My distinguished friend from North Carolina (Mr. Waddell), who honors his State as well for his studies as for his political eminence [cheers]—who is now present and blushing while I speak—made an interesting brochure to prove that the Welsh and Irish were in North Carolina in the twelfth century. *A fortiori*, why should not the Campbells be found in Africa? [Laughter.]

In conclusion, therefore, I rise from the spirit of deviltry enshrined in the poetry of our bard to those other and more elevated creations which have added a luster to Caledonia and made a new history for the lyric muse. May your enjoyment of this anniversary be unalloyed by the presence of any other than that of the blithe and bonnie spirit which makes that muse as mirthful as it is immortal. [Applause.]

AN OUT-OF-DATE BATTERING RAM

New England, or that portion of it walled in at Williamstown, Mass., mourns over the death of a noted "character" of the village. His name was Abram Parsons, commonly known as "Abe Bunter," and his color was black. "Bunter" came from Abe's butting propensities and powers. He could and would have been utilized as a battering ram in the warfare of the old days. But he came into the world too late for this use, and was really never good for anything. He was born a slave in New York State, and when he was freed he grumbled because his new condition obliged him to provide for his large and accumulating family. He could do but one kind of head-work, and there was no demand for that, and he was too lazy to use his hands or legs. He settled all his personal difficulties by butting against the stomachs of his foes, and became so noted in this line of attack that he began butting for wagers. He moved into Massachusetts and made sport for the villagers like a negro Samson. Thus he picked up pennies. He would split a heavy plank any day for a quarter by projecting his hard woolly head against it; or knock an adversary out of time by the first lunge upon provocation. One day some merry villagers assembled in one of the stores asked Abe if he would not like to have a cheese. Of course he wanted one. They agreed to give him a big cheese if he would smash it with his head. Of course he would. The wags then put a grind-stone in a salt sack, and told him to go ahead. He went ahead and promptly shivered the grind-stone. They promised him cheese, and they gave him a stone. He was fully satisfied, however, when they finally resolved that he had fulfilled his part of the contract, and they kept their own. His performance melted their stony hearts, and they gave him to eat. One night a store was on fire, and the heavy door could not be broken open with any of the appliances at hand. Abe "Bunter" was passing and he opened it for the good of the cause and went his way. He thus butted his way through life; furnished for many years a peculiar feature of the amusements of a New England village, was the head of a large family of Parsons, and passed to that narrow gate where butting will not avail. It is likely he got in without difficulty, for during the latter years of his life this old battering ram had been coaxed into a mission chapel, and was not so hard-headed that the influences of religion could not soften him. His example may be a source of hope to others of this stiff-necked generation.

AFTER THE VERDICT.

The following account is given of the reception of the verdict of "Not guilty" by Muybridge in his trial for the murder of Harry Larkyns in California recently: "At the sound of the last momentous words a convulsive gasp escaped the prisoner's lips, and he sank forward from his chair. The mental and nervous tension that had sustained him for days of uncertain fate was removed in an instant, and he became as helpless as a new-born babe. Mr. Pendegast caught him in his arms and thus prevented his falling to the floor, but his body was limb as a wet cloth. His emotion became convulsive and frightful. His eyes were glassy, his jaws set and his face livid. The veins of his hands and forehead swelled out like whipcord. He moaned and wept convulsively, but uttered no word of pain or rejoicing. Such a display of overpowering emotion has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in a court of justice. The floodgates of feeling seemed suddenly to have been lifted and the long pent-up torrent of emotion to have burst upon the man, sweeping all before it. He rocked to and fro in his chair. His face was absolutely horrifying in its contortions as convulsion succeeded convulsion. The Judge discharged the jury and hastily left the court-room unable to bear the sight, and it became necessary to recall him subsequently to finish the proceedings. The clerk hid his face in his handkerchief, while the prosecuting attorney and some of the jurors hurried away to avoid the spectacle. Others gathered around to calm the prisoner, and all of them were moved to tears."

A FRENCH SUICIDE.

The last reported French suicide is sprightly. A young man went to a first-class restaurant and ordered a big dinner for two, himself and a lady. He said the lady would come directly, the dinner hour passed and no lady came. He ate the dinner for two with good relish, and drank several bottles of wine, and enjoyed himself as much as a man can when he is hungry and has a double meal spread before him. But no lady appeared. When he had made a clean sweep of the festive board, he asked the waiter for pen, ink and paper, as he wished to write a letter. Soon after the report of a pistol was heard, and the waiter, entering the cabinet, found the young man lying on a sofa bleeding from a hole between his eyes. The lady did not come, and he could not wait for her any longer. He died. He was a young man of good position in his father's establishment, but no position in a certain lady's heart, and so he made an end of his disappointment.

GEN. M. G. CORB, the attorney, who was shot some months ago by Hannah Smythe, for a supposed injury, has so far recovered as to be able to be on the streets of San Francisco again.

A GATHERING STORM.

The trial of John D. Lee, under arrest for alleged participation in the Mountain Meadow massacre of some twenty years ago, is appointed to take place at Beaver, Utah, in April next. An effort will be made by the Mormons to get possession of the jury; in which event conviction will be out of the question, though the proofs of Lee's guilt were piled mountain high. The lectures of Mrs. Stenhouse now being delivered in different parts of the Territory, dwelling with thrilling interest, it is said, upon many of the incidents of the massacre, clearly implicate some of the head men of the Mormon Church in the bloody transaction. The effect of these lectures is to strengthen the determination of the "Gentiles" to bring the murderers to justice, while they at the same time intensify Mormon hatred toward her, and cause a sharpening of Mormon wits to avert the danger which threatens the prisoner. Any testimony that will establish his guilt must necessarily implicate his associates, who were a numerous band; and so many of these as still survive are nervous in apprehension of the revelations that are expected to be made.

It has been asserted that Lee will make a clean breast of the matter, unless the strain upon his mind should drive him into insanity before the trial comes off, as he now exhibits strong symptoms of derangement. In his raving he has already made several damaging disclosures. The Salt Lake *Tribune* says that he tells of fellow-conspirators and assassins being hidden in a cave in Southern Utah, armed against the approach of officers, and defying arrest, who were the principal actors in the tragedy. He also declares that he is to be made the scapegoat of the church, and put forward to receive the punishment which should be shared by each and every one of his confederates. The strong point upon which the Mormons rely for Lee's acquittal will be to prove an alibi. Excitement over the subject of the trial is at fever heat, and daily increasing. An honest jury is the one thing most desirable, and which, it is anticipated, it will be difficult to procure.—*San Francisco Call.*

WHAT IS TILE USE?

Pay no attention to slanders or gossipmongers. Keep straight in your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remarks of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of fretting over a piece of gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless indeed you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all backbitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

A TOOTHLESS PEOPLE.

Terrible times in Warrenton, Va., are depicted by the *Sentinel*. It appears that a few weeks ago a dentist came to that town and advertised that he would remove all of a person's teeth for $2 and insert a new set for $10, besides giving six months' credit. The Warrenton people are very fond of bargains, so there was a rush for the dentist's at once. He was busy for two months pulling teeth, and at the end of that time half the people had empty gums, and a bone-dust factory in the neighborhood doubled its workmen so as to grind up the teeth. Meanwhile the people were waiting for the dentist to fit them with new sets, but the abandoned scoundrel eloped with the hotel-keeper's wife, and now there are 2,000 or 3,000 people in town who cannot eat anything tougher than soup and farina. All the butchers have failed, not a cracker has been sold for three weeks. One man, it is said, whittled out a set of wooden teeth for himself, but the first drink of whisky he took—Cincinnati whisky—set them in a blaze, and his funeral came off next day. The dentist will hear something to his advantage if he goes back to Warrenton.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., has a knack of working up statistics that makes his lecture on railroads as entertaining as it is instructive. He shows by the official tables that if a person traveled as a passenger on Massachusetts railroads eight hundred miles a day every day of his life, he would, by a doctrine of chances, be 70 years old before he would receive an injury in a railroad accident. French statistics showed that stage-coach traveling was at least fifty times as dangerous as traveling by rail. The danger of being murdered in Massachusetts was greater by far than that of being killed in a railroad accident. In 1873 the railroads carried 42,000,000 passengers without killing one; in the same year alone five persons were killed by tumbling down stairs, seven by falling out of windows. In fact, Mr. Adams' figures seem to prove that there is not a much safer place of refuge in the world than a Massachusetts railway.

THE tomb of Rachel, in Pere la Chaise, Paris, is a very small but beautiful Greek chapel.