

State Rights Democrat.

SUPPLEMENT.

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Melancholy and High Spirits.

Since the days of the melancholy Dane there has been a great preponderance of low-spirited men in the world. Hypochondria is a disease of civilization. It cannot be said to be a feature of savage life. It is true the Mayday runs a muck. But he is half civilized. Moreover, his craze is not so much from depression of spirits as from a desperate exaltation. It is not easy to understand all the phases of savage life. The more familiar phases indicate a joyous people. The savage of the tropics has few cares. Nothing seems to him more ridiculous than the thoughtfulness and earnestness of civilized people. In his estimation they are slaves to conventional usages. Why should they be forever at work? Why should they go through life carrying tremendous burdens all their days, when it is easy enough to recline under a cocoanut tree and let the fruit drop down as from an opening heaven? What is all this enigma of store clothes, laces, broadcloth and gloomy houses from which the sun is shut as if it were an enemy? Is there to be no freedom from care in the world? Just as these men have accumulated their millions, they die. They could have lived happily without their millions; lived lives of dreamy indolence without a thought for the morrow, and lived longer by many years than the average duration of civilized life. Then as to the food of civilized races. There are no dyspeptics among savages. The sun and the free air of heaven work wonders upon him. He can eat food which would kill a white man, and that without inconvenience. At the same time his roast pig in plantain leaves, cooked by means of hot stones in the bottom of a hole in the ground, may be a dish fit to feast the gods.

Melancholy is the disease of civilization. In its mildest form it is simply low spirits, depression, undue anxiety touching trivial matters. There is the harassing desire to supply the long list of artificial wants which civilization has created. And the worst phase of all is that civilization goes on creating these wants. It cheapens many commodities, but it inserts new desires and creates new articles which a long time ago the wealthy few can attain. The ideal standard of living for thousands is to attain as many luxuries as the rich possess. In nine cases out of ten the attainment of great wealth has been made at too great cost. It has involved loss of health, and the utter capacity to enjoy it. What is chiefly to be noted is the absence of high spirits among the mass of the people. Civilization ought to bring more joyousness of life. The trouble, perhaps, is that the very manner of living is too complex. There are too many secrets, too many burdens, and consequently too many anxieties. The insane asylums fill rapidly. Too many die at just that period when they have got ready to live. They break down just past the period of middle life, when the faculties are all ripened and the individual ought to be at his best.

This absence of high spirits is also fatal to wit. It is not likely that there will be an utter extinction of witty people. But at times become so scarce that the poorest apology for wit is accepted in default of something better. A writer quoted in the *Nineteenth Century* holds the following opinion: "There is no fun in the world. We have, and an abundance of grim humor, which evokes anything but mirth. Nothing would astonish us in the Midway Inn so much as a peal of laughter. A great writer (though it must be confessed scarcely an amusing one), who has recently reached his journey's end, used to describe his animal spirits depreciatingly, as being at the best but vegetable spirits. And that is now the way with us all. When Charles Dickens died, it was confidently stated in a great literary journal that his loss, so far from affecting 'the gaiety of nations,' would scarcely be felt at all; the power of rousing tears and laughter being (I suppose the writer thought) so very common. That prophecy has by no means been fulfilled. But what is far worse than there being no humorous writers amongst us, the faculty of appreciating even the old ones is dying out. There is no such thing as high spirits anywhere.

The melancholy of the educated English is the topic of a leading article in the same publication. There are hints of over-education. It is said that when an Indian comes in contact with our civilization he is a sadder man. This may be the result of a contact with the vices of civilization. The wits of the world have been men and women of high spirits. Dickens, Thackeray, and the circle of English wits who flourished a few years ago, were notably men of great buoyancy of spirit. They had found the secret zest of life. People will go night after night to a negro minstrel performance, not so much for the music, which is generally good, as for the jokes and repartees of the end men. They take the medicine of laughter as a heart-ease. The apostle of laughter is now wanted in the world—the witty man who can drive away the first symptoms of insanity, and who can keep a multitude of overburdened hearts

from breaking. No doubt he will be considered an irreverent fellow, and one to be lightly esteemed by stolid people. Just now one may count up all the English-speaking wits of the world on his fingers. The best of them have the world at their beck and call. A witty dramatization in the hands of a good actor will run at a single theater a hundred nights. It will be just as fresh for the next place, as so keep its place on the stage for years. The actor makes a fortune more certainly than he would as an owner of the best gold mine. The writer of a dozen witty stanzas becomes famous all over the world. The fever patient does not move certainly near quinine than does a joyless people need the medicine of the man of wit. Therefore, let him come and not stand on the order of his coming.

New Burial of Sir John Moore.
Not a drum was heard, not a bugle blown, nor a funeral note, as his body was laid out in a coffin of lead, as his corpse to the ramparts was hurried; not a single solitary soldier fired a shot, nor did the farwell shot of the grave where the remains of the late Mr. Moore were deposited. The farewell-shot business was omitted on account of the scarcity of ammunition. We buried him darkly at dead of night, and in the best way we could for him under the circumstances. We could not borrow, beg, or steal a pick or shovel in the entire neighborhood, and were obliged to turn the soil with our bayonets, which by the way, was the first thing that had been turned by bayonets since we had been drafted. We did all this by the struggling moonbeam's misty light, and the lantern dimly burning, with just about half enough oil in it, and a strip of an old flannel undershirt for a wick. Few and short were the prayers we said, the chaplain being home on a furlough, and no one within forty miles to take his place. We spoke not a word of sorrow, our time being somewhat limited, as the enemy was not far distant, and advancing with gigantic strides. We thought, we hollowed his narrow bed, and smoothed down his low pillow with a canteen, that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head, and we far away on the billow; but not too far, however, as the enemy outnumbered us about seven to one. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, and wonder where they got another flask filled with the same, and o'er his cold ashes upraid him, knowing of course, that he is in no condition to defend himself; but he'll little reckon if they let him sleep in a grave here. Briton has laid him, and no other man to get and take out a burial permit, or ask him to pay ground rent. We wish here to correct the impression that slowly and sadly we laid him down from the field of his fame fresh and gay. We did no such thing. His corpse was washed in good shape, and we defy any man to show that there was a drop of gore about him. It is true that we carried not a line and we raised not a stone, because there was no stone-mason handy to do the job at reasonable figures. About this time we heard the distant and random gun that the foe was sullenly firing, so we adjourned the funeral, left the deceased alone in his glory, and made ourselves scarce in that vicinity.

Zelus Preparations for Fight.
When a chief is about to fight with another, he calls his army doctor, who brings *inteli*, which he bruises, places in a pot, pours water on it, and then squeezes it with his hand, and mixes it with water. The long tail of a large snake, which is well known, called the *gnu*, is placed in the vessel, and is used to sprinkle with. The army forms a semi-circle, and no one speaks; there is perfect silence, for, indeed, when an army is being led out to war, no one speaks, ever a little; it is an evil day, for men are going to die, and they eat nothing. The doctor sprinkles the whole army, going round the whole circle. When an army has had this done to it, no one among them may associate with his family at home; if a man breaks this rule, he kills himself, making his eyes dark; that is, he has made himself stupid, he has lost his senses so that when he goes into battle he must surely be killed. On the day when troops are summoned, and assemble at the chief's headquarters, cattle are always slaughtered. The meat first eaten is black, being smeared with a powder made of dried flesh of various animals—leopard, lion, elephant, etc. The *Zelus* believe by these medicines to impart the fiercer and greater qualities of the different beasts. The whole force partakes of this wonderful meat before going into battle, that they may be brave and not fearful. When the doctor has finished sprinkling the army, the chief comes to the middle of it, and addresses the soldiers, praising the *Amatono*, or spirits of his ancestors. He ends with an admonition to fight as becomes a brave nation; he says: "Troops of our people who conquered so-and-so. I shall hear of your doings. The sun is in the sky; I have this day given the enemy into the hands of such-and-such a regiment, and I direct you to follow it. If you do not conquer, you will disgrace yourselves. My father was a brave; he was never known to be a coward. Let the assassin wound you in front, let there be no wound in the back. If I see you coming back conquered, I will kill you; you will find no place for you here at home. I too, am an enemy if you are cowards." Then there would begin leaping and rattling of spears against their shields, some shouting defiance, and then the chief dismisses the army.

The London *Truth* hears that the Prince of Wales has recently shown his usual kindness of heart in not prosecuting a member of his household in whose accounts a very serious deficiency was discovered. The person in question was simply told to leave, but was spared the exposure before a magistrate which his conduct deserved, and for which he had not even the plea of poverty to urge.

A private letter from Mr. John Russell Young, who is traveling with Gen. Grant's party, says that Gen. Grant has concluded to visit Australia before returning to this country, and that he probably will not reach America until the spring of 1880.

The Days of Jackson.

OLD HICKORY'S LAST NIGHT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

When Senator Allen arrived in Washington he found the city filled with strangers who came from all parts of the country to be present at the inauguration of President-elect Van Buren. Among them were a number of leading men from Ohio, and they occupied so much of their newly-elected Senator's time, that it was not until late on the night of the 3d of March that he had an opportunity of speaking informally and freely with his life-long friend, President Jackson. On that night, however, he went to the White House, a Senator of the nation, to see the man who, little more than twenty years before, in the Lynchburg tavern, and laughed over his boyish curiosity, and wondered at his ready tongue. Without ceremony, being well known to the attendants, he was shown into the President's bed-chamber, Chief Justice Taney and Senator Forsythe of Georgia, afterward Ministers to Spain and Secretary of State, were already in the room, and Jackson himself active, and to a certain extent restless, as usual, stood in the middle of the floor smoking a short-stemmed pipe. He congratulated Allen warmly upon his election to the Secretary of State, and calling to a young Irishman who acted as his body-servant and waiter, turned to his visitors and said:

"Gentlemen, I think the occasion will warrant me in breaking over one of my own rules. Let us drink a little Madeira." The wine was brought. Jackson took a small glassful—it was the first liquor he had been known to touch for seven months—and then, asking his friends to excuse him for a few moments, he finished writing a letter upon which he was engaged, seated at a table. Then he turned to the young Irishman, and lighting his pipe again, took a whiff or two, and stood watching the face of a great, tall, old-fashioned clock, which stood in the corner. It was five minutes before midnight, five minutes before the beginning of the day upon which Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, slowly the minute hand moved round the dial. The silence in the room became almost painful. It was broken by the clear, sharp bell of the clock striking the last hour of a which has gone. Then, in a low voice, Jackson, starting suddenly and looking towards his friends, said, with a quick, nervous laugh:

"Gentlemen, I am no longer President of the United States, but as good a citizen as any of you."

Subsequently he expressed to them a feeling of great relief at the prospect of escaping from the official cares which had begun to weigh most heavily upon him, saying to Allen, among other things of the same sort, "I am very glad to get away from all this excitement and bother." That day Van Buren was inaugurated President of the United States, and Jackson, at the end of his second term, left the White House—left it so poor that he was obliged to borrow from his friends \$500, which he repaid to the Hon. H. H. Hays, his old family mansion, which some time before had been burned to the ground. After the short executive session of the Senate which followed the inauguration of the newly-elected President, Senator Allen returned to his home. Of his view in the Senate, which is a matter of public record, nothing need be said here. Just before the expiration of his first term he went behind the Legislature, if he may be allowed the expression, and for the first time in his life, he was elected to a United States Senate, a popular representative, went directly to the people as a candidate for re-election. The result was that the Democrats had a handsome majority in the Legislature, and the Government should not seek for opposition. In the meantime, Harrison had been elected to the Presidency and had died. Tyler had gone into the White House, and with the help of Allen and two or three others, had broken up the Whig party.—From a Sketch of Wm. Allen, in the *New York Times*.

THE FRENCH TRADE DOLLAR.—I informed you recently of the intention of the French Government to authorize the Paris mint to coin a trade dollar for circulation in Cochinchina, whence it was expected soon to make its way into other countries of the extreme East. The original idea was that this new coinage should be left to private individuals, who would have first to obtain authorization from the Minister of the Colonies or the Governor of Cochinchina, but that the Government should not seek for itself. That intention has apparently been modified, for I now learn that the new coinage has commenced, but for the Government, which recently purchased silver for a sum of one million of francs, and sent it to the mint to be converted into the new trade dollars. This coin is of the exact weight and fineness of the American trade dollar, and therefore a small fraction heavier than the Mexican piastre. Although of the same fineness as the French 5-franc piece, it does not correspond to any French coin in value, the 5-franc piece weighing 25 grammes and the new trade dollar 27.2. The value in French legal tender silver coin would therefore be about 5.44c. The French Government is just now paying particular attention to the circulation in its colonies of the East. The English reaper had circled Reunion Island at the rate of 25c. or 2s., concurrently with French coin and other moneys, but an order of the Governor was recently issued prohibiting the reaper as a legal tender to the circulation of its wood about five inches thick, as was done in the middle ages. Sowing and reaping machines are unknown, and grain is not threshed. Oxen tread it out, and it is winnowed by women who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff.

Does Not.—This man who makes wheels is a wheelwright, but that doesn't prove that the man who makes anchors is an anchorite, by any means.

An Accused Man Vindicated.

About the middle of January last, an individual giving the name of William McKinney, came to the residence of Thomas Hahn, in Madison Township, a few miles out from Polk City, and entered into a contract to work for Hahn. Shortly after that time—three days, we believe—McKinney disappeared, and Hahn, who lived in a secluded place, would not or could not explain the disappearance of his workman. The suspicion of neighbors was aroused, and finally the excitement became so great as to lead to information being filed before Sheriff Lendrum, who investigated the matter. The Sheriff found Hahn at work in the timber some distance from his residence, and when questioned concerning McKinney he turned deathly pale, and was so confused as to be unable to make any intelligible reply for some time, when he stated to the Sheriff that he and McKinney had spent the evening previous to the disappearance playing euchre, and during the game McKinney laid down his hand and commenced to pack his clothes, announcing his determination to leave the house, but refused to say why he was going. This was at night, and Hahn, who was in the house, thought to watch which way he went, but heard no footfalls after getting a short distance from the house. McKinney had bargained to work for a year with Hahn, and gave no reason for breaking his contract.

After securing this information from Hahn in the timber, the Sheriff thought to visit Hahn's house, and interview the wife before Hahn could see her, and thus find out if her stories in relation to the matter were correct. On getting in sight of the house, Lendrum saw Hahn driving at a furious rate from another direction, but the Sheriff reached the house in time to elicit enough from Mrs. Hahn to show a serious difference in the stories told by husband and wife. She said that it was about five o'clock that McKinney had left the house, and after answering a few other questions, the husband came in, and she referred all interrogatories to him, refusing to answer any herself. After that both parties seemed very reluctant to talk about the matter, either to officers or neighbors. Subsequently correspondence with parties in Missouri elicited the information that McKinney's parents lived there, but that he had been absent from home for three years, and no knowledge of his whereabouts had been obtained till he went to Madison township. Some time afterward Hahn came into the Sheriff's office and had inserted an advertisement offering a reward of \$25 for any information in regard to McKinney, but this was regarded at the time as a blind measure having been taken for his prosecution.

On the 20th of March Hahn was brought on trial before Squire Helpron, at Polk City, and Mr. C. Bowen, of this city, his attorney, secured a change of venue to another Justice. Several witnesses were examined, and some very damaging circumstantial evidence against the defendant was adduced. It was proved that McKinney had worked for Hahn for some time, and that he disappeared on the evening of January 20th, that on that same day, Sunday, Hahn had sworn to have his hearer laid before he slept that night. It also appeared that Hahn had tried to persuade some of his friends that McKinney had been a fugitive from justice, and had left suddenly because he had learned that the officers knew of his whereabouts. The Justice, however, discharged Hahn on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. About the same time an effort failed to have him indicted on the same grounds.

McKinney Hahn has been working energetically to discover some trace of the missing man, and a few days ago who should come to the house of Hahn but William McKinney himself, and Tuesday last Mr. Hahn marched him triumphantly into Polk City, exhibiting his long hair and great beard, and the general impression among Madison township people had been that Hahn had killed the man and secreted the body.

Lovers of Catherine of Russia.

Of the numerous lovers or favorites of Catherine II., the most celebrated and distinguished was Prince Potemkin. He is said to have been the only man who had ever dared to make love to her before she was married. He was a man of great energy, and that he was truly and romantically captivated by her. But this is very difficult to believe; for she was 45 when he first rose to favor. She had grown very stout, the greatest of youth had long taken flight; her life had been one of personal profligacy, unparalleled, except perhaps that of the Empress Elizabeth. She was thoroughly cold-hearted, cruel, and ambitious, and her vanity was indelicate, and the greatest flattery acceptable to her. She may, therefore, have believed that Potemkin, who was 17 years her junior, was enamored of her beauty, and that she was so far from being so wisely showered on the man who obtained her favor. Potemkin was poor, and of an humble family of Smolensk. But he was six feet tall, extremely handsome, ambitious of wealth and fame, and audacious, unscrupulous, and unprincipled as the Imperial mistress herself. He was accustomed to present the Empress with a plate of cherries every New Year's day, obtained at an enormous cost. He sent couriers into all the countries for nosegays, or 100 miles for a melon, or to Crimea for a melon. The Prince de Ligne said "there is something barbarously romantic in his character. His victories increased the celebrity of the Empress. 'Admirable fut pour elle,' says Segur, 'a la haine pour son Ministre.' His death was as extraordinary as his life. He had spent a whole year in the most depressing desolation, from which his health suffered. Hoping to regain it by retiring to Nicoloff, he set out with his niece, the Countess Brunnica, for an estate he had there. On the journey he became weary, and desired to be lifted from his carriage and placed under a tree on the roadside. Scarcely had his servants laid him there than, heaving a deep sigh, without uttering a word, he expired. As was in his forty-seventh year; his death took place on the 15th of October, 1791. Another of Catherine's most notorious and influential favorites, George Orloff, became insane from the effects, it is reported, of powerful drugs administered by Potemkin, who was jealous of his continued credit with the Empress.—*Temple Bar*.

The Mudmill is a campaign paper published in Nevada city.

A Bankrupt Country.

The bad condition of Spain's finances is again shown by the report of the Finance Minister as to the budget. He estimates the revenue at about \$155,000,000, and the expenditures at \$168,000,000. These annual deficits are the rule in Spain, and her financiers never seem able to better the condition of the treasury, notwithstanding the large amounts of money wrenched from the Cubans, who had to pay the expenses of the late rebellion, furnish pocket money to the Captains-General and help support the home government.

The public debt of Spain is now over \$2,555,000,000, made up of a consolidated debt of \$1,610,000,000; bonds to the amount of \$155,000,000, issued in consideration of the surrender of church lands; railway bonds to the amount of \$110,000,000; \$55,000,000 of miscellaneous debts; a floating debt of \$125,000,000, and an "interior debt" of \$300,000,000. A large portion of these bonds have been issued at the rate of twenty per cent., but for years the bondholders have not received a dollar of interest, as the army and the government absorb every cent of the public revenue. Ferdinand VII., in 1823 repudiated Spain's first foreign loan, but Queen Isabella, in 1834, was honest enough to agree to pay the creditors interest, which was done until 1837, when the Carlist war began and upset every fiscal arrangement. In 1840 the bondholders agreed to give up a large amount of their claims so as to get the interest on the balance, but that arrangement was broken in 1851, when half the unpaid interest was repudiated and the balance was reduced. For this perfidy Spain was shut out of the money market in Europe. She, however, succeeded in borrowing more money, and then borrowed more to pay the interest on that. In 1872 the bondholders agreed to take their overdue coupons, two-thirds cash and the balance in new bonds. Spain made one payment under the arrangement, and has since paid nothing.

The report of the Finance Minister, made last Friday, does not encourage the conviction that the government will ever pay her debt of \$2,555,000,000. It is said that no accounts are ever laid before the nation; that no opportunity is ever given for an inquiry into the working of the treasury department, and that the government lives altogether by underhand transactions paying a tremendous rate of interest, which is sure to bring the nation into hopeless bankruptcy. The natural resources of Spain are great. Her mines are exceedingly rich, and her manufactures and agricultural products in demand, but the government does not know how to regulate the finances, and is woefully deficient in enterprise. The army is the great drain on the exchequer, and it has to be kept up or the Bourbons would lose their grip on Spain.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Ancient Shoes.

Some well preserved specimens of the foot, worn in ancient times by the Egyptians, are to be found in the British Museum. They are made of palm leaves overlapping each other from the sole, these being bound securely together by a double band of twisted flax round the edge. As a pad to the feet these sandals must have been exceedingly pleasant in a hot climate. The Egyptian sandals vary slightly in form; those worn by the upper classes and by women were usually pointed and turned up at the end, like our skates. Jewish ladies appear to have paid great attention to the beauty of their sandals, which probably did not differ much from those used in Egypt, excepting, perhaps, that from the greater roughness of their country they were usually of more substantial make and materials. In Solomon's song the bride is thus addressed: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" And Holfernes, the Assyrian general, was charmed with the sandals worn by Judith of the Apocrypha. The transition of the sandal to the shoe or boot is enveloped in obscurity, and the fashion of shoes and boots has undergone an innumerable changes. The word boot came from the Welsh *bates*, which means shoes. The poorer Anglo-Saxons had neither stockings nor boots, but wore cloths bound round their legs and feet. The soles of the earliest shoes were made of wood. It was illegal 400 years ago for any one in England to have soles more than two inches thick, and the clergy said that such high soles broke the scripture edict: "Thou shalt not add a cubit to thy stature." A method of increasing ladies' height by shoes was adopted in the time of Cyrus, for Xenophon mentions the wife of Ischomachus as wearing high shoes for that purpose. In Elizabeth's time very high shoes were worn, called the *chopines*. She was a woman of low stature. Her vanity was mentioned in the *chopines* when she saluted one of the lady actors: "What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine!" Hamlet described the Venetian ladies as consisting of three parts, one part wood, (meaning their *chopines*), one of apparel, and the third part being a woman. The *chopines* were termed "wooden scaffolds." In the reign of Henry VIII. shoes grew very broad, to suit his girth feet, but his daughter Mary got Parliament to limit their breadth over the toes to six inches. Long forked shoes were worn in the time of James I. A writer of that period says: "A fashion we have lately taken up is to wear our forked shoes as long as again to our feet."—*Correspondent*.

The Governor-General of the Dominion has a footman whose dignity is quite too awful. When the Marquis and the Princess were inspecting the Kingston penitentiary this sublime dunkey asked a prisoner: "Aw, my man, what av you doing in the faw?" The prisoner, remembering a venerable story, said that he had been arrested for stealing a saw-mill. "Aw, weally, for that?" said the surprised servant. "Yes," the prisoner said, "but they did not mind that much. It was because I went back after the saw-log."

The Earl of Ashburnham is to be married to a young American lady, whose name is not yet publicly announced. He is now in his thirty-ninth year, and succeeded to the family honors on the death of his father, some months ago.

Infant Mortality in New York.

Statistics are not always dry and unimpressive, even to the casual reader. The figures which show the rate of mortality among the little children in great cities have had a sad eloquence which can hardly fail to attract the attention and touch the feelings of the most indifferent. When the State census was taken in 1875, this city had a population of 1,041,886. The same year the number of deaths was 39,704, giving us a rate of 29.74 to the thousand inhabitants. It is inordinately high for the whole population. The situation of the city is unsurpassed for purposes of drainage and cleanliness, and it has at command an ample supply of pure water. It ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world, and yet the death-rate for London for the five years ending with 1878 was but 22.8 to the thousand. The Registrar-General, after showing the great improvement that had taken place in consequence of a better administration of the interests appertaining to public health, maintained that the rate ought to be reduced to 20, and might even be brought down to 17. It depends on agencies entirely within the control of man to make a large city, favorably situated, as healthy as a small one.

Of our total population of 1,041,886 in 1875, 128,109, or a little over 12 per cent., were children under 5 years of age. Of the 39,704 deaths in the year, 14,834, or more than 48-1-3 per cent., were of children under 5. While the rate of mortality for the entire population was 29.47 in a thousand, for these little ones it was 115.84 in a thousand, or about one in fifty before they were a twelvemonth old. The ghastly blight upon the precious crop of humanity is not evenly distributed over the city or through the year. While the number of deaths per day varied in January from 73 to 110, of which from 27 to 50 were of children under 5, in July the daily number varied from 73 to 155, of which 87 to 105 were of these little ones. The average in the heated season is nearly double what it is in the cold months. It is unnecessary to say that the ratio in the crowded and filthy tenement houses is many times greater than in the more wholesome districts of the city, though accurate comparison cannot be made.—*N. Y. Times*.

Neglect of the Eye.

Whatever an ounce of prevention may be to other members of the body, it certainly is worth many pounds of cure to the eye. Like a chronometer watch, the delicate organ will stand any amount of use, not to say abuse, but when once thrown off its balance, it very rarely can be brought back to its original perfection of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever liable to a return of its diseased condition. One would have supposed from this fact, and from the fact that modern civilization has imposed upon the eye an ever-increasing amount of strain, both as to the actual quantity of work done and the daily increase in the number of spectacles, that the greatest pains would have been exercised in maintaining the organ in a condition of health, and the greatest care and solitude used in its treatment when diseased. And yet it is safe to say that there is no organ in the body the welfare of which is so persistently neglected as the eye.

I have known fond and doting mothers take their children of four and five years of age to have their first teeth filled with gold, and their eyes examined, so that the law might not suffer in its due development, and become in later years contracted, while the eye, the most intellectual, the most apprehensive, and the most discriminating of all organs, receives not even a passing thought, much less an examination. It never seems to occur to the parents that the principal agent in a child's education is the eye; that through it it gains not only its sense of methods and ways of existence of others, but even the means for the maintenance of its own; nor does it occur to the parents for an instant that many of the mental as well as bodily attributes of a growing child are fashioned, even if they are not created, by the condition of the eye alone.

It is not to school without the slightest inquiry on the part of the parent and much less on the part of the teacher, whether it has the normal amount of sight; whether it sees objects sharply and well defined, or indistinctly and distorted; whether it be near-sighted, far-sighted; whether it sees with one or two eyes; or, finally, if it does see clearly and distinctly, whether it is not using a quantity of nervous force sufficient after a time not only to exhaust the energy of the visual organ, but of the nervous system at large.—*Harper's Magazine for August*.

WONDERFUL PRECOCITY.—The most noted case of childish precocity is perhaps that of Christian Henry Heinecker, born at Lubec in 1721. He could talk at ten months old; when he had completed his first year he could recite the leading facts in the Pentateuch, and a month later had acquired the rudiments of ancient history, geography and anatomy; had learned the use of maps and 8000 Latin words. When two and a half years old he could answer almost any question in geography, and history, and before his death, which occurred in 1734, at the age of four years and four months, had learned divinity, ecclesiastical history, and other branches of knowledge, and spoke Latin, French, German and Dutch. About a year before his death he harangued the king of Denmark, to whom he had been presented. In his last moments he displayed the utmost firmness, and attempted to console his grief-stricken parents.