

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW NORTHWEST.)

NEW YORK, February 12, 1880.

The popular feeling in regard to the recent telegraph steal is shown by the action of Congress and of the State Legislature. At Washington there is an evidently earnest intention to push the postal telegraph system to a trial. A Government postal telegraph would afford the surest remedy for the evils of monopoly and for the selfish schemes of unscrupulous speculators. The telegraphic service would then be as well conducted and comparatively as cheap as the postal service, and no millionaire could sacrifice relatives and friends for the purpose of cheating the public and adding to his own enormous wealth. The objections urged against the Government system are the shallow devices of the monopolists, and have no better foundation than they would have if used against the postal system, the revenue collection, or any other business legitimately belonging to the National Government.

Our neighbors across the river, in the tight little State of New Jersey, are up in arms again against the railroads. In every ward of Jersey City an "Anti-Monopoly Union" has been formed, irrespective of party, and they are going for the railroads that pay no taxes. Of the taxable real estate in Hudson county, the great corporations hold at least one-third, and on this they do not pay one cent of taxes. A Republican ex-Mayor of Jersey City said to me to-day: "We are going to work this on the motto of equal rights and equal taxation. It is our intention to have the Legislature pass a law declaring that the State will not pay for railroad depots and buildings destroyed by mobs and incendiaries. If they won't pay taxes, they shan't be protected. Then look out. New Jersey will be in a blaze from one end to the other. Every depot will be burned in a night."

Grant has his hands full. He is going to take hold in earnest of the World's Fair in New York as soon as the money is put up, and that is now regarded as assured. He will send agents to Europe at once, inviting cooperation, and the strength of his name there will bring a magnificent collection of art wares here. This art loan feature of the exhibition will be very fine. He is also nursing the canal project, and coupling with it his promotion of the Mexican railroad system. Ever since Grant went to Mexico a third of a century ago, he has been seized with the dream of American development in that direction; and as soon as the war closed he supported Sheridan in his various aggressive movements on the Rio Grande border. Whoever would come to the White House and talk Mexico was always very welcome. Blaine and others, who anticipated Grant's renomination and possible third term, made haste to antagonize him on the Mexican question.

Edward Stokes, who became a metropolitan celebrity by the killing of Jim Fiske, has, like chickens and other things, come home to roost. After his release from Sing Sing, where he figured as a contractor's clerk to satisfy the hard labor clause of his sentence, Stokes went to Nevada, where he became interested in mining, and being a shrewd, industrious, speculative sort of fellow, soon made money, and is now one of the largest owners, if not the sole proprietor, of a productive mine.

STRANGE, BUT NOT A MIRACLE.

An English vicar, the Rev. J. R. Jackson, tells the following story of a remarkable marriage in his church a few days ago:

"Forty years ago a young man named Thomas Griggs was engaged to Elizabeth Goodyear, but alas! a debilitating illness overtook the bride-elect, which so completely prostrated her that she took to her bed and kept it for eight-and-thirty years! During this long period of time, assisted by the guardians and by a small fund at her disposal, she maintained herself by needle and fancy work. During thirteen years and upward, I myself knew her in this condition, and never saw her off her bed. In the meanwhile, Thomas Griggs waited patiently for the recovery of Elizabeth; but in 1865, despairing of this, he led another young woman to Elizabeth's bedside, and received from her full permission to marry this fresh acquaintance. Thomas forthwith married, but after five years of wedded life he became and remained a widower until this very day, when Elizabeth Goodyear, restored to health, walked into the parish church of Moulton, and was duly married by me to her old sweetheart. I cannot explain the nature of her prostration, nor her wonderful recovery; but I do know this: that a few months back she became conscious of a slight return of strength; that from feeble efforts to leave her bed and struggle across the room she gained power to pass her door; that the old subject of matrimony was revived by Thomas Griggs; that Elizabeth was willing; that banns were published; and that she is now the wife of her early and only love."

"I don't believe in these secret societies," said one lady to another. "That's very singular," replied the other. "Your husband is a Forrester, a Knight of Pythias, and a Knight of Honor, and you will have at least \$10,000 when he dies." "But what good does all that do me," was the tearful response, "when he never dies?" And the poor creature burst into tears.

In some of the styles there is no change this winter: Poor relatives are cut the same as last year.

A man out of Nebraska died the other day while blowing his nose. It was a fatal blow.

1881 does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is 1 at each end.

PATIENT MERCY JONES.

Let us venerate the bones Of patient Mercy Jones, Who lies underneath these stones.

This is her story as once told to me By him who still loved her, as all men might see— Darius, her husband, his age seventy years, A man of few words, but, for her, many tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont; Both children were christened at baptismal font In the very same place, on the very same day— (Not much acquainted just then, I dare say). The minister sprinkled the babies, and said, "Who knows but this couple some time may be wed, And 't be the parson to join them together, For weal or for woe, through all sorts of weather!"

Well, they were married, and happier folk Never put their heads in the same loving yoke: They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye. She was clothed with content as a beautiful robe: She had griefs—who has not on this changeable globe?— But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.

She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns, She was patient with people who trod on her lawns; She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray, And dentists and omen that pulled the wrong way; She was patient with phrases no husband should utter, She was patient with cream that declined to be butter; She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay, She was patient with talkers with nothing to say; She was patient with millers whose trade was to cozen, And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen; She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls, And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls; She was patient with crockery no art could mend, And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end; She was patient with reapers who never would sow, And long-winded callers who never would go; She was patient with relatives when, uninvited, They came, and devoured, then complained they were slighted;

She was patient with crows that got into the corn, And other dark deeds out of wantonness born; She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay, She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay; She was patient with rogues who drank cider too strong, She was patient with sermons that lasted too long; She was patient with boots that tracked her clean floors, She was patient with peddlers and other smooth bores; She was patient with children who disobeyed rules, And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighboring husbands all envied the lot Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot. "You think your wife's temper is proof against fate, But we know of something her smiles will abate. When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined, Just send home the crookedest lot you can find."

Let us pick it out, let us go and choose it, And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it, Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet, And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said with a rum, "I'll pay for the wood, if you'll send it him; But depend on it, neighbors, no damage will come." Home came the gnarled roots, and a crooked load— Never entered the gate of a Christian abode. A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it; It seemed to be wriggling about every minute; It would not stand up, and it would not lie down; It twisted the vision of one-half the town. To look at such fuel was really a sin. For the chance was strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it; It was crooked wood—even she could not doubt it; But never a harsh word escaped her sweet lips, Any more than if the old snags were smooth chips. She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them, through

The long winter months, and none ever knew But the wood was as straight as the Maritime Drew. Who was straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow, And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow. When the pile was used up, and they needed more wood, "Sure, now," mused Darius, "I shall catch it good; She has kept her remarks all condensed for the Spring, And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sing. She never did scold me, but now she will pout, And say with such wood she is nearly worn out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm, like the stream That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam; And she looked at Darius and lovingly smiled, And she made this request with a temper unriled: "We are wanting more fuel, I'm sorry to say; I burn a great deal too much every day, And I mean to use less than I have in the past; But get, if you can, dear, a load like the last; I never had wood that I liked half so well— Do see who has the nice crooked fuel to sell; There's nothing that's better than wood full of knots, It lays so complete round the kettles and pots; And washing and cooking are really like play When the sticks nestle close in so charming a way."

—James T. Fields, in Harper's Magazine.

BURDETTE ON HARTFORD.—It was a bitter cold day when the traveling combination which I have the honor to feed gathered its solitary valise and stepped ashore at Hartford, Conn. The Dutch found this beautiful city here nearly 250 years ago, and the first thing they did was to establish Colt's armory and go into the insurance business. You can get insured here in any way and for anything you wish—mutual, endowment, tontine, accident, intentional, nomadic, differential, protoplasmic, Baptist, Old School Presbyterian, Congregational, Bob Ingersoll, renaissance, Gothic, Byzantine, Greenback, composite, Corinthian, Scotch, cheviot, gossamer, seamless, new Wheeler & Wilson, barbed wire, liver pad, and hard finish. It is the central and distributing point for the entire insurance business of America. No insurance company is genuine unless "Hartford" is blown upon the bottle.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that there have been 400 more cases before the Police Court during the sixty days succeeding the advent of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to that city than there were in the sixty days preceding their arrival. It does not claim that the arrival and labors of Mr. Moody are the cause of these arrests, but as a singular fact in rebuttal to a statement of an editor of a religious paper that "the preaching of Mr. Moody was having a marked effect in restraining crime."

Minnesota has appropriated \$4500 in the last five years to encourage tree-planting, and the State Forestry Association reports that millions of young, thrifty forest trees, standing in hundreds of artificial groves, are now scattered over their broad prairies.

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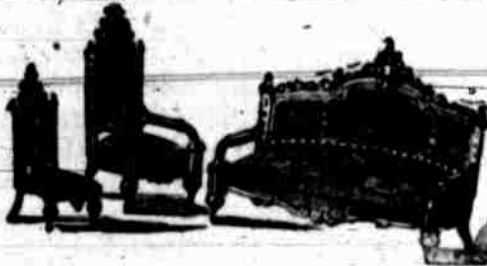
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