

Alexander Hamilton.

On the 11th day of July, 1804, the morning sun as it shone on the wooded heights of Weehawken, a couple of miles above Hoboken, across the river from New York, ushered in a memorable tragedy which sank deeply in the minds of all Americans of that day, but whose lesson seems to have been lost as completely as the monument which once marked the spot where Alexander Hamilton fell, mortally wounded by the bullet of Aaron Burr.

With many points of resemblance in the brilliancy of their talents and their career, the two men who stood for one dreadful moment facing each other at ten paces distance with loaded pistols have gone down to after times with wide divergent fames, the victor in the duel exalted as the embodiment of public treason and personal baseness, the other the victim of the legalized assassination still a living influence in the country he helped to establish, and still revered not more for personal worth and eminent ability than as the embodiment of an ideal of patriotism worthy of everlasting remembrance.

The bare record of the life and work of Hamilton attests the rarity of his genius and his powers. A captain in the revolutionary war at nineteen, at twenty he was the trusted aide-de-camp of Washington, with the rank of lieutenant colonel; at thirty he was chosen a delegate to the Constitutional Convention; at thirty-two he was our first secretary of the treasury, and created the department. When the country was called to arms through fear of the French invasion Washington refused to assume chief command unless his trusted friend was made second in command, with the rank of inspector general; as a writer he was singularly original in thought, forcible in logic, clear in style; as a legislator he had the practical gift of wisdom in law making; as a lawyer he easily rose to the head of his profession; as a politician his practical leadership of men asserted itself at every point, and it all came to an end at the early age of forty-seven, through the bullet of a duelist, who robbed his country and ruined himself in his greed for revenge over a political defeat.

The man who has done so much for his country, and whose career of nearly thirty years of uninterrupted service in the army, the cabinet and the convention, had merely brought him to the prime of life, gave up his life because an indiscreet friend had written in a private letter that Hamilton had declared Burr to be a dangerous man, who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government, and had expressed a still more despicable opinion of Burr. The fatal letter got into the papers, for then, as now, the press was enterprising and delighted in personal scandal, and then began the diplomatic interchange of courtesies which slowly but inexorably, and with the steadiness of fate, led up to the morning excursion to Weehawken Heights, to the ten paces duly stepped off, the question, "Are you ready?" and the fatal signal, and the shot that sent one duelist to the grave and the other to a fate worse than the grave.

Alexander Hamilton was less the victim of that malice which guided the bullet of Burr than of that perverted social sentiment which demanded compliance with the code of honor. He had shown himself to be a brave man on the field of battle; he detested duelling as barbarism; he refused to fire at his adversary, and knew that he was risking his life in a criminal cause. But he knew, also, that he dare not refuse. In the last words he ever wrote, on the day before the fatal meeting, he said:

"To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my relative situation, as well in public as in private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in the future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.

Recent events seem to point to a revival of that public prejudice, and the country which, seventy-six years ago, was stirred to its utmost depths and shocked by the barbarity of a custom which had cost so dear a life, is almost face to face with the same barbarism again through the acts of men who have learned from the past only its ignorance and inherited only its criminal savagery.

Venice.

Venice! A queen in weeds! Like one, a bride that has lost her spouse while still strong in her beauty. Venice! Like a warm, rich brown-blooded odalisque resting in the arms of her Adria, her lover! Venice! Like the mirage of the desert transferred to the sea—its dreary atmosphere hides it like a filmy veil through which its charms are but heightened, not hidden.

Venice, whose streets are the sea and whose lanes are the ways of rivers; whose hear, beats as a tide, whose pulses are the cooling waters of the Adriatic; whose Summers are cooled, whose winters are tranquil by its waters—the saltiness of its sea twice every day—sweeps southward its way.

Venice, whose dwellings are palace a Venice, whose palaces are sad, resting in tottering lines as if trembling with age—whose decay is real—whose colors are vivid with death—whose halls echo in emptiness—whose chambers whisper with the hearts of its past—whose gardens reek with mold.

Venice, proud, virile republic; imperial in strength, enterprising in adventure, wise in council, crafty in statesmanship, cunning in getting, prudent and generous in living, thou art spent! Venice, thou art lovely—lovely as a woman's eyes!—Detroit Press.

Ladies have the right to bare arms, and they must also be furnished with a good supply of powder.

The Woes of Irish Tenants.

The woes of Ireland still appeal to the sympathies of mankind as strongly as during any former period of her history. It is a true figure of speech to call her the Niobe among nations, yet no people was ever more unfortunate or had more reason to complain of the decrees of fate, the oppression of foreign rulers, or the follies of her own leaders. The Irish are a generous and impassioned people, whose intellectual qualities should have won them collectively as a nation the place that they have long held individually as poets and orators. Genius has by no means raised the Irish above earthly ills. They starve at home or wander as exiles to the uttermost parts of the earth. At present they are the chief theme of newspaper correspondence and telegraph. They have just passed through one of those periods of famine, such as bring tears to the eyes of the whole world, arouse the benevolent to action, and turn toward their shores the prows of ships laden with the free gifts of fortune's lands. The famine is over, but its effects remain. It has left the people impoverished and unable to pay their rent. Evictions are numerous as they never were before, and the Gladstone Government is trying to see what can be done for poor tenants by remedial legislation. This is not easy. Tenants cannot be relieved of their burdens except at the expense of landlords, and to take from the landlords the right to collect their rents is an interference with the sacred rights of property. The fight goes on in the House of Commons from day to day, causing an utter loss of dignity among English lawmakers, and nearly disrupting the Cabinet which Mr. Gladstone not long ago put together with such scrupulous care. Little progress has thus far been made with the new act of relief, which, according to the clumsy nomenclature of Parliament is called the "Compensation for Disturbances Bill," and its fate will probably be to pass the Commons and fall ignominiously in the House of Lords.

The bill was framed by Mr. Forster, who, in presenting it, told a tale of woe regarding Ireland. He said that the evictions during the first half of the present year had amounted to 1,073, against an annual average heretofore of 500. In the West Riding of Galway, since the 1st of January, there had been 107 constabulary officers and 3,500 men employed as process servers, and 16 officers and 636 men in the actual business of eviction. Eviction was followed by the most serious consequences. The holdings were small, often being tilled by a single man, usually by the renters alone. As a natural result, hired help was not needed, and when a person was evicted from his own holding, there being no possible employment for him at hand, his only refuge was the poorhouse.

It is here that the government attempts to intervene and help the tenant by preventing his eviction, or paying him something by way of compensation if he is evicted without cause. The bill contemplates bringing the questions of landlord and tenant before the county courts, in the following manner: When a tenant is unable to pay rent in consequence of two or more bad harvests, and is willing to continue his occupation of the land on reasonable terms, if his terms are refused by an unreasonable landlord, then the county court can interfere, and either compose the difficulty with the landlord, or compensate the tenant if he is unjustly driven off the rented premises. Such a law, if it were of general application, and not limited as to time would work great hardship to the landlord by removing him from the control of his own property, and putting the county judge in his place. It has, therefore, a limitation to a year or two of time, and is circumscribed in action to the districts that have suffered most by famine.

The reason urged in opposition to it, excellent as it is in motive, yet so completely subversive of the first principles that govern land tenure, can easily be imagined. To people far off, and in the light of cold, hard facts, it seems utterly impracticable. Yet a majority favor it in the House of Commons, and it will have many supporters in the House of Lords. It is opposed naturally by all the Irish landlords, and by every friend of the Beaconsfield administration now sitting in Parliament. The general voice of the Londonpress is also against it as visionary and impossible of execution.

The Divers.

Before a man becomes an expert diver he must undergo a certain amount of severe physical training. The atmospheric pressure on the surface is 15 pounds to every square inch of the body, and on the average man is something like 15 tons, but the outside and inside pressure being equal, this immense weight is unnoticed. At every 34 feet of the descent under water this pressure is increased one atmosphere, or the additional pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, and it is absolutely necessary to have the air pressure in the armor fully equal to that of the water; some idea can be had of what the diver must withstand, and even at the moderate depth of 44 feet, although the inhaling of this compressed air in a measure relieves the unpleasant sensation.

When the distance is increased to a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet, the sensation becomes almost unendurable—the blood starts from the eyes, ears, mouth, and even from the pores of the skin, and on returning to the surface extreme exhaustion is the result. Some men are so constituted physically that they cannot remain under water at all. The greatest depth that is ever attained is one hundred and fifty feet, and then the most experienced diver can remain at this point but five or six minutes without serious injury. Divers go to this depth only to secure articles of great value, remaining long enough to attach a chain or rope. At a hundred feet an old diver can remain about an hour, and at fifty feet from two to six hours, according to the strength of the diver.

Ladies' Maids and "Chawlers."

There has been much correspondence of late of the grievance concerning men servants and maid servants. It is trite, indeed, to remark that there are faults on both sides, i. e., on that of the masters and mistresses as well as on that of their dependents; but how great and glaring they sometimes are is scarcely credible. Nevertheless, the following examples can be vouched for:

A lady of fashion, lady A., was showing a friend of hers, Mrs. B., the other day, a necklace of gold and turquoise, concerning which she requested her opinion. "I think it is very pretty," said Mrs. B.; "is it for a marriage present?" "A marriage present!" replied the other with some contempt; "it is not quite good enough for that; why, it only cost me £15. I bought it for my maid Julia, who is going to an upper servants' party at the Duke C.'s to night. I have got her a claret velvet dress which becomes her admirably, and with this necklace I think she will be—the best dressed lady's maid in the room."

Mrs. B. was too wise a woman to suggest that velvet dresses and turquoise necklaces were not, perhaps, the most judicious gifts that could be bestowed upon a lady's maid; but, upon a subsequent occasion, happening to meet Julia, she expressed a hope that she had enjoyed her evening at the Duke's. "Yes, ma'am, it was beautiful, and everybody was so polite. Indeed, I've always found as the 'high born' servants is all the best mannered."

That use of the term "high born" in a transferable sense is surely very pretty! Again, an old bachelor baronet, Sir W. D., whose name has long been associated with London society, went up to Scotland in August last to shoot with the Earl of C.—. On the second morning after his arrival, however, he announced his intention of returning to town.

"Good heavens!" said his host; "why, you promised me to stay a month. Have you had bad news?" "No," stammered the old buck; "it's not exactly that; it's something that has happened here, only I'd rather not tell you."

"Pray tell me," said the Earl, "it will not distress me, whatever it is, one-half so much as your leaving in this way without my knowing why you're going."

"Well, the fact is it's my Charles. You know my Charles—the most invaluable of servants, and absolutely indispensable to me everywhere. I could not live a day without him."

"Well, what of your Charles? What on earth can he have to do with your leaving us?" "Why, this; you see, he complains—I'm very sorry, and I know it's very wrong of me to have spoiled him so; but the thing is done—he complains that your steward's room there is no champagne, and he cannot live without his champagne."

"Then let him die!" cried the Earl, irascibly, "let him die and be—!" "Just so!" interrupted Sir William just in time; that is how it ought to be, of course; I knew you wouldn't give way in the matter, upon principle; no one will Charles; so I've got to go."—Gentlemen's Magazine.

A Lover of Shakespeare.

One of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow, down-town streets, with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Canyon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He had no clear idea who Shakespeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the fort, he sold stock and supplies to the emigrants and other travelers as in times past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one roke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted this yoke and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "No use talkin'!" "Well, he wants them, and is just a waitin' for 'em," said the messenger. "He's a settin' there readin' a book called Shakespeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim, jumping to his feet. "Did you say Shakespeare?" Here you, give my boots." He ran to the corral. "Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book and take them oxen."

"Oh, no," said the man, "I only brought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim, resolutely, "jest you take them oxen and give me that book."

And the man did. Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars a month, and listened to Shakespeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to the proposed murder of the princess in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled in thunder-tones:

"Hold on there! Just wait till I get my rifle, and I'll shoot the—scoundrel!" As one of his old "pardners" justly remarked, a sincere compliment was never paid to Shakespeare.

As an innocent-looking old man was going up Washington street a truckman nudged at him and asked, "Want a truck, mister?" "No, I guess not," replied the old man; "I'm too far from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obliged, though. New York is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked if I didn't want a coat; another inquired if I wanted a hack, and now you offer me a truck. I wish I lived here."

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Two Oldest Inhabitants on June.

At 11 o'clock yesterday afternoon a citizen about 70 years of age sat under an awning on Michigan avenue, cool, placid and contented, and the mercury of his feeling down to about sixty. He might soon have fallen asleep, but along came another old citizen about the same age and stopped for a moment to fan his heated face.

"Purty warm out to-day?" queried the first. "Well, yes; but if some of those young men who are perspiring around here to-day had lived in June, 1829, I guess they'd know what hot weather was. I tell you that was a scorcher, and no mistake."

"June, '29. Now, let's see. Ain't you a little off?" "No, sir; I remember all about it. It was so hot from the 8th to the 25th that men could not work in the fields, and hundreds of cattle died from the great heat."

"You are off just a year," said the other, beginning to wake up. "It was in 1828. I remember it because I ran for office that fall."

"I can't help about your running for office. I know it was in '29, because I broke my leg that year."

"I don't care if you broke your neck," exclaimed the other, his mercury rising to eighty-six degrees at a single jump. "I guess I know what year I ran for office."

"I say it was in '29, and I've got a diary to prove it."

"And I've got two diaries to prove it was in '28. You are talking to an old pioneer, sir."

"And so you are—one who heard the wolves howling before you were born! Don't you imagine that you know it all!" "What's the dispute?" asked a customer who came out of the store.

"Why, sir, I've been called a liar by that person there!" replied the first. "If I wasn't so old I'd drop him to his tracks."

"And he's called me a liar!" shouted the second; "I'm five years older than he is, but if he wants to try any drops on me, I'll clear him of the law. I say it was in 1829!"

"It wasn't; it was in '28!" "Look out!" "Look out for yourself!" "Don't stick my nose again, or I'll hit you!" "Don't push me back, or I'll do you injury!"

And but for the younger man those two old pioneers would have tackled each other about a hot June which neither probably had correct within five years, and which doubtless was a good deal cooler than any other June they ever saw. They started off in different directions to hunt up old diaries and prove each other falsifiers, and hereafter won't hitch along for each other on the street cars, won't drink from the same soda fountain if they know it, and seeing each other across the street will growl out:

"There should be a law to prevent such an old liar from running at large!"—Free Press.

King and Conjurer.

Signor Bellachini, the renowned prestidigitator, who has recently been honored by the German Emperor with the complimentary title of "Royal Court Artist," obtained this unprecedented distinction by a somewhat remarkable feat of dexterity. Having observed that the venerable monarch for some years past frequently attended his performances and exhibited a lively interest in the magical arts of which he is a Past Master, Bellachini conceived the bold project of turning imperial favor to account, and made formal application to His Majesty for an audience. His petition was granted, and the Emperor received him at an appointed hour in the study overlooking the Linden avenue, his favorite room, in which he transacts business every morning and afternoon. After chatting for a few minutes with the accomplished conjuror upon subjects connected with his profession, William I. asked, with a smile, "Well, Bellachini, and what is it you want of me?" "It is my most humble request, sire, that Your Majesty would deign to appoint me your Court Artist."

"I will do so," Bellachini, but on one consideration only—namely, that you forthwith perform some extraordinary clever trick, worthy of the favor you solicit." Without a moment's hesitation Bellachini took up a pen from the Emperor's inkstand, handed it with a sheet of paper to His Majesty, and requested him to write the words, "Bellachini can do nothing at all." The Emperor attempted to comply, but, strange to say, neither pen nor ink could be persuaded to fulfill their functions. "Now, sire," said Bellachini, "Will your Majesty condescend to write the words 'Bellachini is the Emperor's Court Artist'?" The second attempt was as successful as the first had been the contrary; pen, ink and paper, delivered from the spell cast over them by the magician, proved perfectly docile to the imperial hand, and Bellachini's ingenious trick was rewarded on the spot by his nomination to the desired honorific office, made out in the Emperor's own writing.—London Telegraph.

From the Banks of the Hudson. NEWBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1879. H. H. WARNER & Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Gentlemen: A lady of over 70 years of age, in failing health for over a year, has been using Warner's Safe Pills, in more flowery style. It is not Mr. Clarke but his critics who are foolish. What does a man who is threatened with Bright's Disease, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver or any Urinary organs, must require—fine words or a cure? In HUNT'S REMEDY, the Great Kidney and Liver Medicine, he gets the cure—a sure cure. Sold by all druggists. Trial size 75 cents.

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