



The Close of a Great Tragedy.

The New York Times this morning notices the steps taken by Spain to abolish slavery in Cuba.

The announcement on Christmas day that a long delayed triumph of Christianity was at length to take place, in the destruction of slavery in the Island of Cuba, must have struck many minds as very appropriate to this season of "good will." On the 1st of January, 1880, it is announced emancipation will begin by order of the Spanish government in their wealthy colony of Cuba, and on the same day, 1890, it will be completed and the last slave in the Spanish possessions be freed from his shackles. So closes the most melancholy and disgraceful chapter in the annals of human crime. It is more than four centuries since a certain Portuguese captain landed (in 1484) at Lagos a cargo of 253 black slaves. The slavery of white captives and Mohammedan prisoners was fast dying out in Europe, but the united discovery of a new continent needing labor and of a barbarous coast having slaves, awoke greed and stimulated cruelty, and created slavery anew. One of the most benevolent men of any age has the bad fame of introducing slavery into this continent. But Las Casas thought he did this to protect his beloved and oppressed Indians, lived to bitterly repent of this great mistake.

Three centuries and a half have passed since the first slaves were introduced (1521) into the Island of Cuba. And it may safely be said that of all the human pain and hopeless misery which the sun looks upon year by year, none ever equaled that history of agony and injustice which began with the Spanish importations of slavery into the new world, and was continued by the English slave trade during 300 years. With a mockery of their faith, which skeptics will never forget, the Spanish authorities, during two centuries, concluded more than ten treaties "in the name of the most Holy Trinity," which authorized the sale of more than 200,000 human beings, and received from it a tax of over \$3,000,000 lives.

The present generation in England and the United States have fortunately never heard much of the horrors of the trade, which Great Britain plied industriously for two centuries and a half. The young student turns over the writings of Clarkson and Sharp and Wilberforce, and is amazed to see the tortures which so steadily, for so many years, were inflicted on so many innocent human beings merely for the sake of money. The captives torn from their families; the long rows chained together beneath low decks, unable even to sit up, the dead and dying manacled to the living; each morning the corpses thrown to the fishes; the home sickness ending in insanity of the unhappy prisoners; those released, even for the moment, plunged into the sea as the least of evils; the wails and groans which rise as a continual appeal to heaven from the slave ship on the "middle passage"—these are the scenes revealed to us in the literature of slavery, and which passed under the British flag through so many dark years. Even so calm a historian as Bancroft reckons that during 100 years before the Declaration of Independence Great Britain transported to the new world 1,000,000 of slaves from Africa, and that, besides these, 250,000 had been thrown into the sea in the horrible middle passage. Even after the abolition of the slave trade (1807), the importation of slaves continued into the Spanish colonies of South American States, and it is estimated that even as late as 1849, 50,000 negroes were secretly introduced in one year into Cuba and Brazil.

The 1st of January, 1880, was the close of this great tragedy—the greatest, all things considered, in human history. Most of the actors in it, and the participants in the crime, have been judged at that grand tribunal of history where there is no error in the judgment, no corruption in the judge, no pardon to the criminal. Spain and Portugal have become a byword and mockery for their fall and degeneration; the Spanish colonies have been cursed by the trade the nourished, and will doubtless never recover. The United States have paid in a million of lives and hundreds of millions of property for their share in the fruits of the traffic. Great Britain alone has not yet received her sentence at this merriment tribunal.

The people of Lisbon obtain their milk in a decidedly primitive manner. Cows are driven from house to house in the morning, and as much milk drawn as each customer may desire. This method insures against adulteration.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

Of Oregon's Southern Coast.

NUMBER VI.

The Massacre—the Fort and the Siege.

The little band of volunteers who were surprised on the morning of the 23d of February, at their camp a few miles above Ellensburg, consisted of ten or twelve men. The Indians came upon them unexpectedly, and the surprise was complete, and the victory of the savages speedy and overwhelming. The men had risen early and were at breakfast, when suddenly a volley of bullets was thrown among them, and the Indians fell upon them with shouts and yells calculated to appall the stoutest hearts. Charles Foster, now residing at Big Meadows, on Rogue river, was in the act of drinking his coffee when a bullet from the rifle of one of the assailants struck the cup from his hand. The citizen soldiers made a desperate resistance; but the struggle was of short duration, and when it ended, the lifeless bodies of several of their number were stretched upon the field, while others, wounded, were fleeing through the neighboring forests for safety. Among the dead were, "Pat" McCulloch, whose body was cut into small pieces, and R. E. Tullis, whose house not far distant was burnt to the ground. Charles Foster was more fortunate, and made his escape to the woods, preferring even the chance of death from exposure and starvation, to the terrible fate which he knew was the alternative. He pushed his way northward through the forest, keeping well back from the coast, and some days afterward arrived at Port Orford, bringing the first news that had been received from Rogue river since the attack commenced. He was nearly famished, having eaten nothing but snails, some of which unpalatable diet he still carried in his pocket.

Twelve o'clock, noon, of that memorable day, found the surviving residents of the lower Rogue river, in their rudely constructed fortress on the north side of the river. The site of this structure was so selected that no object could approach it from any direction without being brought within range of the rifles of the marksmen within. The first day or two in the fort was spent in perfecting arrangements for defence, and making the situation as endurable as circumstances would permit.

One morning, during the early part of the siege, the Indians were seen assembling in large numbers on a small bill just out of range. The leader was mounted on a white horse, and was seen riding back and forth making gestures and talking with great emphasis. This council lasted all day, while the women within the fort were running bullets and the men under arms, impatiently awaiting the expected attack. Toward evening, the Indians moved in a body down the hill in the direction of the fort. The occupants of the fort waited for them to come within musket range, but apparently becoming aware of the great advantage held by the whites, the Indians halted. A young warrior, called by the settlers "Tootootna Jack," son of the chief, becoming impatient of the caution observed by his older and more experienced comrades, rode out from the crowd and dashed past the fort with his horse at a run, he leaning on the opposite side of his animal; as he passed the fort he discharged his rifle, the bullet striking the ridge of the house within, and scattering splinters among the terrified women and children. A short time afterward a daring savage advanced for the purpose of setting fire to a small building which the settlers had commenced to move to the fort, but which was still a few hundred yards away. As he was about to set fire to the building, Riley saluted him with a volley of buck-shot, causing him to make a hasty retreat. He ascended a hill some distance away, and, supposing he was out of danger, halted, and went through various gestures expressive of defiance and contempt; but he paid dearly for his temerity, for J. C. McClure, an experienced marksman, "drew a bead" on him, and at the crack of the rifle the Indian fell dead.

Early one morning, as they were posting the usual sentinels, Louis Doncette went toward the bluff to take his post of duty; as he neared the edge of the bluff, suddenly a dozen Indians rose up before him and greeted him with such a volley of bullets that no one thought it possible for him to escape. But he ran to the fort in this incessant shower of leaden death, and made good his entrance into the fort without a scratch. This was the morn after the settlers had,

for the first time after they entered the fort, undressed in the usual manner to retire. There was a lady in the fort, named Irwin; old, yet full of the fire of youth. She always insisted on protecting her brother-in-law, Mr. White; and on this occasion, when the alarm was sounded and all rushed frantically for the narrow passage which led to the post of duty and danger, she was among them, *en dishabille*. Being less active than others, she stumbled and fell in the passage. It was a time when etiquette and toilet were at ruinous discount, and the crowd of half naked men passed over her prostrate form. She soon, however, rose and proceeded to "the front," but the gallantry of those men, so lately merged in excitement, reassured its way, and she was sent back among those of her own sex.

Gloverson, the Mormon.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train dawned beautifully. Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had often been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times in entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning, but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back herebefore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad, starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your black hair; and you, Nellie, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each as good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, dearests?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own," he said—that is, as many of you as can do so conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded seven of them to his throbbing breast and drove sadly away. But he had not gone far when the traces of the off-hand mule became unlatched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly fractious animal, snorted wildly and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"So I see," she said: "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son! only say where the mules is, and then you may die if you want to!"

In vain! in vain! Reginald had passed on.

The mules were never found. Reginald's heart broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she discreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them in a hoarse whisper that "their old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed. "He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did."

"And I say he didn't."

"He did."

"He didn't."

"Don't look at me with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at me!"

"Sisters," said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. Las Reginald's first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave?"

"No, you won't," said Susan; "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It is my business to strew flowers."

That Cleveland Girl.

A Chicago man was engaged to a Cleveland girl, when she suddenly took a notion to break it off. She sent for him, and he found her in the parlor with all his presents bundled up, ready for removal. She told him: "I have consulted my heart seriously and discovered what I often suspected—that we are not fitted to make each other happy. It is better that we should part—our engagement is at an end." He felt bad, but he looked provokingly cool, and finally exclaimed: "Hurrah! You're the bluest girl I know of. I feel as though the whole Palmer House had been lifted off my manly bosom." Then she wanted to know what this meant. He told her he had been trying to muster up courage to break off for some time, but hadn't because he "knew that husbands at this period of commercial depression were hard to get." This made her mad as hops. She pointed to his presents and demanded hers. He said: "I'll send you all of 'em I can find, but I guess our cook carried off your Tennyson with the marked passages in it—I lent it to her—and some of your books of hair and pressed rose-buds, and things I burned when I was cleaning up my room the other day, and as for your ring, I don't think Cora will give it to me." The Cleveland girl wanted to know who Cora was. She was told: "She's a girl that I'm in love with and that I'm going to propose to this very evening, as soon as you give me that package of presents and let me go. I hope you didn't forget to put the diamond earrings into it. I'll give them to her and be \$200 dollars ahead." The Cleveland maiden glared at him like a tigress as she enquired if Cora was good looking. The bad Chicago man told her that Cora was prettier, smaller waisted, smaller footed and superior in variety of other respects to her. The Cleveland girl now became excited. "Augustus," remarked solemnly, "if you go to go out of this house before one o'clock to-morrow, I'll scream. And I want you to understand that your engagement is to hold, and if you don't marry me by the first day of November, which will be as soon as I can get my trousseau ready I'll sue you for breach of promise, laying the damages at \$600,000." The Chicago Tribune must have been correct when it said you can't get ahead of a Chicago man, for Cora has no existence however.

The Wonder of Wonders.

The petrified child in the family of J. A. Kinsley, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, continues to attract general attention, and is considered by all who have seen it to be the greatest wonder of wonders. The hardness has gradually spread over the entire body, some portions being so hard that not the slightest indentation can be made. The case is said to be without a parallel in the history of the country, and the singular disease has thus far baffled all medical skill. How the child can live in this solidified state is the greatest mystery. The parents are greatly grieved over its sad affliction, and are doing everything in their power for its relief.—Globe Democrat.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."

Rye straw is as valuable as the grain in Pennsylvania in the manufacture of paper. With the increased acreage of the season just closed (3,500,000 bushels) they yield is not equal to the demand.

BABYLON.

The Palaces and Hanging Gardens.

Across the river Euphrates was a huge bridge, at the two ends of which were two immense palaces, which had a communication with each other by a vault, built under the channel of the river, at the time of its being dry. The old palace which stood on the east side of the river, was thirty furlongs (or three miles and three quarters) in compass; the new palace, which stood on the west side of the river, opposite to the other, was sixty furlongs (or seven miles and a half) in compass. It was surrounded with three walls, one within another, with considerable space between them. These walls, as also those of the other palace, were embellished with an infinite variety of sculptures representing all kinds of animals, to the life. Amongst the rest was a curious hunting-piece, in which Semiramis on horseback was throwing her javelin at a leopard, and her husband Ninus piercing a lion.

In this last palace, were the hanging gardens, so celebrated among the Greeks. They contained a square of 400 on every side, and were carried up in the manner of several large terraces, one above another, till the height equalled that of the walls of the city. The ascent was from terraces, by stairs ten feet wide. The whole pile was sustained by vast arches, raised upon other arches, one above another, and was strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness. On the top of the arches were first laid large flat stones sixteen feet long, and four broad; over these was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen, upon which were two rows of bricks, closely cemented together with plaster. The whole was covered with thick sheets of lead, upon which lay the mould of the garden. And all this floorage was contrived to keep the moisture of the mould from running away through the arches. The earth laid hereon was so deep, that the greatest trees might take root in it; and with such the terraces were covered, as well as with other plants and flowers that were proper to adorn a pleasure-garden. In the upper terrace there was an engine, or kind of pump, by which water was drawn up out of the river, and from thence the whole garden was watered. In the spaces between the several arches, upon which this whole structure rested, were large and magnificent apartments, that were very light, and had the advantage of a beautiful prospect.

Anytis, the wife of Nebuchadnezzar having been bred in Media (for she was the daughter of Astyages, the King of that country), had been much delighted with the mountains and woody parts of that country. And as she desired to have something like it in Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar, to gratify her, caused this prodigious edifice to be erected. Diodorus gives much the same account of the matter but without naming the persons.—Rollin.

Two years are supposed to have elapsed. A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select company of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—al- though, for that matter, the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before. And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—"

Twenty-one souls with a single thought, Twenty-one hearts that beat as one. They were united, they were.

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well never mind what it shows.

Edison's Light.

A late dispatch says: The attention of Edison having been called to the doubts of some Parisian critics, concerning the stability of the carbon horse shoe, and claim that it eventually wastes away by decomposition, said: "A complete answer to that is the actual result. I can state that the oldest lamp in my laboratory, after burning 505 hours, had its electrical resistance measured, and there was not a difference of one-tenth of an ohm from the time when it was originally put in the circuit. The surface of this carbon which burned 505 hours, is as bright to-day as it was the day when first put in, whereas oxidation makes carbon black." Edison says he has not sold a share of his stock.

The Judge of a court in Maine recently sentenced a culprit to twenty-five years in State prison. The fact was communicated to the prisoner's mother, who was struck with the magnitude of the sentence. "What did they do that for?" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five years! Why he won't be contented there three weeks!"

Reflections in Westminster Abbey.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by the side of those who deposited them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be contemporaries and make our appearance together.—Addison.

Lieut. Earl, in attempting to pass between Camp Howard and Lewiston recently, became bewildered in the blinding snow storm on Mason prairie. He was out three days and nights, and was found by a party who was sent in search of him in a helpless condition. His feet and hands were badly frozen. He was taken by ambulance to fort Lapwai.

The first railway built in Japan is a narrow gauge, eighteen miles long, and is said to have cost no less than \$250,000 per mile. The superintendent received the handsome stipend of \$3,000 per month.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MAIL.

A Terrible Bondage.

John B. Gough tells the following story: I knew a man who was startled with a face peering out at him from the wall; he went up to it and wiped it out and stood back again, and still it was there; he went up to it again and wiped it out; and stood back—it was there yet. His very hair seemed to stand with horror as he went up to it, and with a terrible blow of his fist struck the wall and left it marked with blood. He stood back again—it was there; he went and beat, and beat till he had broken the bones in his hand, with beating out that which was palpable to him; and yet he was conscious, and the consciousness thrilled through his frame with horror, that it was but a phantom of his imagination. Let a man suffer that six days and six nights; let a physician sit by his side and tell him, "Now, sir, if you drink again, you will suffer it again." "But, doctor, I will never drink again; doctor, the thought is so terrible; I shall never suffer it, I will never take drink again." And once more healthy blood comes into that man's veins, and in the emphatic language of the Scripture, he "seeks it yet again," and again he is brought down, and again he endures it all, and again the physician sits by his side. "You remember that which I told you?" "Yes." "If you drink you will have it again; and do not send for me, for you will die." "Doctor, I will never touch it again." And yet he rises from his couch in agony, seeks it again, and again he is brought down, and his shrieking spirit flies in disgust into eternity from the body so fearfully and wonderfully made by God. He knew all the way long it must be so. Such is the terrible slavery of intemperance.

An Appeal for Relief.

PARNELL and Dillon the Irish agitators have prepared the following appeal to the people of Canada: The extreme urgency of the distress in Ireland has induced us to appeal to the people of Canada. Famine is already upon the people of the west of Ireland. Thousands are at this moment starving, and up to this time the British Government has taken no steps to save the people from this awful fate. We appeal to the people of the dominion to assist us in saving the lives of the peasantry until we shall have succeeded in arousing the Government to a sense of its duty. Necessity is pressing. Even if the Government were to move at once, which they show no sign of doing, the machinery employed by them is so cumbersome that no relief could reach the people for about six weeks. In the interval thousands must perish. Let relief committees be formed in every city and town in the dominion and all subscriptions be forwarded immediately to the credit of the Irish famine relief fund in the National Bank of Montreal.

The Irish Home Rules.—Mr. Edmund Dease, M. P., has published the following letter:—"I was elected to form a part of the 'Irish Parliament party,' under the leadership of the lamented Mr. Butt, I have been true to the leadership of Mr. Shaw. I have ever acted with the 'Irish party,' and will so continue to act. As to the future, I protest against the assumption that there cannot be found a Queen's County man to represent us. It is a downright insult to our country to be thus spoken of. Have we fallen so low that nothing less than the Presbyterian pulpit of Belfast can produce a candidate fit for this great country? Or are we to go into the 'highways and byways,' into the 'lanes and alleys' to look for members? Can it be that the time has come when Grattan's prediction is to be fulfilled?"

OBJECTIONS TO PROBATE OF THE late Frank Leslie will were filed on the 26th, by his two sons, Alfred and Henry. Henry, who calls himself Frank Leslie, Jr., avers that the making of the will was caused by fraud and circumvention and undue influence practiced against decedent by the person named as executrix in the will, whose maiden name was Marion Florence Follen otherwise known as Mrs. Squires; otherwise known as Mrs. Frank Leslie; that such person was not, at the death of Frank Leslie, nor at any time the wife of Frank Leslie, that at the time he executed the will, if he did execute it, he was insane and incompetent.

Six thousand carrier pigeons are now maintained in the various fortifications in France at the public expense.

METHODIST ministers are not allowed to preach to the soldiers of the French army.