



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.

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.

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 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 that 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."

"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."

"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."

"You shan't; so there," said Henrietta. "You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the strew much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've ever been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how

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 west 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.

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.

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

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

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 Follea 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.

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