

The Indian-Scribe

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WHOLE NO. 220.

POETRY.

Think not strange I love you,
Earth has many charms to feed,
Born to fill the soul with gladness,
His words hang on every need,
Joys spring up over buried stress,
And thus this varied pleasure
Hearts possess a ready measure,
To detect the chief treasure;
This tells me to love you.

Think not strange I love you,
Heaven has but a single sun,
The name of which is legion,
Flowers bloom up and down but one
In the whole celestial region,
Sere y hearts are not less knowing
Than the flowers in beauty growing;
Light and joy upon me dawning
Tell me I must love you.

Think not strange I love you,
Many sounds assail the ear,
But it knows the best and sweetest,
Harmony it loves to hear—
Most when full land completest.
Melody the most endearing
Is your life, and I, on singing,
Can not be p to love you.

Think not strange I love you,
There is such a thing as gold,
And a test that will disclose it,
A sifter shape in any mold,
Quickly tests an eye which knows it,
Have not hearts like penetration?
Thou art gold in beauty's creation
Has no worthy mitigation—
As the truth I love you.

Think not strange I love you,
To the eye which knows it not,
Other eyes may see clearer
Than the diamond is; but what
Once possessed is counted dearer!
Clear and pure and all resplendent,
With inherent worth transcendent,
Is your soul, and mine attendant
Swells its pride to love you.

Think not strange I love you,
Toward the north the needle turns,
For it knows but one direction,
A sifter shape in any mold,
Quickly tests an eye which knows it,
Have not hearts like penetration?
Thou art gold in beauty's creation
Has no worthy mitigation—
As the truth I love you.

THE CHURCH AT GLENVILLE.

BY MRS. SALLIE A. RAMAGE.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Arnold came to his charge with a great deal of enthusiasm, a number of college theological essays, and a vast amount of inexperience. He believed that he was to be to the people of Glenville a leader, a shepherd, and that all he would have to do would be to crook his spiritual finger, and beckoning them to follow him, conduct them to heights of wisdom and religion. He had made notes of all the professors' lectures and had marked out his work in accordance with these guiding posts. He wanted to do the people good, and to see the result of his work and prayers, for not yet had he learned to "labor and to wait."

He was poor, and alone in the world. After he had paid for his education the small estate that his parents had left him was almost exhausted, and he felt that he must rely upon himself for the future, and yet nothing daunted by his poverty, his youth, his inexperience, he was engaged to be married to a young lady. The marriage was to take place within a year, but not unless he felt perfectly satisfied with his appointment at Glenville. Miss Carlyle was rich, beautiful, and rather devoted to the young minister. To be sure she would have preferred that he had chosen some other profession, but that matter was settled before their engagement, and no less volens she had no choice but to take him as he was. She consoled herself by the reflection that there was a "vague something, a dreamy respectability about a minister, that admitted him into good society, no matter if he was poor and his clothes threadbare." She knew he was brilliant and talented, young and good-looking, and through his friends, with worldly foresight, would have urged her to a more advantageous marriage, she was headstrong and determined, and vowed, despite their protestations, "she would wed to please herself." "Her money was her own," she added, "if she wanted to marry a preacher, if he was poor as a church mouse, she would do it. She would use her wealth to supply the deficiencies of a meagre salary. She liked the country, and believed she would enjoy moving from place to place. If, after she tried the life it did not suit her, she would make Hugh leave the ministry and they would settle down in a home of their own somewhere." She was equally mistress of the situation when discussing their future with Mr. Arnold. He could plead as long and as earnestly as he chose; not a point would she yield. He was to go to his appointment, see how he liked it, preach for a short time, and return to her and report. They would marry just before the next conference, and he would begin the second year of his ministerial life as her husband. Not a single day of favor would she grant. When she was ready to be married she would inform him; until then she would do, as she had ever done, just as she pleased. She would dance, go to the opera, the theater, to watering places, anywhere she cared to go. She would enjoy herself in her own way, and that without any interference on his part. As for Mr. Arnold, he seemed to think that he was fixed in a groove that knew no turn; and that his life was to slip along easily in this predetermined channel. She had a fancy that he adored her, would obey her, and admire her, just so long as she kept herself fully in power, but that to yield to him in any instance would be to abdicate her throne to him, and to establish him as her lord and master indeed. This she did not intend should happen, though in her heart she would have honored and loved him the more for a proper assumption of his natural rights. She had had lovers by the score, a few attracted by her beauty, but as she well knew her money was the great prize for which they contended. Of all who had ever proffered her their hand and heart Hugh was the only one that she believed loved her herself, not for her dowry. She had met him during his vacation, when he preached at a little country church near her summer home. She liked his earnestness, his fervor, his tender pleading with the people whom he was to meet but once face to face. Some words he said touched her womanly heart, and she sought

to know him. At first he was reticent and reserved, for he had heard of the rich Miss Carlyle and of her many flirtations, but so different was the young girl that in her simplicity confided to him the doubts and fears of her soul that he listened charmed and enamored. He had never known such a woman. Perfectly versed in the ways of the world, yet innocent as a child. Beautiful and accomplished, yet simple and natural in word and thought. Wealthy and cheap attire, befitting the quiet summer fashionable, and yet dressed day after day in neatness. Unaffected as to the devices of a woman, he could not see how perfectly she had studied the part she was playing. She meant it for a summer day pastime, as a trifle to while away the languid hours of August; to so change and adapt herself, her living, and her very dress, that time and place should frame a perfect picture of a guileless maiden's dreams. She donned the garb of a country girl because she wanted a variety in her life, now growing monotonous. She braided her soft, beautiful hair because she was weary of curls and crimps. She read books of sense and reason because she was nauseated with the light, trashy novels of the day. She forsok all others for the ardent young theological students because he was the newest and the oldest specimen of novelty that she could seize upon. And he, poor fool, believed it real, and feared that it was too pure a picture, too heavenly a vision for him to dare approach. She did not intend that it should last, but she was human and a woman, and one day, listening to his pleadings, she promised that she would be his wife, and believed herself to be as deeply in love as he was. But when, after an hour's reflection, she laughed at his weakness, he was off somewhere in the depths of the forest, thanking heaven for this last best gift to man.

When he saw her in her city home the picture was changed. Magnificent in silk and diamonds, she received him with some what of royal pomp. She was not the gentle nymph of the woods that he had wooed, but a dignified woman of wealth and fashions. She had around her all to make life desirable, and the contrast between her mansion and the humble home he must offer her smote him like a cruel blow, and he saw the folly of his act. But she, nothing daunted by his constraint, forced him by the fascination of word and look to repeat his promises and pledges, and he left her with the betrothal ring upon her hand, and his kiss upon her willing lips. His first thought after his appointment was of her, and when he reached Glenville, and saw the place where, for twelve months his lot was cast, he longed for her to be with him. He felt strangely timid as he entered the church for the first time to attend the morning service, for he had arrived so late on Saturday night that he had made few acquaintances and there was such a lack of familiar faces, as he surveyed the congregation. To be sure Mr. Long had called at his room, and escorted him to the church, but alas, for the young preacher's peace of mind. Mr. Long occupied the time with a minute recital of the numerous troubles and difficulties of the congregation. The lack of spiritual vitality was bemoaned, the frequent and long intervals between revivals recounted, and the need of the people for a preacher who could "stir them up." If Mr. Arnold asked any questions, no matter how trivial, Mr. Long had ready answers as comprehensive as the list of church members. He introduced now and then some of the shortcomings of other pastors, their lack of executive ability, their weakness on various theological points, their extravagance, pride, family troubles, bad children anything and everything; all were ground up fine in that morning talk of "one of the official members." The minister silently prayed for strength, for help, for the one friend of the friendless to sustain and direct. At the church door, a general introduction took place, and the little hum of voices penetrated the half open door. When Mr. Arnold walked up the center aisle to the pulpit many were the nods and gestures that signified like or dislike from one pew to another. As he knelt in silent prayer there were a few whispered comments, and then all settled down to listen to the first words of the new preacher. As he stood before them with the open hymn book in his hand the people were impressed with the quiet dignity of the man. His features were large and as clearly cut as a cameo, and his dark hair framed the manly face well. His eyes wandered for an instant over the congregation, and there was no fear or timidity in their gray depths. The moment of prayer had given him strength. His voice trembled slightly but grew firm as he read reverently, as though a prayer, the hymn—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from sin and make me pure.

There was an awkward pause as he finished the last line, and waited for some one to lead the singing. The organ was closed. Mr. Long had informed him of the reason, and no one seemed willing to take the initiative in the musical part of the devotion. It was but for an instant, and the minister, with the memory of chapel exercises at college flitting through his brain sang to the old, old tune, the grand beseeching hymn. The congregation joined him, with voices cracked and discordant, but above all he heard ringing as pure and clear as a silver bell a rich soprano. With a teen for beauty, and a passionate love for melody, his glances followed the sound, and marked the face of the singer. Through the verses of contrition and adoration the pastor led them, but there was no faltering in the notes, there was no thought of loneliness or sadness, no glance for a face, or memory for another far distant, but the soul was absorbed in the one petition

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The prayer, the sermon, the announcements

of prayer meeting and Sabbath schools, were finished, and after the benediction the congregation came around the steps of the pulpit to greet the minister. A name, a grasp of the hand, and the introduction was complete, though now and then some old Christian would pause for a moment's conversation. Fathers and mothers brought their children with them as they came from their pews to speak to Mr. Arnold, and he had a kindly word for each. As a little space was left about him, an old man leaning heavily on his cane approached the altar. At his side was the young girl whose voice had attracted the attention of the minister, and who awaited with him an introduction. "Brother Allen Brother Arnold; this is his grand daughter, Ruth Allison," said Mr. Long. "Brother Allen is an old member of our church, and his son-in-law, John Allison, was our first preacher. He and his wife both died here," and with this bit of biography the ceremony concluded. The daughter of a minister, fatherless and motherless, Ruth Allison, needed no further words to commend her to the young pastor.

[To be Continued.]

The Unknown God.

(San Francisco Bulletin.)

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 2.—I am going to tell you of a trip to the mountain of Tezucingo, famous in Aztec days as being the pleasure garden and retreat of the Indian post-king, Nezahuacoyotl. From Tezucingo the trip is wildly picturesque and grandly beautiful. The curiously constructed bath of Nezahuacoyotl is cut from a solid block of granite overhanging the brow of the hill. The rock has a smooth surface several yards square, and dipping from its center is a circular basin some three or four feet deep and a dozen or more in circumference. Out of one side is cut a seat for the accommodation of the bath, while rising from the surface, a little back, is another having a perfect chair form, with a rest on one side for the arm. Protecting the outer side of this is a wall—a part of the same rock—as in which seats have been cut, and various little niches in the form of miniature steps, which might have been used by the old Indian monarch as receptacles for his toilet paraphernalia.

Following along the still well-preserved path we came to a chamber cut into the side of the hills, now unroofed and in ruins, the floor being strewn with debris. At the end of this vaulted chamber was a raised platform a foot in height and several feet square, hewn from solid rock, and on either corner back of this were niches chiseled out with magnificent accuracy by the hands of his people. We have since learned that between these, above the platform, there still remained at the beginning of the present century a large calendar stone, which was later destroyed by the neighboring Indians in search of treasure. This curious work must have cost its builder a vast deal of labor.

Separating himself from the cares of his kingdom Nezahuacoyotl came for retirement to this beautiful mountain, and here, four times every day for forty days, on bended knees, he offered prayer and incense to the "All powerful God, hidden and unknown." It is said that, in answer to these earnest petitions, a vision appeared to one of his servants in attendance, directing him to go at once to his master with the comforting assurance that the unseen God had been pleased to accept his prayers and offerings, and would give him, by the hands of his son, Azoquatin, a boy of only 17 years. The king could not accept the supernatural vision, which was, however, fulfilled. Nezahuacoyotl, upon hearing of the fulfillment of what he had considered a false prophecy, retired in humiliation to the garden of his palace, and kneeling on the ground, gave thanks to the unknown God for his signal benefits, promising to build a temple to his worship, to abstain from idolatrous worship and human sacrifice, and to acknowledge the supremacy of the unknown God.

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THE AULD ASH TREE.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

There grows an ash by your door,
And 'tis brought to me from far,
In fairest wood of summer green,
And birds sit singing on their boughs.
But 't is not your song, ye birds, that I love,
An' o' your lullin' let me be;
Ye bring dild lullin' frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by your door,
And 'tis brought to me from far,
In fairest wood of summer green,
And birds sit singing on their boughs.
But 't is not your song, ye birds, that I love,
An' o' your lullin' let me be;
Ye bring dild lullin' frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

Ob, I wad fain forget them a';
Remember'd gail, but d'espice ill,
As I wad be a' at a' church clock,
Ma' the nair mirk but mairick. Till
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree—
O' a' thy voices let me be;
Ye bring dild lullin' frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

—Blackwood's Magazine.

STATE NEWS.

Lafayette has a new gang of gamblers.
Crawfordsville is to have a colored councilman.
The Covington masquerade ball netted the red ribbon club \$27.
The flues of the Covington hotel are in a dangerous condition.
Robins and blue birds are making their appearance all over the state.

Warren county needs gravel roads, and the people are going to have them.
Theodore Tilton visited the public schools of Auburn on his recent visit there.
Two dogs killed and wounded 17 sheep for a Montgomery county man in one night recently.

The Michigan City Enterprise reports the sailors getting things prepared for early navigation.
Indiana Statesman: The farmers report the fruit crop promising, if no severe frosts come after blossoming.
Two young men at West Lebanon disturbed religious services at a church there. They were fined \$45 for their bad conduct.

The Somers farm near Auburn will be purchased by the Catholic people, and a school building, etc., for their order erected there.
One hundred and fifty lodges have been invited to participate in the old fellows' anniversary ceremonies in Danville April 29.
Columbus property owners are making some improvements about their residences, and the appearance of the town is much improved thereby.

Allen county has a man with four "K's" in his name—a name that can be spelled backward as well as forward, or from the center either way—Kukuk.
The Monticello Herald shows that meetings now are being held along the line from Bedford through that place to Delhi in the interest of the narrow railway, with a view to active operations on it in the spring.

Crawfordsville Star: A Crawfordsville drummer became involved in a dispute with a debtor at Wayne town last week, and finally locked up the debtor's store and carried off the five ribs in Indian territory. The drummer was arrested, but on trial acquitted.
The Salina correspondent of the Spy, at Rochester, relates that William Overmyer, near there lost two sheep near three months since, and lately found them both beneath a fallen hay stack, where for ten weeks they had been confined, and yet one of them was taken out alive.

The Elkhart Review says that a wolf in the township of Cleveland, supposed to have killed about 300 sheep in that neighborhood, having been recently hunted and shot at 12 times, was on Monday of last week shot down by young Quimby, who got \$40 bounty made up by the neighboring farmers.
Not Quite the Same Thing.—Small child (whose favorite aunt is "engaged"): "Grandma, 'tisn't you, is it?" Grandma: "She is sitting in the library with Captain Herbert, my dear." Small child (after a moment's thought): "Grandma, couldn't you go and sit in the library with Captain Herbert, and Auntie May come and play with me?"—Punch.

Salem Democrat: How much more must our town suffer from loss by fire before we have any sort of effective fire apparatus? It's a matter of serious contemplation to know that a fire is liable to break out at any time and that we are compelled to stand around completely at the mercy of the flames, excepting what little virtue there may be in the application of a few pails of water.

Greeneville Banner: Gravel roads are beneficial in various ways. They are more agreeable to travel on than through the mud. They save the wear and tear of horses, harness and vehicles. They enable the farmer to reach the city at the worst season of the year, so as to take advantage of the high prices prevailing at such times. From two to eight times as much can be hauled with the same team as on unimproved roads. They indicate a higher civilization, promote intercourse among the people, and are things of joy and profit to all the people. Build gravel roads by all means.

Then Colonel Caterlin bestirs himself and says we must have a road out his way, and thus the pike to Michigantown must and will be built. Now comes George Scroggy, and he says there must be a road yet more. So it goes. Frankfort will soon be enveloped with good roads.
Dr. Hardwicke, the corner, at a recent inquest in Marylebone, London, said that 300 children annually met their deaths in London alone from suffocation in bed. It is generally imagined that the suffocation of infants arises in great measure from the temperature of the room in which they lie. Dr. Hardwicke, however, is of opinion that this is a mistaken impression. His experience leads him to the conclusion that the causes of suffocation are mostly due to the over kindness of the parents.

When the late bishop of Oxford was traveling eastward to attend the church congress at Norwich, a lady sitting opposite to him commented in flattering terms on the eloquence and ability of the great Anglican divine, quite unconscious that she was addressing him. "But why, sir," she added, "do people call him 'Sopsy Sam'?" "Well, madam," replied the bishop, "I suppose it is because he has always been in a good deal of hot water, and always manages to come out with clean hands."

And now another romance is exploded. Only a few days ago it was announced that the daughter of Kleber, the Alsatian general, was living, old, blind and in poverty, and divers pretty paragraphs, concerning "the ingratitude of republics" were thereupon written. Then a master-of-fact French reporter there was such-set to work to investigate the matter, and she proved to be the widow of Kleber's son. Then he investigated a step further and discovered that Kleber had never been married; also, that there was no evidence to show that he had ever had an illegitimate son. Thus another little romance of history vanishes before sober facts like the frost picture upon the pane before the sun.

ALL SORTS.

Vinnie Ilean's bust of David Davis is said to resemble the Cardiff giant.
It now requires 18 months to obtain a divorce in Georgia. The suit has to pass through three terms of the court.
Matilda Joslyn Gage doesn't know whether Mrs. Swishelmin is a Judas or a Sapphira. The question should be referred to a commission.
Dr. Peabody, of Harvard college, recommends the students to read the Bible more and less novels, if they would have a good English style.
Monsignor Chataud, of the American college in Rome, has collected \$32,000 for his college during his tour of a few months throughout the United States.

Texas this year made over 700,000 bales of cotton, from which will be obtained 840,000,000 pounds of seed. This seed converted into oil would bring over \$14,000,000.
The general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, meets in Atlanta, Ga., in May next. The conference will embrace about 300 clerical and lay delegates. It will be a very important session, as besides the general routine business, several new bishops will be elected.

The tribe of Chickasaws maintained 28 schools last year, in which were taught 715 pupils. The five tribes in Indian territory have 181 school houses, in which are maintained 12 boarding and 108 day schools employing 198 teachers, who instructed 5,496 pupils. Of the population of 56,715, there can read 31,000. They spent on the schools last year \$157,775.
A New York murderer sealed his own doom when arrested, some years ago, by remarking, "Oh, hanging is out, anyhow. He finds a parallel in Murphy, a Boston murderer, who said to his captors recently: 'I suppose people outside think I'm a brute and ready to kill at any time, but I will be real good in prison, and in a few years those tender chops with a soft spot in their heads will get me out.'"

Miss Emma Stebbins has nearly completed her life of Charlotte Cushman and the book will be in the public hands. Miss Stebbins was the intimate companion and devoted confidant of the great actress, and the memorial will be looked for with interest. A movement has been lately started to erect a monument to Miss Cushman over her grave in Mount Auburn. Mr. John P. Raymond offering a subscription of \$500 as a beginning, and there is good reason to believe that her many admirers, in and out of the profession, will be glad to unite in so well deserved a tribute.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Boston, says: "The churches here are feeling the financial pressure deeply. Several of the churches are heavily in debt, and to pay the interest and incidentals, and the pastor's salary, is more than they can do. Their revenues have declined greatly. The pew rents are the main reliance, and these have fallen off to a great extent. Some are fast to pay their pew rents, and others give up their pews altogether." "Some of the churches must unite if the times continue as they are, or they will be obliged to discontinue their services."

Robert Laird Collier, of Boston, has been preaching on the drama. He says that "of all people, Americans are the most unskilled in pleasure. This we inherit from the English, who take all pleasure solemnly. A wholesome man has a time to play as well as a time to work. No man is symmetrical and healthful who does not at times give himself over to play and recreation. The drama should be the means of intellectual recreation. And, moreover, it ought to be morally reserved. The best plays are those which are heard by thousands are those they hear spoken upon the stage, and I have never known such sentiments pass unapplauded by the crowd."

A correspondent says George Eliot's home life is a very charming one. She exercises an active supervision and develops a most comprehensive management and exquisite taste in every detail of the household. In conversation she is very slow and methodical, writing not more than from 40 to 60 lines a day. When a book is completed she is such a state of nervous exhaustion that her husband takes her to Italy or southern France to recuperate. While writing she must be scrupulously arranged as to persons, while every detail of her surroundings must be in harmonious place. Her information is encyclopedic in its extent and as exact as the sciences. She belongs to a materialistic school of thought.

What the witty Mrs. Trench once said of Mme. Deslail—that she is "consciously ugly"—will apply to George Eliot, with the reservation, however, that her plain features are so sanctified by her expression that she becomes a very beautiful woman. She is morbidly sensitive in regard to her appearance and certain phases of her life. She has been offered fabulous sums by London photographers if she would sit for her picture, but she has always refused. So far as I know there is not a picture of her in existence. She goes little or none in society, but has weekly receptions to which only a certain class is admitted. She may be often seen at the classical matinees, given every Saturday

at St. James' hall, and occasionally she may be seen on the street with a pair of sparkling bays, a very swell carriage and liveried servants.—Letter from England.

General John A. Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California, has been interviewed by a Washington reporter, who describes him as a stout, grey haired man, a little over five feet high. He went to California in 1825 as a farmer, and built a mill, in the race of which his wheelwright, named Marshall, discovered some gold, and converted the news to his employer. The man couldn't keep the secret, the news spread and the general was ruined. He could hire nobody to save his immense wheat crop into which the prospecting parties turned their cattle, no one would dig gold for him, and finally he lost his land to the American government on a flaw in his Mexican title. He has for 15 years past been trying to get some compensation of it from the government.

Why "Uncle Tom" is Popular.
"Trinculo" writes in Wilkes' Spirit: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is one of the most popular fables ever written. Do you know why? Because it has a good story of low life? No. Because it touches the extremes of character? No. Because of its crowded incidents and increasing action? No. Because there is an apothosis in it? No. The real reason why it is popular is because there's a baby in it. It belongs to the late order of Philadelphia Ledger drama, in which the maternal and paternal instinct is touched, and people call it sweet.

Everybody likes babies, except the strong minded woman.
How well the editor of the Spirit knew it last Christmas. There is a good deal of baby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is the precocious, ideal and good baby whom the gods love. Or, as the obtusaries say, who are only lent to earth for a brief season.

It is inhumanly made to sparkle all the more brightly by reason of its jet setting. Whenever Uncle Tom—black as Erebus—comes upon the stage, leading the little gold hard spirituelle damed by the hand, a great wave of delicious sentiment sweeps over the assembled mortals, yet to be mothers, fathers and hopeful husbands, who make up the audience.

It is astonishing, but it is nevertheless true, that this sweet baby is the bright focus of the drama. God bless the naive little creature! She tries to act, and to be as unnatural and angelic as possible, in accordance with her coaching; but it isn't her histrionism that delights us. No, it is nothing more nor less than the babyhood of her.

Natural babies don't want to be angels. They want to live and bloom, and make mud pies and rag dolls. It is the unnatural, the supernatural baby of the story book that patters with its fairy foot contemptuously upon the heads of men, and looks up like a German mystic into the azure mystery. This is what Eva does.

A Story of Willis.
An article by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, entitled "Reminiscences of N. P. Willis," appears in Baldwin's Monthly, from which we make the subjoined anecdote: "Mr. Willis was always ready with a good word for any man or woman struggling with the sensitiveness of genius over the thorny way of poverty or neglect. With delicate tact he would find a way to set them right in the public mind, while so many editors passed them by in silence or gave them a sharp prick with the critical pen. I remember one case in point: Emily Chubbuck, a vivacious and poetic woman, had been writing for a mere pittance for papers and magazines, while others, with no more poetic ability and no more scope of thought, were well paid and accepted by the public. She complained of this to Mr. Willis, in a half-playful, half-aggravated letter, to which he replied: "How can you expect anything better? Your genius is not of a kind to affiliate with your name. Who will read a poem signed Chubbuck? Sign yourself 'Fanny Forester,' and you will see the change."

"She did so, and her success was complete, as those who have followed the fortunes of this interesting woman, afterwards the wife of the East Indian missionary, Judson, will remember. From this hint, Mr. Willis arose a small army of alliteratives—'Minnie Myrtle,' 'Minnie May,' etc., till these were superseded by masculine cognomens. Mr. Willis was one of the first to recognize myself under the nom de plume of 'Ernest Helfenstein,' as did Edgar Poe."

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