

THE WASTE OF WAR.

FROM DICKENS' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day—
The wasted skill, the labor lost,
The mental treasures thrown away—
And I will buy each rod of soil
In every yet discovered land,
Where hunters roam, where peasants toll,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth
In needed, nay, in brave attire;
Vestures befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vail, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gaze's sight,
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

In every crowded town shall rise
Hall's academic, amply graced,
Where ignorance may soon be wise,
And coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few,
Filled with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will.
Music of bells on Sabbath days
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise,
And the great Christian song of praise
Stream upward to the skies.

Disreputable Advertising Circulars.

But the effect of the miscellaneous advertising circulars now so freely flooding the country is a serious evil to contend with. Comparatively few really immoral advertisements creep into the newspapers. But the harm effected through the privacy of the circular is so great as to demand the careful attention of good people. Hundreds of cases come to light every year in which evils of the worst description are shown to have resulted from these circulars sent privately to young persons of both sexes. In almost every instance, these circulars were of such a nature that their contents, if put in the form of a newspaper advertisement, would not have been received by the publishers of any journal with the least pretension to respectability; the evil thereof lies entirely with this abominable circular system of advertising, and in this connection one can hardly refuse a tribute of gratitude to the frank and open columns of the newspapers, which, while they are ready to disseminate a knowledge of all the ornamental, useful, desirable or necessary objects of the advertiser, are closed to the pernicious announcements of men who care considerably less for the souls or bodies of their fellow man than for the financial condition of their own unworthy pockets. As for their personal souls, they have so little of the article that no injury could possibly accrue to them—they were sold as the devil's commodity about the first time these gentlemen constructed their first "strictly confidential circular."—*Rowell's Reporter*.

"The fool killer," says the New York Tribune, "should be let loose at once among the young ladies of the metropolis. It is reported, on the most undoubted authority, that a number of young women have formed a club for the purpose of glorifying the charms of a popular young actor, whose personal beauty greatly overbalances his moral character. They have called it after his name, and the condition of membership is that each new comer shall give a dinner to the charmer, inviting, of course, all the old members. No other man is allowed to be present. This is bad enough, but the worst is yet to come. One of the members, who might be called the most woe-begone idiot of the lot, has fitted up a shrine in the sacred recesses of a closet, where she keeps candles burning continually around a photographic likeness of the adored one, and sits before it in admiration hours at a time."

Women printers are not such modern institutions as many imagine. In 1794 one Delfuto established a printing office, where the fair sex set up type and turned out several pamphlets and books. Delfuto petitioned the Assembly even to be allocated a portion of its printing work, as by his reform he restored men to agriculture and the army.

NEWS NOTES.

"Are women persons?" is a question now under discussion in Massachusetts. The *Woman's Journal* claims they are. The *Boston Pilot* says no.

Burnside, we regret to hear, is daily growing balder. It takes most of his vitality to sustain his side whiskers, and his hair has refused to subsist upon short rations. —*Brooklyn Argus*.

To a deputation of uneasy Lorrainers Bismarck recently observed:—"Gentlemen, Prussia is like a flannel waistcoat—rough to the skin at first, but when one has it on, warm, wholesome, and comfortable."

The English method of vote by ballot is very intricate and cumbersome, the object being to prevent frauds and intimidation. It has been learned by experience that it does neither, and a simplification is absolutely necessary.—*Ex*.

"Falling Water" is the pretty name of an Indian maiden up in Chippewa county, but she chews tobacco and wears an old pair of army pants, with horn buttons on them.—*Milwaukee News*.

The two largest mixed colleges in the country are Oberlin and Michigan University. Of the 1,330 students at Oberlin 633 are women, of the 1,191 at Michigan University 100 are women.

The severe Winter at the North has driven the crows into the Shenandoah (Virginia) Valley in such numbers that the farmers have been obliged to house their corn unshucked, to save the crop. The country has been covered with crows, and thousands upon thousands of crows have starved to death, while myriads have had their eyes picked out while yet alive by their greedy fellows.

News from the San Francisco district says that the U. S. Mining Company feel more encouraged the deeper they go. They have lately struck galena, which gets richer as they sink down. They will have their whim in operation in a day or two; they are running three shafts, and are working on two shafts. Other mines in that district are also looking well. All they need now is a good smelter to make it a large and flourishing town.

Many years ago, in Paris, Miss Porter, of Niagara Falls, was asked if she knew much about the Falls. "Yes," she replied; "I own them." This was substantially true, as most of the land on the American side, along the rapids and down the cataract itself, was the property of the Porter family. Recently one-eighth of all the lands and premises on Goat Island was sold by Jane Townsend to Elizabeth Porter for \$51,325, and one-sixteenth part of the same property was sold to Geo. M. Perth for \$25,632 50. At this rate Goat Island is worth about \$400,000.—*Harper's Weekly*.

It is officially announced in Maine that any woman who has been ordained to preach for any recognized religious denomination, on proof of such fact and proper recommendation by any persons personally acquainted with the Governor, will be appointed to solemnize marriage in any part of the State. Any woman who has duties to perform in a public or private office, or in any other position where the discharge of the duties imposed upon her makes it necessary or convenient that she should receive the authority, will be appointed to take acknowledgment of deeds and affidavits, as well as to solemnize marriages, for the county in which she resides, on presenting evidence of this and furnishing the Governor with appropriate recommendations of citizens generally known to him. The persons appointed are to pay to the State the usual fee of \$5 for the commission.

The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, and who fed silkworms before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai, which are called the Garden of China, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; is all meadow land, raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication; the land under the highest tith; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that,

wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouses so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster coming off, and all hands have turned out for a happy day.

The Cabinet Changes.

WASHINGTON, April 23, '75.

When the official correspondence on the subject is made public it will appear that needful attentions to his private affairs have left Attorney General Williams no other alternative than a retirement from public life, and that it is with no common feelings of regret that he has thus been compelled to sever the pleasant official relations which for several years past, have attached him to the President and his Cabinet, and so on. It will further appear that the President deeply regrets the resolution of Mr. Williams to retire from the office which he has filled so acceptably, and that in accepting his resignation he (the President) cannot refrain from the expression of his best wishes for the success and prosperity of this able and faithful public servant in his withdrawal from the cares of State.

All this on both sides is substantially true, but it is not the whole truth. The resignation of Mr. Williams, though proclaimed a voluntary act, was forced upon him, and it came upon him as a surprise. Ever since his nomination for Chief Justice, and particularly since the disclosure of certain facts connected with the withdrawal of his name for that high position, there has been more or less dissatisfaction in the republican party with his continuance in the Cabinet, and frequent ugly hints and charges from republican sources have been made against him; but until lately they were all to no purpose. The President paid no attention to these complaints of corruption in the Department of Justice until last Friday night a week ago, when he sent for Mr. Williams and told him frankly that his presence in the Cabinet was embarrassing his administration and the party.

To this stunning announcement Mr. Williams, of course, could only reply that he would not stand a moment in the way of the administration or the party, and that he would send in his resignation at once. But it was finally agreed that it should be withheld until the President's return from Boston, and that Mr. Williams should remain in his office until some time in May to dispose of certain cases pending in the Supreme Court. But whence this sudden overthrow of the President's late apparently unbounded confidence in this man? It came from some treacherous leakages in the Department of Justice. For instance a good-natured friend told the President that one of the Attorney General's subordinates had "blown on him;" that the investigating committee appointed to examine those charges made against Mr. Williams when he was nominated for Chief Justice had reached a point where, for the good of all concerned, it was deemed expedient to stop the investigation and shut the books. Upon this broad hint, touching a matter of which he had before heard nothing, the President sent for Mr. Williams and suggested the propriety of his resignation. At this time Mrs. Williams was in New York, and was little prepared for the startling dispatch which on Saturday morning last a week ago came to her from Washington, requesting her immediate return home. She left by the next train, and was no doubt greatly surprised and perplexed to find that the Attorney General who had declined the mission to Russia and the mission to Austria would soon be thrown back into the shades of private life.

So fade away all the glories of this world. "Put not your trust in princes" or presidents, for you know not how soon you may be tripped up and brought to the ground. Now it is reported that Mr. Williams will return to Oregon and put himself there in training to take the place of Kelly (democrat) in the Senate two years hence; but it is also given out that Ben Holladay, the railway and steamship king of Oregon, and a large force of active republicans out there say that they have had enough of Williams and that he will come to the Senate no more. Some of the Attorney General's decisions, good or bad, have fixed

him in that quarter, and besides, the "cat is out of the bag" in the Department of Justice, and General Grant has had enough of Mr. Williams. Be it understood that Williams is an honest man, as the world goes, but there have been influences behind him that have officially brought him down.

Of Secretary Delano they say, that whereas he was poor and has become rich, and that whereas seven millions are expended yearly on account of the Indians where four millions ought to be enough, Delano will retire to escape the wrath to come from a democratic committee of investigation, which will surely walk into the Interior Department from the House of Representatives next Winter. And shrewd political astrologers here say furthermore that the retirement of Williams and Delano will soon be followed by a general breakup and reconstruction of the cabinet; that Pirrepoint will take the place of Williams; that Fish will vacate the State Department, and that Ben Butler (preposterous as the idea may appear) may take his place; that even the jolly Robeson will have to walk the plank, and that Belknap, too, will go out. The Cabinet will be reconstructed to strengthen the administration and the party behind it, and if anybody can be found who has heard General Grant say that he is not in the field for another Presidential term, but wishes it to be understood that he has withdrawn from the course, let that man be produced.

But why all these leakages and troubles in the Cabinet of late? They may be thus explained. The President has the same dislike against newspapers that a turkey-cock has against a red rag. He does not read the newspapers, he will not see newspaper men, as a rule, and all newspaper reports of corruptions in this or that department he denounces as "more newspaper lies." He is an honest, come-and-go easy man. He likes money, for he has been very poor and knows how needful it is; but he spends his money freely, and he is not rich. But the great trouble with him is that he will not read or listen to the newspapers, and hence he lives in the dark in regard to the corrupt doings around him, until some glaring case, by some bold intruder, is thrust under his nose. Then he acts, as in the case of Williams. But for his foolish aversion to newspapers he would be a shrewd politician. As it is, he is most of the time blundering in the dark, but he thinks it will all come out right at last.—*New York Herald*.

Gladstone's Letter to the Lexington and Concord Centennial Celebrators.

LONDON, March 5, 1875.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to receive the letter in which you convey to me a very warm and courteous invitation to attend the banquet which it is proposed to hold at Lexington in commemoration of the attainment of the independence of the United States of America. The circumstance of the War which yielded that result, the principles it illustrates, and the remarkable powers and characters of the principal men who took part, whether as soldiers or civilians, in the struggle, have always invested it with a peculiar interest in my eyes, quite independently of the intimate concern of this country in the events themselves, on account of these features, that war and its accompaniments seemed to me to constitute one of the most instructive chapters of modern history, and I have repeatedly recommended them to younger men as subjects of especial study. With those views, I need not say how far I am from regarding the approaching celebration with indifference. It is entirely beyond my power to cross the sea, even with the present admirable communications, for the purpose of attendance. The present time happens to be for me, even independently of my attendance in parliament, one of very urgent occupations, which I am not at liberty to put aside; but I earnestly hope, and I cannot doubt, that the celebration will be worthy of the occasion. In a retrospective view of the eventful period, my countrymen can now contemplate its incidents with impartiality. I do not think they should severely blame their ancestors, whose struggle to maintain the unity of the British empire is one that must, I think, after the

late great war of the north and the south, be viewed in America with some sympathy and indulgence. We can hardly be expected to rate very highly the motives of those other powers who threw their weight into the other scale, and who so sensibly contributed toward accelerating, if not towards determining, the issue of the war. Yet, for one, I can most truly say that whatever the motives and however painful the process, they, while seeking to do an injury, conferred upon us a great benefit by releasing us from efforts the continuation of which would have been an unmixed evil. As regards the fathers of the American Constitution themselves, I believe we can and do now contemplate their great qualifications and achievements with an admiration as pure as that of the American citizens themselves, and can rejoice no less heartily that in the counsels of providence they were made the instrument of a purpose most beneficial to the world. The circumstances under which the United States began their national existence, and their unexampled rapidity of advance in wealth and population, enterprise and power, have imposed on their people an enormous responsibility. They will be tried as we shall be, at the bar of history, but on a greater scale. They will be compared with the men not only of other countries but of other times. They cannot escape from the liabilities and burdens which their greatness imposes on them. No one desires more fervently than I do that they may be enabled to realize the highest hopes and anticipations that belong to their great position in the family of man.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obliged and faithful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Advent Fizzle.

The Adventists, who tried so hard in Chicago yesterday to bring the world to an end last night, failed ingloriously, as the Millerites failed before them; as a hundred other sects of fanatics have failed each in turn during the last two thousand years. There is nothing stranger in the history of human beliefs than the persistence with which people will return again and again to a faith that has again and again shattered itself against the stern logic of events. That the Primitive Christians should have believed in the speedy second coming of Christ was not strange. The New Testament is full of texts whose most natural interpretation is that the Kingdom of Heaven shall come during the lifetime of the first, or at furthest, the second Christian generation. When the march of time had overturned the hopes of that period, it was not so very strange either that when the year 1000 A. D. drew near, students of the Book of Revelations should have so convinced Christendom that the end of the world would come when that year was up, that all public documents were dated as "in the last days when time was drawing to a close." But when obstinate Time refused this notice to quit, too, and calmly strode on into the future, to the dire confusion of the Chiliaists (thousand-year prophets), it is strange that the time of the end should be again and again set even unto this day; and this by men who profess to believe the Scripture, which saith that when that hour shall come no man knoweth; no, not even the angels, not even the Son of God!—*Pittsburgh Leader*.

Two dollars and a half is what a young man in New Orleans had to pay for throwing Madame Soldene a bouquet with a string attached. The fine was for the string.

Dan Yeast, a rich old miser of Mercer county, visited Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and got drunk. In returning home he rolled off a cliff into the river, and, being bad Yeast, failed to rise.

Mlle Lasseny, a Parisian actress, had her apartments destroyed by fire the other day, whereupon it was revealed that one of the articles destroyed was a counterpane of Mechlin lace which formed the bedspread, and that it was valued at \$10,000.

The experiment of transfusing blood has just been applied to General Frank Blair, who has for some time been prostrated with paralysis at his home in St. Louis. Six ounces of blood were injected into his veins, and the result is said to be favorable.