

Selected Poetry.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT—MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.

BY BRET HARTE.

What I want is my husband, sir—
And if y' u're a man, sir,
You'll give me an answer—
Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, sir, Joe—
Caernarvonshire.
Six months ago
Since we came here—
Eh? Ah, you know!

Well, I am quiet
And still,
But I must stand here,
And will!
Please—I'll be strong,
If you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.
'Nonsense,
That was the cause;
Butchery!

Are there no laws—
Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then,
I won't raise my voice;
There, men!
I won't make no noise,
Only you just let me be.

Four—only four—did he say,
Saved? and the other ones? eh?
Why do they call?
Why are they all
Looking and coming this way?

What's that? A message?
I'll take it.
I know his wife, sir,
I'll break it.

"Foreman!"

Ay, ay!

"Out by 'nd by—"

"Just saved his life."

"Say to his wife"

"Soon he'll be free."

Will it? God bless you,
It's me!

—Scrivener's Monthly.

THE TEN LOST TRIBES.

At the Methodist Ministers' meeting this morning the Rev. Joseph Williams, of Mendon, read an essay on "Anglo-Israel; or, the Anglo-Saxon Nations Identical with the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel." The first part of the essay treated of the difference between Judah and Israel. He showed from various texts of scripture that Christ's disciples were taken from the tribe of Benjamin; that His work was chiefly in that tribe; and that it was from the tribe of Benjamin, and not from Judah, that so many were converted at the memorable pentecost.

Israel in their wanderings were to be directed to the isles afar off. (Jer. xxi., 10.) They were to be directed likewise to the north and to the west, i. e., northwest. And a line drawn on a map of the Eastern Continent, beginning at Jerusalem and extending in a north-west direction to the "ends of the earth," would strike the south coast of the North Sea, and terminate in the British Isles.

The interregnum of Israel prophesied in Hosea x., 3, he considered to be the period from the deporal of Hoshea by Salmanasar, B. C. 736, to the coronation of Egbert, A. D. 828, a period of 1,564 years.

The transfer of the sceptre of Judah to Israel occurred in B. C. 580, when Jeremiah Tephth, a Princess of David's time, and Prince Baruch landed in Ireland by way of Spain. The Princess was married to Eochaid, Prince of Ulster, and King elect of Ireland. This re-established the sceptre of Judah, which passed to Scotland 580, thence to England 1603, where it still waves with majestic air.

The sceptre of Judah in abeyance passed through the marriage of Tephth to Eochaid II., King of Ireland, B. C. 580; through Fergus I., his lineal descendant, who took it from Ireland to Scotland, and was crowned at Iona first King of the Scots, A. D. 530, through Kenneth II., crowned King of the Scots and Picts, A. D. 787, at Scone in Pictia; through James VI., of Scotland and I. of England, crowned at Westminster A. D. 1603; through successive lineal descendants to Queen Victoria.

The stone Jacob made his pillow at Luz is now in Westminster Abbey. In Ireland it is known as the Stone of Destiny, or Lia Fail, in England as the Coronation Stone. It was brought to Ireland by Jeremiah in B. C. 500, and at his suggestion used by Eochaid as a cromlech in connection with his coronation. In A. D. 536 it was taken by Fergus I. to Scotland. All the succeeding sovereigns of Scotland for 798 years were crowned on it. It was taken from the Scotch by the English in 1328, and placed in Westminster Abbey, and from that time, 544 years, all the Queens and Kings of England have been crowned on it.

"And the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles as a lion." (Mic. v., 8.) "He bath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn." (Num. xxiii., 22.)

No nation ever fought so many battles or won so many victories as England, the mistress of the seas. "Thou art my battle-axe and weapon of war; for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with them will I destroy the kingdoms."

Whatever people be Israel their foreign commerce must be extensive. They "go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters." "I will set his hand in the sea and his right hand in the rivers." The shipping of England is an approximation to that of the whole world beside.

When England "renewed her strength in the isles" she is represented as saying from the overflowing population, "The place is too straight for me. Give place to me that I may dwell."

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon immigrates he extirpates the aborigines. We read in the Scriptures, "His horns are like the horns of unicorns; with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth."

England has always lent money and not borrowed. "The Lord thy God blesseth thee, as He promised thee; and thou shalt lend unto many nations, but thou shalt not borrow."

The philanthropy of the Anglo-Saxons justifies their prophetic character.

The Anglo-Saxons are addicted to drunkenness to a proverb, which Isaiah foresaw:

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim; the priest and the people have erred through strong drink."

After the reading of the essay a vote of thanks to Mr. Williams was passed.

The Rev. Andrew McKeown read a paper by Prof. Rawlinson combatting the theory of any connection between our ancestors and the Israelites. His remarks on the triviality of the evidence of such connection were not complimentary to those who took that side of the argument. The paper began with the statement that puzzling questions had constantly turned up, which had occupied the attention of able men to very little purpose. One of these is the authorship of the Letters of Junius, and another, interpolated Brother McKeown, was "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

At the close of this reading the Rev. Mark Trafton rose and said that Brother Williams had conclusively proved that if the ten tribes were ever lost they went to England, and Prof. Rawlinson had as conclusively shown that the ten tribes were never lost. [Laughter.]

After deciding to discuss Prof. Tyn-dall's prayer gauge at their next meeting, they adjourned.—Boston Times, Dec. 18.

"THOU HAST NOT KILL."

Cities in flames, hotels burned, with frightful loss of life; lastly, murders, foul and most unnatural! We boast of civilization, we prate of justice, we build gorgeous churches in which to worship the Creator one day in seven, and demonstrate our sincerity by breaking His decalogue the remaining six. We have our physical epidemics of cholera, of smallpox, of typhoid fever; why not our moral epidemics of violating all the Commandments, in order to discover which sin has the most favor, and is, consequently, the most enjoyable? On the whole we conclude that murder—pre-eminently cold-blooded murder—is that for which we most hanker, for which we are gifted by nature, the sin which our laws are especially designed to cover with the mantle of charitable forgiveness. Having fastened our affections on the pet commandments we desire to defy, we display our ingenuity by inventing various sauces piquant with which to flavor this defiance.

There are fashions in the cutting of clothes; why not fashions in the cutting of throats? De Quincy should be alive to-day to paint the beauties of "murder considered as one of the fine arts;" should have stood on Monday night within the shadow of Liberty street and witnessed how little lower than the angels is man! It is a charming spectacle, ye lawabiding citizens of America's greatest city! Will ye gaze as we turn on the calcium light which alone was needed to make the bloody deed as dramatic a sensation as ever the modern playwright dared to dream? Two men meet by accident, men who had formerly been partners in the disreputable business of lottery dealing and had quarrelled themselves into dissolution, each taking with him his ill-gotten

gains, each living on the fat and the folly of the land. They meet, indulge in language befitting their honorable calling, and finally the man Simmons calls the man Duryea "a thief."

"Don't you call me a thief," mutters Duryea, swearing.

"I will call you a thief," says Simmons, with an obscene oath.

Duryea strikes Simmons. They clinch and roll into the gutter. Simmons, the more powerful man, seems to have the advantage, and Duryea tries in vain to free himself from the grasp of his adversary.

"G—d d—n you!" he exclaims, "let me up!"

"You'll die first," replies Simmons, giving him a tremendous blow.

The blood gushes from Duryea's eyes and nose and trickles down his cheeks.

"For mercy's sake, let me up!" he cries.

"Go to h—!" Simmons answers, with another blow. The blood covers Duryea's face and streams over his collar and his shirt as he again cries, "For mercy's sake, don't kill me!"

"Kill you!" Simmons exclaims in a fearful paroxysm of rage, "I'd kill you a dozen times if I could."

Duryea succeeds in raising himself a little. He seizes Simmons by the throat and attempts to choke him. Simmons gasps for breath. His face is livid, and it seems as if Duryea were to have the best of it after all. He tries to free his neck, but cannot.

"G—d d— you!" he gasped, "I'll kill you!"

Putting his hand into his pocket he draws forth a knife. It flashes in the air, and in the next moment is buried in Duryea's neck.

"Oh! oh!" Duryea cries as his head sinks back, bathed in blood.

Again the knife flashes in the air; again it descends; the arteries behind the ear have been cut; another stab, and the writhing Duryea is dead.

"By J—, he's dead, Simmons remarks, coolly, as he draws the reeking knife out of the dead man's neck, and looking at it complacently, mutters, "By G—, I thought I'd do it once, and I'm glad I've done it now!"

When all is over to the satisfaction of the by-standers, who have given their moral support to the performance by never raising a hand in defense of the murdered, and when Duryea is quite dead, a policeman appears and demands the knife.

"All right!" answers the hero of the fray, "you can have it now. I don't want it any more." The hero injures his ankle; but what of that? Are there not carts with which to convey his brave person to the police station, and are there not cigars—the very best—for him to smoke after he gets there? Does he not know that murder is made easy, and justice is "played out." He coolly sends for a surgeon, desiring him to "pull away." He turns round to survey the corpse, as it passes by without a tremor in his face. Why should there be? Does not Simmons know that courts and juries are on his side? What matters it if journals protest and women shudder for the lives of husbands pursuing the very dangerous occupation of minding their own business, in the region of a street well named Liberty? Ay, our hero can even afford to lose his temper at the delay in furnishing him with an ambulance in which to pursue his triumphant way to the hospital. "When is that ambulance going to come? It's very cruel to keep me here. My foot is very bad." Surely the man who hacks his fellow to pieces has a right to protest against neglect of a lame foot, has a right to be surrounded by confidential friends to whom he communicates in whispers with a view probably of buying up whatever of law is remaining in this land of the free. We leave our hero comfortably housed, with all the delicacies of the season about his romantic bedside, with, now that blood has been shed, a police officer on guard night and day. Suppose a police officer had been on guard in Liberty street, what then? Why, then, murder might not have been possible, and we could not have sat down to Tuesday's breakfast with a fitting relish. So we are content, and we ask public opinion to agree with us in thinking that never have we had more reason to be proud of humanity, whether in the shape of murderer, murdered, spectators or absent policemen; that never have we been so entertained as by this most playful encounter; that never were the streets, by day and night, so suggestive of romantic adventure; that never did the sight of glittering steel so thrill us with pleasing thoughts of our approaching doom. We are cheerfully making our wills, and, as just compensation for benefits

conferred, leave everything to the chivalric souls burning to help us on the road to heaven, knowing that they will gladly pay for us one debt—that of nature. Let us by all means erect a monument to Simmons in Central Park in commemoration of the triumph of brute force, passion and every diabolical instinct over law, justice, decency, and every virtue inculcated by the teachings of Christianity. Will not our Judges head the subscription list?—N. Y. Herald.

Causes of Crime.

The Chicago committee of five, to whom was intrusted the duty of inquiring into the causes for the increasing prevalence of crime in that city, have submitted their report. They divide the causes of crime into two classes—the predisposing and the exciting. The first class is dismissed with a paragraph, and the latter is limited to the single element of habitual drinking. They state only the average judgment of the civilized world when they assert that the use of liquor is responsible to a greater extent than all other causes for the spread of crime. But in stopping at this point, the committee fail to probe the subject to the core. Other causes exist, some of which need the additional incitement of liquor to become active, while there are yet those sufficient in themselves. Were, indeed, alcoholic drinking the prime cause of crime, then the putting away of such drinking would signalize the millennial dawn—an end of crime. Who believes such would be the result? In many cases where the disposition for crime lies dormant, alcohol arouses the slumbering demon. But frequently crime is committed, atrocious crime, whereof alcohol can claim no share. Again, crime both in predisposition and excitement, to borrow the committee's parlance, are restrained, held in abeyance, by wholesome laws invariably and impartially executed. A parity of reasoning brings us down to the real core of our subject. In proportion as the laws to protect the rights of propriety and the sacredness of human life are imperfectly, partially or dishonestly administered, so also is the increase of crime. The consumption of liquor being the same in quantity, under a lax as under a thorough administration of the criminal law, the alcohol theory does not really enter into the question except negatively. What actually promotes these periodical epidemics of crime above a certain metaphysical relationship which seems to permeate them, we maintain to be, primarily, a lax execution of the laws against criminals; superintended, it may be, by the prevalence of false ideas with reference to the proper treatment of crime and the perpetrators thereof. It is the fear of punishment that keeps down crime. Take that away and the criminal classes would become rampant, liquor or no liquor. And in proportion with the fewer convictions and lighter sentences is this fear lessened. When men or women who acknowledge no moral restraints, and are consequently held to an observance of the laws through fear of the consequences attending their breakage, become aware that the chances of detection in crime are daily growing fewer, and conviction is hedged around with supreme difficulties, while even with that much secured, there are many loop-holes for escape from punishment by means of corrupt court officers of a pliant pardoning power, what wonder that they are tempted to follow in ways that are dark? To our mind beyond all cavil, the increase of crime complained of in all our large cities is due first to insufficient laws, second to the lax execution of them, and third to a faulty criminal jurisprudence which is administered in the selfish interests of the accused party rather than in those of society at large. It is not possible within the limits of a newspaper article to elaborate these causes, which the Chicago committee have strangely overlooked, and prove them by citation of facts. But there is strong confirmation of our third and last mentioned cause of crime in the remark of a New York Tombs lawyer, made to a reporter, viz: That he could get almost anyone, charged with murder, clear of severe penalty by a skillful use of the mere technicalities of the law. So evidently thought (and still think) the one hundred and thirty-nine murderers in that city who have become such since January, 1871.—Boston Journal.

ST. LOUIS, 30.—Edward Heris, agent of the Grover and Baker Sewing Machine Co., St. Joseph, has been arrested here on a charge of embezzlement.