

EDITORIALS.

A MR. SAMUEL T. HICKMAN tells, in the New York *Citizen*, of a successful attempt, made at Easton, Mass., to harness up a pair of sturgeons so as to make them draw a pleasure boat. The experimentalists were Mr. Samuel Phillippi and Col. J. R. Sitgreaves, and the novel feat was accomplished on the Lehigh Canal, where the gentlemen have a boat house.

The method of harnessing and driving the sturgeons is thus described:

"A broad India-rubber band encircling each fish just behind the pectoral fin has a brass ring attached on top. Through these rings a stout asthen pole about eight feet long is inserted, and to two staples in the pole the traces are fastened. There is also a narrow gum elastic band around each sturgeon, just behind the dorsal fin, with a loop in the side holding the opposite ends of a much slighter pole, to compel them to swim at a regular distance from each other. Mr. Phillippi, who acts as driver, has his seat in the bow and directs their course with a goad, which is a long pole, as thick as one's wrist, with a sharp spike sticking out at right angles from the end, and it is surprising with what alacrity they obey. When they are to be turned to the right or left, a sudden prick on the opposite side of each sturgeon causes the pair to take the desired course. When a greater speed is desired they are pierced near the tail, when they are required to halt the goad is reached forward, and they are pricked in front of the head."

It is said that sturgeons are commonly used thus in Egypt; and to prevent going to the bottom, for which they showed a continued inclination when first harnessed, the following device, (an Egyptian one), was adopted. Two large hollow swan-shaped floats were made and painted white to resemble those birds. To each of these floats a cord of three feet was attached and fastened into the rings on the pole to which the traces are made fast; these wooden swans are attached to the boat; thus serving an ornamental as well as a useful purpose.

The boat is shell shaped, and to strengthen the delusion that it is drawn by the swans and not the fish, a pair of gay reins reach from the bird-shaped floats to the bow of the boat.

If no other good effect follows the Franco-Prussian war, the abandonment of the wearing of the *chignon* by the ladies of Berlin is of itself worthy of note. This is a French fashion, and one of the most odious of the many odious caprices in dress imported from Paris. The young ladies of Berlin are just now in a very patriotic mood, their zeal being, if anything, more ardent than that of the men, and they have resolved to reflect more of the German nationality in their dress, and abandon henceforth French fashions. The returning army was to have a reception upon its arrival at Berlin; sixty young ladies, daughters of the wealthiest citizens, were selected, among others, to meet them. The question of attire came up, and it was decided that they should ignore *chignons*, and they pledged themselves mutually, and to the municipal authorities, on no account, to use false hair.

This is one of the most sensible movements in discarding a prevailing fashion that we have heard about for a long time; and we hope to see it widely extended. The vagaries of fashion are frequently most ridiculous; but the style of dressing hair which has prevailed of late, and which has even been introduced and made popular in this remote country, is most hurtful and absurd. Let it continue a few years, and be adopted by the ladies, and no great length of time will elapse until there will scarcely be a woman in the country who will possess that most beautiful ornament of woman—a fine, luxuriant head of hair. It is bad enough to have so much baldness among men; but for women to take a course to deprive themselves of that which has been described as their crowning glory, is, to say the least, foolish. One of the penalties of wickedness and folly which was to be visited upon a certain class of women for their haughtiness and pride, as described by the prophet Isaiah, was that, instead of well-set hair, there was to be baldness.

The Clarksburg (W. Va.) *Conservative* tells of a fatal and somewhat melancholy affair which took place at a

place called Leading Creek. A Captain Ford, having in his possession a panther skin, happened to be near the place of a Mr. Hornett, and seeing a son of the latter, twelve or fourteen years of age, in a skirt of the woods not far from the house, concluded to have a joke at his expense. He therefore donned the skin and went towards the boy thinking to frighten him; but he failed, and his attempt cost him his life, for the little fellow seeing, what he supposed to be, a panther ran into the house, got a rifle and went in pursuit. He soon came in sight of the panther, and resting his piece on a fence fired, inflicting a wound which caused Ford's death two days after.

A FEW days ago the telegraph wire brought news of the murder of General, *alias* "Pet," Halsted, at Newark New Jersey; and since then the eastern papers have contained full details of this horrible affair. Boils and eruptions on the human body indicate a corrupt state of the blood, and just as surely do the murder of this man Halsted and the causes which led to it, indicate the rottenness and corruption which permeate, fester in, and are undermining social life in this "Christian" land of ours. The victim in the case was a man of education, and moving in the highest society in the land, a "pet" of the late President Lincoln, and a noted man in the highest political circles in Washington; a soldier, a financier, a smart politician, and a thorough "gentleman," in the popular acceptation of the term. But he was an adulterer, for while the husband of a lady of standing and the father of six children, he was murdered while associating with one of the most notoriously lewd women of the section where she lived. Her name is Wilson, also a married woman, and the mother of several children, but separated from her husband because of her abominable licentiousness. The murderer is also a married man, separated from his wife, so that throughout, this affair reveals licentiousness and immorality of the most flagrant character.

It appears that the murderer, named Bolts, who is a native of Leicester, England, and a charcoal dealer, has been on terms of the closest intimacy with the woman Wilson for the last five or six years, in fact she has been regarded as his kept mistress during that time. For something over a year General Halsted had been her "legal adviser," and the criminality of their intimacy for some time has been a matter of no-disguise, and aroused the jealousy of the man Bolts, who, at about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd inst., went to the rooms occupied by the woman Wilson, and disturbed the people of the house, by demanding admission to his "wife." He was told she was not at home, and was finally induced to leave, but returned two or three times more before breakfast time, and finally forced his way in, and up to her bedroom, the door of which he burst open, and found her and Halsted rising and partly dressed. Inflamed with drink and jealousy he pounced upon his rival, when a scuffle ensued, during which Bolts fired a revolver, the ball entering the left breast, dividing the pulmonary artery just above the heart. The victim died in about forty minutes, his only words being, "I am shot." Bolts was arrested a few minutes after the occurrence, and has been committed to take his trial at the September term of the Court, on a charge of murder in the first degree.

ONE of the best magazines which we have on our exchange list is the *American Builder and Journal of Art* of Chicago. There is scarcely a number in which there is not enough instructive matter to pay for the year's subscription. In an article on "Farmers and Famine" in that paper, the editor states that he does not hesitate to affirm that farmers live but little better as a class than soldiers or sailors. He expresses this opinion after years of travel through rural communities, where he has had ample opportunities of judging. An Irish laborer working on the railroad and occupying a cabin ten feet square would not, he says, think of subsisting on the homely meal of the farmer's table. In traveling through the rural districts he seldom meets a hale, hearty looking man. The old men, and the young men, are of slender build, often with haggard faces and that peculiar look out of the eyes which indicates hard fare. This arises from shiftlessness. There is not a farmer's family in the land which might not have meat on hand at all times, he says, if they had

an ice-house; and though there is plenty of time in the winter to construct an ice-house and lay in a supply of ice sufficient for the year, where beef and mutton could be kept sweet, not one farmer in five hundred has ice though he lives by a lake or river. He closes the article by saying with everything at his hand in the way of cereals, fruits and poultry, the American farmer lives like a beggar.

A LADY by the name of Paulina W. Davis has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* in explanation and defense of the words "Free Love." "If women," she says, "were free from helplessness, free from timidity, from compromise, they would be good enough and strong enough to love one and all human beings, from the richness, the fullness, and not from the poverty, of their natures; thus free, their love would go out to the wretched drunkard, to the outcast of every type, to the Pariah of their own sex; by the power of such a love, so large and free, is the world to be redeemed. This is free love."

She illustrates one of the points which she wishes to make by relating an incident:

"Not two months since, a woman, thirty years a wife, wrapped in an India shawl, robed in velvet and lace of almost fabulous value, came to me for advice; holding out her little jeweled hands, and lifting her tearful eyes to mine, she asked, 'How can I be freed from this bondage (worse than death) to a man who knows no law save his own base passions?' This is only one of the many. The written statute does not, indeed, require any woman to marry in the absence of love; but when man by his bestiality has turned her love to loathing, it does require that she shall live on with him, and endure only such tortures as a poor woman, a mother, can know, when she finds her children with an inheritance of evil passions intensified by the very abhorrence of her soul for vices which, in the innocence and purity of her nature, she never dreamed existed, until revealed to her in marriage."

From her expressions we should infer that she attributes the indulgence in the crime of infanticide to the conduct of men described above; for, she says:

"The horrible crime of infanticide has a meaning in it when practiced by wives. Can the editors of the *Tribune* see it only in the evidence of a woman's frivolity? If you cannot then go with me and listen to histories which will curdle the blood in your veins, and wring from you a little pity for the gay butterflies you are so in the habit of sneering at."

THE Peoria, (Ills.) *Review* of the 6th instant publishes the details of a tragedy that occurred near Onarga, Iroquois Co., in that State, which, for fiendish atrocity and cruelty, probably surpasses anything in print. The principals in this horrible affair were a father and son, the latter, about eleven years of age, suffering a most agonizing death at the hands of his brutal monster of a father.

The name of this wretch was Martin Mera, a farmer in pretty good circumstances, an Irishman, a man of considerable culture, but with an ungovernable and brutal temper. His family consisted of a wife, said to be an intelligent lady, and six children, the eldest a girl of fourteen, and the poor murdered boy. Mera had the reputation in his neighborhood of being honest, and industrious; but when under the influence of his unbridled temper he has been known to whip his horses unmercifully, cut out the eyes of his hogs and do other acts of a similar character.

On the 15th ult., Mera went to a town called Gilman, and posted two notices, stating that his boy had left home, but he was unable to tell why, as he had always behaved well to him. A few days after, as no tidings were heard of the missing boy, the people of the neighborhood began to suspect foul play, and finally a number of them swore out a warrant for Mera's arrest, and started for his residence. On their way they called at a school which his eldest daughter was attending and questioned her. She told them her father had beaten her brother, and then put him on the stove and she had not seen him since. The party arrested Mera, but he insisted that the boy had run away, and he was released. Eight men were left to watch his movements, under the impression that if the boy

had been killed the murderer might visit the grave. But after watching a considerable time no clue of this kind was gained, and he was again arrested and lodged in safe keeping, on a charge of murder. A large party commenced a search for the body of the boy, and towards the close of the afternoon they found it not far from the house buried four feet eight inches deep. It was very much decomposed, and the feet gave evidence of having been burned.

At the investigation of the case the mother and two sisters of the deceased were the principal witnesses. Mrs. Mera appeared in court with her youngest child, between two and three weeks old, in her arms. She testified that on the day her child was born she heard her husband severely beating the boy. The next morning the poor boy, naked, went into her bed room, followed by his father, who commenced beating him unmercifully with a horsewhip which he continued for fifteen minutes. He ordered the child to put on his shirt, which he attempted but was unable to do so through weakness. He shortly afterwards fell to the ground dying. He rubbed the body of the child with spirits for half an hour, and tried to get him to drink some, during which he raised his hands once, and murmured "I can't see, I can't see," and all was over. Mera shoved the corpse under the bed of his wife, where it lay until night, when he buried it.

A sister of the deceased, seven years old, said her father made her brother take all his clothes off, whipped him badly on the back and head, and laid him on the stove.

The remaining witness was a sister of the boy, fourteen years old. She testified that two weeks before, her father knocked her brother down twice, and whipped him until he could not get up. The next day he beat him and laid him twice on the stove, which was hot enough to heat a flat iron, the little fellow screaming "father don't burn me." He was severely burned, portions of his skin and flesh being left there. He then took him into her mother's room, and she never saw him again. The girl also said that her father had frequently beat her with the whip, that he had struck and blackened her mother's face, and gave other testimony of a like nature, showing that Mera was one of the most cruel and inhuman wretches in existence.

On these facts the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the prisoner, and he was committed to take his trial in the Circuit Court, which commenced its sessions on the 5th inst. The excitement and indignation of the people against the prisoner ran fearfully high, and culminated on the morning of the 5th, when a body of armed men proceeded to the jail, burst it open, obtained possession of the prisoner and hung him to a tree. A few minutes before his execution, he called upon the Masons to help him, but his appeal elicited no sign of aid or sympathy. He then said, "May the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul, and the Holy Virgin pray for me;" but this appeal met with no more response than the former, and the wagon was driven from under him. He struggled terribly for a few minutes, when death closed the final act of one of the most terrible affairs that ever took place in that, or any other portion of the country.

THE deadly hostility which exists between the Irish Catholics, or Ribbonmen, and the Orangemen, is fearfully illustrated by the recent news from New York. Under ordinary circumstances the declaration that the Orangemen intended to march with weapons in the procession might have been expected to deter a mob from attacking them, especially when it was also stated that the police and militia would be out in force. But these measures have only seemed to have the effect to exasperate and madden the Ribbonmen, and make them more determined to carry out their schemes of violence and blood. The details of the rioting are shocking, and the conduct of some of the regiments in firing upon the people will call forth severe animadversions. The effects of these riots will be felt for a long time to come. The killed will be held in the memories of their friends as martyrs, and should opportunity offer, a bloody retribution will be exacted. It is not in the nature of the Irish character to forget a wrong, and these dreadful occurrences will add a new element of strife and bitterness, which will break out on every favorable opportunity, and will have its effect upon New York politics. The exact