

## MARWOLAETH GWILYM DDU.

(The Death of William Lewis, Salt Lake City, Sept. 27, 1875, aged 68 years.)

[WRITTEN BY REQUEST.]

Newydd sydyn, gair o alar,  
Ddaeth am angen Gwilym Ddu;  
Syrthio lawr ar wely priddlyd,  
Ffwrdd o dref, ei ddiwedd fu.  
Ffodd ei ysbryd maes o'i babbell,  
Gwisgai hono ddolw'r bedd;  
Teithiai i ysbryd i'r uchelder,  
I drigfanu gwlad yr hedd.

Mwy ni chlywir llais ei awen,  
Mwy ni phlethfa beraidd gan;  
Nes ei clywir yn mharadwys,  
Yn difyr i'r dyfala law.  
Cagler ffwrth elawen yma,  
I'n dyddant tra fo'm byw,  
Hyd nes gallom oll gydganu,  
Yn ei gwmni, gyda Dau.

Selog ydoedd gyda'i grefydd,  
Cadarn wr o blaidd y ffydd;  
Gweithiwr diwyd dros ei deulu,  
A chymydog da bob dydd.  
"Naddu cery, noddi carlad,"  
Hoff oedd ganddo g'lymau'r gan,  
Pan yn adeiladu'r Deml,  
A thra'n eistedd wrth y tan.

Myn'd wnaeth pleidiwr yr Eisteddfod,  
Awdl, englyn, cywydd, can;  
Pennill ar ol pennill ganodd  
Er boddolion mawr a man.  
Addas 'lawr i ninnau ganu  
Clod i un fu'n canu'n hir:  
Merch yw'r awen i'r gwir gariad  
Sy'n preswylor' nefol dir.

Ust! tebygaf clywaf Gwilym;  
Dywed, "Melys iawn yw'ch can;  
Wraig a phlant, na themlweb alar,  
Ni fun i mor llon o'r bla'n."  
Ffarwel, gyfalli; can dy oren,  
Swyna glustiau llu y nen;  
Ninnau ganwn ar y ddaear  
Odlau mwynion o amen.

JOHN S. DAVIS.

Medi 30, 1875.

## NEWS NOTES.

Belgium sells annually \$4,000,000 worth of Valenciennes lace.

The barrel organs in London grind out Moody and Sankey hymn tunes at every street corner.

Minister Orth, writing from Vienna, says that he too has yet to see a single drunken person where everybody drinks wine and beer.

An Emperor respectfully asking a Parliament to give him vacation for eighteen months, as just seen in Brazil, is pre-eminently a nineteenth century spectacle.

A Troy, N. Y., woman, determined to love somebody, has ensnared a poor old man who is in his 72d year, and who had to borrow some clothes to wear at the wedding.

The city of Atlanta, Ga., has 65 doctors and 135 lawyers, and one of its papers says these are more than would be necessary if everybody were sick and suing all his neighbors.

Some Philadelphia school janitors have been caught disposing of coal to the poor people in their neighborhoods, and now the board of directors propose to make it warm for them, too.

The New York Herald says that city consumes 6,000,000 eggs, 3,000 frogs, acres of beef, mutton, and veal, besides immense quantities of birds of the air and fishes of the fivers and sea, in a week.

Bass, the "bitter beer" man of England, employs 40,000 persons in his business, and pays the Midland railroad company an average of \$885,000 per annum for the single item of freightage.

The New York Sun warns the Reverend Moody in advance that twaddle won't do, but that he must furnish "strong meat" for "the iron-clad, stony-hearted, bullet-headed, brazen-faced, flagitious sinners that abound" in New York. We concur in the above.—Washington Star.

An old man named William Yateley has just died at the almshouse in Trenton, N. J., who had not tasted any description of food for twenty-seven days previous to his death. During that time he had subsisted entirely on small doses of whiskey given to him periodically.

The Brooklyn Union suggests to Mr. Tilton in a friendly way that he had better let the "Problem of Life" alone for awhile, as he has made some few mistakes in that sort of mathematics. The advice is good. Mr. Tilton should cease "mooing at the age" and carefully cultivate whatever of sanity there is in him.—Phila. Times.

## How to Remove Moles — A Dead Man's Hand.

An extraordinary story of gross superstition and ignorant credulity has been communicated to the Mercury's London correspondent from Lofthouse, a small town in Cleveland, Yorkshire, England. Since she attained womanhood, three years since, Miss Sallie Booth has been reckoned the belle of the small town, and has been much courted and flattered by young men of her rank in life. She was the daughter of a poor farmer, and had received a very primitive education. She had gipsy-looking black eyes, aquiline nose, brilliant white teeth, and small hands; but there were two moles on her upper lip, from which coarse black hairs constantly sprung. Many of her admirers affected to see no end of beauty in these moles, but spiteful girls spoke of Sallie Booth's mustache, and the irritated beauty tried all sorts of quack depilatories to eradicate what she thought facial blemishes. Meanwhile Miss Booth captured an aristocratic lover. He was a son of Captain Wharton, of Shelton Castle, and had acquired an unenviable reputation at Harrow public school for irregularities of a dissolute type. Farmer Booth held a farm under Captain Wharton, and the licentious young man therefore had easy access to the girl. While the girls of the place grew green with envy when they saw Sallie Booth walking forth with the "gentleman lover," older people predicted that no good would come of it. Captain Wharton unavailingly remonstrated with his son, and then warned Farmer Booth of the unscrupulous character of his son's advances to Sallie. But the farmer was as proud of the connection as his daughter, and openly boasted of his future son-in-law in the alehouses of the place. Before long the intimacy between the pair exceeded proper limits, and Sallie importuned Harry to marry her. The request did not elude the expected enthusiasm; yet he languidly said that he had no objection to marrying her if "those horrid moles" were removed from her lip. In the spring and hey-day of their acquaintance he had pronounced them pretty, now their removal was a *sine qua non* to matrimony. Five-and-twenty miles from Lofthouse, at a small village named Seamer, there resides an old woman purported to possess supernatural powers—always exercised, however, for beneficent end. To old Nanny Hunter, Miss Booth proceeded, and submitted her case. After retiring for "prayer and meditation" the sibyl informed her that there was but one way to obliterate the moles, and that was by touching them with a dead man's hand at midnight in a dark room—the hand to be held in contact with the lips until it grew warm! It was a crucial operation, yet revolting as it was, Sallie resolved to "go through it" at the first opportunity. It was some weeks before a dead man turned up to be experimented on by Miss Booth. But on the last night of June the body of a seaman was washed ashore opposite the alum works, and the corpse was conveyed to the stable of a neighboring public house, and locked up until the inquest. Sallie at once proceeded to the inn and acquainted the old hostler with the story of her moles and the Seamer wise woman's prescriptions, offering him half a sovereign to aid and abet her in applying the swollen, flabby hands of the unknown corpse to her face when midnight came. "She was as bold as a shalion," said Bob Sugget, the ostler, in telling the story afterwards; "she went right into the deep darkness of the stable, and I heard her rustling among the straw as she groped for the dead man's hand, while I stood, feeling queer-like, outside the door. It might have been five or it might have been ten minutes when she gave such a screech as might have wakened the dead. Then she yelp, yelp, yelled, like a locomotive whistle, and I took to my heels and ran." Landlord Coulson and his patrons listened with awe and amazement to the ostler's story, and proceeded to the stable with a lantern. The corpse sat bolt upright, white and jelly-like as a new scalded pig, and Sally Booth held on to his shoulders, giggling and grinning and laughing. The spectators were pierced with horror! But as they stood motionless and silent, and saw the girl embrace the clammy corpse and cry, "Kiss

me, Harry darling! the moles are gone," they became satisfied that they saw before them a gigantic misfortune that had merged into madness. When the landlord approached to take her away she dropped down with a piercing shriek, and swooned away. She was carried home by four men on the stable door, and almost as soon as she reached her father's house the pangs of premature labor supervened. The wail was never conscious of existence, and the poor young mother was removed during the latter part of August last to York asylum, hopelessly insane.—Ex.

## Marrying Cousins.

The Fortnightly Review contains an article, by Mr. George Darwin, on "Marriages Between First Cousins," giving the results of some researches he has recently made among the first-cousin marriages of the upper classes of England. There are incidentally brought out some statistics worth repeating, such as that in every seventy-nine marriages in England one is a Smith; in seventy-six a Jones; in one hundred and fifteen, a Williams; in one hundred and forty-eight, a Taylor; in one hundred and sixty-eight, a Davis; in one hundred and seventy-four, a Brown; in five hundred and twenty-nine, a Griffiths. In fact, it is upon these proportions of fifty of the commonest names he bases all his succeeding calculations. Having found ten per cent. of marriages between the people of the same names, he determines what per cent. of these are marriages between first cousins, and again what proportion these bear to those between first cousins of different names. His investigations he confines to Burke's "Peerage," and the landed gentry of England and Ireland, and discovers fifty-seven per cent. of same name first-cousin marriages, which is his first factor. His second he secures through circulars mailed to the same classes, provided with blanks to be filled, taking care to avoid receiving the same information through different channels; and though the statistics he receives manifestly must have been incomplete, he feels warranted in taking two and three-fourths per cent. as the proportion of different name first-cousin marriages. From these he determines that the proportion of first-cousin marriages to all other marriages is four and one-half per cent., a percentage slightly increased among the upper class and lowered among the common people. He then proceeds to the asylum to discover whether such marriages are injurious. In this inquiry he seems to have been very ably seconded by the physicians, but his table of observations appended are not very satisfactory. The testimony of the physicians varies, but preponderates against the popular belief. Dr. Howden goes so far as to say: "Neither in insanity nor in any abnormal propensity do two plus two make four; there is always another factor at work neutralizing intensification and bringing things back to the normal." On the other hand, Dr. Crichton Brown says that two plus two make more than four, and that even persons of similar temperaments should not marry. The investigation, Mr. Darwin thinks, showed that in lunatic and idiot asylums, probably between three and four per cent. of the patients are the children of first cousins, and in the case of deaf mutes there is no evidence that the percentage is any greater than that of the general population. Concerning the death rate of the children of first marriages, Mr. Darwin turned again to the "Peerage," and in a careful examination of thirty-seven families, too small a total upon which to base satisfactory statistics, there remained but the shadow of evidence that the children of first-cousin marriages possess a slightly lowered vitality, which under favorable conditions would show no ill effects. This, he says, is in accordance with his father's experiments with inbred plants, which suffer no deterioration when allowed plenty of good soil and room, but perish or become stunted in competition with other plants. Finally, his opinion is that, while certain maladies do take hold more easily of the offspring of first-cousin marriages, the evil has been vastly overrated. While Mr. Darwin has written an article, Mr. Huth, undeterred by the difficulties which have beset

marriage with even the deceased wife's sister, has written a book, "Marriage of Near Kin Considered with Respect to the Laws of Nations: the Results of Experience, the Teaching of Biology," with a view directly to legislation. In this gentleman's opinion existing prohibitions are but relics of asceticism. The first part of the work is historical. He quotes Jeremy Taylor, who says the earlier the times the more liberty there was of marriage with kin, and passes in review Egypt, where a man might marry his sister; Persia, where it was honorable to marry his mother, and the Isle of Wight, where a man is permitted to marry his niece. Of the general theory that the marriages of blood relatives are injurious, it is his opinion that evils have been hastily accounted for in that way because they could not be satisfactorily explained otherwise. Mr. Huth follows Mr. Darwin's experiments among plants and the lower animals, but arrives at different conclusions. The benefit of crosses he regards rather as removing inherited diseases—it is negative, not positive. In his view there are no grounds for believing consanguineous marriages injurious, while the tendency of restriction on general grounds is hurtful, and he insists that it is not advisable to extend the prohibition against marriage beyond the third collateral degree and to permit all marriages of affinity except in the direct ascending and descending lines.

## THE MOXA.

The Actress's Own Story of the Terrible Operation.

A REPORTER of the New York Sun interviewed Miss Clara Morris, on her return to New York, in regard to the operation of the moxa, which she underwent in Paris, and the following is the principal portion of the published report of the interview—

Said the lady—"Well, I am better. I have been suffering with this disease for about three years, not as badly as now all the time. It has been gradually growing worse. The trouble is not curvature of the spine, but an enlargement of the four upper joints of the spinal column."

"A tissue forms around these joints," explained Mr. Harriot, "and eventually, unless the progress of the disease is retarded, grows between the joints, thus interfering with the nerve currents."

"The disease," continued the lady, "is very painful, excruciatingly so. There are hours and hours when I can get no relief except by clapping my hand behind my neck, and thus supporting my head. I was telling this to a gentleman friend while abroad. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'I have seen you go through whole scenes on the stage in New York, and supposed it was merely an eccentric mannerism.' There was no mannerism about that—it was a necessity. I became really alarmed when I found that when I struck the upper joint I felt the pain in my head—in my brain; then I determined to see Duchesne, the medical I Am of Paris."

"She was advised to have her back burned here, but thought electricity would cure her," said her husband. "Duchesne said it would kill her, and that the moxa was the only thing. They frightened her into consenting to have the operation performed by telling her that she would lose her mind within two years. This decided her, and it also decided her to refuse to take chloroform. She would not consent to be out of her mind a moment."

"The examination was about as bad as the operation," said Mrs. Harriot. "First, they took needles and stuck them into my arms and limbs, in order to see how much the nerves were affected. On one side it was found there was little feeling, on the other more than was normal. Then they pinched me and pounded me until I was black and blue. Then they tried to tickle me. Well, you can no more tickle me than that book. Prof. Ball sat in front of me and tickled away, and I sat looking him very gravely in the face. 'My God!' he said, stopping and looking up, 'Madame, you are a most remarkable woman.' That was about the only bit of fun I had in the whole affair. After all this examination it was decided that I must be burned. Then the waiting

and thinking about it was awful. What was just about as bad as the actual burning, was when, after I was seated, the doctor took out his pencil and went to marking on my back where I was to be burned. Ugh! It was horrible!" and she shuddered at the recollection.

"I was to be burned six times," she continued, "and I stood it well enough until the fourth, when the iron slipped, and instead of making a dab it made a long burn. That was almost too much for me, but in making the fifth burn somehow the doctor got some of the hair in my neck against the iron, and do you know, the very smell of that burning hair upset me entirely. I bounded out of that chair like an India rubber woman. I really believe I should have died if they had touched me again with that iron. Well, after that they were going to put a large seton in my neck, but woman like I objected to that, as it would leave a scar. Then they were going to complete the burning; but Dr. Fordyce Barker arrived in Paris about that time, asked to be admitted to the council, and persuaded them to give up torturing me any more. Taking my hand and holding it to the light, he showed them that I had hardly a drop of blood in my veins, and was unable to stand such treatment then. He advised me to go home, to rest, and live on generous food, cultivating all the appetite possible, and then at the end of six months perhaps I might be in a condition to have the operation repeated. He says these enlargements are not the cause of my disease, but the result—the result of hard work, overwork, and so he says 'rest.' But that's hard. I haven't a lazy bone in my body, and now, after years of hard work, it's difficult to lay the harness aside."

"I can honestly say that I am better since the operation. I even improved on the voyage, and I am always seasick from the moment I see the vessel until I leave it, and the last outline fades in the distance. It's what the sailors call dumb seasickness. I lie very quiet in my berth in a state of semi-consciousness, and grow very white, and constantly feel that something is going to happen, and nothing ever does happen. This continues for about six days. Then I am attacked by a wild and ravenous appetite, and lie in my berth and call to every person that passes my stateroom door to bring me crackers, and I eat crackers until I nearly choke. In the next state room to mine was a lady with several children. Last Monday was very rough—I said my prayers very hard, indeed, that night—and the children were put to bed early, all very sick. By and by one of the little boys called, 'Mamma, mamma.' 'What, my child?' 'Mamma, don't you think we'd be a great deal more comfortable in heaven than we are here?' He was quiet for a time, and then, 'Mamma, mamma, I wish God would send an angel down and take me right up to heaven. I'm so tired.' 'Good gracious!' said the mother, 'I never saw such a child in all my life.' In the morning the little man arose, and stood holding on to the side of the door looking around. The sea was still running high. At length he said, 'Mamma, don't you think God will excuse me if I say my prayers without kneeling down this morning? It pitches so.' He was a wonderful child, I assure you."

"I am so glad to get home," she continued. "Rest and the care of kind friends will do wonders for me. I am sure, and in two months I hope to be able to appear before a New York audience."

## A New and Important Stamp Ruling.

The late Commissioner of Internal Revenue, under date of April 2, declared that "drafts or bills drawn in the United States upon a foreign country need not be stamped, not being vouchers in the meaning of the law while in this country." The present commissioner has "changed all that," and now orders these drafts to be stamped. Such backing and filling in officials in official circles is very annoying, but we see no help for it save in a change of administration. The following is the new edict:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
Office of Internal Revenue,  
Washington, June 30, 1875.

In Decision No. 177, dated April 12, 1875, "concerning the stamp tax upon bank checks, drafts, orders of