

THE DEMANDS OF THE HOUR.

There's a cry from the toiling masses,
A cry half in despair,
And, like an electric shock, it passes
Our path in the midnight air—
Quickening the spirits of thoughtful men,
And giving force to the tongue and pen.

"Give us the rights of labor!"
Is the burden of that cry;
"Let man, as man, be true to his neighbor,"
Not carry his head so high.

That he cannot see, for his wealth, or his pride,
The wants of the toilers who droop by his side.

"Give us the homes we need,
Where health may reign at will,
Emancipate from the curse of greed
Working eternal ill.

Fresh air, free light, and a glimpse of heaven,
To gladden our souls at morn and even!

"Give us assurance clear
That, when our best we've done,
No pauper's dole, and no pauper's bier,
Shall await our setting sun.

Who adds to the nation's wealth, hath
Claimed the nation's wealth, and its fame!

"Give us cause for content!
Let all the land have rest!
Or ere the bow of the future is bent,
And a shaft may pierce the breast,

That shall work, unstayed, a terrible cure,
For all the evils that we endure!

"Give us fair ground to feel:
Some pride in the British Isle—
To stimulate our slumbering zeal,
And bring to our cheeks a smile;

Our faith was great and our love was strong,
But Justice hath lingered a little too long!"

G. Linnaeus Banks.

NEWS NOTES.

According to the constitution, Judge Neilson must leave the bench at seventy. Who will carry on the trial?—*Brooklyn Union*.

The New York *Graphic* thinks the next Senate "will be chiefly remarkable for the men who are not there."

A man was fined \$8, in Hempstead, Long Island; the other day, for ejecting tobacco juice upon the floor of a Methodist church.

John Morrissey has opened a club-house at Jacksonville, Florida, and the local paper adds that "such men give tone and vigor to the locality in which they reside."

There is said to be but one divorce in England to every ten in America. Comparatively few English people marry for fun, it would seem.—*Cour-Jour*.

In Paris they are talking of Canrobert as likely to play one of these days for the Prince Imperial the little game recently played in Madrid by General Primo de Rivera to the profit of Alfonso.

We can't get all the news from Washington, but the correspondents contrive to send us the main facts. One of them tells us that Mrs. Sartoris looks less English than she did a year ago.

The question of restoring capital punishment is being freely discussed in the Iowa papers. It appears that the abolition of the gallows has not brought about that reign of peace and brotherly love that was anticipated by these good people who took in all the scaffold conversions.

The face of no living person is permitted to be engraved for use on United States currency, which is a wise thing, the same as it is wise never to name a child or a town after a living person. How a man will turn out is "one of those things no person can tell."

"What does your Majesty think of American women?" Kalakaua—"I think they are handsome, bold and forward. Why I actually received several letters from ladies in New York, Washington and Boston, plainly proposing marriage. I am a bachelor; but when I want to marry a woman I will ask her. I do not like to have women propose. It is, in my opinion, wrong."

In Sicily a woman who seemed to be dying of consumption, but was without any of the common symptoms of that disease, was found, by the use of the laryngoscope, to have a leech firmly adherent by both extremities to the walls of the air passages at their upper portion, and so the difficulty of breathing, speaking, coughing, etc., were easily explained. He was got out by surgical operation.

The Muybridge Trial.

In the recent trial at Napa, Cal., of Muybridge for killing Henry Larkyns, for seducing the wife of Muybridge, there were some exciting scenes. The following is from the *San Francisco Chronicle*—

NAPA, February 6, 1875.

The closing scenes of the trial of Muybridge for the murder of Harry Larkyns were of a remarkable character. The jury retired at a quarter of 11 o'clock on Friday night. It was the general expectation that they would return with a verdict of acquittal within an hour, and the spectators who had thronged the Court-room, crowding every foot of standing room, remained in the hope of hearing it. Pendegast's wonderful, moving eloquence had melted the hearts of those who, an hour before, had said it would be a shame and disgrace to the county to allow Muybridge to go unpunished, and had caused them to beat in sympathy for the man whose life was in the balance. Had the verdict of acquittal come then they would have shouted their approval in spite of Judge or Sheriff. Judge Wallace, appreciating this, made arrangements by which they were all to be excluded from the room in case of a verdict being rendered. But as the hours rolled on, and the sound of loud and earnest discussion continued in the jury-room, they slowly departed to their homes.

The jury spent the night as pleasantly as possible. On retiring to their room they took a ballot, with the following result: For conviction of murder in the first degree, Pratt, Garfield, Hallett, Greenwood and Klam—5; for acquittal, Sterling, Chapson, Newcomer, Connolly, Smith, Forester and Kruze—7. Failing to agree, one took off his coat, and making a pillow of it, told his fellow-jurymen when they came to adopt a certain view of the case, to awake him, swearing in effect that he would stay there until the resurrection gun fired rather than acquiesce in any other view. Failing to agree on the verdict they discussed the currency, taxation, the amount of their fees and other relevant questions. The sheriff says that during the latter part of the night he was the only one of the lot awake. At half-past nine o'clock the jury went to breakfast with the sheriff. One of them remarked at table, that, if necessary, he was willing to stay three days in their room. They returned in half an hour and took the second ballot, with the same result as the first one. They showed no disposition to yield, and made no request to be discharged because they could not agree. The difference between them was on the question of insanity. Few, if any of them, believed Muybridge insane, a portion of them insisting that the nurse's testimony on that point was entitled to no credence, and the majority contended that they cared nothing about his sanity or insanity; that, sane or insane, Muybridge was justified in killing Larkyns for having seduced his wife, and they, if placed in the same similar circumstances, would have done as he did.

On this broad ground they finally all met, and then the only quarrel was in regard to the form of verdict—whether it should be simply "not guilty" or "not guilty on account of insanity." Upon this they differed longest, the majority insisting that Muybridge was not insane. They finally carried their point. Platt was the first of the minority to waver. As soon as he went over to the other side a ballot was taken, and to the surprise of every one of them, although five minutes before they had no expectation of ever agreeing, they all fell into line, and on counting the ballots it was found that they had agreed upon a verdict. This was at 12 o'clock. They notified the sheriff and he, by previous arrangement, secretly notified the judge and counsel. Muybridge was brought over from the jail, and the whole thing was managed so adroitly and quietly that none of the crowd who were waiting around the Court-house block knew what was going on inside.

The jury were brought into court by a side door, and the attorneys, prisoner, and counsel passed in through the same entrance. Messrs. Pendegast, Johnson, the District Attorney, and his assistant, Judge Strong, were present. Muybridge was given a seat between his counsel, and fearing that his composure

would give way under the supreme suspense of the moment, Johnson whispered in his ear, "Now, Muybridge, you have acted the man all through it, restrain your feelings and keep very calm." Muybridge answered, "I feel fully prepared to meet anything except that which we most desire." Subsequent conduct showed that he understood himself. The clerk called the names of the jurymen and then inquired, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" R. H. Sterling, the foreman of the jury, arose and replied, "We have," at the same time passing to the clerk a slip of paper. The clerk unfolded it amid a silence like the stillness of death, and read its contents. Then he passed it to the judge, who read it and returning it to the clerk said, "Gentlemen of the jury, is this your verdict?"

The Foreman—"It is."

The Judge (to the clerk)—"Record the verdict, Mr. Clerk."

The pen of the clerk flew nervously over the paper for a few moments, while all eyes were fastened upon him, the prisoner sitting like a statue, his eyes fixed in a stony stare, and not a muscle moving under the tension of excitement. Suddenly the pen of the clerk ceased moving, and arising the scribe said, reading from the book: Gentlemen of the jury, listen to your verdict as it stands recorded:

People vs. Muybridge—We, the jury, find defendant not guilty.

At the sound of the last momentous words words a convulsive gasp escaped the prisoner's lips, and he sank forward from his chair. The mental and nervous tension that had sustained him for days of uncertain fate was removed in an instant, and he became as helpless as a new born babe. Mr. Pendegast caught him in his arms and thus prevented his falling to the floor, but his body was limp as a wet cloth. His emotion became convulsive and frightful. His eyes were glassy, his jaws set and his face livid. The veins of his hands and forehead swelled out like whipcord. He moaned and wept convulsively, but uttered no word of pain or rejoicing. Such a display of overpowering emotion has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in a court of justice. The floodgates of feeling seemed suddenly to have been lifted and the long pent-up torrent of emotion to have burst upon the man, sweeping all before it. He rocked to and fro in his chair. His face was absolutely horrifying in its contortions, as convulsion succeeded convulsion. The Judge discharged the jury and hastily left the court room, unable to bear the sight, and it became necessary to recall him subsequently to finish the proceedings. The clerk hid his face in his handkerchief. Mr. Johnson and the Prosecuting Attorney were compelled to leave the room, to avoid the spectacle. Others gathered around to calm the prisoner, and all of them were moved to tears. Pendegast begged Muybridge to control himself and thank the jury for their verdict. He arose to his feet, and tried to speak, but sank back in another convulsion. He was carried out of the room by Mr. Pendegast and laid on a lounge in the latter's office. Dr. Boynton was sent for, and soon arrived, but could do little for the man. Mr. Johnston finally said, sternly, "Muybridge, I sympathize with you, but this exhibition of emotion is extremely painful to me, and for my sake alone I wish you to desist." Muybridge suddenly straightened his form and said, "I will, sir; I will be calm. I am calm now;" then his emotion subsided, so that in a quarter of an hour he was able to go upon the street.

The judge was then recalled to the bench, and, upon motion of Mr. Pendegast, Muybridge was formally discharged from custody. In the meantime the news of the acquittal had reached the street, where it spread rapidly. A large crowd gathered in front of the court-room, and as Muybridge descended the steps a free man, they cheered vociferously and long. He was surrounded by the crowd, every man of which seemed anxious to congratulate him first. Then they went off to find the jurymen and congratulate them. The town was never before in such a state of feverish excitement. Nothing but the verdict was discussed. The satisfaction with the verdict was very nearly unanimous, but a few, while admitting that Muybridge should not be severely punished, contented that his acquittal was in defiance of law, and would encourage others to deeds of blood. A

sort of provincial pride on their side was involved in the matter, and for the good name of the county they said they felt sorry to see homicide go unpunished, but these were in an insignificant minority.

The verdict is a sort of new departure in such cases, an abandonment of the insanity theory, under the disguise of which homicide for the cause assigned in this case has so often been justified by American juries. On retiring to their room the jury were given four forms of verdict by the judge, with instructions to sign the one upon which they agreed and return with it to court. One was guilty of murder in the first degree and assessing the death penalty; another fixing it as imprisonment for life, a third of not guilty, and the last, not guilty because of defendant's insanity. They were very pointedly instructed by the judge, that if the deceased seduced defendant's wife, that constituted no justification for the homicide—that defendant in that case was not justified in taking the law into his own hands, and slaying the seducer. The defense, recognizing this as good law, set up the theory that defendant was acting under an irresistible passion or insane impulse arising from the discovery of his wife's infidelity. The jury discarded entirely the theory of insanity, and meeting the case on the bare issue left, acquitted the defendant on the ground that he was justified in killing Larkyns for seducing his wife. This was directly contrary to the charge of the judge, but the jury do not mince the matter, or attempt to excuse the verdict. They say that if their verdict was not in accord with the law of the books, it is with the law of human nature; that, in short, under similar circumstances they would have done as Muybridge did, and they could not conscientiously punish him for doing what they would have done themselves. This fact was recognized, fully and freely, by judge, jury and counsel and prisoner. The latter still denies the correctness of the insanity theory as he did before the trial, saying that he knew what he was doing when he sought Larkyns and killed him and he did it designedly.

The English Labor Congress

A Trades Union Congress was in session in Liverpool towards the close of last month. Eighty-three societies were represented, aggregating over six hundred and sixty thousand members. The report of the committee was that the past year had been an eventful one for Trades Unions. The struggle of the agricultural laborers for an advance of wages and better conditions of labor had been long, persistent, and intense; and in its results not without permanent advantage to that under-paid class. The better-paid workmen of the towns assisted them in their efforts to improve their condition and in alleviating the distress and suffering of those locked out and on strike; the miners, ironworkers and others had also had severe struggles, chiefly to maintain advantages already won, but with varying success. There had been a remarkable absence of strikes amongst the better paid mechanics and artisans. Much of this the committee believed to be due to their strong and healthy organizations; and evidence, to their thinking, that good, sound, well conducted trades' associations did not conduce to strikes.

An important incident in the preliminary proceedings of the Congress was the discussion of the standing of women's associations towards the other Trades Unions. It arose on the report of the Committee on Credentials as to the credentials of a male delegate who had been appointed to represent the National Union of Working Women. The Committee decided that it was a bona fide trades society and therefore entitled to representation. The report was opposed on the ground that if the organization was recognized and the male delegate admitted, the next thing would be the appearance of a woman delegate from that Union, and then what would they do? Some delegates were willing to admit the woman when she came, and others thought it would be time enough to discuss the question what they would do with her when she actually presented herself. The report of the committee was confirmed and the women's male representa-

tive took his seat with the others.

A good part of the time of the Congress was taken up with arguments in favor of repealing or modifying the conspiracy and master and servant laws, which they thought were one-sided in their operation, being oppressive on the labor class. Mr. George Odger, who is well known as the representative of the extreme class of Labor Reformers, moved "that this Congress is of opinion that the conduct of employers in locking out workmen who are not on strike is a conspiracy against such workmen, and should the workmen locked out under such circumstances take action at law to obtain redress, the trades societies pledge themselves to assist them by every means in their power." This met with great disfavor, as it was held to be fighting wrong with wrong, and would prejudice the cause of the workmen in their efforts to secure a reform of conspiracy legislation. Several delegates said if this kind of retaliatory spirit was to rule they would withdraw from Trades Unions. Finding the sentiment so strongly against him, Mr. Odger withdrew his resolution.—*Cleveland Herald*, Feb. 12.

A Long Mule back Ride.

Mr. George Harris, formerly of the town of Locke, Cayuga County, New York, has had a four thousand miles ride on a mule during the past twelve or fourteen months. He writes to a friend that, starting from Pueblo, in Colorado, he went across New Mexico to El Paso, and two hundred miles further down into old Mexico, then across into Texas, and traveled over the country west of the Staked Plains, thence back across the southern part of New Mexico to Silver City, thence west to Tucson, Arizona, then striking the Gila river and down to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado river, near the southeast corner of California, thence to San Diego, on the Pacific ocean, thence back to the Colorado river, and up along that river to the south line of Utah and in Brigham's dominions, sixty miles south of Salt Lake City, to a place called Jacob's City. At Silver City he fell in with a man by the name of Lush or Lusk, from Wayne County, New York, who seems to have shared with him the remainder of that perilous journey. Harris speaks of the country up the Colorado as the most difficult to travel over of any he had seen.—*Ex.*

Very Frenchy.

One of the strangest and most horrible of sensational incidents took place the other day at Puteaux. A party of children who were playing in the environs discovered floating in the air and partly entangled amid the branches of a tree a white parcel upborne by means of some twenty or thirty little red toy balloons, which were attached to it. The attention of the police being called to this singular object, it was brought down and the package opened, which proved to contain the corpse of a new-born infant. Investigations into the matter brought to light the following facts: The child was that of a poor toymaker and his wife; just after the confinement of the latter the husband had died suddenly, and all the household goods and chattels had been seized for rent. The unhappy woman was driven mad by this accumulation of misfortunes; she killed her infant, and then went and threw herself into the river, leaving behind her a written paper in which she declared her intentions of committing suicide, and said that she "had gotten her baby all ready to go up to heaven." A sadder tale with a stranger termination it would be hard to find. The toy balloons had evidently formed part of the dead husband's stock in trade.—*Paris Correspondent of Philadelphia Press*.

"IT'S OUR BABY." T. J. Wolfe is not an old man; he is not a young man, but he is a married man, and has been for several years. He lives one mile west of Westport, but no children climb upon his knee when the day declineth, and twist the cat's tail and listen to buggar stories. Yesterday morning he went to the fodder shock to get provender for his milch cow, and as he stooped to pull the ears he suddenly discovered, midway in the shock, what he at first took to be a horse-blanket. He picked it up and unrolled