

## THE STRAY CAMEL—AN ARABIAN STORY.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

A camel driver, who had lost his camel, chancing to accost a wandering Arab in the way, said, "Sir! my beast has gone astray; And went, I think, the road you came." "Pray," said the stranger, "was he lame?" "He was, indeed!" was the reply. "And, tell me, had he lost one eye?" "Tis even so!" "And one front tooth?" "In faith!—you speak the simple truth!" "And for a load, was there a sack? Of honey on the camel's back?" "There was, indeed!—now tell me, pray (Of course he can't be far away), Just when and where the brute you passed; And was he going slow or fast?" "Faith!" said the stranger, "on my word, I know no more than I have heard From your own lips! nor in the way Have I observed, for many a day, A camel like the one you claim; I swear it in the Prophet's name!" The camel driver all in vain Besought the Arab to explain: He still insisted, as before, That of the beast he knew no more Than from the owner he had heard; Whereat the camel driver, stirred With wrath, expressed his firm belief This knowing Arab was a thief; Than to the Cadi off he went, And told the tale. His Honor sent, And brought the stranger into Court. "You hear this worthy man's report," The Cadi said, "of what occurred; And still you answer not a word, Save that his beast you never saw. Allah is great! and law is law! How know you, then, that he was lame?" "By this—that where the camel came, Upon the sand one footprint lagged, Which showed one foot the camel dragged." "Tis well explained; now tell me why You said the camel lacked one eye? And from his jaw one tooth had lost?" "Only by this—that he had crossed The road to browse the other side; And, furthermore, I plainly spied Where'er his teeth had chance to pass, A narrow line of standing grass, Which showed as clear as truth is truth, The camel had one missing tooth!" "And how about the honey?" "Well—It surely wasn't hard to tell The nature of the camel's load, When, gathered all along the road, A thousand bees—" "There, that will do," The Cadi said, "the case is through, And you're discharged. But let me hint (A lesson plain as any print), A deal of trouble may arise, At times, from being overwise!"

## NEWS NOTES.

A civil marriage law has been adopted in Switzerland.

The Rhode Island House has adopted a wholesome bill for the employment of "tramps" upon the highways or other public works.

Most of the Episcopal Bishops of England have at last concluded that Moody's Lord and their Lord are identical.

The season has arrived when attendance upon divine service is receiving the unctuous inspiration of new bonnets.

It's a bad year for expensive cat-tie. The Duke of Geneva has just died in Kentucky, valued at \$10,000 shortly before.

A proposition to abolish imprisonment for debt has just been rejected by the constitutional convention of Missouri.

"No conversation allowed here on the Beecher scandal" is the inscription on placards posted in several public places in Brooklyn.

Japan has a surplus of four million dollars on the first half of her fiscal year. She can never attain to the glories of civilization in that way.—*Cincinnati Times*.

Scores of distilleries have been seized for evasion of revenue laws, but of all the revenue officers who connived at the frauds not one has been arrested.—*Mobile Register*.

The first time in the history of Massachusetts courts in which a juror has testified in a case upon which he is to give a verdict, occurred the other day.

A negro expounding the Beecher scandal said he believed Mr. Beecher was innocent, but yet he was afraid that when Beecher wrote the ragged-edge letter he was himself under the delusion that he was guilty.

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh writes the following to a Newcastle paper: "Hearing that Dr. Kenealy has been invited to attend the Northumberland Miners' Fete, I beg to state that I refuse to be on the same platform with him."

## Poor Dear Hannah Ann.

It was a great many years ago that the story was first told of Miss Hannah Ann Sterry, an uncommonly mature virgin, who had never been persecuted with masculine attentions because of the vigorous manner in which she shunned the face of man. It was related that Mr. Theophilus Wimblebee, an advanced bachelor of the mildest possible deportment, occupying single quarters in the neighborhood of Hannah Ann's apartments, called on the spinster one afternoon to borrow a match. Hannah Ann was not easily fooled. Folding her arms on her level breast she backed Theophilus Wimblebee into a corner, and thus addressed the invader: "Match! oh yes; great match 'tis you want! You don't want no match, and you know you don't. You've come over to me 'cause I'm all alone—to hug and kiss me—that's what you've come for; but you never shall do it in the world, unless you're stronger'n I am"—and then she added in a softened tone, "and the Lord knows you are." A friend of Hannah Ann's reading a letter from a public man the other day, in which the writer said: "To recapitulate, I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for re-nomination; I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty; circumstances not likely to arise"—laid down the paper with a sigh and remarked, "Ah, how much that reminds me of poor dear Hannah Ann."—*New York Tribune*.

**PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.**—Keep all doors and windows of the structure closed until the firemen arrive; put a wet cloth over the mouth and get down on all fours in a smoky room; open the top part of the window to get the smoke out; if in a theatre, keep cool; descend ladders with a regular step to prevent vibration. If kerosene just purchased can be made to burn in a saucer by igniting with a match, throw it away. Put wirework over gaslights in show windows; sprinkle sand instead of sawdust on floors of oil stores; keep shavings and kindling wood away from steam boilers, and greasy rags from lofts, cupboards, boxes, etc.; see that all stovepipes enter well in the chimney, and that all lights and fires are out before retiring or leaving places of business; keep matches in metal or earthen vessels, and out of the reach of children; and provide a piece of stout rope, long enough to reach to the ground in every chamber. Never admit any one if the house be on fire, except police, firemen, or known neighbors; nor swing lighted gas-brackets against the wall; nor leave small children in a room where there are matches or an open fire, nor deposit ashes in a wooden box or on the floor; nor use a light in examining the gas metre. Never leave any clothes near the fire to dry; nor smoke or read in bed by candle or lamp light; nor put kindling wood to dry on the top of the stove; nor take a light into a closet; nor pour out liquor near an open light; nor keep burning or other inflammable fluids in rooms where a fire is kept; nor allow smoking about your barn or warehouse.—*Dr. Hall*.

**A LOUISIANA STORY.**—C. H. Beggs, late officer of the first municipal police court, last evening, came into the first precinct station, and in the presence of a number of parties made a statement to this effect: He was in one of the Ridge cemeteries, (which one he did not say,) and his attention was attracted to a funeral cortege made up of a wagon followed by three or four women. The driver of the wagon lifted out a coffin and was about depositing it in a hole prepared for it when the occupant of the coffin kicked off the lid and cried: "For God's sake, do not bury me alive!" The driver picked up a brick, and crying, "You —, I have a doctor's certificate that you are dead, and I am going to bury you," struck the corpse, either stunned or killed him, and the burial went on. Beggs further stated that after the affair three or four hundred persons assembled in the cemetery, but there was no move to disinter the body.—*New Orleans Bulletin*.

The Prussian Government has undertaken to reform the orthography of the German language.

## A Clerical Plea for the Death Penalty.

At the Shawmut Congregational church, corner of Tremont and Brookline streets, yesterday forenoon, the pastor, Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., preached to a very large congregation on the subject of "Capital Punishment," taking for his text the words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God made he man;" Genesis ix, 6. He first noticed the connection in which the text stands. The flood had subsided and everything had been given into man's hands. With the sight of blood man would henceforth be familiar; so, with the permission to take animal life, God reminded him of the sacredness of human life. Cain was not punished for the murder of Abel, but he was marked and allowed to go his way; the result was that there was a moral backsliding and degeneration in the community. But from this time forward the murderer was to be put to death.

A writer of some eminence has said: "It was undoubtedly wise in God to do as he did with Cain, but it was not wise to continue the experiment." Of course the murderer must possess the elements of responsibility, and must be clearly proved guilty, but that being clearly proved there remains but one thing for the government to do, and that is to take the life of him that has taken life. Yet some persons will say, that is the Old Testament, and the whole spirit and tenor of the New Testament is against capital punishment. But the Old and the New Testament, rightly interpreted, are one, and teach one and the same lesson. It we are forbidden by the Savior to bring to trial and punishment, persons guilty of the most heinous and darkest crimes, if that is what the text "Resist not evil" means, then we should not be allowed to bring to punishment those who commit any lesser crime. The Savior teaches us private forbearance and gentleness and public justice, and Paul's teachings is identical. The individual is commanded to give way to the higher power, which is the government. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and the agency through which he punishes the criminal is the civil government. Such is the Scripture and such the Divine justice, and it can be denied only by denying the Bible entire. Every man has the right of self-defence, and as he gives up the right to the government, that ought to have a powerful and many-corded right to protect him. Government is in the instinct of a people, and is put there by him who made the soul. Constitutions and laws are government, but only an agreement as to how this heaven-born right shall develop and limit and regulate itself. The work of the legislator is expository, not creative, and merely expresses the divine will as to civil law. Now, the general opinion of the people is that the murderer should be punished by death. In new communities we see this instinct assert itself, and where the law is too weak to punish the evildoer, men take it into their own hands. I am not sure but that in this Old Commonwealth, with all our police, a vigilance committee would be a good thing, and I know that that if the murderer of Mabel Young stood with a noose about his neck at the foot of yonder tower, and the other end of the rope was in the hands of the tender and loving mother, of the South End, he would hang as high as Haman, as quickly and as justly! [Sensation and subdued applause.] The execution of the death penalty is both expedient and merciful. It is expedient, because nothing is so dear to man as life and nothing so dreadful as death; so that no penalty will prevent murder as well as the death penalty. It is merciful; for when you look one of these fellows in the eye, and they know you mean business, they are not going to risk their necks. So I say the execution of the death penalty is merciful. It is merciful to the criminal as well as to society. If one looks to the safety of society, it is both wise and benevolent. Let the State make the execution of this penalty swift and certain. Let the law be written in letters that may be seen by the wicked and the abandoned and the lawless every day: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."—*Boston Globe, June 7*.

## "SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS."

Possibly no writer since the late civil war has created such a furor as has Gen. Sherman. His book is peculiarly his own, and has the impress of his character upon every page. He writes as he fights, on a plan entirely original. Leaving the beaten track of "literary rule," he uses his pen as he used his army in the ever memorable "march to the sea." Having once settled as to his objective point, he allows nothing to distract his attention, but forces his columns forward through and over every obstacle, leaving the side issues that may seem to work against him, to be overwhelmed by the final result. Retaining always his personality, never acting inconsistently, but throwing out in bold relief the salient points of his character, impressing himself to a wonderful degree upon those by whom he is surrounded, and whether attending a "Mexican fandango" in the earlier years of his military life, or as a bank president in the stormy days of the "Vigilantes" of San Francisco, standing amid the storm of war that rolled to and fro around him at Atlanta, or refusing the hand of Secretary Stanton at the grand review, he is always Sherman, always frank, outspoken and honest. Despising the trickery whereby politicians cast about themselves the halo of heroism, he bows to the nobility in man, and not to his position, recognizing in the humble garb of the private soldier the sterling worth of the man as readily as when the Major General's star glitters on the shoulder strap. His commendations are heartfelt and honest, his rebuke is stern and full of force, and equally plain to all alike, from the subaltern to the field officer, none are exempt. Woe betide the unlucky wight who allows himself to be trapped into a blunder, where Sherman has command—he may have had command of armies, as was the case with Hooker; he may have unbowed political influence, as was the case with Gov. Palmer and Secretary Stanton; it mattered but little to Sherman, his rebuke was as pointed as though directed at the least important of his lieutenants.

His military capacity is of a peculiar cast, he has a happy blending of the disciplinarian and the raw militia man. No man understands better how to preserve the morals of an army, and at the same time ignore the very primary principles of military law. His troops on the march had the "devil-may-care" swing of a party of Italian brigands, but at the first note of alarm steadied their ranks and closed up as for dress parade, breasting the storm of shot and shell with the inflexibility of the "Imperial Guard."

As a strategist, history will yet record that his combinations, while novel, exhibited genius of an extraordinary character. His plan for the Atlanta campaign, and its attendant results, take precedence over any campaign inaugurated during the war. Four hundred and seventy-three miles from his base of supplies, having one narrow thread of a railway, striking over hill and vale, crossing large rivers and tunneling mountains, the entire distance through a country intensely hostile, he yet fed and clothed an army of one hundred thousand men, and thirty-five thousand animals, without a day's hunger. During the Atlanta campaign, the mail was delivered as regularly to the troops as the day came, and often, amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, a soldier would seek a sheltered place behind some tree or rock to read a letter from loved ones at home, that he had just received from the hands of the carrier.

Possibly no such spectacle has ever been presented in the military history of the world as that of Atlanta, when Hood on the one hand and Sherman on the other bowed to each other politely, and, "about facing," turned the heads of their respective columns, north and south, and marched over the mountains out of sight, the one to leave a blackened trail

"Sixty miles in latitude,  
Three hundred to the main!"

the other to dash his forces against the Rock of Gibraltar, erected by Thomas at Nashville.

The Georgia campaign, from Atlanta to Savannah, has been variously criticized, but in my opinion was based upon true military principles, not as laid down in the text books, it is true, but as tested by

every common sense rule of military science.

An army of sixty-five thousand men and a proportionate number of animals, cut loose from their base of supplies, and disappear from view, in the pineries of Georgia, existing upon the substance of the enemy, cutting, ruining, and demolishing the very life arteries of the confederate government, carrying dismay and consternation to the heart of the confederacy, did more to end the war than any great defeat of an army could have accomplished, it was a fitting finale to the achievements of the Atlanta campaign.

Gen. Sherman's cavalry tactics could doubtless be criticized justly. With the heavy cavalry force at his command, under an efficient commander, he could have accomplished much more, by raids to the rear, and with the abundance of room to operate in, could have so distracted the enemy, that the task would have been much easier accomplished than it was, but, instead, his cavalry was divided between the different "Corps d'Armee," and were allowed to be defeated in detail, by the enemy who massed his cavalry and handled them very effectively. The same troops afterward under the leadership of Gen. Wilson, made a long detour through Alabama and Georgia, and proved conclusively that properly officered they would have been a valuable auxiliary to Sherman's army.

His march north from Savannah, in the direction of Richmond, was the true cause for the evacuation of that place, by menacing both Charleston and Augusta. In the earlier stages of the campaign, he so confused the enemy as to leave them in doubt as to his intentions, and by skillfully marching between the two he caused the evacuation of the one, and he rendered the other useless as a strategic point. With the fall of Charleston all the entire coast line of defence was rendered untenable. Thus, without fighting a single battle of any moment, he manoeuvred the entire rebel army out of their strong entrenchment and uncovered Richmond, forcing Lee to either await his doom by starvation or to leave his strong lines and come out in an open field fight.

As a statesman he proved, by his action at the Johnston conference, that he comprehended the great fact that a people cannot be made loyal to a government by force, and if his terms had been accepted by the general government, no unprejudiced man now doubts but that ten long years of misrule and misfortune would have been obviated. A little magnanimity at that juncture would have done more to harmonize the two sections of the country than all the laws passed by Congress, or all the efforts of carpet-bag rule, could have accomplished in an age. The correctness of his political views are acknowledged today throughout the length and breadth of the country. Witness the recent overwhelming rebuke to carpet-bag rule by men of all parties at the polls. Possibly no man has a more profound contempt for meddlesome interlopers, and he justly views them as the true cause of the difficulty both before and after the war. and surely the men who so bitterly denounced him at the close of the war, for his political views, cannot, with any great amount of complacency and self gratulation, look upon the results of their efforts, put forth for the past ten years. He truly says "that those who are loudest mouthed in their professions of loyalty and bravery, are generally the ones who need the most watching."

His book will doubtless produce considerable discussion pro and con, but the majority of readers will arise from its perusal satisfied that Gen. Sherman has not changed from his former time simplicity and truthfulness, and that, in the language of one of his "bummers," "Uncle Billy will do to tie to yet."

J. MORGAN.

If Seth Green is right, you can take your wife fishing with you. He says fishes are not frightened by talking; they have no sense of hearing.

A worm which twenty-five years ago did great damage among the pine forests of North Carolina is again destructively at work—an ancient worm.