

IT IS HUMAN TO ERR.

It is human to err and stray from the fold,
But divine to forgive like our Master of old.

Then let us, like him, to the wayward be kind,
And his precepts so God-like still bear in mind,
For the prodigal son in his thoughtless career
The fatted calf kill, his poor soul to cheer.

Ye fathers, be kind to your sons in their youth,
And teach them to walk in the bright paths of truth,
Your examples be such that at some future day
They will rise up and bless you, when you've passed away,

And your precepts remember and cherish them when
They mingle at times with the children of men.

Oh God of all grace, teach me to impart
To frail erring mortals the thoughts of my heart.

Through the triumph of the Spirit I'd shout all the day
Could I win one poor soul from his profligate way,

And teach him to shun the dark portals of strife
And his thirsty soul slake at the fountain of life.

Where is the man who is fortified so
He can say in his pride "Shall I ever sin?" No;

And rise up in judgment on his merit alone
And at his frail brother cast the first stone?

Beware, oh beware, how you judge, lest the same
Be meted to you in Jehovah's great name.

My heart melts with love and with charity when
I think of the frailties of poor, erring men,

And remember that I, too, am subject to stray
In an unguarded moment from virtue's bright way,

Oh God of my Fathers, I beseech thee forgive
Thy poor, erring children, and say to them, "Live."

A. DALRYMPLE.

Centerville.

Hunting a Seducer.

A BROTHER'S VENDETTA FOR A SISTER'S HONOR—A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE TOMBS POLICE COURT.

A case possessing all the features of a modern romance, but having stern reality for its foundation, culminated yesterday at the Tombs Police Court. So thrilling in its details, and extraordinary in its unusual character, was the case alluded to, that even the officers of the court, accustomed to the recital of strange stories of social life, were incredulous of its truth until convinced beyond all doubt by the disclosures which were made in their presence.

On Friday evening Officer Jefferson, of the Fifth precinct, while on post in Greenwich street, heard a woman's voice appealing for help, apparently in the direction of the Derbrosses-street ferry. He at the same time saw a man rush through Greenwich street, when he immediately arrested him. A fashionably dressed young lady then came up, and stated that the prisoner had drawn a pistol and threatened to shoot her. The officer brought the parties to the station-house, and Captain Petty locked up the man, who gave his name as James Lennox, an engineer, residing at Trenton, N. J., to answer the charge of threatening to shoot. On searching the prisoner an ivory mounted and loaded revolver was found in his possession. Later in the evening the girl's brother came to the station-house, and the story behind the arrest became known.

Five years ago the prisoner, James Lennox, whose parents are wealthy residents of Trenton, paid his addresses to Miss Margaret Carroll, of Jersey City, who was then but sixteen years old. They decided to get married, and one evening went to the residence of Father Cassidy for that purpose. With Miss Carroll were her sister, her mother and father. Father Cassidy was unable to perform the ceremony at the moment, and directed them to come again a week later. They appointed an evening and left. In the interim Miss Carroll was dishonored by Lennox, and when the evening appointed came it was discovered that he had fled to Trenton. James Carroll, brother of the betrayed girl, who was a clerk in a hotel, and

who had never seen Lennox, went to the residence of the latter in Trenton, but Lennox escaped by a rear window, while Carroll entered at the street door.

Giving up his business, the brother followed Lennox for three years and a half, visiting Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, Galveston, the Mississippi River towns, Cuba, and even South America, but without finding the fugitive. In the meantime a child was born and given to Lennox's parents, and the mother has not seen the boy since. The poor girl, ostracized from the society in which she had moved, never left her house, and is now consumptive.

On Friday evening some lady friends asked her to go to the Theatre Comique, in this city, and after a great deal of persuasion she consented to do so. Just as she entered the theatre, she saw Lennox standing at the door. On her speaking to him he said he did not know her, but finally admitted that he did. He walked with her to the Desbrosses street Ferry and there attempted to leave her, when she caught him by the collar. He drew his pistol and said, "If you do not let me go, I will blow your brains out!" She screamed, and Officer Jefferson caught Lennox as he was running away.

As already described, when arraigned before Judge Dowling yesterday, Lennox behaved with the greatest indifference. For some unexplained reason, Judge Dowling did not entertain the complaint of threatening to shoot, but limited the charge to one of seduction. It soon became evident that the offense having been committed five years ago, was barred by the statute of limitations, and was really out of the reach of the law. Lennox was remanded, however, in order to allow Miss Carroll time to procure a warrant in New Jersey. This was found impossible, because of the case being outlawed; and when the case came up again in the afternoon, an effort was made by the magistrate to induce Lennox to marry the girl. James Carroll remained with the other sister in the examination-room, while Judge Dowling brought Margaret Carroll and Lennox into his private office. Before they left the examination room Margaret said: "I don't want any support; I don't want him to live with me; all I want is that he give his name to my child." In a few minutes after, Judge Dowling came out of the private room and said:

"I have made the proposition, and he refuses."

At these words James Carroll's hand went rapidly to his breast, and he half rose from his chair. Judge Dowling noticed the movement and exclaimed:

"Have you got a pistol there?"

Carroll made no reply, but turned towards the door through which Lennox was to re-enter the room.

Judge Dowling jumped over the table and took a loaded six-chambered revolver from Carroll.

"It is lucky you did it, sir," said Carroll, "for I would have shot him." Lennox then entered the room, followed by the unfortunate girl, who was crying bitterly. James Carroll said:

"Will you marry her—say yes or no. She does not want to live with you, does not want a penny from you, and you can get a divorce after you marry her."

Lennox did not even turn his head, but replied: "I want to know what legal grounds there are for my detention. I refuse to do any such thing."

James Carroll became quite excited, and exclaimed passionately: "I know you now. I hunted you for three years and a half, not knowing you. I would have killed you here to day, and I tell you now that I will follow you to your grave, and I'll shoot you like a dog."

Judge Dowling, turning to Lennox, said, "You miserable wretch, I am compelled to discharge you."

Lennox slunk out of the room, and, jumping into a carriage, drove away. James Carroll went at once to Remington's store and bought a revolver and box of cartridges. Such was the denouement of a scene in the Tombs yesterday. The threat of the infuriated brother may some day be carried into effect. —*New York Times*, April 6.

The recent discovery of coal at Marshall, Illinois, excites considerable speculation. The samples brought to light have been pronounced by competent judges to be pure anthracite, perfectly free from sulphur.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

Enough light has been thrown on the antecedent facts of the late mysterious murder in Brooklyn to show that the question, "Who was she?" is not asked irrelevantly. There is no occasion to add to the sorrows of the unhappy man. But the daily newspaper would be unfaithful to its office if it should fail to point the moral of this mournful tale. Not every man, it is true, who stoops to vile and criminal associations, is so soon suddenly and fatally overtaken by the reward of his misdeeds. Not every man who sows the wind, so speedily reaps the whirlwind. But the lesson to be drawn from such a life as that which terminated in the Degraw street murder is, nevertheless, unmistakable. Here was a man who, though he kept a fair-seeming and honorable exterior to the world, through the vile channel of suggestive advertisements sought the means of establishing guilty connections with misguided women. He had maintained an unhallowed relation with one or two of these persons, and had been involved to a degree which must have made his life a burden. One of these women had been privately placed in the house where the man finally met his death. He had, it would appear, been party to a criminal act of abortion committed on this person; and he had, when tired of the liaison, tried with much difficulty and shameful struggle, to shake her off. We have no heart to do more than allude to the shameful scenes which must have gone before that in which the unhappy man's life went out with violence and blood. We catch only occasional glimpses of an ill-regulated life, of lawless passion, and of practices at which a high, pure manhood looks with crimson indignation. At last, the crop of evil bore its legitimate fruit. The thoughtless sower reaped the whirlwind.

When an enraged, jealous mistress in San Francisco publicly shot her paramour, who was tardily repenting of his faithlessness to his lawful wife, there was a great cry of horror that a man of learning, wealth, culture, and high position should be so struck down. As if his whole life with the dreadful creature who killed him had not been a natural preparation for the bloody event which terminated it. We may never know just how and why the Brooklyn murder was committed. The deed may have had no human witnesses who will ever publish the dismal story to the world. But out of that tragedy has come enough to warn the tempted and alarm the guilty. Purity and honor turn away from the sorrowful ending of a life of guilt and shame; but the lesson must be read. Can a man take fire in his bosom and not be burned?—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Shipping Disasters of the Nineteenth Century.

The dreadful shipwreck that has just occurred on the coast of Nova Scotia, resulting in the loss of hundreds of lives, is hardly on a parallel with any like disaster of this century. The following list of great wrecks will be interesting at this time:

In February, 1805, the *Abergavenny* was lost on the Bill of Portland; 300 perished.

In October, same year, the *Ameas*, lost off Newfoundland; 340 perished.

December, 1805, the *Aurora* foundered on the Goodwin sands; 300 lives lost.

October, 1806, the *Athenian*, lost near Tunis; 347 perished.

February, 1807, the *Ajax* was burned off Teredos; 250 lost.

December, 1810, the *Minotaur*, lost on the Haak bank; 360 perished.

December, 1811, the *Saldanha*, lost on the Irish coast; 300 perished.

December 1812, the *St. George, Defence* and *Hero*, lost on the coast of Jutland; 2,600 perished.

January, 1816, the *Seahorse*, lost near Tromore bay; 365 soldiers of the 5th regiment perished.

August, 1831, the *Lady Sherbrooke*, lost near Cape May; 273 perished.

August, 1833, the *Amphitrite*, filled with female convicts, lost on Boulogne sands; all lost.

November, 1838, the *Protector*; 178 perished.

March, 1841, the *President*, of New York, lost in a gale, never heard from.

December, 1847, the *Avenger*, lost on the coast of Africa, 200 perished.

April, 1847, the *Exmouth*, bound for Quebec, lost, with 240 drowned.

March, 1850, the *Royal Adelaide*, lost on the Tongue sands, off Margate; over 400 perished.

February, 1852, the *Birkenhead*, troop-ship, lost on the coast of South Africa; 454 perished.

February, 1853, the *Independence*, lost on the coast of California; 140 persons drowned or burned to death.

September, 1853, the *Aunie Jane*, lost west of Scotland; 348 lives lost.

January, 1853, (54?) the *Taylor*, lost, with 380 persons.

April, 1854, the *Favourite*, lost in a collision; 201 drowned.

May, 1854, the *Lady Nugent*, lost in a hurricane, with 400 persons.

September, 1854, the mail steamer *Arctic*, lost off Newfoundland, with 300 lives.

In the same year the *City of Glasgow* disappeared with all on board.

January, 1856, the Collins steamer *Pacific* disappeared with all on board. Never since heard of.

August, 1857, the *Central America* foundered at sea; lost 450 persons.

September, 1858, the *Austria* burnt at mid ocean, 471 lives lost.

April, 1859, the *Pomona* wrecked on Blackwater bank, through the master mistaking the light; 400 lost.

October, 1858, the *Royal Charter*, wrecked on the Anglesea coast; 446 lives lost.

February, 1860, the *Hungarian*, wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, with all on board (205) lost.

September, 1860, the *Lady Elgin*, lost on Lake Michigan, with 287 persons.

April, 1863, the *Anglo-Saxon*, wrecked on a reef off Cape Race, Newfoundland, about 237 out of 446 lives lost.

January 1866, the *London* foundered in the Bay of Biscay, about 220 perished.

In February, 1871, the *City of Boston* disappeared, and never heard from.

February, 1873, the emigrant ship *Northfleet*, lost by collision, with 300 lives.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the loss of life by the wreck of the *Atlantic* at Halifax, is a calamity that has but few parallels in the course of over 70 years.—*Er.*

How a Quakeress Stopped Borrowing.

The subject of borrowing and lending came up in the course of a conversation with a subscriber living near Ithaca, when he suddenly recollected a funny reminiscence of that character which had happened in his own neighborhood. He said he had a neighbor whose family were great borrowers, but not so distinguished as paymasters—they were always borrowing, but seldom if ever returning the exact amount borrowed. An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured these invasions for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time her good man went to town he had a separate and express order to purchase a pound of the best tea, and also a new canister to put it in; as he knew she already had plenty of tea and also a canister, he was puzzled to know what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister, but his questioning and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order.

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister? Now go along, and do as I bid thee."

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and new canister were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usual placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister set it on the shelf for a special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back in the canister any remittance of borrowed teas which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to make. Time went on, and after something less than the one hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for "just another drawing of tea," when the oft-visited tea canister was brought out and found to be empty, and the good old lady and obliging

neighbor was just one pound of tea poorer than when she bought the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life; she said: "Thou seest that empty canister. I filled it for thee with a pound of my best tea, and I have let it all to thee in dribblets and put into it all thou has sent me in return, and none but thyself hath taken therefrom or added unto it, and now thou seest it empty; therefore I will say to thee, thou has borrowed thyself out and I can lend thee no more!"—*Weekly Ithaca*.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

CURE DOGS OF KILLING SHEEP.—If you have a good dog that kills or runs sheep and don't want to shoot him, build a pen sixteen feet square, and run a pole across the top, and then pick the largest and oldest buck of the flock, put him in the pen, get your dog with a collar around his neck, and rope to draw up over the middle of the pole, so that the dog will have his forefeet swinging off of the ground a few inches. Get out of the pen and let the buck give him several good butts, and then turn him loose. This is a sure cure. I tried it on my father's dogs when I was a boy; never knew them to even cross a field where the sheep were grazing. Try it.—*Cor. Rural Sun.*

THREE BEST ROSES.—Fifteen of the most distinguished rose growers in England were separately asked to name thirty-six roses, and out of that number to designate twelve which they considered the best twelve. The result was that of the roses which were named, only three were on the record named by all as worthy to be placed on the first twelve. These three roses ought to be universally known, as every one who cultivates flowers wants the best roses, as a matter of course. They are: 1. Marechal Niel; 2. Baroness Rothschild; 3. Marie Baumann. It will be observed that at the head of the three stands Marechal Niel, sweetest of the sweet.—*Prairie Farmer.*

NOT many months since we went through the stables of the best stock raisers in this country. How clean were the calf-pens, and the pigs looked like household pets! Not a corn stalk was in the wrong place; not a dust of ashes on the furnace where the food was cooked; every rake and brush, and shovel hung on its nail. "How do you manage to keep things so clean?" we asked. "Oh," was the reply, "I've discharged many a man because he wouldn't do things well." This stock-raiser will have everything, little and big, done in the very best manner, and just here is the secret of his success.—*American Journal of Education.*

BREEDING TOO YOUNG.—Ewes should not be permitted to breed at one year. The lambs of such young mothers will be of little use, always small, puny, and unprofitable, and the mother will not grow much afterward. Besides, there is no profit in this early breeding, for the first fleece will be so much less and the young ewe of so much less value as to quite overbalance the gain in the lamb. The ewe should not breed at less than two years old, and she should be fed most liberally the first winter to keep up that healthy growth made the first summer on her mother's milk and good pasture. Green food seems even more necessary for sheep than cattle. Therefore a small quantity of turnips, beets, carrots, or potatoes should be provided for lambs. Let the young ewes be healthy and strong, and the lambs will be like them and sell at high figures to the butcher. But early lambs always sell best, and sharp breeders should provide such warm quarters that lambs may safely be dropped in February.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

SHEEP.—If growers of combing wool should raise sheep primarily to produce mutton, should also try to mature them early, so as to sell the carcass—we should have wool from well fed, healthy, strong, fat sheep which is just the wool wanted for delaine purposes. Farmers cannot keep these large sheep on lean pastures, with but little care of them, and have good wool. And the great reason the combing wool sheep run out when brought from England and Canada is, that they