

EDITORIALS.

A SPECIAL committee of the House of Commons, was recently appointed to inquire into the state of the law in England respecting protection to infant life, and its investigations have brought to light a state of affairs which would disgrace the most barbarous nation in existence. The system of baby farming as it is called, or putting out children to wet nurse, is extensively carried on in that country, and these baby farms are little better than wholesale slaughter-houses. The working classes do not often have recourse to the baby farms; they are chiefly supported by the middle and higher classes, and by the mothers of illegitimate children. The average mortality of children of all classes in England is thirty-six per cent; but that of illegitimate children, most of whom are placed out at these abominable institutions, runs up to from 60 to 90 per cent. In five districts of Marylebone, London, investigations during six months showed that the mortality of illegitimate children was 46, 53, 87, 93 and 96 per cent respectively. These children were not all on baby farms, but they had all been registered; the mortality among those not registered is said to be higher still. Dr. Fowler Smith, an obstetric physician, had reported that during twenty-five years' experience he knew of no case in which the child of a wet-nurse lived, because they were mostly given into the charge of old women who had no experience in the bringing up of children, and who halfstarved them. If the payment for the children was stopped, and the nurse had no special affection for a child, she either starved it, got it into the workhouse, or palmed it off on another woman as a child she would be paid for. Dr. Bennett, the medical officer of St. Giles Workhouse, had reported that ninety per cent. of the children taken out of the workhouse died before they arrived at the age of one year.

This is a far worse showing than that of Paris. In that city, in which the number of illegitimate children born is probably as high as, or higher than, any other in the world, the number of deaths of children nursed out, who are inspected, is only 12 per cent.; while among those not inspected it is only 75 per cent.—a rate, which, fearful as it is, is much below that of England.

It is to be hoped that the investigation of the House of Commons' Committee will lead to a speedy reform, for if the method of infant murder in England, is not so direct, it is far more cruel, and the rate per cent. probably as high as in China, where the slaughter of the innocents is a recognized institution of the country.

A REPORTER of the New York *Sun* recently paid a visit to the gambling palace of Mr. John Morrissey, at Saratoga, and the account of the palace and its decorations, furnished by him for publication in the *Sun* reads more like an Oriental fable than reality. Mr. Morrissey has sold half his interest in the palace for a hundred thousand dollars to Messrs. Reed and Spencer, of New York, and the last named gentleman was putting the house in order for the season, when the satellite of the *Sun* paid his visit. An addition has recently been made to the palace, and if our readers will peruse the following, they will be able to form some idea of its magnificence.

It is a one-story room, fifty by seventy feet, and twenty-two feet high. All that the art of the plasterer can do to beautify the ceiling has been done. Two immense skylights, and numerous side windows from the floor to the ceiling, light the room. All the wood-work is black walnut, carved in tigers' heads, flowers, and an endless variety of fancy ornamentations. Two immense chandeliers in bronze, with cut glass pendants, hanging from the roof, one hundred gas burners and numerous side lights, illuminate the apartment at night. Five immense French plate mirrors, with carved walnut and gilt frames, are placed in different parts of the room. It also contains two mantelpieces, which are a mass of carving, gilding and gold plate. On each side of the fire-places, as supports for the mantels, are massive figures in bronze, representing various mythological scenes. The carpet is a French moquette, and cost twenty-seven hundred dollars. The furniture is gorgeous, being walnut, richly inlaid with gilt, and upholstered in moquette of crimson and gold. Tigers' heads, with open mouths and teeth of gold

are carved in the back of the chairs and sofas; the gaming tables, of rose-wood, beautifully carved and gilded, are also decorated in a similar manner. A roulette wheel and other gaming implements of solid silver are to be placed in this room.

The dining room, running in the rear of the above, and across the whole place, is 100x40 feet; and for its decoration, art has been taxed to the utmost. It contains ten side boards of walnut and gold, and a splendid centre table, seventy feet long; the chairs are of the most magnificent description. The carpet is a gorgeous Royal Wilson, of flaming colors and Turkish pattern. The dining and silver services are magnificent, every piece bearing the tiger's head with the monogram of the ex-Congressman and pugilist.

Other rooms are fitted up in similar style, some of them being reserved for those who wish to gamble on the quiet; others for club rooms. Ladies are to be excluded from this place at present, but the expectation of the proprietors is that female gamblers will soon be as common and as much at home here as in haunts of the same kind at Baden-Baden or Ems. Last year the place was much frequented by the fair sex; and it is related of one, the wife of a Philadelphia banker, that during the season she lost \$14,000, and her husband, in the same time, \$60,000, neither knowing of the habits or losses of the other.

Thirst Quenched Without Drinking.

It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water; imbibed through the skin appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject; a correspondent has sent us the following abridged quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing His Vessel, and His Distresses afterward," which was noticed in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1868: "I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without ringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effect produced they afterward practised it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use."

The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind, the water absorbing through the pores of the skin, producing in every respect the same effect as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes became encrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins and being otherwise inconvenient, but we found by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing twice in the course of the day, the skin became well in a short time. After the operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms.

How a Speculator was Ruined.

The English papers are full of the singular and sad story of a man who had made a fortune being cheated out of it, and singularly enough it is a sequel to the notorious Overend, Gurney & Co. scandal. In 1817 Mr. Thos. Howard began business as a cotton spinner at Hyde, in Cheshire. By forty years of toil he amassed a fortune of about a million and a half of dollars; and now at the age of eighty he finds himself thrown almost penniless upon the world. Mr. J. Orrel Lever, once a member of Parliament for Galway, went to see Mr. Howard one day in 1853, and told him that there was a chance of making a certain purchase, to clear some £25,000 in a single month. The transaction consisted in buying eight steamers, which could be had dirt cheap and sold almost instantly at a large profit. Mr. Howard, in an evil moment snapped at the gilded bait, and the consequence was his utter ruin and bankruptcy. He became responsible in the first place, for \$253,000 purchase money.

For this sum he gave bills which were discounted by Messrs. Overend, Gurney & Co., who charged a very high commission. On the same day that the bills were given, Mr. Howard executed a mortgage of the ships to two gentlemen who were represented to him to be capitalists, but who afterwards turned out to be young clerks in the employ of Overend, Gurney & Co. Thus the London bankers got possession of both bills and ships, and when Howard, subsequently, as they evidently anticipated, became unable to take up his acceptances, they sent straightway to Hyde, and the poor gentleman's property was entirely swept away. The curious part of the business is, that Overend & Gurney prove to have had an interest in the eight ships from the time they were built, and that Mr. Lever on his late examination, declared that Weir, then manager of the Galway line, was bribed by Overend & Gurney to "fix" him with the ships. As the slang current among themselves would have it, the matter was a "put up job" from the beginning; Mr. Lever, however professing to have been a victim, and not a conspirator. The spectacle of an octogenarian, who has been the architect of his own hard won fortune, thus reduced to beggary, is truly pitiable, and besides awakening profound indignation against the rascally trick, by which the mischief was accomplished, the case furnishes an exemplary warning against hasty and ill-advised speculation.

THE HERO OF THE COAL MINE.

Martin Cooney is the name of a boy who, deep down in the horrid depths of the Pittston mine, performed a deed of heroic self-sacrifice which shames into insignificance the actions by which many happier men have climbed to fame and honor. Cooney and a companion stood at the bottom of the shaft as the car was about to ascend for the last time. High above them, roaring flame and blinding smoke and the crash of falling timbers were fast closing up the narrow way to light and life. Below them in the gloomy pit, were a score of men, working on, unconscious of their deadly peril. Cooney, with one foot upon the car, thought of his endangered friends. He proposed to his companion that they should return and warn the miners of their threatened fate. His companion refused to go, and then Cooney, without a moment's hesitation, but with full consciousness that he had chosen almost certain death, leaped from the car and grouped his way back through the grimy darkness. It was too late; the miners had closed the ventilating door before he reached them; and standing there, between that immovable barrier and the shaft, the hot breath of the fiery pit poured in upon him in a pitiless blast and so he died. He was but a lad, poor, unlearned, and probably unconscious of the possession of the higher virtues; and yet he died as great and noble a death as a man can ever die; he deliberately sacrificed his own life in an attempt to save those of his friends. Here is a theme for the most exalted poetic genius. Compared with this poor boy, how quickly do the profane and slangy heroes of the coarse poetasters sink into contempt, and how unworthy and insufficient seems the fiction in which they are placed. It is from such persons as this poor and obscure lad, doing deeds of infinite heroism with a simplicity that is altogether pathetic, that we learn that the purer and higher qualities of the race—the qualities which reveal the presence of the spark of Divinity in the soul—exist even yet in the humblest of mankind.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

THE PRINTING PRESS AT WORK.

Mis Josephine Freytag, in *Unsere Zeit*, gives some curious facts concerning the literary productiveness of recent times, especially in Germany, a few of which we copy:

It is only four hundred years since printing was invented; yet the first three centuries together produced less printed matter than one year now. The printing-press has gone to the ends of the earth; so that there are now twenty-nine journals published regularly in South Africa, nearly fifty in Australia, twelve in Van Dieman's Land, and six in the Sandwich Islands.

In the production of new books Germany takes the lead of all nations with reference to quantity, and doubtless to quality as well. In the number of new books France is second, England third, and the United States fourth; while, strange to say, in the number of newspapers circulated, they rank in directly

the reverse order. But, reckoning by the number of copies of books printed, instead of the number of new works, Germany ranks far below this country. The most popular works ever published scarcely reach a circulation of twenty-five thousand copies, while here many a successful novel has been sold by hundreds of thousands.

SPECTACLES.—Spectacles are worn by so many people now-a-days, that we are often inclined to wonder how former generations managed to get on without them before they were invented. The old Greeks and Romans do not seem to have known the luxury; but then, perhaps, their eyes were better than those of the present shortsighted race of mortals. One thing, they had not so many newspapers to trouble them as we have. But spectacles, after all, are not such a recent invention as might perhaps be thought. They did not come into use in Europe until about the year 1300, but they are of unfathomable antiquity in China—not, indeed, of glass, but of rock crystal. We affect to despise the humble efforts of the untutored Esquimaux, but even they had a sort of spectacles of their own, long before they ever had an opportunity of seeing any from other lands. They are ignorant of the manufacture of glass, or even of pottery—and they, therefore, cannot construct a lens; but they have constructed an instrument of wood and bone—an eye shade—which is not only a protection to the visual organs, but assists the visual power of the eyes. The Esquimaux term it "ite yaga"—"far sight"—the very synonym of our wood telescope.—*Once a Week*.

THE Missouri *Republican* of the 24th instant has an editorial article headed "Mormon women to Vote," in which, among other things it says the Gentiles in Utah have no policy but opposition to the Mormons. It thinks the latter have stolen a march on their political antagonists in giving to every woman, native or foreign born, the right to vote six months after her arrival in the Territory, provided she be wife, widow or daughter of a native born or naturalized citizen; for it says, as many of the Mormons have more than one wife and most of the Gentiles none, it doubles the power of the Mormons at the polls. The *Republican* says the Gentiles are preparing to test the constitutionality of the law giving the suffrage to women in Utah, but it is of the opinion that the attempt will fail; for it says that the constitution of the State of Missouri allows aliens to vote if they have declared their intentions, and the constitutionality of this provision, has never been disputed.

A DIVORCE case was tried in Cincinnati recently which should be a warning to all the girls who read the account of it. The defendant was a scoundrel of the masculine gender, and his ill-used wife sought the divorce on the ground of infidelity and desertion. Some who will read have very likely seen, in the eastern papers, advertisements from men, describing themselves as men of fortune, handsome and so forth, and requesting young ladies to correspond with them, professedly with a view to open negotiations, having marriage as the end in view. The defendant in the case mentioned above was one of these precious specimens of humanity; and on the trial it was shown that he had a wife and child whom he had deserted. A large box of letters and photographs from young women who had answered his advertisement was produced in court, and with one of the writers the preliminaries of marriage had been entered into.

It is very certain that honorable men never have recourse to any such ridiculous expedients to obtain wives; and that prudent, sensible girls never answer such advertisements.

The journal in which the above worthy advertised was the *Waverly Magazine*.

DEED.

In the 16th Ward of this city, June 28th, JOHN, son of William and Naomi Day, aged 24 years and 8 months. Deceased was born in Oakham, Rutland, England. He joined the Church on the 6th of March, 1863 and emigrated to this country in 1868; soon after his arrival he was taken sick of consumption, and, after a lingering sickness of one year and eleven months died in full faith of the gospel.—[Com.] *Mill. Star*, please copy.