

WILL IT PAY?—"W." forwards the following lines for publication, from Tokerville, Kane County, April 25th:

#### WILL IT PAY?

Will it pay? Will it pay? I hear the folk say,

Whenever a thought or a plan  
Is brought to the view, from day to day,  
For the good or the hurt of man.

Does it pay to be born in this world of woe,  
Where sorrow, and loss, and pain  
Do follow from cradle to tomb, you know,  
And assail us again and again?

If it did not pay, we feel quite sure  
Not one would the venture e'er make;  
When we think what humanity has to endure,  
And the troubles we have to partake.

O, yes, it will pay, if we manfully meet  
Every loss and obstruction through life;  
Where the bitter is mingled so oft with the sweet,  
And peace marred by anger and strife.

No fear but 'twill pay, if we're true to the end,

To the kingdom of God and its laws,  
And all our desires and our energies bend  
To advance and sustain the great cause.

#### A Hint to Lawyers.

The other day Mr. William Mack, Speaker of the House in the Legislature of 1871, while arguing a case before the Mayor of Terre Haute, assailed one of the parties, a very respectable and usually quiet man by the name of Townsend, with more than usual virulence, and when he cooled off appreciated his misconduct fully enough to send an apology to the man, which was disregarded. A few hours afterward he was attacked by the victim of his vituperation and terribly beaten. The *Express* takes this occurrence for the text of a timely and sensible lecture to lawyers on the practice of assailing parties and witnesses with ill-bred and impertinent abuse. It touches an evil that needs both caustic and cutting. Honorable men, thorough lawyers, those whose personal character make their bare statements as powerful with a jury as the oaths of others who degrade the profession, never or rarely shame their manhood by such misconduct. When they feel forced to attack the character of a witness, or the acts of a party, they do it with logic, not with vituperation. Their assault is analysis, not abuse, and it hurts with a pain never approached by the blackguardism of those whom our lax system of admission to the bar allows to stand upon the same level of privilege. Happily we have many such, whom it would be invidious to name unless our memory could furnish a complete list, but we have others who know little of law, less of courtesy, and nothing of that instinctive propriety which comes of good breeding. With these a resort to browbeating in the examination of witnesses is regarded as an indication of professional acuteness, and they can't see that they have done their duty unless they have insulted some one subjected to their ignorant meddling. A witness with them is like a rat in a pit, a fair object of snapping, worrying meanness, and the more indignation their brutality provokes the more successful they think they are. With the gentlemen of the bar we have nothing to do in these suggestions. Their innate manliness raises them above the barbarity of torturing for the pleasure of seeing pain. But to the other class, the Terre Haute case should be a lesson. The maltreatment of Mr. Mack can not be excused or palliated, yet it is no more than he might have expected—possibly *did* expect, in a vague way, when he sent an apology—and it is no more than several lawyers of this city have only their luck to thank that they have not encountered before this. The privilege of the bar confers no privilege of unbridled defamation, of impertinent insinuation, of brutal bullying, but that privilege is assumed, and courts have mischievously tolerated it so long that it has come to be regarded as a right, under which the best of men, the purest of women, may be treated in a way that would not be tolerated a moment out of a brothel, and would sometimes he paid by a bullet or a stab in a brothel. We have seen lawyers insult decent women in a fashion that any husband or brother would be justified in retaliating with a thrashing that would keep the blackguard in bed for a month. But the Court permitted it, at least did not rebuke it. But a few months ago one of the most contemptible shysters at our bar inti-

mated to a lady witness that her character was not spotless, and did it with no relevancy to the issue whatever. The lady was so astounded at first that she sat silent and dazed. The question was repeated, and then the witness, half mad with mortification and rage, walked up to him with a closed fist and told him "not to say that again." It was a violent remedy, but she had no other. The Court did not stop the wretch in his impertinent calumny, and the witness did it for herself. The question was not repeated. Recently a New York lawyer so tortured a respectable woman with dirty insinuations that an old gray-headed juror rose up and demanded the interference of the Court. The Judge laughed at him. One of the most estimable men in that city was similarly mistreated by a dirty lawyer, and, in the utter absence of protection from the Court, he warned the scoundrel that there was an outside to the court house, and he would find protection there. These are not frequent occurrences, to be sure, but they are common enough to make a summons as a witness a horror to any decent woman in the land. There is not a respectable man in Indianapolis who wouldn't gladly pay fifty dollars rather than have his wife or his daughter subjected to the chances of insult in some of our courts, especially the justices' courts. Does any one need to be told that these abuses, these harassings of witnesses, these denunciations of parties, are obstructions to justice, prostitutions of the duties of the bar, and that the court which tolerates them is but little less guilty than those who perpetrate them? Good judges do not permit them, or promptly repress them, but there are plenty of judges in the State, and all over the country, who are neither good on the bench nor good at the bar, and are only good for nothing. No sense of propriety, of personal degradation, will ever restrain such conduct, simply because it is never practised by those who have any such sense. The example of the eminent members of the bar is idle because these "shysters" have no more appreciation of the real power and excellence of their profession than a thief of scrap-iron has of the value of a rolling-mill. The right remedy would be their exclusion from the bar, but as that is impossible under the State constitution, there appears to be none but that "personal responsibility" which appeals with considerable force to men cowardly enough to use their professional position to insult a woman. If judges would apply their power to cases of gross misconduct—not such as involve some questionable excess of privileges—they would do much to improve the tone of judicial proceedings, and make a summons to court something not quite so terrifying to decent women and quiet men as a sentence to jail, and it is little less so now. It is a noted feature in the practice of nearly every lawyer of distinction, that he is courteous to witnesses, sparing of severity to opposing parties, and never treats persons in court otherwise than he would treat them out of it, unless under strong suspicion of falsehood or wanton provocation. And this is the kind of practice that tells with a jury. It is the best mark of a first rate lawyer, and a stranger to a bar, who is however familiar with courts, will pick out the leading members with almost unfailing accuracy by their considerate treatment of witnesses and their abstinence from personalities directed against other opposing counsel or parties. This notorious fact ought to stimulate the cultivation of courtesy, as an effective "trick" of the profession, but "shysters" are too far below the reach of appeals to honorable motives and creditable examples to be affected.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

#### A Story of Blood.

MEMPHIS, April 16.—The *Augusta* (Arkansas) *Bulletin*, of this week, contains the following letter from Thomas Warren, of Union county, Arkansas, to J. N. Courtney, of Kearney county, Mo., and dated but a few days ago: "I will tell you of a horrible murder that took place not far from where I live. It happened about a month ago. There were four negroes concerned in it. A married lady went to a neighbor's house to stay several days. She was not well when she left home, and her husband told her that he would take care of the

children until she came back; but when she got to where she was going there was no one at home but a hired man, and she started back. She had not gone far before a negro man stopped her horse, took her off the horse and hitched it outside the road and told her to take the road before him, and drove and pushed, and pulled her eight miles into the bottom, and tied her to a tree, and ravished her. He kept her there three days and nights tied to a tree. The second day while there she had a child in the woods by herself. She was gone from home three days before her husband went after her. He went over to the house where she had started to go, and when he found she was not there, started home, and found the horse tied where the negro had left it three days before. He took the horse home, and collected some men together and commenced hunting for her, and the next day they saw two little negroes, who told them that they had seen a negro the day before driving a white woman before him down the path; they scattered off to hunt for them, and got so close that they saw the negro; they went by where the woman was tied; he killed her with a stick and then left her; but they went on after him, but got off his track. The negro stopped at the house and asked a negro man and a boy if there was any body hunting for a missing lady. They told him yes, and as he got up to start they caught him and started back with him and met one of the men in his pursuit. They made him tell where the woman was. He said he killed her. They then made him take them to where she was. He said they were in sight of her the day before, when the woman fainted, and said she had fainted three or four times while tied, and she begged him to turn her loose, and he would not. They took the negro to her husband, and asked him what they must do with him. He told them to burn him. The men who had him were all negroes. They built two log heaps and put him in the middle. They were twenty-four hours burning him. They cut his toes off, and made him swallow them; and then cut strips of his skin off his body and made him broil them on the coals and eat them, and they would roll him in coals and take him out and talk to him and put him back. At last they built a large fire and put him on top of it and let him burn to ashes. There was not a white man who had anything to do with it, but were all negroes. The other three negroes that were killed were shot dead on the spot. They knew where the woman was, and would not tell."

#### The Great Consular Inspector; or the Would-be Methodist Pope.

What kind of man is Dr. Newman?—so writes one of my fairest correspondents. This I know, because she curled her capitals, and blackened her eyes, and left a perceptible odor of new mown hay in the half sheet of foolscap. Thrifty goddess, behold the doctor! He is a lusty fellow to wrestle with angels, and would break down Jacob's ladder if he set his foot on it to climb to Heaven. He weighs upwards of 200 pounds, and his hips, thighs, back, and belly are adapted to fight at the doors of fairs on free admission days. A certain kind of oil is resident in his skin, which oozes out in that gracious sort of perfume peculiar to people of professional holiness. His hair is of a fine brown color, worn long, and his features are large, effective, and without sensibility. Broad-shouldered, of good height, well dressed in his broadcloth, with a flash of gold somewhere about his watch fixings, and forwardness, worldliness, and visible goldliness all over him,—such is the hyperbole of a preacher. The clerical office is upon occasion the most needful and healing which a man can fill. It brings the oil of balm into the households of people bereaved, and, when physic is done, doctors the mind and heart. The blessed fellowship of a true man in the ministry how well we know when we have felt his hand upon us, saying, "My brother, take heart! There is a higher life than this." For the sake of this great remedial and refining office, and to protect it against presumers, the press of the country has, almost with unanimity, condemned the whole course of ostentatious and intriguing procedure of Dr. Newman. At the centennial celebration of American Methodism, it was resolved to erect at Washington city, a church with the grand Latin title of the Metropolitan—a word which much reminds us of the Roman phrase of the Metropolitan See. To accord with this ambitious edifice, a Metropolitan preacher was demanded. He came to his work with the ambition and unscrupulous assumption of a Jesuit—which word I use in its critical sense, for some of my acquaintances are of the Jesuit order, and have much more humility than Dr. Newman. The new clergyman immediately set to work to depopulate the neighboring churches? He took off the chief justice from Wesley chapel; and Mr. Colfax, who was possessed with the Presidency, came over from the first Presbyterian. The building was domineered over by a noisy chime of bells. The tower, which had been begged by one of the sisters from an old gentleman at Baltimore, was ostentatiously inscribed Kelso's Spire. The interior was adorned with cedar of Lebanon and Shittimwood, hauled from Jerusalem. The preacher appeared to begrudge the choir all the time they spent singing, and wanted to do the whole performance himself. He got himself speedily elected chaplain of the senate, and the amount of eloquence which he did on week days was stupendous for to see. His sermons were of the most modern character, with a Mansard roof on top, and a mortgage in the rear. He charged them with assumption like a vase of soda water. To-day he thundered at the newspaper press, and the next day covered President Grant with oil in a prayer to Jehovah. He instructed the senate as to its duty, asked the Lord to give simplicity of wisdom to the chief justice, and alluded to the equinoctial storm as the booming "simoom." Determined to be made a bishop, he undertook the office-broking for the brethren—some of whom, be it said, would rather collect taxes for Caesar than be gate-keepers in the house of the Lord; and, at this point, the chief fagman of the Metropolitan See got into newspaper correspondence. He fastened upon President Grant like a horse-leech—this term seems to be appropriate both to the leech and the horse—and, skimming the horizon for a point of sensation, the Reverend Doctor concluded to convert the Mormons. Properly advertised, he moved in a caravan upon those devoted people. His march across the country resembled that of a menagerie, and all the animals, from the monkey to the alligator, were represented in this grand transcontinental fantasy. Of course he made religion ridiculous. \* \* \* Failing to accomplish anything, Mr. Newman returned to Washington, and, with unparalleled meanness, proceeded to operate upon the government and have the Mormons persecuted. He has been routed in his insidious and audacious attempts to be made a bishop. His influence in congress has come to be less than zero. His endeavors to keep the Metropolitan church, to the prejudice of the general rule which limits a Methodist preacher to three years' local occupation, has been so far a failure that I am told bishop Simpson expressed his disgust; and Dr. Tiffany, a later incumbent, was so annoyed by Newman's attempt to undermine him that he compelled the trustees, about one month ago, to put the question to vote before the congregation, and every soul in the house stood up and put a final quietus upon this ambitious clerical demagogue. Newman then retreated into politics, and begged from President Grant the sinecure office called inspector of consulates. His wife was appended to the appointment, under the name of M. F. Newman, with an additional salary. Such has been the career of a man with plentiful talents and no humility. He is irrepressible, and plenty of churches would be glad to get him; but it is respectfully submitted to the board of bishops that he lacks the sense to turn this government into a theocracy. His heft and girth would justify him in applying for the sergeantcy-at-arms, where he might come near enough to the example of St. Peter to cut off the High Priest's ear.—*Gath* in *Chicago Tribune*.

tatious and intriguing procedure of Dr. Newman.

A colony of Saxons is expected to locate in the Saginaw Valley, Michigan, shortly.

#### Brittany Cattle.

Now that we have no longer any pecuniary interest either direct or indirect in Brittany cattle, we can speak freely of them without the risk of exciting a suspicion that the judgment is warped by any financial consideration. The herd imported from France in 1868 has been sold, and we are sorry to say that we have not an animal left to which we can attach the value of a dollar. We say, therefore, now, what modesty always prevented us from saying, for fear of the misconception to which we have alluded, that the Brittany cow, taking her all in all, is the most useful and by far the most beautiful and profitable of the bovine species that we have ever owned, and we have owned and handled a great many, of different breeds of cattle and of various grades, during the past twenty years. For the family cow, so called, where only one or two are kept on a small place, she has not her equal in our opinion for usefulness or for beauty and docility in the world, and if we had a little country place, as we hope some time to be able to have, we would not be without a genuine Brittany.

We never pretended that this race was eminently adapted to the milk dairy where milk is produced to sell at two cents a quart. That is not the place the Brittany is peculiarly adapted to fill and yet the farmer who had the care of the herd and sold the milk to the milk contractors, always maintained that the Brittanies were the most profitable cows he had, for the reason that they are so very easily kept and gave so much in proportion to their cost. He had an Ayrshire, two half Jerseys and a large grade Short-horn and had previously kept very fair specimens of natives of low grade cows, and yet the Brittanies paid better as milk producers at two or three cents a quart, the common price in that neighborhood, than any cows in the lot.

On their butter there is no discount to be made. It is the richest and choicest and highest flavored butter in the world. It has that reputation in France, and our experience fully justifies the high reputation in this respect. Their butter is vastly superior to that of the Jersey, not so high colored, perhaps, but much higher flavored. Even a child, not knowing the difference, would select it in a moment, as decidedly superior to the best specimen of Jersey butter we ever saw or tasted. The value and usefulness of these little cows is recognized and appreciated by all who have known anything of them. Mr. Knowlton, of Upton, who had one of the original importation, and has owned her since 1868, told us the other day that she was by far the best cow "for her inches" that he ever owned, and that he would not sell her for any price.

A gentleman who bought a cow at the auction sale on Friday, the 4th, and sent her down to his farm the next day, told us last week that his farmer was utterly astonished at the quantity such a little thing gave and the excellence of its quality. He bought the cow for about \$70. She has not been dry but once, and that for only three weeks, since she landed here in 1868. It was not possible to dry her off. She would give four or five quarts a day straight through the winter, though every effort was made by feeding on nothing but dry hay, milking once a day, etc. This winter we succeeded for the first time in getting her dry about three weeks before calving. And they all hold out in very much the same way. They are large and persistent milkers in proportion to their size.

A writer unknown to us, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, alludes to these little pets as they appeared at the sale, as follows:

"In aspect they are pleasing. The color is black and white, mixed in masses, as in the Dutch, with a preponderance of the former. In size they resemble the Kerry, but they are of a finer make. The face, horns and legs are as fine as those of the Jerseys. The front line of the face is straighter, however, and this, with a little thinness of the neck, suggests the Ayrshire. The diminutive size of the creatures, some of them standing but thirty-two inches high, appears when we note that they are below the waistcoat buttons of the person examining them, and that the lower leg can be more than spanned with the thumb and finger. We have here all the attractiveness and fascina-