

THE FARMER BOYS.

BY H. B. T.

Oh, give me the joys of the farmer boys,
In the meadows and fields so bright;
Among the cattle and singing birds,
And the cotton blossoms white.
The note of the horn as it sounds each morn
Is music sweet to me,
And the dews distilled from the amber rills
Are the gems I love to see.

Oh, give me a home and I'll never roam,
Where plenty and comfort abide;
And the ceaseless song of industry's throng
Fills the soul with feelings of pride.
The sweat of my brow while holding my
plough
Brings riches of vigor and health;
Contentment and peace each day will in-
crease,
Thus giving invaluable wealth.

O, knights of the soil! ye champions of toil,
The world is moved by the plow;
The sickle and flail—they never fail,
Each man is obliged to allow.
So manfully fight like conquering knights,
For labor wins the prize;
And hands of toil, though tanned and soiled
The bread of the world supplies.
—Cincinnati Times.

A Sad-Eyed Man.

HOW ZACK CHANDLER GOT EVEN
WITH CONKLING.

I do not care to say that Chandler drinks to excess; he might arrest me for criminal libel, but I think I may venture, with impunity, to the statement that he is not a strictly temperate man, and that after dinner he inclines to become excessively garrulous. A friend reports me a sample of Chandler's style, as follows: Chandler loves to boast of his strength. Upon this particular occasion he raised his arm over the table.

"See my muscle," said he, "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I am an old man; that is because I am scindened in the business. But I won't lick a man unless he is a gentleman. Now, when a man tells dam lies about me, my way is to go and lick him, if he is a gentleman. New look at Don Pott (Piatt); he tells more dam lies about me, and I would lick him, but Don Pott is no gentleman. George Townsend I was going to lick once for telling a dam lie about me, and I hunted him for over a week, but before I found him, I learned that he was no gentleman, and so his hide was saved."

Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist. Roscoe Conkling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where after dinner he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put the gloves on with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last Winter Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter inveigled the great war Senator into his private gymnasium. The gloves were donned, and the two doughty champions began to make graceful senatorial passes toward one another, according to the most approved rules of the P. R. The bout, however, was of a very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge senatorial form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he set down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator upon his legs, but he threw up the sponge at once, without any further attempt to punish Conkling. The only remark he was heard to make was, "Dama strange," and "I'll fix him yet."

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent word back that he regretted very much his inability to be present, but he had a guest at his house, a valued constituent from Michigan, and he could not leave him. Conkling sent back word, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler

consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare rather than to join in the general conversation at the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's discomfiture as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had become lifted above any such ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he, pleasantly, to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves?" and then Conkling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler, "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box, do you not?"

Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent-minded. He did once know something about it, but it was such a long time ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you."

Evidently the great New York Senator was pining to knock some one down. The sad-eyed Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves, Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face, and every now and then he would raise his huge right foot up under his swaying voluminous coat-tail and give himself a congratulatory kick, expressive of rapture.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair culminated by the sad-eyed man's suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a great tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward he thought the house had fallen on him.

Conkling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the skill of his friend Conkling, which were not received in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he learned that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Howard \$100 to come up and bounce Conkling. The Howard, of Detroit, Michigan, was none other than the notorious pugilist Jem Mace.—Crawford, in *Pittsburg Leader*.

Treatment of Poor Ores.

A correspondent of the London *Mining Journal* furnishes the following highly practical comments on the utilizing of poor ores, a subject of paramount importance in the developing of mines. A great obstacle to the progress of all mining sections is the difficulty of making available the poorer ores. Low grades are the rule, high grades the exception. Every miner will take heart when he learns of a practical method of bringing his poor ores, now refuse, to yield a profitable return. "Chemicus" says—

"It is now very many years since Augustin drew attention to the fact that the roasting of silver ores with sodic chloride, and their subsequent lixiviation by a hot solution of the same salt, would enable silver to be extracted from ores of too low a percentage to be profitably treated in the dry way; and the introduction of Longmaid's process for the manufacture of sodic sulphate by the heating of various forms of pyrites with sodic chloride, resulted in Augustin's method being applied to the treatment of other than argentic sulphides. Claudet pushed the matter further, and by an additional chloridization succeeded in extracting gold as well

as silver from these ores; while Selwin, by adding hydrochloric acid to the solution of sodic chloride and actually boiling to ore therein, was enabled to materially increase the production of silver from ores of low grade.

It will be perceived that the principle upon which all these processes have hitherto depended is simply the decomposition of sodic chloride in the presence of silver, the subsequent solution of the argentic chloride in hot brine, and the final precipitation of metallic silver by the introduction of metallic copper into the silver solution. Now, these chemical reactions cannot be carried out with theoretical exactness in actual practice with large quantities of ore, and thus it happens that hitherto the treatment has only been continuously applied where the proportion of silver has been sufficiently great to allow of a considerable percentage of loss, and yet for the remainder to more than cover the cost of the process. This percentage of loss chiefly arises from imperfect chloridization of the ore when in the furnace, imperfect solution of the argentic chloride in the lixiviating vat and imperfect decomposition of that salt in the precipitating tanks; and to such an extent do these imperfections occur in practice, in many cases the hydro-metallurgical methods hitherto tried have failed to recover more than forty percent. of the silver known by assay to exist in the ore before treatment.

"Mr. Barnard has successfully remedied these defects by availing himself of an extension of the very same principles as those above described, and his ingenious adaptation as an active agent of an element hitherto looked upon—when it happened to be present—as mere gangue fortuitously accompanying the silver ore is, in my mind, not the least of the merits of his invention. From what I can gain by perusing his specification, and by seeing his process in actual operation on a large scale at New Consols, he appears to regard the mixture of a certain amount of copper ore with ores containing silver as constituting the true method of extracting the whole of the latter metal, while by selecting for his separation agent copper ores of too low a class to be merchantable, he secures the additional advantage of producing not only silver, but a sufficient amount of copper to much more than pay for the treatment.

"This mixture of copper and silver ores, though, probably (if the inventor will forgive me) but a happy inspiration on the part of Mr. Barnard, leads to a series of most interesting chemical reactions, a study of which fully accounts for the striking results obtained as regards the almost perfect separation of silver which ensues. In the furnace the mixed ores are found to chloridize much more completely than silver ore alone; in the lixiviating vat a more perfect "leeching" takes place from the fact of argentic chloride being more easily soluble in a combined solution of cupric and sodic chlorides than in simply the latter; and in the final stage of precipitation the iron or zinc used first sets free the copper from the solution, and this being thus rendered "nascent" (the feature of which, I presume, gave the process its name) in the presence of a dissolved silver salt, exercising a most energetic action in reducing that metal. The reactions in the precipitating vats are also rendered more complete by the employment of a jet of steam which, by maintaining a high temperature together with that condition of molecular disturbance, always observable when fresh steam is condensed below the surface of a liquid, materially accelerates the progress of chemical decomposition and substitution.

"The above observations are necessarily of a somewhat technical character, but I trust they will be found to convey a clear idea of what I cannot help regarding as an invention likely to exercise a profound effect upon the fortunes of mining. If I be correctly informed, much of the material now being profitably treated at New Consols does not contain more than seven-eighths of one percent. of copper, and three ounces of silver to the ton—a significant fact, surely, and one which should please the Duchy of Cornwall and other lords of mineral properties, as well as being satisfactory to mining shareholders."—*Journal of Mines, Metals and Arts*.

The Present Policy of the Papacy.

The Church of Rome is the positive element of modern Christianity. We do not consider it to be an exponent of the doctrines of the Nazarene by any means, because it is manifest that it accepts or rejects whatever it pleases of his teachings, or our money system would not be what it is. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful organization, and, to its long line of seventy-six popes, all other dynasties are things of yesterday. If we deny its right to a longer existence among us now, we do not desire to deny its previous usefulness. To us credal religions, like those who believe in them, have their rise, progress, and decay, and no belief has ever existed but has in some way or other forwarded the advance of our race. In the early times, from the sixth to the tenth century, the Church of Rome was the protector of the people against the tyranny of the kings and nobles of Europe, their instructor in the arts and sciences and the great conservator of their rights. That was the period of its lusty youth and vigorous manhood, and it wrote its name in legible characters on every country in which it existed.

But, after that period, in our opinion, it commenced to decay. Probably the main cause of its decadence was its vain effort to organize charity. It read the text "sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" incorrectly, by omitting the word "poor" and inserting "church" instead. Then it became corrupted with money. Offerings which at first were honestly put to their uses and given to the needy, in the tenth and latter centuries were largely monopolized by the church. It was in vain that the three great and honest reformers—Jerome, of Prague; John Huss, of Bohemia; and John Wickliffe, of England—protested against such alienations of the charity of the people, they were attacked and condemned as heretics before and even after death. Of course, after their condemnation, the corruption increased, until in the sixteenth century the pride and insolence of power of the Vatican shocked human reason by the placing of a money value on crimes and by the sale of indulgences. Then arose a second batch of reformers headed by Martin Luther, and the power of the Pope was overthrown in a part of Germany. England, Scotland, Switzerland and other countries in Europe. In all, where it was not conquered, its authority was shaken. But immediately after the above change, Ignatius Loyola brought about a reformation within the Church of Rome. He swept out the follies and the crimes of the Vatican with a besom of destruction. But his efforts were in vain—it was too late.

Previous to the sixteenth century, the Church of Rome in all countries stood upon the power of the masses, and maintained their rights against monarchs; but, after what is called the Reformation, its policy was changed, and it assimilated itself with the rulers against the peoples. The great French Revolution, in which the people attacked both priest and king, was the first innovation of this arrangement, and the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, in our own times, has annihilated it. Under these circumstances, the Papacy is again compelled to turn its face to the peoples for aid; with it republicanism rises in value, and the divine right of kings is getting below par.—*Ex.*

SPIRITUALISM.

It is a significant incident as denoting the growth in popularity and respectability of what until recently has been regarded as among the grossest humbugs or impostures of the age, that two of the leading American magazines have surrendered their pages for the month of December to a discussion of the reality, or rather an attempt to prove the truth, of what is known as Modern Spiritualism. The time has evidently passed when this subject can be ignored by intelligent people, or pool-pooled out of existence, or consigned to the category of frauds or tricks of jugglery. Whether it be a mental hallucination, as the doctors think, or a species of diabolism, as the parsons believe, or the foreshadowing of a new and higher religion, as the more advanced Spiritualists assert, it is at all events an existing thing—a fact, a fancy or a manifestation—that is

attracting the attention of thousands of intelligent people in all civilized countries. In great Britain it is attracting even more attention than in this country, especially among the higher and more intellectual classes. It is said that there is scarcely a family among the nobility and gentry of England that does not contain one or more believers in spiritualism. It has gained many converts among the scientific men of that country, and there are few, even among those who dispute the spiritual origin of the manifestations, that pretend to attribute them to trick or imposture. In this country believers in spiritualism may be found in every block of every street of our cities, and in every village and hamlet of the rural districts. No religious sect is gaining converts with half the rapidity of spiritualism, and we doubt whether all of them together have drawn to the fold so many believers as have embraced this new religion, or substitute for religion, since it took its rise in the tomfoolery (so called) of "Rochester rappings," twenty-five years ago.

And it is a noteworthy fact that the marvelous manifestations of the new religion have more than kept pace with the increase in the number of its adherents. Every day adds to the novelty and startling character of its miracles. First it gave us mysterious raps on the headboards of our beds and on the walls and ceilings of our rooms. Then it began to tip our tables and chairs, and a little later unseen hands wrote out half legible communications from departed spirits upon slates and bits of paper. Next came the trance mediums, who discoursed eloquently, but not very coherently, on all sorts of subjects, as they were inspired by the talkative denizens of the other world. After them came the marvelous performances of Home, who astonished the crowned heads of Europe, and the miscellaneous wonders of the Slades, the Eddys, the Davenports, and a hundred others. And now, as the latest and most wondrous miracle of all, we have the "materialization" of the spirits of the departed, who come to us, clothed in flesh and blood, walk about our rooms, shake us by the hand, partake of our refreshments, laugh and chat with us as of old, then suddenly vanish into thin air.

We know not which is the greater tax upon our credulity, to believe the things related by Robert Dale Owen in the *Atlantic Monthly* and by Gen. Francis J. Lippitt in the *Galaxy*, or to suppose that these gentlemen, and others of equal intelligence and candor, were laboring under mental hallucination or were deceived and humbugged by the vulgar tricks of an impostor.

But there is one thing connected with all these manifestations, whether of the lowest or highest order, that is calculated to seriously shake one's faith in the theory that they are the work of departed spirits. They tell us nothing new, absolutely nothing. They give us no insight whatever into the world where they claim to dwell more than we had before. Here is Katie King, for example, who appears to materialize herself simultaneously in London and Philadelphia, and who tells her audiences that she has been dead more than a hundred years. Surely Katie King, who seems to be a bright-witted and sharp-sighted girl, ought to have gained some information about the other world during her long residence there. But does she bring us any messages worth listening to? Nothing of the kind. So far as getting any information about the next world is concerned we might as well apply to Lizzie King, who murdered Goodrich. She shows her pretty face through a hole in the door, shows her pearly teeth, boasts of her ringlets, shakes hands with Vice President Wilson, absorbs an orange that is given her, and disappears. Her conversation, what there is of it, is trivial and almost silly. When asked if she would like an orange she says, "Of course I would," and if she had been addressing a San Francisco audience she would probably have said, "You bet."

The disembodied spirits who communicate with Robert Dale Owen, although more serious and philosophical, are not a bit more edifying. * * * There is nothing new in the communications—not even an inkling of a new idea. And so it is with all the communications, from every quarter, that purport to come from the spirits of