THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

—BY—

JAMES W. McEWEN.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....$1.50
Six months.....1.00
Three months.....50

☞Advertising rates on application.

The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME VII. RENSSELAÉR, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1883. NUMBER 5.

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FROM HOME TO HOME.

When swallows were building in early spring
And the roses were red in June;
When the great white lilies were fair and sweet,
In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,
And the song of harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,
In the joy of a cloudless sky—

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
Ah! if they had heard in those blissful days
The Voice they must heed say, "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But when summer was gone and flowers were dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day
Further on in the northern sky,
Then the Voice was sweet when it bade them "Go."
They were eager for southward flight,
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew,
As they dipped their wings in the glowing heat,
As they still to the southward flew;
Till they found the land of the summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested 'mid rose and song
Their beautiful weary wings.

Like swallows we wander from home to home—
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile,
We have built us many a nest.
But the heart of the Father will touch our hearts,
He will speak to us soft and low,
We shall follow the Voice to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, sometime Chief of Police to Napoleon, was retained but a short time, it is known, in the service of the Bourbons after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluence and ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. On one occasion the company assembled in his salon heard from his lips the following story:

I.

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the Consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived, one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearance at the Chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the Consular court for the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eyes of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery where 20 there regularly appeared the face and form of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, the brilliant eyes and graceful figure of this personage caused the more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine, one day, at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up—I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigree lately returned, and who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc and Hortense Beauharnais. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and they were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's seat. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned and insensible condition. Meanwhile the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning condition. The rest of the party speedily returned to Napoleon, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Looking over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words:

"Do not drive out in your carriage this day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the First Consul aside, "Citizen Consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost."

"How so?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the rear seat, a massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, with a slow match, and kindled. Things had been so arranged that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees of the Park of St. Cloud. Fouche must be told of this. Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word to them," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them; and let the Government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time.

"Duroc," he said at length, "you will come to-morrow at mass and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police interfere in this matter."

On the morrow the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the graceful figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul and his confidant, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the services that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

II.

The summers of Napoleon were spent chiefly at Malmaison—the winter at Saint Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of that month, which the Republicans well called Nivose, and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carousal, made her way into the midst of the guards about to accompany Bonaparte, and held forth a paper to the latter, crying:

"Citizen Consul, Citizen Consul, read! read!!"

Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as irresistable, saluted the petitioner and stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, madam?" said she, inquiringly, and then continued: "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it and see justice done."

"Citizen Consul"—cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to the horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightening.

The Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he has received, remarked to his companions: "I could not weil see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed along rapidly. It was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas when a frightful detonation was heard mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows and the cries of injured passers-by. The infernal machine had exploded. Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out and read these lined:

"In the name of heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas."

On reading these words the Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel at St. Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door on the Place Carousal.

"Go," he said, quietly but quickly, to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, and the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries. I must see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus, and without raising his eyes, but to make Lennes certain of the person he took the General's arm and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone. No black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois, but all the zeal in these functionaries failed to find her.

III.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the Consulate succeeded the Empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the scepter which had been so long shaken in terror over half of the civilized world. The Isle of Elba became for a few days the most remarkable spot on the globe, and finally the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waived his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, yet young enough to return unimpaired that beauty for which she had been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest to her appearance even at such a moment.

"Sire! Sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

The Emperor took the paper presented to him. He shook his head and held up the paper to his eyes. After perusing its contents he took it between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman. Follow the advice! Be warned—it is yet time!"

"No," replied Napoleon. And, taking from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling, and kissed the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat which awaited to take him to the vessel. The vessel took him to the barren rock of St. Helena.

And there he died.

Thus, of the three warnings, two were useless, because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third, which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon, if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"That," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret. All that is known respecting the matter is that a female related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholas, died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon."

THE LAUNDRY.

BOILED starch is improved by the addition of a little spermaceti, or salt, or both, or gum arabic dissolved.

TO REMOVE oil spots from matting, counterpanes, etc., wet with alcohol, rub with hard soap, then wash with cold water.

THE addition of three-quarters of an ounce of borax to a pound of soap, melted in without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and three-fourths the labor of washing, and improves the whiteness of the fabrics; besides the usual caustic effect is removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.

FREEZING CLOTHES DRY.—The *American Agriculturist* deprecates the practice of allowing clothes to freeze dry for the reason that the wet fibres, even if but one-sixteenth of an inch long, are sufficiently expanded in freezing to greatly weaken, if not break them. The 1-112 inch of expansion in a thread ¼ of an inch long is enough to break the small fibres, however tough and strong.

WHITENING YELLOW FLANNEL.—Flannel that has become yellow from being badly washed can be whitened by soaking it for two or three hours in a lather made of one-quarter of a pound of curd soap, two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and two tablespoonfuls of carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in five or six gallons of water. Boil the soap in small shavings in water till dissolved, then add to it the other ingredients. Let the flannel lie in it until it looks whiter, then squeeze and press it, and rinse in bluing water, and hang up in the hot sun to dry. Iron while it is still damp.

TO WASH FLANNEL DRESSES.—Boil a quarter of a pound of yellow bar soap in three quarts of water, slicing the soap into thin shavings, and letting it boil until it is all dissolved. Take a tub of lukewarm water, and add enough of the hot soapsuds to make a good lather. Dip the dress in and rub it well, but do not rub soap upon it, for it will leave a white mark. Wring it out with the hands, not with the wringer, because it creases it badly. Wash in another water with a little more of the soapsuds, if it is much soiled. Then wring it again, and dip into lukewarm water to rinse it, and make it very blue with the indigo bag. Shake it out thoroughly after wringing it, and dry in the shade until damp enough to iron on the wrong side. It must not be dried entirely before it is ironed. Colored woolen or cotton stockings can be washed in the same way, and rinsed in strong salt and water to keep the colors from running, instead of blued water.

How Animals Help Each Other.

Darwin in his "Descent of Man" has many kind things to say about animals. Social animals, he tells us, perform many little services for each other. Horses nibble and cows lick each other. Monkeys pick from each other thorns and burrs and parasites. Wolves and some other beasts of prey hunt in packs, and aid each other in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert. The Hamadryas baboons turn over stones to find insects, etc.; and, when they come to a large one, as many as can stand round turn it over together and share the booty. Social animals mutually defend each other. Brehm encountered in Abyssinia a troop of baboons which were crossing a valley; they were attacked by the dogs, but the old males immediately hurried down from the rocks, and, with mouths widely opened, roared so fearfully that the dogs precipitately retreated. They were again encouraged to the attack; but by this time all the baboons had re-ascended the heights, excepting a young one about six months old, which, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded. One of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him, and triumphantly led him away, the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack. On another occasion an eagle seized a young monkey, which, by clinging to a branch, was not at once carried off. It cried loudly for assistance; upon which the other members of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape.

Knowing Too Many People.

The older we grow the more fastidious, as a rule, we become socially. We like the friends we can count upon—who are "as easy as an old shoe" with us; but we shrink from the new ones, especially, I need not say, from any that give the least suggestion of patent-leather. There are those to whom the companionship of persons of title makes amends for everything; but I am speaking of a class who have overlived such illusions and made up their minds, during the span left them in this world, to be comfortable. Old friends, or, if new ones, nice ones; intelligent society with a humorous bent in it; the most perfect freedom of thought and speech; these alone to mature persons make social life worth living; all the rest is strained, pretentious and uncomfortable.

As a very young man, I once sought an introduction to a well-known woman of letters in London. She is not now of much importance, being dead and forgotten; but all literary persons had then an attraction for me (as indeed they have now), and I expressed a wish through a common friend to know her. "My dear fellow," he wrote, after making his application, "she will have nothing to do with you. She says she knows a great deal too many people already." At the time I thought this rather rude, but I have long learned to envy that lady's moral courage. How delightful it would be, if one dared, to have that noble truth printed on one's card, and when new folks call upon us whom one does not know to return them this by post: "Mr. So and So's compliments, but he knows a great deal too many people already!"—*Longman's Magazine.*

SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE.

TO BRIGHTEN BRASS.—The brilliancy of gold can be imparted to brass ornaments by just washing them with strong lye made of rock alum, one ounce of alum to a pint of water; when dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli.

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—The *Druggists' Circular* gives the following recipe for the "dry shampoo," and considerably used by barbers, now generally known as "Sea Foam:"

Alcohol	8 ounces
Water	16 ounces
Ammonia	1 ounce
Cologne	1 ounce

It is rubbed on the head until the liquid evaporates. No subsequent rinsing is necessary.

USE A LITTLE OIL.—The *Prairie Farmer* suggest occasionally touching the latches, locks, and hinges of the doors with a drop of kerosene or a little tallow from the candle, and thus keeping them well lubricated. It will insure the smooth and quiet shutting of the doors and prevent the jarring, grating, or creaking so common in neglected cases. By this attention the doors and latches will last longer.

HOME-MADE BAKING POWDER.—For those who prefer their own baking powder, we offer the following recipe: Pure cream of tartar, two pounds; bicarbonate of soda, one pound; corn starch, one ounce. All the ingredients must be perfectly dry before mixing, and very thoroughly mixed. One teaspoonful is required to one pound of flour. If the materials are not pure, of course the result will not be satisfactory. —*Scientific American.*

A FANCY IN APRONS.—Aprons made of brown linen of the proper width so that the selvage needs no hemming at the sides may be made very pretty by fringing out the bottom to the depth of two inches; overcast the edge where the ravelling ceases, then about two inches above that draw out threads for an inch and a half, and then run a blue or scarlet ribbon through the threads that are left, making blocks of the ribbon and thread alternately. Above and below this a row of feather stitching is added, and a row on the band and sides also; the pocket trimmed to match is put on the right side.

OAK STAINS.—Oak floor stains: Two quarts of boiled oil, half a pound of ground umber (mixed in oil by colorman), one pint of liquid driers (turbine), one pint of turpentine; mix. After cleaning and planing your boards, lay this on with the grain of the wood. If required lighter, add naphtha till the required shade is attained; it darkens with age. Give it twelve hours to dry; then varnish with wood varnish, or use only beeswax and turpentine. The result is good in time, but slower than varnish. To get your line straight across a room to stain a border, chalk a long piece of string, strain it where you require your line, then lift the center and let it fall sharp on the boards. The result will be a clear line in chalk. Quantities given will stain a two-foot border round a room twenty feet by sixteen feet.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH.—No young lady can be really beautiful if she has such teeth as are sometimes seen, black, broken and covered by tartarous adhesions. Such teeth are not only unsightly, disgusting, but, with their filthy accumulations, their ulcerated fangs, are unfavorable to health. But with beautiful teeth, a *clean* mouth, an amiable expression, almost any one is beautiful, with but little regard to the mere features. It is impossible to have pretty teeth without care, without brushing, without the removal after each meal of the bits of food in the cavities, etc., which should be done with nothing harder than a quill, always avoiding pins, needles, knives, and the like. As soon as the enamel is cracked, or removed, exposing the true bone to acids, such as are produced by the decay of food, fermentation, there is danger. Avoid acid and gritty powders, but use castile soap water, also avoiding the extremes of heat and cold by which this enamel is cracked and destroyed. Borax and water, with a small amount of spirits of camphor (twenty drops to a pint), will make a good dentrifice, using a soft brush at least daily, rinsing the mouth after meals.

Calling on the Governor.

J. M. D. Kelly, Clerk, and Jim Hewitt, Sheriff, of Carroll county, came to Atlanta and determined to call on Gov. Stephens. Before doing so, they took a shave, had their hair trimmed, and dyked up in new suits. The hall door of the mansion was open, and the visitors, noticing two men at the other end of the hall, walked in. As they passed the threshold they bowed and touched their hats gracefully. The men at the lower end of the hall did the same.

"They motioned to us to go in this parlor," said Kelly, turning to the right and walking in. After sitting there awhile, Hewitt said:

"Are you sure that fellow told us to come in here?"

"Yes," said Kelly. "But I'll go ask him again."

As Kelly walked out of the parlor door he saw a man walk out of a door on the same side, at the other end of the hall.

"Did you say go in there?" Kelly asked, beckoning back into the parlor. Instantly the man at the other end beckoned back to the parlor, and Kelly re-entered it.

"He says right in here, Jim. I saw him again."

Another long wait. At last both visitors got uneasy, and determined to try it again. As they walked out into the hall, two men entered it again from the same side, lower down. Hewitt and Kelly again motioned toward the parlor. Both the strange men pointed to the parlor. They started back, when Kelly stopped suddenly, gazed intently at the two men and then shook his head. The bald-headed man down the hall did the same thing. He then lifted his leg, and the bald-headed man below did the same thing.

"Look here, Jim," said he, "I'll be swamped if we ain't been talking to ourselves all the time. That end of the house is a looking-glass."

And that's just what it was.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Sunflower's Fidelity to the Sun.

That the sunflower follows the sun in its westward journey is well known, but when does it turn its face back again to the east to greet the morning sun? Mr. C. A. White, of Washington, in a letter to *Nature*, relates an incident which throws some light upon the subject. One evening, he says, during a short stay at a village in Colorado, in the summer of 1881, I took a walk along the banks of a long irrigating ditch just as the sun was setting. The wild variety of *Helianthus annus* grew abundantly there, and I observed that the broad faces of all the flowers were, as usual in the clear sunset, turned to the west. Returning by the same path less than an hour afterward, and immediately after the daylight was gone, I found to my surprise that much the greater part of those flowers had already turned their faces full to the east in anticipation, as it were, of the sun's rising. They had in that short time retraced the semicircle, in the traversing of which, with the sun, they had spent the whole day. Both the day and night were cloudless, and apparently no unusual conditions existed that might have exceptionally affected the movements of the flowers.

How Sam Johnsing Got the Better of the Recorder.

The first case called was that of Sam Johnsing, who was charged with having beaten his wife.

"If you have paid attention, Mr. Johnsing," said the Recorder, toying with a pen, "you are doubtless aware that those nearest and dearest to you, after you have paid your fine, have made it pretty evident that you are a black fiend."

"Dat's not de way you talked to me when you wanted me to vote for you," retorted Sam sulkily.

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*"

"Dat ain't what you tole me. Ef you had tole me dat ar I nebber would hab voted for you in dis world. You tole me dat ef I voted your ticket you would ebber after regard me in de light ob a pussonal friend."

"Silence in court. What proof have you got that you didn't inflict those bruises on her person?"

"I always heered a married man had de right to correct his wife."

"You hear to much, Mr. Johnsing," replied the Recorder, who had regained his good humor.

"There can be no reasonable objection to you appealing to the more tender susceptibilities of the partner of your joys with the toe of your boot. You may even, on special occasions, as on the Fourth of July or Ash Wednesday, warm her up with a skillet, bounce a stick of wood on her person, or cause a bootjack to carom among her features. The law encourages you to regulate your own family affairs as long as you keep within the bounds of moderation, but when you mistake murderation for moderation then, Sam, just at that crisis the law steps in."

"I was only a sportin' wid her."

"You were sporting with her, and now you are trying to make game of me. That will never do, Sam. That banged nose speaks out in thunder tones, and gives the lie to your assertions; that gouged eye is a mute but eloquent witness against you; and beside there is the testimony of the neighbors who heard the whacks. Ten days in the county jail."

"I don't think you am doin' de squar thing by me. I voted for you, and I helped elect you."

"That's just it. You helped me into a position, and now I have helped you into a position, so that I don't think you ought to accuse me of ingratitude any more."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Public Nuisance.

It is strange, but it does not seem to have struck the generality of chewers and especially smokers, that their acts are worse than rude and ungentlemanly, that they are a positive offense against decency. Civilization has placed a barrier against eating in public even so much as an apple, or the most innocent and most inviting kind of food, except under the stress of necessity; yet a confirmed tobacco user or cigar smoker will smoke and chew the filthiest of weeds, stifling and annoying persons in his vicinity with fumes and disgusting debris, as if he was privileged to be a nuisance and had a right to taint the air and pollute his surroundings, which must not be interfered with. Now, where does any man get the right? It is his business in this world to improve upon himself, to make the world the happier and better and brighter and cleaner for his coming, to help others and not put obstacles or hindrances in their way; and the smoker does this; he sets a bad example to boys, who take up smoking as a manly habit, because they see men indulge in it, and are thus led to drinking and every evil practice. There is a wide-spread feeling, to which women largely subscribe, that men need a wide indulgence, that they cannot restrain their passions and appetites, that it is not to be expected of them that they should. But this ought not to be true, and is not true of men who have got beyond the savage, whose moral nature predominates, who have learned to exercise their better faculties, and whose strength has been tested and acquired, as much in resisting evil as in yielding to it. This so-called necessity for bolstering up and stimulating up, and strengthening up with vile decoctions and injurious narcotics is confession of weakness, not evidence of strength; it is a sign of inferiority and cowardice, not an evidence of courage or manliness. Women are subject to much heavier drafts upon their nerves than men, but this would not be considered as any valid excuse for adopting their vulgar, unclean methods of solace and consolation. Are men naturally so weak they can not bear the ills of life without resort to such depraved helps to carry the burden? Are they so brutish as not to be able to sustain their place in the march of reason, intelligence and progressive civilization? We do not believe it.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Process of Cremation.

The body, covered with a pall or winding sheet, is placed in a catafalque in the chapel or reception hall, whence it descends noiselessly by means of an elevator to the crematory chamber. This, by means of superheated air, has been raised to a white heat at a temperature of about 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. When opened to receive the body, the in-rushing cold air cools this chamber to a delicate rose tint, and the body, after an hour in this bath of rosy light, is completely decomposed, nothing remaining but a few pounds (about 4 per cent. of the original weight) of clean, pure, pearly ashes, which are taken out and put in an urn of terra cotta, marble or other suitable material, and placed in a niche of the columbarium, or buried, or delivered to the friends to be disposed of as they desire.

A MAN dies very much as a bucket of water is drawn from the East river. There is a deep depression for a moment, then with a slight gurgle the waves fill it and the stream flows on with the sun shining upon the spot as before.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

How the Masses Are Taxed to Death to Enrich a Few Monopolists—The Iniquities of High Protection Made Plain to Every One's Understanding.

[From the Congressional Record.]

Mr. Cox, of New York—When the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Reed] was discoursing the other day, after I had made some quotations from Bastiat, the French economist, he said that Bastiat, somehow or other, always looked at Paris and not at larger relations, such as those of France. He epitomized France in Paris.

Now, since he and others have renewed the talk about the robbery of the protective system, I would like to go back once more to my favorite, Bastiat. My friend from Viginia [Mr. Wise] the other day called me to account because I had said that incidental protection was burglary while open protection was highway robbery.

Now when I used that language I did not use it in the sense of being personal to any one. I did not mean that the member from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley] is a robber, or that my friend from Virginia [Mr. Wise] was connected with my friend from Pennsylvania. I meant that there is a robbery, which takes from one and gives to another; and taken by the action and doctrine of one to despoil the other. This is done furtively and without consideration.

Before I read from Bastiat on that subject, let me quote from Dr. Wayland. This is nearer home. It has a New England tenor. It has its morale. In summing up one his best chapters, he says:

The whole effect of this mode of encouragement is to pay one man as much more as the bounty amounts to for prodcuing an article than we should pay another man; that is, one man will do for $1 as much as another to do it for $3, and give him $5 beside, for the sake of economy.

He might have added that it is taken without the consent of the despoiled. Further:

It might be asked, by what right does society thus interfere with the property of the individual? When did the individual surrender this right? And how was it that he for him to surrender it? It is in vain here to urge that society has the right to destroy individual property in cases of extreme necessity; because, in order to render this plea available, it must be shown that this is a case of extreme necessity. And, beside, if society destroy individual property in cases of extreme necessity, it is always bound to make good the loss to the individual. I think that if the protected interests were obliged to make good the loss which the system inflicts upon all other interests, the demand for protection would be less unjust than at present, and protection would be considerably less injurious.

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2. But secondly: If a man assert that the wealth of a nation is property that is consumption and not of its production, he must also assert that the hand of the prodigal and not that of the diligent maketh rich; that industry and frugality are the sources not of wealth but of poverty; that the sword, the sword, devastation and murder, are national blessings; that we ought to pay other nations, instead of their paying us, for spoliations of property; that incendiarism should be rewarded instead of being hanged; and that the way to render a city rich, happy and prosperous is to reduce it to ashes. If a man really believe this—I do not say if he assert it—his case is beyond the reach of ratiocination, and he must be recommended to the kind attentions of a discreet and judicious medical adviser.

Now what says Bastiat, whose logic is as graceful and as keen as the blade of Saladin?

An outburst of frankness often accomplishes more than the politest circumlocution.

I made my little outburst the other day. It was about robbery and burglary. I brought thus the question home to members and their business, even in "sporadic" cases:

To tell the truth, my good people, they are robbing you. It is base, but it is true. The word robbery, to rob, robber, will seem in very bad taste to many people. I say to them as Harpagon did to Elisle: Is it the word or the thing that alarms you? Whenever has fraudulently taken that which does not belong to him is guilty of robbery. (Penal Code, article 379.)

To rob: To take furtively, or by force. (Dictionary of the Academy.)

Robber: He who takes more than his due. (The same.)

So I could find similar definitions in our dictionaries and in our criminal codes. It is not necessary to go to France to know what robbery is; nor what robbery in the "night season" means. There are penalties attached to each, and we know which is the worst.

Now, does not the monopolist who, by a law of his one making, compels me to pay him twenty francs for an article which I can get elsewhere for fifteen, take from me fraudulently five francs which belong to me? Does he not take it furtively or by force? Does he not regulate more than his due? He carries off, he takes, he demands, they will say; but not furtively or by force, which are the characteristics of robbery. When our tax-levy is burdened with five francs for the bounty which this monopolist takes off, carries or demands, what can be more furtive since few of us suspect it? And for those who are deceived, what can be more forced, since at the first refusal to pay, the officer of the law comes?

Still, let the monopolists reassure themselves. These robberies by means of bounties or tariffs, even if they do violate equity as much as robbery, do not break the law; on the contrary, they are perpetrated through the law. They are all the worse for this, but they have nothing to do with criminal justice.

Beside, with reality, we are all robbers and robbed in the business. Though the author of this book cries "Stop thief!" when he buys, others can cry the same after him when he sells. If he differs from many of his countrymen, it is only in this: he knows that he loses more by this than he gains, and they do not; if they did know it the game would soon cease.

Nor do I boast of having first given this thing its true name. More than sixty years ago Adam Smith said: "When manufacturers meet it may be expected that a conspiracy will be planned against the pockets of the public." Can we be astonished at this when the public pay no attention to it?

An assembly of manufacturers deliberate officially under the name of Industrial League. What goes on there and what is decided upon? I give a very brief summary of the proceedings of one meeting:

"A shipbuilder—Our mercantile marine is at the last gasp (warlike digression). It is not surprising. I can not build without iron. I can get it at 10 francs in the world's market, but through the law the managers of the French forges compel me to pay them 15 francs. Thus they take 5 francs from me. I ask freedom to buy where I please.

"An iron manufacturer—In the world's market I can obtain transportation for 20 francs. The ship-builder through the law requires 30. Thus he robs me of ten francs from me. He plunders me. I plunder him. It is all for the best.

"A public official—The conclusion of the ship-builder's argument is highly imprudent. Oh, let us cultivate the touching union which makes our strength. If we relax an iota from the theory of protection, good-by to the whole of it.

"The ship-builder—But, for us, protection is a failure. I repeat that the shipping is nearly gone.

"A sailor—Very well, let us raise the discriminating duties against goods imported in foreign bottoms, and let the ship-builder, who now takes 30 francs from the public, hereafter take 40.

"A Minister—The Government will push to its extreme limits the admirable mechanism of these discriminating duties; but I fear that it will not answer the purpose.

"A Government employment employe—You seem to be both ironical and very little matter. Is there any safety but in the bounty? If the consumer is willing the tax-payer is no less so. Let us pile on the taxes, and let the ship-builder be satisfied. I propose a bounty of 5 francs, to be taken from the public revenues, to be paid to the ship-builder for each quintal of iron that he uses.

"Several voices—Seconded, seconded.

"A farmer—I want a bounty of 3 francs for each bushel of wheat.

"A weaver—And I 2 francs for each yard of cloth.

"The Presiding Officer—That is understood. Our meeting will have originated the system of drawbacks, and it will be its eternal glory. What branch of manufacturing can lose hereafter when we have two so simple means of turning losses into gains—the tariff and drawbacks? The meeting is adjourned."

Some supernatural vision must have shown me in a dream the coming appearance of the bounty (who knows if I did not suggest the thought to M. Dupin?) when some months ago I wrote the following words:

"It seems evident to me that protection, without changing its nature or effects, might take the form of a direct tax levied by the state and distributed in indemnifying bounties to privileged manufacturers."

And, after having compared protective duties with the bounty:

"I frankly avow my preference for the latter system. It seems to me more just, more economical and more truthful. More just, because if society wishes to give gratuities to some of its members all should contribute; more economical, because it would save much of the expense of collection, and do away with many obstacles; and, finally, more truthful, because the public could see the operation plainly, and would know what was done."

Since the opportunity is so kindly offered us, let us study this robbery by bounties. What is said of it will also apply to robbery by tariff, and as it is a little better disguised the direct will enenable us to understand indirect cheating. Thus the mind proceeds from the simple to the complex.

But is there no simpler variety of robbery? Certainly, there is highway robbery; and all it needs is to be legalized, or, as they say nowadays, organized. I once read the following in somebody's travels:

"When we reached the Kingdom of A—— we found all industrial pursuits suffering. Agriculture groaned, manufactures complained, commerce murmured, the navy growled, and the Government did not know whom to listen to. At first it thought of taxing all the discontented, and of dividing among them the proceeds of these taxes, after having taken its share, which would have been like the method of managing lotteries in our dear Spain. There are a thousand of you; the State takes $1 from each one, cunningly steals $250, and then divides up $750 in greater or smaller sums among the players. The worthy hidalgo, who has received three-quarters of a dollar, forgetting that he has spent a whole one, is wild with joy, and runs to spend his shillings at the tavern. Something like this once happened in France. Barbarous as the country of A—— was, however, the Government did not trust the stupidity of the inhabitants enough to make them accept such a singular protection, and hence this was what it devised:

"The country was intersected with roads. The Government had them measured exactly, and then said to the farmers: 'All that you can steal from travelers between these boundaries is yours; let it serve you as a bounty, a protection, and an encouragement.' It afterward assigned to each manufacturer and each ship-builder a bit of road to work up according to this formula:

"Dono tibi et concedo,
"Virtutem et pulssantiam,
"Robbardi,
"Pillageandi,
"Stealandi,
"Cheatandi,
"Et Swindleandi,
"Impune per totam istam,
"Viam.

"Now, it has come to pass that the natives of the Kingdom of A—— are so familiarized with this regime, and so accustomed to think only of what they steal and not of what is stolen from them, so habituated to look at pillage but from the pillager's point of view, that they consider the sum of all these private robberies as a national profit and refuse to give up a system of protection without which, they say, no branch of industry can live."

Do you say it is not possible that an entire nation could not see an increase of riches where the inhabitants plundered one another? Why not? We have this belief in France, and every day we organize and practice reciprocal robbery under the name of bounties and protective tariffs. Let us exaggerate nothing, however; let us concede that, as far as the mode of collection and the collateral circumstances are concerned, the system in the Kingdom of A—— may be worse than ours; but let us say, also, that as far as principles and necessary results are concerned, there is not an atom of difference between these two kinds of robbery legally organized to eke out the profits of industry.

Observe, that if highway robbery presents some difficulties of execution, it has also certain advantages which are not found in the tariff robbery. For instance, an equitable division can be made among all the plunderers. It is not thus with tariffs. They are by nature impotent to protect certain classes of society, such as artisans, merchants, literary men, lawyers, soldiers, etc. It is true that bounty-robbery allows of infinite subdivisions, and in this respect does not yield in perfection to highway robbery, but on the other hand it often leads to results which are so odd and foolish that the natives of the Kingdom of A—— may laugh at it with great reason.

That which the party loses in highway robbery is gained by the robber. The article remains, at least, in the country. But under the dominion of bounty-robbery that which the duty takes from the French is often given to the Chinese, the Hottentots, Caffirs and Algonquins, as follows: Suppose a piece of cloth is worth 100 francs at Bordeaux. It is impossible to sell it below that without loss. It is impossible to sell it for more than that, for the competition between merchants forbids it. Under these circumstances, if a Frenchman desires to buy the cloth he must pay 100 francs or do without it. But if an Englishman comes, the Government interferes and says to the merchant: "Sell your cloth, and I will make the tax-payers give you 20 francs (through the operation of the drawback). The merchant who wants, and can get, but 100 francs for his cloth delivers it to the Englishman for 80 francs. The sum added to the 20 francs, the product of the bounty robbery, makes up his price. It is then precisely as if the tax-payers had given 20 francs to the Englishman on condition that he would buy French cloth at 20 francs below the cost of manufacture—at 20 francs below what it costs us. Then bounty robbery has this peculiarity, that the robbed are inhabitants of the country which allows it, and the robbers are spread over the face of the globe.

It is truly wonderful that they should still persist in holding this very proposition to have been demonstrated. All that the single individual loses from the public revenues, to be paid to the ship-builder for each quintal of iron that he uses.

"Several voices—Seconded, seconded.

"A farm