CALIFORNIAN.

THE LIFE OF THE LATE JUDGE JOSEPH WARREN M'CORKLE.

His Relations With Broderick and Duel With Gwin—How he Fared With the Vigilance Committees—The Turner Impeachment.

A familiar face has been withdrawn from Washington by the death of Judge Joseph Walker McCorkle, which occurred at the residence of ex-Gov. Amos Reed, in Prince George's county, Maryland, on Tuesday, 18th instant. Ever since he took up his residence in this city, some thirteen or fourteen years ago, Judge McCorkle has been well and favorably known, especially by those who again finding their way to the Capital brought with them memories of the years immediately preceding the war and of the early days of our Western territorial acquisitions.

Judge McCorkle was born at Piqua, Ohio, on the 24th day of June, 1819. An only son, he lost his father at an early age, and was placed under the guardianship of the late Judge McLean, who, defying precedent as he would not have done in a matter of law, turned over to his ward a well-guarded and much increased estate. Young McCorkle was educated at Kenyon college, and as soon as he attained his majority removed from his native place to Dayton, where he entered upon the study and afterward the practice of the law with Judge George B. Holt. In 1845, when twenty-six years of age, he was appointed by President Polk postmaster of Dayton. While there he made an unsuccessful campaign for Congress, but remained postmaster until 1849, when he met his fate with the new Argonauts toward the new land of fable, as it then verily seemed. He reached California before its organization under the Constitution of 1849 and was elected a member of its first legislature.

The new organization had not been in operation a year when the bill admitting California to the Union was signed by President Fillmore, September 9, 1850. Though making no active opposition, McCorkle was not in favor of California's coming into the Union. Correctly forecasting the events of the next decade, he foresaw troublous times for the United States. The existing State organization he thought amply sufficient for all purposes; the extension of the National dominion to the State would increase taxation without compensative advantages, and would measurably interfere with the State's control over vital questions then uppermost, such as the question of dealing with immigration, both in respect of free negroes and the horde of speculators and desperate characters which he saw threatened to overrun the State. Slavery he opposed, and the State Constitution forbade it. That matter was settled for California; and he thought it injudicious to take on any agitations in respect of which the pendency of that question in other sections might involve the new community.

But these views did not interfere with his active interest in National affairs when once the admission was an accomplished fact. At the first Congressional election he was chosen a Member of the House of Representatives and served until 1853, Edward C. Marshall being his colleague in the House, and John C. Fremont and Dr. William M. Gwin being the State's first Senators.

Upon the expiration of his Congressional term he was chosen one of the district judges of the State, in which capacity he served four years. While holding this position, in 1855, he was a candidate for the United States Senate. The term of Gwin expired March 4, 1855, and the election of his successor was attempted in January or February of that year. So bitter was the contest, however, that after fifty fruitless ballots the legislature adjourned, abandoning the hopeless task. As a consequence Gwin's seat remained vacant until the expiration of the term of John B. Weller, in 1857. In January, 1857, David C. Broderick was chosen to succeed Weller, and Broderick, who wielded almost controlling influence in the State, earnestly sought to effect McCorkle's election to succeed Gwin. In this effort Broderick failed. He then dealt with Gwin, theretofore his bitter enemy, and the result of the bargain was Gwin's reelection on the avowed determination to abstain from interference with the patronage; a determination expressed by Gwin in an open letter to the people of California, in which he attributed all his past woes to the lack of patronage."

McCorkle had stood with Broderick from first to last, and Broderick knew how to reward. Failing to elect McCorkle to the Senate Broderick still put forth his influence to make him Governor in 1857. But McCorkle's attitude, which was that of Broderick, on the slavery question—"Anti-Lecompton," as it was designated—stood in his way, and Weller had his revenge by being nominated and elected Governor. From this time forward McCorkle's aspirations to office, if any entertained, were never manifested by any effort in the direction of their realization. He quitted California in the early spring of 1860, going to Virginia City, Nevada; and although frequently back and forth between that place and San Francisco, he had from that time practically abandoned his residence in California. He remained a resident of Nevada until the latter part of 1870, when he came to Washington for the purpose of prosecuting claims before the American and Mexican Commission. His practice before that commission fixed his residence here, where he continuously resided from 1871.

The path of the early California politician was not rose bestrewn, a fact which Gwin was not alone in learning. Fremont was the short term Senator and Gwin was, therefore, at the head of the State's Congressional delegation. It was the occupancy of this position that brought about those woes of which he afterward complained as chargeable to Federal patronage. He asserted his right to dictate all the Federal appointments in the State, but the claim was not unchallenged. McCorkle's antagonism to him on this point was the first active manifestation of the difference which afterwards culminated in the duel between the two men. And not only did McCorkle dispute Gwin's right to dictate the appointments; he also resisted legislation that would place practically at Gwin's disposition large sums of public money voted for various State purposes. *Among other appropriations sought by* Gwin was one of $4,000,000 for coast improvements and defenses. McCorkle opposed any appropriation of over $1,000,000, feeling that the larger sum would proportionately increase Gwin's power, and contending that if actually necessary further appropriations might be made from time to time as need arose. In this contest, as in that over the appointments, McCorkle carried his point, of his difference with Gwin being thereby made the greater.

These things lay at the foundation of their trouble, which was augmented by McCorkle's alliance with Broderick. One thing led to another, even the rupture of McCorkle's engagement to a gifted and highly-accomplished lady being attributed by him, whether rightly or wrongly, to Gwin's "fine Italian hand;" and in the end came the challenge from Gwin to the duel fought outside San Francisco in 1853.

Some ridicule was heaped upon the participants on account of this meeting, because the similarity in point of result to the Southern Virginia "affair." But the bloodless event was not the fault of either principal. The weapons were rifles. Both men were expert shots. It was conceded that a meeting between two such men at the customary distance, forty paces, would be a short cut to murder; but the proposition to double the distance was unjust to McCorkle, whose shortness of sight would give him at a great disadvantage. A compromise was, therefore, arranged: The distance to be forty paces, but the parties to fire and fire instead of facing and firing on the word. Both being novices at this species of shooting, three shots were exchanged without effect; and the seconds then deemed a hit a certainty in three exchanges at the most, came unprovided with another ammunition. So the affair ended; the parties having acquitted themselves in manner to bar criticism, although the meeting, according to the standards, proved a *fiasco*.

This was McCorkle's only "affair," notwithstanding his positiveness of character and plainness of speech, of which many illustrations might be given. He sided with Justice Stephen J. Field in the effort to impeach William R. Turner, judge of the 4th judicial district in 1851. His estimate of Turner, and a taste of his quality as a man of straightforward methods, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by him to Justice Field in respect to the Turner impeachment:

"A bill introduced by yourself, increasing and changing the numbers of the judicial districts of the State, had passed the legislature, and became a law some weeks before the motion to impeach Judge Turner was called up. By this law Judge Turner was banished to the Klamath, a region inhabited almost exclusively by savage redskins, the elk and grizzly bear; and as Turner was supposed by anthropologists to be of that mysterious law of descent atavism or reversion, only the immediate effects, passions, manners and habits of the cave-dwellers of the rough-stone age, there appeared to be a fitness and adaptation in the new locality and surroundings to the man, which was at once appreciated and approved by all persons familiar with him and his conduct and behavior, both on and off the bench."

He was unsparing, too, in his denunciation of the Vigilantes, a body which, he always asserted, would never have existed except for the dereliction of sheriffs. Once when summoned as a witness in one of their trials he compelled a committee of five to take him to their "court," and when there refused to take an oath to them or to testify as a witness. The organization of a similar body he vigorously opposed at Virginia City, standing alone in his opposition: Firm in his convictions, and possessed of both the moral and the physical courage necessary to sustain them, he never faltered in his opposition to what he disapproved, nor wavered in his support of what he favored. Through all, his bitterest enemies credited him with an unflinching integrity, of which they professed their admiration, and his friends exhausted praise of his strong and attractive qualities.

His judicial temper is well illustrated by an incident of his later years. He had always denounced slavery, and heartily favored its prohibition in California; but his eyes were not shut to history. Several years ago he was one of a party listening to the exploits of a redoubtable product of the civil war, as embellished by himself. Among other things, the braggart recounted an exploit which consisted in "running off" another man's slaves. McCorkle quietly interposed: "At the time you did that, sir, slaves were recognized and protected by law as property, and your act was just as much stealing as though you had run off that man's horses." As the person addressed was himself a Western man, the comparison to horse-stealing was a peculiarly "palpable hit," and the narrative came to an abrupt close.

Judge McCorkle's life in Washington was uneventful, unless I may except his paper controversy with Caleb Cushing before the Mexican commission. He lived quietly here until stricken with his fatal illness, paralysis, in December, 1881; and although reticent in disposition he was to those who came to know him more closely a mine of interest and entertainment. Of any but the less personal experiences in his early life he rarely spoke, and even when breaking his rule in this respect he spoke but briefly and with modesty. *But as a raconteur of the* more public events of those eventful days he was lively, instructive and brilliant. Even to the last his memory of those events retained its full charm for him, and in the days just prior to his death California and the California life held a place second only to that memory which called from him the request that his body might be borne to the measure and the music of the Episcopal burial service and laid by his mother's side in the cemetery at the place where she gave him birth.

HENRY E. DAVIS.

Life on the Isthmus.

Panama Correspondence Boston Herald.

House rents are at a very high figure both here and at Colon. The most profitable form of investment on the isthmus at present is house property. There is a great lack of accommodations, and each steamer arriving from Jamaica brings 500 to 900 new recruits from the canal, mostly negroes, seeking employment as "navvies" on the excavations. The latest steamer from Kingston, Jamaica, brought about 900 negroes to Colon. Single rooms in Panama rent readily at $20 to $35 each per month! The prices are about the same at Colon. And still the tide of emigration increases. What will be the rental squeezed out of us unfortunates in a six months from this date? None can tell.

I know personally men at Colon who, from being poor three years ago, are now bloated landholders, or, rather, householders, for their tenement houses are all built on lots leased by them from the Panama Railroad company, receiving a monthly income of $3,000 and upward from their rents. Mr. Field, of the banking and exchange house of Field, Brodie & Co., at Colon, is understood to receive a monthly income of $25,000, or $300,000 per annum, all from rentals of his houses and stores in Colon. Mr. Tracy Robinson, a well-known literateur, a resident of the isthmus during the past twenty years, has an income of about $3,000 per month from his house property in Colon. Mr. Robinson is a native of New York, I believe; a very genial man and highly cultured.

It is a common saying at Colon that "a man can make money at anything there," but, from what I have seen, I should judge that real estate, when well covered with tenement houses, is "the best hold" of the capitalist, small or large. Unfortunately for the intending investors, the Panama Railroad company has quite recently decided to not lease any more lots for the present, as the company needs for its own purposes nearly all the available land in Colon. All the company's leases are made for five years, with privilege of renewal during ninety-nine years.

A Truce to Paint and Powder.

New York Correspondence N. O. Times-Democrat.

Women no longer paint and powder to excess. A man may walk from one end of the Fifth avenue to the other without seeing a single face that is artificially illuminated. The reign of artificial color is over. This is not proof of any era of good sense, but is due solely to the dictates of fashion. About two years ago it became common for American girls to ape English girls. The most distinguishing thing about an English girl, besides her feet, is her complexion. One who has neither feet nor complexion has a future which is ever clouded with gloom. The first requisite to a good complexion—and particularly to what is known as an English complexion—is plenty of exercise in the open air. Hence tennis became fashionable because it was played out of doors, and is indirectly an adjunct to a good English complexion. It was also realized that horseback-riding in a green cloth, with an English bell-crowned beaver hat, was fashionable in England, and would also improve the color. Tennis playing and horseback equestrianism therefore became extremely popular, and our girls gained complexions that their English sisters may well envy.

A Wise Precaution.

From the Detroit Free Press.

As you approach Cincinnati from the north the railroad runs directly through the beautiful Spring Grove cemetery, and passengers are always interested in the sights to be seen. In the seat ahead of us was a *couple, evidently on a bridal tour, but yet* accompanied by a little girl about 9 years of age. Some thought the mother was stepmother to the child, and others that the husband had become step-father, but the mystery was solved as we entered the cemetery. The little one was quick to notice the locality, and as the husband went back to the cooler for a drink, she cried out:

"Oh, mamma, this is the place where we buried papa! Maybe we can see his grave!"

"Hush, child!" she whispered.

"But if we do see it," continued the prattler in spite of a pinch, "we won't let on about it, nor say a single word, 'cause it might make our new papa feel cut up!"

A Poetical Appetizer.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlet dip in egg and bread crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere *cheese on macaroni;*
Make the top crisp but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly,
Mix with old port—see Franticelli.

In dressing salad mind this law:
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe!

Roast pork, sans apple sauce, past doubt,
Is Hamlet with the Prince left out.

Your mutton chops with paper cover,
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beef steak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a fine flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em;
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowl with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder.
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious:
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have *lots of things to say.*

And so I'll close, for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine. —*Sam.*

THE BLIND IOWA EDITOR.

HOW HE MANAGED TO GET ALONG—PHILOSOPHICAL VIEWS OF A BAD SITUATION.

From the Cherokee Enterprise.

Many times we have been solicited by numerous friends and individuals to tell how it is that we manage to find our way about town so readily without assistance: and many erroneous ideas are entertained of us by most people—ideas that do injustice to the blind as a class. We cheerfully comply, and to the best of our ability, and in accordance with our own experience, give the desired information. First, it is a mistake to suppose that we are ever governed by instinct, as this gift belongs only to the brute creation. The human family is endowed with the power of reason and does not need it; nor can it be acquired by the loss of sight or any other faculty. We know of no student or author of mental philosophy bold enough to assert that instinct ever governed a reasonable being under any circumstances; and our experience and the experience of others similarly afflicted bear us out in the statement. Then what is it that enables us to leave our home and come down town alone, a distance of several blocks, and find almost any house or store at pleasure? Remember that man is a reasonable creature, and that a protracted application of reason will sometimes work wonders even with persons who can see. It is the keenest application of reason and the constant use of judgment, rendered possible only by the strictest attention to what we hear and feel, together with the memory trained to retain the minutest things with the utmost readiness. This can be only acquired by the most patient training and a strong determination to make the best of a bad and inevitable situation in spite of the many bumps and mishaps which attend the beginning. Thus, in leaving our door we note the lay of the land, the direction of the wind if there be any, which, if not blowing a gale, will enable us to keep the general direction. By careful practice we are able to feel the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, and note the difference in sound of footsteps on the earth in the vicinity of a building or any large body, which is quite noticeable. With a cane along the edge of the sidewalk we find every notch, projection or irregularity, which the memory must retain. In walking along the street we can detect a different sound or feeling in the atmosphere in front of every place of business. This difference is probably due to the fact that no two stores are built alike, or contain the same class of goods. Hence, by forming a mental picture of the city, and making a mental calculation of the distance, we are enabled, in some measure, to overcome the difficulties that beset us, and with but a small mistake now and then, managed to find out objective points with comparative ease. There are many people, however, who seem to entertain doubts about our editorial work, noticeably among our exchanges. In this, however, we do just as any other editor—get our news by all the devious means known to journalism, and write with our own hand what can not be clipped. Reading exchanges is the only part of our editorial work that we cannot do; but, as the very best little woman on earth does that for us (but don't mention it to her please), it is done just as well.

THE MAHOGANY TRADE.

A Michigan Company Making Their Fortunes in Honduras.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Mahogany is found in South America, Honduras and the West India Islands. The Spanish mahogany is so called because it does not come from Spain. Cuba furnishes Spanish mahogany. The Honduras mahogany is exported in square logs from twelve to eighteen feet long and from two to three feet square. The poorest timber comes from the low ground and the finer from the rocky elevations.

The close fibered wood is exceedingly valuable, a tree which furnished three logs, each fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches square, being sold once for $15,000! This shows conclusively that one of the reasons that so many of us are poor is because we do not own a few mahogany trees.

But to come down to the point. A company of Michigan men from Grand Rapids have made arrangements for giving us all the mahogany we want on the square. Square dealing is the motto of the Michigan men. They have purchased acres of trees in Spanish Honduras and are hard at work getting out the square timber.

By the way Honduras is the place for the oppressed taxpayer. In this delightful place there are no taxes. In the words of the well-known hymn: "There will be no sorrow there." The government is run by export and import duties. Honduras expects every man to pay his duty. Many of the trees that will soon be in Michigan are hundreds of years old and big for their age. A special brand of negroes who like the climate cut down these trees. These negroes came from the West Indies in 1845 and they and their descendants do the lumbering. Besides their wages they are allowed $12 a month for rations and the rations consist of flour from Grand Rapids and pork from Chicago. They use a special kind of axe, shaped like a cleaver with a handle six feet long. These axes come from Connecticut.

The squared timber is bound up with cedar logs by grapevine ropes and made into rafts, the cedar giving the necessary buoyancy, and the cedar and fine mahogany, wrestling in a grapevine twist, go floating down the mountain streams to the sea.

There are at present two steamers employed in taking the timber to New Orleans, one of them being the E. B. Ward, formerly well known on the Detroit river. Soon it is expected that the logs will come by New York. At the elevation that the timber is cut the heat is not oppressive. Even in August the men sleep at night with blankets over them. At Grand Rapids the logs are made into furniture and sent from thence all over America and across the briny deep to the Old World.

The Perfect Poem.

From the London Standard.

Gray ripened too early to become a great poet. The "Elegy" was published when he was thirty-three; and the tradition has been handed down that he had it "under the file" for six years. But even if we supposed that it was all written when he was about thirty, its peculiar excellences would have enabled any critic of ordinary penetration to prophecy at once that its author would never improve upon it. No doubt it could not be improved upon in its own style. But it was also manifest that the poet was as perfect as the poem and had no seed nor sap of growth in him. A man who is to do great imaginative work must not write with such absolute perfection, measure, balance, at thirty, as Gray obviously did. Gray was an economist alike of thought and expression. He was a perfect artist—of cameos and intaglios—and that is no slight praise. It must be confessed, however, that his genius was not fertile. What he had to say, he said admirably, but his fountain of poesy soon ran dry. This, more than want of real imagination, which has sometimes been attributed to him, was the cause of his comparatively small contribution to the higher literature of the language.

A Bee-Hive in His Attic.

From the Troy Times.

A novel bee-hive was discovered in a corner of the attic of Capt. Eaton's house in Essex. It had been known that bees were passing in and out of a knot-hole for several summers, but great was the astonishment of the captain when, on taking off the shingles on the corner, he found a large swarm of bees and 120 pounds of pure white honey. The bees were hived and will probably do good service this summer in the captain's garden.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S LAST WORK.

The History of a Curious Piece of French Embroidery.

From the New York Times.

A curious piece of embroidery, bearing evident signs of antiquity and framed in black wood, is to be seen at Mrs. L. D. Shears' studio, No. 16 East Twenty-third-street. Of course, the piece of work has a history. As the product of the modern needle it would be considered far from beautiful. As the last work of Marie Antoinette, devised in the obscurity of a prison, it is invested with as much beauty as interest. It is made from an ordinary towel, which has been delicately manipulated, some parts resembling lace, others ordinary embroidery, the whole giving proof of remarkable patience and skill. This work was recently sent to a lady living in Harlem on the death of her father Mr. Charles Phillips, formerly of Brighton, England. It came into Mr. Phillips' possession in an interesting manner.

When Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the Conciergerie she was forbidden amusements of any description, and she is said to have devoted herself to needlework. As she was led forth to execution, it is stated that she dropped a piece of needlework. An officer in charge picked it up. A nun who saw the proceeding begged the officer to let her have the embroidery as a souvenir of the unfortunate Queen. Her request was granted and the conscientious nun forthwith carried the trophy to the Royal family. It remained in their possession until Louis Phillippe abdicated and fled to Brighton, when it was sold to Mr. Phillips, who paid a considerable sum for it. Mr. Phillips took the embroidery with him to Auckland, New Zealand, where he occupied an official position for forty years. When he died it was sent to his married daughter, residing in this city. Mrs. Shears, in order to convince herself that Mr. Phillips was a man whose word could be relied upon, wrote to Mr. Gilderoy W. Griffin, United States Consul at Auckland. She received in reply a letter which testified to Mr. Phillips' strict integrity.

"This is, no doubt, an heirloom of incalculable value," said Mrs. Shears yesterday. "It was framed because it would fall to pieces if touched by the finger. A needle was found sticking at the bottom and the foolish man to whom the framing was entrusted pulled it out. It broke into a dozen pieces."

ROGER M. SHERMAN'S DIVORCE SUIT.

Charging His Wife, Gov. Bagley's Daughter, With Being a Drunkard.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Roger M. Sherman, at one time assistant district attorney in this city, has brought suit in the Supreme court against his wife, Florence B. Sherman, for limited divorce on the ground of abandonment. Mrs. Sherman is a daughter of the late Gov. J. J. Bagley, of Michigan. The case was before the court to-day on a motion brought on behalf of the plaintiff for the custody of his two children, who are living with their mother in Detroit. In his affidavit Mr. Sherman states he was married in Detroit in 1876. He brought his wife to this city, where he was appointed assistant district attorney. It was not, he says, until they had lived together for several years, that he discovered that his wife was a drunkard. This discovery led to a coolness between them, and in 1881 she left him and went to live with her brother in Detroit, taking their two children with her. Subsequent to this Mr. Sherman had begun a suit in the Connecticut courts for a separation on the ground of the habitual drunkenness of his wife. In addition to the charge of drunkenness the plaintiff says that his wife has a lover. In marrying her he says that he was deceived by the statements of his mother-in-law, on whom he places all the responsibility for his troubles. Mrs. Bagley, he alleges, had interfered in his domestic affairs and had taught her daughter to use liquor. Argument on the motion was adjourned until the 29th of April in the hope of finding some ground for interfering in the suit for divorce which is pending in Detroit by Mrs. Sherman against her husband, the process being returnable on the 10th of April. In an answering affidavit Mrs. Sherman denies the charges of her husband of drunkenness, and her counsel gave notice that he would move to strike out parts of Mr. Sherman's affidavit as scandalous.

Two Aged Southern Students.

From the Wilmington Star.

We knew in Granville county, N. C., two aged gentlemen who were farmers and who lived half a mile or so apart. One of them, now in his grave, in his seventy-fourth year sat down and read over for mental solacement and refreshment and for use several leading Latin poets. He was the finest scholar in Shakespeare that has yet lived in the South so far as we know. He was a man of sweetest character, and wrote with considerable elegance. When John C. Taylor fell asleep one of the purest and best of North Carolinians passed to his reward. His neighbor still survives, aged 81 years. He, too, is a classical scholar, and reads his Horace in his old age. He is a man of very accurate reading, and is more familiar with Chaucer than any man we have known. He reads the best and only the best. It was only last year that it was our pleasure to publish a very clever contribution from his fertile pen that was as sparkling, fresh, and humorous as if it had been written by some gifted man of 35. It was this article that gave the finishing blow to the supposed authorship of "Cousin Sally Dillard," and that showed that Ham Jones had only revamped an old Virginian story.

How Camphor is Made.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot, partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass into the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystals in deposit as it passes into the cooling process. *The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and* is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

King Solomon.

King Solomon stood in his crown of gold,
Between the pillars, before the altar,
In the house of the Lord. And the King was old,
And his strength began to falter,
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,
Sealed with the seal of the Pentegraph.

And it came to pass as the King stood there
And looked on the house he had built, with pride,
That the hand of the Lord came unaware,
And touched him, so that he died
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And the crown wherewith they had crowned *him King.*

And the stream of the folk that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise,
Went softly over in wonderment
For the King stood there always;
And it was solemn and strange to behold
The dead King crowned with a crown of gold.

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright,
And over his shoulders the purple robe;
And his hair and his beard were both snow-white,
And the fear of him filled the globe;
So that none dared touch him though he was dead,
He looked so royal about the head,

So King Solomon stood up dead in the house
Of the Lord, upheld by the mystic Pentegraph,
Until out from a pillar there ran a red mouse,
And gnawed through his ebony staff;
Then fat on his face the King fell down,
And they picked from the dust a golden crown.
—*Owen Meredith.*

Different Paths.

I lately talked with one who strove
To show that all my way was dim,
That his alone—the road to Heaven;
And thus it was I answered him:

"Strike not the staff I hold away,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend,
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different wise, to one sure end.

"What though with eagle glance unfixed
On heights beyond our mortal ken,
You tread the broad, sure stones of Faith
More firmly than do weaker men.

"To each according to his strength;
But as we leave the plains below,
Let us carve out a wider stair,
A broader pathway through the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest
We stand at last together, freed
From mists that circle round the base,
And clouds that but obscure our creed,

"We shall perceive that, though our steps
Have wander'd wide apart, dear friend,
No pathway can be wholly wrong
That leads unto one perfect end."
—*Every Other Saturday.*

OLD SONGS NEWLY SUNG.

SOME OF THE FAMOUS LYRICS OF WHICH WOMEN WERE THE AUTHORS.

From Demorest's Monthly.

Are the old songs coming in vogue with the old furniture and the old frocks? I hear to-day in the drawing-room songs so old that the young singer thinks them new. One of the best instances of this that occurs to me is that of the "Bay of Dublin," now so often heard. It is at least forty years old and was written by Lady Dufferin, mother of Lord Dufferin, the former Governor General of Canada. She was sister of Caroline Norton, and, of course, grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

There is an old song which has never been out of vogue in Scotland, and which is not unknown in this country. The words are included in nearly all our anthologies, attributed to William Julius Mickle. It is the "Mariner's Wife," or "There's Nae Luck Aboot the House."

Mickle never published nor openly claimed the lyric. A copy of it was found among his papers in his handwriting, and was claimed for him by Sim, his biographer. His wife then thought she remembered to have heard her husband read it as his own, and explain to her English ears the Scottish words and phrases. Allan Cunningham affirms that Mrs. Mickle, then an infirm old lady, when asked to recall that incident of twenty years before, confounded this lyric with others of her husband's in an entirely different vein, and David Hume says that she was a woman whose evidence was of little consequence at any time.

Burns says that the song came upon the street as a ballad in 1771, ten years before Mrs. Mickle thinks her husband wrote it.

Jean Adam, the woman who claimed it as her work, was one whose evidence was of consequence. Her father was a shipmaster in Greenock, an honorable calling in that famed seaport of Glasgow. He gave his daughter a good education, and, upon his death, she became governess in the family of a clergyman. She pored over the sombre literature of his library, and the result appears in the titles of a volume of poems which she wrote and published by subscription. "A Dialogue Between the Soul and Curiosity," "The Soul Anent the Keeping of the Ten Commandments," "On Creation," "On Abel," "On Astrea," "On Cleopatra."

Titled names by the score appear upon the list of subscribers, many of them her patrons, for she had opened a school upon the Quay Head, where the gentry and well-to-do people lived. There she taught for years, and left the impress of a strong nature upon the minds of several generations of Scottish gentlefolk. In the days when her neighbors hardly dared breathe the name of the dangerous playwright, Shakspeare, she fascinated her pupils by frequent recitations from his works. And she closed her school for six weeks and went to London, walking much of the way—the courage that sustained her coming in great part from her desire to see Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlow."

She sang to her pupils many of her own songs, among them this one, which they left written testimony to having heard her sing as her own. The local saying was: "Jean has made a great mark about her man." The name of the song's hero, "Colin," was one peculiar to the locality of Greenock. Mickle never saw the town; but how often must the tender, romantic, gifted schoolmistress have stood at the head of its great stairway of sounding Norway deal that led from the Quay to the Quay Head, to watch the returning mariner. This is her picture of it in her song:

"Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air,
His very foot hath music in't
As he comes up the stair."

I feel that, as an American, there is a fanciful sort of poetical justice done in attempting to restore this song to its owner, for she used the little surplus money gained by teaching in sending the unsold volumes of her poems to Boston, Massachusetts, and she records that she received no return! In old age she was reduced to poverty, deep as her honest pride. Upon the record-book of the Glasgow poorhouse was the entry: "Admitted a poor woman in distress, a stranger who had been wandering about." It was Jean Adam, and there she died the day following, April 3, 1765.

The well-known "Robin Adair" is generally spoken of as a Scottish song, but the melody is originally Irish and the words are English. Robert Adair was an Irish surgeon whom accident brought into the presence of Lady Caroline Keppel, sister of the famous English admiral of that name. Mutual love followed their acquaintance, and during the enforced absence which Lady Caroline's relatives brought about, she wrote the song and sang it to an air which her lover had sung to her. They were finally married with the parents' consent, and spent a few happy years before the death of Lady Caroline. Her husband never remarried. He lived to the age of 75, an honored favorite of the King, George III. Their only son, Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., became distinguished as a diplomatist.

Turning to the women of our own country who have written familiar or famous songs, two names suggest themselves at once to a New Yorker—those of Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers, author of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," lived in Orange, N. J. Her song had many claimants, but only one of them, Major Lamar Fontaine, of the Confederate army, made any serious attempt to dispute Mrs. Beers' statement that it was hers. Mr. Guernsey, for years editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who received the original copy of the lyric for the *Weekly*, in which it appeared, Mr. Davidson, author of "Living Writers of the South;" Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), all give testimony in favor of Mrs. Beers. I extract the following from a letter of hers on the subject:

"The poor nicket has had so many authentic claimants and willing sponsors that I sometimes question myself whether I really did write it that cool September morning after reading the stereotyped announcement, 'All quiet,' etc., to which was added in fine type, 'A picket shot.'"

Mrs. Beers was Miss Ethelinda Elliott, a descendant of John Elliott, apostle to the Indians. Her non de plume—Ethel Lynn—was easily and prettily made from her Saxon Christian name. After her marriage she added her husband's name in the signature to *many sweet verses of home life, among* the best known of which are "Weighing the Baby" and "Baby Looking Out for Me." She died in Orange four years ago, on the day in which her poems were published in book form.

The other song referred to was almost as widely known as any of its class in our language, "Rock Me To Sleep, Mother," by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, now of Woodbridge, N. J. I have seen the song as set by twenty different composers, some of them for English editions, and some for translations into French and Italian. It was appropriate that there should be an Italian edition, for Mrs. Allen wrote it when residing in Rome with her first husband, Paul Akers, the American sculptor. She sent it to the *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post* under her pen name of Florence Percy.

I do not forget that a claim of great persistence was made to the authorship of this poem by a New Jersey gentleman, lately dead. Those who remember the details will recall the lawyer-like manner in which the matter was summed up by the friends of Mr. Ball in his favor. Had the case been tried before a literary jury, which should listen to the writing of both, I believe the decision would have been that Mrs. Allen might have written it, but that Mr. Ball could not.

I should be loth to stir smouldering embers of controversy, but nothing in my search into the histories of songs so stirred the smouldering embers of my sense of right as a realization of the conscious or unconscious wrong done by literary kleptomaniacs. Injury is wrought to both literary and personal reputation, and if, as is the case of Mrs. Allen, the writer possesses the true poetic temperament the mischief is incalculable.

Of the four songs written by women to which I have referred, three are claimed by men. I am either too cowardly or too contented to trouble myself about so-called woman's rights, but on the subject of her right to undisputed possession of the work of her own brain, the songs of domestic love with which she has adorned life and literature, I think I could write so eloquently that some one would say, "that is not her work; a man must have written it."

An Appeal for Aid From Pocahontas.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 29.—A meeting of miners and mine officials at Pocahontas has been held at which a protest was adopted against the statement to the effect that the families of the entombed miners were not in need of assistance, and a committee and board of managers was appointed to solicit aid for and to distribute supplies to sufferess. A strong appeal has been made for relief of the destitute.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

Daily on the rack—hats.
Popular lays—hen's eggs.
A misgiving—a wedding.
A country seat—the fence.
The third party—the baby.
A stern study—the rudder's.
The sticking point—the bayonet.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats.

Ten cents make a dime and ten dimes make a dollar store diamond.

"Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway."

Want of finish: "I shall really have to part with you, Susan, you're so sketchy in your dusting!"

"Don't give it a weigh," said the coal dealer to his clerk as he drove out the yard with a light ton.

"Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was purgery."

"To the pure," said the milkman as he sold a quart of milk to an innocent little girl, "all things are pure."

When a Chicago woman sits down to pare a corn the stock board bulletins "An Important Movement on Foot."

"What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

"This is a big orange crop," murmured the barber, as he ran his shears through the locks of a red-headed man from Florida.

A St. Louis girl traveling in Italy writes home "that she has had a bust of her foot made." This accounts for the high price of plaster.

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Sure it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

"It seems to me," moaned Algernon, as he flew toward the front gate with the old man close behind him, "that there are more than three feet in a yard."

"Yes," said the boy, "I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot and the other boys do, so I sacrifice myself."

"Did you reveal your identity?" asked a New York politician of one of his minions, "Well, you bet I didn't. I just told him who I was and it broke him all up."

A conductor on the Union railway used to pass his mother free, but he was discharged from service, and his younger brother asks: "Who will car fare mother now!"

"Here's your roast beef, sah," said the waiter; "I served it some time ago." "Oh, indeed? Roast beef? Why so you did. I thought at the time it was a crack in the plate."

"Folding baby carriages" are advertised by a city firm. A folding baby—one that will stay folded—is something an army of long suffering fathers and mothers would rejoice to see.

"'Pay as you go,' is all very well as a motto under certain conditions," said the boarding-housekeeper in reply to a delinquent patron; "but suppose, as in your case, you never go?"

"Why did you put that nickel with a hole in it in the contribution box?" asked one man of another. "Because I couldn't put the hole in without the nickle, and I had to put in something."

Little Jenny belonged to a fashionable set. "Here, Jenny," said her father, "here's a new doll." "Oh, father, that's no good; take it away. They haven't worn those things for a month."

"Don't give it away, please, Mildred," said Amy to the high-school girl, after reciting an escapade in which she had been engaged. "No," replied Mildred, "I'll make no gratuitous presentation of it."

Overset from the *Omnibus:* Fritz—"Mother, spreadest thou already again a thick butter-bread for Heinrich? Mother—"No, dear Fritzie; that thick butter-bread is for thee." Fritz—"O, jiminy, how thin!"

"So Miss Skimps and Mr. Limbs are to get married. Well, I declare! That aged couple. And she is old enough to be his mother." "Indeed she is. And as for him—why, he's old enough to be her father."

"Do you suppose eating angel cake will make an angel of me?" asked a seraphic young lady of the worldly young man. "I've no doubt it will," he answered, "if you only eat enough of it. Then she giggled and said: "Why?"

Charles Montague De Poorville: "Will you tell your sister I am here?" Maud: "Well, I'd like to oblige you, only she's in the back parlor with Mr. Bachelor Crœsus, and mamma says if I interrupt them I must go to bed without my supper."

A lady stepped into the sanctum this morning and said sweetly: "Will you be kind enough to let me look at *The Christian at Work?*" The horse editor blushed a little, but had the presence of mind to say: "Certainly, madam; what can I do for you?"

Grandpapa: "Be careful, sir, if you break another dish I shall have to whip you again, and, now that you are getting older, I hope these whippings may be discontinued." Tommy: "You bet! As I get older I shall get bigger, and you may get walloped yourself."

A news item states that "the hose of Mrs. Brant was broken into during her absence, and robbed of $800 worth of jewelry, clothing and other property." The only explanation of this queer statement is that either Mrs. B. is a