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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. VI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1870.

NO. 3.

THE HERALD

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Essay to Miss Catharine Jay.

An S A now I mean to write
A calm I D A bright;
The girl without a f,
The belle of U T K.

I I der if U got that I
I wrote to U B 4,
I sailed in the R K D A,
And sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
A calm I D A bright;
But, A T miles from U, I must
M—this chance to write.

And I st, should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind I t not;
Should N E friendship show, B true;
They should not B forgot.

From virt U nev R D V S;
Her influence be 9
A like induces 10 dem S,
4 to duce Divine.

And if U cannot cut a —
I cut out an
I hope U'll put a
2 1?

R U for an X nation 2,
My Cos N—hart and 22?
Ho off R's in a
A § 2 of lore.

He says he loves U 2 X S,
UR virtuous and Y Y;
In X L N C U X L,
All others in his I T.

This S A, untl U I C
I pray U 2 X Qs,
And do not burn in F E G
My young and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true;
When this U C, then U can say
An S A I O U.

Hyacinth's Great Lecture.

His Impressions of America—
GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE—
CHARITY—REASON—LOVE—THE
TWO ROADS—MANIFEST DESTINY.

On the 9th ult., at the Academy
of Music, New York, Father Hyacinth
delivered a lecture for the benefit
of his destitute countrymen. The
assemblage is said to have been
the most brilliant that ever graced
a public hall in the metropolis. The
following is a report of the lecture:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I, too,
require to give some explanation
of my presence here to-night. I
came to seek in this country a few
weeks of repose between the strug-
gles of yester eve and those of the
morrow. I came resolved to be
silent; I came to behold that grand
nature bearing an impress of the
Deity, the more profound as the
hand of man is less apparent upon
it. I came to look upon that
young and vigorous nation, which,
if it weakens not, will realize in
the future the greatest and best
intentions of God on the earth. I
came here to listen, and not to
speak. It happened, however,
that in this cosmopolitan city I
found France, and was appealed to
by charitable men in behalf of
suffering France. The members
of the Societe Francaise de Bien-
faisance ask me to come to aid
(now that a severe winter is about
to set in) my suffering compatriots
in New York. The French popu-
lation in this great city is not
numerous, but its memories are many
and glorious. Since the time of
Washington and Lafayette no cloud
has darkened the friendship of
the two countries they respect-
ively represent. I should have
shown but a slender sympathy for
France had I not responded to the
appeal made to me on behalf
of its suffering children. This will
account for my presence before you
this evening.

The question I would speak on
to-night is one of most important,
yet one of the least understood. I
speak of charity. The government
of life is, however, the real subject
of my lecture, and charity a sub-
sidiary element. In this practical
age religion is studied for its applica-
tion to the practical purposes of
life, rather than for its own excel-
lence. The fact par excellence is
truth, and from this comes the
great question: Of what use is it
for man to conquer the universe if
he loses his soul—his life? It is a
grand thing for this Continent to
be governed by the people, but it

is a greater thing for man to be
governed by his conscience. But
before proceeding further let me
define the meaning I attach to the
expression.

The old scholastics, after Aristotle,
referred to life as a movement—
"vita in motu." In each move-
ment three parts are discernible—
the point of departure, the line
traversed, and the point of arrival.
It is thus in life. The motive pow-
er in life is the heart—a more im-
pulsive, impulsive power than the
conscience, from which, however,
it is not to be separated. I have
the right, so to speak—I, a priest
of Jesus Christ addressing you. Guard
thine own heart; every man hath
his own heart in his keeping. The
three principal powers of the soul
and the body are the reason, the
senses and the heart. Neither of
the first two mentioned are real
powers. By the senses man is
assimilated to the brute creation,
and sometimes degraded below its
level. By reason he is assimilated
to the angels. He reasons on truth
under a dim shadow, while the
heavenly hosts behold it in all
its full radiance. Nothing, how-
ever, is more essentially human
than the heart, for man cannot
live or find any permanent prin-
ciple that will inspire him in life
without its aid. I have loved, and
still love, ideas, but I have never
found in them absolute certainties,
or consolations and joys. What is
the heart? It is the flesh; it is an
organ that commands blood and
life. Moses said: "The soul is the
blood." The heart is almost the
man, for in it all motion in life
commences and ends. It is the
first organ awakened to life in the
infant in the mother's womb; it
is the last that beats on the death-
bed. The material heart is the
image of the moral heart. And
the heart is love, the power of
loving. Man is not a thought, a
sentiment, but he is love. This
love is the source of all moral acts,
for in every man you will find a
good or a bad love, the weight of
which will decide his after life.
St. Augustine has said: "My love
is my weight; where it bears me
thither I go." I may recite to you
a German legend I have heard:
It deals with a young man in love.
He is sketching an admirable land-
scape. Behind him is the fiend in
human semblance, watching his
every movement. Satan, after
watching him for a while, cries to
the youth: "You are in love."
"And how do you know that?"
replies the youth. "I can see it."
The fiend was right. Love ex-
presses itself by means the most
foreign to it. In man it is as I
have before said—at the root of
every act—the heart is at the foun-
dation of all. Let us then be men
of heart. Let us bear our hearts
into evil life, into social life, into
domestic life. Let us be men of
heart in city and in State. Let us
love country, family, loyalty,
purity. Let us love the Church
of Christ, but not as the church of
any particular sect. Let us respect
the letter, but not as an extinguisher—
the letter kills, the spirit gives
life. [Loud applause.] Let us
then, I repeat, start as men of
heart. Your great poet, Longfel-
low, whose acquaintance it was
my great privilege to make a few
days ago, has written in one of his
verses—the force of which is but
poorly rendered in French—lines
which have been my motto through
life:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

[Tremendous applause.] Now I
would speak of the direction to be
given to life, and of the region it
should traverse. We have often
heard of two roads opening before
man, each diverging from the
other. Humanity has hesitated
between the two for centuries. Shall
heaven or earth be chosen? Shall
man give to his existence an
impulse that will separate him
from the world that bears him,
and tear it from all that the Creator
has made its basis—family, af-
fections, interests, sufferings; or
shall he cast away all idea of lov-
ing heaven, and concentrate upon
earth his faith, his hope, his
love? Man, I say, hesitates be-
tween the two roads, and the most
rash rush to one or the other.
Materialists say that heaven is
nothing, and see but the earth,
giving themselves to that dust
which forms our planet, and to
that troubled and fleeting hour,
life. Mystical minds (and no one
respects carnage, minds more than
I do) false mystical minds set
aside all earthly duties and enjoy

ments—change life into an aspira-
tion toward heaven, instead of
striving to merit that heaven.
They seek to seal their way into
heaven in hot haste. Now my
experience has convinced me that
between these two roads there is
a third opened for the greatest
moral and religious progress man
can make, and trodden by men
who can reconcile heaven and
earth—the present life with a fu-
ture existence—a task to be ac-
complished in these times as it was
accomplished by Christ dying on
the cross to reconcile the things
of heaven to the things of earth.
I open the Bible, and I read in it
that God made man out of dust,
and placed him in a beautiful
garden, which, by material toil,
he was to care for and cultivate.
Then he led before him the ani-
mals—(that inferior race which is
intended to supply slaves to man)—
man, then, the work of God,
was the king, the owner, the man-
ager of the universe.

The part we have to act now is
unchanged. We have to continue
in these ages the work of Adam.
Instead of a small part of Asia
Minor, though, we have a whole
planet. God has given us steam
and electricity, and distance is an-
nihilated. This globe, I say, is
our Eden, and by our labors on it
we gain heaven and earth. [Ap-
plause.] After the first man came
family and society. Adam was
alone, and God thought it not
good that he should be, or He
knew what Adam only felt he
lacked. "Let there be light," God
said, "and light was made, and
He beheld it and said it was good;
and He created stars, animals and
plants, and saw that all were very
good. But when He made what
He adjudged His masterpiece, and
the edifice was crowned by man,
He perceived His work was incom-
plete. So God made Adam a com-
panion, and saved him from ego-
tism." Thus was the organization
of the family perfected.

In modern society celibacy ex-
ists for the sake of God; but this
exception, if you make it a rule, is
against God and against nature.
Celibacy is cowardice if it does
not glorify marriage. The Ap-
ostles have said marriage is hono-
rable, marriage is spotless, before
God and men. The great object
in view is the reconciliation of
heaven and earth, and of the pre-
sent life with the future, and to
secure union on earth. Union in
the city, in the nation, and in hu-
manity was the thought of Jesus
Christ, who first proclaimed that
which the Prophets but dimly
saw and the Jews never did see.
The centuries that will realize
this great union the nations have
begun. The labor has commenced.
Steam and electricity remove all
obstacles. Agassiz says the Amer-
ican Continent was the first created;
it will be the last in the fulfill-
ment of the designs of the Creator.
A cosmopolitan land—cos-
mopolitan in the intentions of its
founders, in the bloody struggle
of its defenders—God has in store
for you who peopled it the accom-
plishment of admirable results.
Northward are the Esquimaux;
southward is Africa. You sum-
mon from walled China the mov-
ing people to dwell amid the
moving nation, the stationary to
mingle with the progressive; all
impelled by the breath of you, the
great humanitarian people.
[Great applause.] The founda-
tion of your people is the Bible,
the book that speaks of God, the
living word of Jesus Christ. In
an admirable manifesto from your
President, their shines through
his words the Christian faith. A
belief in Jesus is at the root of
this nation. May Jesus Christ
protect your country and develop
old Europe preparing amid strife,
unity and religious and material
prosperity. And when I return, I
shall tell Europe that I have found
here liberty associated with Chris-
tianity, and have been among a
people who do not think that to
be free they must be parted from
God. [Great applause.]

From the New York Corres-
pondence of the Charleston
Courier.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1870, MORALLY CONSID- ERED—THE LIVING PRESENT AND THE DARK FUTURE—WHERE WILL IT ALL END?

New York, January 6, 1870.
The new year has commenced in the
metropolis at least with a horrible record
of crime. Murders of the most atrocious
pattern have followed one another up in
rapid succession ever since 1860 has left
us so that the enormity of the crimes
committed even astonishes a population
so thoroughly accustomed to have their
daily dish of horrors served up before
them.

Our prisons are full and overflowing,
and while on the one side we hear of en-
ormous efforts on the part of religious
organizations to spread the gospel and
civilization among the lowly, we hear on
the other side of the most sickening out-
rages committed by those whose educa-
tion and social position ought to have
imbued them all with that morality
which religion professes to teach among
the masses, but which it knows not how
to enforce. How then are we to account
for all this? What is to become of our
society, now boasting of hitherto unsur-
passed civilization? Can it be true that
the fault lies in the morals of our entire
people? It certainly looks very much
so, when we find, as in the case of young
Poll, son of one of our millionaires, mak-
ing away with his life under the merest
domestic affliction; when we find a pro-
minent school-teacher, like Baumann,
living in open adultery with another
man's wife, also a teacher of our public
seminaries, and then commit murder and
suicide when exposure is about to reach
them; when we find a well-to-do man
like Buckhart kill his wife and a New
York merchant and his son on the mere
suspicion that they took liberties with
his wife, not allowed by the laws of so-
ciety; when we find a woman like Mrs.
Kern, of Hoboken, take Paris Green, be-
cause now she has not the riches of by-
gone years; when we find cashiers rob-
bing the banks with which they are con-
nected, and that, arson, murder, adul-
tery, become events of such ordinary oc-
currence that even the public press can-
not follow them as rapidly as they trans-
pire. We may well ask, "What is to be-
come of us?" "What is the cause of it
all?"

The first question is difficult to answer.
We do not live in the time of the prophets.
As to the second question we might say
as has often been said before, that the
men who in high positions control the affairs
of cities, states and of the nation, that
their profligacy and their corruption, that
they have set the example which we find so
closely followed by the people. But a
calm survey of the field must change our
views in regard to this. It is a pity to
be compelled to say it, but long and con-
tinued alienation forces the expression
from me that our rulers, and representa-
tives in the State and National Councils
are fair and true representatives of the
people. The fact is the people are corrupt.
One party as well as the other is gov-
erned by that morbid desire for gain,
which saps the root of all patriotism and
honor. It is a widespread and all-pervasive
evil, and the sooner we begin to acknowl-
edge this fact, the sooner we publicly avow
that the masses of the people are at heart
corrupt, the sooner we can set to work
to mend matters somewhat, and probably
ultimately succeed in bringing the
American nation back to what it once
was—a not only brave, but honest peo-
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men and Assemblymen are corrupt of
this or that party, when we see every
day among their constituents, among
our neighbors, evidences of fraud, cor-
ruption and crimes, which have even
ceased to astonish the community in
whose midst they constantly occur. And
so we go back once more to the Church,
that cradle of civilization; from which
all morality ought to flow, and we find
even such a cancer, such a profligate as
John Fisk, Jr., pays a high premium for
a pew in the Church of Henry Ward
Beecher. Has it really come to this,
when that religion is to be made a mock-
ery of?

Or, again, do the thousands that crowd
Tammany every Sunday night, and vocifer-
ously applaud the blasphemous utterances
of the buffoon, George Francis
Train, represent the religious element of
the country? They are not of the lower
order, these audiences; they applaud
him to the echo for two long hours on
the Sabbath night. They are men well
to do in society, too, and among the
crowd are a fair sprinkling of well-dressed
Indians, whose equipage is four-wheeled
street while the buffoon holds forth in
breathless haste, hurling anathemas
against institutions which the dust of
centuries alone ought to make respected
in the eyes of well-bred people. But no;
their enthusiasm is aroused; they go in
madly for tearing down all mankind has
learned, all mankind has built up for two
thousand years past, and go in for—
what?

Read the bloody record daily spread
in the columns of our metropolitan press.
Is this their answer? If so, for the sake
of our lives, then, and for protection of
our property, if for nothing else, it is
about time that this last city and its
factious community, should embrace
first principles, and ere more evidence
of the religions of the past centuries, with
all of their superstitions, with all of their
traditions; far, far better, that this beau-
tiful city should, in a religious point of
view, bear with the evil it knows, than
run after those it knows not of.

The above is the picture of the great
American metropolis as I find it at the

beginning of Anno Domini, 1870. Let
us hope that in my hebdomadal com-
munications to your readers during the
present year, I'll be enabled to soften the
colors of that picture, not at all over-
drawn at the outset of the year.

Horse Matrimony.

On Tuesday last, while the trial of
the ejectment suit of Taylor's heirs
vs. Hornbeck and others was pro-
gressing before a jury in the
Courtroom of Newport Kentucky,
that singular transaction was dis-
closed by the evidence, which
created not a little surprise and
amusement in the Court-room. The
defendants called a witness by the
name of Isaac Yelton for the pur-
pose of impeaching the testimony
of a witness named William Orentt,
who testified in the behalf of the
plaintiff. After the direct exami-
nation of Yelton was concluded he
was turned over to Mr. Carlisle,
one of the attorneys for plaintiffs,
for cross-examination when the
following evidence was elicited:

Attorney—Are you and Orentt
on good terms with each other?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Attorney—Did you never have
any quarrel or difficulty?
Witness—No sir; we never did.
Attorney—Did you not take Or-
cutt's wife away from him and run
away with her; and did you not
have a difficulty with him?
Witness—I never took his wife
away from him.
Attorney—Did not you and a
man named Gosney take his wife
away?
Witness—His wife went away
with me and Gosney, but we did
not take her away from Orentt;
there was no difficulty at all about
it; it was all satisfactory; I traded
him a horse for his wife, but I
found that I had been imposed on,
and I returned her to him, and it
was all right; there was no quarrel
or difficulty about it.
Attorney—How were you im-
posed upon?
Witness—I traded the horse for
his wife, but he put on me besides
two children and a dog; so I re-
turned her to him; I do not re-
member that he cheated me in the trade,
for the transaction was all fair;
but he imposed on me—he got the
best of the bargain; I had no use
for the two children and the dog.

This testimony was given with
the utmost coolness, and in a man-
ner which indicated that the wit-
ness regarded the transaction as
entirely legitimate and proper. He
is a man of ordinary intelligence,
and has been for a long time a
constable in the upper end of
Campbell County. Having re-
signed the contract with Orentt,
we presume that he is now pre-
pared to consider any new propo-
sitions that may be submitted to
him. Gentlemen who would rat-
her winter a horse than a wife,
might find it to their advantage to
give him a call, but they must
bear in mind that he declines to
deal in children or dogs.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, says the
Charleston Courier, exhibits in its
last issue, a new feature, or rather
the revival of an old one, which,
in some degree, unites review with
magazine literature. It contains
a delicately managed original met-
rical tale from the pen of Paul H.
Hayne, which is done somewhat
in the style of Chaucer, in the free,
easy, unforced verse of that ear-
ly day. "Daphnes," the title of
this tale, is a gracefully told and
touching little fiction of unrequit-
ed and ill-bestowed love, the source
of which may be found in nature,
in all periods; and, possibly, some-
times in what we call "society."
It is hardly consistent, however,
with a period when the wives in-
sist upon carrying the purse,
when the husband earns, and
when divorce may be had, of a
negro magistrate, at fifty cents
per couple, and of an Ohio or In-
diana judge at the magnificent
rate of five dollars per head!

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following evidence was elicited:

Attorney—Are you and Orentt
on good terms with each other?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Attorney—Did you never have
any quarrel or difficulty?
Witness—No sir; we never did.
Attorney—Did you not take Or-
cutt's wife away from him and run
away with her; and did you not
have a difficulty with him?
Witness—I never took his wife
away from him.
Attorney—Did not you and a
man named Gosney take his wife
away?
Witness—His wife went away
with me and Gosney, but we did
not take her away from Orentt;
there was no difficulty at all about
it; it was all satisfactory; I traded
him a horse for his wife, but I
found that I had been imposed on,
and I returned her to him, and it
was all right; there was no quarrel
or difficulty about it.
Attorney—How were you im-
posed upon?
Witness—I traded the horse for
his wife, but he put on me besides
two children and a dog; so I re-
turned her to him; I do not re-
member that he cheated me in the trade,
for the transaction was all fair;
but he imposed on me—he got the
best of the bargain; I had no use
for the two children and the dog.

This testimony was given with
the utmost coolness, and in a man-
ner which indicated that the wit-
ness regarded the transaction as
entirely legitimate and proper. He
is a man of ordinary intelligence,
and has been for a long time a
constable in the upper end of
Campbell County. Having re-
signed the contract with Orentt,
we presume that he is now pre-
pared to consider any new propo-
sitions that may be submitted to
him. Gentlemen who would rat-
her winter a horse than a wife,
might find it to their advantage to
give him a call, but they must
bear in mind that he declines to
deal in children or dogs.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, says the
Charleston Courier, exhibits in its
last issue, a new feature, or rather
the revival of an old one, which,
in some degree, unites review with
magazine literature. It contains
a delicately managed original met-
rical tale from the pen of Paul H.
Hayne, which is done somewhat
in the style of Chaucer, in the free,
easy, unforced verse of that ear-
ly day. "Daphnes," the title of
this tale, is a gracefully told and
touching little fiction of unrequit-
ed and ill-bestowed love, the source
of which may be found in nature,
in all periods; and, possibly, some-
times in what we call "society."
It is hardly consistent, however,
with a period when the wives in-
sist upon carrying the purse,
when the husband earns, and
when divorce may be had, of a
negro magistrate, at fifty cents
per couple, and of an Ohio or In-
diana judge at the magnificent
rate of five dollars per head!

From the New York Corres-
pondence of the Charleston
Courier.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLIS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1870, MORALLY CONSID- ERED—THE LIVING PRESENT AND THE DARK FUTURE—WHERE WILL IT ALL END?

New York, January 6, 1870.
The new year has commenced in the
metropolis at least with a horrible record
of crime. Murders of the most atrocious
pattern have followed one another up in
rapid succession ever since 1860 has left
us so that the enormity of the crimes
committed even astonishes a population
so thoroughly accustomed to have their
daily dish of horrors served up before
them.

Our prisons are full and overflowing,
and while on the one side we hear of en-
ormous efforts on the part of religious
organizations to spread the gospel and
civilization among the lowly, we hear on
the other side of the most sickening out-
rages committed by those whose educa-
tion and social position ought to have
imbued them all with that morality
which religion professes to teach among
the masses, but which it knows not how
to enforce. How then are we to account
for all this? What is to become of our
society, now boasting of hitherto unsur-
passed civilization? Can it be true that
the fault lies in the morals of our entire
people? It certainly looks very much
so, when we find, as in the case of young
Poll, son of one of our millionaires, mak-
ing away with his life under the merest
domestic affliction; when we find a pro-
minent school-teacher, like Baumann,
living in open adultery with another
man's wife, also a teacher of our public
seminaries, and then commit murder and
suicide when exposure is about to reach
them; when we find a well-to-do man
like Buckhart kill his wife and a New
York merchant and his son on the mere
suspicion that they took liberties with
his wife, not allowed by the laws of so-
ciety; when we find a woman like Mrs.
Kern, of Hoboken, take Paris Green, be-
cause now she has not the riches of by-
gone years; when we find cashiers rob-
bing the banks with which they are con-
nected, and that, arson, murder, adul-
tery, become events of such ordinary oc-
currence that even the public press can-
not follow them as rapidly as they trans-
pire. We may well ask, "What is to be-
come of us?" "What is the cause of it
all?"

The first question is difficult to answer.
We do not live in the time of the prophets.
As to the second question we might say
as has often been said before, that the
men who in high positions control the affairs
of cities, states and of the nation, that
their profligacy and their corruption, that
they have set the example which we find so
closely followed by the people. But a
calm survey of the field must change our
views in regard to this. It is a pity to
be compelled to say it, but long and con-
tinued alienation forces the expression
from me that our rulers, and representa-
tives in the State and National Councils
are fair and true representatives of the
people. The fact is the people are corrupt.
One party as well as the other is gov-
erned by that morbid desire for gain,
which saps the root of all patriotism and
honor. It is a widespread and all-pervasive
evil, and the sooner we begin to acknowl-
edge this fact, the sooner we publicly avow
that the masses of the people are at heart
corrupt, the sooner we can set to work
to mend matters somewhat, and probably
ultimately succeed in bringing the
American nation back to what it once
was—a not only brave, but honest peo-
ple. It is idle to say that our Congress-
men and Assemblymen are corrupt of
this or that party, when we see every
day among their constituents, among
our neighbors, evidences of fraud, cor-
ruption and crimes, which have even
ceased to astonish the community in
whose midst they constantly occur. And
so we go back once more to the Church,
that cradle of civilization; from which
all morality ought to flow, and we find
even such a cancer, such a profligate as
John Fisk, Jr., pays a high premium for
a pew in the Church of Henry Ward
Beecher. Has it really come to this,
when that religion is to be made a mock-
ery of?

Or, again, do the thousands that crowd
Tammany every Sunday night, and vocifer-
ously applaud the blasphemous utterances
of the buffoon, George Francis
Train, represent the religious element of
the country? They are not of the lower
order, these audiences; they applaud
him to the echo for two long hours on
the Sabbath night. They are men well
to do in society, too, and among the
crowd are a fair sprinkling of well-dressed
Indians, whose equipage is four-wheeled
street while the buffoon holds forth in
breathless haste, hurling anathemas
against institutions which the dust of
centuries alone ought to make respected
in the eyes of well-bred people. But no;
their enthusiasm is aroused; they go in
madly for tearing down all mankind has
learned, all mankind has built up for two
thousand years past, and go in for—
what?

Read the bloody record daily spread
in the columns of our metropolitan press.
Is this their answer? If so, for the sake
of our lives, then, and for protection of
our property, if for nothing else, it is
about time that this last city and its
factious community, should embrace
first principles, and ere more evidence
of the religions of the past centuries, with
all of their superstitions, with all of their
traditions; far, far better, that this beau-
tiful city should, in a religious point of
view, bear with the evil it knows, than
run after those it knows not of.

The above is the picture of the great
American metropolis as I find it at the

There was a great revival in the
region where Old Smithers, as
everybody called him, lived; and
it took hold of him one day.
Smithers was a dreadful mean
man, oppressive to the poor and
all that, and never paying a debt
if he could help it. He had been
known to turn a poor widow with
a family of small children out into
the street on a cold winter's day
because she was unable to pay the
rent of the miserable shanty she
had of him. He was only known
as "Old Smithers," although he
wasn't so very old either, but we
have noticed that mean man have
the prefix "Old" attached to their
names, generally, when their neigh-
bors speak of them.

Old Smithers "took a habit," as
they say in Wisconsin, to attend
one of the "protracted meetings."
He was struck with conviction
the first night and hopefully con-
verted, as he claimed, the next.
After his conversion he was an-
nounced to address his fellow-sin-
ners and sinners on the follow-
ing Sunday afternoon. The news
that Old Smithers had got reli-
gious spread all about the neigh-
borhood. Some doubted it; said
he was putting it on so as to skim
folks a little closer; others, more
charitable, said it might be true,
and they hoped he would not be
so mean in the future, if it was.

The Mean Man who got Con- verted.

When Sunday afternoon arrived
the church was crowded. The en-
tire neighborhood turned out to
hear what so mean a man as Old
Smithers would say for himself
after passing through conviction
and conversion. All was still in
the church, when Old Smithers
arose to speak. He began by tell-
ing what a mean man he had been
all his life. He said he had prob-
ably done more mean things than
any man of his years and oppor-
tunities living, and if there was
any mean thing he had failed to
do, it was either because he hadn't
thought of it, or there was no good
chance. After going somewhat
into detail regarding his mean-
ness, astonishing even those who
thought they knew him best with
the recital, and declaring his utter
unworthiness,