

CRIMES IN THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

How England Betrayed Her.

(The Chicago Interior.)

When the civil-war was raging, men's minds were brought to a recognition of the Divine hand as never before since the darker days of the war of the Revolution. But even a brief survey of the remote periods which threatened the possibility of our national existence gives a stronger, though dispassionate, impression of Providential overruling. It requires but a small obstacle to deflect the current of a young stream and send its waters to a destination thousands of miles distant from that to which it was tending—to the tropical Gulf, to the frozen Bay of the North, to the broad Pacific, or the turbulent Atlantic—and thus small events, not appreciated at the time, have given results of enormous dimensions and importance in the building of our nation.

A CHOSEN PEOPLE

If there were a "chosen people" of old, the same desire of the Divine mind would remain, and we may well believe that discriminating choice would again be made, in the employment of a people for the accomplishment of a great purpose. If the race were to be led up to a higher plane of life, there must be human leaders. America was discovered in 1492. At that time, and for two centuries afterward, the idea of religious liberty had scarcely dawned on the mind of civilised man. It had gone down with the fall of pagan Rome. Religious persecution of the most sanguinary character was regarded as a duty. If men were ever to have that freedom of conscience which is essential to the existence of conscience how was it to be obtained? The pagan world was to have the light of the Gospel—how was it to come out of a thoroughly paganized Christianity? There was no other way, apparent except through the leadership of a people who should be devoted to liberty and righteousness, and be filled with a missionary spirit. Bad as our country is, it holds aloft the beacon of civil liberty and shows that the light is not a delusion. It is the great missionary agency of the world—its missionary ships sailing on all seas, and its evangelists penetrating into all lands. It would seem that the development of such a people was a thought worthy of the Divine mind.

The more serious perils of the Republic were those which arose before it had organic existence. England was a second-rate power till after the end of the fourteenth—we may say of the fifteenth—century. Spain had conquered and claimed half of the New World before a single British colonist had found a home in it. Spain held all the lands around the Gulf of Mexico, all west of the Mississippi and thence southward to the Antarctic cape, before the English King had title to a foot of it. It may be called a loose title, that of Spain, but she made it good, and put the impress of her semi-barbarism upon all the land which we did not wrest from her, and that impress remains to this day. All America that is not English is Spanish, save only the little patch of Acadia. When England, under Queen Bess, began to develop her maritime power, she opened the first possibility for the American Republic. The tide of Spanish power began to recede when the Armada broke to pieces on the white cliffs of Albion. Had Drake gone down before Philip, he would have carried all our possibilities with him.

THE GREAT VICTORY AT QUEBEC.

We were behind France in the occupancy of the lands of the Republic. While Spain held the mouths of the Mississippi, and all the vast domain between that river and the Pacific Ocean, France held the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, and had established a cordon of colonies and forts for the defence of all the domain west of the Alleghenies and north of the Ohio. England won that for us at Quebec. Wolfe's victory made the interior of the Republic English instead of French. It is not satisfactory to say that the English Colonies would have crowded their way to the west. England herself was opposed to it, while the French were full of colonial enterprise. There is no defeat in French history, not even Waterloo, which the French statesmen of to-day regard as so disastrous as the fall of Quebec; nor was there one won by British arms so important to ourselves.

Not so important was the victory of George Rogers Clark over the English at Vincennes, because the development of the country could, without it, have been under a British civilisation; but for that small skirmish the Republic would have been limited to the limit of the Alleghenies.

FAILURES OF NAPOLEON'S PLANS.

Strange to say, the next decisive victory, and of vast importance to us, was fought near the mouth of the Nile. We were, when Nelson won Trafalgar, shut up to the domain east of the Mississippi. The tide to the vast main westward had been knocked backward and forward between France and Spain in their wars, like a shuttlecock. But France held it when Napoleon was rising to Imperial honors—and the fierce defiance which England hurled at him from Nelson's guns entered like a hawk into his soul. With all Europe he had his will, but England sat secure on her cliffs of chalk, and resolved to fight him to the bitter end. The wide-ranging eye of the conqueror was often turned to the resources of America. How should he conquer the seas as well as the land? Doubtless, he studied the geography of the American coasts, not with a view to conquering them, but with a view of making the Americans a great maritime ally. He said so when he virtually made a present of his remaining American possessions to the United States. It was not for France that he did it, but for himself. He was yet comparatively a young man. He looked forward to thirty years of absolute power over the civilised world. He knew the yet fierce animosity which lingered in our hearts after the war of the Revolution; and he fully expected, by developing the wonderful skill of the Americans as seafighters, and enlisting them in his service, to overmatch the British supremacy of the seas. It was Trafalgar, which gave us the domain between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

PROVIDENTIAL GUIDANCE.

With the cession of "Louisiana" on peril from external foes ended. We are not accustomed to think of England except as a tyrannical mother. But the truth of history is that we owe to her, not only our being, but nearly all we possess. She was fighting our battles for us at the same time when she was seeking to chastise us. She broke the power of Spain and prevented the interior and western territory from becoming Spanish and Mexican. She drove out the French and saved us from French religion, irreligion, language, and institutions.

tions, and she finished the French occupancy, though not intending the blow for that purpose, by destroying the French fleet. The war against Spain, and the war against France, excepting only the invasion of Canada by Wolfe, were fought out to a finish on the high seas.

The possibility of the Republic hung upon the issue of half a score or more of successive battles, which were far separated by time and space, defeat in any one of which would have been fatal to English civilisation on this Continent. Every battle where victory was essential to this great purpose was won—while hundreds of non-essential battles were lost. The seeming perils were not perils. In every blow of the storms, when the Divine hand was needed upon the rudder of our bark, there it was seen—and when we exchanged our little ship for a great one, the Divine commander still trod the deck.

"Hidden Treasures."

That nature cares kindly for whatever treasures are committed to her keeping, almost daily instances remind us. Two such cases have come lately to our notice: A color-sergeant of Company G, First Michigan Cavalry, Angelo Pachas, was at the battle of Gettysburg. He had fought bravely through the long three days, and on the last day, weary and exhausted, had stopped to refresh himself with a drink of water from his tin cup.

Just then the bugle sounded for a fresh charge, and he hurriedly placed the cup in the crotch of an apple-tree, and joined his command.

A short time ago, urged by the soldier's desire to "fight his battles o'er again," he visited the battle field, and seeking out the tree that had sheltered him in his great weariness, bought it for twenty-five dollars, and had it carried home to be cut up into relics.

What was his surprise, in cutting into the crotch of the tree, to find there his tin cup, completely imbedded. As may be imagined, Angelo set a high value upon these relics. Nature had accepted the guardianship, and day and night had woven about the cup a protective covering.

The other instance was of a farmer of Lancaster County, Penn., familiarly known in the neighborhood as Uncle Bob Caiso.

Fourty-one years ago he went down to the book on his father's farm, to sit. He waded out, waist-deep, and perched upon an old stump that protruded from the water. The usual waiting for a bite ensued, and to while away the time, Bob thrust his hand into his pocket for some tobacco. In withdrawing it, out came his new knife, and his pocket-book, containing six dollars and twenty cents, and both fell into the water. He searched diligently, but could not recover his lost treasures.

Forty-one summers have made the usual changes in the place, and like many youthful delights, the brook has shrunk away, leaving the old stump on dry land, overshadowed by huge sycamore-tree. A few days since, Mr. Caiso cut this tree down for fire wood, and, to his surprise, as he split the trunk open, there was his old pocket-book, imbedded in its heart.

The six dollars and twenty cents were dull and tarnished, but safe and sound, and of unlesioned value. Scratching around the root of the tree, he soon discovered the remains of the old knife, no longer valuable except as a relic.

These recent instances recall older, but quite as well authenticated ones, around which imagination loves to weave stories of romance.

In Bucksport, Me., a few years ago, a tree was cut down, and in its eighteenth ring, a point which had been at the surface forty years before, the wood-chopper found, to his amazement, a diamond pin, with twenty-four brilliants and a silver setting. The rings of the tree showed it to be about one hundred and twenty years old. No theory has been formed, save that which fancy spins, to account for its burial in the heart of the oak.

In Bethel, Eng., an oak was recently cut down and sawn into planks. In one of them was found a hollow peg, containing a lock of bright red hair. Two hundred and fifty years ago, some lover had bored a hole in the tree and deposited a love-knot therein. The sap covered the token, and there it lay concealed for two centuries and a half as is shown by the rings in the oak.

At Hay Palace.

There have been palaces of grass and of ice for some years. Then a corn palace was added to the wonders of the world. This year sees another material used in the construction of a palace for exhibition purposes.

Creston, Iowa, has built a palace of hay and named it the Blue Grass.

The following description taken from the Farmer and Breeder will be of interest to those who have been unable to visit it.

As one approaches the structure and the eye takes in the massive outer walls, which the baled hay gives the appearance of solid masonry with couplings of a lighter shade, represented by baled straw, with ditches and panels of thatch-work in all the varied grasses and grains of the region, the wonder grows; and as the eye mounts to the tiered round tower rising above the horse-shoe-shaped entrance to the top of the battlement walls, with their flags and streamers, their sentinel towers, and thence still higher to the grand central dome surmounted by the central tower whose highest outlook in ninety feet, and above which the stars and stripes proudly float, the observer is lost in admiration at the magnitude of the undertaking, the beauty of the conception, and the faithfulness of its execution. Nowhere is anything visible except the hay, straw and grasses, except at the windows, many of which are fancifully trimmed with corn in the ear. The first thing to strike the eye as one enters through the central arch is the round tower rising from the centre of the inner court and supporting the central dome. This is beautifully decked in fantastic designs, and its beauty of decoration defies descriptive power. For fifty or sixty feet, this artistic work extends upward to where the graceful arch of the vaulted roof springs away from the central column or tower. Here nature ends in art, blending so perfectly that the point of juncture is almost indistinguishable. Radiating in all directions from this common centre on the tightly spread canvas of the ceiling are delineated exquisite farm scenes.

It IS A BIG THING.

"It pleases to me," said Brother Gardner, as the chairman finished his report, "that de long-felt want has at last been filled. Do effect him no damage, wonderful, as I have myself personally observed. I go in fur further tests. Let us investigate do theory to do fullest extent."

On motion of Waydown Beobe it was resolved that the tests be continued and reports made as results were obtained.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

The secretary then read the following, dated at Toronto, Oct. 1:

Brother Gardner.

RISERED Sir.—There are many members of this order (103) of the Lime Kiln Club, what are anxious to know whether it is safe to spend \$11 apiece in the use of the Brownie-Squad Elixir of life. It being so important and serious a question, we have referred it to you for an answer. Will it restore lost children? Remove spots from coach dogs? Fasten new rubber on clothes wringers? Keep watermelons till Christmas time? Keep off rheumatism? Take the place of whisky? The persons loudest in their demands for this, "new life," are the most useless, shiftless and wickedest of our city. How do you account for that? The men, the community are patiently waiting to shake off the immediate cause of a great deal of sleepy, placid sloth and idleness.—[Chicago Inter-

Among the effects of introducing sleeping cars on English railways is this: "For births (sic) in sleeping saloon cars the charge is five shillings in addition to first-class fare."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

As soon as the meeting had opened in due and ancient form Brother Gardner called for the report of the committee appointed to test the Brownie Squad elixir, and the same was promptly made. The report showed the following tests and results:

First.—The first trial was made on Elder Toots, he being a man 67 years of age, stiff in the knees and humped backed. An injection of four ounces of the fluid was made in his right arm. In ten minutes he began to sing; in fifteen he began to break down and at the end of twenty he turned to and looked Shindig Watkins out of his boots on account of a grudge eleven years old. He looked and acted like a man of 35, and a second injection made him so frisky that an extra patrolman had to be put on his beat. It is four weeks since the last dose, but he shows no signs of retrograding. He has an enormous appetite, sleeps like a log, and has licked every man who ever gave him any assa.

Second.—Sir Isaac Walpole was next experimented on. He is 70 years old, stiff in the left leg, lop shouldered, and has had a liver trouble for twenty-five years. Only two ounces were given him as a test, but at the end of twenty minutes his stiff leg limbered up, his liver got down to routine business, and he said he felt hungry for raw turnips. At the end of two hours he received another dose. He was acting very colish then, but at the end of a quarter of an hour he offered to fight the committee single-handed for a cent, threw Giveadam Jones three times in seven minutes, and went off singing "Old Black Joe" at the top of his voice. His condition is still the same, after five weeks, and from a humble, peace-loving old man, ready for the grave and eternity, he has been transformed into a robust chap apparently about 40 years of age, who goes about asking for some one to knock a chip off his shoulder.

Third.—The third test was made on Samuel Shin. Samuel is a sawed-off, weak-kneed, stiff-necked single man of 28; and for some years he has been coughing up peach stones, water melon seeds and other foreign substances which he ate to hold him down level in his youth. He declared that he had no faith whatever in the elixir, but how little a man knows of the good things fortune may have in store for him! As the committee had about a quart of the elixir on hand and didn't want to waste any they gave Samuel the whole business at a dose. It was at first thought he had been killed. His eyes rolled, his limbs shook and he called for his mother. This state of affairs soon passed away, however, and with a sudden whoop Brother Shin sprang to his feet. The change was so great that one could hardly recognise him. His lungs braced up, his legs increased one foot in length, and his neck limbered up until he could turn his head like a parrot. Samuel has also been easily identified by a cataract in his left eye. In fifteen minutes this disappeared with his other ailments, and he jumped over chairs and benches, turned handsprings and declared that he was a new man! He has been so changed that he was stopped at the outer door by the guard and had to call out some of the officers to identify him. He only got one dose, and that was four weeks ago, yet he seems to hold his own right along.

Fourth.—The member selected for the fourth test was Col. Kyann Johnson. The colonel is 54 years old, tall and slim, for the last year has been troubled with catarrh, consumption, torpid liver, gout, rheumatism and various other unpleasant things. Six months ago he bought a coffin on the instalment plan, and six or seven weeks since his wife called in the neighbors at midnight to see him die. The colonel was given his first dose twenty-three days ago. It had no visible effect except to make him weep. He sat down on a bench and declared himself an abused man and sobbed like a child. The next day he was given another dose, and the effect was magical. His tears were dried at once, a bright and happy smile played over his face, and his gaunt and cadaverous appearance fled away, to be replaced by a portly, well-round figure which was solid on its pins. As he was putting on his coat after the operation he uttered several blood-curdling whoops, declared himself to be the colored John L. Sullivan of the world, and intimated that he would make Romeo howl before he was many hours older. No further test has been made on the colonel, and the effects of the last appear to hang right by him.

Fifth.—The fifth and last was made on Gigaback Smith. Brother Smith is 40 years old, has a voice like pounded glass, and is cross-eyed. He has been a humble member for the past two years, never advancing an idea, and always submitting to be bossed around by Judge Cadaver. He didn't want to be experimented on, having been run over by a butcher-cart once upon a time after being vaccinated, but he was seized and flung down and held fast while six ounces of the elixir from an old sheep were injected into his arm. He at first straightened out as if dying, but after a few minutes came to with a wild yell. The first change was noticed in his voice. From a thin, quavering, complaining high G, it at once changed to a roar in a barrel. His eyes straightened themselves, the end of his nose turned up, and he became aggressive. The very first words were a threat to go out and hunt up Judge Cadaver and pound him to squash.

Only the five tests had been made, and it was for the club to decide whether they had been successful, and if further ones should be entered into.

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Fasten new rubber on clothes wringers? Keep watermelons till Christmas time? Keep off rheumatism? Take the place of whisky?

The persons loudest in their demands

for the elixir are the very ones who are hunting for the "elixir." We have failed to find a single honest man that has lost a day's work of whitewashing or fence post-hole digging in the examination of this new discovery. Please advise us.

Respectfully submitted,

MISERY WAKEUP,
President.

HARDY HOLDFAST,
Secretary.

The secretary was instructed to advise in reply that close track be kept of the proceedings of the parent club in investigating the elixir theory, and the meeting that adjourned.

Experiments With Eggs.

Some of the phenomena of fluid friction may be beautifully shown by very simple experiments devised by Sir William Thomson. The materials necessary are two eggs—one raw, the other hard-boiled; two rubber bands of such a size as to clasp an egg firmly when slipped on length wise; two thin steel wires, about the size of those sometimes used as E strings on guitars; and a mirror or large plate, or other smooth surface, with a ledge around it to prevent the eggs rolling off.

From a gas fixture, or other convenient support, the two wires are hung, and to the lower end of each one is fastened one of the rubber loops. Into these loops the eggs are slipped, with their long axes vertical. Grasping one egg in the fingers of each hand they are gently turned once or twice round and then let go. The eggs show a surprising difference in behavior. The boiled egg keeps twisting to and fro, after the manner of a torsion pendulum, while the raw one comes almost immediately to rest. The explanation is easy. The hard-boiled egg, being rigid throughout, turns as a whole, while the raw egg being soft inside, has only its shell moved by the torsion of the wire, the contents remaining stationary, because of their greater inertia. The shell is thus made to rub to and fro on its contents, and being very light, is soon brought to rest.

Sir William Thomson has used this experiment to illustrate one of the proofs that the interior of the earth is solid. If the earth consisted of a thin shell or crust of hard rocks surrounding a fluid or pasty nucleus, as has been until recently generally taught, he says that the observed swinging and swaying motions of the earth's axis in precession and nutation would be impossible. Any such motion would soon be stopped by internal friction.

The great church of La Sacre Coeur, built on the highest point of Montmartre, is nearly finished, and it is thought that it will take its place among the cathedrals of Europe.

Two climbers of Mount Ararat, Russians, found in perfect preservation a minimum thermometer, which was left there last year. It registered fifty degrees below zero, centigrade.

The memoirs of the Duke de Morny are to be published in November by his son. If his papers were published fully it would doubtless make the most sensational volume of the century.

The German Museum in Nurnberg has bought Prince Sulkowski's famous collection of armor and weapons for \$51,000. Specialists estimate the value of the collection at \$300,000.

The first section of the railway from Pekin to Chinkiang has progressed as far as having tenders made for its construction. The sum estimated for rails and plant on this line is \$70,000.

The Congress of Orientalists at Stockholm went lately to the grave of Olin at Upsala where the Minister of the Interior drained the health of the Congress in the regular old Viking mead.

Probably the longest word in the German language is in the last edition of the official journal of commissions. Here it is:

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