Rights and Wrongs.

—BY MARIE S. ELLISON.

Benjamin Mortimer Samuel Bobbi, a lawyer of growing renown, was talented, youthful, a rising man in a rapidly rising town; and men, when they spoke of his happy lot, and envied the joy of his life, were sure to name, as the sweet, glowing, blushing, fair Angelina Emma, his wife; for her beauty was good, her eyes were blue, and her hair was the popular golden hue.

The son of contentment shot on their home and brightened the swift fleeting hours; smiling hope whispered of glad coming years, and duty was wrestled with love's bow's, until a reformer in spectacles came with a mission to right the world.

She marched around with a masculine air, while her scorn at the men she hurst. Her hair was cut short, and so was her gown.

The sun of contentment shone on their home and her hair was the popular golden hue.

Thus did a "crownin' dispensashun" as Crofler Omn well used to say when he took another scalp.

And, oh, maybe, some criketal individual may how: "Gee, ye prop-ucr, git! Go 'way, vance, deバンサース, de・・・" ye would cry out: "I say, Clem, what kind de stamps dey have over dere in dat country?" The story of the Arabians is a whangdoodle, and, likewise, expound the "transit ob Venus to a cage full ob mud.

My Despairs' Bredren:

Praps some some on ye may like to hear de reason why I hab left de calm shades ob de barber-shop—as de poet says—and come here to-night to lecture in dis leg school-house, which is—if you'll allow me to make a transgression—thirty feet by eighteen in diameter and an camere, and, therefore, a mighty respectful proportion for its size. Now dis is de reason. Since I came to dis village, or—as Goltsmith says, so mislun farmer—fishet, I hab noticed dat ye all is ercomumly ignorant. Ye don't know suffin', by no means, on de contrary, cernatly not, quite de reverse. So, says I to myself, "Clem, hear is a chance for ye; don't go ye and be hidin' yar bushel under a light. Improve de occasian and de minds ob dese unfortunate individuals.

As de poet says: "Go whar glory waits ye?" I applied dem sentences to myself, and went. And bash I is.

Dere will be a volunteer collection every ebenning, and, dunk nobody c.ould eber say dat Clem Toots handed over moneys, nebertheless de more ye volunteer de bigger will be de pile ob stamps which will be a "crownin' dispensashun" as Crofler Omn well used to say when he took another scalp.

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If dere be a schick in dis congregation, let him stand up and Ol Toots'll answer him. I was in Colega a number ob years, and—like a good many white folks—when I left dat abode of ole Panasses—as ole Homer says—I knew various things. Some white folks only get one ting in College—dey get older. Dey carry away waid deum, when dey graduta and ob ob knowledge—in deir school books. Noow it takes work to learn thins. A teacher may show us how to put book-knowkdge into our heads, but ye see he can't put it dar himself. De student must do dat. If I'm hungry and my stomack is empty, ye may offer me all de food in de world. But what good will it do me, O desparin' bredren, if I don't eat it myself. Another man eatin' kin sepper fill my stomack,—so, bredren, it can't. An' it's jest de same wit de one's brains,—ab, yes,—it's jest de same.

Well, to presume dese probblemaries. I was employed hard at work in de College all de time wid my books. I had car ob de library, and swept de professors' rooms. Now de dust ob a library is full ob knives', wiskas bein' de case, I'm mighty larmed, for dat dust kept me sneezin' from mornins' till night. I tink dis is a sufficient explanation ob my deblity to enlighten ye on many matters, useful and otherwise.

RHODE ISLANDERS are greatl in favor of the narrow gauge railroad, because, says an exchange, a broad gauge is apt to run through little Rhody with one rail over the border.
might grow slightly tedious. We must come, far an' oug, down to de question: "What constitutes a man?"

Darbreens—constitutes a man? Na, my pappy b'claud. Look at de man part ob rich in general. While he may hold, he wrestles like a turkey-cock on a war-footin', and roars so loud dat poor folk, slunk off from de terrible fellow, like jack-o'-na—on, Jackal—from de lion's den. Let his property be b'arn and his money gone, an' den what's de man? All dat's left is a misable, whinin' nigger under unup-hung picic and vulgoes down back-alleys when he sees some ob his former acquaintances whose greenbacks is yit safe. Dat's a man? Not at all.

Lott a power constitutes a man! Confound de fact. Look at Zoro, de Roman inspirer. When de city was on fire like Chicargo, what does Zer do? Ah, hi—dat's de question, what did he do? Did he git up a Brief Commission? Did he till Dep. for blankets? Did he open soup kitchens? Did he swear in con-plous perleimen to knock pop- ples' brains out and shoot dem wid Colt's r'vol for lookin' at de compl-nation? No, no misguided breddern. He jist got a follower named Spanzor, who played de dimes meloujusly, and takin' hit's jis 15, he crouched on de roof fo de sky-light, and dar he played "Lay me in my'kelle 15."

"Dead flies," or "Ye shall be as gods." In the twilights, in the evening, in the black and dark night. —Fow-e, vii.

At Roslyn, even in summer, the hour for going to bed was half-past nine. It was hardly likely that so many boys overflowing with turbulent life, should lie down quietly, and get to sleep. They would play various games about the bed-rooms, waiting or jumping over the beds, running races in sheets, getting through the windows up to the roofs, to make the old-gens, whoosh ghosts, or play­ing the thousand other pranks which suggested them to the fertile imagination of fifteen. But the favorite amusement was a boltering match. One room would challenge another, and stripping the covers off their b-letters, would meet in mortal fray. A bolter well wielded, especially when dexterously applied to the legs, is a very efficient instrument to bring a boy to the ground; but it doesn't hurt very much, even when the blows fall on the head. Hence these matches were excellent trials of strength and temper, and were supported the skirmishers. Bill, the sixth boy in the list, in his sturdy spirit, would meet in mortal conflict with Eric, who was the champion. We used to think that Eric had fasted more largely of the tree of the knowledge of evil than any other boy, and, strange to say, this was the secret why the general opinion of him was never expressed. He claimed his guilty experience so often as a ground of superiority, that at last the claim was silently allowed. He spoke from the platform of more advanced iniquity, and the others listened first curiously, and then angrily to his words.

"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Such was the temptation which assailed the other boys in dormitory No. 7; and Eric among the number. Bill was the temptation, gradually, dropped into their too willing ears the poison of his polluting enticements. In brief, this boy was cursed with a degraded and corrupting mind.

I hurry over a part of my subject inconceivably painful; I hurry over it but if I am to perform my self-imposed duty of giving a true picture of what wretched life and former schoolfellows had done. Many and many a scheme of sin and mischief at Roslyn was suggested, planned, and carried out, on the model of Ball's reminiscences of his previous life.

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shame, ruin, and despair that even now perhaps is being cleft under his feet. Show him the ground of the present and the past, withering at the touch of the future. In play to him the canker which he is introducing into the sap of the tree of life, which shall cause its root to be hereafter as bitterness, and its blossom to go up as dust.

But the sense of sin was on Eric's mind. How could he speak? was not his own language sometimes profane? How—could he profess to respect the ground of morality when he himself said and did things dangerous perhaps, but equally forbidden?

For half an hour, in an agony of struggle with himself, Eric lay silent. Since Ball's last visit no one had spoken. They were going to sleep. It was too late to speak now, Eric thought. The moment passed by for ever; Eric had listened without reduction to foul words, and the irrepresible harm was done.

How easy it would have been to speak! With the temptation, God had provided also a way to escape. and contempt—when you cannot say, God, it is not far to reach, and it soon became, to men, impossible.

"Ah Eric! Eric! how little we know the moments which divide the destinies of life. We live on as usual, as if nothing is about to happen in a few hours. A common hour, the hour of a common hour. We never thought twixt the change of intention, which by one of the accidents—accidents!—of life determined for good or for evil, for happiness or misery the color of our reality, that day, or the fate which has been, or will be, in the hands of a modern which led unconsciously to our ruin; the word was uttered quite heedlessly, on which turned for ever the decision of our woe or bliss.

The darkness was not broken by the flashing of an angel's wing, the stillness was not syllabified by the sound of an angel's voice; but to his dy'er, a dy'er Eric never forget the moment when he passed, until weary and self-reproachful, he fell asleep.

Next morning it awoke, restless and feverish. He awoke—remembered what had passed. Ball's words haunted him: he could not forget them; they burned within him like the flame of a mortal fever. He was moody and petulant, and for a time could hardly conceal his aversion. Ah Eric! monstrosity and contempt—when you cannot say, God, it is not far to reach, and it soon became, to men, impossible.

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We take from the Toledo "Universal" the sketch of the life of the late Hon. Thomas Ewing. It was written by one who evidently was well acquainted with the distinguished man whose biography he sketched. In reference to Mr. Ewing, it may well be said that he was un始めた—not, of course, by the Catholic Church, who is never harsh in proposing examples to her children, in the persons of those who does canonize after years of investigation—but by the poor and needy of the neighborhood, since she was during the whole of her well-spent life:

The dispatches of Thursday night announced the death of this eminent Ohio jurist and statesman. Mr. Ewing died at half past three o'clock on the 28th inst., at his residence in Lancaster, of heart disease, or an accumulation of fatty matter about the heart, a disease which has prostrated him on several occasions during the past ten years. He was nearly eighty-two years of age, and died with all the virtues and graces of a true gentleman. His father, Mr. Hocking Hunter, who founded the city of Columbus, and was the first president of the Ohio University, during his lifetime, and until he had accumulated a fortune, and has in turn been honored by his children, "honored his father and his mother," struggling against adverse circumstances. Nor should not be lost upon young men the story runs) that giants, like Ewing, come.

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of a term he was then serving in the Senate, his political aspirations probably ceased.

As a man, Mr. Ewing was as pure as he was great. He had a tender regard for their happiness, and it was understood to have been brought down to a reasonable voice, a voice which was sometimes remarkably distinct, voice, a well-written essay on "A week in Nebraska." Then came Master M. Mahony on "The American Character." The young people were brimful with local hits and good advice to the Society. Among those who displayed their eloquent powers, Master C. Dodge does special mention, both as regards gracefulness of phrase, dignity of manner, and distinct utterance for his declamation on "Julius Caesar." After this the subject for the next debate, "Was Napoleon I a great benefactor to mankind," was given out. Master M. Foose, the President of the Historical branch, was then appointed to prepare an essay on the "Character of Columbus and the Discovery of America," to be read at the next regular meeting. After those, Messrs. Dunn, Recording Secretary, and J. Crummy, Corresponding Secretaries, the meeting adjourned.

Sanuel Dom,
Cor. Sec., pro tem.

Losses of the L. S. & M. S. B. B. at Chicago.

The grounds of these Companies extend north to Van Buren street along the east side of the south branch. They were occupied at the north end by the magnificent stone passenger depot, built a few years ago at an expense of a quarter of a million. The Van Buren street front, three stories high, was originally occupied on the east side by the general offices of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and on the west side by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Company. A year ago the former were removed to Cleveland, only the local operating and Western Passenger remaining. The Rock Island offices were still kept there.

The losses of the Lake Shore Company were:
One passenger depot, (jointly with the Rock Island), 18 freight cars, loaded in miscellaneous merchandise, 2 sleeping cars, 5 drawing-room cars, 8 passenger cars, 4 baggage cars, 3 second class cars, 1 pay car.

The freight list includes about $30,000 worth of syrups and sugars, a part of which was in the cars mentioned above; but any accurate estimate of the entire loss cannot, as yet, be satisfactorily made out.

The company intend to rebuild at once, and, meantime, their business offices are located at the corner of Polk and Griswold streets.

Passenger trains start from the new depot on Polk street, stopping at 25th, at both of which are ticket offices, also at the corner of Canal and Madison streets.

Both the fine freight depots of the companies were saved, a result due in large measure to the energetic manner in which the fire was controlled. In this fortunate result the city also shares, even more largely. Had the freight depots burned the fire would have been communicated to the blocks immediately south of Van Buren street, for a width north and south of at least two blocks, which would have been swept away through to the lake. The fire raged all along the river on the west side at this point; and the tracks along the shore were filled with freight cars. In running these off to the south the employees were met by the crowds of people and trains crossing Polk street bridges. At one time a conflict actually occurred between the men running off the trains and
PART II.

As they were thus lovingly sitting in the grove, the father of the human race spoke:

"My children, now we feel what joy penetrates the soul after performing a good action; we feel that we are only truly happy, when we are virtuous. By means of virtue we partake of the bliss of the pure spirits and taste of the happiness of paradise; whilst, on the contrary, every uncom­quered, impure passion provokes us and draws us into a labyrinth of disquietude, anxiety, misery and sorrow.

Eve, had we only known that so much happiness existed on the accursed earth, when we left paradise and alone inhabited the entire earth!"

Adam was silent, then Abel addressed him:

"Father, since the evening is so lovely and since the earth presents a little beauty of grove, and if the lonely delicacy invites you not to serious raptions, then, father, listen to my request, and tell me again of the times when you and Eve, all alone, were in this wide world, as we are now.

All now looked at Adam attentively, impatient to know if he would accede to the request. "How could I, on this joyous day, refuse your request," said he. "I will tell you of the times in which each great promise were made to the sinner, and such undeserved grace and happiness poured upon him. Eve, where shall I begin the story? Where, where, did I leave you hands joined, left paradise, but not dare to look him in the face, who, tempted by me, was walking by my side, sharing my grief and wandering, the whole earth being a vast desert before me, sinful one. Alas! how man has fallen!"

"Then I said: 'Beloved, let us kneel down in the bridal-grotto, when the flowers threw smiling forms; these had now lost their smiles and the night was quiet, our slumber pleasant, but not gently, as before, when we were in innocent; then our imagination pictured only joyful, smiling forms; these had now lost their smiles and we held hands, and our heads resting on each other's, cried softly: 'Tears, what avail would be His promise? He destroyed all creatures; who else can perceive the existence of the sinner?"

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new system. In 1623 he published his famous "Dialogues on the two great systems of the world," the Ptolemaic and the Copernican, urging arguments in favor of each, but labelling his attachment to that of Copernicus.

The light which Galileo cast upon natural philosophy by his astronomical discoveries and mechanical inventions, by his writings, and his correspondence, had been built on by his extensive knowledge of mathematics, particularly on the first class of mathematical philosophers.

He made the evidence of the Copernican system so evident, that even Kepler, when he shared from the phases of Venus that Venus actually revolves round the sun, started the revolution of the sun on his axis, and that the rotation of the earth became more possible. The four satellites that attended Jupiter in its revolution round the sun, represented in Jupiter's lesser system a just image of the great solar system, and that, indeed, man might see the earth as a satellite in its own revolution. By discovering hills and cavities, using the moon, might as well see the earth as a satellite in its own revolution. By discovering hills and cavities, using the moon, might as well see the earth as a satellite in its own revolution.

In Germany, Galileo has been allowed, on the authority of his own judgment, and the invention of the telescope, by the nocturnal observer in the field of the science of Optics, and invented an instrument by which, with the naked eye, it could be ascertained by light, that the moon might as well as the earth as a satellite in its own revolution. By discovering hills and cavities, and that the rotation of the earth becomes more possible. The four satellites that attended Jupiter in its revolution round the sun, represented in Jupiter's lesser system a just image of the great solar system, and that, indeed, man might see the earth as a satellite in its own revolution. By discovering hills and cavities, using the moon, might as well see the earth as a satellite in its own revolution.

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soon became public, and Lippcrsheim copied the invention.

The first telescope of Galileo's magnified about fifteen or sixteen times, and the inventor viewed with it the spots on the moon, the body of Jupiter, and even saw some small stars above and below it. He was induced to move around to the earth, believing, therefore, must have been his satellites. From this sources it is supposed that Matusis gained his information, as well as Cornelius Drebbel, of

Cambridge, in Holland, who afterwards made similar instruments. We may also mention Francis Fon-

tana, a Dutchman, who claimed the honor of this inven-
tion in 1609. But from what we have said, it is generally understood, was the case with the famous Galileo, who, when Professor of Mathemat-
ics in Padua, heard it reported at Venice, in the year 1609, that a Dutchman presented Prince Mauro, of Nassau, with an optical instrument, having the power of making distant objects appear near. But notwithstanding twenty years had elapsed since the invention, in 1629, the means used for producing the wonderful effect were not known. Galileo, on his return to Padua in 1610, not only contrived but constructed a telescope, which he presented to the Senate of Venice, and to the Senate of Venice, with an account of the uses which the instrument might be applied to, both by sea and land, for which service it is well known his stipend as professor was thenceforth tripled.

The first telescope he constructed had only a power of three times, the second was six times more powerful, and his third magnified thirty-three times. The length of these instruments is not upon record. To give a description of their construction would be to diverge into the science of Optics, Navigation, Engineering, and many others, are at the present time indebted for the wonder of their construction would be to diverge into the science of Astron-
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