LORD BYRON WRITING FROM HADES IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

Among the thousand-and-one articles and pamphlets on the Byron scandal, in prose and verse, we have seen nothing approaching, for fun and pungency, a clever JEU D'ESPRIT just issued from the London press. It is entitled "Lord Byron's Defence," and professing to be written by his Lordship himself, is appropriately dated "Hades, MDCCCLXIX." The title page contains portraits of Lord Byron and Mrs. Stowe—his Lordship, beautiful as Apollo, being represented as almost eclipsing a course scandal mongering face intended for that of his detractor, Mrs. Stowe. The following extracts, selected at random, will give our readers a sample of the flavor of this Byronesque production:

Who is this Mrs. Stowe? her name, thank God,
Was never one familiar to my ear.
Her country was a land I never trod,
Although I traveled often far and near;
They say that she's a woman; that is odd—
To women, as a rule, my verse is dear
Perchance she's some forlorn, neglected beauty,
Or else—her husband doesn't do his duty.

I can't console her in the flesh, I can't
Revisit "glimpses of the moon" to make,
Poor Mrs. Stowe unhappy; and I shan't
Leave good men in these shades for woman's sake.
So Stowe may rest in peace. I only want
To know why all this trouble she should take
I might have needed once a moral teacher;
L'IMPOSTE—but damn this sanctimonious Beecher!

I never was a moral man I know—
I did some things were far beyond defending
For Virtue always was so cursed slow.
I flew to Venice just as my soul was mending;
And I am rightly punished; Mrs. Stowe,
Sensation and obscenity so blending,
Has scattered lies with dirty prodigality,
And made me blacker even than reality.

Fatalis incestusque judex, she
Is (horace says, I ought to change her gender),
"Et mutier peregrina" that to me
A comfort is. My fame needs no defender.
Ban in America, I think they'll see
The falsehoods uttered by this base pretender,
Who's heaped upon me such a huge indignity,
With fatuous, foolish, feminine malignity.

Sweet to the blushing bride a husband's kiss,
Sweet to the old man dreams of youthful vigor,
Sweet to the virgin thoughts of love's new bliss,
Sweet is the hope of freedom to the nigger,
But sweeter far in spite of public hiss
To it, B. S. the cheque—a hundred mo fiz ures—
Her publisher will pay—game worth the candle,
For sheets bedaub'd with Lovejoy's scandal!

My sister! thy sweet soul has passed away
Where all this foul aspersion hurts thee not,
Pure in the pure realms of eternal day,
Thy heart is free from every earthly spot
Of no avail the world can shriek or sneer,
The fair erection of thy home is not
Cursed be the greedy public where we live
That literary jackal to thy grave.

I care not for myself, my fame is far
Beyond this dull reviler's power to harm,
My sister, shone before her name's star
Shines purely o'er the young moon's crescent rim
She wished one reputation to bar
With the same foul brush, (was a wo toy whim
Of her who whitewashed hosts of fiends negroes
To take such pains to blacken both our figures.

'Tis said I awoke one memorable morn
And found that I was famous—speedily
I'm a rover! the target for the scorn
Men record me infamous—(the Lord knows why)
What haine's this rude world can now have worn
I know not; but the deed of infamy
This fiend to malicious literature,
Should blast them on both sides of the Abyssinian.

One would live on forever, but a bore
One's life becomes ere many years region,
And yet a man must feel a little sore
To think how he will suffer who shes gone
"Nil mea bonum" "said the mock savior
De mortuis" but now does some one pray
Folks write foul words, in fact, there's nobody
There's something very dangerous in dying.

Enough. I leave to all men's scorn the lie
This insult to the living and the dead
Taxes a proud tie. For woman's dower to try
To heap defilement on a woman's head
The stone he'd hurl is more valued epecially
Been living, but wherever her ways led
Deep expectations may (her name) convict on
Who dares to meddle with me. (Exit)
BYRON.

Glasgow Weekly Mail

Mono Lake.

BY MARK TWAIN

Mono Lake, or the Dead sea of California, is one of her most extraordinary curiosities, but being situated in a very out-of-the-way corner of the country, and away up among the eternal snows of the Sierras, it is little known and very seldom visited. A mining excitement carried me there once, and I spent several months in its vicinity. It lies in a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is guarded by mountains 2,000 feet higher, whose summits are hid ben away in the clouds. This solemn, silent, soulless sea—this lonely tenant of the loneliest spot on earth—is little graced with the picturesque. It is an unpretending expanse of greyish water, about a hundred miles of circumference, with two Islands in its centre, mere upheavals of rent and scorched and blistered lava, snowed over with grey banks and drifts of pumice stone and ashes, the winding sheet of the dead volcano, whose vast crater the lake has seized upon and occupied.

The lake is two hundred feet deep, and its sluggish waters are so strong with alkali that if you only dip the most hopelessly soiled garment into them once or twice, and wring it out, it will be found as clean as if it had been through your ablest washerwoman's hands. While we camped there our laundry work was easy. We had the week's washing at the stern of our boat and sailed a quarter of a mile, and the job was complete, all to the wringing out. If we threw the water on our heads and gave them a rub or so, the white lather would pile up three inches high. The water is not good for bruised places and abrasions of the skin. We had a valuable dog. He had more raw places on him than sound ones. He was the raw est dog I almost ever saw. He jumped overboard one day to get away from the flies. But it was bad judgement. In his condition, it would have been as comfortable to jump into the fire. The alkali water nipped him in all the raw places simultaneously, and he scrambled out to the shore with one terrible unanimous howl. He retired and barked and howled by the hour, and by the time he got to the camp there was no bark in him—he had left the bark all out at the other end of the route. A slight water [illegible]

[illegible] and I probably wished he had never embarked in any such enterprise. He ran round and round in a circle, and pawed the earth and clawed the air, and threw double summersets, sometimes backwards and sometimes forwards, in the most frantic and extraordinary manner. He was not a demonstrative dog, as a general thing, but rather of a grave and serious turn of mind, and I never saw him take so much interest in anything before. He finally struck out over the mountains, at about 250 miles an hour, and he is going yet. This was about five years ago. We look for what is left of him along here every day.

A white man cannot drink the water of Mono Lake, for its nearly pure lye. It is said that the Indians in the vicinity drink it sometimes, though. It is not improbable, for they are among the purest liars I ever saw. [There will be no additional charge for this joke, except to parties requiring an explanation of it. This joke has received high commendation from some of the ablest minds of the age. Horace Greeley remarked to a friend of mine that if he were ever to make a joke like that, he would not desire to live any longer.]

There are no fish in Mono lake—no frogs, no snakes, no pollywogs—nothing, in fact, that goes to make life desirable. Millions of wild ducks and sea gulls swim about the surface, but no living thing exists under the surface except a white, feathery, sort of worm, one-half an inch long, which looks like a bit of white thread frayed out at the sides. If you dip up a gallon of water you will get about fifteen thousand of these. They give to the water a sort of a greyish-white appearance. Then there is a fly which looks something like our house fly. These settle on the beach to eat the worms that wash ashore; any time you can see there a belt of flies an inch deep and six feet wide, and this belt extends clear around the lake—a belt of flies one hundred miles long. If you throw a stone among them, they swarm up so thick that they look dense, like a cloud. You can hold them under water as long as you please—they don't mind it—they *are only proud of it*. When you let them go, they pop up to the surface as dry as a patent office report, and walk off as unconcernedly as if they had been educated especially with a few to afforading instructive entertainment to man in that particular way. Providence leaves nothing to go by chance. All things have their uses and their part and proper place in nature's economy. The ducks and gulls eat the flies—the flies eat the worms—the Indians eat the flies—the wild cats eat Indians—the white folks eat the wild cats when they can't get—and thus all things are lovely.

Mono lake is 150 miles in a straight line from the ocean, and between it and the ocean are one or two ranges of mountains—yet these sea-gulls go every season to lay their eggs and rear their young. One would as soon expect to find sea-gulls in Tennessee. And in this connection let us observe another instance of Nature's wisdom. The islands in the lake being merely huge masses of lava, coated over with ashes and pumice stone and utterly innocent of vegetation or anything that would hang and season dressings to, are entirely useless to anybody, so these birds have the whole lonely sheet of water on the large islands and can put your eggs in the sand or four miles to your boat then aboard—as my statement I have made during the past fifteen years. Within a foot of the boiling spring is a spring of pure cold water, sweet and wholesome. So on the island you can have food and washing free of charge, and not much else [illegible] the most enchanting home. An [illegible] who were wrecked and discharged and left here [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] the accused [illegible] anything [illegible] and not wish for a more delightful boarding house.

Half a dozen little mountain brooks flow into Mono lake, but not a stream of any kind flows out. In the dry season the lake does not fall appreciably, and what it does with the surplus water is a dark and bloody mystery. All the rivers of Nevada sink mysteriously into the earth after they have run a hundred or two miles, instead of running on to the sea as is the fashion of rivers in all other lands.

There is only two seasons in the region around about Mono Lake—and these are, the latter part of one winter and the beginning of the next. More than once I have seen a perfect blistering morning open up with the thermometer at ninety degrees at eight o'clock, and soon snow had fourteen inches deep and the same identical thermometer go down to forty four degrees under shelter before six o'clock at night. Under favorable circumstance it snows at least once in every single month in the year, in the little town of Mono. So uncertain is the climate in summer that a lady who goes out visiting cannot hope to be prepared for all emergencies unless she takes her fan under one arm and her snow-shoes under the other. When the Fourth of July procession have a Fourth of July procession they do it with snows on them and they do say that, as a general thing, when a man calls for a brandy toddy there, the barkeeper chops it off with a hatchet and wraps it up in paper, like maple sugar. And it is further reported that the old soaker—he's got no teeth—wore them out sucking gum cocktails and brandy punches. I don't indorse that statement, I simply give it for what it is worth, and if it is worth well I should say, millions, to any who can believe it without straining them. But I do indorse the snow on the Fourth of July, because I know that to be true.

A Man's Head Cut Off and Put on Another Man's Body—He Recovers.

[illegible] 1863 [illegible] Paris [illegible] Mono [illegible] was much [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]