

SHALL WE?

Shall we when we go to sleep In the quiet of the grave— Cease to sigh, and cease to weep? Cease forbidden joys to crave? Shall we care for anything That we loved and thought was sweet When we lived and breathed and moved? Or will oblivion be complete? Will we weep, and think and feel All we feel and weep for here? Or will we sleep—and only sleep And never know a smile nor tear?

FOR AN ALBUM.

When you glance over the leaves of this dearly loved token And gaze on the lines you had me to write, Will you think of a word or phrase I have spoken Or even a line I trace here to-night? Perhaps in life's briefest will linger unbroken Some ray of the Present—some tie of the Past To prove by the words that to night I have spoken Of love-life alliments that always will last 'Till up from your heart some tender affection And bid it repeat the lines we have known For life does not hold—with all its perfection— Such beautiful hours as those that have flown Perhaps the bright glitter of vain earthly treasure, Will tear from your heart my image of old, And cause you to love me but bright halts of pleasure, One far more gifted by the goddess of Gold If such be the case, may your heart ever ponder When starlight shades fall, o'er the land and the sea And think of a form that is now deemed to be dead That once in the youth dwell nearest to thee Perhaps, as you think of the joys that have perished A tear on thy cheek, unbidden may call A fond recollection of him thou hast cherished Forsaken by thee—not loved after all

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A Four Days' Journey with the Confederate Chief—How He Looked and What He Said—His Alleged Complicity in the Assassination Plot—His Travels and Probable Future.

Correspondence of Cincinnati Commercial. A ride from New Orleans up the Mississippi in the royal craft, the Great Republic, gave me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. Jefferson Davis. He came aboard at Vicksburg, and proceeded as far as Memphis, and in consequence of the leakage of one of the boilers, and a delay at the mouth of White river, the journey was prolonged for four days. At Greenville, Mississippi, where the boat arrived on Sunday last, the news spread that "President Davis" was on board, and a crowd of nearly one hundred persons eagerly rushed to the cabin to have a look, or, more fortunately, to get a shake of the hand from their former chieftain. The same was repeated when the boat stopped at Helena, Arkansas. It was noticeable that many colored persons displayed as much interest and enthusiasm as the white people, and seemed equally gratified to get a few kindly words from the man about whom such extraordinary associations clustered.

MR. DAVIS' PERSONAL. I had not before seen Mr. Davis. I had pictured him as tall, bony and cadaverous. All the engravings and photographs given to the public make these characteristics more prominent than his real appearance justifies. His height is a little, if any, above the average. His face is well shaped, with regular features, his nose being neither so prominent nor so emphasized a Roman as is usually conveyed by his photographs. The lower part of his face is small not indicating the pushing, aggressive, or bull-like qualities so often noticed in the contestants of the political arena, but, on the contrary, indicating a delicate organization, an amiable disposition, and general culture. It is not a face expressive of genius or greatness. His eyes are blue, and, notwithstanding that the left eye is defective and almost visionless, add to the mildness of his face. His hair is quite gray, as are his thin whiskers and beard, and his moustache, which is exceedingly short, almost white. The tones of his voice are pleasant, and his speech is deliberate and measured—a quality seldom possessed by any one who is not a natural or trained orator. In some important respects, especially in the tones of his voice and in his manner of speech he is almost a contemporary of Judge Leavitt, of this county, save that he is ten years younger than the Judge.

Mr. Davis' manner is exceedingly quiet and unobtrusive. He does not appear to seek notoriety, but rather to avoid it, and the attentions paid him were received in an unobtrusive way as they might be were he simply a well-bred country gentleman, instead of having been the political head and front of the most memorable civil convulsion the world has ever yet witnessed. He is a man whom accident has forced into a position of factitious prominence. The quality that makes and marks a leader among men, sometimes called "personality," "individuality," "character,"—that something which impresses the mind into the mood of his mind and carries you along with him—this Mr. Davis does not possess. Mr. Davis' health has also greatly improved since his release from confinement. His friends who saw him during the troubled and anxious times of 1862, 1863 and 1864 expressed

their surprise and gratification at the marked improvement in his appearance and general health.

MR. DAVIS AND THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

The four days' travel on board the Great Republic gave me the opportunity of inquiring of Mr. Davis about certain matters connected with the rebellion, of which the true history has yet to be written, and not least among them his complicity in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln. Mr. Davis said that, owing to the closeness of his confinement at Fortress Monroe, and his subsequent travels, he had not even read what had been alleged against him. The testimony sworn to at the trial of the conspirators before the military commission at Washington, and which is still credited by tens of thousands of persons at the North is in brief, as follows:

Testimony of Lewis F. Bates, a witness for the prosecution, May 30, 1865, as published in the official report: I reside in Charlotte, North Carolina. I am a native of Massachusetts. On the 12th of April, Jefferson Davis stopped at my house in Charlotte, where he made an address to the people from the steps of my house. While speaking, a telegram from John C. Breckinridge was read to the commission: GREENSBORO, N. C., April 10, 1865.—His Excellency President Davis, President Davis was assassinated in the theatre of Washington on the night of the 14th inst. Seward's house was entered on the same night, and he was repeatedly stabbed, and is probably mortally wounded.

In concluding his speech, Jefferson Davis read that dispatch aloud, and made this remark: "If it were to be done, it were better that it were well done." I am quite sure that these were the words he used. A day or two afterward Jefferson Davis and J. C. Breckinridge were present at my house, when the assassination of the President was the subject of conversation. In speaking of it, J. C. Breckinridge remarked to Mr. Davis that he regretted it very much, that it was an unfortunate for the people of the South at that time. Davis replied: "Well, General, I don't know; if it were to be done at all, it were better that it were well done, and if the same had been done to Andy Johnson, the best, and to Secretary Stanton, the job would then be complete."

No other witnesses testified to these assertions, though five witnesses were called in support of the personal character and reliability of this witness. I repeated the main points of this testimony to Mr. Davis, and, in his quiet and habitually unobtrusive manner, he pronounced the whole thing an entire and absolute falsehood.

MR. DAVIS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Mr. Davis' conversation, giving some retrospect of his travels in Great Britain was deep and interesting. Like every educated American, whose ideal associations with the things of the past, are derived from books, he seemed to have intensely enjoyed his visits to the cathedrals and the ruins of monastic towers and abbeys, which carried him back to the days of early Christian civilization. His reception in Scotland he spoke of as particularly cordial, and his visits to different points of interest there, affording the greatest gratification. The account of his visit to the Giant's Causeway, Staffa, but more especially that to the island of Iona— he narrated with much enthusiasm. Iona, a little rocky island which lies a few miles off the west coast of Scotland, noted for its curious basaltic columns, and cathedrals like caverns, but now desolate and barren. He pictured as it once existed, the seat of learning and piety, and the point whence Christianity is said to have spread over the whole of Great Britain. He visited monasteries, crosses, and the tombs of saints and ancient kings, and spoke with intellectual reverence of the pleasure it afforded him to stand beside the graves of Douan and Macbeth.

MR. DAVIS' FUTURE.

I understood it to be Mr. Davis' intention in due time to give to the world his version of the political affairs in which he so figured. He will employ a photographic amanuensis to facilitate his labors, and as he has already collected a goodly store of materials, his publication may not long be delayed. Mr. Davis is blamed for many things respecting which it will be interesting to hear him in his own defense. I know he is censured by many in the South for the prolongation of the war. I have again and again heard it said by Southerners that, after the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee urged measures of compromise to the end of obtaining peace, which Mr. Davis persistently opposed. The family of Mr. Davis is still in England. Of his own future he did not speak positively. His friends believe that the United States will be his future home, and that he will return to Europe, save to bring home Mrs. Davis and his children.

Judge Kingbury, of Portland, Me., while traveling in California, wanted to buy a couple of newspapers, and asked the newsboy the price. "Two bits," said the boy. The Judge pulled out a twenty-five cent stamp, and handed it to him. The boy looked at it curiously for a moment, turned it over and said: "What's that?" "Money," said the Judge; "twenty-five cents." The boy sung out to several others of his fraternity, "I say, fellows, come and see what the people East use for money." The boys gathered round and discussed it, and the Judge was hoping that the boy would not take it, when the news-boy turned to him and said, "Well, I guess I'll keep this; it'll do to give to some of my poor relations."

A Detroit girl of the period wears a "beaver" and carries a cane.

A NEW YORK MISER.

Death of Lyman Allyn, a Millionaire, in Poverty and Destitute—A Man Who Wronged No One and Did Good to No One.

Lyman Allyn, born as the fly leaf of his Bible says, on the 18th day of May, 1797, lay, on the 27th day of November, 1869, in an undertaker's shop, with his heart covered with ice, no friends near him save the boys who were tacking the frills to the edge of his coffin—a kindly work, for which they were paid in good currency of the United States. He was a "poor old man," with gray hair, cut close, and the beard of a month's growth upon his chin, for he had been ailing for a while and could not shave himself—a poor, neglected old man, with only about a million of dollars—that is, if we count his real estate, which could not be locked up in two trunks and put into a fourth story room—more's the pity. And then, too, people can have the use of real estate—hire it, live on it and be happy; unfortunately, it cannot be put into a trunk.

Mr. Lyman Allyn, the subject of this obituary, commenced life with utterly false and immoral ideas. He determined to be just, to give to no man less or more than what was strictly due him, and this principle determined the character of his life. While yet a boy he was sent by his father to a tradesman, with whom he was to earn his living. After a while he found that his employer used false weights and measures. What was he to do? He was young and inexperienced, but he had a principle within, which forbade his giving Mrs. Smith less or more than just one pound, he had read of the tragic end of George Barnwell, perhaps (he was young enough) he had seen that terrible drama represented on the stage of his native town, Groton, Connecticut. After many struggles he went to his father and told him that he could no longer remain in the employ of the dishonest grocer. Entreaties, prayers, flattery, were of no avail—Lyman would not stay, but removed to this city, where it is possible to commit fraud without being detected and young Lyman, like all such honest men, must have had the fear of detection ever before his eyes, for he was utterly just and would have welcomed the prison to which a lapse from justice so frequently brings a man. About the year 1827 or 1828, he "set up for himself," as the saying is, which by no means has a connection with the upsetting of other persons. His papers show that in some way he was connected with the shipping business, and here, as ever, he kept his principle of justice steadily before his mind's eye. No man was ever defrauded by him—no woman injured—no millionaire ever lost \$10,000 through manipulation of his; no helplessness and hopeless widow ever received from him more than her due—neither less nor more than just one pound was ever his motto. For years he worked and struggled with the hardships of riches, with no prospect of ever becoming poor. Sometimes he was despatched as he looked about him, and saw young and dissipated men whose recklessness had entailed upon them the burden of wife and home and love, but his heart was set like a flint, he would none of these things. He looked from his easement and beheld the young man void of understanding, he saw him among his companions enjoying the frivolous pleasure of wine and the dance but he knew that that man's ways were the ways of the wicked, he looked ahead and saw young fools falling in love with each other, and he chuckled as he thought how apt was the word "fall." In time the reckless companions of his youth who would give a penny to the cross-sweeper, sunk low and lower, until they sank into a husband's grave. And then he did chuckle. He turned to the bonds and stocks within his trunk, and folded them in his arms. Here was the triumph of prudence and justice! He loved them and they asked nothing from him in return, they were cold, but steady friends, they could not express their friendship or their love, but that was all the better.

had not a great man said that language was but a means of concealing thought? How much better to go to bed with them in his room than a brace of squalling children!

Five or six years ago this just and thoughtful man went over to Jersey to live, and took a front room in Taylor's hotel, where he lived alone, at peace and amid a fine collection of books and stocks and dirt. He strongly objected to the presence of any person but himself within his room, and was allowed to live in the full enjoyment of his poverty. The room cost but four dollars a week, and his meals were procured at such a price as to keep his weekly expenses within \$9, allowing for washing the extravagant sum of—well, from July 6 to September 21, \$2.78. Those who may feel inclined to upbraid his meanness for so great an expense must remember that it was incurred during the warm months; in winter it was but \$1.25 for the same number of days. When the new proprietor of the hotel, Mr. Fisk, took the management of the house, he proposed that Mr. Allyn should have his room cleaned; but this would occasion necessary expenses. It had been cleaned three or four years ago. So Mr. Allyn removed to a back room for which he paid five dollars a week. For quite a time he lived in his modest room, which measured about fourteen feet long by eight wide, and in which his only and, it must be confessed, innocent amusement, consisted in spitting at the wall. But let no cavils sneer at this humble recreation of the poor, for he who has neither smoked nor chewed in his youth, may well be allowed to spit in his old age. Another amusement was to stand at the window and look at the Cunard steamers, and while enjoying the sight to tell the housemaids that he wished he had some stock in them—the steamers, not the housemaids.

In this unobtrusive way his old age was spent, although he occasionally diversified his life by walking ten or twelve miles into the country to collect rents and other trifles. He even refused to ride, and it is a remarkable coincidence that, although he had stock in almost every other enterprise, he would have nothing to do with horse-car companies; he said they encouraged men to be lazy. Shank's mare was the mare for him; and, as he was very thin, in that

case a minkie came to him. Well, on Tuesday last, Mr. Allyn's nervous creeping about the hall (so frequently wandered about the hall all night) was missed. No one could think what had happened to him, until finally Mr. Fisk's little boy remarked that "there must be something the matter with the old gentleman who had money sowed all over his clothes. So the proprietor went up stairs, rapped at the door of Mr. Allyn's room, but received no response to his knocking. He attempted to force the door, but there was something that hindered its opening. A boy pressed his way in, and there with his back against the door, to prevent even his own one from getting at his trunks, sat the aged man, stone dead. His head was inclined a little to one side, and his arm lay across his lap. Everything in the room was in order—trunks all locked and papers in them. His bureau was found to contain nails, wrapped in paper; a broken tumbler, carefully stowed away; some good, strong, brown paper, wrapped in newspapers, showing how prudent the man had been. His trunks contained old clothes and stocks worth together about \$600,000! Everything was nice as a pin. His trunks contained old shirts, thirty or forty years old and of curious texture and pattern—evidently the man was a connoisseur of second-hand coats and hats. There was a little piece of looking-glass in the envelope—did the old stoic ever look at himself? Altogether, the room was that of a just man, to whom death had been just. But, after all, death got ahead of him, for on his shoulder was found the unpaid bill of the week—the bell-boy, unable to enter the room, had thrown the paper, showing that the man was in debt, over the door, and it had tapped him on the shoulder like a cynical policeman, and remained there an evidence that even the justest man may find when he is dead that all his bills have not been paid.—N. Y. World

A Touching Case of Insanity.

A reporter of the Washington Star has recently visited the government asylum for the insane, and among other incidents of his visit, gives the following:

A lady of rather graceful figure was sitting at the billiard table with considerable brilliancy. We thought she might be an attendant, but she proved to be a "patient." The only sign of insanity was a fluttering restlessness which kept her constantly in motion. She showed cultivation and intelligence, and seemed to feel it her duty to extend to us the courtesies of the ward. She took us to see her birds, her plants and an immense number of pretty knickknacks she had worked with needle and scissors, amongst them a drawer full of beautiful cornucopians she had prepared for the Christmas festivities. She made a great deal of Christmas at the asylum, and intend this year to out do all their previous celebrations, as she told us. Her history is rather romantic and touching. In her youth she was a Philadelphia beauty.

A derangement of mind followed upon some illness and she was sent to an insane asylum, where she had all appearances, at least in the opinion of a young physician who attended at the hospital, who fell in love with her, and married her. But soon after marriage the taint of insanity again showed itself. Again and again she went to the hospital, and again and again returned home apparently cured. She was aware when the attacks were coming on, and with the same heroism and devotion shown so touchingly by Mary Lamb, the sister of Charles Lamb, was accustomed to take tearful leave of those dear to her, and voluntarily make her way to the asylum. In this way she is at the government asylum, and stays there cheerfully and contentedly as the best place of the kind she has been in.

Taking the other evening with a gentleman who had enjoyed many a social chat with the late Edward Everett, the following little anecdote was related: The distinguished orator, affecting not to be overmuch elated at praise, was known to be exceedingly sensitive to the shafts of ridicule. A man in Boston town named William Schouler, at the time of which we write, was editor of the Boston Atlas. It was not in Mr. Schouler's line to be laudatory of Mr. Everett.

Quite the reverse. The "short, sharp and decisive" little shafts which the Atlas from time to time levelled at Mr. Everett, were so annoying that a friend of both gentlemen went to Col. Schouler and said: "Now, Colonel, this is too bad; you ought to stop it. Mr. Everett, you know, is not in good health, and this sort of thing troubles him." "Why, what's the matter with him?" "Is he sick?" "Not exactly sick, but a little under the weather." "I'm sorry for that; what is the trouble?" "Well, Colonel, he's greatly affected with the gravel." "Really?" said the Colonel. "Yes." "Well, old fellow, all I've got to say is, that for a man who has so much gravel he has less grit than any man I know of." A smile seemed to come naturally to the colloquists, and the dialogue ceased.

Lost Their Appetite.—A colored boy, who may be seen any day, with a basket of edibles on his arm, entered an office on Wall street with his usual exclamation of "cakes, pies, sandwiches," when the following colloquy between the proprietor and darkey ensued: "Ah, Sam, how is the pie trade today?" "Well, massa, it ain't so good now, since the gold excitement." "Why, what has the gold excitement to do with the pie business, I should like to know?" "Oh, you see, sir, I used to sell a great many pies to the brokers all along Broad street, and now it 'pears like they hadn't any appetite.—Tribune

Among the Yellow Boys.

Counting the Gold Coin in the Sub-Treasury Vaults—Progress of the Examination.

Since yesterday afternoon a committee representing the Treasury Department, General Butterfield, and Assistant Treasurer Folger, have been engaged in examining the coin contained in the vaults at the Sub-Treasury, and are progressing in their inspection at rate of about ten million dollars a day. The work is conducted in the gold room of the Sub-Treasury, to which the coin is brought, half a million at a time, on trucks from the vaults situated in another part of the building. The coin is in bags containing \$5,000 each, and each denomination is packed separately.

The process of counting is simply this: An attaché of the Treasury Department at Washington selects a bag from the lot upon the truck, opens and counts the contents piece by piece. He then passes it over to another attaché, who pours the coin into one pan of an accurately adjusted scale—three of which are in the room—and in the other pan are poured the contents of the remaining bags upon the truck, one after another; the coin in each sack being weighed against that which has been counted, and the amount up on the bags verified. Should any perceptible difference in weight be noted, the contents of the deficient bag are counted, and the error corrected. In examining small coin, such as dollars and quarter eagles, a shade of difference in weight is not infrequently, but a count of the contents have invariably shown, so far, that the amount was correct.

There are about \$75,000,000 gold coin, \$40,000 silver coin, and about \$4,500,000 gold and silver bullion in the vaults and under the control of the Assistant Treasurer.—New York Evening Herald.

Good.

The following is a good one, and a bachelor friend of ours claims that he is the hero of the occasion. He had proposed to a lady, divers times out of mind, and was rejected as often. Notwithstanding all this, he has not taken to "cold pizza" preferring, as he jolly remarked, the huckleberry pudding. He is one of the examples into which love does not strike to any alarming extent, and yet he swears that Othello's lute for Desdemona is no pathos to him. But hear his tale of woe done up in a joke: At his interview last evening she became extremely annoyed at his importunity, and told him that she could not marry him, that their tastes, opinions, likes and dislikes were totally different. In fact," said she, "Mr. B.—I don't think there is one subject on earth upon which we agree."

"I assure you, madam, that you are mistaken," said he, "and I can prove it." "If you will mention one thing about which we agree," said she, "I will marry you." "Well," said he, "I will do it. Suppose, now, you and I were traveling together, we arrived at night at an hotel, and there were only two beds vacant, in one there would be a man in the other a woman—now which would you sleep in?" She rose indignantly, and replied, "With the woman, of course, sir." "So would I," earnestly responded our friend.

THE WANDERING OF AN OLD BEAT'S WIG.

The wind yesterday afternoon was usually sportive, and played some pranks that were infinitely more amusing to the bystanders than the victims. An extremely courteous clerk of Messrs. Stenway, came out bareheaded to escort two ladies to their carriage. One hand was politely waved, the other was fastened tightly on the old beat's wig. A meaning glance passed between the two mischievous beauties. One fair one held out her hand in greeting, which the courteous gentleman warmly grasped. The other roguish girl held out hers. The gentleman was non-plussed. One lady had one hand and would not relinquish it, the other held out her hand for his left. He gave it with a sigh. A puff of wind came, blowing his wig away in the direction of the Academy. The wicked beauties burst out in ringing laughter.—N. Y. Sun

"My dear von Schmiltz, if I may be allowed the question, how long have you been married?" "Yah, dat ish, you shall say how long time ish it vix n days to the minister dat I shall belong to mine vrow, and tell me no question?" "Yes, that's what I mean, which is the same as asking how long you have been married?" "Vel, div is von ting vut I seldom don't like to talk about; but, ven I does, it seems to be so long ash it never vax."

A debtor who owed eight hundred pounds, offered his creditor eight promissory notes of a hundred pounds each, payable on the first day of eight consecutive months, which was accepted. The first note was protested on its becoming due; and on the creditor's asking the debtor for an explanation, the latter said: "The fact is, my friend, I can't pay you anything, and decided the debt into small portions to save you the shock of losing it all at once!"

While a magistrate was sipping his maraschino, a coffeey had arrived with a letter which required an immediate answer. The squire good naturedly poured out a glass of wine for the lad, and set about writing a reply. Having finished a letter, he looked up and was amazed to see that the bottle had been emptied. Turning to the boy, he exclaimed, "Do you know, you imp, that that cost me sixteen shillings?" "Well, it's worth every penny on't yer honor," was the reply of the rustic.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Mexico has a population of 9,089,264. —Christy's Minstrels are playing in Austria. —Gov. Palmer, of Illinois, abjures protective tariffs. —Droves of hogs in Texas are dying for want of water. —Eleven candidates aspire to be Mayor of Memphis. —A Detroit girl of the period wears a "beaver" and carries a cane. —England contains about twenty-six princesses of the blood royal. —The young Duke of Genoa prefers not to become King of Spain. —Chicago refuses to pay \$684 for entertaining the California pioneers. —Gen. Pitman, Mexican hero, is in the Washington Insano Asylum. —Missouri has a town called Gaddy, and another entitled Jollification. —Patti has been getting \$60 a piece for seats to hear her sing in Paris. —A New York restaurant displays a sign: "Whiskey free from first oil!" —Boston has just sold for three years the right to collect its swill for \$18,000. —"Father Hyacinth" is the name of a play now being performed in Vienna. —Paris, it is estimated, constantly contains an average of 150,000 strangers. —Dr. Lavin, stone is to be knighted for having found himself after being so long lost. —Horace Greeley only ran 2,704 ahead of his party at the late election in New York. —Woman brokers are said to operate at the Paris Bourse just as they do in Wall street. —Pickpockets and portable farebacks have had a good harvest at the Southern State Fairs. —A lady in Virden, Illinois, has earned a firm of seven hundred acres by teaching school. —The California grape crop is one-fourth less in quantity than a year ago, but its quality is much superior. —A monument over the grave of President Lincoln's mother, in Spencer county, Indiana, is under discussion there. —New Haven young ladies attach small pink balloons to the necks of their poodles, labelled, with the names of the animals. —A passenger train was recently run from Chicago to Omaha 472 miles, in 17 hours and ten minutes, including stoppages. —Search for the dead of the States, war disaster have resulted in the finding of 61 bodies. Three of the others were found. —A Mississippi editor has been presented with two lemons grown in the southern part of that State, each weighing two and a half pounds. —Subscription lists are opened in Switzerland for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of William Tell in the Canton of Uri. —Bees are numerous in Franklin county Pa. They leave the mountains, and visit the cultivated regions in search of chestnuts. —It is a simple thing, but not every house-keeper knows it, that good eggs if put in water, invariably swim with the large end upwards. Added ones will not. —The dinner given by the Sultan on Oct. 17, at the Dolma Bakteleh Palace, in Constantinople, in honor of the Empress Eugenie, cost 150,000 piastres, or about \$8,000 in gold. —A man was recently found dead in his cellar in Princeton, Ill. It was two bullet holes through his body, and a paper pinned on his coat collar, which read, "He makes No. 2." —"My wife," said a wag the other day, "came near calling me honey, last night." —"Indeed! how was that?" —"Why, she called me old beeswax." —The identical star-spangled banner which floated over Fort Mifflin, when Key wrote our national song, is owned by the heirs of Col. Armstrong, who commanded the Fort and kept the historical hunting. —A man assigned to a room in the hotel at Sedalia, Mo., one night, a lady's nightgown that had been forgotten by the lady occupant. He sent it to the clerk with the message: "This is a dress to me empty." —"Pretty girl Amanda is," said one exquisite to another at Southport. —"Ah! is she blonde or brunette?" was the query. —"Oh, she has her days of each," was the reply. —Chief Justice Chase has always believed that he could resume special payment with six weeks' notice. General Garfield is in favor of a gradual return to hard money, and thinks it should be effected before 1863. —Among the entertainments provided for the Empress Eugenie at Cairo was a marriage in high life. The gentleman and lady were ordered by the Viceroy to marry expressly for this occasion. The sovereign kindly bore all the expenses. —The best rebuke to a swearer, that we have read, is that of a Baltimore landlord, who had a man of the swearing kind stopping with him. He stood it some time and finally invited him up stairs, and showed him a room which he said he had fitted up for purpose of swearing. —A wit being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed: "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgiveness, "And yet I don't know why I should be; he never did me any harm." —"Well, Jones, I suppose you have been out to look at Texas? Did you see anything of our friend Smith out there?" —"Yes, gone deranged." —"He has?" —"Yes indeed; he doesn't know his own hogs from those of his neighbors."