ORATION OF CAPT. McCLELLAND.

On Tuesday, May 4th Battery B. held a reunion at Mt Jackson Lawrence Co., to commemorate the ninth anniversary of its organization. The occasion was a pleasant one. This battery was the first three year company organized in Lawrence Co., for the war of the rebellion. Capt. Coop of whose name the Battery bears, presided. After the transaction of the business, Capt. McClelland, addressed his comrades and fellow-citizens as follows:

COMRADES OF OLD BATTERY B:

A second time we have met to celebrate the anniversary of our organization.

Nine years ago to-day, we met in the old carpenter shop to perfect our organization by the election of officers. As you all remember, but several days before, we had been drilling in the streets of this usually quiet village. You had changed the garb of a citizen for the uniform of the soldier. The flag bequeathed to us by our fathers, baptized with their blood, had been fired upon by those who before had received its protection. The country through all its length and breadth was alive with preparations for a war which no man could then venture to measure. Patriotic quality had given a look, stirring strains began to sing, and [illegible] ever a bird could pass:

The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
To hear the wonderful psalm!

The nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral I know
If you'll try to find it out.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A TRAVELER'S STORY.

BY ETHEL DARCE.

"Is this seat engaged sir?"

I glanced up from the paper I was reading, and met the smiling regard of a genial looking gentleman, apparently in the prime of life.

"It is not, sir."

"With your permission, then," and he seated himself beside me.

The train had already started, and presently the conductor made his appearance collecting the tickets. Reaching us, he detached the appropriate coupons from our tickets, handing back the remainder with the usual "clicks."

"Pardon me," said my companion, "but I perceive that you place your ticket in your wallet."

"Yes."

"It is unwise, unsafe."

"Why do you consider it so?" I inquired, with some curiosity, returning the wallet to my pocket.

"Suppose through carelessness, or we will say accident, your wallet is lost.—Your pocket may be picked, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Your money and ticket are both gone. Probably you do not appreciate the manifold beauties of such a position; I do not think it possible except by experience.

"It would certainly be an undesirable situation, I can see that clearly enough. Pardon the question naturally suggested—were you ever so placed?"

"Once; only once."

"How was that?"

"You wish to profit by my experience? Well, I don't know that I mind telling you the story. It may serve to amuse you, if nothing more."

It occurred quite a number of years ago, and over what road I was traveling at the time is of little consequence. I had taken the early morning express train, and being somewhat tired and altogether sleepy, had stretched myself upon the seat for my comfortable nap as circumstances would admit. I slept soundly, for I could, in those days, sleep well almost anywhere, and did not awaken until the conductor came for my ticket. The essential bit of pasteboard could not be found. I was positive I had purchased a ticket; indeed, I remembered distinctly having shown it to the baggage clerk at the time of checking my trunk. The conductor grew impatient, passed to the end of the car and returned to me. I had not found the ticket, but had made the discovery that my pocket book also was gone. I explained to the conductor that my pocket had been picked, and in proof of my story showed him my baggage check. It was useless. If you have traveled much, you are aware that a virtuous conductor takes no man's word; in fact, all men have designs upon the company's dividends except himself. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that the faithful steward in questions should say:

"The check is all right; but how do I know that it belongs to you? I will take the money for your fare or stop the train and put you off, as you choose."

What could I do? Protestation amounted to nothing, and my fellow passengers, with the usual tendency of humanity to trample upon a fallen man, showed clearly by their looks and expressions, that they thought me a sneaking rogue, who would steal a passage if I could. They had paid their money; why should not I pay mine? Few men would ever see heaven if judgment were rendered by jury—except themselves.

My search for the lost ticket had brought to light about a dollar and eighty cents. This I told the conductor was every cent I had about me. He said it was fifty cents short of the usual fare to Lauderdale City, but that he would pass me through for it rather than stop the train. I gave it to him. From Lauderdale, a city of much importance, I could write to my partner for money. It would certainly be as well as to tramp ten or a dozen of miles back to the city I had left, and where I should be no better off, being equally a stranger there.

In due time I found myself at Lauderdale; went to the best hotel; telegraphed for money, and wrote an explanatory letter to my partner. This business attended to, I sallied out to see what sort of a place Lauderdale City must be. There was nothing for me to do but to amuse myself as best I could until the money should come, and I determined to make the most of my involuntary holiday. As I strolled leisurely up the main street a newsboy darted out of a paper office, crying:

"*Daily Banner*; extra edition; all about the murder; great accident on the E——road!" etc., etc. "Have an extra?"

I took the sheet and thrust my my hand in my pocket for the money without a moment's thought. You may imagine my feelings when compelled to return that two penny bit of paper to the boy, with the muttered excuse that I "had no change," and the utterly contemptuous expression on the boy's face as he received it! I immediately stepped into the office of the *Daily Banner* and wrote a paragraph descriptive of my recent mishap, taking care to make it amusing as possible. When completed I handed it to the clerk. He read it laughed and took it into the private office. Coming back a few minutes after, he told the book keeper to give me fifty cents. It was not much, but more than I expected. Well, I continued my walk until I finally reached the end of the street, which terminates at the S——River, here spanned by a long covered bridge. I crossed the bridge and was surprised to see, upon reaching the opposite side, that I would be required to pay toll.—A young girl came to the door of the little toll office as I stepped up to it and inquired how much I should pay, drawing forth my solitary shinplaster.

"Oh," she said, with a smile and a [illegible] to not charge min[illegible] public, and [illegible] its own paid joke, but I supp[illegible] of a parsnip that rose to my lips, [illegible] her for the considera[illegible] to the clergy, I turned [illegible] and retraced my steps to the [illegible] not without some slight twinges [illegible] conscience for allowing the mistake [illegible] and taking advantage of it [illegible] remainder of the day was spent [illegible] quietly, as was also the evening [illegible] allowed.

[illegible] duty the next morning [illegible] some knight of the razor. [illegible] iced a pleasant little shop [illegible] distance from the hotel, [illegible] walk the previous day, and [illegible] that I should do no better [illegible] further, I repaired to that. [illegible] in attendance only a boy [illegible] twelve years old, who stated [illegible] father, the proprietor of the [illegible] gone to a neighboring city [illegible] not return before noon.— [illegible] any hesitation I requested [illegible] of a razor, and proceeded to [illegible] myself. While thus occu[illegible] customers began to present [illegible] Mr. Gres, expressing great dissatisfaction upon learning how matters [illegible] Now, although I am a proud [illegible] I am not, thank God, cursed [illegible] that species of vanity which [illegible] a man from doing certain [illegible] of honest labor simply because [illegible] are 'not genteel.' Here was an [illegible] offered for me to, at least, [illegible] the price of my breakfast. I [illegible] advantage of it. Told the first [illegible] who entered after I had completed shaving myself, that I would [illegible] him. I did so. Others came [illegible] I shaved them all. In fact, I [illegible] quite a brisk business for a couple [illegible] and if the unfortunate individuals who came under my hand [illegible] doubts about my fitness for [illegible] the business, they certainly expressed none. At the expiration of this [illegible] I began to think that I had [illegible] sufficient and feeling rather [illegible] having had no breakfast, I [illegible] the proceeds with the boy, [illegible] to my hotel. But I was not done yet. As I was [illegible] my hat, a young, dandified [illegible] of humanity came in, and [illegible] that he should be the last [illegible] work upon him. When [illegible] to pay me, I was, to say the [illegible] somewhat surprised to see him [illegible] produce my pocketbook [illegible] I had lost! Standing upon [illegible] ceremony, I snatched it from his [illegible] and demanded, in no gentle [illegible] how it came in his possession? [illegible] stopping to reply other than [illegible] volley of imprecations as he [illegible] the door, he stumbled rather [illegible] down the stairs into the [illegible] Waiting for neither hat or [illegible] I followed; the pocket book in [illegible] hand.—We measured off considerable ground in a short space of [illegible] time. On, on. It was an exciting [illegible] Men, boys, dogs, joined in [illegible] the cries of stop thief, and [illegible] the like, growing louder and increasing. What an uproar there was! [illegible] there came a flash of light, [illegible] and vivid for an instant, then [illegible] darkness. A policeman, taking [illegible] for the thief, had gently tapped [illegible] on the head, as their custom [illegible] and with the usual result; the [illegible] escaped, and I the victim, was [illegible] apprehended. My appearance told [illegible] against me; but my story being fully corroborated by the boy at [illegible] shop, I was released.

Upon examining the wallet, I found my own money intact, and about one hundred and thirty dollars besides. That is all my story.

"Well perhaps not. No, it was not; but still my advice holds good. Never place a railway ticket in your wallet."

Reminiscences of a Memorable Duel.

The celebrated affair of the Leopard and the Chesapeake, the latter commanded by Commodore Jas. Barron, resulted in Barron's trial and sentence by the court martial, in the proceedings relative to which, it is said, Commodore Decatur took an active part, and a duel was finally the result, at Bladensburg. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* describes the affair as follows:

When Elliott arrived at Bladensburg little knots of boys and men, knowing or guessing the matter impending, gave him interesting regard. A group of naval officers, particularly, standing at the tavern, walked out across the bridge toward the place of meeting, and concealed themselves within hearing of pistol shots. Almost every one of them was a friend of Decatur, and among them were Commodores Rodgers and Porter, and the two colleagues in the Board of Navy Commissioners—Barron followed soon after, walking between his seconds, Elliott, and his friend Latimer. His face expressed dignity and resolution. He walked firmly, and the three also descended into the Valley of Chance.

Decatur and Barron bowed to each formally. Hambleton stood by Decatur, Latimer by Barron. Bainbridge and Elliott conferred together, and the former, who had behaved fairly and equitably throughout was appointed to measure the ground. He marked a line in the sod with his boot, and placing his toe to it stepped out eight times, a yard to a step, marking the last step as a base. Four times a man's length, or across your dining room, that was the distance.

Each second now produced the pistols from the cases, long barreled dueling weapons of the finish and bright steel, silver mounted. They were charged and rammed in the old style, and presented to each principal by the second. During all this time no word was spoken except by the seconds.

In like manner Elliott and Bainbridge tossed for corners. Bainbridge won; it was Decatur's usual good luck!

"Commodore Decatur!" said Bainbridge, "which stand do you select?"

"The axis of the two bases ran nearly north and south, obliquely from the brook. Decatur went to the north nearest the water, where he stood a few inches lower than Barron. Both threw off their coats confronting each other.

"Gentlemen,' said Bainbridge, rising his voice, 'I shall give the word quickly and as follows: Present—one—two—three. You are neither, at your peril, to fire before the word one, nor after the word three.'

Commodore Barron turned his head, his pistol hanging at his side, and said to Commodore Bainbridge:

"Have you any objection, sir, to pronouncing the words in the manner you intend to give them?"

"None,' said Bainbridge, and he repeated the formula in the precise language he afterwards gave it. For the first time the antagonists looked into each others eyes. Sternness and a purpose to kill lay in both. 'I hope sir,' said Barron, 'that when we meet in another world, we shall be better friends than we have in this.'

Here Bainbridge walked behind Decatur, and took his place twelve or fifteen feet to his left, Hambleton as far on his right. The same positions were reserved by Elliott and Latimer.

"Gentlemen,' said Bainbridge, 'make ready.'

The antagonists swung round sideways, and looked at each other across their right shoulders.

"Present"—

The two arms went up, and each took sight.

"One—two—"

One report rang out. The last word was deadened by it. On the word two, both pistols were simultaneously discharged. There were two puffs of smoke, and in an instant Barron was down groaning.

Decatur straightened up a moment, pinched his lips, dropped his pistol, and the color went out of his face. He drew his right hand to his side, then he fell to the ground speechless.

The seconds of both were beside them instantly. Decatur was raised by his friends and moved to high ground, near by Barron.

He opened his eyes directly, and said:

"I am mortally wounded; at least I believe so; I wish I had fallen in the service of my country."

Barron looked up to them all, and said:

"Everything has been conducted in the most honorable manner. I am mortally wounded. Commodore Decatur, I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

Immediately down the pathway to the Valley of Chance came many gentlemen, all friends of Decatur—Rodgers, Porter, Bolton, two doctors, Bailey, Washington, Trevitt, Gen. Harper and others, friends or idlers.

There were anxious looks and utterances of "Tut! tut!" or "dear! dear!"

The doctors proceeded to loosen the clothes of the sufferers and ascertain the nature of their wounds. The little green valley at the breakfast hour had become a surgeon's hospital. In it were represented nearly all the naval victories in the Republic—Tripoli, Algiers, Lake Erie and both oceans; they all held solemn congress in this unholy amphitheatre.

Barron was struck in the hip and about the groin. Decatur had caught the ball on his hip, and it had glanced upward into his abdomen, severing the large blood vessels there. The two doctors exchanged glances; there was no hope for Decatur; his pulsation had almost ceased.

Now began on the ground, as they lay upon cloaks spread for them, that dying interview of mingled tenderness and recrimination, which Wirt has compared to the last intercourse of Hamlet and Laertes. Each striving to clear up his fame and prove that this crime was a mistake or the work of officious enemies. Barron, certain that his hours were numbered wished to be at peace with his enemy, that they might enter the courts of judgment friends. Decatur was less relenting, but he consented to forgive Barron, though not his advisers.

It was a sadder scene than Nelson, Decatur's admirer, dying in a cock pit, during the battle, or Bayard, to whom he had been compared, bleeding on the battle field.

The carriage came, and they bore Decatur to it, Bainbridge kissing his cheek. He had wrested Bainbridge from the dungeons of the Moors.—Bainbridge in return, had measured the ground for him to stain with his blood.

Rodgers took Decatur's head upon his shoulder, the doctor, Trevitt, seated with them, and the carriage took its painful way back to the city. Bainbridge and Hambleton hastened to the Navy Yard, where the tug lay to carry them to the Columbus, that ship of discord. At half past ten o'clock Decatur reentered his elegant mansion, his wife and household disturbed at the breakfast table with the appalling news, and they were driven to the upper part of the house. Around the city the evil news spread. Friends crowded around the door and into the duelist's dying chamber.—He signed his will, refused to have the ball extracted from his wound, and spoke affectionately to his wife whom he yet refused to see. Excruciating pains came to him. After one of these spasms, he said:

'I do not believe it possible for a person to endure so much pain as I feel.'

The town was aroused, and his doorways and pavements crowded. They stopped in the drawing room at President Monroe's. Uncomplaining in the midst of anguish to the last, the unconquerable soul of the 'Bayard of the Seas' yielded itself up without a groan at half past ten o'clock in the night.

The next day the little old *National Intelligencer* came out with a leaded editorial head, saying that it would be 'affectation' to be silent upon the fact that the duel had occurred, and that the combatants were mortally wounded. In a 'postscript' it related that Decatur was dead, and added in the crude apostrophe of the period, 'Mourn Columbia! for one of the brightest stars set!' Three days afterwards the mail was robbed three miles from Baltimore, the driver tied to a tree and shot dead, and the mail bags picked over in the bushes near by. All this time while Decatur's body was going from his residence, close by the White House, to Kloranga, an estate on a hill overlooking Georgetown, and while his adversary lay in the city, writhing in pain, and listening to the funeral drums. In Congress, John Randolph offered consolatory resolutions, but they were objected to. The tone of the press commenting on the duel, was respectful both to the living and dead antagonist, but sternly denunciatory of the 'code' as our newspapers now a days could be. Barron suffered dreadfully for many months, but recovered at last, and lived to 1851, surviving, I think, Decatur's childless widow, who was represented in 1816, to be alive in the Georgetown Catholic College, 'in ill health and poverty, finding in the consolation of religion alone alleviation for her sorrows,' but hopeful of securing something from Congress. Barron went to sea again, and had charge of several vessels, but the shadow of the duel lay across his life. People forgot the apology in the catastrophe of it. A new generation of boys rose up who read of Decatur's valor, and learned to regard Barron as his assassin. The poor living victim could not explain against a dead man. He asked for a court martial and Decatur's charge against him, and was exonerated with meagre compliments.

Decatur lies buried behind St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, in a venerable and spacious graveyard, under an eagle capped monument. His portrait is in Georgetown College. His name is conferred on many towns and counties in the country. What he lived for he has obtained—glory in the eyes of his countrymen. Barron obtained 'satisfaction'—little more. Yet I think the latter was throughout the aggrieved spirit.

THE Civil List of the United States embraces all the pay and public expenses of Senators and Congressmen, with contingencies of both Houses, printing, advertising, library of Congress, botanic garden, Court of Claims, salaries of the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers and clerks, publishing laws, diplomatic salaries and expense of foreign intercourse, the vast machinery of the Treasury and Internal Revenue, the Mint and its branches, the expense of territorial government, of national loans, every expense pertaining to the care of public lands, Indian affairs and pensions, the Patent Office, the Washington Police, Smithsonian Institution, various hospitals, all war expenses except the pay of the army and navy, Post-Office, and Agriculture, and all the expenses of United States Courts, save fees to District-Attorneys and Marshals. The entire appropriation for all this work for the year ending next June is $23,972,358 80. The expenditures of the City and County of New York, under the direction of Peter H. Sweeny, for the year 1869, were $23,920,295 32—within $52,018 48 of the entire civil list expenses of the United States Government at home and abroad! Look at the figures;

UNITED STATES, $23,972,358 80. | CITY OF NEW YORK $23,920,195 32 | *New York Tribune.*

—A few days ago, Joseph Lux, a well-known trapper on the upper waters of the Muskegon, in Michigan, found in one of the traps a large lynx, securely held, by one hind foot, whereupon he conceived a design to capture the animal alive, which difficult task he successfully accomplished in the following manner: Having several steel traps with him, he tied one to the end of a pole, set it, and reaching it out succeeded in catching another foot. In this way he secured all the animal's feet. He then took off his shirt, which he wound and tied about the animal's head in such a manner as to prevent its biting him. He next securely tied its feet and took off the traps. He then shouldered his game, and was nearly two days in carrying it to a settlement.

THE MORDAUNT DIVORCE CASE.

TESTIMONY AGAINST THE LADY.

Sir Charles Mordaunt's attorney, in stating the case, said, of the relations of Lady Mordaunt with the Prince of Wales, that she had done very wrong with him but not very "wickedly."

He should produce a number of letters from the gentleman himself, not indicating actual crime, but showing that an improper correspondence was kept up, and he should prove appointments and interviews without the husband's knowledge. "Very wrong" was the term exactly applicapable to such a course of conduct, and he sincerely hoped and trusted that the jury would be able to come to the conclusion that no further imputation rested either upon the gentleman or upon Lady Mordaunt. The next person to whom he proposed to call attention had been made a party to the suit—he meant Lord Cole. It would be sufficient to say that either in that or a subsequent conversation she imputed to Lord Cole the paternity of the child, and he would show that they were together under circumstances which gave them abundant opportunity for committing adultery. Lord Cole would be shown to have staid in the same house with her until the very day her husband was expected to return, and then to have left. Another piece of very extraordinary evidence was in the handwriting of the young lady. In her diary of 1869 was an entry as follows: "3d April—270 days from the 27th June." That was exactly the day on which Lord Cole had last seen her, and it would be proved that he was on that occasion alone with her until one o'clock in the morning, and Sir Charles did not return until the 15th of July. It would be for the jury to decide, when they had heard the whole case, whether or not she had measured the time from Lord Cole's visit, and whether this entry could have relation to any other person. With regard to Sir Frederick Johnstone, there was no doubt that she was with him in November, and under circumstances which tended to confirm the truth of her statement. Another person, who was not a correspondent but whose name had been mentioned by her, would be proved to have had full opportunity of committing adultery with her. They had supped together at a hotel in London, and the hotel bills, which were in her possession, would be produced. His case was that, overcome by remorse, and repenting of her sins, she had told the truth to her husband. He submitted that the letter of the 8th of November, 1869, was not consistent with the theory of insanity. That letter had been left by her in an open envelope, and copied by the woman who had the care of her, before it was posted to Lady Louisa. She had also written checks under no restraint or dictation, which would be produced. The medical men who attended her in her confinement would say that she never had the slightest trace of puerperal mania. In conclusion, the learned sergeant said that if Sir Charles could feel convinced that his wife was pure, virtuous, and innocent, he would hold out his arms to receive her, but feeling convinced that she had dishonored him, he was bound to take these proceedings.

TESTIMONY OF THE LADY'S MAID.

Jessie Clarke was then called and deposed: I was lady's maid to Lady Mordaunt from her marriage till she left Walton. In the autumn of 1867 Captain Farquehar came on a visit, and staid about a week. He and Lady Mordaunt were very much together. "She also said: In November, 1867, Lady Mordaunt went up to London, and I accompanied her. We staid at the Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, and remained two nights. We arrived at the hotel at 5 p. m., and about half past ten I saw Captain Farquehar on the landing outside of the sitting room with Lady Mordaunt. The bedroom was a short distance off. I did not see him come or leave. Her ladyship went to bed about a quarter of eleven, and I called her the next morning at half past eight. I had arranged the bedroom for her. In the morning I noticed that the books had been moved, though her ladyship never used to move anything that I arranged. The next day she was out the greater part of the day, and went out again about six. She had not returned about ten, when I went to bed, and she told me not to sit up as she would not want me. After returning to Walton, she was taken suddenly ill in the night, and was confined to her room for a week. She then got into her sitting room. In arranging her toilet table I found a letter, not in an envelope, under a pin-cushion. I read it. (Notice to produce the letter was here proved, Dr. Deane stating that he knew nothing of it.) I replaced it, and a few days afterward showed it to the butler, then putting it back again. I afterwards saw her ladyship take it and put it into the fire. It was dated from "The Tower, Saturday," and said, "Darling, I arrived here this morning about a quarter to 9, very tired and sleepy, as you may suppose."

It added that he had seen his name inserted in the *Post* as Farmer instead of Farquehar, and said "So it's all right, darling, as I was afraid Charlie would be suspicious if he saw my name in the arrivals of the hotel with yours." The letter was signed 'Yours, Arthur.' I found it the day after she left the bed room. She seemed surprised when she found it, and said she did not think there was any letters about, then burnt it. In September, 1868, I had occasion, one evening, to go into her ladyship's bedroom, and Captain Farquehar came in. Her ladyship was not there, and the Captain did not know I was there. He walked to the table took some flowers up, and left. During the season in 1867 and 1868, Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt were in town. Sir Charles usually went out in the afternoon to his Parliamentary duties. The Prince of Wales called two or three times in 1867 at that time of day and in 1868 more frequently. In 1868 he usually came about four in the afternoon, and staid from one to one and a half or two hours. Her ladyship was always at home and saw him. No one was in the drawing room at the time.—The Prince did not come in his private carriage. I do not remember that Sir Charles was ever at home when the Prince called in 1868.

Lord Penzance—Sir Charles himself has told us that he was at home on one occasion, three weeks before he left for Norway.

The examination continued—The Prince came about once a week. In March, 1869, I attended Lady Mordaunt while on a visit to Lady Kinnoul in Belgrave Square, Sir Charles being then at Walton. The Prince came there one Sunday, for I met him leaving as I was coming in. Lady Mordaunt showed me a letter from the Prince before she was married, and I have delivered letters to her in the same handwriting; six or seven, perhaps, in 1868. I also received two or three letters from her addressed to the Prince, which I gave the footman (Johnson) to post. During the summer of 1868 Lord Cole used to call twice or thrice a week in the afternoon, more frequently when Sir Charles was out. Lady Mordaunt was then at home. She told me we were to go home in a week after Sir Charles went to Norway, (15th of June;) but we did not go till the 7th of July. During that interval Lord Cole used to call, and on the 27th of June he dined there with another gentleman and lady, whom I do not know. They had not left at half past twelve, when I went to bed. Her ladyship invariably told me not to sit up for her after twelve. We went to Paddington to take the train; Lord Cole met her there, and took the tickets, giving me mine, and handing Lady Mordaunt into a first-class empty compartment. He stood by the door till the train was starting, and then got in. He left at Reading the first stopping station.

On the 6th of May I saw her before the physicians came. She was conversing with Mrs. Forbes, who asked her for some brandy and soda water, and while she was drinking it Lady Mordaunt laughed, and said: "Hellon, if you drink all that I'm sure you'll be tipsy." The same evening Mrs. Cadogan called and took a photograph in. They were talking very comfortably.

On the 16th of May while dressing her ladyship she remarked on the dress Lady Kinnoul wore, and said, "what a lucky old thing she is." I told her Mrs. Forbes admired a certain dress of hers, and she replied that she wore it a long time at Yowle (Mrs. Forbe's residence.) Her ladyship looked over the newspapers until the time of her leaving, the 15th of May. Down to that day I have constantly attended on her. I have never seen her since. I never saw anything indicative of unsound mind.

Henry Bird—I am butler to Sir C. Mordaunt, and have been in the service of the family nearly thirty years. Lord Cole, Capt. Farquehar, and Sir F. Johnstone visited Walton Hall. In the autumn of 1867 I accompanied Sir Charles and Lady Mordaunt to Scotland. Capt. Farquehar was staying at the same place, and I noticed that he and her ladyship were very often together. Lady Mordaunt was more frequently with him than with other people. A few days after we returned to Walton he came on a visit. He was often in her sitting room generally alone with her. Sir Charles was frequently out shooting at the time. Jessie Clarke made a communication to me, and showed me a letter. That was about ten days after Lady Mordaunt's return from London. It was in Captain Farquehar's writing. I read it and returned it to Clarke. It was dated from the tower, and said, "Darling, I got home here, tired and weary, as you may suppose. I have read the *Morning Post*, and see that they have inserted my name as Farmer. If they had inserted it Farquehar, Sir Charles would have been suspicious." There was also an allusion to having attended a play, and the persons they had seen there. Clarke did not tell me where she had found it. I referred to the *Post* for November 7 and 9, 1867; Sir Charles took it in. I referred to it before I saw the letter, on account of what Clarke told me, and I put aside the two papers in my cupboard. On the 7th, among the arrivals at the Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, Mordaunt's name is given, and on the 9th Capt. Farmer's. In January, 1868, Capt. Farquehar visited Walton, and staid about a week. There were other visitors, and there was not so much opportunity for him and Lady Mordaunt to be together. I once found them together in the billiard room, standing close together near the billiard table; they seemed startled and I apologized and left. In 1867 and 1868 the Prince of Wales called at Sir Charles' London house in 1868 about once a week, but one week twice. He came about 4 P. M., and staid from one two hours. I received him. Sir Charles was then at the House of Commons, or out pigeon shooting. Lady Mordaunt gave me directions that when the prince called no one else was to be admitted. After Sir Charles left for Norway the Prince took luncheon there once, with a sister of Lady Mordaunt's and a gentleman. The last two went away together, but the Prince remained about twenty minutes alone with Lady Mordaunt. Lord Cole visited the house two or three times a week; more frequently wen Sir Charles was out and after he had left for Norway. Sir Charles was seldom at home in the afternoon. Lord Cole and two others dined with Lady Mordaunt after Sir Charles' departure. The two others left about eleven, but Lord Cole staid in the drawing room till about a quarter to one. I knew this by hearing the front door bang, and by observing that his hat and coat were gone. I went down to Walton on the 19th of July. Lord Cole arrived the same day. I left the day before Sir Charles' return. Sir F. Johnstone, when he staid at Walton, was often in her Ladyship's sitting room while the rest of the party were shooting or hunting. I left Walton with Sir Charles on the 5th of April, 1869. After her confinement Lady Mordaunt used to take the papers from me, and once proposed to go fishing, as she had done before; but I said it was too cold. She seemed quite rational.

Frederick W. Johnson testified: "I took two or three letters to Marlborough House—two, I am positive; and I think I posted three to the Prince of Wales within three days."

Why Aunt Sally Never Got Married.

'Now, Aunt Sally, do please tell us why you never married. You know you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised you would tell us all about it some time. Now, Aunt please.'

'Well if I ever did see such girls in my born days. It's tease, tease, from morning till night, but what you must know all about everything that you haven't any business to know anything about. Such inquisitive, pesteriferous critters as you are! When I was young, girls were different; they minded their business, and didn't go sailing around with a whole string of beaux, getting their heads filled with all kinds of nonsense. I never dared to ask my aunts, married or single, about any of their affairs. Pretty mess I'd have got in if I had. When they offered to tell me anything of their own accord, I kept my mouth shut and listened. Every thing is different now-a-days; young folks have no respect for their elders. But as I see I am not going to have any peace till I do tell you, why just listen, and don't let me hear a word out of one of your mouths till I get through.'

'That's right, Aunt Sally; go right ahead, do, and we'll keep perfectly still.'

Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old, I was living in Utica, in the State of New York.—Though I say it myself, I was quite a good-looking girl, then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy most was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkable pious and steady. He thought a good deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him, and things ran on till we were engaged.

'One evening he came to me—I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday. When he came into the parlor, where I was sitting alone, he came up to me and—but now, pshaw! girls, I don't like to tell the rest.'

Oh, Aunt Sally, for mercy's sake don't stop; tell us what he did.'

'Well, as I said, he came up to me, and put his arms around me, and rather hugged me, while I got excited and some frustrated; it was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I might have hugged him back a little. Then I felt—but now just clear out every one of you, I shun't tell you any more.'

'Goodness, gracious, no, Aunt Sally. Tell us how you felt. Didn't you feel good? And what did he do next?'

'Oh, such torments as you are! I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wusn't mad a bit. You must know that the house where I lived was on one of the back streets of the town: There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened right out over the street, and no balcony or anything of the kind in front of the house. As it was in the summer season these doors were opened and the shutters drawn to. I stepped back a little from him, and when he edged up close I pushed him away again. I pushed harder than I intended to, and don't you think, girls, the poor fellow lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street! Yes, it's so. As he fell I gave a scream and caught him—but I declare I won't tell anything more. I'm going to leave the room.'

'No, no, Aunt Sally! How did you catch him? Did it hurt him much?'

'Well, if I must, I must. He fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of the trowsers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave way, and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a whole parcel of ladies and gentlemen passing along the street.'

'Oh, Aunty, Aunty, Lordy, Lordy!'

'There, that's right; squeal and giggle as much as you want to. Girls that can't hear about a little thing like that without tearing around the room, and he-he-ing in such a way, don't know enough to come home when it rains.' A nice time the man that ever marries one of you will have won't he? Catch me telling you anything again.'

'But, Aunt Sally, what become of him? Did you ever see him again?'

'No; the moment he touched the ground he got up, and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you it was a sight to be remembered to see how that man did run. Father happened to be coming up the street at the time, and he said he never saw anything to equal in his whole life. I heard others say that he did the fastest running ever known in that part of the country, and that he never stopped or looked behind until he was two miles out of town. He sent me a note a few days afterward, saying that the engagement must be broken off, as he could never look me in the face again after what had happened. He went out West, and I believe he is preaching out in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time that he never dared to trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time, for he was a real good man and I've often thought to myself that we should always have been happy *if his suspenders hadn't given away!*'

—Jerome Bradly, convicted of the larceny of $100,000 worth of bonds from Morrison, Son & Hutchison, at New York, was sentenced to five years in the State prison.

Miscellaneous.

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BEAVER ACADEMY Will be Open on MONDAY, the 14th of March, ensuing, under the instruction of Rev. J. S. GOTT, D. D., LL. D., late President of Washington College, who purposes to labor permanently in this field. All the branches necessary to prepare for the ordinary business of life, and for entering any class in College, will be taught. The Term will continue fourteen weeks. For further information address the undersigned members of the Board of Trustees, Beaver, Pa. D. P. LOWARY, feb23:3w] H. HICE.

LIST of Appraisements.—The following Appraisements under the act of Assembly of the 14th of April, 1857, of property allowed to be retained by the widow or children of a decedant to the value of three hundred dollars, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court and approved *nisi*, viz:

Personal property to the amount of $300, retained by widow of Michael Miller, deceased. George Gardner, administrator.

Personal property to amount of three hundred dollars retained by widow of Benjamin Whisler, dec'd; Mary Whisler and Abelaird Whisler, administrators.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of John Cavit, deceased; John Stevenson, administrator.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of John Mercer, dec'd; Jesse Mercer, administrator.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of James Boren, dec'd, John Piersol, ex'r.

Personal property to amount of $300 retained by widow of Andrew Anderson, deceased; James W. Anderson, administrator.

Notice is hereby given to heirs, legatees, distributees, and all others interested, to appear at the next term of the said Court, and not later than the third day, it being the 21st day of March, 1870, to show cause if any they have against the final confirmation of the above appraisements.

feb23:3t) JOHN C. HART, *Clerk O. C.*

☞ Blank Mortgages for sale at the Amos office.

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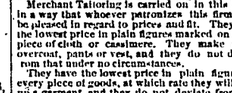

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