

American Bazaar

BY JOHN B. BATTON.

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Poetical.

THE OLD DOOR-STONE.

FRANCIS D. GADE.

From the New York Tribune.

A song, a song for the old hearth-stone,
The very household door—
That hallowed spot, where joys and griefs
Were shared for many a year.

When ask the sun to his daily rest,
When the wild bird by song was o'er,
When the toil and care of the passing day
Annoyed the heart no more,
Then on that loved and time-worn spot
We gathered one by one,
And spent the sweet twilight hour
Upon the old door-stone.

How sweet to do no memories come
Of merry childhood's hours,
When we sped blithely through the fields
In search of budding flowers,
Or gathered berries from the bush,
Or bending greenwood trees,
Or chased the lightning-butterfly,
With peering thoughts of glee!

The freshest hour in Memory's book
Was spent at set of sun,
My weary head on mother's knee,
Upon the old door-stone.

That mother's face, that mother's form,
Are graven on my heart,
And life's holiest memories
They form the dearest part,
Her counsel and instructions given
Of friendship, love, and truth,
Have been my guardians and my guides
Through all the ways of youth;

And yet I seem to hear again
Each loved and treasured tone,
When in fancy sit me down
Upon the old door-stone.

Long years have passed since mother died,
Yet she is with me still,
With her dear voice in the ear,
Or wanderer on the hill,
Still with me at my morning ease,
Or evening's quiet rest,
The guardian angel by my side,
The kindest and the best.

A mother now, I often strive
To catch her thought and tone,
For those who cluster round my knee
Upon my own door-stone.

And oft beneath those clustering vines
Have kindled spirits met,
And holy words were softly there—
Vows all unbroken yet—
And friendships formed, and plans devised,
And kindly pledges given,
And sweet confidences begun,
For reaching into heaven.

Oh! those who met, in love, "long ago,"
In life's wide path are thrown,
Yet may turn with longing hearts
Back to the old door-stone.

Years, years have flown since those bright days,
And all the world is changed,
And some who loved so fondly then,
Are by the world estranged,
Some fond hearts, too, thus far off,
Are cold and still this day;
Forsaken plans and withered hopes
Lie strewn o'er the ground.

And strangers' feet tread those old halls
Where pattered once our own,
And spend the pleasant twilight hour
Upon the old door-stone.

The old door-stone, the clustering vine—
Oh! may they long remain,
And may the household band that's left
Meet there in love and joy again.

Meet, not to weep o'er pleasures past,
Or canvass joys to come,
Meet to revive the sacred loves
Once cherished in our home,
A brother and a sister sleep,
Our parents both are gone—
Oh! it would be a saddened hour
Upon that old door-stone!

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.

OVER-PUNISHMENT.

"Was it not woe that vain to close our eyes
Unto the stars and golden light,
Because the tempter cloud did sometimes rise,
And glowing hopes were dimly bright?"

A gentleman who recently returned from a trip to England and France, remarked to us a day or two ago, that he was forcibly impressed with the cheerful and buoyant aspect of the rural population of the two countries—not only the proprietors but the tenants and laborers, who were also parties to the wages and comforts, a sense of anxiety and care is generally apparent. In other words, the people of France especially, seem determined to make the most of their circumstances, and to laugh at the little cares of life, while on this side of the Atlantic, the struggle for position and fortune is so unrelenting that even the masses do not allow themselves sufficient leisure for ordinary recreation and relaxation. There is doubtless something in this. The American people, considering their many advantages are not sufficiently cheerful. They do not adequately appreciate all the blessings they enjoy, and are so thoroughly devoted to business pursuits of various kinds, that they scarcely afford themselves sufficient opportunity to eat their meals, or indulge in those little social festivals and courtesies that are so admirably calculated to sweeten the way of life.

There are few, indeed, who attend sufficiently to the bright things of this world, and the many enjoyments, simple yet heart touching, that are calculated to move the feelings, to strengthen the affections, and to impart an additional interest to every day's existence. The multitude are thoroughly devoted to the ways of toil, the employer as well as the employed. The latter, it may be, cannot fully help themselves, and the former have not a sufficient sense of appreciation. They exert every day and every hour, and are unwilling to permit of any interruption to the almost perpetual round of labor—

And this goes on from year to year, until both parties are incapacitated by age or infirmity, and drop into the grave. Yet, many a man, who is aged and the tottering may be seen in this country, steadily pursuing their darling game of gain, and in their possession of large fortunes. The folly, the madness, the suicide of such a course, are inconceivable. And yet, any one who will pay attention to the subject, will discover almost daily, that some rich man has overtasked his physical powers, and absolutely worked himself to death. To attain an independence in this country, is a desirable thing, but, after having attained it, to continue on in the same path of care, labor, anxiety and exhaustion, seems to us inconsistent, not to say culpable. There is a season for all things, and for reasonable enjoyment, should not be neglected or postponed. It is well, moreover, to be cheerful whenever we may. Why should we complain unnecessarily? Why should we fancy ill and evils that do not exist? Why should we seem moody and sad, when the world is basking in sunshine?

The true philosophy is to bear the trials and vicissitudes to which all are more or less liable, with as much patience and fortitude as possible, as well as to manifest a sense of due appreciation to Providence for the full enjoyment of the many blessings that are poured upon us with so lavish a hand—

Cheerfulness, moreover, should be encouraged and cultivated on all occasions. Many a one has been

made miserable, nay, has been driven insane, by a contrary course. Some are exempt from anxiety, from care, from sorrow, and from anguish. These are all incident to man's imperfect and fallen condition. But there are a thousand well-springs of hope in the human breast, and there are few who may not discover and enjoy sources of true pleasure. The folly is in closing our eyes to these, in misconceiving or neglecting the little courtesies of life, the social amenities, the religious and family festivities, the neighborly reciprocities, the out door amusements and recreations.

These are simple and harmless; and yet they are calculated to gladden, to cheer, and to make the spirit at once buoyant and bounding. But, if we turn aside from all these, if we do nothing for ourselves, and complain of the cheerfulness of others, we must expect to become peevish, dissatisfied, and fretful. We know of an industrious mechanic of this city, who labors from six to six daily, and yet whose voice for no whole time may be heard pouring forth some animating piece of music—simple, it is true, but cheerful and gay, and calculated at once to gratify his ear and soften his toil. He takes the world as it is, labors diligently and constantly, and yet, instead of complaining, he endeavors to while the hours away by as much melody as he can make. He is a cheerful and happy man, and how many contrasts could be pointed out!

It is of course difficult at times to resist a fit of melancholy or ennui, to chase away the moody shadows that would enwrap the mind, cloud the spirit, and agitate the brain. Nevertheless, in the true philosophy to have a little to do, with these shadowy creatures as possible. If we encourage them, they will be sure to return again. Nay, they will become our masters, and rule us with despotism. Better, far better, to invite the cheerful spirits, such as are hopeful, joyous and radiant with promise. Better to imagine light to morrow will be bright with prosperity and sunshine, than dark with vicissitude and storm. It is quite enough to bear the evils that really exist, and from which we cannot escape, while it is weak and unnecessary to fancy others at hand, especially if there be no real cause for any such apprehension. How many a wretched suicide, had he only postponed the fatal act a few days longer, would have seen the clouds and darkness which involved his fortunes at the time of the self murder, melt away before a brighter and a better day! The real doctrine is to enjoy our comforts and blessings, to stand up manfully against misfortune, to deserve a change for the better, and to believe that such change will sooner or later attend upon our resolute and many efforts.

FROM ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the design of the legislator, and in its application, frequently defies the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest and upright men, who are perfectly conformable to the promptings of justice, and happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly interested the public mind, and which, by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 184— we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was situated upon a hill, and from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad of but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by his side, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a fearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sad hearts from the scene, and to enquire of the officer of the prison, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that the lad was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. His eyes glistened with sympathy for the youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright eyed girl—had given admission to the eyes that were now so dimly sparkling with hope. But that sweet voice, which before had been heard to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from his very position he should offend see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple circumstance, which, before, I could not have supposed would have been so important to the employer. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft! A crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon the jury. Before, I could not have supposed that sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected slight else as a conviction.

The accused sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy boy.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of his attorney, who had volunteered his defense, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and recoiled to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us, cry out—

"Ho! where's your law book, thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and he's taken the Bible!"

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience he convinced them it was no mistake, saying:

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the solar judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury the sentence.

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

"We felt our hearts throbb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutually exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard equalled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accused leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and he,

fore its conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech affecting to that degree which caused tears—It held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transcribe before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to describe, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.

THE ROUGE-HEARTED ACTOR.

A most popular actor, who had just played a series of lectures with great effect, had remarked every evening in front of the theatre, that he had never seen a more beautiful woman than the young and charming lady, who that night after night cast on him her burning looks.

In the meantime, a wealthy patronage wished our actor to put himself to the trouble of calling at his residence.

"Monieur," said the hanker, "I have an immense service to ask you. It is, to name the sum that will induce you to leave the city for a few years."

"What! you to be induced to leave me? I will instantly count you out a million—that will materialize the fumes of glory!"

"But, Monsieur, can I know the powerful motives that induce you to make me such an offer?"

"Yes, I will tell you. My daughter, my only daughter, I wish to marry to her cousin, a young man destined for the highest office in the kingdom. My daughter is foolishly enamored of you. I cannot give her to you. It is necessary, therefore, that you should leave."

"Monsieur," replied the actor, after he had surmounted the first promptings of his pride, "if that be all, make my mind easy. I will not leave—you will not see me a million—and your daughter shall marry her cousin."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for dinner to-day, and place me near her."

At first the banker dared not to trust him; but the actor insisted, and the other yielded. There were many of the wealthy to partake of the dinner; among others, several bankers and their wives. The guests had already arrived, and the young lady of the house was seated at the table.

But what was the surprise, the chagrin, and regret of the actor, in recognizing in this young lady the very one of whom he had been so passionately enamored in front of the scenery of his theatre.

She, stupefied at seeing him at her father's, stammered out a few words, and accepted his arm to go to the table, for the actor was determined, let the consequences be what they might, keep the promise which he had made to his father of his own free will.

And he did keep it, in truth—and so well, that the young lady, on seeing what kind of a coarse, vulgar person of a clown she had given her heart to, felt as if it were a thousand inconveniences, and concluded by insulting the guests so grossly, that the most of them were anxious to leave. In a word, the scene became so irritating to the actor, that he was obliged to leave the room, and he was pushed outside the door.

But the cousin, her affianced, arrived in the evening. He recognized the actor, and the latter related to him how he had just broken his own sister, annihilated himself by an odious ruse, in an intricate comedy of the bon ton—the told him the whole affair. The young lady discovered her mistake, and she had been deceived by the actor, who had loved, and who loved her, had been immolated to the exigencies of his father. She saw her cousin no more with pleasure. She detested him from that time forth, and then passed to determine on being married to him, she would give way to her feelings in reproaches, and disappear.

The whole of the next day was passed in despair by the banker, and uneasiness and jealousy by the cousin. They finally concluded that they had better separate, and the young lady, who had been so passionately enamored of the actor, was pushed outside the door.

But the actor had not accepted the sacrifice of the young lady. He avowed his courageous subterfuge of the previous evening, and that he loved his admirer to distraction; but he did not wish that she should be deceived, and he had therefore been persuaded her, and brought her back to her father at the very moment that the latter was in search of him. The father understood the leg! better that passionate expression of his unexpressed denunciation, and, gradually touched by the actor's conquest—It struck him he could do nothing better than to give the actor his daughter, he being the most honorable and honest man he had ever met.

"Well, who is the hero of this tale?" he probably be asked. Brossante, Brindoux, Latontaine, or some elegant lover of Gymnasium, or of the Comedie Francaise.

No. It happened to be the actor Garrick, who had been so esteemed, that at his death his funeral pall was borne by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Comden, Earl Spencer, and Viscount Palmerston, followed by fifty mourning carriages, containing the most of the English nobility. But M. Melville, who has made a comedy out of this anecdote, has attributed it to George Sullivan, and it is under the title of Sullivan that the piece obtained, on the 11th of November, at the Theatre Francaise, such brilliant success.

Had Company.

Keep out of bad company. The companion of fools shall be destroyed. If others waste their time in folly and sin, avoid them. They may be smart, but they will do you no good, and they may do you much harm. Bad company is the ruin of many, even of those older than you. Keep away from idlers, swears, liars and Sabbath breakers. Even "no sinner destroyeth much good." Keep away—touch not the unclean thing.

REWARD OF FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.

When enemies gather around when sickness falls on the heart when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their poverty, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

Privy.—A negro who was called on as a witness in one of the courts of North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence here and here after if he swore to a lie. "Yes," said he, "care of no share in the kingdom."

Caricatures.

The chair in which the son sits. A garment for the naked eye. Buckles to fasten a laughing stock. The animal that drew the inference. Eggs from a nest of thieves.

SHOT WITH A HOLOGNA.

Musquets and pistols, sky rockets and cannon, are not the only explosive materials which frighten mankind and give terrible carnage to the battle field.

There are other instruments, apparently harmless to look upon, which can be used in case of emergency, and admirably advantage in defending the rights of individuals. Among these may be classed Bologna sausages. Although they have never been introduced into the armies of the United States as weapons of general defence, yet they are good in their places, and are frequently used to great advantage.

A few nights ago, a tall, lean, lank, cadaverous, typographical, looking individual was sitting very coolly, down Fourth street, smoking a long pipe, and making various remarks on the probable changes of the weather, and now coming, and sundry items in the newspapers. He did not appear to be talking to any one particularly, but a party of fun-loving, mischief provoking individuals, who were indulging in sipping cock tails and eating Bologna at the other end of the street, observed a particular disinclination about him, and judging from his loquacity, they concluded to have a little sport with him.

"Mr. Typo," said one, "what do you think of the Typoid fever down in Penn state?"

"That it's pretty bad in New Orleans," was the answer.

"Will you take a Bologna with us?" asked another.

"No!" shouted Typo, "I'm afeared of mad dogs."

"To this strange proposition the artist replied with a loud laugh—

"What do you think, Monsieur? I am not yet at the climax of my reputation, and my glory, which is my fortune. I will not leave for a million."

"Well, I will tell you. Leave me and I will instantly count you out a million—that will materialize the fumes of glory."

"But, Monsieur, can I know the powerful motives that induce you to make me such an offer?"

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Looking a Seal in Congress.

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"I have brought you a good dinner, and the waiter called the landlord aside, and thus addressed him:

"You are the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes; (in astonishment.)"

"You make, probably, ten dollars a day clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have got to eat, but I am sure of employment for several months, but I have engaged to go to work to-morrow. I have been without food for four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, and, I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave us something as security."

"I have nothing."

"I have no coat."

"If I go into the street without that, such weather as it is, I may get my death."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"Are you serious? Well, I do solemnly swear that in one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take that coat!"

"The coat was left, and in a week afterwards the deceased was elected to Congress."

The principal of the caucus held his peace, to avoid the mistake of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and of the most respectable of citizens. He was chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said—

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"I once ate a dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged you my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life without it."

"Well sir, what then?"

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became bankrupt, and sought a home in Bellevue—The poor dinnerless wretch that was, afterwards became a high functionary in Albany.

Singular Deaths.

The news of a defeat killed Philip V. Calio, Diagonal and Sopher, died of joy at the Grecian Games.

The doorkeeper of Congress expired on hearing of the surrender of Carverville.

One of the Popes died of an emotion of the Indians, on seeing his monkey robed in pontificals and occupying the chair of state.

Langrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed, was adjudged to another.

Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotions that produced it had suddenly subsided.

Maly Moloch was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease; upon seeing his army give way, he rallied his panic-stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory and died.

The case of Hill, in New York, is fresh in the memory of all; he was apprehended for theft, taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils, and he was carried off dead.

Maxims Worth Reading.

The generations of men follow each other, as the waves in a swollen river.

He who can suppress a moment's anger will prevent lasting sorrow.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days shows a man's heart.

Do not anxiously hope for what has not yet come. Do not vainly regret what has already past.

As the scream of an eagle is heard when she passes over, so a man's name remains after his death.

There be want of concord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.

Do not love idleness and hate labor I do not be diligent in the beginning, and at last end lazy.

The spontaneous gifts of heaven are of high value; but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

Accustom yourself to have some employment from every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's step.

If a man reap whatsoever he soweth, what a harvest of debts and breaches the tailors will have one of these days.

A virtuous person, in the thickest of his misfortunes, is like a thick hedge; the more he is cut and hacked the better he thrives.

A Story with a Moral.

Some years ago, M. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, was passing over the Rochester and Syracuse railroad on an excursion to Niagara, with a party of friends.

If we remember rightly it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an attaché or secretary of something, took a fancy to quarrel with one of the men employed about the depot, and with the insolence of a petty officer, raised his cane and struck him.

The man was about to take justice into his own hands, but the fellow claimed the protection of his master and his suite, who as a matter of course, all took his part, and supposed their diplomatic character would enable him to get off with impunity.

Mr. Smith, the conductor and agent, immediately waited on the Minister in the Car, stated the case, and civilly and firmly remarked that such an unprovoked outrage could not be tolerated here, and would up by expressing the hope that the Minister would end the business, as he easily could, by apologizing.

The Minister smiled.

Apologize! Did Monsieur le Conducteur know whom it was he was addressing? It was M. Alexander Bodisco, Ambassador of the Emperor of Russia!

Mr. Smith coolly replied that if it was the Emperor of all the Russias himself, he was entitled to an apology. And he added that unless he got it, that train would stop where it then was, in Syracuse depot.