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The following beautiful poem by Mrs. Howe the gifted authoress of "Passion Flowers," seems thegenuine utierance of a woman's soul -earnest, tender, sadly sweet. There is in it that many wives and mothers will feel as their heart goes back with their memory to the radiant days when the poetry of their life was lived; when a voice was in their ear, whose singular, never-forgotten music echoes and reechoes the love it spoke of in long ago, to their holiest thoughts and fairest dreams.—Rocking-

When first we love, you know, we seldom wed; Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not The thing we pinned it out ere hope was dead; And then, we women cannot the ose our lot. Much must be borne which it is hard to bear, Much given way which it were sweet to keep God help us all! who need, indeed his care; And yet! know the Shepherd loves Hissheep.

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knee his on thest infant prayer; He has his father's enger eyes, I know, And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair. But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one, Heaven help and pity me Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago;

Who might have been-ah, what I dare no think,
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humby for the rest. But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times and some too gay and light Some griefs gnaw deep, some wees are hard to

Who knows the past? And who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have And not by what we are; too apt to fall!
My little child—no sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall
know all.

## Biterary.

For the Intelligencer. "Reminiscences of Venice."

NUMBER I.
Though sad thy history still beauteous in thy decay! Oft as I have wandered back in fancy to dwell upon the scenes of this deeply interesting city, I sighed of this deeply interesting city, I signed for a poet's genius to do justice to the theme, that I might bring to the mind of others in more vivid lines the fallen grandeur of the Queen of the Adriatic. 'Tis true her history has been oft re-written, and by able hands. Lofty minds have surveyed her beauties, extolled her famous position among the cities of the Old World, and mourned her fall. Both in song and prose, she has been made familiar to every standards. dent of history. Yet each individual writer has merely penned his own pecu-liar impressions, which although agreeing in the most essential points, still differ in some of the minor details. It is said that "experience is the best schoolmaster;" with as much force may the said too that actual observation is the best guide to history. May I not be pardoned then, when I attempt the (to me) rather arduous task of giving my experience of a sixteen months resi-dence in the city, and intercourse with

the inhabitants.

If in this humble effort to cater to your enjoyments, I should fail, you will at least pardon my seeming vanity in presuming to do so, and have the charity not to attribute it to egotism. Trusting to your kind indulgence, then, I shall proceed to give you my first impressions of Venice.

It was a cold November day as I crossed the Typology Alps in the "Dilli-

ed the Tyrolean Alps in the 'Dilli-gence,' on my way from Insbruck to the Valley of the Etsch, on the Italian slope. The bright morning sun kissed the snow-capped peaks of the "Bren-ner" range, while the silvery rivulets lly down the mour with ripples dancing like diamonds, refleeting back his giorious rays! A ride of fourteen hours brought us to the quaint old town of Balzano, or Botzen, quaint outtown of Buzano, or Botzen, where we exchanged the coach for the cars, and are on our way down the valley toward the Adriatic. My purpose is to speak of Venice, and I shall therefore with the warming. is to speak of Venice, and I shall thelefore not tire you with a description of my passage there, except to say that after passing a number of dhapidated villages, forsaken hamlets, and the world-renowned cities of Verona, Padua and Pescherra, we arrive at 10 o'clock

A. M., at the depot of the Strada "For-ratta" (R. R.) at Venice.

I cannot attempt to give an idea of my feelings, when, for the first time, my eyes rested upon the surroundings.

I felt as if transplanted to some fairy land, and could hardly realize the peculiarity of my situation; the peculiarity of my situation; water where streets should be, and yet an inhabited place. A population bent upon their respective pursuits as they exist in every other city. Yet each particular avocation peculiar to the We wonder whether we can ever become accustomed to live here. Fancy paints in variegated colors the difficulties which are likely to arise in the way of becoming habituated and ac-climated to all the ways and manners, the changes and temperatures of novel, so fantastic, a situation. Strange forms with strange voices uttering a orms with strange voices attering a still more strange tongue surround us; "una barka" (a boat) resounds from twenty basso voices. Importuning beg-gars meet us on our first steps, as they follow like phantoms during our stay, demanding in piteous tones "una pic-colo coes" (a small cift). We are hustled colo cose" (a small gift). We are hustled on board a rocking unsteady "gyndola. the peculiar and only means of convey-ance in Venice, and while we wonder and gaze, and gaze and wonder feel ourselves gently gliding along the smooth blue green waters of the Grand Canal.

Are we dreaming or are we waking?
Majestic palaces rise on either side, following close upon each other. Grand

monuments to the skill of architect long since dead, but who still live in their works. Bewildered with amazement as each successive mansion rises to our view, we almost forget that we are approaching the grand square of St Mark. Here our senses awake to re alize the grandeur of Venice. alize the grandeur of Venice.

Before us, on landing (I say landing because there are a few dry spots in Venice, among these the "Piazzo San Marko" is the largest) we behold the two celebrated columns which, incredible as it may appear, were brought fron East in the time of the Republic measuring about 60 feet in height each a solid block of granite. The apex of one supporting the figure of a winger lion, the other the statue of St. Theo dore, the patron saint of the city. A little to the right we behold the Loge' Palace, one of the grandest buildings the world. Immediately adjoining this the great Church or Cathedral Mark. This structure is so wonderfu that it deserves a little more than mere passing notice. You will there mere passing notice. You will therefore indulge me a few momefits while I give a brief description. This church, commonly called Basillea, was founded in the year 977, and finished under "Dominico Selvo," in the year 1071, being 94 years in course of erection. This extraordinary period of time does not appear so lone when we regard the magnitude of the undertaking in that age. Mosaics on we regard the magnitude of t undertaking in that age. Mosaics a ground of gold grace the live grand portals which form the entrances to the interior, while the five distinct domes rising in lofty grandeur above the ter-selated pavement are if possible selated pavement, are, if possible, still more richly inlaid in the same style of art. The altars dazzle with gold and precious stones. The most delicate carvings and sculpture meet the eye on every hand, forming a feast of the beautiful, of which the mind can never tire nor the vision become surfeited And yet history tells us that San Marco is now but the remnant of a former glory! The devastations of war, and the ruthless hand of time, have left their indelible traces behind. Sacrilegious hands have despoiled her of much of

hands have despoiled her of much of her pristine wealth, and we look with awe upon what remains.

The Square of San Marco is in the heart of the city. From here diverge all the little arteries which give life and animation to the place. A labyrinth of narrow footways extending over the entire city have their only outlet here. Some of these are but eight or ten feet wide, and yet are the "Broadways" and "Chestnut" streets of Venice, lined with lofty buildings on either wide, and yet are the broadways and "Chestnut" streets of Venice, lined with lofty buildings on either the other being Austrians, and it is only side. The lower floor is almost in-

variably occupied as a store and the upper packed with human beings. The sun seldom send a ray of warmth into most of them, into some of them ever! And thus are accommodated a ast 80,000 living souls!

The lower stories of Venetian house are all damp and hence unfit for dwellings. A peculiar sea-water humidness continually exists, and the sensation experienced on entering one of these dwellings is similar to that felt on descending into the hold of a vessel. Not pleasant feeling you will admit. The walls are often covered with a clammy

wans are other covered with a claimly dampness such as renders any place undestrable to dwell in.

This is especially the case during the winter months, which continue from December to the beginning of March. This season, although not so severe as in a more northern latitude, yet is sufficiently, so to make it extremely undestributed. ciently so to make it extremely un-pleasant. This is mainly owing to the absence of many of those little comforts which are deemed indispensible in other which are deemed indispensible in other countries, viz: among others, stoves and hearths. I have seen a Venetian lady of a cold winter day, sitting in her large parlor ensounced in furs, cloak or shawl, shivering in every limb, white she vainly endeavored to give warmth to her body by the heat from a small portable furnace filled with live coals and ashes, and in this ludicrous position receiving visitors, and entertaining

and ashes, and in this ludicrous position receiving visitors, and entertaining her guests. You ask; have they no stoves, I answer they have not stoves such as you see in this enlightened land, however, but generally consisting of an oblong plece of unburnt brick work, or cylindrical perpendicular drumlike flue, placed in the corner of a large room. These do not appear to be regarded as necessaries, as is the case with us, but rather as luxuries and more for expanent than for use. Thus it will with us, our rather as luxuries and more for ornament than for use. Thus it will be perceived that Venice is not the most desirable place to live in during the cold season; yet it may, perhaps, astonish some when they are informed that hundreds of foreigners suffering from any terms and diseases visit here and from pulmomary diseases, visit here and spend the winter, almost invariably finding relief, if not effecting a permaient cure during their stay.

NUMBER II. "There's a glorious city in the sea. The sea in the broad and narrow streets, ebbling and cowing; and the sait sea-weed clings to the arrible of her palaces."

As the bright morning sun casts h As the bright morning sun casts his soothing and warming rays over the lagoon front, or Riva, of the city in the sea, hundreds of poor suffering mortals, barely able to walk, may be seen promenading the paved footways, inhaling the salt sea air, for the advice of the physician runs to the effect that the air inhaled is beneficial to health. It is a lively scene! A surging, ever-moving crowd; never ceasing, and all bent upon one object—to benefit their health.

Even the most healthy portion of the Even the most healthy portion of the population find relief when they can

emerge from the dark passages of the built up city to breathe the bracing winds of the Adriatic, as they are waft ed in towards the "Riva dei Schlavon waiting to be called from his slumbers to be seen the next moment flying like an arrow from the bow out upon the smooth waters, with his light and graceful bark.

Hand-organ men, pedlérs, loafers, and beggers, high and low, rich and poor, all combine to make the scene a There does not exist a place where the poorer classes are more illy-provided against the inclemency of a winter than they are here. Fuel is an article of luxury, being sold in small quantities at retail, as we in America sell tea and collee, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a poor housewife, early in the morning, carrying under her arm, the very small bundle of faggots with which she intends to boil her coffee, and make her dinner the same day, Charcoal is also extensively used in the citchen and this is sold by the pound kitchen and this is sold by the pound, and at a very high figure, so that it is also purchased in very small quantities by that class of people who live, as we in America say, "from hand to mouth." Water is retailed upon the streets as we do milk. Besides this, however

there are spread over the city a great many cisterns where, at a fixed hour each day, the people are permitted to get their supply of water for family use. It may be proper here to add, that there are no wells in Venice. All the water used is either rain or river water—the latter brought to the place, from a distance of 30 miles, in boats or barges, and illtered by being run through layers of sand into those cisterns. The drinking water of Venice is sweet, clear, and pleasant to the taste, and appears to be a most healthful beverage.

a most healthful beverage.

We will now turn to the statistical part of our subject, which by the way is one which appears to be entirely ne-glected by most of those who write of Venice, either in Poetry or Prose. This is pardonable to a certain extent, om the fact that there is so much the beautiful, so much of the "peculi arly Venetian," in art, architecture nanners and customs, that it forms ar inexhaustible topic without resorting to actual statistical researches. Our aim being more to instruct than

to amuse, we shall take up every subject which could in any degree tend to that purpose. The population of the City of Venice in 1860 was, in round numbers, 113,127

in 1860 was, in round numbers, 113,127 souls, which number (taking the census of 1857, since which time things have changed greatly for the worse) were classified as follows, viz: Clergy, 967; Artists, 2,212; Goyernment employees, 3,396; Lawyers, 972; Medical men, 438; Manufacturers' emproyees, 5,387; Merchants, 2,121; Fishermen, 3,934; Agriculturists, 173; Mechanics, 12,432; engaged in Compared 3,356; Servants, 4,899, and merce, 3,356; Servants, 4,399, and Laborers, 6,593; making a total of 46,-678, and leaving a balance of 66,249 to be accounted for as being mendicants, or persons without any visible avocation omen and children. We are safe in saying that among this

atter number there are at least 10,000 who live in abject poverty, and are de-pendent upon the charity of the better class of citizens. Thousands of them are half-clothed and less than half-fed; are half-clothed and less than half-led; many not knowing when they awake in the morning from their miserable straw pallets, where the means to pro-cure a breakfast are to come from, much less where they are to procure a dinner. And thus depending from day to day upon chance jobs of work, or the charity of others, drag out a toilsome existence till death relieves them, and the municipality gives them a free in-terment away out in the sand-flats of the Lagoons.

Everything appears to be approaching decay. Look upon the hundreds of stately palaces rising in architectural grandeur from the bed of the sea; once the abode of the wealthy Signori, now mutely reminding us of what Venice once was, and what she now is. They are desolate and forsaken now. No more thesoft lute of the enamoured troubadour heard under the window of the dark is heard under the window of the dark-eyed Signoritta. The music in those gorgeous halls is hushed. Venice is in a state of torpor, from which nothing short of a new "national" life can ever awake her.

Who can look upon the sad picture Who can look upon the sad picture, and compare the past with the present of this great city, without being most forcibly struck with the magnitude of the change. Nor is it in neglected palaces alone that the decay of Venice merce of her port, and, above all, the idle, unemployed population, all bear testimony to the fact, while the disaffection of the better classes, with the peculiar system of government under which they are forced to live, tends to throw every imaginable obstacle in the way of improvement and amelioration. Like a smouldering volcano, deep and dangerous, lies this popular discontent, ready at any moment to break forth in all its fury and violence. An insurmountable barrier divides the peo-ple of two distinct nationalities, whose tastes differ as widely as their habits

avoided, that the latter will consent to mingle with the former. Every mo short of open rebellion is resorted to order to show this deep seated hate.

The Duel Between Lord Byron and Mr.

The Star and Garter tavern, so famous in the days of Dr. Johnson for its good claret, stood on the site of the present claret, stood on the site of the present Carlton Club. Degenerating in later days into the office of a light and heat company, and after that into a blacking manufactory, it was finally, like its neighbor, the Royal Hotel, swept away by the progress of improvement, and the present political paiace erected in its stead. There were pleasant and sa dmemories about the place. Many a flask of good wine had been emptied there, many a pleasant hour whiled away, many a white cloud of powder, too, had there been beaten out of wigs by the there been beaten out of wigs by the thumps of flying decanters, many a five pounds' worth of hair (to quote a line from an old trial) torn out of fashionable perukes in tipsy scuffles, many a wild rake in that spot had been pinned which rake in that spot had been planed against the oak wainscot by rash swords, and many a spendthrift's heart-blood spilt by angry thrusts over the upset faro-table. One of the saddest of these tavern tragedies took place at the Star and Garter on the 26th of January, 1765, five years after the accession of George the Third.

About three clock on the shove-

About three o'clock on the abovenamed day there was a great stir and bustle at the celebrated Pall Mall tavern, for the Nottinghamshire gentlemen, who met once a month, were to dine there at four o'clock. The club was to assemble in a second-floor back room, looking towards St. James' Park. The drawers (as waiters were still called, as they had been in Shakespeare's time,) they had been in Shakespeare's time, were spreading the snowy-white cloth and bringing up the silver and the glass. The celebrated claret was being drawn off in endless pints from the wood. The joints were shedding fat tears at the great kitchen fire; the puddings were bumping at the pot-lids; the turn-spits were plodding at their wheels; the soullions were getting red and choleric over the frothing pheasants and hares; over the frothing pheasants and hares; the transparent jellles and not-worked tarts were receiving the last touch of art from the dexterous hands of the the dexterous hands of the lead cook. The landlord was in his edroom fastening blackets. bedroom fastening his best shoe-buckles for the occasion, the buxom landlady, at the parlor mirror, was smilingly adding to her tremendous top-knot the slightest suspicion of powder while the the bright-eyed barmaid was laugh ingly puffing out with trim fingers her brightest breast-knot. All was gay ex-pectation and bustling excitement; for the county club of the gentlemen o Nottingham brought good customers to the house, and many of its members were men of title and fashion. Lord Byron to wit, the great rake who had attempted to carry off the beautiful actress, Miss Bellamy—the fifth Lord Byron, the lord of Newstead and half

Syron, the ford of Newstead and nan-Sherwood Forest, and master of the king's staghounds.

By and by, the guests came in from St. James' street, and the Ring in Hyde Park, from the Mall, the Strand, and Spring Gardens—some hearty country gentlemen on horseback; others, cold, and pinched from the cumbrous hack-ney-coaches of those days; two or three in elaborate dress in sedan-chairs, the lids of which were carefully lifted up by the Irish chairmen, to let out the powdered toupees and the gold-laced

cocked-nats.

The later pictures of Hogarth (that great painter died in 1762) will tell us how these gentlemen from the banks of the Trent, the Soar, and the Idle, these lords of the light grass-lands and rich loamy furrows round Nottingham, Newark. Retford, and Mansfield, were apparelled. Let us observe their collar-less deep-cuffed coats, spotted with gold strawberries, and embroidered down the seams and outside pockets, or of light and gay colors, as pink and cinnamon, their deep-flapped tamboured and laced waistcoats, their frilled shirts and fine powdered wigs, their laced hats, and, above all, their swords,—those danger-ous arbitrators in after-dinner differ-ences, when the claret goes down faster

and faster.
The guests, laughing and chatting are bowed in, and bowed up stairs, and bowed into their club-room Lord By oowed into their cutoffice in the system of a passionate and rather vindictive man, is conspicuous among them in pleasant conversation with his neighbor and kinsman, Mr. William Chaworth, of Annesley Hall. The landlord announces dinner, and a long train of drawers appear with the dishes. At drawers appear with the dishes. At that pleasant signal the gentlemen hang up their cocked-hats on the wainscot pegs, while some unbuckle their swords, and hang them up also. Mr. John Hewett, the chairman and toast-master of the evening, takes, of course, the head of the table, and presides at the white fairt. Nor him on the right head of the table, and presides at the chief joint. Near him, on the right hand, is Sir Thomas Willoughby, and, in the order we give them, Mr. Frederick Montague, Mr. John Sherwin, Mr. Francis Molyneux, and last, on that side of the table, Lord Byron. On the other side, Mr. Wm. Chaworth, Mr. G. Douston, Mr. Charles Mellish, ir. and Sir Robert Burdett.—in all, in-

r., and Sir Robert Burdett,-in all, in cluding the Chairman, ten guests.

The talk at dinner is country gentlemen's talk,—the last assizes and the absurd behavior of the foreman of the grand jury; the tremendons break away with the fox-hounds from the Pilgrim Oak at the gate of Newstead, al grim Oak at the gate of Newstead, at through Sherwood wastes, past Robin Hood's Stable, through the dells of the Lock, round to Kirby Crags, by Robin Hood's Chair, far across the Notting-hamshire heaths, ond woods, and val-leys, till all but Byron, and Chaworth, and a form more bed hear toiled off. Then nd a few more had been tailed off. Then the conversation veers to politics, and the danger or otherwise of the new Stamp Act for the American colonies

Stamp Act for the American colonies; the possibility of the Marquis of Rock-ingham ousting the Right Honorable George Grenville, and the probable con-duct of Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barry in such an emergency.

The fish chases out the soup, the meat the fish, the game the meat, and the cheese the game. The conversation becomes universal, the young drawers on the stairs hear with awe the din and heerful jangle of the voices, catching, is the door opens, scraps of sporting as the door opens, scraps of sporting talk, praises of Garrick, counter-praise of Barry, eulogies of Miss Bellamy, and counter-eulogies of charming Miss Pope. The grave and bland landlord, who, with the white damask napkin over his left wrist, has, from the sideboard hitherto directed the drawers, now the cloth is drawn, loops the bell-rope to the toast-master's chairs, bows, adjusts the great japanned screen, backs himself out, and closes the door behind him. The Nottinghamshire gentlemen gather round their claret; one fat bon-vivant takes off his wig forgreater comfort, hangs it on a hat peg beside the swords, and now sits, with his glossy bald head, which, in the light of the great red logs that glow in the generous fireplace, glows like an enormous orange. All is good-humored gayety and conviviality, a good humor not likely to be interrupted, for it is the rule of the club to break up at seven, when the reckon ng and a final bottle are brought in probably to give Lord Byron time to get down to the House of Lords, and other members time to join in the de-bate in the Commons, to go and see Garrick, or to visit Ranelagh. Very soon after seven the gentlemen will push back their chairs, put on their three-cornered hats and scarlet roquelaures, buckle on their swords, and wish each other good night. The squires tell their old sporting stories with great

enjoyment,—how they breasted a park paling, how they were nearly drowned fording the Trent after a thaw; how they tired three horses theday the hunt swept on into Yorkshire, and only Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and themselves were at the fluish were at the finish.

About the time the drawer brings in the reckoning and the final bottle, Mr. Hewett, the chairman, starts a certain hobby of his, about the best means of preserving game in the present state of the game laws; which, as heafterwards in the game laws; which, as heafterwards in street which as they stood together by the low fire, asked Mr. Chaworth, with smothered agreeable conversation." The talk

round the table, particularly at the Lord Byron and Chaworth end, has latterly been a little hot and wrangling, and Mr. Hewett prudently tries to change

Mr. Hewett prudently tries to change the subject.

This is an age, remember, in which gentlemen are apt to have differences. That dangerous and detestable habit of wearing swords in daily life leads too often to sudden and deadly arbitrations without waiting for jury or judge. Those swords, hanging in their gilt and silver sheaths from the wainscot pegs behind the chairs, are only too prompt servants in after-dinner disputes at servants in after-dinner disputes at taverns. There is a danger about this which is piquant to high-spirited men. Courage and cowardice are unmasked at once in these disputes; no waiting for damages, no explaining away in for damages, no explaining away in newspaper correspondences. The sword settles all. The bully has to be repressed, the choleric man's honor vindicated. Men now "draw" for anything or nothing,—to vindicate Miss Bellamy's virtue, to settle a dispute about the color of an opera-dancer's eyes. If an important card be missed from the green table, "draw." If a man a ske the wall of you draw." If a rival beau jostle your sedan-chair with his. beau jostle your sedan-chair with his, "draw." It a fellow hiss in the pit of a theatre when you applaud, "draw." It a gentleman with too much wine in If a gentleman with too much wine in his head reel against you in the piazzas, "draw," It is the coward and the philosopher who alone "with-draw," and get sneered at and despised accordingly; for public opinion is with the duellist, and every one is ready to fight. To return to the table. Mr. Hewitt the

proposes, sensibly enough, that the wisest way of preserving game would be to make it by law the property of the owner of the soil, so that the stealing of a pheasant would then rank with the stealing of a fowl, both alike having cost the landlord trouble and money in the rearing and guarding, and by no means to be ranked as mere wild, passing, fugitive creatures, free as moles, rats, and owls, for all to shoot and trap. Mr. Hewett's subject is unlucky, for the conversation soon wanders from theo retical reforms to actual facts, and to the question of severity or non-severity against poachers and other trespassers. All had been joility and good humor at the chairmen's end of the table as yet: but now voices get louder, and more bolsterous and self-asserting. The discussion is whether game increases more when neglected, or when pre-served with severity. Lord Byron, who is capricious, self-willed, and violent in his opinious, is heterodox on these matters. He asserts, talking over and across his adversary's voice, that the

true and only way to have abundant game is to take no care of it at all. Let partridges avoid nets if they can, and pheasants evade the sulphur smoke of the Nottingham weaver; let hares choose their own forms, and seek their ood where they find it best. He had ried it at Newstead, and it answered for he had always more game than Mr. Chaworth or any of his neighbors. Mr. Chaworth insists that the only way to get plenty of game is to repress poachers and all unqualified persons.

"As a proof of this," he now says,

"Sir Charles Sedley and myself have more game in five of our acres than Lord Byron has in all his manors. Lord Byron reddens at this, and proposes an instant bet of one hundred guineas that the case is otherwise.

Mr. Chaworth, with an irritating laugh, calls for pen, ink, and paper, quick, to reduce the wager to writing, as he wishes to take it up. Mr. Sherwin

laughs, and declares such a bet can never be decided. No bet is laid, and the conversation is resumed. Mr. Chaworth presses the case in a way galling to a man of Byron's vain and passionate nature. He says,— "Were it not for my care and Sir Charles Sedley's being severe, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his

Lord Byron, paler now, and with a ingly,—
"Bedley's manors? Where are these

"Sedley's manors.
manors of Sir Charles Sedley?"
manors of Sir Charles Sedley?"
"Bucknel, " Bulwell?" Mr. Chaworth says that Sir Charles

Sedley had a deputation for the lordship of Bulwelltown.

Lord Byron replies, that deputations are liable to be recalled at any time, and says, angrily, "Bulwell Park is without." mine

mine."
Mr. Chaworth rejoins hotly, "Sir Charles Sedley has a manor in Nutthall, and one of his ancestors bought it out of my family. If you want any further information about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean street, and, I doubt not, will be able to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me,—in Berkeley Row."
Mr. Hewett, who is rather deaf, did
not hear the conversation until the bet
roused him, and has now relapsed into

conversation with his right-hand man. Mr. Sherwin wakes up at these sharp and threatening words. What witch, what imp of mischief, has on a sudden blown the soft summer breeze into a hurricane? The club is now as silent as if the lightning of flashing swords as if the lightning of flashing swords had suddenly glanced across the lattice. Those rash and hasty words of Mr. Chaworth, provoked by the irritability and arrogance of Lord Byron about such a silly trifle, were little short of a challenge. Lord Byron glances sullenly behind him at his sword as it hangs from under his three cornered hat; but behind him at his sword as it hangs from under his three-cornered hat; but no more is said on the dangerous subject. Nothing comes of it. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, it is true, do not talk together again; but they chat to the people near them, and all is again joviality and good humor. When Mr. Chaworth paid the club reckoning, as is Lis general practice, Mr James Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observes him to be a little flurried; for, in writmore, the master of the tavern, observes him to be a little flurried; for, in writ-ing, he madea small mistake. The book has lines ruled in checks, and against each member present an O is placed; but if absent, five shillings is set down. He places five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore ob-serving to him that his lordship is present, he corrects his mistake. A few minutes after eight, Chaworth, having pald his own reckoning, went out, and is followed by Mr. Douston, who enters into discourse with him at the head of the stairs. Mr. Chaworth asks him particularly if he attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thinks he (Chaworth) had been short in what he said on the subject? To which Mr. Douston answers: "No; you went rather too far upon so trifling an occasion; but I do not believe that Lord Byron or the company will think any more about it."

After a little ordinary discourse they parted; Mr. Douston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go down stairs. But just as Mr. Douston entered the door he met Lord By

ron coming out, and they passed—as there was a large screen covering the door—without knowing each other. In the mean time, Lord Byron, moody, having probably watched Mr. Chaworth leave the room without his hat, found that gentleman on the landing. Mr. Chaworth in a low thick yoice, and Chaworth, in a low, thick voice, and with eyes that did not meet Byron's aid, meaningly— "Has you lordship any commands for me?"

Lord Byron replied, considering this a second challenge: "I should be glad to speak a word with you in private." Mr. Chaworth said: "The stairs are

Mr. Chaworth said: "The stairs are not a proper place; and, if you please, my lord, we will go into a room."

They descended to the first landing, and there both called several times for a waiter from below, to show them an empty room. The waiter came, and mechanically threw open the greenbaize door of a back room on the right hand side (No. 7), adark cheerless room, with a few red coals smouldering in the fireplace. Placing on the table the rushlight he had in his own candlestick, he shut the outer door, and left the two gentlemen together with the true sang-froid of his profession. Lord Byron entered the dim room first, and

stepped to the door and slipped the brass bolt under the lock. Just at that moment, Lord Byron, moving out from the table to a small open part of the room free of furniture, and about twelve feet long and six feet broad, cried, "Draw, draw!" and looking round, "Draw, draw!" and looking round, Mr. Chaworth saw his lordship's sword already half drawn. Knowing the impetugus and passionate nature of the man, he whipped out his own sword, and presenting the keen point (he was a stronger man and a more accomplished swordsman than his adversarily mode the first thrust, which versary), made the first thrust, which pierced Lord Byron's waistcoat and shirt and glanced over his ribs, then he shirt and glanced over his ribs, then he made a second quicker lunge which Lord Byron parried. Lord Byron now finding himself with his back to the table, and the light shifted to the right hand, Mr. Chaworth, feeling his sword impeded by his first thrust, believing he had mortally wounded Lord Byron, tried to close with him in order to disarm him; upon which Lord Byron shortened his arm and run him through on the left side, in spite of all Mr. Chaworth's attempts to turn the point or parry it with his left hand. Mr. Chaworth saw the sword enter his body, and felt a pain deep through his back. He then laid hold of the gripe of Lord Byron's sword, and disarming his lordship, expressed his hope he was not dangerously wounded, at the same time passing his left, and disarries the bis control of the strength of the day of the gripe of Lord Byron's sword, and disarming his lordship, expressed his hope he was not dangerously wounded, at the same time passing his left,

ed, at the same time passing his left hand to his own side and drawing it back streaming with blood. Lord Byron said, "I am afraid I have

killed you."
Mr. Chaworth replied, "I am wounded," and unboited the door, while Lord Byron, expressing his sorrow, rang the bell twice sharply, for assistance. As he supported Mr. Chaworth to an elbowthair by the fire. Lord Byron said-

"You may thank yourself for what has happened, as you were the aggressor. I suppose you took me for a coward; but I hope now you will allow that I have behaved with as much courage as any man in the kingdom."

Mr. Chaworth replied faintly: "My lord, all I have to say is, you have be haved like a gentleman."

In the interval, John Edwards, the waiter, who, while waiting at the bar for a bottle of claret for the Notting-ham club, had been called by the two unhappy men to show them into an empty room, had brought up the wine, drawn the cork, and was decanting it. On hearing the bell, he ran down stairs, found that the bell had been answered, and saw his master wringing his hands, and exclaiming: "Lord Byron has wounded Mr. Chaworth." He then ran up and alarmed the club, who instantly hurried down and found Mr. Chaworth with his less on a chair and

stantly hurried down and found Mr.
Chaworth with his legs on a chair, and
leaning his head against Mr. Douston.
John Gothrop, the waiter who an
swered the bell, found, to his horror,
Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth standing with their backs to the fire, Lord
Byron's left arm round Mr. Chaworth's waist, and his sword in his right hand the point turned to the ground, Mr. Chaworth with his right arm on Lord Byron's shoulder, and his sword raised in his left hand. Lord Byron called to him to take his sword, and call up his

when Fynmore came up, Mr. Chaworth said: "Here, James, take my sword; I have disarmed him;" Fynmore then said to Lord Byron, taking hold of his sword, "Pray, my lord, give me your sword." Lord Byron surren-dered it a little reluctantly; Fynmore took the two swords down stairs, laid them upon a table, and sent at once for Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, a celebrated surgeon of the day. When he came, a little after eight o'clock, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting with his walstoat partly upont the day a part is the surgeon of the day. unbuttoned, his shirt bloody, and h right hand pressing his wound. The sword had gone clean through the body, and out at the back. Mr. Chaworth sald, "I believe I have received a mortal wound; for I feel a peculiar kind of faintness or sinking, and have a sensa-tion of stretching and swelling in my

belly that makes me think I bleed in ternally.''
The company then left Mr. Chaworth with his own servant and Mr. Hawkins and Lord Byron retired to a room down stairs. Mr. Chaworth thinking that he should not live five minutes, and wish-ing earnestly to see Mr. Levinz, his uncle, Mr. Hewett took Mr. Willoughby on his coach to fetch Mr. Levinz from Kensington-Gore, where his residence was; but Mr. Levinz was dining with the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Chaworth was at first unwilling to be moved until he had seen Mr. Levinz, thinking that the joiting would increase the internal bleeding, and accelerate his death. Subsequently, however, feeling stronger, he was removed to his own house in Barkeley Row at about ten o'clock that

he was removed to his own house in Berkeley Row, at about ten o'clock that Before being removed he said he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would forgive him too; and he said earnestly, two or three times, that, pained and distressed as he then was, he would rather be in his present situation than liv under the misfortune of having kille another person. He declared there had been nothing between him and Lord Byron that might not have been easily made up. He then asked, with gener-ous anxiety, about the mortal wound which he believed he had inflicted on

his adversary. Mr. Robert Adair, a surgeon, and Dr Mr. Robert Adair, a surgeon, and Dr. Addington, Mr. Chaworth's own physician, also attended the dying man, but failed to afford him any relief. When Mr. Levinz came into the bedchamber, Mr. Ch worth pressed his hand and desired him to send for a lawyer as soon as possible, as he wanted to make a new will, and believed he should be dead before morning. Upon this, Mr. Levinz, almost broken-hearted, going out into the ante-room, told Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, Mr. Adair, Mr. Hewett, and Mr. Willeuchby, that helwas totally deprived of loughby, that he was totally deprived of recollection, and could not remember any lawyer near. Mr. Hawkins menany lawyer hear. Mr. Hawkins hieli-tioned Mr. Partington, a man of character, and he was sent for. While Mr. Partington was preparing the will in the anteroom, the other gentlemen having gone down stairs, Mr. Levinz again went to the bedside to hear how the unfortunate affair had happened. After the will was executed and the friends had returned to the bedroom, Mr. Levinz, in great distress, said to the

lying man.— Dear Bill, for God's sake how was this? Was it fair?" Mr. Chaworth's head was at the moment turned from Mr. Levinz; but on that question he turned, said something indistinctly, and seemed to shrink his head in the pillow. He afterwards repeated the story, and exclaimed twice,—
"Good God, that I could be such fool as to fight in the dark!"

Meaning that he regretted having Meaning that he regretted having sacrificed his superiority as a swordsman. In a light and open room he would probably have disarmed his antagonist at once. He said he did not believe Lord Byron intended fighting when they entered the room together, till he thought he had him at an advantage. "He died as a man of honor; but he thought Lord Byron had done himself no good by it." Several times in the night, on being pressed to relate how the effair began above stairs, Mr. Chaworth always answered,—

"It is a long story, and it is troublesome to me to talk. They will tell you,—Mr. Douston will tell you."

For about an hour after the will was

For about an hour after the will wa signed and sealed, and the statement was taken down by Mr. Partington, Mr. Chaworth appeared amazingly com-posed; but about four he fell into "vast Chaworth appeared amazingly composed; but about four he fell into "vast tortures." He was never again free from pain, but warm fomentations relieved him somewhat. After giving directions for his funeral, he died about nine in the morning.

On Mr. Cæsar Hawkins examining the body, he found that Lord Byron's sword had entered one inch to the left sword into wordsof foul play and un-

"How am I to take those words you used above, —as an intended affront from Sir Charles Sedley or yourself?"
Mr. Chaworth answered proudly:
"Your lordship may take them as you please, either as an affront or not, and I imagine this room is as fit a place as any other to decide the affair in."
Then turning round, Mr. Chaworth stepped to the door and slipped the the coroner having found him guilty of murder—Lord Byron surrendered him-self to be tried by his peers, and wassent to the Tower. On the 16th of April, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by portions of the Horse and Foot Guards, and attended by the lieutenant-governor, constable of the Tower, and another gentle

of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought in a coach by the New Road, Southward, to a court erected in Westminster Hall. The peers stood uncovered while the king's commission was read appointing the Earl of Northington the temporary lord high steward. The Garter and the gentleman where of the block rod with three man usher of the black rod, with three reverences, presented the white staff to the Earl of Northington, who then took his seat, with bows to the throne, in an arm-chair placed on the uppermost step but one of the throne. The sergeantat-arms then made the usual proclama tion in old Norman French: "Oyez

oyez! oyez!"
William Lord Byron was brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower. The gentleman jailer carried the axe before him, and stood during the axe before him, and stood during the trial on the prisoner's left hand with the axe's edge turned from him. The prisoner made three reverences when he came to the bar, and knelt. On leave being given him to rise, he rose and towed, first to the lord high steward and then to the lords; these compliments were gracularly refurned. ments were graciously returned.

When the clerk of the crown cried, "How say you, William Lord Byron, are you guilty of the felony and murder whereof you stand indicted, or not

guilty? Lord Byron replied, "Not guilty, my The clerk said, "Cul prit," which means, "Qu'il parait" (may it appear

so).
The trial being resumed, the solicitorgeneral, in his speech, held that it was
murder, if, after a quarrel, the aggressor has had time to cool and deliberate,
and acts from malice and premeditation. In that case, whatever motive actuated him, whether some secret grudge or an imaginary necessity of vindicating his honor, of satisfying the world of his courage, or any other latent cause, he is no object for the benignity of the law. After this, Lord Byron, who decline After this, Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their fordships that what he had to offer in his own vindication he had committed to writing, and now begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he found his own voice, con cleaning his present situation, would not sidering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk, in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an ex-act detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstance of Mr. Chaworth's behavior, further than was necessary for his own defence; and ex ressed his deep and unfelgned sorroy at the event.

He added: "Our fighting could no

was; but, notwithstanding some considerations, my own mind does not charge me with the least unfairness. In such a case, your lordships will no doubt have some consideration for human weakness and passion, always influ-enced and inflamed in some degree by enced and innamed in some eigree by the customs of the world. And though I am persuaded no compassion can ob-struct you impartial justice, yet I trust that you will incline to mitigate the rigor of it and administer it according rigor of it and administer it according to law, in mercy. I am told, my lords, that it has been held by the greatest authorities in the land, that if con-temptuous words of challenge have been given by one man to another, and, before they are cooled, either bids the other draw his sword, and death ensues after mutual passes, the fact of that case will not amount to murder." Begging will not amount to include. Begins their lordships to acquit him of all malice, and to consider him an unhappy innocent but unfortunate man the pris-

oner concluded in these words,—
"My lords, I will detain you no longer am in your lordship's judgment, and shall expect your sentence, whether for life or death, with all the submission that is due to the noblest and most equitable court of judicature in the world."

The prisoner being then removed after an adjournment to the House, the peers one by one, beginning with Lord George Vernon, the youngest, gave their verdict to the lord high steward, who stood uncovered; the Dukes of Gloucester and York speaking last. One hundred and nineteen voted Lord Byron guilty of manslaughter, and four declared him not guilty generally; and as, by an old statute of Edward the Sixth, peers are, in all cases where Sixth, peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed with-out burning in the hand, loss of inheriout burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.

The counsel for his lordship were the

Hon. Mr. Charles Yorke and Alexander Wedderburn, Esq.; the attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his lordship, were the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Sergeant Glyn, Mr. Stone, Mr. Cornwall; and as attorney, Mr. Joynes. After this glorious but stultifying as-sertion of aristocratic privileges and the right of manslaughter, the lord high right of manslaughter, the lord high steward rose uncovered, and the gentle-man usher of the black rod, kneeling, presented him with the white staff of office, which he broke in two, and then dissolved the commission. Advancing to the woolsack, he said: "Is it your lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the

lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the chamber of parliament?"

The lords replied, "Ay, ay"; and the House was then adjourned.

The same evening when Mr. Chaworth's lacerated and plerced hody was lying on the plumed bed behind the grand damask curtains,—far away out in the quiet moonlight, in the Newstead pastures and in the lonely Annesley meadows, the large-eyed hares were grapholling unconscious of the mischief meadows, the large-eyed hares were gambolling, unconscious of the mischief they had caused, and the partridges (birds that ought to be crimson-feathered, considering the brave men's blood they have so long been the means of shedding) were calling each other plaintively from the stubbles, careless of their lord's sorrows and their master's death.

But was Lord Byron really guilty in

But was Lord Byron really guilty in the matter of this duel? We think the fight was by no means a premeditated one. There had been some old differences between the two men, about pri ences between the two men, about private matters. At the club dinner, if Lord Byron's manner was taunting, Mr. Chaworth's was distinctly threatening. The final words of the latter amounted to a public challenge, for he considered Lord Byron had given him the life about Sir Charles Sedley's manner. When he gray cold Lord the lie about Sir Charles Sedley's manors. When he grew cold, Lord Byron grew hot. He evidently regretted what he had said; but, seeing Lord Byron follow him, he probably thought that he came to settle the difference. Lord Byron, seeing him waiting there, perhaps thought he was waiting for him, and he proposed retiring to an empty room. There, Lord Byron cer him, and he proposed retiring to an empty room. There, Lord Byron certainly drew his sword rather abruptly; but his sullen vindictiveness brooked no delay. It was never supposed that he planned an assassin's treacherous thrust. Mr. Chaworth lunged first, and thought he had killed his man; asking, was he wounded? The question is, did Lord Byron unfairly take advantage of the moment's lull, during Mr. Chaworth's inquiry, to kill his adversary? The dying man did not accuse him of this, but rather of his having in the first place revengefully urged him the first place revengefully urged him (for a few hasty words) to the fatal duel. Mr. Chaworth's chief regret seems to have been in fighting by the light of a

farthing candle, and thussacrificing his skill in fencing.

fair advantage. The peers had acquitted him; the world regarded him as con-demned, and tacitly treated him as a criminal. He retired into Nottingham shire, and became a sullen, gloomy, morose man. His passions grew more inveterate; he changed into a half-crazed, revengeful, brooding misanthrope: a wicked Timon of Athens. No stories about "the wicked lord" were thought too wild and monstrous. He always went armed, as if dreading a secret enemy.

On one occasion, he is said in a rage

On one occasion, ne is said in a rage to have thrown his wife into the lake in front of the abbey, from which she was rescued by the gardener; who then thrashed hersavage husband. Another time, he is said to have shot his coachman for disobeying orders, and to have thrown the bleeding body into the coach where I cady Rymn was sested and thrown the bleeding body into the coach where Lady Byron was seated, and driven her home himself. Once, when his neighbor, Admiral Sir Barlase Warren, one of his old naval friends, came to dine with him, pistols are said to have been placed on the table beside the knives and forks, as parts of the regular table furniture, and as likely to be needed. These stories are, of course, mere country people's exaggerations of mere country people's exaggerations of petty acts of passion; but they show how much the proud, wicked lord was dreaded and hated by the villagers round the forest. This at least is cer-tain,—that the wayward, unhappy man separated from his wife, drove away nearly all his servants, and created mournful solitude around himself.

Enraged at the marriage of his son and heir, who died young, he let the abbey fall into ruin, cut down all the family oaks to pay his debts, and sold the valuable mineral property in Rochdale. He had been, in youth, a lieutenant under Admiral Bolchen. His only amusement, in age, consisted in sham-fights on the lake, between two "baby forts" he had built on the shore, and a little vessel he had brought or wheels from some port on the eastern coast. Heedless of what might happen after his death, and unable to cut off

the entail, he never mentioned his grand-nephew but as "the little boy who lived at Aberdeen." At war with the human race, the wicked lord, in "austere and savage seclusion," took refuge in the love of animals. He tamed an immense number of crickets, whom he allowed to crawl over him, and corrected, when too familiar, with a wisp of straw. When their patron and protector died, When their patron and protector died, there is a tradition, according to Washington Irving, that they packed up, bag and baggage, and left the abbey together for "fresh fields and pastures new," flocking across the courts, corridors, and cloisters in all directions.

The Byrons came in with the Conqueror, and stood well all through English history. One ancestor at Horeston Castle, in Derbyshire, was hostage for the Cœur de Lion's ransom; another fought by the side of Henry the Fifth in France; a third rode at Bosworth against the fierce Crookback; a fourth was made Knight of the Bath at the ill-fated marriage of Henry the Eighth's brother, Prince Arthur; a

the Eighth's brother, Prince Arthur; a fifth, "Sir John Byron the little with the great beard," whose ghost still haunts the corridors of Newstead, was rewarded with Newstead at the dissolu-tion and tearing to pieces of the monas-teries. Sir Nicholas Byron defended Chester, and fought passionately at Edgehill. At the battle of Newbury there were seven cavalier brother Edgehill. At the battle of Newbury there were seven cavalier brother Byrons fighing against the Puritan flag. Another Lord Byron was groom of the bedchamber to stupid Prince George of Denmark, and married three times,—first, a daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater; second, a daughter of Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, from the last of whom the great poet was descended.

When the eldert died in the miger. whom the great poet was descended.
When the old ford died, in his miser
able self-made solitude, in 1798, New-

stead passed into the possession of the poet, then eleven years of age, living, with his mother, in humble lodgings in Aberdeen. His father was the profilgate and abandoned son of the brave old sailor, the brother of the duellist,— "Foul Weather Jack," whose voyages "Foul Weather Jack," whose voyages and adventures are well known. The and adventures are well known. The bad son had been discarded by his father. He then seduced the Mar-chioness of Carmarthen, was divorced from her, and broke her heart. He after-wards married the poet's mother, Miss Gordon, whose fortune of twenty thous-

and pounds hesquandered in two years, and then deserted her.

Tom Moore tells a simple but striking anecdote of the arrival of the short, fat, intemperate mother and the little lame boy, handsome and bright-eyed, at the Newstead toll-bar to take posses at the Newstead toll-bar to take possession. Mrs. Byron, affecting ignorance, asked the toll-keeper's wife to whom the seat among the woods belonged. She was answered that the owner of it, Lord Byron, had been 'some months dead.

"And who is the next heir?" asked

the proud and happy mother.
"They say," replied the old woman,
that he is a little boy who lives at Aber-

deen."
"And this is the bairn, bless him!" exclaimed the nurse, no longer able to keep the secret, and covering with kisses the young lord who was seated on her lap.
One of By1on's favorite haunts was

"The Devil's Wood,"—a gloomy grove of larches, planted by the wicked lord before the duel, and ornamented with leaden statues of fauns (called devils by the country people), and dark green with mould. In his farewell visit to the grove, when he gold Newstead to Col. Wildmould. In his farewell visit to the grove, when he sold Newstead to Col. Wildman, his old Harrow school chum, he came here with his sister, and carved their joint names on an elm.

It was while home at Newstead for the Harrow vacation that the boy poet, then only fifteen, fell in love with Mary Chaworth, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Their trysting-place was a gate that

Chaworth, a beautining first is eventuent. Their trysting-place was a gate that joined the Newstead grounds to those of Annesley Hall. Mary's mother encouraged his visits; for the feud had ceased, the fatal bloodshed had been forgotten, and the marriage would have joined two noble estates. Soon after Byron returned to school, the girl (at an impressible age) fell in love with Mr. Musters, a young stalwart fox hunter, whom she first saw, from the roof of the hell dealing through the park at the hall, dashing through the park at the head of all the riders; when Byron re head of all the riders; when Byron re-turned home, she was engaged to him. They parted (it is told in that chiefd'œuvre of love-poems, The Dream) on a hill near Annesley, the last of a long promontory of upland that advances into the valley of Newstead, and close to a ring of trees that was long a landmark to Nottinghamshire; then, taking a long lest look at Annesley. taking a long last look at Annesley, Byron spurred his horse homeward like a madman. That ring of trees Jack Musters afterwards cut down in a jeal-

ous pet with his (as it was reported) illused wife.

Poor Mary Chaworth! her marriage was far from happy. Her rough hard-riding husband, the first gentleman huntsman of his day (famous for his tremendous fight with Asheton Smith when at Eton), was (Irving says) harsh and neglectful. He seldom came to Annesley; disliking the poetical immortality that Byron had conferred o his wife, and lived at a house near No tingham. This was set on fire during a Luddite riot; Mrs. Musters, a delica woman, escaping into the shrubbery of that cold wet night, half naked. He fragile constitution never recovered thi shock, and ther mind ultimately gav

way.
The bitterness of that early disap pointment Byron never forgot. Long after his unhappy marriage, he wrote:
"My M. A. C., alas! Why do I say my? Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined land broad and rich; it would have joined allost one heart and two persons not ill matched in years; and—and—and—what has been the result!"

The Republican caucus at Washington, last evening, voted to refer the Impeachment question to a committee, and agreed to take a recess from next Monday until the 8th of May.

It is understood that the President has selected Generals Sherman, Meade, Hancock, McDowell and Schofield, as Military Commanders for the South under the Reconstruction act.

re of ten lines; \$6 per year for each adsquare of ten lines; \$6 per year for each additional square, REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GEN-

year,....LEGAL AND OTH + S NOTICES—

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Misellaneous.

Putting Pitch in their Boots. I have heard of a company of hunters who caught a number of monkeys in the forests of Brazil in the following amusing way: They had a lot of little boots just large enough to be drawn easily over a monkey's foot, and filled the bottoms with pitch. With these they set out for the woods, and soon found themselves under the tree, where the monkeys went rattling on over the monkeys went rattling on over their heads, but never for a moment re-moving their eyes from them. Then they placed the little boots where they could be seen, and commenced taking off their own boots. Having done this, they let them stand always near the little boots. All this the monkeys care-fully noticed. The hunters were too vise to attempt to catch them by climbing the trees; they might as well have expected to snatch the moon as to lay hands upon one of these little fellows. They had an easier way than this, and more effectual; they simply sat down under the trees while the little chatteroxes were rattling on overtheir heads, but never for a moment removing their eyes from them. The hunters now taking up their own boots, having care-fully looked over them, drew them slowly one after the other upon their feet. Not a movement escaped the observation of the monkeys. Having replaced their boots they hurried away into the thicket of undergrowth not far off, where they were hidden from the sight of the monkeys, but where they could see everything that happened under the trees. They left the small boots all standing in a row.

The monkeys soon descended from the trees and imputating the hunters. the monkeys soon descended rome the trees, and imitating the hunters, thrust their feet into the boots set as a trap for them, chattering and gestioulating all the time, in great glee.

As soon as they were fairly in the boots, out sprang the hunters from their hiding places and rushed among them.

nkeys ailrighted, at once started

for the trees, but only to find they had destroyed their power of climbing by putting on the boots. So they fell an easy prey to their cunning enemies. This is the way the monkeys were

caught, and how many young persons are caught in the same way. In their desire to do what they see other per-sons doing, they fall into serious trouble,

and often bring upon themselves ruin-ous habits that follow them to the grave. English Nobility and Gentry. In an interesting little work Who's Who," for 1867, we find some information of the English nobility and gentry. From this it appears that the oldest Duke is the Duke of Northumoldest Duke is the Duke of Northumberland, aged 88; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 19. The oldest Marquis, the Marquis of Westmeath, aged 81; the youngest, the Marquis of Ely, aged 17. The oldest Earl, the Earl of Onslow, aged 89; the youngest, Earl Waldegrave, aged 16. The oldest Viscount, Viscount Gough, aged 87; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged 3. The oldest Baron, Lord Brougham, aged 88; the youngest, Lord Rodney. aged 88; the youngest, Lord Rodney, aged 9. The oldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Brougham, aged 88; the youngest, the Prince of Wales, aged 25. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir William Verner, Bart., member for the 49. The oldest Scotch Lord of Sessions, the Right Hon. Duncan McNeil, Lord Justice General, aged 73; the youngest, David Mure, Lord Mure, aged 55. The oldest Archbishop, the Arch-David Mure, Lord Mure, aged 55. The oldest Archbishop, the Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 72; the youngest, the Archbishop of York, aged 47. The oldest Bishop, the Bishop of Exeter, aged 89; the youngest, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, aged 47. The oldest Baronet, Sir Stephen L. Hammick, aged 89; the youngest, Sir Henry Hayes Lawrence, aged two years. The oldest clvil and military knight is General Sir Arthur B. Clifton, aged 94; youngest, Sir Charles T. Bright, aged 34. The House of Peers at present consist of one prince, Charles T. Bright, aged 34. The House of Peers at present consist of one prince, two royal dukes, three archbishops, 25 dukes, 31 marquises, 150 carls, 31 viscounts, 27 bishops, and 165 barons—the total number of peers being 445. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland. Clergymen who have seats in the House of Lords as lay peers: The Rev. A. E. Hobart, Earl of Buckingham; the Rev. William Geo. Howard, Earl of Carlisle; the Very Rev. William John Broderick, Viscount Middleton; the Rev. Wayl. Rev. William John Broderick, count Middleton; the Rev. Wm.

Earl of Abergavenny; the Ven. Freder-ick Twistleton-Wykeham-Flennes, D. C. L., Lord Saye and Sele; the Rev. Alfred Nathanlel H. Curzon, Lord Scarsdale. There are 100 peers of Scot-land and Ireland, who are not peers of Parliament; 220 members of the Privy Council; and the archbishops, colonial bishops, bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and retired bishops. number 98. There are 856 baronets, 446 civil and military knights, 111 noblemen and baronets who are knights of the various Orders, 25 knights of the Order of the Star of India, 726 knights companions of the Order of the Bath; 3 field mar-shals, 584 general officers in the army, 311 generals in her Majesty's Indian army, 329 admirals in the navy, 54 judges in the United Kingdom and Ireland, 180 Queen's counseland sergeantat-law in England, and 87 in Ireland.

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