VOLUME 68.

LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1867.

NUMBER 13.

Zoetry.

All letters on business should be addressed to H. G. Smith & Co.

MY FLOWERS. BY ALICE CARY.

Down by the mill, down by the mill,
Through all the summer hours,
There they grew, and grew, and grew,
Red and white, and purple and blue,
My beautiful, beautiful flowers!
Down by the water, bright and still,
Set like sentinels round the mill,
My beautiful, heautiful flowers!

There they grow and there they stood
Together, two and two,
And some had bearts like a drop of blood,
And some like a drop of dew.
Down the blood in the strong of the mill,
Through all the summer hours,
And over the waters, cold and still,
And over the waters, cold and still,
My beautiful, beautiful flowers!

And some had slippers of yellow gold,
And some had caps of snow,
And some their heads held high and bold,
And some their heads held low;
And some their heads held low;
And so they stood up side by side,
Meels and mournital and modest-eyed,
Through all the summer hours;
Down in the incadow, gray and green,
Like bridenmaids standing round their que
My beautiful, beautiful flowers!

My beautiful, beautiful flowers!
O! to see them bloom and blush
Was the sweetest know of shows!
The dalsy under t elliac bush,
And the violet by the rose!
Down by the inill, down by the inill,
Through all the summer hours,
Some so high and some so low,
But all as fair as fair can grow,
Down by the water, bright and still,
My beautiful, beautiful flowers!

O! the little maid of the mill, Of the fixed man of the first,
That dazzles and deceives,
With a head as bright as the daffodit,
And a fingd like the filly leaves!
She it is that makes them grow
Through all the summer hours:
They with cloaks of sp ckied dyes,
And they with hoods about their eyes
Meek and medest and high and low;
She can tell if she will,
Why they dazzle down by the mill. Why they dazzle down by the mill, My beautiful, beautiful flowers!

Literaru.

flunting a Murderer. It was in the year 184-I was living in a retired little shoot lodge on the Southwest coast of Ireland. About a month previous to the time of which I write a gentleman had been shot down at his own gate in Tipperary. Every-body knew that the murderer was lurk-ing somewhere in my neighborhood, in the hope of obtaining a passage to America. An unusually large reward had been offered for his apprehension, and the police were scouring the counand the police were scouring the country night and day, in every direction.

One fine summer evening I had returned from a long day's fishing in the bay and was smoking a farewell pipe for the night, when I heard the trans bay and was smoking a farewell pipe for the night, when I heard the tramp of horse's feet on the ground outside fol-lowed by a sharp ring at the belle. It was with no small delight that I recog-nized the well known voice of Frank Butler, a constabulary and one of my oldest friends.

When we had seen the horse made up (a splendid hunter, which had carried its master nearly sixty miles that day,) and sat down to supper I noticed that Frank looked more tired and care-worn than I had ever seen him before. It was not long until the cause came out.
"You have heard of this murder, of course, Harry," said he "that is what brought me over to night: it occurred in my district, and the gentleman was an intimate friend. I would have dined an intimate friend. I would have dined with him that day, but was called suddenly on duty, and sent an apology at the last moment. I was told since that he walked down to his avenue gate to meet me. His hand was on the latch when the villian fired from behind a

tree, and he did not bring his life to the tree, and he did not bring his me to the ground. You know this country well?" he added abruptly.

"So well, that if the fellow is lying out anywhere within five miles, I could undertake to put you on his

Frank sprang from his chair and walked rapidly through the room.

"I would give my right arm to be face to face with him, Harry. If you had seen poor — 's wife, her weary, hopeless face has been haunting me ever since; I can never rest until the murderer is taken; and I have certain information that he is lying out somewhere. Every house has been searched where Every house has been searche over and over again, but I cannot think of bringing you in to the business. One victim is enough. If it were known you

would be a marked man."

"Make your mind easy on that score, Frank; no one of the fellows here will touch a hair of my head, especially in a stranger's quarrel. My life is in most of their leases, and the heir at law is not such a favorite that they would the time to be the stranger of the score of the shoot me to bring him in. So now to business. I will get the ordinance map, and we can trace out the plan of our

campaign."
Our task was not such a difficult one after all; the ground to be searched was limited and tolerably open, consisting chiefly of bog, mountain and shore, with every foot of which I was acquainted. I pointed out to Frank each day's work on the map; and without assistance, and hunting in couples, three days would be amply sufficient to I had a brace of young setters in train-

ing at the time, and, to prevent suspi-cion it was agreed we should go out as if dog breaking was our only object; accordingly, early the following morn-ing, well provided with all the "et-ceteras" for such work, we started on our first day's hunt. It proved a blank but the second day showed us that gain was on foot and not far off. In a little wooden glen we came upon several art cealed lairs, which were evi dently lately occupied and in one of them I picked up an old pistol flint that had been thrown away and replaced as there was some paper lying beside it, from which a small piece had been torn, as if to cover a new one. We tracked foot steps for a considerable distance from it until they were lost in a heath ery bog, and, darkness coming on, were forced to give up the search. I don't think either of us slept much that night. When I went to b'rank's room in the morning he was already dressed. "One word, Harry," he said, "before we go. swears he will not be taken alive. These fellows seldom die game when run to the earth, but he cannot be worse off, and may keep his word. Promise me, if there is any fighting, you will act as reserve, and leave me to deal with him alone."

I did promise, with some mental reservation, and we started. There was a long day's work before us; all the likely places we had come across in our previous search had to be visited, some of them miles apart. Frank's senses seemed preternaturally sharpened. No trace, howeverslight, escaped his notice. A red Indian could hardly have displayed more sagacity in following up his enemy's trail. It was then for the first time that I learned how exciting a first time that I learned how exciting a man-hunt becomes under certain cir

cumstances.

Towards evening we reached a mountain—our last hope. There was only one face of it, over the sea, where a man would be likely to conceal himself. That side was composed of a number of perpendicular cliffs, separated from each other by green platforms, varying in breadth from a foot to ten; but all slooping downward at a considerable angl so as to make the footing rather precar-ious. The cliffs gradually increased in height until the lowest, which went

right down for one hundred feet into the Atlantic Ocean. While taking a hurried cast through the broken ground, we met a little boy herding cattle. He could not speak English; but we managed to ascertain that a stranger had given him a penny the day before to run down the hill for a lighted turf; when he returned the man was gone and he had not seen him

since.
The scent was getting hot, and our spirits rose, as we commenced the sea side of the mountain. There were caves in several of the platforms, and the we agreed to search together. The were very narrow, scarcely admitting one person abreast; and it was nervous work feeling our way on ward, not knowing the moment when the darkness would be illuminated by the flash of a would be illuminated by the flash of a platol, which must have been the death signal for one or the other, Frank always insisted on going first, and omit-

however, were so tired, after three days continuous work, as to be of little use. We had reached the last shelf but one

and as it contained no caves, and was all visible from the platform immedi-ately above, which had just been searched, I was about to pass on to the lower one just over the sea, when a mark in some fresh earth, scraped from a rabbit hole across the path, attracted my attention, and on a closer view I could distinctly see traces of a man's foot. Frank was by my side in a few seconds, and down examining the track. There was no mistake about it, it was plainly visible, leading inward, and no sign of it returning. Some one was there; whether the man we were in search of or not, remained to be seen. Frank rose from his knees and drew a

ong breath. "Any outlet from this?" he asked. None whatever. It stops suddenly about one hundred yards further on. The rock above and below is thirty feet high, and smooth as marble. Now that I remember, there is a large stone just where the pathway ends, behind which a man might lie. If he were anywhere else, I might have seen him from the upper one.

We walked on silent and cautious for We walked on silent and cautious for some distance, until we reached a pro-jecting rock. I touched Frank. "When we turn that corner we will be within ten yards of the end." De within ten yards of the end."
He made no reply, put his gun under his arm, and sauntered carelessly along. As he did so, I saw him stop suddenly and draw himself up to his full height. Ranging alongside I could see the figure of a man cronching like a wild beast behind the stone; his head was just visible above it. and the long harral beast behind the stone; his head was just visible above it, and the long barrel of a cavalry pistol was pointed directly at us. The dogs now sprang forward and commenced barking furiously. The

an was the first to speak : "Call off yer dogs," he shouted, "av 'Let the dogs alone, Ryan," said ank, cooly. "I have a warrant for Frank, cooly. "I have a warrant for you for the murder of Captain —. Pu your pistol down and come forward." The fellow gave a savage mugh.

"Come a step nearer, Butler, and see if yer warrant can stop a ball!" Frank's eyes flashed at the threat, but restraining himself he drew back to the shelter of the angle.

"We must give the fellow time to think, Harry. If we rush at him now, he is sure to knock one or the other of us over; and I don't like shooting him, if it on, he helped!" f it can be helped.' "Had you not better go for some of

your fellows? I will keep guard until you return. They would shoot him down at once I dare not risk their lives on that nar-row path. No, dead or alive, I shall not leave this place without him." He stepped back a few paces and scanned the rock above attentively.

"Do you see that holly bush right over him, Harry? Could you get to it without below respectively.

"Easily, but what good could I do here?" "Leave that to me, old fellow, his flank will be turned at all events his flank will be turned at all events, and you will have him under your gun. Don't fire until you see me down; then use your discretion."

With some reluctance I consented to go round. Taking off my shoes, I crept cautiously down and peered over. I had

scarcely done so when Frank stepped out with his watch in his hand. He spoke low, but every word fell on my done so when Frank stepped

ear distinctly.
"I shall give you five minutes, Ryan; if you don't throw down your arms and come out, expect no mercy, for you will get none. I'll shoot you as I would a mad dog." "The five minutes which ensued were

the longest I ever spent in my life. It was a glorious summer's evening. The of light on the ocean far below, and the white wings of the sea guils as they flitted in and out from their nest in the cliff. The rabbits were at play on the slopes, and a colony of glossy plumage were wheeling and screaming over my

were wheeling and screaming over my head.

But for that crouching and bloodstained figure beneath, all would have looked peaceful and happy. I tried to keep counting the seconds by the beating of my own heart, which was plainly would be but the seconds by the beating of my own heart, which was plainly would be but one we will be a second to the second secon audible; but every trifling incident was sufficient to distract my attention. There was a greatblack snake crawling There was a great black shake crawing toward a stone, and I began to speculate whether he would reach it before the time was up. Then a wren, whose nest was in the bush, perched on a twig near me and commenced chattering and swearing in my face, until a hawk came gliding round and the little fellow with

cry of terror, disappeared in the grass. Two minutes had passed away. Two minutes had passed away. I looked down at the murderer. It was evident the words were beginning to tell. He was moving uneasily from side to side, like a wolf in a trap. Several times he examined the lock of his pistol, and tried to find a place in the rock which would afford him more shelter. Once I thought he was going to speak, but the words seemed to choke him. Then crossing himself devoutly, and having arranged the weapon ap-

him. Then crossing himself devoutly, and having arranged the weapon apparently to his satisfaction, he lay sullenly biding his time.

Would the five minutes never pass. Frank still stood directly in front, watch in hand, and the gun under his arm.—He had lit a cigar, and was lounging lazily back against the cliff. Careless as he appeared, I knew him too well to doubt that he would hesitate for a second in going or firing as he had promised. At the time he was giving his antagonist fearful odds. Then only I began to realize the part I had to pay. It was unfortunately to plan. The man

gan to realize the part I had to pay. It was unfortunately to plan. The man must be disabled before he could commit another murder. That could only be done by shooting him down. In a fair fight I would not, I think, have hesitated; but my blood ran cold at the idea now. Yet what was I to do? There was no other way to save my friend's life, and God help me, it must be done I had nerved myself up to fire at all risks the instant I saw the murderer putting his finger on the trigger of his pistol, and had just brought my gun to pear when Frank's voice rang out loud

and clear.
"Your time has come—look up!" Involuntarily he did so, and caught my eye; a spasm of mortal fear passed across his features. He made no effort to raise the pistol, but a wire cartridge from Frank's gun smashed on the cliff behind him, passing within an inch of his head. The weapon dropped from his hand; in three bounds my friend had him in his clutch, dragged him over the rock and the struggle commenced.

It was short but from the nature of the

It was short but from the nature of the ground a fearful one. A false step would have sent the two over the precipice to the shelf below, and from that a hundred feet down into the Atlantic Ocean. Both were strong, powerful men, in weight the murderer was greatly superior, but in science and activity there were few able to cope with Frank. The

soon were strong, powerful men, in weight the murderer was greatly superior, but in science and activity there were few able to cope with Frank. The murderer struggled hard for an inside place, and succeeded in getting to a kind of cleft in the rock, which gave him a slight advantage. It was only momentary. Frank tore from him with a pull that brought some of the loose stones crashing down, and with the shock they went reeling and staggering to the very edge of the cliff.

I could stand it no longer; there was a long check cord which I had brought for my dogs, in my pocket; fastening it to a bush, I lowered myself down. As I touched the ground he succeeded in drawing a knife. Frank parried his thrust, and disengaging his left hand, struck heavily twice. The man dropped on his knees and began to beg for mercy. I rushed forward with a vague feeling of terror. As I came up the unfortunate wretch cried out: feeling of terror. As I came up the un-

feeling of terror. As I came up the un-fortunate wretch cried out: "Save me, for God's sake, sir! he is going to throw me over!" I looked at Frank's face. There was an expression there I never saw before and I would never like to see it again. "Let him go, Frank," I shouted:

ted no possible precaution, examining the outside carefully for tracks, and sending the dogs forward. The latter, frieze: as it was, we were nearly going rillian wore was made of the strongest frieze: as it was, we were nearly going over together. I laid him on his back, where he remained without sense or motion. Frank glared at him a few seconds in silence, then took my hand, and said slowly—
"You are a good fellow, Harry, and I
thank you; I didn't know what I was

doing."
He turned away with a shudder, while I poured out some brandy from my flask, and threw it in the murderer's face. He recovered after a time and sat up, staring wildly around, and trembling all over. I never saw a wretch so completely subdued; he clung to me for protection, and became as abject and for protection, and became as abject and cringing as he had been insolent before. We waited until dusk, and then brought him to the police barracks. Before sun-rise, the next morning, he was twenty miles on his way back to the place from whence he came. At the following as-sizes he was tried and convicted; the judge was merciful, and gave him a "long day." In the meantime fever broke out in the jail, and he proved one of the first victims. The last words he uttered were: "Don't throw me over!" Let us hope his prayer was granted.

The Irish Informer.

A young officer, whom we will call Sutherland, was several years ago shoot-ing one day on the mountains of Innishowen. The weather, which had been dark and cloudy all the morning, threatening rain, had finally settled down into a thick, heavy mist as the evaning closed in

down into a thick, neavy mist as the evening closed in.

The sportsman could hardly see a yard before him. There was no path to guide him over the moor, and the long slopes of heather and bog, as he surmounted them successively, gave no distinguishing marks by which to direct the was cold hungry tired. his steps. He was cold, hungry, tired, utterly and irrecoverably lost.

All of a sudden a tall, shadowy figure rose up before him out of the nist.
"My good fellow," he shouted, "can you guide me to the neighboring town?"
"Is it the town, ava? Sure, your honor, I could not guide myself there, let alone another, on such a murky night," was the frank, hearty reply. "Can you direct me to some place of shelter, then, and I will pay you well?"

The figure came close up to him; a great, brawny, broad shouldered Celt, with twinkling black eyes, and a broad, grinning mouth. "Let me look at your honor's face," "Let me look at your nonor's tace."
The young soldier turned his open, honest eyes toward him. "It's a fair one, if the world don't spoll it," the man muttered. "Now, sir, I'll deal fairly with you, if you'll do the same belikes to me. Will you give your world that you'll never let on to any

belikes to me. Will you give your word that you'll never let on to any man, woman, or child what your eyes may see or your ears hear this blessed The promise was given. "Come, then, your honor, and I'll give you the pattern of a lodging and the best I can offer, and maybe some-thing more besides." thing more besides."

He then led the way in a contrary direction to that in which the young soldier had been going, and after a quar-ter of a mile's walking paused. The sportsman listened; he thought that he

leard the murmur of voices near him. but he could distinguish no sign of a dwelling. Presently, however, he thought that he perceived a black smoke rising up out of the Leather through the mist, and became more certain of it as the vapor was mingled occasionally with sparks of fire.

His guide came near to him and put his finger to his mouth, with an odd, good-natured look of warning.

'ou promise, your l "On my oath," was the reply.
"Come on, then," and Sutherland followed hisguide to the side of a hillock, in which was a rude door, from whence the smoke and the flames and the voices

clearly proceeded. clearly proceeded.

The man now gave a low whisper, which was answered from within, and a rugged head was thrustout from the door, and a short parley ensued, at the close of which his guide returned to Sutherland, saying that it was all right; and they closeling his land. right; and then, clasping his hand, and uttering more sternly than before his brief admonition, "R-member your promise," led him into the secret chamber.

It was a cave hollowed out in the hill, and only consisted of one apart-ment, at the end of which blazed an enormous turf fire, with a huge caul-dron upon it, containing what Sutherland knew at once to be a private still, so that the mystery of the secret habitation and promise was at once explained. plained. There were no persons in the cave,

but the owner of the rugged head aforesaid, an old blear-eyed man, who appeared to be thoroughly smoke-dried in his vocation, and a bare-legged urchin of twelve, who attended to the

fire.

On the whole, barring the smoke, it was a cozy enough lodging to fall in with upon a cold, dark, misty night upon the barren moors, and Sutherland felt no scruple of conscience in making himself thoroughly comfortable. He was no informer, and he had no intention of becoming one so he warned tion of becoming one, so he warmed himself and dried his clothes by the great turf fire, and ate heartly of some oatmeal bannock and capital potatoes which were set before him, and he took a very fair quantity of the very best potheen that had ever passed through his lips, drinking sotto voce to the health of the King, and openly to that of his host and ould Ireland, in every fresh pannikin; the only remark that Paddy condescended to make during the inter-vals between his draughts being— "Bedad, now, this bates Parliament

entirely."

Well, the end of it was, that what with the cold, and the hunger, and the thirst, and the means resorted to to counteract them, the soldier and sports-man accepted with gratitude the "wrap ascal" or frieze coat of his entertainer and lay down beside the fire, and was soon asleep. He had not slept long, as he thought,

hefore he was awakened by the huge hand of his host being laid upon his shoulder. He started up. "Sure, then, it's yourself that have had an illigant nap, as ye well may, whose heart is light and bones weary; but you must get up now sir for the but you must get up now, sir, for the morning's breaking, and it would be better for all parties that you were away from this before daylight comes."

It was even so; the night had passed rapidly, but refreshingly. Sutherland rose as fresh as a lark, and a hasty bite and sun, consisting of some remains of and sup, consisting of some remains of last night's meal and a glass of the staple commodity of the cabin, and a liberal douceur to the lame man and boy, left

douceur to the lame man and boy, left happy faces behind him.

His guide of the preceding night accompanied him for a short distance, until he broughthim to the tract which, as he told him, led to a hill, from the top of which he would be able to see the town, and then, having accepted with reluctance the gift, and with a broad grin of thanks and hearty shake of the hand which accompanied it, he bade the hand which accompanied it, he bade the young soldier remember his promise, and left him and went his way.

Now for the sequel. Sutherland said nothing about his adsubteriant sate nothing about his atventure, and very shortly afterward was summoned home by the sickness of his father, who was an old man, and had been long falling. He found him in so weak and precarious a state that he was unable to leave him, and continued with him until, after six weeks of anxiety and watching the old men died him until, after six weeks of anxiety and watching, the old man died.

The necessary arrangements for the family, and the distribution of the property and administration of the will, detained him some time longer, so that it was more than three months before he returned to his regiment.

During that time be had heard frequently from his brother officers, but the newscontained in one of their letters affected him strangely:

"We have been still huntipe."

Nasty work—I hate it. Why won't the Government make better whiskey and sell it cheaper? They say that if they did it would not be so good as the old potheen, because it could not be made n such small quantities. I am no judge of what might be; I like the stuff as it is, and have no enmity to the poor fellows who make it, and here am I obliged, not only to punish, but ruin them! I had rather punish the informers.

formers."

Not very loyal this of Sutherland's correspondent, but such sentiments were not uncommon with young officers in those days.
"Well," continued the writer,

went out, made our point, and found the still; I will spare you the details. It was in a subterranean room or cave in the middle of the moors. The distillers had escaped, the informer got the £20, and I a cold." I have said that this intelligence an

noyed Sutherland greatly; he could not help fanoying that the "still" so cap-tured was the same whose existence he had promised to conceal; and on his return to the regiment, his suspicions were turned into certainty by a descrip-tion of the place from whence it had been taken.

been taken.

Time went on. Again Sutherland was out shooting upon the moors at some distance from the spot of his former adventure; again the mists gathered round him; again he lost his way, and the night drew in. His position received vividity to his mind the events recalled vividly to his mind the events of the first evening, and, as if to make the resemblance greater, out of the thick darkness rose a tall figure, which the sportsman immediately recognized as that of his guide and host in the secret

The recognition was mutual, but to the officer the ideas which it awakened in his mind were far from pleasant. "This poor fellow." he said to him-self, "will most certainly connect me with the loss of his still. It is a lonely place to meet with an angry and desperate man, and he has doubtless companions within call. I am in for it, sure enough. Well, if I must fight I must, but I will speak him fair, at all events." So he looked gravely in his old acquaintance's face, who returned the plance with a quiet amile. turned the glance with a quiet smile "So ye are lost again, are ye?" he said; "sure it's a pity but them ye belong to don't take better care of you, aya; and you'll be wanting a lodging again, I'll be bound for it, such as you And his countenance, to Sutherland's

suspicious eye, assumed an ominous expression.
"I have heard of your loss," Sutherland said, "and I swear to you that I had nothing to do with it. I kept my promise faithfully. I was away when your property was taken; I never mentioned it to anybody before or franced least to anybody before or mentioned it to anybody before o afterward, I assure you upon my honor. "Is it your promise, sir!" replied the Irishman; "sure and why wouldn't you keep it? And didn't I know when I took ye to the ould place that you would keep it, by your honest young face? Would I have taken you there at all at all if I hadn't? Is it the likes of you that would turn informer? Bad

cess to the whole seed and generation of them! The curse of Cromwell be upon all those informing villains! 'Well," said Sutherland, " I am glad "Well," said Sutherland, "I am glad you did me the Justice to think that I keptthe secret. However, it gotabroad."
"Keep the secret, your honor!" said the other, with an inexpressible look of slyness upon his good-natured face; will your honor keep another if I tell you one?" you one?"
"Surely," replied the officer, "if you

like to trust me. like to trust me."

"Well, then, by dad," laughed Paddy,
"I don't see how I am to help it if you
are to get food and lodging, and may be
a thrifte of drink, this night on the lone
moors. It was the informer that your
honor was speaking about, and the ould
not, the poor ould not which is goon
I much the same veln was a retort pot, the poor ould pot, which is gone entirely anyhow." And he shook his head with a comical air of gravity.

"And troth and she was a poor ould pot, and you see she was worn out next to nothin', and she had done me many a good turn these last ten years, more or less; and she was not, so to say, good for much when I swapped her first; and so just because she was of no use, and I had nothing but empty pockets to buy another with, I just—whist! whist! was that a foot I

just—whist! whist! was that a foot I heard? no, all safe—I just went and in-formed against her myself, the creature, and they went and got the sogers and carried her off in state; it was honor for the likes of her, and I got the informer's money. It was not so dirty as maybe it might have been, and I just went and —put you ear down, sir, and I'll whisper -put you ear down, sir, and I'll whisper it to you—got a bran new one out of the notes; and if ye'll come with me a little beyondst ye'll find a place the very pattern of the last, and, maybe, a pannikin of the right sort out of the nev still. Long life to his Majesty, and the back of my hand and the sole of my foot to the blackguard gaugers who paid for

her." The Way for Ladies to Obtain Small Feet. A correspondent in San Francisco urnishes the subjoined information: I had the pleasure of an introduction the other evening, to a Peruvian lady of the "upper crust," and was particu-larly struck with the smallness of her larly struck with the smallness of her feet and hands. The lady is a deep bru-nette, has a "killing eye," teeth as white as pearl, a voice of rare sweetness, and, what will be decidedly interesting to my male readers, is mistress of a fortune of half a million. She visits San Fran-cisco for the nurses of observing our cisco for the purpose of observing our manners and customs, and, perhaps, to pass a few months in one of our female

eminaries.
She informs me that the ladies of Lima are noted for their small feet, the secret being that the infants of the female sex undergo, as a rule, amputation of the little toe of each foot. So general is the custom that many women think that five toes on each foot is a state of things peculiar to the male sex. also informed me that a famous vian surgeon is coming up to San Fran cisco, where he expects to reap a rich harvest. He warrants to very young ladies the tiniest and most graceful feet hy means of the above-named amputation, and confinement to the house of only one week. A custom of this kind prevailed pretty generally in Paris some years ago, kept up by the very repre-hensible complaisance of a surgeon who had acquired some reputation touching this silly mutilation. Ladles, be on th

qui vive for the Peruvian surgeon. A Queer Wager.

A Queer Wager.

The English are famous betters. A French paper (the French are always poking fun at John Bull) gives the following singular bet at Brighton between Sir John—and Lord Ch—. The first, who is a very small man, bet the other, who is a ton of a man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and goatle. A large number of ladies and gentle-men attended to witness the proceeding. When the giant and pigmy met, the

Colored Militia of Richmond Disbanded. General Schofield has ordered the officers of the negro battalion of this city to disband their organizations.

These officers were summoned before ous—he said, he did not much mind the court below the knee, provided it were officers of the wild, detained him some time longer, so that it was more than three months before he returned to his regiment.

During that time be had heard frequently from his brother officers, but the news contained in one of their letters affected him strangely:

"We have been still-hunting," said they must disband. He also refused their request that they must disband. He also refused their request that they must disband. He also refused their request that they must disband. He also refused their request that they must disband. He also refused their request that they might remain organized until after the said equipments had been purchased, and every preparation made for a grand with my party to protect the gaugers.

The Wit of Bench and Bar.

BY L. J. BIGELOW. Lawyers and judges have a reputation Lawyers and judges have a reputation for wit, to which, as a class they are not fairly entitled. They enjoy a prestige in this matter much the same as the most squalid loafer of the "Eternal City" could claim by virtue of being a Roman citizen. The public concedes to the profession a capacity for infinite jest, which it certainly does not possess. It is by no means an association of jokers.

If there can be found duller men, men whose minds are more prosaic, whose spirits are less volatile, or whose temperaments are more phlegmatic than the majority of those who sit upon the bench, or plead at the bar, then all persons should pray especially to be delivered from their stupidity. The number of legal gentlemen who need, as Sidney Smith said, a surgical operation performed to get a joke into their heads, is larger, in proportion to their strength, than either of the other learned professions. According to the stretches would generally the stretches when the second stretches we will describe the stretches.

than either of the other learned profes-sions. Accurate statistics would cer-tainly verify this statement. This is not only true now, but has, in the lan-guage of the law, been so, "for a period of time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." In the whole line of the lord chancellors, Sir Thomas Moore was the only really brilliant wit. He uttered several pleasantries to his executioner upon the scaffold, telling him, as he laid his head upon the block to represent his beard for that had block, to remove his beard for that had never harmed the king. He had agenial, sparkling merriment in his soul which even the presence of death could not chill.

Among the English barristers the number of celebrated wits can be counted on the ten fingers; and they, certainly, are not entitled to claim a mercurial are not entitled to claim a mercurial character attaching to the profession, like "a covenant running with the land." The study of the law has a tendency to sober the fancy and to destroy the fine glamour of the imagination. The exceptions to this effect only prove the rule. The author of "Eastus" is a the rule. The author of "Festus poet in spite of Chitty and Blackstone, and John G. Saxe is an attorney to whom the law is nothing more than a

joke.
While the preparatory studies of the legal practitioner are not favorable to the development of wit, his after experiences pmentof wit, his after experiences afford the most splendid opportunities for its public display. Herein lies the secret of the bench and bar having secured a prescriptive title to a large share of the world's wit. It is because that in the trial cases, the odd characters who appear as parties and witnesses, and the constant tensions upon the minds of the counsel, and the freedom of remark, allowed them, furnish the most favorable occasion for the exhibition of pleasantry and brilliant repartee. In this kind of intellectual gladiatorship, the keen blades must in clashing throw off some sparks.

The wit at such times is sarcastic, cut-

ting and remorseless. It is malicious, and intended to give pain. The bonnots are gleaning daggers, with no flower-wreaths of sentiment on their hilts. Erskine, Sheridan, Curran, and Grattan, the most celebrate wits of their day were harcisters, and some of their day, were barristers; and some of their finest conceits and most sparkling fancies were thrown off during their practice in court

A good sample of this species of wit is he following:— Curran was one day engaged in a legal argument. His colleague, standing behind him, was a tali, lank, and lean man, who had orginally intended to take orders. The judge remarked that the case before him involved a question

In much the same vein was a retort of Lord Erskine, who, when at the height of his reputation, was once op-posed to Councillor Lamb, an old and celebrated member of the bar, of very timid manners and nervous temperament, who usually prefaced his plea with some kind of an apology. On this occasion, he happened to remark that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless Erskine, "every one knows that the oldera lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes."
When Sheridan was going to court
one morning, carrying his usual green
bag full of books and papers, some of his professional associates set on theur-ohins in the streets to ask him if he were peddling old clothes. "No." he replied, "these are all new suits."

replied, "these are all new suits."
"This, however, is not as good as his remark on entering a crowded committee room, when he called out in parlia-mentary language. "Will some one mentary language, "Will some one move that I may take the chair!" One would hardly suppose that so dry a subject as the law would furnish material for lively epigrams; but it has provoked some specimens of this species of versification, which are not the worst of their kind.

of their kind.
In a rare old English book containing some legal curiosities is the following, which as a compliment to the fairsex I certainly very unique:

"Fee simple and simple fee, And all the fees in tail, Are nothing when compared to thee, Thou best of fees—f male!" This was doubtless the production of a love-sick law-student, whose mind. wandering from Blackstone's subtle re-finements on "fees" to his adored mis-tress, blossomed forth in this remarka-

ble antithesis. The following legal definition is not found in any of the standard text books in use among the profession, and must have been written by some disgusted limb of the law, who had fainted by the wayside, or by a disappointed client, who had lost faith in the infallible justice of the court.

who had lost faith in the mississipple tice of the courts:

"For pay to prove an honest man a thief,
For pay, to break the widow's heart with grief,
To stifle truth,—for lies to gain belief.—
That's a Brief." Even rare Ben. Johnson, in his "Vol-

pone, or the Fox," leaves us a specimen of this malicious sarcasm on a lawyer, who may, perhaps, have sued him for a wine bill. He makes one of the char-

a wine bill. He makes one of the characters say,—

"So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue, And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce Lie st.ll without a fee."

But of all legal poems and epigrams, those of John G. Saxe are unrivaled, and are too familiar to need quotation. His "Briefless Barrister" will probably live after all the learned arguments and forensis efforts of the most she leaves. forensic efforts of the most able lawyers of his age have been lost in the very dregs of oblivion. His epigram "On a Famous Water-Suit" must be pardoned by way of showing its superiority to some of those which have preceded it:

"My wonder is really boundless
That among the queer cases we try,
A laud-case should often be groundless,
And a water-case always be dry."

The law also has its conundrums and puns, which seem a natural sequence of the double entendre which attorneys When the giant and pigmy met, the latter said.

"Now, my Lord, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry you, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But my Lord was inflexible. He blushed at the bare thought of show-himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Sir John—had won the bet.

Colored Militia of Richmond Dishanded. what would your fish-dinner be withou

from the judiciary of our own country.
Judge William J. Bacon, of the Supreme
Court of New York, is one of the very
few dignitaties of the bench, who has adorned his sound legal acquirements with the amenities of literature, and sweetened hisjudicial remarks occasionally, with a most delicious humor. One lay, during the trial of a cause, a Mr. Junn was a witness on the stand, and as he hesitated a good deal, and seemed unwilling, after much persistent ques-tioning, to tell what he knew, the judge banning, to ten what he knew, the judge said to him,—"Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire." After the examination had closed, the bar was convuised by Judge Bacon's adding,—"Mr. Gunn, you can go off, now—you may be discharged." Some legal conundrums are absolutely startling, as for instance:
Why is an executed falon "the publicate

Why is an escaped felon "the noblest work of God?" Because he is an non est man. Why is a lawyer like a lazy man in the morning? Because he lies first on one side, and then turns over and lies

on the other. But the finest example of this kind of wit is furnished in an anecdote of two notable men, around whose names cluster many proud and pleasant mem-ories to keep them alive in the public mind. Chief Justice Story was once a guest at a public dinner in Boston, at which Edward Everett was present. Wishing to pay a delicate compliment to the latter, the learned judge proposed as a volunteer toast, "Fame follows as a volunteer toast, "Fame follows merit where Everett goes." The brilliant scholar and consummate orator not at all disconcerted, rose, and tossing up his wine glass, responded, "To what-ever heights judicial learning may at-

tain in this country, it will never rise above one Story."

Among the finest specimens of impromptu reply, which while not witty in the ordinary sense of the term, con-tains a compressed eloquence of the most exquisite type is the following by William Wirt. This celebrated advo-cate was once arguing a case involving some personal right, in the course of which he stated a very broad legal pro-position. His opponent asked him for his authority in laying down the rule, and to cite the book and page which contained his precedent. Mr. Wirt, in his impressive style, turned upon his ougstioner and answered in this govequestioner, and answered in this gorous manner:-

"Sir, I am not bound to grope my way among the ruins of antiquity,—to stumble overobsolete statutes, and delve in black-letter lore, in search of a priniple written in living letters upon the

heart of every man."
Rufus Choate, the most brilliant man
in many respects that has ever adorned In many respects that has ever adorned the profession, often indulged in a grotesque wit, which was quite as original as any element in his eccentric genius. He once complimented Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts—said to have been one of the ugliest men that ever sat upon the bench—by saying, as he arose to commence his argument, "In coming into the presence of your Honor, I experience the same feelings the Hindoo does when he bows before his idoi.—I does when he bows before his idol.—1 know that you are ugly; but I feel that you are great."

On another occasion, when he asked

a witness what his occupation was, the sanctimonious individual answered, "I am a minister of the gospel, sir,—a can-

dle of the Lord." "Of what denomination, sir?" "The Baptist."
"I trust, then," replied Mr. Choate, that you area dipped, but not a wick-ed

This paper may be concluded by two examples of sarcastic wit, which is the type most common among lawyers.

A member of the bar once entered the Courts of Appeals of New York, while a counsellor was arguing an important case. "Who is that gentleman addressing the court?" said he, speaking to Charles O'Connor, who was sitting near him. "That, sir, is Daniel Lord, Junior, and he puts on the "JUNIOR," so he may not be mistaken for the Lord Almighty "It may be inferred that these two professional rivals resembled neither Damon and Pythia, nor Jonathan and Javid, in their affection for each other.

that and David, in their affection for each other.

The reader may by this time feel like the hungry judge who had been kept upon the bench an hour after the time for dinner, by the long speech of an advocate in defence of a criminal. Getting out of all patience he said 'Mr. ting out of all patience he said, "Mr. B—, you must conclude your argument at once, or I shall adjourn for dinner; you know that I dine at 1 o'clock, and it is now nearly two." Lawyer B—, turning to the dignitary of the bench, replied, "Your Honor most bench, replied, "Your Honor most strikingly illustrates that deep insight into human nature which Shakespeare displayed, when he said, "The lean, lank, and hungry Judge would hang the guitless, Rather than eat his motion cold."

Butler and Barnum. Extract from a speech by Hon. S. S. Cox, at Bridgeport:
Where does the showman get his libwhere does the showman get his floerty to brand these men of worth; to sneer at Andrew Johnson as a tailor! forsooth; or to boast of his superior morality? If he has told the truth about himself in his autoblography—a book that ought to be entitled "The Recolutions of a Successful Sampa" he have iections of a Successful Scamp," he has been from the first an arrant trickster. been from the first an arrant trickster. You may remember his account of his "bottle trick," when he cheated his Uncle Aaron and Aunt Laura; his old tin cups, which he passed off for good; his boast of selling cotton for wool, and wool and cotton for silk and linen; his beans and peas for ground coffee, and his corn meal for ginger; clocks, with half the wheels out of case, exchanged for regular time keepers; his swindle of the Irish pedler; his confession of being a convicted libeller; and as the climax his counterfeited

and as the clinax his counterleted woolly horse, and the original bill of sale from Augustine Washington of Joyce Heth, the venerable nurse of "dear little George Washington!" All these schemes have a name and penalty in law, and a worse character of the scheme have the uncorrectional designs and the scheme have the uncorrectional designs. penalty in taw, and a worse character in ethics; but the unconscionable showman makes a boast of his audacities. He is a fit exponent of the party which Senator Wilson boasted stood on the rock of ages, with all the measureless moral influences of the universe to sustain its the showman having the measure tain it-the showman having the meas ureless moral influences! There is a fitness of his being a companion of Butler in Congress. (Cheers.) They are twins in impudence and brothers for lucre. Whatever pays is right. Some one has endeavored to anticipate the tombstone in Butler's case, by inditing his epitaph

Here lies a great hero who shirked bloody Here her a great here who sarrs of his life;
He passed in a bottle some years of his life;
But ere he was bottled much plunder he gained
Which, in spite of remonstrance, he always retained.
Till it grew to a maxim beyond all debate,
That no Butler e're took such good care of the

piate.

And when ve sels of silver were missing "Alack," "Alack,"
Sighed the owners, "they're hidden in Benjamin's sack."
(Cheers.) If I might essay to write the show man's ante-mortem and political epitaph, I trust you will make it good

In April:

The show is over, Barnum's gone!
His earthly journey now is done;
Ambition did his soul environ.
He fell beneath a man of iron,
The Yankee people would not choose him
But sent him stuffed into his Museum,
Preserved in wax, his eyes all glass—
His other figures do surpase;
The woolly horse hus shed his wool,
With grief his heart was over ful;
The "happy family" mourn his care;
The mermaid drops her salt tears there;
Poor Joyce Heth mumbles her great grief,
And hymns and psalms give no rellef.
Her little George Washington
Has gone where Barnum hasn't gone!
The learned seal, with mourning wet,
Refuses meat to cure regret;
The Arteo children lear their hair,
Those kinks proclaim their deep despair;
The showman ferried over the fityx,
And hell sewards his Yankee tricks!
(Long and loud isughter and cheers.)

The Chimes of St. Michael's Restpred The Chimes of St. Michael's Resipred.

The bells of St. Michael's Church, in Charleston, which have been in the possession of the United States authorities, have been released from the custom house, and on Sunday were subjected to their first trial, and, as they chimed the familiar sounds of "Home Again," the eyes of not a few were bedewed with grateful tears. The bells were found to be in perfect condition, and hereafter we may hope to have them ring in many Sabbaths of prosperity and peace. Misellaneous.

Vanitas Vanitatum—The Esterhasy Jewels.

extravagance of young men borne to a certain amount of wealth, who rather seek to flash like a meteor than to shine seek to flash like a meteor than to shine like a fixed star. One requires very little intimacy with the swells of England to find out that Lord Harry went up very lately on a "good thing" on the Derby for £60,000, and only had his family name saved by his brother, the Marquis, and his dear old mother, the Dowager. on condition that he would Marquis, and his dear old mother, the Dowager, on condition that he would be a good boy and cut training stables for the future. It does not take any particular knowledge of private life to find out that scores of lazy, indolent, good fellows are lounging away their lives at cheap places, in the south of Europe, this one because he sunk the whole £100,000 his father, Lord F., left him last year, in one racing season, and that one because, with all the handsome income he inherited, he has been obliged to cut the Arlington and can't show to cut the Arlington and can't show again at Newmarket. Only two months ago, half a dozen of the best known young men here went across the channel, to rusticate on the continent, while of those that can stay at home, if one can only get a peep at Mr. Padwick's race dluners, it is very easy to see who belong to the lame duck class. This now celebrated horse dealer entertained recently, at a race dinner, at least a dozen titled gentlemen, among whom were dukes and marquises and earls. Many a man who bears a proud name is thankful to accept his favors and some of them have received more than they can ever repay. A mony these is the One common end overtakes life's idle dream ing, Dust, darkness, tears! can ever repay. Among these is the Duke of Hamilton. Only three years ago he succeeded to £75,000 a year. Today he is almost a pensioner on his friends of the ring and the palace of the Douglass is at the disposition, at least during this duke slife, of Mr. Padwick. But all these areas tribus when com-

But all these are as trifies when com-pared with the break up of the Ester-huzys. The vicillesse dorce has so far outstripped the jounesse dorce that the extravagances of the latter sink into comparative insignificance. It is almost difficult to give any one, who has not been a guest in princely houses, an idea of the wealth of these princes. The Esterhazys are the feudal proprietors of nearly one third of Hungary; they are owners of thirty-three most extensive manors and suzerains of numerous lordships. They have estates and estates ships. They have estates and castles and vassals, and from these they have derived a lordly income, almost fabulous, which they dispensed with that lavish Asiatic magnificence, so peculiar to the Hungarian magnates and so totally different from everything European. Some appreciation may be had of the style of life peculiar to the Magyar nobles, from a little anecdote of Count Wesselenyi. He was reproached for not having a good betal as this large. for not having a good hotel on his large estates. He built at once a better one than could be found within fifty miles, but over the door of it, he had painted in large letters "Wesselenyl's Hotel, but hound the man who stops here and not at Wesselenyl's Castle." The gallery in the Esterhazy palace

in Vienna contains some of the finest pictures, and the choicest Murillos especially, in Germany. The stud of the last Prince, Paul, was the best in continental Europe, one in France possibly excepted, and his sheep farms alone, where some of his choice merino rams would frequently sell for £500, were in themselves an immense fortune. Only two years ago, when on his last visit to this country, he went to look over an immense sheep farm in Scotland. The head shepherd, enthusiastic with pride as he pointed from the top of the hill to the numerous herds scattered around, said, "Has your Highness as many sheep as those?" "I don't know," answered his Highness dryly; "but I've got more shepherds." From the choicest grapes of one of the Esterhazy vineyards is made the Imperial Tokay. It is a wine of wonderful delicacy and exquisite flavor, very peculiar in character and having about it something, when it acquires age and loses somewhat of its sweetness, that reminds one strongly of that wonderfully delicate flavor which is only found in the very fluest Southern Madeiras or the very purest bronze seal Johannisberger. It purest bronze seal Johannisberger. It is always a little sweet, but not sweet is always a little sweet, but not sweet enough to rank as aliqueur. There are lower qualities of Tokay which bring in a handsome revenue, but the Imperial Tokay is a Princely wine and is only parted with as a Princely gift to a Prince's friends. It is found only in the cellars of the wealthy and the noble and then only where it has been sent. None is sold and scarcely any private influence is sufficient to obtain for a stranger to the Esterhazys the gift of even a few bottles.

saying, a female political canvass would be an outrageous thing.

Think of the torch-light procession that would distress our eyes. Think of the curious legends on the transpareneven a few bottles.

To all this wealth there has at last come an end. In sporting parlance, poor Paul "went up." He died a couple of months ago so deeply indebted, that all his private property, in fact whatever was not entailed has passed into the bands of his graditors and is being sold. Robbins, the only virtuous candidate in the field!"

the field!"
And this:
"Chastity, modesty, patriotism! Let
the great peoplestand by Maria-Banders,
the champion of morality and progress,
and the only candidate with a stainless

Vote for Judy McGinnis, the incorruntible! Nine children-one at the

vant, "What is the matter with the baby?" And the servant shall reply, "It has been sick for hours." "And family. The most extraordinary ornaments were sewed over splendid uniforms until they became as stiff with pearls as a coat of mall and when Prince Paul appeared in all his jewelled splendor his dress was too cumbrous to allow him to move with easy. The most dor his dress was too cumbrous to allow him to move with ease. The most valuable of all the ornaments was the diamond aigrette which Prince Nicholas first adopted at the time of the coronation of the Emperor Francis as King of Hungary in 1791 and which he then wore in place of the plume or "busby" of the Hussar cap. On that occasion he appeared as captain of a special bodyguard to the King, at the head of a troop of twenty-four princes and nobles, all of them possessed of enormous wealth.

This plume contained over 5,000 diamonds, it weighed one and a half

energy. * * * *

Every man, I take it; has a selfish end in view when he pour sout eloquence in behalf of the public good in the newspapers, and such is the case with me. I do not want the privileges of woman extended, because my wife already holds office in nineteen different infernal correle associations and I have to de all female associations and I have to do all her clerking. If you give the women full sweep with the men in political affairs, she will proceed to run for every confounded office under the new dispensation. That will finish me. It is bound to finish me. She would not have time to de anything at all then

monds, it weighed one and a half

monds, it weighed one and a half pounds, and was the largest diamond ornament in the world. It was sixteen inches high and composed of the finest brilliants. Around the cap was a row of pearls perfect in size and faultless in shape, and the lion's head, from whose mouth the band depended, was finely colored in tawny enamel, while from

mouth the band depended, was ninely colored in tawny enamel, while from the eyes flashed and sparkled a pair of splendid diamonds. The rest of the accourrements were in keeping with this head dress. The sword hilt was en

head dress. The sword hilt was en-crusted with diamonds; the scabbard

lashed with diamonds; the belt blazed

with diamonds. The ammunition pouch was encrusted with jewels, the boots

were covered with jewelry, and the tas-sels which hung from their tops were made of diamond brilliants. Those

made of diamond brilliants. Those portions of the equipments of his dress, which are usually of metal, were made of fine brilliants. The effect, even at this grand pageant, where all was display, was dazzling. It did not, however, satisfy the wishes of this prodigal prince who seemed determined to out.

prince, who seemed determined to out-

Mixing Bables.

An Alliance correspondent of the Canton (O.) Repository relates the following: Some days ago there was a dancing party given for the benefit of the Fenlans, on the outleft their cherubs in the lands of the mischievous wretches, than they stripped the darlings, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, the mothers each took, as she thought, her own baby, and hurriedly left the scene of gaieties and started to their homes several miles apart, being far on the way before the "peep-o'-day." On the following day there was a tremendous row in the settlement. Mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living filles apart, it required two days to namix the little cherubs, and will require as many weeks to restore the mothers to their natural sweet dispositions.

£20,000.

The orders of knighthood of Prince Paul were copied over and over again in precious jewels. He had no less than six orders of the Golden Fleece. One was composed of purest brilliants, one of superb yellow diamonds, and one, of diamonds and emeralds, contained the best colored emerald of its size known. It was matchless. There, were also No doubt your readers have heard marvellous tales of *la jeunesse doree* and the lavish expenditure and wonderful It was matchless. There, were also orders of the Bath and other orders in diamonds. They were unequalled by any jewelled orders in Europe. Besides these there were single diamonds, snuff boxes, belts, stars, crosses and many objects of minor importance.
The whole of this dazzling collection

£20,000.

The whole of this unzing confection has now come to the hammer. It has fallen into hands of a London jeweller. On a square board, covered with black velvet, these spoils of haughty pride are now paraded to the gaze of the public. The effect is startling for the moment, but the impression produced is inexbut the impression produced is inex-pressibly sad. Stone seems to tell to stone a mornful story, and as we turn away from the contemplation of these glittering baubles gathered together, but a little while ago from the cornors of the earth, for the gratification, of human vanity, and now again to be scattered abroad, through the wide scattered abroad, through the wide world of wealth and fashlon, we muse dreamingly on the bubbles of life which burst so soon and feel how vain the effort of those would grapple with time. It is at best a weary struggle, for after all

过程分分为一种情况

quare; of ten lines, \$0 pan meer for much ad-litiously musical

first, and a cents for each subsequent inser-

tion. PROTAL NOTICES inserted in Local Column,

If cents par line.

SPECIAL NOTICES preceding marriages and deaths, 10 other per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS, of ten line or less,

one year, Business Cards, sive lines or less, one

and gorgeously fantastic costume. The pearls on the jacket and pantaloons alone measured, it is stated, a peck. One diamond on the aigrette was valued at

FGAL AND OTH - B NOTICES—

Administrators' notice

ERSONAL PROPERTY, and GEN-

Female Suffrage.

Views of Mark Twain. Editors Missouri Democrat:

I have read the long list of lady peti-tioners in favor of female suffrage, and as a husband and a father I want to protest against the whole business. I will never do to allow women to vote It will never do to allow them to hold office. You know, and I know, that if they were granted these privileges there would be no more peace on earth. They would swamp the country with debt. They like to be Mrs. President Smith of the Dorcas Society, or Mrs. Secretary Jones of the Hindoo Ald Association, or Mrs. Treasurer of something or other. They are fond of the distinction of the thing, you know; they revel in the sweet jingle of the title. They are always setting up sanotified confederations of all kinds, and then running for President of them. They are even so fond of office that they office. You know, and I know, that if They are even so fond of office that they are willing to serve without pay. But you allow them to vote and to go to the Legislature once, and then see how it will be. They will go to work and start a thousand more societies, and crain them full of salarled offices. You will see a state of things then that will stir your feelings to the bottom of your pockets. The first fee bill would exasperate you some. Instead of the usual schedule for judges, State printer, Supreme court clerks, &c , the list would

read something like this:
OFFICES AND SALARIES.
President Dorcas society......

You know what a state of anarchy and social chaos that fee bill would create. Missouri would let go everything and run for State Milliner. And instead of run for state stiffiner. And instead of ventilating each other's political ante-cedents, as men do, they would go straight after each other's private moral character. (I know them—they are all like my wife.) Before the canvass was three days old it would be an establish-ed proposition that every worsen in the ed proposition that every woman in the State was "no better than she ought to be." Only think how it would lacerate be." Only think how it would lacerate me to have an opposition candidate say that about my wife. That is the idea, you know—having other people say these hard things. Now, I know that my wife isn't any better than she ought to be, poor devil—in fact, in matters of orthodox doctrine, she is particularly shaky—but still I would not like these things aired in a political contest. I don't really suppose that that woman will stand any more show hereafter than—however, she may improve—she may even become a beacon light for the saving of others—but If she does, she will burn rather dim, and she will flicker a good deal, too. But, as I was saying, a female political canvass would

cles:
"Robbins forever! Vote for Sallie

hands of his creditors and is being sold by them for their benefit. The horses have already been disposed of and quite recently the Esterhazy jewels have pass-ed into the hands of Mr. Boree, jeweller on the Strand, where they are now for sale. The collection consists of at least 50,000 brilliants, many of them of im-mense size, of emeralds, rubies, sap-phires, opals, pearls and in a word, of precious stones of every description. The Esterhazy collection has long been celebrated throughout Europe, and the jewelled boots and pearl embroidered pantaloons were known at every large court. The passion for precious stones appear to have been hereditary in the family. The most extraordinary ornahands of his creditors and is being sold eputation!

breast!"
In that day a man shall say to his ser-

where is its mother?" "She is out electioneering for Sallie Robbins." And such conversations as these shall transpire between ladies and servants applying for situations: "Can you cook?" "Yes." "Wash?" "Yes." "Do general housework?" "Yes." "All "Do general housework?" "Yes," "All right; who is your choice for State mil-inter?" "Judy McGinnis." "Well, you can tramp." And women shall talk politics instead of discussing the fashpolitics instead of useussing the fash-ions; and they shall neglect the duties of the household to go out and take a drink with candidates; and men shall nurse the baby while their wives travel to the polls to vote. And also in that day the man who hath beautiful whis-kers shall beat the homely man of wisdom for Governor, and the youth who waltzes with exquisite grace shall be Chief of Police, in preference to the man of practiced sagacity and determined energy.

have time to do anything at all then, and the one solitary thing I have shirked up to the present time would fall on me and my family would go to destruction; for I am not qualified for a wet MARK TWAIN.

for the benefit of the Fenians, on the out-skirts of town, and several of the ladies present had little bables, whose noisy per-versity required too much attention to allow their min's to enjoy the "hop," A number of gallant young men volunteered to guard the infantry while the ladies engaged in the "break down," No sooner had the mothers left their cherubs in the hands of the misprince, who seemed determined to outstrip even crowned heads in superbostentation. As he was colonel of a Hungarian Hussar regiment the gorgeous and somewhat fantastical uniform of his cops offered him excellent opportunities for the display of his passion.

His son, Prince Paul, inherited the extension takes of his father. Every extravagant taste of his father. Every part of the magnificent uniform which he wore, as the commander of his corps of Hungarian Hussars, blazed and sparkled and shone with gems of purest ray. Jacket peliase and breeches were all Jacket pelisse and breeches were all strung with costly pearls and one really doubted, even with Aladdin's lamp at command, if the most extravagant imagination would not exhaust itself from pure weariness, before a selection of precious stones could be called for and arranged to match this splendidly superb