## All letters on business dressed to H. G. SMITH & Co.

Poetry. UNDER THE VIOLETS. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white; No more her pulses come and go; Her eyes are shut to life and light; Fold the white vesture, snow on snow, And lay her where the violets blow. But not beneath a graven stone, To plead for tears with allen eyes; A slender cross of wood aloue Shall say that here a maiden lies, In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of lugest limb Shall wheel their circling shadows round To make the scorching sunlight dim, That drinks the greenness from the ground and drop the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run, And hrough their leaves the robins call, And r pening in the autumn sun The acorns and the classifus fall, Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing Its matins from the branches high, And every ministrel voice of spring, That trills beneath the April sky Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round their dial track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass Her little mourners, olad in black, The crickets, sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass. At last the rootlets of the trees I shall find the prison where she lies And bear the buried dust they seize

If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask: What maiden sleeps below? Buy only this: A tender bud,

## Biterary.

The Doctor's Bridge.

Soon after receiving my diploma, I went as a qualified assistant to an elderly practitioner in the north of Devon. The country in that part is more victor. The country in that part is more picturesque. Here and there lofty hills upon whose summits are beautiful woods, rise in stately grandeur—beneath them lie lovely valleys respiendent in the spring time with all nature's charms. Notic rivers flow through these flowery vales, causing the luxuriant foliage of the meadows to spring with redoubled vigor. Emptying themselves into these rivers are an innumerable quantity of little, insignificant streams. Oftentimes in the dry seasons these rivulets are so small as to be little else than sluices, and for the most part are traversed by means of a plank or log of wood thrown rudely across them. In some places, however, wooden bridges of inferior dimensions are erected for the use of foot passengers, but in no case, or but a rare execution to the there any bridge built for the ception, is there any bridge built for the accommodation of animals or vehicles. This want has been severely felt in the winter, when the heavy rains cause these streams to swell to such a size as to render fording them impossible. Many serious, results have thereby been occasionally and the streams to swell to such a size as to render fording them impossible. Many serious, results have thereby been occasionally and the streams of the st serious results have thereby been occa-sioned, ordinary traffic has been com-pletely suspended, mail coaches even-being stopped by the force of the cur-rent. Too often a medical man having been absolutely unable to reach a patient in most eminent danger, the result has been death. About four miles from Farleigh, the town in which I resided, was Averil Castle, the seat of the Earl of Averil. It was an ancient, warlike looking structure, standing upon the top of a hill, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. The slope of the hill itself had been converted into a spacious lawn, while at the foot ran a small stream, which, owing to careful preservation, was well stocked with the filmy tribe. Although so far distant from the castle, Dr. Hallett was the nearest surcastle, Dr. Hallett was the hearest surgeon, and consequently had the honor
of attending at the castle. Neither of
'the surrounding villages boasted a medical man, and, therefore, owing to the
extensive practice that necessarily devolved upon him, and the failing state
of his health, Dr. Hallett was compelled
to have a fully evalified entilements to have a fully qualified gentleman as an assistant to relieve him from his ar-

It thus happened that I had several times attended at Averil Castle, for the nobleman himself was, at the time I am speaking of, an elderly man and an invalid, though he had only recently married a lady many years younger than himself. His lordship, though than himself. His lordship, though very proud, was really a pleasant man and greatly attached to his wife, who, on her part, was of a very amiable and pleasing disposition, and very accomplished, being the daughter of a neighboring peer. Residing at Averil Castle was Mr. Sidney Lascelles, a nephew of Lord Averil's, being the son of his lordship's younger brother, who, dying when Sidney was quite an infant, consigned him over to the Earl's care. Like signed him over to the Earl's care. Like signed him over to the Earl's care. Like father and son were the Earl and his nephew. Heir to the title of Averil, of which he was so proud, the old Earl viewed Sidney in a still dearer light, and considered that he had still greater claims upon him, and, being unmarried, and the still greater claims upon him, and, being unmarried.

gave young Lascelles a very handsome lowance. No wonder, therefore, would\_it have been if, when the Lady Adelia Tracy became the wife of his benefactor, and a liandsome settlement was allowed her, the knowledge that such marriage might perchance be the means of losing his claim to the title, and dying, as he had been born, a wealthless commone—no wonder if, under such circumstances, he had given vent to the feelings of disap-pointment and vexation that must al most necessarily have been produced. But no—not by a single sign, or look or deed, did Sidney Lascelles show that the marriage was other than pleasing to him; on the contrary, he heartly con-gratulated his uncle, and expressed a hope that he might be blessed with an who should succeed to the honors that his Lordship had so successfully borne. Every one admired his conduct, every one praised him, and when, some short time afterward, he left Averil Castle for the metropolis, the golden opinions of all were showered upon him.
Far different was the opinion in which.

owever uncharitable it might have een, I indulged. I had never liked him, notwithstanding his extreme courtesy, and now my aversion to him was more than ever, for I felt assured that these very amiable feelings were feigned, and, in short, he was playing the part of a miserable hypocrite. Catch him in his natural mood, and you would see that the proud patrician lips curied with an unbecom-ing hauteur, and that the mien, though lofty, was insolent; the eyes, thos never deceiving characteristics, were dangerous ones. Those jetty orbs would glisten with an unnatural brightness, and roll with an almost flendish leer. Despite his outward deportment, I was convinced that Sidney Lascelles was a

villain.

On a wild and tempestuous night I
was aroused by one of the Averil servants, who excitedly informed me that Lady Averil required my immediate assistance, adding that his Lordship was almost frantic, believing his wife to be

dying.

Hastily attiring myself, muffling up in warm garments in order to avoid, as much as possible, the inclemency of the weather, I mounted my horse, which had been saddled, and made at once for the castle accompanied by the sayunt. the castle, accompanied by the servant

the castle, accompanied by the servant who had summoned me.

That night was indeed a fearful one; the wind howled with sullen roar, and the rain came pouring down with terrific violence, whist every now and then the lightning darted in vivid flashes, and the thunder rolled, dead-

ening with its awful noise all other sounds.
"The brook is fearfully swollen, sir,"
the man servant said; "I had great
difficulty in getting across. Even yesterday, owing to the previous heavy
rains, it was a considerable size, but

rains, it was a considerable size, but to-night the water is past the 'Hollow Oak,'" alluding to a well-known old tree on one side of the stream.

"Then," I said, "I fear it will be impossible for us to cross it now."

"I am afraid so, sir," he replied.

On we galloped, fast as the quivering steeds could go, and still there were two miles of hilly road to be accomplished before we could reach the bank; on still we dashed through the angry storm, with the darkness ever around,

save when a rapid flash of the electric fluid would, by its transient brightness render the gloom more painful.

"Down this hill, and we reach it," the groom said. And, as we reined back our foaming horses, I experienced a feeling of deep thankfulness, till the recurring thoughts of the danger yet to come dispelled by their gloominess the momentary calm.

It was reached at length, the peaceful stream of two days previous now there were forget you," he said, as we parted, after our return; and he kept his word.

A short time afterward I received a letter from him, stating that in a large provincial town in which he was at the secured for me, and, as he possessed great influence in that part, he doubted not but that I might do extremely well there. the reached at religin, the peaceful stream, of two days previous now changed into a surging torrent, and I knew by the excessive width what a fearful depth it must be in the centre.

Across on the other side was the glimmer of lanterns, whilst at times, above the relief of the waster sould be heard.

The Earl always visited me whenever the relief of the waster sould be heard.

the noise of the waters, could be heard the shout of voices.
"Haste, haste, for God's sake, haste," could at last distinguish to be their

The Earl always visited me whenever he was in town, and I noticed with sorrow the rapid decline of his health. A few years afterward, and the Right Honorable Sydney, eighth Earl of Averil, breathed his last. But long before his death, he had caused to be erected as substantial bridge over the spot that had been the death-place of his nephew, and in which I passed such a "night of horror." And even now, in commenoration of that terrible adventure, it is known by the name of the "Doctor's Bridge." importunate cries.

"I will try it," I said excitedly, and, despite the entreaties of the man, I spurred my horse into the seething stream; on I goaded him until the waters reached almost up to my knees, and the animal could hardly stand for the rushing of the current; in vain I spurred; the frightened steed would go no further, and in despair I reluctantly turned back.
I could hear the cries of disappoint-

ment rend the air, when at last one stentorian voice bawled forth, "Swim,

The story of the Iliad.

The story of the Iliad is very simple, It begins with the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles about a captive girl, in the ninth year of the war. Achilles in anger withdraws from the Grecian camp. A series of battles follow, in which the Greeks, deprived of their swift-footed champion, suffered defeat and slaughter. In the meantime the secondary heroes press forward, and become the leading figures in the martial picture. In separate chants, the valiant deeds of Diomedes, Ajax, Menelaus and Agamemnon, are commemorated. But the Trojans, ied on by the crested Hector, drive the Greeks down to the swim across."

But for me to try and swim were madness; my knowledge of that aquatic science was scarcely sufficient to enable me to advance three successive yards, even though in the calmest water, and in the present turbulent state to have kept affoat for even a couple of feet would have been for me impossible; but suddenly a thought struck me, and I at once gave utterance to it by shouting at the top of my voice, "A rope! a

In a short time one was produced, and I called out, "Hold fast one end and throw the rest across," and almost immediately the coil came whistling past.
"Now help me to secure this end," I said to the groom, and presently we suc-"Now help me to secure this end," I said to the groom, and presently we succeeded in fastening it to a tree that was standing near.

"And the prospect of deads to absolute the said to the groom, and presently we succeeded in fastening it to a tree that was standing near.

"And the prospect of deads to absolute the larger than the face. Agamemon, at length, convinced of his fatal error, and anxious to recall the angry hero, sends an embassy with the offer of

ceeded in fastening it to a tree that was standing near.

"As you value my life, firmly hold fast your end," I shouted out, and the answer, "All right," being given, I pulled off my great coat and other inconvenient appendages, and at once commenced the attempt.

Keeping close to the rope, I walked through the shallow water with tolerable case, but as the stream grew deeper

able case, but as the stream grew deeper I clasped the rope with both hands, for the current was so strong as to almost wash my feet from under me, and once, owing to the slackening of the rope, I was for a moment completely submerged. "Hold tight, for God's sake!" I cried, as with an effort, I regained my footing; and as I felt the tightening strain of the cord, I battled on with redoubled energy. And now the worst was past; a few steps more and I should have tri-umphed, when suddenly before me I a few steps more and I should have tri-to the camp. Achilles, overwhelmed umphed, when suddenly before me I with sorrow, abandons himself to unre-perceived some object standing in the strained lamentation. This calls his water. I reached out my hand to try and touch it, when, with a fearful noise, the rope snapped asunder, and the impetus again cast me off my feet; as I fell I instinctively clutched at the figure I had seen, and my blood turned cold as I found I was graping a human hand of diving work manship. A breastplate

I found I was grasping a human hand, and the hand held a kuife. All of a sudden the truth rushed over me, and exclaiming "villain" with an almost superhuman force I dragged him toward me. Once more was I back in the boiling waters, down in the trough him precious gifts and metal greaves.

Achilles receives the reconciled with Agamem him precious gifts and metal greaves. we rolled, and I grasped convulsively at him, and tried with frantic efforts to regain the bank in vain. Werose, however, to the surface, and at that moment a flash of lightning revealed to me the demon-like country proper of Sidney Lascountenance of Sidney Las-

With a dreadful shudder, half uncon scious though I was, I released my hold, and he reeled away from me. Now that my burden was gone an instantaneous feeling caused me to exert my little powers of swimming, and for some few seconds I succeeded in keeping myself affoat; but strength gave way, my brain whirled, and my heart grew still, as f felt myself sinking again, and probably for the last time, below the stormy tide. for the last time, below the sormy tide. I was lost—by me rushed all the events of the past; all my previous life was set vividly before me. The sensation was maddening, and now as I felt the last breath leaving me, my foot pitched in something across the bottom of the

stream. Merciful heavens! it was a tree blown downward from the bank. I grasped it; hope gave life; one more pull, and my head was above water. How I reached the bank, to this day, I know not; but the agonies I endured as I lay in a kind of stuporon the wetsward I shall never forget. Once more I endured the horrors of the late fearful scene: once more I felt myself drowning in the brook, and experienced all the terrible reality of that fearful death. the terrible reality of that fearful death.

I now lost all consciousness. How
long I remained thus I know not.
Brandy being poured down my throat,
I soon rallied under its revivifying influence, and now perceived several men standing around me, testifying their joy at my wonderful deliverance. An-other drink of the brandy, and I feit other drink of the brandy, and I felt myself considerably recovered. It was morning; the storm had abated, and to my great joy I perceived the castle at a short distance. The men assisted me and I succeeded in reaching its walls. Sincere were the congratulations I re-ceived; but the force of all hore a ceived; but the faces of all bore a mournful look, and entering the hall I was solemnly informed it was too late. I knew at once the sad cause of their dejection. Still a sense of duty impelled me to visit the chamber, and there, laid out upon an elegant couch, were the lifeless forms of Adella, Countess of Averil, and her new-born child.

As I was leaving the room I encoun

tered Lord Averil, his haughty head bowed down with grief; hegrasped my hand, and in a voice thick with emotion, said: "May the Lord bless you for what you have done to-night."

I was compelled to stay at the castle for a short time, until the brook should or a snort time, until the brook should be sufficiently small to admit of my re-crossing it. His Lordship would insist upon my going at once to bed, himself ordering and seeing that everything was done to render me comfortable. Islept and the next morning I awoke in a and the next morning I awoke in a burning fever. The events of the previous night had proved too much for me; I became delirious, and Dr. Hallett was obliged to be sent for.

For upward of a month, I lay on that bed of sickness, the Earl paying me every attention. Though now tolerably convalescent, I was quite unable to resume my professional duties, and a change of air was strongly advised for me.

When the Earl heard this he at once

When the Earl heard this he at once proposed making a foreign tour, in which I was to accompany him. "It will be better for you to get away from this place," he said, "as soon as possible, fraught as it is with such painful recollections." His Lordship had, indeed, sustained bereavement. Not only was there the loss of his wife, but on the morning following that calamity there was picked up, some half mile down the stream, the blackened and disfigured form of his nephew, Sidney Lascelles.

"Noble boy!" the nobleman would

"Noble boy!" the nobleman would often say to me, as he recounted the painful story, "he tried to save your life, and lost his own in the attempt." life, and lost his own in the attempt."

Poor, doting old man, how could I undeceive him? How could I tell him that the "noble boy" was little else than the murderer of his wife; how could I inform him that it was whilst trying to take my life, not to save it, that he met his untimely end. God knows that he had sorrow enough to bear, without my mercilessly adding to it; so he always believed in his nephew's honor, and carried the false nephew's honor, and carried the false opinion of him to the grave.

we went on our tour, selecting the East as an interesting part. There, amidst the historic scenes, for a while his grief was lessened while the balmy breezes strengthened his attenuated frame. After a few weeks my health was perfectly restored and the Earl was perfectly restored, and the Earl

The change had improved him, though his constitution was too shattered to hope of his ever being restored.

## Misellaneous.

LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1867.

Graphic Description of the Great World's Exhibition.

[From the New York Tribune.]
PARIS, April 1, 1867.
Out of the dust of the innumerable Out of the dust or the innumerable crowd—that Malthusian world in which the journalist moves forever—I have come to put my pen across the fulcrum of my inkstand, and heave all of the Great Exhibition it can lift across the

Great Exhibition it can lift across the ocean for you to see.

Place yourself in the brightest city of the world on its brightest Monday morning. Winter, long and stormy, has rained its last. An April without showers lifts every gauze from the sun, so that he lights up the broad boulevards, and the fresh green river Selne, and shows every current setting for the Champ de Mars. When you climb to your house top to follow the great eternal caravans of men and wains and banners, you see around you the city of Paris, the home of two millions of people, floating over the undulations of pleasant plain, through the middle of which, lengthwise, curves a stream as which, lengthwise, curves a stream as clear as Croton Lake, no wider than the Passaic, and which, in its beautiful in-Passaic, and which, in its beautiful milisty, winds through five hundred miles of France, without a tide or a sail. Of the two unequal parts in which it bisects Paris, the greater is the Northern, where you stand, set against an amphitheater of hills, populous to their summits, and bounded in the vast level treat part to the river by two proud ract, near to the river, by two proud monuments, three miles apart. The one is the Arch of Triumph, to commemorate the glory of the original Bonaparte, and built by him to honor that one of his wives he imported to bear his children; the other is the shaft raised by the Papublican people on the state of by the Republican people on the site of the Bastile, when they had driven the last licentious and bloody Bourbon from

The Story of the Iliad.

Hector, drive the Greeks down to the

very ramparts of the ships. One by one the heroes are wounded and disabled, and the prospect of disastrous overthrow

ample reparation.

The proposal is haughtly rejected.
The war again proceeds, with varying fortune. The Greeks are driven within their walls, and the Trojans, led by Martin and the trojans and th

their walls, and the Trojans, led by Hector, threaten to fire the ships. The battle wavers, Hector is wounded and the Trojans are driven back. Achilles at length consents that Patroclus, his brother-in-arms, shall put on his armor and go forth to battle. The appearance of this champion, clad in the complete steel of the son of Thetis, at first strikes terror into the hosts of Troy, and gives heart to the Argives. But he is slain and spoiled of his arms by Hector, and fierce combats for the possession of the

fierce combats for the possession of the dead body follow. The Greeks pre-vail and bear the slain hero back

or and the Frojans; flector has the armor. She goes to the smithy of Hephaistos, who readily forges a new shield of divine workmanship, a breastplate brighter than the blaze of fire, a strong-

wrought helmet without, with a golder

Achilles receives the arms, become

reconciled with Agamemnon, who sends him precious gifts and restores the Briseis. After lamenting over the dead

Patroclus, be mounts the carand rushes

upon the dreadful spectacle.

The Greeks returning to the camp,

uneral games are performed in honor

resolves to visit the hostile camp and to implore of Achilles the restoration of his dead son. An ausploious omen inspires him with hope. He departs, taking with him costly gifts by which he thinks to appease his vindictive enemy. He is met by Hermes, in the form of a young man, who guides him to the tent of Achilles. The Grecian hero, astonished at his sudden appearance, gives him a hospitable reception, and, overcome by pity for his unequaled

and, overcome by pity for his unequaled woes, consents to surrender the body of Hector. It is borne back to the city;

the inhabitants receive it with loud lamentations; funeral rites are per-formed, and so the poem closes.

Going Home by Railroad.

Under this heading, the San Francisco

Bulletin has the following comments upon the revolution in distance and time which the completion of the Pacific

Railroad will bring about:

"When the charter was obtained for

the construction of the Pacific Railroad, it was the common remark of middle

aged people: 'The work will not be finished in my day; my children may live to see it completed, and travel by rail across the continent. Ten years was named as the shortest time, but the public mind was slow to accept less than the continent of the state of the st

20 to 30 years as the time required to execute sogigantic an undertaking. The distance from Sacramento to New York, by the Trans-Continental route, is 3,129

iles. Of the entire distance, 1,887 miles

are now completed and in running order

o that there remains now 1,252 miles to be built. During the present Summer, all the heavy work in the Sierras will have been completed, and the grade will

pass out to the great table land, where the work is comparatively easy. The work on the Atlantic end will reach the Rocky Mountains towards the latter

part of the coming Summer; but no obstacles greater than those found in the Sierras are likely to be encountered, and

the appropriation being wisely appor-tioned to the difficulties of the work, there is no lack of financial stimulus

even among the mountains. The heaviest work will of course exhaust the appropriation of \$48,000 per mile, and the additional value of 12,800

acres of land; but the lighter work of the foothills and the plains puts the balance again on the right side. In such

unequal work it is not easy to estimate the ratio of progress. It may be noted, however, that the ratio has steadily in-

creased during the past year, both com-panies striving for the greater number of miles. Sanguine men who have watched these operations closely, are dict that the entire gap will be filled within two years. Butallowing themar-

gin of a year for contingencies, the whole road is now likely to be completed early in the season of 1870, or in three years from this time. Thus, the men who predicted that they should not live to see this road finished, will have a chance to ride ever it before their heards are

to ride over it before their beards are

fairly gray. Three thousand miles at best may be a weary ride, and somewhat exhausting to the nervous force. But the first week at sea is usually devoted to the horrors of sea-sickness. A week on the railroad takes us across the continuit Somethias of the proportory is

tinent. Something of the monotony is relieved by sight-seeing, and the tediousness is mitigated by sleeping cars and other modern improvements. Excursion parties can halt at Salt Lake and Omaha, and from the latter place can go down the river as far as they shows by steamboat and they elect by

what will constitute the make-up and outlay with the incidental comforts, for the Continental jaunt of 3,000 miles?

the capital.

Halfway between these monuments and in line with them, in the geometri-cal center of the city, lies the mighty can center of the city, hes the lingity cluster of palaces, whose varying tenantry have made the history of modern Europe. Over the oldest of them to day a tri-color fing is flying to show that the most recent lessee of the Tuileries is at home. It is in the central dome or cartiful of this huge building that Louis pavilion of this huge building that Loui pavilion of this huge building that Louis Napoleon may be found, and if we ascend thither we may see him, thus early, looking across the wood and flower garden before the palace, to a vast boiler-like structure, that, at a mile distant, coils in the midst of a flat, lowlying plain in the suburbs of Paris. The Seine, beneath him, reaches down to it lying plain in the suburbs of Paris. The Seine, beneath him, reaches down to it with frequent bridges, like a long bending ladder; it is upon the inferior side of the stream, and between it, and the great arch of triumph the opposite river bank is bold and high table land, vacantly and suburbanly furnished. This huge bolier, as it seems, is the crowning show of this crowned European Barnum, the latest of his surprises, his bid to industry to appease uneasy history.

You must consider before you look down from this hill of the Trocadere upon the Exhibition, that it is mean to be a complete epitome of the world performing within its grounds all the functions of all races—sleeping only ex-cepted. The steam that drives the engines, the folly that relieves toll, the drinking, eating and worshipping of every species of man must be manufac-tured and warehoused here. You see, out of the infinite number of towers and roofs that at first confuses you, a broad vestibule, wide as Broadway, 800 feet in Patroclus, he mounts the carand rushes to the field, careless of life, and longing only for vengeance. And now the war comes to its terrible turning point. The Trojan and Grecian champions are arrayed in deadly strife, and the divided delties share, according to their likings in the battle. As the action approaches a close, the description rises in grandeur. At length both armies are withdrawn from the field, and Achilles and different relations are supplementally as a longing compat. Hector alone remain. A single combat follows, and Hector falls. Achilles in sults the body of his foe, lashes him to his car and drags him down to his tent, in the sight of Priam and the Trojans, who gaze heart-stricken from the walls upon the dreadful spectacle. gonfalon masts at the portal; on the roof of the Palace, climbing through the sky as if the tinted clouds had descended to wreathe it, all the colors of each nation wave: and in the angle between Patroclus, and twelve Trojan youths are slaughtered to appease his shade. Thus twelve days are consumed. Priam resolves to visit the hostile camp and to

nation wave; and in the angle between the long vestibule and the deep curve of the Palace, the broad white ermine, bright with bees, stretched upon the seepter and cross, denotes the pavilion of the Emperor.

The buildings in the Park are capped with fanciful flags, indicative of their purposes; yonder you see the Turk dominating his mosque, and the crocheted pagodas tell of Thibet and the land of tea; the frowning, sepulchral portals of the Egyptian adjoin the more intellectual effigies of the Assyrian lion, where lie sucking their pipes the purewhere lie sucking their pipes the pure-skinned Persians; high over all a light-house pierces the sky, and the twinkle of waters among the trees denotes the ripple of artificial lakes that discharge under an iron bridge into the animated seine. A railway depot, whose rails go flying through the air, and sapping a block of houses alternately to pass the river and thread the city, is equalled in spaciousness, nearest the eye, by a great international clubhouse for the bourse of the world. Past and beyond all the far sweeping valley of the river goes to the right among purple and palaced hills, and dark forests; to the left under its marble bridges, a score in number, pointing, at its various angles, now to the far dome of the Panthson—now to the towers of Notre Dame—now to the

the towers of Notre Dame—now to the steep of Montmartre and the tombstones in the groves of Pere la Chalse. Standing at the bridge next nearest the city on this bright Monday morning, you see all the quays filling with people. Nurses and cabmen, men in blue frocks, and old gentlemen in hats of curving brims, invalids in chairs and crutches, foreigners of every garb and hue, all pouring down to the stone river sides, and dividing at the bridge into two deep columns, one of which is bound for the Palace, the other for the Trocadero. The street beside them is filled dero. The street beside them is filled with a stream of vehicles, all of which pass the bridge, and divide on the other bank into similar columns, the most numerous and plebeian of which is commercial to the street of the stre posed of visitors who will enter the Palace by a side gate, paying \$4 in gold a head, while the other represents the dignitaries of State and the great embassadors, with the legislative bodies, who are to meet the Emperor and do him homage, in other words, to pay their respects, as he comes in state to open the show. Now you see in a great lumbering stage coach, fringed all around with red, the English Maruis of Townshend come up, footman in powdered hair and padded calves clinging behind; now, in a plain barouche, very feeble-looking under his black wig, the venerable Rossini rides; again, the beautiful daughters of Mr. Beckwith dash up in a barouche, and

two gray Senators follow, talking politics together.

Here is Berryer, the lion of Marseilles, a Republican orator of the stuff of Mirabeau, in talk with Theirs, the his-torian, who is spectacled and pinched of face. M. de Girardin and wife come of face. M. de Girardin and while come after, equal in intellect, and he is the first journalist of Europe, a fidgety figure, obstinate in the shoulders; now the Countess of Jersey succeds, very beautiful, heroutriders scattering things beautiful, heroutriders scattering things as they wheel the curb; and in the carriage of Prince Napoleon, who is not present, being disgusted with his cousin and all his cousin's jobs, the still sparkling face of George Sand flashes by, careful as a girl in her attler, and only a thread or two of gray in her luxuriant tresses; the careless young man in the barouche, almost a boy in dress and beard, is Gustave Dore, the foremost genius of our time; behind rolls in state ponderosity the Duchess de Morny, half-sister by marriage to the Emhalf-sister by marriage to the Em-peror—a Demidoff of Russia, slender, and fair, and young, and a widow of the best business gambler in France; to her can go down the river as far as they choose by steamboat, and then elect by what route they will complete the journey to New York. Even now the possibility of going home by rail sounds strangely, and some of us will have to make the journey once at least, before we shall fully compass the magnificent reality. Will there be restaurants in the wilderness, and will excursion parties take their own lunch baskets, and what will constitute the make-up and alternates Couture, the painter of the Roman decadences, come from his re-tirement to see his students' canvasses; next rides Hiram Haines, of Alabama, the representative of the only Southern State, a serious faced man, who has accepted the political situation, and come the serious faced man, who has accepted the political situation, and come that the serious faced many than the serious faced m cepted the political situation, and come here to induce emigration to his State; a pause brings along the American banker, Monroe, close to Dr. Carey, of Buffalo, both driving barouches; then the Prussian General, Von Bönin, very fat, and whiskered, and self-important,

closes in with the Ottoman Minister, in turban and cashmere, his cimetar at his girdle; the terribly grim face of Liszt, the planist, drifts by like a nightmare, and Jules Janin, the critic, oily and lazy, anticipates the thin, high, bloodless face of Alphonse de Lamartine.

When these have gone, with other hundreds, all known for birth, genius, or pocket, we hear a feeble cry of Vive? Empereur, and coming down the right bank of the river, through the Tuilleries gardens, under the shaft of Luxor, which marks the site of the guillotine, three coaches are seen with golden laced outriders and a squad of helmeted officers from the Cent Garde galloping around them. An officer on a racing horse clears the way; the obsequious Gens & Armee, mounted, back their horses, trained not to kick, against their horses, trained not to kick, against the people, and falling back in dense lines, the strangers and citizens, used to the plentiful livery, see in the foremost carriage the Emperor and the Empress. Their horses are ridden, not driven. The Emperor is habited in a dark brown overcoat, a high silk hat, bent at the rim, dark yest and breeches, and on his breast he wears the order of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. A diamond pin shines in his bosom and he wears a pin shines in his bosom and he wears a fob-chain with a diamond seal. Bowing to the few opportunities the people give him by raising their hats, he is seen to smile in an automaton and wooden way, and to be a thick-set man of more body than legs, with very little neck in length and a good deal of billous breadth to it, as if it fattened on fluids. His face is swarthy and swollen, crossed by a waxed mustache which hides the mouth, but the laws are source and shayen, and the laws are square and shaven, and darkly outlined on his white neckties he has a fair character nose, alert ears and grizzled hair, but his eyes gray and baffling, set under bushy brows without talk or confidence in them at any gleam, turned inward and only looking out like the tail of a squirrel that winks from its nest.

The lower half of the face is all ani-

mal; the upper all splynx—and this is the Emperor of France. The Empress, who bows very sweetly, and very often, inviting attention rather than respond-ing to it, is attired in her most becoming robes—a purple brown satin dress with a long trail, and velvet bonnet to match neatly cut and richly laced and looped, around her shoulders a black satin cloak with velvet trinmings gives fullness with shapeliness to her long and elegant waist, and her color is heightened to correspond with her eyes, which are always full of soft and fascinating ex-pression. She looks younger, but not too young, for her husband, and her features are regular and pretty, but not of the strength which reflects intellect, nor so beatiful as to pass the average of handsome women. She is a pretty Empress. These noted people riding forward face on the reverse side of the caleche, are General Rolin and Ald-de-camp Genlis, common-place military gentlemen, while in the second carriage two other officers ac company the young Duchess of Bassano and the Countess of Poeze. A third carriage carries, with their suitors, the Countess of Rayneval and Mademoiselles Kloectkler and Marion, waiting ladies, and it is too palpable to be ungaliant to say that, excepting the Emgaliant to say that, excepting the Empress, there were no fair stars in the galaxy. Coarse complexions, too much fat, and no grace of expression in her selected maids, gave Eugenie the decided advantage. She reigns in effects, and her maids, for every public appearance must draw according to here. ance, must dress according to her or-ders. There was a time when she dared to go abroad with the youngest and fairest. Now the beautiful are kept at home, and the Queen's back-ground is the middle-aged, and passes set, in dreary or preposterous tollettes. Judged by her companions of yesterday, I have no hesitation in saying that Eugenie was

hesitation in saying that Eugenie was bewitching.

When these have reached the head of the Bridge of Jena, a procession of a thousand terracers, laboring on the Trocadero Hill, come up with tri-color flags in their dirt casts, and one of them advancing presents the Empress with a bouquet. His bretheren shout very heartily here, for these workmen eat the Government bread every day, and when the Empress has leaned forward and thanked them prettily, the carriage proceeds down the alsle of the bridge. Two glgantic Arabs, reining down a pair of wild horses, stand in nude muscularity on the brink of the bridge. When the Emperor has passed them, a single cannon speaks once along the running river. Then a signal flag waves back the tidings to the Tuileries that His Highness has safely arrived. Immediately, to a note of the buglers, the whole hidden interior of the Exhibition trembles with the simultaneous throbbing of a deep martily hands. The people ewitching. bles with the simultaneous throbbing of a dozen martial bands. The people along the crowded quays and up the Trocadero hear them, and cheer: with-

in all steam is set to action at once; wheels revolve and engines ply, while gangs of men in each of the departments beat stoutly with mallet and at least upon the interior platforms all the bodies of dignitaries are assembled, and the exhibitors are at their places, while in each department its National Commission is drawn up to be presented to the monarch.

Beneath this pavilion the sovereigns

alight, and the Prince and Princess Murat, the Duke of Leuchtemberg, the Count of Flanders, the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mathilde come forward to pay homage. Princess Mathilde is an elderly lady, plainly dressed, renowned for her evening parties chiefly. The Prince of Orange is the heir to the throne of Holland, and has forgotten the libral traditions of his reach hales. the liberal traditions of his race: he is a phlegmatic-looking young man. The Duke de Leuchtemberg represents the Czar of Russia, and the Princess Murat is a pretty young married woman, whom they married at court some time whom they married at court some time ago, because she was thought to want to be married. To these gravely speaking, the Emperor and wife pass on where, in the portal of this grand vestibule, stands the head of the Cabinet, Rouher, a strong-faced, amiable man, one of the best props of the throne, and the battered visage of old Marshal Vaillant, the grandson of a shoemaker, who is replete with decorations, but dwarfed beside the stature of Haussmann, the Prefect of the Seine, and the Emperor's strongest redeine, and the Emperor's strongest re-iance. With these and others are Pieliance. With these and others are Pie-tri, the Prefect of Police, the Fouche of th, the Friest of Folice, the Foliche of the time, a shrewd detective, and Du-ruy, the Educational Caterer, who was promoted to a bureau because he wrote a Napoleonic School History. There are no words said, nor is there

any ceremony. Quickly the couple and their suite pass from stage to stage, looking at little, shaking hands with many bearded strangers, applauded at every new stage; and so among piles of unpacked boxes, under shelves, and stages and handling despesses they allow tues, and hanging draperies, they glide, till the route has been traversed and they are ready to depart. There were few episodes except two, which I will relate.

An English exhibitor, in the depth of

An English exhibitor, in the depth of his servility, unable to comprehend why a monarch should walk upon the naked stairs, spread a piece of carpet before his stall, on which the Imperial party trod. Loyalty having got the better of the shopkeeper, was directly succeeded by a business spirit, and he attempted to pull up the carpet that the crowd at the Emperor's heels should not soil it. He was swent along by about a thousand was swept along by about a thousand rushing folks, and he cried loudly for policemen to help him in the rescue. These, suspecting an attempt at assassination, came up with their rapiers, cut off the tail of the Emperor's staff, and gave up the carpet, torn to shreds. Here ended dismally the last imitator of Sir Walter Raleigh. In the Swedish department the Em-

peror stepped aside with M. Moustier, one of his ministers, and a confidential friend of his late half-brother, the Duc de Morny. An American semi-official, who was close by, heard the younger gentleman say:
"It fat beau temps"—which means:
"The weather is fine."
Moustier replied: "Meteorologically and politically."
To which the answer was: "Indeed!
I never saw such happy skies, socially, physically, or officially. There is war gentleman sav:

nowhere; we are in a fair way to get Luxemburg under our wing; the sea-son opens well for visitors. Whatelse?" "The American treaty with Russia," said the Emperor. "I think it means "Russian America," said M. Mous-tier, contemptuously, "is a good place to

out ice."
"But it's a strategic place, on a great strait like Suez," iterated the Emperor, shaking his head. "Is there nothing in that? They have a telegraph between each other now. In case of war Asia and America could act conjointly —n'est ce pas ?"
"The Yankee" said Moustler, "neither

makes war for jealously like the Eng-lishman, nor treaties for vanity like France. This is a canard." I may add, that the great piece of news the morning the Exhibition opened, was the alleged cession of all Russian America to the United States for \$7,000,000. The man who told me this I do not know well enough to go his security; but it sounds plausibly. I reserve a description of the interior of the Palace till the next mail, and go

to some of its environs.

Twice the dimensions of the great circle of the Exhibition, which has been not inaptly compared to a monstrous gasometer, is the park environing it, 1,000 yards in length, and in breadth 300. Sixty edifices are interspersed in this; 2,000 trees of good umbrageous growth are planted in it; five lakes and three waterfalls lie in its cool grasses: it is intersected with artistic fractions. to some of its environs. grasses; it is intersected with artistic irregularity by 70 paths and drives, and comprehends within it one edifice of every architecture known to civilized man. If you enter from the great por-tal on the side of the Seine, and turn off the broad vestibule to either side, you meet successively a Spanish theater, where the Gitanos dance to the clinking

pulses of castinets; a Chinese booth where jougleurs impale each other, and eat red-hot fire; a Protestant chapel, where there is worship every day, and in the English language; a hospital, where any wounded in the crush of multitudes, or by machinery, receive speedy relief; an Egyptian cemetery in gorgeous Moresque; a French ball, where the girls in the caucan throw their feet into the spheres, waltzing eatheir feet into the spheres, waltzing ec centrically to the music of Fra Diavolo; an international theatre, where, at al-ternate hours, a troup of every known nation, from Fetish dancers to negro water, filled with the trout of Fontain bleau that Bonaparte used to feed; tropical aquarium, where you can see a weak copy of Mr. Hugo's Devil Fish, catching spiders and minnows as alady's fan catches hearts; a Gothic cathedral, brown as if with age, and pompous with masses from noon till dark; chalets of the Swiss, such as grow on Alpine tops, with real chamois grazing on their miniature precipices; Swedish and Russian shops and huts, grotesquely carved, where candles are sold as articles of food, and the Reindeer's horned branch from the gables; a mock harem, inhabited by real Georgian girls, not prepossessing enough to keep close in their country, and many Chinese pagodas, all of por-celain, where Confucius looks contempt at the outside barbarians; Japanese households, with two of their country women, and a pair of little-footed wives or grass widows from China, smiling like a couple of almonds with double kernels in them; strange houses for rare lamps and engines; cook-furnaces that make such duties as would turn a Christian stomach though it had forty coats innumerable pavilions of rustic pat-terns; scaled by kissing flowers with thirsty cups; klosques and orchestral stations, which blow music and the tinkle of bells on every quivering sunthicke of beins on every quivering sun-beam; tents such as are spread by the Arabs when they open the Thousand and One Nights and call the Genii into their opium smoke; observatories where the telescopes swing all day; and tiny rivers trickling off through pearly bot-toms, turning little mills; while in the air great wind-wings turn lazily, as in

a Dutchman's dream, and over all the light-house, one hundred and thirty feet in the clouds, flings its solid calcium glare into the constellations to rival their fixed blaze.

By day the garden is a green convalescence after the cramped splender of the exhibition, when the tints of a Con-tinental day mock the painted glasses of the Babel interior; here stroll the little girls, half-way over womanhood, the soft lights fading from their faces and the ruddyness of thoughtful and dawning ambitions making deeper tints, while the great English dames stagger down the walks in the beefness of their middle age, and florid ladies of Ger-many, all of one fervid flax, rise up in the perspective like some metamor-phosed field of overripe grain. Midst phosed field of overripe grain. Midst these you see the American girl, delicately-eyed, speaking heart and thought and purity in every modest step, light of foot and shy of presence, the hoblest and leastimitable contribution the world has given. At night, when the hammers are quiet within the broad palace, and in the grasses the tapers glisten as if they were burning drops of dew, the gaities of the garden start into life, and in the cafes chantant the globes of light fall upon beautiful singers, twirling the tambourine, or Theresa, merry as a tambourine, or Theresa, merry as a drunken washerwoman, satirizing the times, and beautiful Cora Pearl, come out of sin to art with the stains lost in

out of sin to art with the stains lost in the sad splendor of her eyes.
And through this garden, where the Emperor, dragging his feet with nimble wariness, had passed—anxious to vindicate the right of Kings never to grow old; where the Empress with her old, repeated smile, almost hereditary now, had gone among her maids; stunned, perhaps, with the din of mallets, I walked at dusk, in the silvering of sky and stream, wondering whether I were and stream, wondering whether I were most dazzled or most wretched. My feet were white with the dust of industry. my eyes dull with the over-intensity of hues and suggestions. I felt that man was mighty, but mightiest for happiness when a little more scattered. And oversobered by six miles of pedestrianism, I sat in the American restaurant-where the ice was being shaken all the whilein to somebody's cobblers—under the eagle, the shield, and the *E Pluribus Unum*, and I thanked all the Stars we own that we were not a show people; that we had as little government as there were meridians on our school mans-enough to guide and measure, not enough to cage; that there was more than one man at home, and that he had nothing larger than a policy. Then the last bugle blew. In the moonlight the great white horses of Jena rode over the floating clouds. The tattoo beat every-where at once, and the place was cleared to the beat of the drum. That is what is the matter in France. Even industry marches to the beat of the drum.

## Felicitous Old Age.

To be great, to grow old in greatness to be surrounded by all the comforts and business of life, to possess a wife still young, who adores you, and a motherin-law in whose eyes you are a species of demi-god-what more of earthly happiness could man desire? This acme of felicity has been reached and is enjoy ed by M. Thiers, the French statesman and historian, now in his seventy-fifth year. His study is said to be the most

delightful place of its kind conceivable; an oblong room, whose many windows open upon a gallery looking out upon a garden so skilifully laid out and planted that it produces the effect of a park. Clumps of trees and shrubbery, fountains and steams and in the contractions are steams. Clumps of trees and shrubbery, fountains and statues, and in the center a fine old tree, up which climb a mass of creeping plants, add to the densely populated and noisy quarter which you quitted on entering the house into the very depths of the country. This study is a happy blending of the library, picture gallery, and curiosity shop. Masses of books, pamphlets, plans, and allases; copies in water colors of Michael atlases; copies in water colors of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and the other great lights of Italian art; marbles, bronzes, and artistic objects from every corner of the world, adorn from every which M. Thiers has received so many distinguished visitors of every nation-

News Items.
The tobacco trade of New York amounts to \$100,000,000 annually. The Esterhazy jewels brought but \$188,000 at auction. A gold mine in Lamphin county, Ga., yields from \$500 to \$1,000 per day.

Strawberries are plenty in the New York market at 25 cents each.

A fashionable party should be called daughter-cultural show." The Massachusetts Legislature has re-ected the eight-hour bill. The Old Bowery Theatre, in New York sold for \$106,000.

Several thousand Indians are on the "war path" in Colorado. The Indians recently carried off 120 mules from a Government train near Fort Mitchin Dakota.

The Methodist Episcopal Church at Auburn, New York, has been burned. Loss, \$28,000.

A dozen cases of infanticide have come to light in New England within the past two weeks. Five mad dogs were killed in Chicago one day last week, and on the same day four persons were bitten. The Cinaha papers complain that new comers there have to sleep out of doors owing to the lack of houses.

The New York Legislature on Friday voted a quarter of a million of dollars to build a new capitol building at Albany.

Last year the radicals of Chicago elected their mayor by a majority of 3,867. This year by a majority of only 3,867. Yellow fover has made its appearance in Pensacola harbor. It was brought from St. Thomas, W. I., where it prevails. A violent tornado swept over Newton, Sussex county, N. J., on Monday, doing a considerable damage.

The American Institute of Homeopathy will hold its annual session in the city of New York in the ensuing month of June. A Journal in St. Petersburg, Russis, announces that the cholera seems inclined to repeat its visit of last year. Many cases have appeared in the hospitals.

Of 1,326 Episcopal churches in the United States, 269 bear the name of Christ, 264 of St. John, 257 of St. Paul, 242 of Trinity, 172 of Grace, and 122 of St. James.

A Southern editor says he recently drew a lottery prize consisting of thirty-eight articles. It was a pint of bitters with that number of ingredients. Must have been Mishler's. The ship William Cummins arrived a

Philadelphia on Thursday with a cargo of 46,000 bushels of California wheat, which will not the owner a profit of over \$50,000. The Connecticut farmers are turning their attention this spring to the cultivation of sorghum in place of tobacco, the latter being very slow of sale. A dispatch from Three Rivers, Canada East, says the water has risen to a great height. The lower portion of the town was inundated, and the water was still rising.

The Union Hotel, theatre and two stores in Petroleum Centre wore destroyed by an incendiary fire on Tuesday night. Loss \$75,000. The incendiarles were arrested. At a sale of coins in New York on Friday, a silver dollar, coined in 1794, brought \$42.50. A half dime, dated 1794, was purchased for \$0, and a cent dated 1799, sold for \$20. for 80, and a cent dated 1799, sold for \$20.

Two men quarrelled on the race course at Augusta, Ga., on Monday night, and one fired at the other, killing a third man, who was standing by. A brother of the deceased then killed the man who did the shooting. The Freedmen's Bureau agents in North Carolina report the freedmen in that State is generally industrious, and on good terms with the whites. Similar reports come from

Kentucky and Mississippi Miss Kate Bateman, the actress, is recov ering from a dangerous illness, caused by a poison which had infused itself into he ystem some months ago when having ooth filled.

The election of delegates to the State Con stitutional Convention was held in New York yesterday. The vote was very light. The Republicans have a majority of the

Gen. Hancock's expedition entered an Indian village on the Pawnee Fork, on the 13th, but the Indians had fled, and General Custer was detached in pursuit of them. A general war is expected. Dr. Abrahams, who died a few days ago in New York, left nearly the whole of his fortune of \$300,000 to various charitable in-stitutions, including \$25,000 to the Jews'

ospital. General Sickles has issued an order re-ar ranging the sub-districts in South Carolina He forbids the sale of liquor to soldiers, and directs post commanders to exercise a su pervision over civil officers under thei ommands,

The churches erected in Cincinnati at present will accommodate 72,700 persons. There are eighteen Catholic houses of worship, ten Baptist, twenty-one Methodist Episcopal, fifteen Presbyterian and four Episcopalian. At the latest reports there were in the principal ports of the United States the following numbers of vessels: New York, 550; Philadelphia, 157; Boston, 148; New

Orleans, 114; Galveston, 89; Charleston 27; Savannah, 30; Mobile, 13. Sir Frederick W. A. Bruce, the British Minister, called upon the President and read him an official communication from the English government, announcing the

birth of a royal baby, the child of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

and Princess of Wales.

The New York Legislature adjourned on Saturday. The Tribune was not pleased with its proceedings during the session, charging it with the greatest venality, and hoping that the Constitutional Convention, to be chosen in New York to-day, will give that State "a House so large that no lobby yan own and run it." A top has been invented in Paris, calle

the prollific top; it is set spinning by a thread and needle. As soon is it is fairly in motion, a half dozen small tops come ou of it—how? that is the inventor's secret of it—how? that is the inventor's secret— and begin to spin around it like the satelites of Jupiter, and after some time the top re-absorbs them.

A St. Paul, Minnesota, dispatch of yester-day says: The river overflowed the levee yesterday, submerging a portion of West St. Paul and the Minnesota Valley Rail-

St. Paul and the Minnesota Valley Rail-road, stopping trains for several days. The Minnesota river overflowed at Mankato, and the town of Leseur is under water. The stemmer Itasca has arrived from La Crosse, and navigation is fully open.

and navigation is fully open.

A gentleman at Calhoun, in Gordon county, Ga, states that he recently saw in one day seventy five women in that place, some of whom had walked ten miles in search of food to save themselves and their children from starvation. In that and other counties of Georgia there are hundreds of similar cases of destitution which call loudly for relief. loudly for relief.

Rats, it is reported, weigh on an average a pound each, and each pound represents five bushels of corn. A ship laden with corn was recently discharged at Antwerp, and an immense swarm of rats of enormous size rushed from the hold and invaded the neighboring vessels, warehouses and habitations. The workmen were obliged to retreat to give passage to these unwelcome strangers.

trangers.

strangers.

A Wisconsin paper tells a story of a man who eloped with another's wife, but on going to the hotel breakfast table in Chicago, where such congenial spirits most do congregate, was filled with consternation at seeing his own wife with the man whose domestic peace he thought he had wrecked forever. After consultation each escorted his own lawful wife back to his deserted hearthstone.

hearthstone.

M. du Chaillu, the great explorer of Africa, though born in Paris in 1832, came to the United States when quite a boy, and as soon as he was of age, took out his letters of naturalization. His love of natural history and taste for ethnological studies developed themselves early, and he became a regular attendant at the meetings of our New York geographical and ethnological societies. ocienes.
Ex-Governor John Seldon Roane, of Ar

kansas, died on the 8th inst., after a long illness, at his home near Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, in that State. He was elected Governor of Arkansas on the Democratic ticket in 1848. He served in the Mexican war, attaining the rank of Colonel. During the rehellion he was an officer in the Control of the the rebellion he was an officer in the Con federate army, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General.

As an illustration of the perfect condition to which the working of the Atlantic cable has been brought, a London paper mentions that recently in the business of three entire days, during which messages were transmitted containing 24,440 letters (or 48,850 letters when doubled for repetition, the repetitions showed a mistake of only one letter, consisting in the substitution of Patterson.

Fenianism is very quiet at present on both sides of the Atlantic. Correspondents in Ireland, however, report that the people of that country anticipate another and more extensive Fenian rising, and that the British commander is forced to keep fully prepared for active operations at any moment.

Sperman. Anymyraymery, 612 a year par many of ten lines; 60 per year for each ad-litions. Explant, prisonal Priorymy, and Gin-

Business Cards, NYS Interest News, Only Yest,
Legal AND OTH - E NOTICES—
Executor, ottoes—
Assignee notices,
Auditor, notices,
Other Notices, ten lines, or less,
three times,

ment.

We noticed, a week or two ago, the marriage of Miss Bessle Curtis, of New York, to the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, son of the Duke de Dino, and grand nepnew of the famous Prince Talleyrand. Miss Curtis did not change her religion to that of her husband, because the considerable population of peasantry belonging to the large Talleyrand Prussian estate are Protestants, and are rejoiced at having for chatelaine a Protestant and an American.

The latest and most comprehensive illus

a Protestant and an American.

The latest and most comprehensive illustration of universal suffrage occurred the other day in Cass county, Illinois. There was a contest between the towns of Readstown and Virginia as to which should in future be the county seat. Readstown was beaten badly. Virginia cast more votes than there were adult inhabitants in the place, and the supposition is that the bables were carried up to the polls and thus early were carried up to the polls and thus early in life initiated into the mysteries of the ballot box.

There has been some correspondence be-There has been some correspondence between General Pope and Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, on the subject of the latter's advising non-action under the Reconstruction act. Gov. Jenkins, in reply to an inquiry by the General, says he had not seen General Pope's order, No. 1, before giving the advice, but he should say and do whath e believed was required by his position. Gon. Pope rejoins by informing the Governor that the laws passed by Congress must be executed.

Mrs. Grant and the General will not be

oxecuted.

Mrs. Grant and the General will not be absent from the Capital more than three weeks at any one time during the coming season. During those brief intervals they intend visiting Saratoga, Newport (while they have never seen) and Long Branch. The General keeps a stud of a dozen horses, and has lately given two of his finest roadsters to an intimate friend. Just now, "Old Gray," better known as "Butcher" from past service in a cart of that calling, is the prime favorite. orime favorite.

A New England woman thinks she has found Paradise in Florida. She writes as follows: "I believe I have at last found the fabulous country where the month of March is delightful. My visit here has been like is delightful. My visit here hus been like sunshine and spring to a frost-bit ten plant. I have had more life—more rest—more appetite—more conscious pleasure in existence, than I have had for years in Now England. Here must be my future home, for at least half the year, if I am to live and do anything. Here I am a living woman; at the North I am for six months a half dead one." lead one.'

The Ravages of the Flood.

The Memphis Avalanchesays, in speaking of the late terrible floods that have occurred on the Mississippi and the lower rivers, that the appearance of them now that the water has subsided, "causes a shudder to the beolder." It says:

holder." It says:

Battle-fields have presented spectucies from which even the bravest shrink, and harrowing narratives have been recited of distress, amounting almost to starvation, where triumphant armies have passed, with all the pride and panoply of war; but it was left to the unpitying flood, which knew ac sympathy, to wind its resistless currents around high and low, and hurl them to destruction.

truction.

The valleys and the elevated grounds were all a prey to the fierce and relentless element. Where safety was sought, and security was believed certain, the invader security was believed certain, the invader reached his enguling arms, and swept off everything. Fortunes were destroyed even while the sad eyes were turned upon the wreck, divided now in interest with the instinct of self-preservation. It makes us shudder to contemplate what has been described to us of cattle, horses, swine, and even men, women and children, heaped together in one indiscriminate pile with driftwood, fences and brush, by the merciless waters.

less waters.
From beneath the long-standing overflow From beneath the long-standing overflow the earth appears once more. The cabin and the more boastful dwelling, where hospitality abounded, are seen no more where they once stood. And their inmates—where are they? Scattered in every direction, houseless and homeless, or have perished even in the fullness of health, with all their highest hopes, their loves and joys dashed in a moment, to be revived no more forever.

orever.
All along the borders of the great stream, All along the borders of the great stream, for miles inland—that great stream, which washes more States and fructifies more soil than any other on the globe—these scenes of devastation are disclosed by the receding waters. Fortunate, indeed, were those who escaped with life. Like poor wretches who flee from confiagrations, they preserved life, but saw all else swallowed up in ruin. Pen cannot paint the horrors of such scenes. Reality far outstrips what even imagination might paint. Hunger wasting into mine, and fading into death, with all the throes and agony of scing dearest friends thus tortured out of existence—all these are themes at which the dearest friends thus tortured out of exist-ence—all these are themes at which the heart revolts as too terrible to be dwelt upon for description. We draw the curtain over the painful picture, and turn to the present duty.

A Mysteriouf Supposed Suicide Nine
Years Ago Proven to Have Been a Deilberate Murder--How a Seduced Woman Avenged Her Wrong.
[Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]
BLANDVILLE, Ballard county, Ky., April
12, 1807.—The usual quiet of this little village has been disturbed by an incident of
great moment to us, and one which forcibly
illustrates the old saws that "murder will
out" and "a woman cannot keep a secret." great moment to us, and one which forcibly illustrates the old saws that "murder will out" and "a woman cannot keep a secret." About eleven years ago there came to this county, and settled about five miles from this town, a man named Hudson, of South Carolina, in which State he abandoned his wife and three children. One of his neighbors, named Belcher, was the father of two buxom daughters, between the younger of whom, aged fifteen, and Hudson there sprung up an intimacy which resulted in the seduction of the girl. Nine years ago this month Hudson committed suicide, and was found in the garret of his house hanging by the neck, his knees touching the floor. He must have committed the doed some four or five days before his body was discovered, us the remains had commenced to decay, and one side of the face and ear were much eaten away by the rats. A coroner's inquest was held over the body and a verdict of suicide was returned. One of the jurors, however, noticed something

A coroner's inquest was neid over the body and a verdict of suicide was returned. One of the jurors, however, noticed something like a piece of iron in the ear of the deceased, but did not examine it very minutely, nor did he mention the fact for some time efter.

The younger Belcher girl married a man named McNabb, with whom she has since lived very happily, notwithstanding she became a mother in a few months after she married. The family prospered; the elder sister likewise married and was much respected, none of the neighbors having aught to say against either of the girls. But there was a skeleton in both of the households; and the sisters, as they plodded along the journey of life, were continually harassed by fears and doubts, each striving in vain to lay the visions which haunted their minds.

A few weeks since, during a fit of despondency, the younger sister divulged to a neighbor the terrible secret which had so long weighed upon her conscience and made her life a torment. It was that herself, with her sister and husband, had murdered Huden.

long weighed upon her conscience and made her life a torment. It was that herself, with her sister and husband, had murdered Hudson! Her story was that in company with McNabb, whom she afterwards married, and her elder sister, she called upon Hudson, and, telling him of her situation, upbraided him with her betrayal. Hudson attempted to laugh away the affair, and for the first time informed her of his being a married man. This incensed both the sisters and McNabb, all of whom commenced an assault upon Hudson, as had been proviously agreed upon in case he refused to render justice to the girl he had so foully wronged. Hudson was easily overpowered and killed by driving into his ear a portion of the iron spindle belonging to a spinning wheel. After the murder was accomplished the body was taken to the loft of the cabin, and left hanging by the neck, as it was found several days thereafter.

The woman to whom the fearful secret was imparted divulged the facts before the grand jury at the present term of the Circuit Court, who at once found a bill against MoNabb, his wife, and sister-in-law; and yesterday the partles were arrested, brought to the town and placed in fail Nabb, his wife, and sister-in-taw; and yesterday the parties were arrested, brought to this town, and placed in jail.

The women are both decidedly good looking, but their countenances seem to indicate that they have no hope.

entire days, during which messages were transmitted containing 24,440 letters (or 48, 880 letters when doubled for repetition), the repetitions showed a mistake of only one letter, consisting in the substitution of Pattesson for Patterson.

A St. Louis dispatch of yesterday says: The latest accounts from Platte river say that the freshet had reached its height, and the water is slowly receding, and there is no fear of further dauger to the Pacific railroad entertained, and the recent damage will be speedily repaired. The worst break was near Elkborn Station, where four hundred yards of track was washed away. The road between Omaha and Chicago is badly damaged, and the water is still rising.

Injury to a Fine Work of Art.

We regret to hear of serious injury sustained by the beautiful statue known as "Barbee's Coquette."—During the war it was purchased by our townsman John G. Meem, Esq., and sent to Mount Airey, his dine estate in Shenandoah county. A few days ago, while a young lady visiting the bouse was turning it on its pedestal, it top-pled over and fell to the floor, breaking one arm in two places, and also the nose. This was regarded as one of the most exquisite pieces of statuary in the United States, and it is a real calamity to art that it has sustained these damages. She is not the first ocquette, however, who has come to grief,—

Lynchurg Virginian. Injury to a Fine Work of Art.