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Poetry.

A DRONING DIRGE.

This was the rhyme she droned
As she rocked in a rickety chair,
In a whitewashed room with a bare deal floor,
With papered windows and wide-cracked door,
And ceiling as foul as the air:
"A spoonful of sleeping stuff
For hushing 'em when they cry;
There's little ones more than enough,
And if they don't live they'll die."

Four babies tucked in a crib,
Two sleep in a chair,
Three more crawling the planks about,
Two would be burnt but the fire is out,
And still there's a cradle to spare.

Some look weary and pale,
Some look meagre and thin;
Some seem hectic and fever-torn;
All had been better if never born;
Their sharp bones stare through the skin.

For their mother's bosom—rags;
For its nestling softness—straw;
For the loving kisses that dimples rain—
A bottle, a spoon, the mixture, and pain;
A shake from a she-fiend's claw.

Ay, a spoon and a cup on the hob,
A saucepan of gruel gray,
A phial on the shelf with its potion grim—
The little ones' prayers and their evening hymn
For the little time here they stay.

For often at morn and night,
From want of a mother's care
Grim Death—no; gentle—with bony hand,
Hushes them to a happier rest;
Their cradle a deal shell bare.

For this is the rhyme she droned
As she rocked in a rickety chair,
In a whitewashed room with a bare deal floor,
With papered windows and wide-cracked door,
And ceiling as foul as the air.
"A spoonful of sleeping stuff
For hushing 'em when they cry;
There's little ones more than enough,
And if they don't live they'll die."

Miscellaneous.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

A Thrilling Sketch.

The burglars had been very active and bold in their operation in our city, but as the thermometer had marked above the nineties for several days, and I had little of value in my room, I preferred to risk that little and leave my window open, although of easy access, rather than undergo partial suffocation. If an uninvited guest made his appearance, and I did awake, I could feign sleep and let him take whatever he might find.

"This class of visitors," I reasoned with myself, "do not generally commit personal violence, if they can accomplish theft and make good their escape without it."

These were my reflections every night as I undressed and threw myself on my bed, leaving my castle open to the enemy. I had been asleep one night about an hour, when I was awakened by the falling of a small China ornament. Starting slightly and opening my eyes, I saw the gas burning, and a tall, broad-shouldered man with his back turned toward me, his face looking over his shoulder to see whether the noise had awakened me. Our eyes met, so that my plan to feign sleep would have been useless. My self-possession did not, however, forsake me. What followed illustrates the value of presence of mind.

Opposite the side of my bed, and about eight feet from it, was the door of my room, two or three feet from which were the stairs leading to the lower hall. The burglar must have used a ladder in ascending the roof, from which he entered the window. It was some thirty feet from the ground, and isolated. My plan was, not only to escape harm myself, but to effect his capture. I knew the policeman's beat, and he would pass in a short time.

Sitting bolt upright, then, as I opened my eyes and saw the burglar looking very unpleasantly at me, I said, rubbing my eyes drowsily—although, to tell the truth, I never was more wide awake in my life: "Hello, John, what are you looking for? Can't you come into my room without making such a confounded noise?"

The fellow, taken somewhat aback at being addressed in this way, said, in a low but menacing voice, and pointing a revolver at me:

"Shut up! what do you take me for?"

"I took you for John!" I replied, with a well-assumed nonchalance. But I didn't suppose he was after anything valuable in my room, except one thing, and—by the way, if you are not the unluckiest fellow in the world."

"How's that?" growled my visitor.

"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it, you must pay a visit to the watchmaker's after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good fortune, to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."

"You're a precious cool one!" he said, evidently astonished at my indifference.

"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you? You are armed, and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half. I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds, I would not lift my finger to save them. Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise.

"Hold on!" said the fellow; where's your keys?"

"I suppose you want to make as much of a haul as you can," I said; so look in my pants hanging over the bedpost there, and you'll find my pocket-book, with a few stamps in it."

It was nearly time for the policeman to pass, and I paused to listen. I must, in a few moments put my plan into execution.

A glance quick as lightning showed me that the key of the door was on the outside.

My listening expression did not escape the sharp and practiced ear of my grim visitor. It was a curious scene, no doubt, I sitting in my bed, in my night-clothes, unarmed, and this stalwart ruffian, pistol in hand, glaring half-suspiciously, half-ferociously at me, and almost in the crouching attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. But there I sat, coolly conversing with him, the necessities of the moment keeping my wits too wide awake to allow my fears to get the upper hand for an instant.

"What are you listening to?" asked the burglar.

"I thought I heard a cry of fire."

In that instant, and in the dread stillness of the night, I heard the tramp of the policeman. It was still some distance off.

"You will find," I said, "some clothes of mine in the press; they will, however, be too small for you. Good night; the keys are in the middle drawer."

He turned to the drawer indicated and, as he did so, with one tremendous bound I cleared the space behind my bed and the door, slammed the door and locked it upon him. Oblivious of my *dishabille*, I sprang to the steps. I had two flights to descend and the door to open before I could reach the yard, but it was hardly possible for him to descend the ladder more quickly. Bounding rather than running down stairs, I flung back the bolt and dashed into the yard. He was half-way down the ladder. Shouting "Police!" lustily, I seized the ladder at the bottom, and, using all my power, brought it and the burglar to the ground with a crash. The pistol he held in his hand fell from his grasp. I made a dash for it, and he, springing to his feet like a cat, rushed at me, and, as I stooped, seized me by the nape of the neck. I turned the pistol upward and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped—there were no more charges in it. With a terrible oath, the baffled villain wrenched the weapon from my grasp and raised it aloft to deal me what might have proved a fatal blow, when there was a rush behind him and he was felled to the ground. The policeman had heard my shout, and was just in time to rescue me.

The burglar was soon secured, and in my excitement I was about to relate the story I have here told, when the policeman with a smile, suggested that I might "ketch cold in them clothes."

I then remembered for the first time since I had sprung from bed, that I was shoeless and stockingless, and had nothing on but my night shirt, and beat a hasty retreat. With a long drawn breath, I took my fine gold repeater, which had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watchmaker's after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.

It is almost needless to add that the above story, narrated afterwards to a jury, when I was in a better trim for story-telling than I was when the policeman interrupted me, had the effect of giving the visitor lodgings in a public institution, and secured me against a repetition of his call for at least ten years.—*Cincinnati Trade List.*

Little Camilla—Uncle Paul's Waif.

Paul Smith was a poor old man. He had a back room in the top of a noisy lodging house, where he slept nights and munched his meals of bread and cheese, (or bologna sausage when he could afford it,) and from whence he crept, as harmless and unnoticed as a fly, down to the corner of the dingy street—to the little music shop of Carl Bertman, a German settler somewhere in Soho.

There he tinkered all day on broken violins and other musical instruments, never absenting himself for a moment, save on Sunday afternoons, when he went to the house of a small tradesman, to teach the piano to three or four very stupid girls. Sundays he curled up in his den, and amused himself, nobody knows how, until Monday morning.

There are a few certainties: he never went to church, but he picked ragged children from the pavement when they fell near him, and gave them half-pennies when he had any; shared his dinner often with a mangy, dirty cur, who acted as a sort of escape-valve for the ill-temper of half the men and women in the street; and he roused Pat Ryan from his midnight snooze in the gutter many a cold night, and literally carried him home to Norah and the "childers."

As for his honesty, as a neighbor remarked, "If he found five shillings in the street, he'd wear out ten shillings worth o' strength and shoe-leather to find out the owner."

One cold night, Paul was returning from his work, with a loaf of bread under one arm, and a violin under the other, when at the street door he stumbled, and nearly fell over a small object crouched on the step.

"Bless us! what's this?" cried Paul, striving to gain his equilibrium.

"Only me, sir!" and the small object stood up, and became a very pale, thin and ragged child.

"Are you hurt, little girl?"

"No, sir."

"What are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you go home?"

"I ain't got any!"

"Dear me! Where's your mother?"

"In Heaven!"

At this Paul was dumbfounded, and seeing that great tears were stealing down the child's wan face, he thrust the violin under the arm which had held the bread, and putting the other around the tiny figure, he said, "Oh, I've got a home, a really jolly place! Come up and see."

And this is the way old Paul came to have a neat little housekeeper, and to be buying calico gowns and shoes out of his poor salary.

People wondered at the sight of this bent old man, hitherto uncared for, now walking daily to his work with his hand upon the shoulder of the odd, yet pretty-faced girl, looking at her with honest pride brightening his eyes, and laughing as loud as he could whenever the joke came in. But old Paul looked unconcerned, evaded the questions of the curious, and learned to love nothing better in this world than the little waif, Camilla.

There was many, many days, when rheumatism drew Paul up by the fire in the old back attic, and drew the very last penny out of his dilapidated old purse; but brave Camilla, never forgetting how near death she had been on that bitter night of their meeting, always found a word to ward off hunger, and courage to keep them both bright until help came.

The Winter of 186- came in like a lion, as many a poor wretch well remembers, and with the first blast came Paul's enemy. He turned, one night, a sad face from his warm corner in Bertmann's shop among the violins, and hobbled up the street, feeling the approach of the old rheumatic pains, and wondering what would become of his poor little Camilla.

His excitement carried him to the last flight of stairs, and hearing Camilla's voice, he paused to rest and to listen. She was singing in that sweet and oppressive manner which made her voice seem to him the sweetest and purest he had ever heard. At the end of the stanza she took breath and another voice said, "Child, you astonish me. Either I am a poor judge of music, or else your voice is the finest I ever heard. You are right in preferring its cultivation to anything else."

An electric thrill shot through old Paul's frame, and quicked his blood to a rapidity that quite carried away his rheumatic pains, and in a twinkle he was up the stairs in his little attic.

He was terrified at the sound of a man's voice, but the sight of a handsome and polished gentleman, with diamond studs in his snowy linen, a heavy ring upon his dainty white hand, unquestionable broadcloth upon his back, in close conversation with his Camilla, whose wondrous beauty had of late started even his dull perception, was more than Paul could bear.

He was a very small man—had been in his youth—and now that Time's withering fingers had touched him, he was shriveled and dried like withered fruit, but in his virtuous indignation, he puffed out to his fullest extent, and in his falsetto voice piped, "Camilla, how dare you invite any one here?"

"Oh, Uncle Paul! This is Mr. Clavering, a gentleman whose—whose—"

"Whose mother she saved from death. Your niece, sir, a few days since, was passing through our crowded thoroughfare, when my mother's carriage drew up to the pavement. The horses were restive, and, bidding the driver attend to them, she began to descend unassisted. Her foot was on the step, when the animals sprang forward and flung her violently from her foot-hold. But for the sudden act of your niece, who received my mother in her strong young arms, the fall might have proved a fatal one. My mother at once entered a shop, and, keeping your niece near her, sent for me. I came to-day, at my mother's earnest request, to express our heartfelt gratitude, and to offer——"

"You needn't offer Camilla a penny, sir. She'll never suffer while I've a pair of hands to work for her," said Paul.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to insult you, but would raise the child from her poverty and educate her, that she might be of use to you and to herself, and become a refined woman.—Don't let your selfish love stand in her light, and shut it out from her. She sings like a prima donna, and wishes to study music."

The great lustrous eyes of the child turned to her strange guardian.

"Lor', Camilla, I can't stand in your way. I know you are every bit a born lady, if your poor forsaken mother did die in a hovel among wretches who turned her into the cold as soon as the breath had left her body; but deary me, I can't part with you."

"And you shall not. Let me serve little Camilla, and she shall never leave you, but shall prove a blessing to you in your old age."

Paul could say nothing, and the strange visitor departed, with no further injury to his darling than an eloquent glance from an expressive pair of eyes.

Then from a gloomy lodging-house to a snug set of chambers, a few squares off, went Paul and Camilla, and the poor wretch began to look like another being, in his cleaner work-clothes and Sunday suit, earned from the increased number of pupils provided through the willing assistance of their philanthropical friend, Clavering.

Day after day Camilla went with her books to the teacher so strangely provided; and, after a little time, there came days when passers paused to listen to the warbling of the rich, young voice.

When she had been there six months, she entered one morning to find Mrs. Clavering in the music-master's room.

"What do you propose to do with your famous pupil?" said her soft voice.

"Madam, Camilla is capable of doing anything in a musical way. She will be a songstress of whom this country will be proud. Ah, here she is!"

"You have improved wonderfully, my child," said the lady, holding out her gloved hand. "I came to bring you Richard's farewell. He leaves London to-night. Here is a little gift as a token of remembrance."

She did not understand that Mrs. Clavering had placed a pretty necklace of coral in her hand, and then gathered up her shawl and departed; but when her teacher spoke she cried out as if in mortal pain, and, without a word, flew down the street towards home. As she turned the corner, she rushed pell-mell into the arms of a gentleman, who, on seeing her pale and tearful, said, "Why, little Camilla! What is the matter?"

"Oh Mr. Clavering, you are going away!"

Richard Clavering's fine face grew sad and expressive as the tearful eyes looked into his own, and for the first time he comprehended that he was a young man, and that his protege was stealing from childhood into beautiful girlhood, and was undeniably a beauty.

"Camilla, I am going away, but will you wait my return?"

"Wait for you? I am not going to run away."

"You do not comprehend. Well, it is better so. Perhaps two years later you may understand me. Good-bye, Camilla. Kiss me good-bye."

It was a very quiet street, and so Camilla lifted her head and kissed him. In all probability the child would have kissed him in the main thoroughfare as well as there, and I only mentioned the fact of the street being a quiet one, to quiet the startled propriety of those who are shocked with the impropriety of it.

Well, there they parted. He to go over the sea, she to remain at home and improve the opportunities he had placed before her.

* * * * * *

The great heart of the music-loving public was agitated with mingled emotions of joy, pride, astonishment and awe. A new songstress had been criticized, picked over piece-meal, ground down to the finest point, dissected, examined through the most perfect musical microscopes, and pronounced perfect! And now the manager of a first-class, fashion-patronized theatre had engaged her for a single night at an almost fabulous sum, and the world was to hear her voice.

The night came. The theatre was crowded from pit to roof. The orchestra peeled forth a grand overture, the expectant crowd filled the air with perfume, and soft murmurs of whispering voices and rustling silks arose in a subdued sound; and then the broad curtain rolled up and disclosed the elegantly fitting stage.

Suddenly there was a hush in the vast building, and eyes grew bright with eager anticipation, as from the wing came the debutante.

A tall, graceful girl; with gleaming shoulders, and white, perfectly-shaped arms; with a crown of purple-black hair upon the regal head; with great dark eyes scanning the crowd, and then with almost childish shyness veiling themselves beneath the long lashes; a mouth, soft, tender and beautiful, and a cheek as fair as the pure white satin of her sweeping robe; and they had seen the long-talked-of and highly praised beauty!

A roar like the roar of distant waters, sounded in her ears, and then swelled into a thunder of applause; and coming slowly down in the splendor of the foot-lights, her beautiful head erect, her eyes glowing with excitement, her beauty enhanced by the elegance of her costume; Camilla, the poor little waif, the child of poor old Paul Smith, the protege of proud Richard Clavering, received the homage of the assembled crowd.

When the acclamation had ceased, the orchestra began a soft symphony; and then through the building echoed the clear, pure notes of a voice that sounded far away, a dreamy, mystic voice, full of hope, of doubt, of pain. Nearer, still nearer, it sounded, and hope half-drowned the doubt, but yet a plaintive sorrow seemed to remain. It came nearer, and the sorrow was a half-expectant, trembling glimpse of something better; and then suddenly the strange voice broke forth in a triumphal strain, and listeners held their breath as the wondrous notes rang out upon the air and then died away.

For a moment a deadly silence reigned, but it was for a moment only; and then the building vibrated with a crash of enthusiasm that came from the music-crazed audience. Men arose in their seats, and hundreds flung the floral tributes at her feet.

In one of the boxes, above the one where the mask-master and manager sat, an old, odd-looking man waived his handkerchief and cheered, with great tears falling down his wrinkled cheeks, and Camilla looked up to that one box, and gave him the only smile that crossed her lips during the night.

But at length the curtain fell, and Camilla, weary and worn, went off to the dressing room. Some one stood in the shadow of a side scene, and when she asked permission to pass, caught her by the hands and drew her out into the light.

"Camilla, little Camilla, is it you? Have I been listening to my little girl all this glorious evening? Speak to me! I am bewildered and blind!

"Mr. Clavering! When did you come? Oh, I am so glad, so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Are you glad? Are you happy? Oh, is this my welcome? Have you waited for me, my love, my darling?"

She put her hand over her eyes murmuring, "You do not mean your words! I am dreaming! I am mad!"

"You are here, wide awake, Camilla, and I am asking you to to love me and be my wife."

She drew him away for a brief moment, and laid her weary head within his arms. Then she passed on to her dressing-room, saying, "Oh, Richard, take me away! I am soul-sick of this."

"And you will only sing—"

"In your nest. Come, we must not forget Uncle Paul. He is waiting in the box for me."

The box was near at hand and in a moment they stood at the door. It was ajar, and Richard pushed it open to allow Camilla to enter, and saw the old man sitting in one of the luxurious chairs, his head lying back upon the soft cushions, and his hands peacefully folded.

"Uncle Paul," cried Camilla, "Why, you naughty boy, you are fast asleep! Come, it is time to go home. Ah."

She started back with a cry, for the hand she touched was icy cold, and fell back, stiff and helpless.

"Camilla, darling, come away. I will attend to him."

"Oh, Richard!"

"Hush, love! He is beyond us now. Those strains of music have carried him to heaven, from whence they came."

The poor old man was dead. With the consummation of his heart's wish, his quiet, unpretending, unoffending life had passed out into new existence.

There were loud growls in the music-loving world, but nothing ever came of them; for Richard Clavering removed their singing bird so deftly that few knew the cause of her flight; and now she sings only to him, and to her brood of young Claverings.

Earl Fitzwilliam and the Farmer.

A farmer called on the Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the Winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in the field, and that we have caused considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you." The farmer replied, that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like: this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room and, returning, presented the farmer with a check for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your oldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on the one hand, or on the other, the benevolence and the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.—*Golden Sheaves.*

A Remarkable History.

How an Inventor Struggled and Won.

In the *Scientific American* we find a story of the struggles and triumphs of an inventor which is worth preservation. The substance of it is as follows:

In 1858 Mr. Thomas Sheehan, of Dunkirk, New York, foreman in the blacksmith department of the Erie railway shops at that place, patented a submarine grapple, which, though an ingenious invention, proved to be one for which there was little demand. This was his first invention, and the cost of its completion, together with one year's struggle to manufacture and introduce it, completely exhausted Mr. Sheehan's means, and reduced him to the extremest poverty. He was, in fact, in pretty nearly the same condition as Palissy, the potter, at the moment of his greatest distress. A wife and eight children in Sheehan's family were reduced to the verge of destitution, and Mrs. Sheehan became uncommonly bitter.

Just at this crisis, Mr. S. D. Colwell, General Freight Agent of the Erie railroad, at Dunkirk, chanced to meet Mr. Sheehan in the streets of that town and accosted him, with—

"Well, Thomas, how are the grapples? I hear they have used you up."

"Yes," was the answer, "the grapples have done my business; I wish I had never seen them."

"Throw 'em away," advised Mr. Colwell. "Have you any now finished?"

"I have one almost done," said Thomas.

"Finish that; I will pay you $40 for it, and have it used for picking up coal at the dock. The money will help you in your present emergency, and you can go back to your old place in the shop and earn a good living for your family."

"I will," said Thomas.

Back to his humble home went the inventor, with new hope in his breast, and set himself to finish the grapple with all due speed. But, upon what slender threads do the fortunes of men depend! A tap, the only one our inventor had of the size required suddenly snapped asunder, and, as it was essential to the progress of the work, he must have a new one or he could not go on.

In his straight, he applied to his wife to lend him twenty-five cents to buy the necessary steel to forge the tap. But she having no faith in the grapple, refused, for two very good reasons—first, that she believed the money would be thrown away if she gave it to her husband; and second, that she had not the money to give him, even if so disposed. The refusal was seasoned with some very hot spice that made it very unpalatable to Thomas. But he bethought him of a merchant who, in brighter days had seen the color of his money, and who, perhaps, would now give him credit for the small modicum of steel he required for the tap.

To this merchant to prefer his request, he began beating about the bush; and finally straying into politics, hot words passed between them, and our friend, feeling his manliness would suffer too keenly by asking credit for the steel, came away without it.

With no definite purpose he went home, pondering upon how he should surmount this, now no trifling obstacle, came away without it.

He found his wife making lye for soft soap, but her acidity in no way neutralized by the alkaline reaction. Despondent and discouraged, he sat down, in no very enviable mood, when he chanced to spy a piece of iron laying near the tubs at which his spouse was working. Meditating upon how he could make that piece of iron hard enough for a tap, led him to a rather rude experiment, the results of which have in the end made him a richer man than he ever dreamed of being.

It so happened that from a distant relative, a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, our friend had inherited quite a library of works on chemistry—some of them rare and valuable. He had read some of these books to very good purpose. "There is surely carbon in that lye," thought he. "If I only could get that into this iron in the proper proportion, I should have steel, and from that my tap, and so finish my grapple."

With little hope or faith that he should succeed, he took some of the lye, and adding, without any particular reason for so doing, some saltpetre and common salt, made a paste with this solution and a hard grudged saucerful of the little remaining flour there was in the house. He then forged the tap, and enveloping it in the paste, put the whole into a luted iron-box and exposed it to heat for two hours in blacksmith's fire. To his joy and surprise when he took it out, it was hard enough to cut cast steel. The grapple was finished, and forty dollars flowed into the family treasury of Thomas Sheehan.—He went back to his old work disgusted with patents, and resolved never to have anything to do with one again. But the remembrance of the tap, hardened in so unique a manner, still haunted him. Having a great deal of case hardening to do, he thought one day he would repeat the experiment, upon a large scale, which he did with perfect success.

For twelve months he went on to experiment, purchasing the materials with his own money, and worked in secret by night and at odd hours. At the end of twelve months he reconsidered his sentence of condemnation on patents, and applied for one on his process, which was granted September 4, 1860, the claim being for a combination of damaged flour, potash lye, or lye from hard wood-ashes, nitre, common salt, and sulphate of zinc, for case-hardening iron. In 1867 he patented an improvement on the above-named process. In 1868 he took out another patent on an entirely new process, which consists in the use of raw limestone, charcoal, black oxide of manganese, sal soda, common salt and pulverized rosin combined, for converting iron into steel, which is now widely used, and from which he has reaped quite a fortune.

No less than twenty-three of the leading railways in America now use this process, under license from the patentee, for hardening the links, guides, pins, and nuts of locomotives, effecting, we are told, no less a saving than from five to six hundred dollars annually on each locomotive, in obviating the lost motion consequent upon the wear of links, guides and pins.

The inventor has already received for licenses under his patent of 1868 $29,650, and has just sold the remainder of his patent in America for $15,000.

An Irish Turk.

During the operations of the Allies in the Crimea, it was resolved to carry the water in from a beautiful spring of the finest Croton to the camp. Leather pipe or hose was employed, which was laid on the ground. One morning, while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop upon his knees to praise Allah! Unfortunately he went down on the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that "first of elements," as Pinder calls water.

"Get up," cried an English soldier.

"Voulez vous avez la bonte, mon cher Monsieur le Turque," cried a Frenchman, with his native politeness, "to get up."

"That ain't no way to make the Turk move," cried another, "this is the dodge." So saying, he kicked his turban off. Still the pious Mussulman went on with his devotions.

"I'll make him stir his stumps," said another Englishman, giving him a remarkably hard kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well-kicked, follower of the Prophet, went on praying as though he was a fifty-horse parson.

"Hoot awa mon—I'll show ye how we serve obstinate folks at auld Reckie," observed a Scotchman. He was, however, prevented, for the Turk having finished his "Allah vis eu Ailah," rose and began to take off his coat—then to roll up his sleeves, and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then to put himself into the most approved boxing attitude. He then advanced to the Englishman who had kicked him on the lumbar region.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loth to have a bit of fun with the Turk of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master—in five minutes he had received *quantum sufficit*. As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban, he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue:

"Bad luck to ye, ye spalpeens; when ye're after kicking a Turk, I'd advise ye the next time to jist be sure he's not an Irishman."

The mystery was solved—the Turk was a Tipperary man.

Fighting a Bear in a Cattle-Car.

An Indian Locked Up With Beasts—A Terrific Fight—Monkeys and Snakes Looking On—Bread, Turnips, and $8 a Month.

[From the London (Canada) Free Press.]

The men on the mixed train going west yesterday morning, had a pretty good-sized sensation just as the train arrived in Bothwell. As the noise of the wheels subsided unusual and excited sounds were heard issuing from a bonded car which all along the passage from the Suspension Bridge had remained under lock and key, attracting no especial notice from any one, as no one on the train seemed aware of its true contents. Gradually the noises grew louder and more excited, scuffling was heard, accompanied by yells and imprecations from a human voice, and a series of low, fierce snarls and growls as from an enraged and powerful animal; then a shuffling to and fro, and more excited but perfectly unintelligible exclamations. The men were at a loss what to make of all this, and marvelled exceedingly. A crowd collected, and noises of the same character continued within.

There appeared to be a terrible rumpus inside the car, which each moment grew more desperate and alarming. All at once a violent thumping against the door and the voice of the man, which had by this time grown more coherent, but sounded faint and smothered, broke out in exclamatory appeals, "Brek door! brek door! Injin get kill!" After which the struggle seemed to be renewed more furiously than ever, "Injin" giving vent to short yells of pain and distress.

No time was lost by the men outside, who proceeded at once to obey the call, and break the lock. No sooner had the door been partially opened than out sprang a strapping young Indian in a terribly excited state of mind, minus his hat, with his clothing hanging in shreds about his body, and displaying several bleeding wounds. He was well nigh exhausted, but did not stop running till he got behind the station-house in a place of safety, where he stood panting for breath for some minutes before any one of those who surrounded him could elicit any information from him as to the nature of the ordeal through which he had passed. That, however, was perfectly intelligible to those who witnessed his escape, for he had no sooner got clear than a large black bear came snuffing at the door, wanting to get out too, and pursue his enemy like a roaring lion to devour him. On seeing the men, however, and probably not caring to jump into the immediate presence of so many persons, Bruin recoiled and sneaked into a corner, from which he glared savagely at them.

There were several other animals in the car, some of them in cages, and some securely fastened up with chains and ropes. Among them was a young cub belonging to the old bear, who at once took refuge behind his ma in the corner, apparently somewhat bashful by the appearance of so many grown men.—There were also an antelope, a couple of monkeys, a wild kangaroo, some curious specimens of the feathered creation, and a box of snakes, which remained comfortably coiled up in their blankets, either too tired or sleepy to take any part in the fuss. The collection, it appears, belonged to a travelling showman, who proposed to exhibit in a Western town.

The Indian boy, for he was scarcely out of teens, although big and muscular, as soon as he could collect his ideas, and began to realize that he was safe and sound, related that he was employed by the proprietor at $8 a month to attend the animals in their travels as keeper, that he had been shut up with them in the car for nearly three days, with nothing to eat but bread and turnips, and with only water to drink, that the old bear had become restive in the car, while on the journey, probably from hunger and thirst, and ended by committing an assault upon him, which he repelled as long as he was able to hold out. He thought every moment he would have to give in, and consent to be eaten up for breakfast by the she-bear and her interesting offspring. Twice she got her arms fondly around him, and would certainly have hugged him to death but for the herculean strength which enabled him to throw her off, and spurn her advances. Being somewhat cramped in her physical energies by the confinement and routine of show life, besides being not so young as she used to be, she was the more easily overcome, and failed to make as stout an attack as the circumstances seemed to demand from her. The young man from the country parts, however, was determined not to be 'taken in' any more by the deceptions and allurements of side-show life, and then and there resolved to abandon a profession in which he discovered he had neither the talent nor education to shine very resplendently.

"He tink me big fool!" said he; "Ingin only get $8 a month, and a chance to get ate up into the bargain. No, no, my friends, that muchly too thin! Ugh! Not for Joseph—not if he knows it?"

Charles Dickens on Oysters.

In the June number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Fields gives some funny letters written by Charles Dickens to Prof. Felton in 1842, and in two of these epistles are references to oysters, thus:

I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet, and so much damp company in a man's inside cannot contribute to his peace. But whatever the cause of your indisposition, we are truly grieved and pained to hear of it, and should be more so, but that we hope from your account of that farewell dinner that you are all right again.

* * * Perhaps you don't know who Dando was. He was an oyster-eater, my dear Felton. He used to go into oyster-shops, without a farthing of money, and stand at the counter eating natives, until the man who opened them grew pale, cast down his knife, staggered back, struck his white forehead with his hand and cried, "You are Dando!" He has been known to eat twenty dozen at one sitting, and would have eaten forty if the truth had not flashed upon the shopkeeper. For these offences he was constantly committed to the house of correction. During his last imprisonment he was taken ill, got worse and worse, and at last began knocking violently double-knocks at death's door. The doctor stood beside his bed, with his fingers on his pulse. "He is going," said the doctor; "I see it in his eye. There is only one thing that will keep life in him another hour, and that is—oysters." They were immediately brought. Dando swallowed eight, and feebly took a ninth. He held it in his mouth and looked round the bed strangely. "Not a bad one, is it?" says the doctor. The patient shook his head, rubbed his trembling hand upon his stomach, bolted the oyster and fell back—dead. They buried him in the prison yard and paved his grave with oyster shells.

A Mother's Power.

A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway; and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impression on the human mind.

The examples of maternal influence are countless. Solomon himself records the words of wisdom that fell from a mother's lips, and Timothy was taught the Scriptures from a child by his grandmother and his mother.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say: "I should have been a French atheist were it not for the recollection of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and make me say on my bended knees, 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

"I have found out what made you the man you are," said a gentleman one morning to President Adams, "I have been reading your mother's letters to her son."

Washington's mother trained her boy to truthfulness and virtue; and when his messenger called to tell her that her son was raised to the highest station in the nation's gift, she could say: "George always was a good boy." A mother's tears dropped on the head of her little boy one evening as he sat in the doorway and listened while she spoke of Christ and his salvation.

"Those tears made me a missionary," said he, when he had given his manhood's prime to the service of the Lord.

Some one asked Napoleon what was the great need of the French nation.

"Mothers!" was the significant answer. Woman, has God given you the privileges and responsibilities of motherhood? Be faithful, then, to the little ones. You hold the key of their hearts now. If you once lose it you would give the world to win it back. Use your opportunities before they pass.

And remember, little ones, you never will have but one mother. Obey and honor her. Listen to her words, and God will bless you day by day.—*The Christian.*

The Loaded Dice.

It was in the Fall of 1830 that the writer of this sketch, while detained at Louisville awaiting the rise of the Ohio river, to begin his journey to New Orleans, first made the acquaintance of Mr. Harris, a wealthy young merchant, of the above named city, who had been spending the Summer in Cincinnati, where he had gone to settle up some accounts of long standing. He was now on his way home, carrying with him a large amount of money which he had collected for the firm of which he was a junior member.

The season had been remarkably dry and in consequence the river was lower than could be recollected by the oldest settlers; but as the autumnal season advanced, when the semi-annual rise of water might be confidently expected, many travelers arrived at Louisville to take advantage of the earliest boats for the lower country.

After many disappointments the river began to swell in good earnest, and all hurried on board to their respective steamers to secure their passage home.

Mr. Harris and I, after having selected our state-room, and seen to the safety of our baggage, had leisure to look around us and make the acquaintance of our fellow travelers. We found to our intense disgust, it had been our misfortune to take passage with as large and accomplished a set of gamblers as ever disgraced decent society. They were bound down the river on a "professional tour" through the Southern States.

As soon as we were well under way, the implements of their nefarious trade were brought forth. "Faro" "rogue et noir," and various other games, were exhibited to tempt the unwary to risk money. At first many of the gentlemen on board objected to having the cabin turned into a gambling hell; but the professionals loudly protested that they played on the square, and further more declared should one of their number be detected in cheating, the stakes should be forfeited, and he put on shore at the nearest land. After this no more was said, and the numerous games went on without interruption.

For some time Harris, who was known to have a large amount of money in his possession, and who was the object of the gambler's especial regard, firmly declined all invitations to try his luck. But one evening after the supper table had been cleaned, he, weary of their opportunities or yielding as he afterwards told me, to a natural love for the excitement to play, consented to make one of a party of four who were about to sit down to a game of cards for small stakes, "just to pass away the time."

For awhile my interest in the fortunes of Harris induced me to remain at his side and watch the chances of the game but as the sums staked were small, and as the parties seemed evidently matched in point of skill, I soon tired of such uninteresting employment, and retired to a distant part of the cabin to amuse myself with a book—in the contents of which I almost immediately became absorbed. I read for an hour and a half; but while pausing to cut the leaves (the book was a new one), I became conscious that an unusual stillness pervaded the room. There was no longer to be heard the rattle of dice, the sharp clique of the ivory 'farro check' or the subdued murmur of the players. Raising my eyes to see what could be the cause of the 'subdued stillness, I saw that all the 'blanks' had been deserted, and the players were standing motionless around the table at which I had left Harris and his companions engaged in euchre.

Wondering what could induce men who were accustomed to risk the largest stakes on the turn of a card to take such an interest in so small a game, I threw down my book, and approaching the party, soon made way to the table. I saw at once that a great change had taken place since I had been a looker on. The stakes were largely increased and two of the party either unable or too timid to risk such large amounts, had withdrawn from the table. Harris and one of the gamblers, however, still retained their seats and with eager faces, and shaking their hands, shuffled the cards. Fortune seemed to have favored Harris for just as I reached the spot he marked the last point in a closely contested game, while the professional, with a deep oath dashed down the cards and challenged him to give him his revenge with dice, to which proposition, after a moment's hesitation, Harris assented.

The dice and the cups were produced and the excited gamesters again betting their money, but no longer with the same result. Harris' good luck seemed to have deserted him, and his antagonist won stake after stake. Harris seemed now wild with excitement. He doubled every time until no less than ten thousand dollars lay upon the table to be won or lost at a single throw of the dice. Again the gambler was successful. Harris now sprung from his chair, and calling on his antagonist to remain where he was, repaired to his stateroom, and, returning in a few minutes, he dashed down upon the table a large roll of bank notes, saying at the time to the gambler:

"You have already won from me over fifteen thousand dollars. The bank bills represent double the amount; dare you risk a little sum, and let the ownership of the whole be decided by a single cast?"

The gambler at once expressed his willingness to do so, but declared that he had not so much money in his possession. The deficiency was, however, made up by others of the fraternity, and they prepared to resume the game.—There was a large carving fork lying near Harris, which the waiter had neglected to remove when he had cleared the table that evening. This Harris, with a careless and apparently (as he took his seat) accidental movement of his arm, drew close to his side.

All now drew near in eager expectation. Harris seized the cup, and shaking the dice violently for a moment, dashed them down before him. I could hardly suppress a cry of exultation when I saw he had thrown double fives, within one of the highest number it is possible to make.

The professionals cast uneasy glances upon each other but Harris' antagonist only smiled scornfully and drew the ivory cups towards him. Just, however as he was placing them in the box, they slipped through his fingers and fell on the floor. He stooped and recovered them in an instant, but as he reached forth his hand to take the cup, Harris, whose eyes had a fixed determined look, which had never for a moment been off him, suddenly seized the fork, and with a movement quick as that of the deadly rattlesnake, stuck the sharp prongs through his wrists, literally pinning it to the table, at the same time presenting a cocked pistol full at his head. There was a yell from the wounded man, and a volley of imprecations burst from his associates. A dozen weapons were planted at the breast of Harris. He, however, was equal to the occasion. Not a muscle of the face moved, and his voice was not raised the least when he spoke.

"One moment, gentlemen," said he, "You yourselves have declared that, should one of your number be detected in foul play, the stakes should be forfeited and he summarily punished. If the dice under my hand I now hold imprisoned be not false, then do with me as you will. If, however, I prove correct in my assertion, I demand the fulfilment of your threat."

By this time every male passenger had collected around the table, and the gamblers saw by their looks, and drawn weapons, that they were not to be trifled with. So they were forced reluctantly to admit the truth of what Harris had said.

The gambler was held secured in his chair, the fork withdrawn, the dice examined, and found to be loaded—the true pair were concealed in his sleeve. His fate was sealed in spite of his desperate resistance. Strong arms stripped him of his weapons, forced him into a boat and rowed him to the nearest land, a low sand bank entirely surrounded by the river, and whose rapidly rising waters promised soon to submerge it. Upon this Island, deaf to his piteous appeals, they forced him, and the steamer resumed her course down the river.

But long after we had lost sight of him in the darkness there came to us out of the black night, wild cries, that sounded in our ears high above the dash of our ponderous wheels and the dash of the mighty river. Screams for mercy, fearful imprecations, and chilling blasphemies.

Harris hid his face in his hands and wept like a child. Strong men turned pale, and the very gamblers looked at each other with white cheeks and trembling lips.

Of his fate there could be no doubt. The strongest swimmer could not for one moment stem that fearful torrent, and to remain upon the land was but to choose a lingering and more fearful death.

There was no more playing on board the boat that trip, and at the first landing most of the passengers left her, fleeing from it as from a place accursed.

Among those who left was Harris.

Years had passed when we met again, but he trembled when he spoke of that fearful night on the Ohio, and said he had never touched a card since then.

The Late Empire.

Sale of the Imperial Effects—A Prince's Toys.

Paris Correspondence of the Daily News.

The publicity given by the London press to the civil list sales is beginning to bear golden fruits. The bidding on October 25 was exceedingly spirited, owing to the presence of English sympathizers with the Chiselhurst exiles. The gem of the table linen was the "Bee Service." It had been ordered, it was reported, to serve at the coronation of the Emperor and Empress, which would have taken place in Notre Dame, the Pope officiating, had the Germans been beaten by the French. But I ascertained, on making inquiries, that it was woven with a view as well to the royal entertainments given in 1867. This table-linen was manufactured in the north of Ireland. It looked as bright as satin, and was delicious to the touch. The borders were filled in with laurel wreaths, Carlovingian crowns, Ns and eagles; and bees, with wide-spread wings, were scattered over the ground. A lot of two table-cloths, eight yards in length, and three dozen napkins, were purchased at the high price of 798 francs by a young English gentleman. Agents for the Ex-Emperor had instructions to buy for him all the Bee sets that were going cheap. They obtained for him some of the banqueting table-cloths, but did not buy in any of the others. The Prince Imperial's bed-linen was hotly contested by searchers after relics. A dozen plain pillow-cases, made to fit small pillows—wedge-shaped, I presume, from the long triangular gussets in the sides, and a broad overlapping hem at the top—were sold for 185 francs. Half a dozen bolster-cases to match fetched a larger sum. They were all rotten, and many neatly darned. The English lady who is now the happy possessor of them was all the better pleased, because the repairs and marks of frequent washings afforded her a presumption that her relics must have come in direct contact with "the little Prince's head." The Prince Imperial's toys and school-room belongings have been all disposed of. A velocipede, very elegantly constructed, and with silver mounting, said to have been the one presented to the Prince Imperial by Alphonse of Spain, was bought by a wealthy petroleum merchant from Oil City. There were cases of mathematical instruments in the school-room lots, on which both fancy and money had been lavished. The steel parts were covered with Damascus arabesques. The toys were generally well-preserved. Few of the playthings of early babyhood were produced. What were disposed of dated within the last eight or nine years. The mimic cannons were very neatly executed, and quite capable of killing a poodle at fifty yards.

A world of pains had been evidently taken with the Prince who was to have inherited the Empire of the Napoleons, to get into his head, by means of object lessons, the technicalities of Vauban and Cohorn. He was given toy fortresses with lunes and demi lunes: toy ditches, toy counter-scarps, toy positions—such as woods, hills and streams, whose tin beds could be flushed; toy siege guns, and endless hosts of toy combatants capable of being fastened on movable slabs in regular or irregular order. Then he had raised plans of Chalons and of Luneville, with microscopic tents to pitch on the plateau of the Mourmelon. A fortress supposed to be Cherbourg with a glass sea in front and a fleet manœuvred by means of loadstones, got crushed and broken, and was finally thrown into a heap of rubbish. The Prince Imperial was fond of marionettes. His Punch and Judy Theatre, the plaything that had seen most service, was beautifully got up. The *dramatis personæ* included the usual functionaries, who serve as butts for Guignol's witticisms, with the additions of kings and queens of imaginary states, and a talkative dentist serving as laughing-stock for all those sovereigns for whom he fetched and carried. A military subject taken from the gallery at Versailles, dedicated to the glories of the First Napoleon, adorned the curtain. The sun of Austerlitz, flanked by eagles gazing boldly thereupon, was repeated on many of the large theatrical toys.

The Prince Imperial, it is very probable, would have become a first-rate artisan if he had remained a few years longer at the Tuileries. He was debarred by his rank from that wholesale rivalry with boys of his age which finds vent in out-door games and trials of strength, fleetness, wind and pluck. His little steam-press used to be very cleverly manipulated. In a case belonging to it there are some imaginary state papers, probably intended for a practical joke—the work of the young Napoleon.

This press had grown rusty from long lying in the Garde Meuble, and was, with many other things, knocked down as old iron. A charming box of small-sized carpenter's tools and polished walnut bench were also the worse for damp and dust. Along with them were thrown in a bundle of ivory-handled turning instruments and some awkwardly-turned peg-tops, balls and draughtsmen.—Then there were locksmiths' tools made for little hands, and locks whose evident destination was to be taken to pieces and put together again. In my whole life I never saw—I will not say together, but in all the iron-mongers' shops I have entered put together—so many copper stew-pans, patty-pans, sauce-pans, dripping-pans, gridles, boilers, shapes, skimming-ladles, roasting-jacks, and other cooking utensils. The auctioneer, fearing that if he sold in detail he would not get through them in a month, disposed of them by the 200 or 300 pounds weight. No department in theory or practice, was so important as that of the *bouche* or cooking department. The amount of victuals consumed daily in the Tuileries must have surpassed in quantity those gigantic feeds of Gargantua. Wine-glasses, tumblers, tea-pots, sugar-bowls and decanters, were not less numerous than the culinary coppers.—But if they were plentiful they were coarse in quality. There is not much wine to be set up to auction. The Emperor's cellars were extensively requisitioned "for patriotic purposes" by the Government of National Defence.—Without telling hypocritical stories, the men of the Commune, as Lullier poetically expressed it, "poured high the wine of victory" bottled for the use of Imperial personages. After the wine the liveries will be sold. They are to wind up the liquidation of the civil list.

Curiosities of Memory.

John Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the *Morning Post* in four days; and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper he had read over night. During the Repeal debates in the House of Commons thirty-seven years ago, one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers, and repeated it to the House in the evening; it was found to be the same verbatim as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time.—Seneca could repeat two thousand words on hearing them once. Magliabecchi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript which was read and returned. The owner, some time afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabecchi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse 40,000 words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversed order, without making a single mistake. A physician of Massachusetts, about a half-century ago, could repeat the whole of "Paradise Lost" with out a mistake, although he had not read it for twenty years. Euler, the great mathematician, when he became blind, could repeat the whole of Virgil's "Æneid," and could remember the first line and last line on every page of the particular edition which he had been accustomed to read before he became blind.

One kind of retentive memory may be considered as the result of sheer hard work, a determination towards one particular achievement, without reference either to cultivation or to memory on other subjects. This is frequently shown by persons in humble life in regard to the Bible. An old beggar man at Stirling, known some forty years ago as Blind Aleck, afforded an instance of this. He knew the whole of the Bible by heart; insomuch that, if a sentence were read to him, he could name book, chapter and verse; or if the book, chapter and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy; Aleck hesitated, named the place where the passage is to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Aleck almost instantly replied, "There is no such verse; that chapter has only eighty-nine verses."

The Early Days of Delsarte.

The Autumn of 1829 found him a shabby, almost ragged applicant for employment at the stage-door of the Opera Comique. Repeated rebuffs failed to baffle his desperate pertinacity.

One day the director, hearing of the annoyance to which his subordinates were subjected by Delsarte, determined to abate the nuisance by one of those cruel *coups-de-main* of which Frenchmen are preeminently capable. The next night, during the performance, when Delsarte called, he was to his surprise and delight, shown into the great man's presence.

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Pardon, Monsieur. I came to seek a place in your theatre."

"There is but one vacant, and you don't seem capable of filling that. I want only a call boy."

"Sir, I am prepared to fill the position of a *premier sujet* among your singers."

"*Imbecile!*"

"Monsieur, if my clothes are poor, my art is genuine."

"Well, sir, if you will sing for me, I will hear you shortly"

He left Delsarte alone, overjoyed at having secured the manager's ear. In a few moments a surly fellow tells him he is wanted below, and he soon found himself with the managers upon the stage behind the green curtain.

"You are to sing here," said the director. "There is your piano. In one moment the curtain will be rung up.—I am tired of your importunities. I give you one chance to show the stuff you're made of. If you discard this opportunity, the next time you show your face at my door you shall be arrested and imprisoned as a vagrant."

The indignation excited in Delsarte by this cruel trick instantly gave way before the reflection that success was a matter of life and death with him, and that perhaps his last chance lay within his grasp. He forgot his rags; every nerve became iron; and when the curtain was rung up, a beggar with the bearing of a prince advanced to the footlights, was received with derisive laughter by some, with glances of surprise and indignation by others, and with a sad and patient smile on his countenance, gracefully saluted the brilliant audience. The courtliness of his manner disarmed hostility; but when he sat down to the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and sang a few bars, the exquisite voice found its way to every heart. With every moment his voice became more powerful. Each gradation of emotion was rendered with an ease, an art, an expression, that made every heart-string vibrate. Then he suddenly stopped, bowed and retired. The house rang with bravos. The dress circle forgot its reticence, and joined in the tumult of applause. He was recalled. This time he sang a grand lyric composition with the full volume of his voice, aided in effect by those imperial gestures of which he had already discovered the secret.—The audience were electrified. They declared that Talma was resuscitated. But when he was a second time re-called his tragic mood had melted, there were "tears in his voice," as well as on his cheeks.

After the fall of the curtain, the director grasped his hand, loaded him with compliments, and offered him an engagement for a year at a salary of ten thousand francs. He went home to occupy his wretched attic for the last time, and, falling on his knees, poured forth his soul in prayer.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Military Rule in South Carolina—Worse and Worse.

As was presumed, military rule in South Carolina has culminated in the inevitable outrages of an irresponsible and drunken soldiery. The following statement is made by the Chester *Reporter*:

Several days ago a series of outrages were perpetrated upon some of the most respectable citizens of Union by the troops stationed at that point. A number of the business men were placed in durance on the charge of being members of the Ku-Klux.

After locking them up, and threatening them with death on the morrow, their captors then proceeded to the homes of their prisoners, and under the plea of searching for the identical men that were already incarcerated, they entered the most private apartments of the ladies, making sad havoc among fine dresses and toilet articles.

Of course, theft was committed, and insults and indecent language prevailed. After volunteering to the ladies the information that "in the morning their relatives would suffer death," they departed. One of the ladies lost a fine gold watch and chain. This has not been recovered.

On the morning following the night of their arrest, the commandant of the post dismissed the prisoners, as there were no charges brought against them then. While these arrests were being made, the troops (a United States Marshal was in the company) made threats frequently that if resistance were made they would lay the town in ashes.

Now comes the strange part of the transaction. After the release of the prisoners, the authorities stated that it was "only a drunken spree." A notice was sent to the publisher of the Unionville *Times* to the effect, that if he dared publish anything in regard to the affair, they would fire the town and swing him to a post. We understand that the Town Council have since taken the affair in hand.

An investigation has been gone into and the evidence, duly sworn to, printed in pamphlet form. We also learn that copies of this pamphlet have been forwarded to Attorney-General Akerman and District-Attorney Dick Corbin.

Virginia Threatened.

A Washington paper, generally credited with reflecting the views of the administration, is dissatisfied with the result of the Virginia election, and in a disquisition thereon uses the following language, in which the threat is plainly enough implied:

"There have been few acts of violence in Virginia on account of political opinion, but this is owing to the fact that the Democrats have had the State, and no such acts were necessary to enable them to retain or perpetuate their power. The combination or conspiracy referred to by the President, as existing in South Carolina, is doubtless also in existence in Virginia, but it is, for the present, dormant."

Democratic Conference.

A New York correspondent writes under date of the 10th inst.:

About the 20th of this month there will be a conference in New York of as many leading Democratic politicians as can be got together from different sections of the country, to compare notes and take counsel together with reference to the present position and future course of their party, with particular reference to concert of action in the coming Presidential election.—If your correspondent is not misinformed, the invitations to this conference have been in the form of a printed circular, signed by the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee.

Pursuit of Knowledge under Threatening Drawbacks.

A gentleman engaged in investigating the charges of carelessness against the workmen in the Scranton mines, found afterwards that, during the investigation, he had been given an open keg of powder to sit on, while he held a lighted candle in his hand.

More Southern Outrages.

Grant's infamous policy towards the South is being daily extended, and is continually growing more infamous in its character. Notwithstanding the contrary statements given out, it is highly probable that certain counties in Georgia will shortly be proclaimed under martial law and the writ of habeas corpus in them be suspended. As a matter of fact the subject is now under consideration by Attorney-General Akerman, and there is no present warrant for any allegation that his conclusions will be against the enforcement of the Ku-Klux act, in at least the northwestern part of the State. No doubt Akerman, for special reasons, and the administration, upon general principles, would be glad to dispense, if they could, with the enforcement of an act that is only tolerated by the dominant party on the score of necessity and accepted by no party, and it is still more certain that wherever it is put in force the necessities of the case will be pushed to the front. From current indications it is quite possible that the Ku-Klux act will, before long, be in operation in several other of the late insurrectionary States.

Under the license which is given Grant's hirelings to pillage South Carolina, the Federal cavalry are raiding in North Carolina, and seizing citizens without process of law. Advices from there state that not a little excitement has been created here, both in civil and official circles, by the reported invasion of this State by United States troops operating in the district under martial law in South Carolina. Governor Caldwell, it is said, has received official information of the fact, and the local press are loud in their demands for Executive action in the premises. There has been no opposition to the officers of the law in this State. United States Deputy Marshals, singly, have made wholesale arrests on the charge of Ku-Kluxing. Men have been imprisoned and held for trial for months, and those who were bailed have, in every instance, made their appearance, at the proper time, before United States tribunals for trial. Such arrests and imprisonments are now in due course of operation under the Ku Klux law, and large numbers of citizens are either held or bailed to appear for trial before the United States Circuit Court on the 27th inst.

In view of such a peaceful state of affairs the invasion of this State by troops from South Carolina, for the purpose of arresting citizens of the latter State, is looked upon as an almost unwarrantable and flagrant aggression upon the rights of the State and upon the people of North Carolina in particular.

Over a week since a large squad of cavalry from York county, S. C., came over into Cleveland county, in this State, and arrested a number of refugee citizens of the former county and took them to Yorkville where they are imprisoned.

The latest invasion, however, was that of a similar body of troops, which came from South Carolina on Wednesday night last, and made a raid on the citizens of Shelby, for the purpose of arresting the alleged South Carolina Ku-Klux. The troops came in the night time, in a very disorderly manner, and their entrance into town, when all the people had retired, created a panic and terror that can only be experienced in a time of war. A scene of confusion ensued that is indescribable, many persons fleeing to the woods in their night-clothes, until the military left the town.

It is reported that the invading squad did not succeed in finding any of the parties they were in search of.

WHO BURNED CHICAGO?

A Significant Sentence Uttered in the Williamsburg Mormon Tabernacle.

Elder Lindsley, of Salt Lake City, preached yesterday in the Mormon Tabernacle, Williamsburg. Speaking of the reported flight of Brigham, he said: "Twenty years ago, when I was preaching the Gospel in England, I was told that he had run away from his people. To-day the same is said. I've been in Salt Lake since the troubles began. The Saturday before I left, three weeks ago, I saw him in the Church of the Prophets. He on speaking to us of the troubles, said: 'I feel as calm as the Summer morning.' He is possessed of great coolness. When the Marshal and the religious hypocrite of a Judge read the indictments against him he smiled and asked if that was all. Brigham has not run away. Every Winter he goes down to the rim of the basin about 300 miles south of this city to his relatives. Do people think Mormonism is about to die, and that the persecutions waged against it will blot it out? I tell you they will not. If it and the gospels are not of God it will die out of itself. When I left I was told that I would do a great deal of good while away. I think I will bring some back with me. Let you who are here in this resting place husband your means, and be prepared to seek your temporal and spiritual happiness among the mountains. We are God's chosen people. He is working. A few weeks ago Chicago was destroyed. This is but a drop of water to what will soon happen. We were driven from the State, and God through his prophet said they should not live there."

Fatality Among Pow-Wowers.

In some of the German districts of Berks, and even in parts of this city, there is practised an absurd system for the curing of diseases, or any of the ills or accidents that flesh is heir to, known as *pow-wowing*. It consists of a series of incantations and manipulations over the afflicted person, the aid of the Deity being sometimes invoked in the formula. A singular fatality to a couple of practitioners of their superstitious rites has just occurred in Oley township. A man by the name of Jacob Rhoads, residing in Pike township, Berks county, near the line of Oley, while on a recent visit to Philadelphia, was attacked with the small-pox upon his return. The neighbors, hearing of his illness, visited him, as is customary. Among the visitors were two men of the neighborhood, named Benjamin Conrad and Josiah Sulphen, both citizens of Oley, who pronounced the disease erysipelas, or "wild-fire," and undertook to cure Mr. Rhoads by pow-wowing. They went through with their incantations and manipulations accordingly. Mr. Rhoads recovered, but sad to say the friends above named, who undertook the cure, both took the disease in its worst form and were among the first victims of the epidemic. Mr. Conrad died last Saturday and was buried last Monday. Mr. Sulphen died on Sunday morning, and was buried last Monday. Mr. Sulphen died on Sunday morning and was buried last Tuesday. The deceased were each over fifty years of age. There are a number of cases of small-pox still in the vicinity, but the above are the only fatal ones that we have heard of.—*Reading Times.*

Statistics of the Blind.

The census statistics for the blind show a singular disparity between the sexes, especially at certain ages. The total number in the United States and Territories is 16,966, of which 9,640 are males and 7,326 females. Between the ages of one and five years the ratio is 126 males to 115 females, and the ratio increases from that age to between 40 and 50, when there are 1,292 males to 688 females. From that point upwards to between 80 and 90, the ratio decreases, when the latter predominates the numbers 584 males to 618 females; between 90 and 100 there are 98 males to 131 females, and above 100, 16 males to 25 females.

Hungry Pennsylvania Radicals.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* cheerfully writes:

"Of all the people to scramble for office the Pennsylvanians are the worst. The removal of one officer and the death of another in Philadelphia, within the past few days, have brought a swarm of persons here interested in the various applicants. The contest now is over the position of United States Marshal, made vacant by the death of Gen. Gregory."

Literary Losses.

Among the losses, in a literary way, sustained by the Chicago fire, were three sets of the national archives, including the annals and debates of Congress and the *Congressional Globe.* One of these sets was in the *Tribune* library, another in the library of the Historical Society, and the third in the private library of Perry H. Smith.—There is but one other complete set left, and that is in the library of the University of Chicago.

Inaugurating the Campaign.

The Senatorial campaign has opened already in Ohio. Senator Sherman has taken rooms at the Neil House, Columbus, which are being fitted up for his reception in the most gorgeous style, without regard to expense. It is understood that the variety and quality of wines, liquors and cigars will exceed that of any former similar occasion. The "all the morality" know how to manage these things.

A Pecuniary Oversight.

At Birmingham, near Pittsburgh, they were burning the bedding upon which a man had died of the small-pox, when the old mother of the deceased rushed into the flames and snatched a roll of bills worth $500 from the mattress. She had forgotten that the money was concealed in the bedding when she sent it away.

Female Voting in New Jersey.

One hundred and fifty-eight women voted at the late election in Vineland. Their ballots were deposited in a box specially appropriated to them. This is the fourth year the female suffragists have gone through these motions in Vineland. The Woodhulls and Claflins should all move there.

Prosecutions of no Use.

The New York *Tribune* says: "No measures that have yet been undertaken are likely to prove of more permanent value than the prosecutions for fraud at the polls." In Philadelphia, such prosecutions are of no use when the convicted malefactors are pardoned in time for the next succeeding election.

A Michigan Female Suffragist.

Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner, of Detroit, who cast her first vote—and the first vote of any Michigan woman—last year, again voted at the last election, and had no difficulty in doing so.

Kossuth Again Agitating.

Kossuth, it is said has issued a manifesto demanding the separation of Hungary from Austria. In it, he appeals to the Magyars, Croats, Wallachians, Moldavians, and Bulgarians to establish a Danubian Confederacy.

Spread of the Cholera.

LONDON, November 14.—Letters from Constantinople represent that the cholera is spreading in that city, and that the number of deaths from the epidemic increases daily.