

VOLUME XXIII.-NO. 203.

And States & protocological PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.-TRIPLE SHEET. 444312

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG. BY JOHN G. WHITTINK.

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In the old Hebrew myth the lion's frame, Bleached by the desert's sun and wind, be-

Came. The wandering wild bees' hive; And he who, lone and naked-handed, tore '

Those jaws of death apart. In after time drew forth their honeyed store To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend : but it only slept To wake beneath our sky ; Just on the spot whence ravening Treason

crept Back to its lair to die, sleeding and torn from Freedom's mountain

bounds, A stained and shattered drum

now the hive, where, on their flowery rounds. The wild bees go and come.

Inchallenged by a ghostly sentinel.

They wander wide and far, Nong green billsides, sown with shot and shell, brough vales once choked with war. he low reveille of their battle-drum Disturbs no morning prayer ; Vith deeper peace in summer noons their hum Fills all the drowsy air.

nd Samson's riddle is our own to-day,---Of sweetness from the strong, if union, peace and freedom plucked away From the rent jaws of wrong. 'rom Treason's death we drew a purer life, As, from the beast he slew, sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife

NEW PERIODICALS.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., in publishing the American edition of the Sunday Magazine nd Good Words for the Young, have introneed to this country a pair of periodicals hich probably excel all others in any land ir the high tone of their written contents. id the profusion and splendid quality of heir embellishments. The Sunday Magazine r December contains Dr. Howson's (the can of Chester) portraits of the companions of . Faul, with a fine study of Luke. Lamech's ong, or the Song of the Sword, is by Rev. amuel Cox, with an illustration. "The ingle in Ferrara," by the author of Profundis, is pursued. These are t a few among the excellent and nied contents of the number. The ustrators of this admirable book, me of the best in England; have made every umber a true Gallery of Art. Houghton, inwell, Mahony, Small, Fraser, Walker, hompson, Hughes, Wolf and Dalziel, share cir labors between this magazine and the nest illustrated standards issued by the Lonm publishers. "Good Words for the Young," lited by George Macdonald, LL.D., author of unals of a Quiet Neighborhood," presents a of contents most admirably winnowed om the literary departments of natural hisry, travels, adventure, fairy-land and fiction. e illustrations are as rich, artistic and pro-

olicism. Dr. Sanford B. Hunt has a sensible chapter of talk on "Comfort in its relations to Physical Culture." We obtain from it the half-guilty moral that the great Dr. Graham-he of the "Grahamite" vegetarian faction-has spoiled the New, England physique and introduced consumption by means of his super-virtuous regimen. "The, Childhood of Joseph Addison Alexander," an extract from the forthcoming Life of the subject, by Rev. H. C. Alexander, describes a prodigy of genius and early acquirements with a relation's partial fondness. Dr. Horace Bushnell considers that our Gospel is a gift to the imagination; that its terms and ideas, conceived in an atmosphere of exaltation and rapture, can only be responded to by the imagi-

nation of the hearer, and are not comprehensible by the mere understanding. He insists on the metaphors hidden in the short phrases and mere words of the oriental tongues-a reminder proper enough in the case of the language which often calls a spark "son of the burning coal"-and teaches that no imprisonment of religious truth in words is possible, since words in the course of time lose their metaphorical significance. Prof. Schele de contributes "Birds of Pas-Vere The author of Mary Powell age." continues "Compton Friars." Alice Cary and A. H. Stoddard furnish poetry-the latter a translation from the Persian. The number is embellished with some fine engravings taken from the recent publications of Messrs. Scribner & Co. We can point out no magazine for the month which excels Hours at Home in the ariety, entertainment and instruction of its articles; it exhibits some of the best thought of some of our best writers. There are full book-notices and collections of ephemeral ana. In the January number will be commenced a new serial story by Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch), entitled "Hero," written expressly for this magazine, and to appear in no other periodi-

cal, even in England. Philadelphia agent, W. B. Zieber. Littell's Living Age. The 1331st number of this inimitable eclectic magazine contains the Postcript to the famous article in the Quarterly Review on the Byron business, showing Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh; they are written in a tone which quite forbids us to think there was any impression in the preude remme's mind of culpability on the part of her correspondent. The same number begins a story of Russian high life, translated for, and copyrighted by the magazine; it is entitled, Frenchily, "Clemence D'Orville," and has a great deal of merit. The translation is from the German of Carl Detlof. Russian literature, character and society contain viens of gold well worthy of being worked by Anglo-Saxon miners, but as yet almost unknown to our novelists.

be about the size of Lake Ontario, and New York is too small to figure at all. The great lakes are the Boston Water Works; Mexico, Iceland and South America contain the Gas Works: the South Pacific is dotted with bathbouses; Madeira is the Yankee vinegar-factory; and in the centre of Africa is the Timbuctoo office of The Atlantic Monthly.

Hitchcock's Monthly for November has a portrait of Carlotta Patti, and choice music and literary matter for the family circle. Published at 24 Beekman street, N. Y. The next sensation will be Old and New, a

bran-new Unitarian monthly, under the conduct of E. E. Hale, who as a "brick moon" will lead up the tide of success .----The first number, to be published December 15, will contain articles by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Hannah E. Lunt, Henry W. Bellows, W. T. Brigham, Robert Collyer, Sidney Andrews ("Dixon"), R. W. Emerson, the Rev. E. E. Hale, J. B. Torricelli, James Walker, and other authors of distinction who reserve their names.

The Old Franklin Almanac for 1870 we receive this morning from A. Winch, No. 505 Chestnut street. The great quantity of just the information that every man needs compressed into this pamphlet of 68 pages is remarkable; we are getting accustomed to wonder at it, however, December after December. Mr. Thompson Westcott, the editor, has filled the new number with the memories of the past year (beginning betimes with November, 1867,) and with lists, formulas, tables, catalogues, &c., of the customary variety. The Necrology of the year occupies twenty-seven columns, and is compiled with extreme exactness.

-We acknowledge the Christian World, organ of the American and foreign Christian Union, for this month .- Dr. Payne's Philadelphia University Journal of Medicine, for November .- The Medical and Surgical Reporter, a weekly, from Dr. S. W. Butler, 115 South Seventh street .- The American Stock Journal, for December, from Boyer & Co., Parkesburg, Chester county, Pa.

-BOOK CATALOGUES.-Bossange's Catalogue of Periodicals, received from Penington & Son, places before the eye the names of all the principal papers and serials of France .----Porter & Coates, of this city, issue a splendid holiday catalogue, especially rich in juveniles. -Little, Brown & Co., Boston, send us a 78page catalogue of their large and valuable stock of law, foreign and miscellaneous books .--Childs's Publishers' Circular and Scribner's Book Buyer. for November, have interesting literary gossip and news.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

By J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. In Both Worlds. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D. 12mo. Divisions in the ciety of Friends. By

THAT HORSE OF MINE.

BY JOHN QUILT ... I bought him of Johnson, the Invrse-doctor and he said he was dammed by Flora Temple, sired by Black Hawk, and desired by all the horse-jockeys in the State. I wish they had got him.

He was fourteen and a - half hands high and one finger over. His color was dun and his purchaser was about in that condition also. He was slightly sprung in the knees, and his tail had once been cut, so that it stood right on end, and looked more like a bunch of straw nalled to the end of a log than anything else.

He was rather a fine-looking horse, and the man warranted him kind.

But it was a poor kind, I afterwards found. He said he could make his mile inside of 2.35 without an effort. It was two hours and thirty-five minutes he meant, unless he intended to deceive me. He could make a mile inside of that time if he exerted himself and didn't get one of his fits on him. He was a peculiar horse, and was subject to a variety of complaints that would have killed

any ordinary animal; but he seemed to stand them well enough generally. The first night I had him, I put him in the stable and gave him a feed. The next morning my wife remarked that she didn't sleep a particle on account of some locomotive or other out on the railroad, that was puffing and blowing all night, trying to make headway. I

heard it too, and it struck me as queer that the engine couldn't get past that place. I went out to see about it. It wasn't a lo-comotive, it was my horse. He was breathing and sighing unlike any other horse I had ever heard before, and I was alarmed about him. I was afraid he would blow the whole end of the stable out. I unhitched him, and took him around to Johnson.

Johnson seemed surprised, but said he only had a slight attack of the heaves. "Most all horses has it. It'll pass off," said he; so I drove the horse home, and created an impression in the town that the wind was freshening up for a hurricane.

About half way up the main street he came to a dead halt; I clicked my tongue for him to go on. He never budged. I touched him with the whip. He began backing, and backed the buggy right upon the pavement and through a plate glass window, worth two hundred dol-

Then he started down the street like lightning (slow lightning), and ran over two boys, breaking their legs and crippling them for life. won't mention the expense I was put to. You wouldn't believe me if I gave the figures. I was so busy attending court for two weeks that I hadn't a chance to use him; at the end of that time his lower jaw had swelled up until you couldn't tell whether he had got his head on up side down or not. So I drove him over to Johnson to see what was the matter with him.

Johnson seemed to feel hurt that the animal should behave so. But he said it was only a little touch of the glanders. "It don't hurt a loss a bit to have 'em now and then; it does 'em good ; but it'll pass off," said Johnson.

So I was more hopeful, and drove home again without any serious accident, except that the horre shied at a chicken in the ro

It is singular how Johnson always looks on i the bright side of things when that horse is concerned. Then I thought that perimps after all I had

better sell the horse, he was so much trouble; so I advertised him. The man who came to buy him was not as hopeful as Johnson. He said the horse was spavined, foundered and distempered. He had the glanders, and heaves and blind staggers and bots and ring-bone, and a number of other infirmities that I don't care to mention. He said the horse was too hard in the mouth, too.

"And I don't like to pull too hard on a horse, you know," said he, "for I know a man who split a horse in half jerking at him."

So I told this man I wasn't much at driving a bargain, but still if he would take the horse off of my hands for any reasonable sum, he might have him. He said he wouldn't assume the risk of driving him for less than ten dollars. So I gave him that sum, and he took him away. But he hadn't gone more than a half a mile before the horse got another blind stagger on him, and laid down, and gasped, stretched his legs out and then died, and broke for horse heaven for all I know.

Mr. Johnson was called in, but he couldn't do anything for him. He only said he considered it a good thing, "for the horse, you know, must have suffered a good deal, and now he is out of his misery, and as you're a kind-hearted man, Mr. Quill, you ought to be glad." So I was, but I didn't feel exultant when Johnson handed in a bill of one hundred dollars for professional services. It didn't seem fair. But I nover had any luck with hoises, any how, and I don't care to speculate again.

AMUSEMENTS.

-At the Arch Street Theatre, to-night, the comedy entitled[®] The Wonder will be presented, with the drama The Seven Clerks. For Monday, Tom Taylor's play, The Over-

land Route, is announced. -At this Chestnut, this evening, Bouci-cault's comedy, Hunted Down, will be given, with the comic drama, The Jacobite. On Tuesday, Patrice, a new play by an American author, will be produced. The theatre will be closed on Monday night to secure proper rehearsal of Patrice.

-At the Walnut this evening, Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly, will be pro-duced. On Monday, Miss Bateman in Mary Varner.

-At the American this evening there will be miscellaneous performances of unusual ex-

-On Monday night next, at the Academy of -On Monday night next, at the Academy or Music, Mr. John B. Gough will deliver the first of a series of four lectures, given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The subject of the discourse will be "Circumstances." Tickets for these lectures can be procured at Ashmead's, No. 724 Chest-wit struct. The remaining lectures will be dir. nut street. The romaining lectures will be given by Mr. Gough, Mr. Horace Greeley and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

-Signor Blitz, the great necromancer, will give an entertainment at Assembly Buildings this evening.

-Messrs. Carncross & Dixey will produce, this evening, several amusing burlesques at the Eleventh Street Opera House.

-Duprez & Benedict's minstrels appear this evening in an excellent Ethiopian entertain ment. The programme includes several laugha

PACTS AND PANCIES. GENEVIEVE. A Tennysonian Howl.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher:

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Come-come-comE-COME! Come out from your blessed abodot t.

tired, For you at the forks of the road;

For you at the forms of the road; The fire fly darts like an angry shark. At a sailor's leg in the sea-And the gad-flies hum like a rolling drume. While I watch and wait for theel

For thee-for thee-and only thee! No other party will do! I have sworn to this fact on my solemn colling

With a revenue stamp thereto. My passion may burn with volcanic force-My bosom with earthquakes heave-But here I shall wait at your garden gate,

For thee, my Genevieve!

O Genevieve-my Genevieve! Give your cruel parent some lip;-If this won't do cut his wizen in two-Give him poison and then the slip f. You are mine-you are mine-for I swora to

the rose, And the sunflower likewise heard;

And I linger and sigh for a note in reply, Be it only a single word!

I envy the horse-marine's careless life ;. I envy the cankker-worm's bliss, When he looks his love in the eye and diag-And I long for a fate like this!

In ever will go the fieres bassoon, Or a game of keno play, If from the palace where you are chained You will cut and run away!

The cast is light with a sudden glare! It tokens the coming morn; I tokens the coming morn; I hear the cry of the mute seagull, And the hunter taking his horn; Night picks up its stars and other traps, And commences to take its leave; She throws a kiss through the palace blinds She comes! my Genevieve! J. H. B. -Clipper.

-A painstaking man-the doctor.

-A woman of Marc-Cleopatra. -- Clerical loans-Lent sermons.

-The hardships of the ocean-the iresclads.

-In buying sausages one should be lynxeyed.

-When does a man have to keep his word? When no one will take it. -When does a bonnet cease to be a bonnet?

When it becomes you, my dear. -The Chinese picture of ambition is a man-

darin trying to catch a comet by putting salt on its tail.

-Western wags are trying to deceive their readers by giving particulars of the shooting of "A. J. Byrd" in their respective localities.

-Why is a man who hates writing like one of the inmates of Chelsea Hospital ?-Because he is a pen-shinner !-British paper.

-A Wisconsin couple quarrelled about whether tuere should be salaratus in "flapjacks," and applied for a divorce.

-A Southern exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race wis mentioned in the Bible. He said he heard the preacher read about "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again."

-A Texas Sunday scholar, Miss Mollie Stacy, mollified her pastor by learning five hundred and sixty verses of Scripture, which certainly eught to preserve her from apo--A professional beggar boy, some ten years of age, ignorant of the art of reading, bought in the public streets of a Western city as a "poor widow and eight small children." -"Here lies a man of good repute, Who wore a number sixteen hoot; 'Tis not recorded how he died, But sure it is that opened wide The gates of Heaven must have been, To let such monstrous feet within. -A western newspaper having repeated the old paradox that if two letters be taken from money there will be but one left, the Vicks-burg Times remarks: "We once knew a fellow who took money from two letters and, there was none left."

e as in the above-named magazine. A good tion of the value of these two periodicals ay be obtained by glancing at the tables of utents, with authors' names, published in BULLETIN.

Zell's Encyclopedia, with its capital deitions and liberal illustrations, reaches No. and COMING-IN. It is gaining on itself. It Il be completed within the coming year, and ir numbers (32 pages) will hereafter be ued under one cover weekly. But no subtibers, the indulgent publisher assures the blic, need feel obliged to take the numbers ter than at present issued, in 16 pages, at 20 nts, hebdominally.

Appleton's Journal, Monthly Part No. vili, is eived from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. contains its specialties of elaborate art-supments, engravings after rare French pictures, portraits of great men whose faces are familiar and inaccessible-such as Sir Wilm Hamilton, Dr. Faraday, Froude, the hisian, and Baron Liebig. The first picture the monthly number is a very "excellent" el-plate, by S. V. Hunt, after Suydam's ong Island Sound." The letter-press is a ital selection of instructive articles, whether cience, local history, philosophy or geogra-, intermixed with gossip and fiction. We never seen any unworthy article in pleton's since the start; even in its persie it knows how to be informing and sug-

The Overland arrives from San Francisco, h its hunter's bag smelling of the red-wood ves and of its proper wild game. The best ig among its contents is F. Bret Harte's yl of Red Gulch," which we partake n our readers in another column. The pear freshness of the Overland is guessable n the following list of articles, mostly redoof the Pacific: In Lava Land, by Agnes Manning; In and Around Astoria, by Capt. N. Scammon; Expectation (poem), by rles Warren Stoddard; Quickellver and its ne, by J. T. Meagher ; Legend of San Juan Los Lagos, by Louise M. Palmer; Down ong the Dead Letters, by Josephine Clifford; ada (poem), by Mrs. F. F. Victor; Cari-, by William Wirt Pendegrass; Those ericans, by H. D. Jenkins; Tea Leaves, by M. Tileston ; Minna's Betrothal, by Rev. J. Ver Mehr, D. D.; For Three Weeks, by la Rosenblatt; Old Lamps for New? by h Brooks; Her Letter (poem), by Jefferson k; The Idyl of Red Gulch, by F. Bret. te, Etc., and "Current Literature."

he interesting magazine of Charles Scribner o., Hours at Heme, begins with an article Rev. George W. Bacon, in which he makes yable fun of the sayings and hymns of the tualists. Doesticks, (Mortimer Thompson) ributes an article entitled "Twenty Minunder the Knife," the first we recollect in ch a really graphic writer has given an acsit of the effect and incidents of a surgical ation; the business in this case was to ree splinters of bone bruised by a shell somere under the axilla. The most instructive le of the month is that on Roumania, (a Wm. Wells, entitled "A New Nation-" Mr. P. Alphonse Perrin furnishes a the geographical centre of the globe, "flattened ghtful and very interesting article on out at the pole, and revolving on its axis in fer Hyacinthe and the "throes" of Cath- about 24 hours." The Hub is represented to

Onward, Captain Mayne Reid's magazine, has a brave number for the month. It has now completed a year of its "existence, and the gallant editor promises to lead it forward during

his experience and natural ability. The unsatisfactory figure of Ithariel on the title-page will be replaced by a new design of Minerva, in the January number.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute for last month contains colored, that is, chromolithographic, views of solar prominences in illustration of Prof. Zöllner's observations of those protuberances, translated by Dr. A'fred M. Mayer from the Report of the RoyalSaxon Academy of Sciences. The whole number is edited with Prof. Henry Morton's usual ability, nothing of interest in the scientific progress of the month being allowed to escape.

Daughaday & Becker issue for December a number of The Schoolday Visitor which can hardly be exceeded for interest and merit in all the close-pressed ranks of the juvenile periodicals. It continues the second part of Dr. C. D. Gardette's story "Pluck," and has its usual selection of sketches, poetry, problems and puzzles. A handsome engraving, called "Help Me Up," is sent for twenty-five cents to every subscriber for 1870. William M. Clark (Uncle Charlie), J. W. Daughaday and J. A. Becker, with Alice Hawthorne as musical editor, will continue to conduct the enterprise. Office, 424 Walnut street.

The Little Corporal, we learn, has a larger circulation than any other juvenile magazine in the world; the November and December numbers will be sent gratis to any subscriber for 1870. Grace Greenwood contributes "Nelly of Mount Vernon" (Eleanor Parke Custis) to the December number, and there is a full page illustration representing Santa Claus. The publishers, Sewell & Co., Chicago, have started a new child's repository, entitled The Little Corporal's School Festival, which has for young folks the charm of plum-cake that is all icing, or fables without any morals; that is to say, the new comrade has nothing whatever didactic, but is devoted entirely to school exhibitions, recitations, dialogues, tableaux, charades, etc. A good idea, and one destined to popularity. The January number is now ready.

The Nursery, by the elegant taste and the artcharacter of its illustrations, and its pure literary tone, so far as pure literary tone can mark a child's magazine, takes, a place all

by itself. We can only fancy it read by small ladies and gentlemen. T e most intelligent families in the Union appreciate and receive this charming little journal. The December number has some excellent designs by Frolich. and a variety of poems and sketches. Some capital Christmas pieces are held over for the January number. Shorey, publisher, Boston. The Proof-Sheet, a type-founder's trade periodical, issuing from 705 Jayne street, exhibits some new and brilliant typographical designs. Literarily, it has a paper by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Artistically, it displays a very laughable "Map of Boston and Adjacent Country," -known district full of strange interest) by | This represents the hemisphere viewed from such a point in space that Boston appears as

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PANY. Guide-Book to the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad. 12mo. 14 lithographs by Thomas Moran. By PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE. Golden Songs and Ballads for the Children.

16mo Seeing Jesus. By Rev. Henry A. Nelson, D. D. 16mo. Illustration. Joseph. In Bible Language. 16mo. By C. SCRIENER & Co. For sale by Claxton,

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& Co. A Co. Lost in the Jungle. Narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chaillu. 12mo. 11-lustrations.

By CARLETON. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. Living Writers of the South. By James Wood Davidson, A. M. 12mo. Phemie's Temptation. By Marion Harland.

12mo. Strange Visitors. By a Clairvoyant. 12mo. By M. W. Dobb. Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets. By E. Pax-

ton Hood. Second Series, 12mo. The Spanish Barber. By the author of "Mary Powell." Illustration. 12mo. By the CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, N

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By FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co. For sale by Lip-pincott & Co. and Turner Bros. & Co.
[Illustrated Edition.] Gates Ajar. By E. Stuart Phelps. Designs by Jessie Curtis. Dickens's Christmas Rooks with the Oxid

Dickens's Christmas Books, with the Origi-nal Etchings and wood-cuts. Comic History of the Unifed States. By

John D. Sherwood. Illustrations by Harry Scratchly. 12mo. The Trotty Book. By Eliz. Stuart Phelps.

Illustrated. By HENRY HOYT. For sale by J. B. Lippin-

cott & Co. The Yachtville Boys. By Caroline C. Kelly Davis. Illustrations.

-A venturesome Gentile of Salt Lake City,

who married a Mornon wife, while express-ing a contempt for polygamy, announces his dislike of the "blood atonement," which he thus describes : "Well, these fellows get a grudge against a man, and they make out he done something he can't atone for except with blood, and then some of the Elders have a revelation that the man's got to be out of the way, and then they go for him. "Taint no use, then. The revelation does the business for him. Man's found dead, throat cut, or some-thing of that sort, and that's the last of it. Nothing of that sort, and that's the last of it. No-body knows anything about it, and if you catch 'em at it tain't no use, they all stand by each other, and you can't hang one of 'em no 'way. Why, I said to my father-in-law one day, says I, 'I s'pose if old Brigham should have a revelation that it was your duty to cut my throat, you'd do it, would you?' and he said 'yes, if it was the will of Heaven.' Well, now, if it isn't a nice thing to go to bed at night in such a family as that, with your own father-in-law liable to have a revelation any time in the night and get up and cut your

time in the night and get up and cut your throat because it's the will of Heaven."

-Here is an old but good rhyme : When Eve brought woe to all mankind, Old Adam called her wo-man;

And when she woo'd with love so kind, He then pronounced her woo-man. But now, with folly, dress and pride, Their husbands' pockets trimming, The ladies are so full of whims,

That people call them whim-men ! -A Hibernian Society, out West, speaking

of suicide, said: "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, punishable with .-The editor of the Detroit Post seems to

envy the Patagonians, who wear no clothes, because "all that they earn goes as spendingmoney.

Thomas H. Speakman. 12mo. took a wheel off by running the buggy into the fence. Still I didn't blame him much. Mr. [Little Rosie Series.] Little Rosie's First Johnson told me that "it was good for a hoss Play-Days. By Margaret Hosmer. 16mo. to be timid; it's a sign of pure blood."

The glanders didn't affect his appetite any. He ate more oats and hay than would have run an ordinary livery stable, and not satisfied with that, he gnawed the feed-box all up, and tried to eat his way through a yellow pine partition.

Johnson said it was "a good thing for a hose to be a hearty feeder."

I never owned a horse before, and I was little set up about it. So I thought I would drive my wife and family in town to church the following Sunday. He went along all right until he came in front of Ferguson's house. Mr. Ferguson is jealous of my having a horse, and our girls don't speak to the Ferguson girls, because they said we were "stuck up" about our horse.

When this animal arrived there he suddenly began to stagger from side to side and bolt around, butting his head into tree boxes and one thing another like some old ram. At last he fell over the bank at the side of the road, turned three or four somersaults, dragged the carriage after him, and then lay stretched out there apparently as dead as any dummy.

The women had on their best clothes, and they were completely spoiled, while Augusta sprained her wrist so that she couldn't do a stitch of work for a month. And the whole Ferguson family stood at the window and smiled and smiled

I walked two miles to get Johnson to come and look at the horse. He came along and appeared as if he was provoked at the horse for his conduct. Then he stooped down and stuck a knife in his neck and let out a barrel or two of blood, and the horse gradually got better

"It's nothing but a slight attack of blind staggers," said Mr. Johnson. "Every hoss has got to have it. It's just like measles in children. It'll pass off, and he'll be better for

We got him home by easy stages to the stable, and there he stayed for three weeks, until he seemed better, except that he still had a touch of the heaves and the distemper.

Shortly afterwards I had to drive over to Millville to see a man, and I gave Mr. Johnson ten dollars to go with me, in case the horse came to pieces on the road, or anything of a serious nature happened. We started at daybreak, and had progressed

about a mile and a half by dinner-time, when the horse suddenly stopped short, and wouldn't budge an inch.

I suggested that perhaps the barbed steed had forgotten something and wanted to go back. Mr. Johnson said, "No,jit was only one of his httle tricks. Most every horse had some eccen-tricity or other. Just let him alone for a minute and he'll get over it."

We waited three-quarters of an hour. Then Johnson got out and undertook to pat him on the neck, and the horse got frightened and kicked until he got one leg through the dasher and couldn't get it out.

I asked Mr. Johnson what he thought we had better do now. He said, "It was all right, All really good horses kicked. He wouldn't give a cent for a animile that hadn't pluck enough to kick. It was a sign that he felt his oats.

So we loosed his leg and got in, and before we had time to pick up the lines he gave a jerk and started down the road at lightning speedlightning for him, that is-and ran the buggy into a ditch, and then tried to jump over a fence, but failed miserably and got another blind stagger on him and laid there until nine o'clock that night.

I didn't get to see that man at Millville, and. in fact, I haven't seen him yet. Johnson said t was a good thing, anyhow, for they had the fever down there, and I ought to consider it a Providential thing that the horse was taken just as he was. If we had gone to Millville we might both have been dead men.

ble burlesques

-The first of Mr. Charles H. Jarvis's series day evening next, in Dutton's plano ware-rooms, No. 1128 Chestnut street.

-The new organ of the First Unitarian Church, Tenth and Locust, will be opened his evening, on which occasion there will be an organ concert. -The lectures on cookery now being de

livered every morning at the Assembly Build-ing, by Professor Blot, are worth hearing. They are full of instruction, and are very pleasantly delivered. The Professor will apear every morning until the 9th inst., Sun day excepted.

-The Junger Männerchor's concert, given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, was one of the best musical treats of the season. The Germania Orchestra assisted, and, led by Mr. Hartmann, their playing was much better than it has lately been. The overtures to Oberon and William Tell, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's Mid-summer Night's Dream, the love by "Andante con moto" from Beethoven's 6th Symphony, and an arrangement from Tannhäuser, constituted the orchestral part of part of he concert. All were well played, though Mr. Hartmann is disposed to take the tempo rather too slow. The vocal part of the concert was worthy of the old fame of the Junger Mäunerchor of the old fame of the Junger Mäunerchor Gade's song "Die Quelle in der Wueste," is novel in style and very beautiful. A popular song by Silcher, followed for an encore by the favorite "In einem kuhlén grunde," gave great satisfaction. A remarkable work, mu-sie by Schubert to Goethe's poem the "Song of the Water Swirt" " showed careful and intellithe Water Spirit," showed careful and intelli-gent study, and delighted every hearer. Franz Liszt's "Reiterlied" is a good example of the new school, excessively difficult, with queer modulations, intervals and phrasing, and therefore a test-piece for a musical society and therefore a test-piece for a musical society. It was admirably sung. This is almost the only singing society in America that keeps piace with the progress of the age, and grapples with the most difficult pieces. The programme of last evening, with its works by Weber, of last evening, with its works by Weber Wagner, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven Gade and Liszt, was an illustration of the ex-cellent eclectic spirit in which the Society is managed. It is rather to the discredit of Philadelphia taste that but few of those who espe-cially plume themselves on musical knowledge and culture were present at this capital and most enjoyable concert. Still the hall was quite well filed, and with people who thoroughly appreciated the treat presented to them.

-An English traveler in California, who stopped at Clark's Ranche, near the Vosemite, thus describes the proprietor: "To look at him, with his rough dress, rougher beard and rougher trowsers, Western fashion, stuck into his boots, you might carelessly put him down for a coarse, tobacco-chewing, swearing son of the forest. But take a flower or a fir cone in your hand and ask him what it is. He will at once give its Latin name in soft measured speech, and with courteous rejoinder. He had a few books in the window of the ranche. I laid my hand at once on . Göthe's Faust and Robertson's Sermons. Again and again we met with combinations or contrasts of cha-racter in the same individual which, I think, could hardly be found in the old world."

-On her way to Egypt the Empress of the French passed through a village, the depot of which the loyal villagers had decorated with a festive arch; the inscription was as usual, "Vice l'Empereur !" but in the middle of which were the letters N and U. The Empress sent one of her officers to the Mayor to ask what hese lettors meant, and he received the reply that they were the initials of their sovereigns Napoleon and Ugenie!

-It is mentioned that the congregation assembled in the parish church of a Cornish village were greatly astonished on a recent Sunday, when their minister went into the Sunday, when their minuster went into the pulpit, to hear the following announcement— "My beloved parishioners, last Sunday even-ing I entered into an engagement of marriage with a gentlewoman of suitable age, a widow, and childless like myself. With God's assist-ance, she will shortly take the place of that beloved wife lving in the church-vard yon. beloved wife lying in the church-yard yon-

-The following singular advertisement ap--The following singular as to the peared in a Canada paper: "All does people what I owes I'll not ax 'em for dat,

But all dose people what owes me

Must pay me up immediat." -A Buffalo poet, while containing three half pints of divine afflatus, produced the fol-lowing stanza on dying to slow music:-The swan, till then a silent bird, Upon her dying day, In tearful sol la solo, slow,

Doth breathe her solo-a.

-Speaking of undertakers, a well-known member of the fraternity is established next door to a popular livery stable, and one day an individual popped in, and accosting the first person he saw, who was not the proprie-tor, said: "Can I get an open buggy here?" "No, sır," said the interrogated, "we havon't got a buggy, but-(pointing to a hearse which stood at the door)—we can accommodate you with a skeleton wagon."—Boston paper.

-A Frenchman by will left his property to his wife on condition that she sho ald put over his grave a stone with this inscription :

Here lies Adolnho B----Who died at the Age of - Years, in the Possession of all his Teeth. Thanks to the Dentifrice Wash of the House of X. & Co.

No. —. — street Ten Francs a Bottle.

-Here is a contrite literary confession, which we find in the Pall Mall Gazette. "Not only are there American adapters who adapt from 'the British,' but we have lately discov-ered that there are British adapters who adapt from the Americans—who not merely alter American plays to suit the taste of English audiences, but moreover alter American novels to suit the taste of English reaters. The tales published as original in our seekly journals used often to be inita-tions, more or less disguised (but better disguised than the majority of adapted plays), from the French. Many of them are now simple adaptations from the American, prepared by gentlemen of experience who have alted by generative of experience who have gained their spurs as copyright destroyers. All that is required of them is that they shalf alter well-sounding American names, comic Well-sounding English names, comic Yankee names to comic cockney names, what is specially characteristic of New York to what is specially characteristic of Londer to what is specially characteristic of London, and so on."

-A historical roll of bread has come to light in Vienna: In 1846 the price of bread had risen to its highest, and the "rolls" of the bakers had decreased in size day by day. One day an actor named Scholz appeared in the Carl Theatre in a kind of chemisette, which excited general hilarity, for instead of being fastened with the ordinary buttons, a pair of the diminutive rolls baked at that time were used for the purpose. Scholz was punished by the city authorities for his joke. The rolls of 1816, therefore, have become historical in Vienna, and one of the identical shirt buttons has been carefully preserved by an antiquarian ever since. Not long ago the city authoritica desince. Not long ago the city authorities de-cided to found a museum of antiquities relating to the history of the city, and called upon the inhabitants to contribute to the institu-tion. One of the very first "historical" of jects received was Scholz's historical bread-rolt. shirt buttons, which, however, the authorities at returned, with the remark that they were not going to begin a collection of curiosities, but a set of historical archives.