THE DAILY GAZETTE.

OFFICIAL PAPER
Of Pittsburgh, Allegheny City and Allegheny County.

GAZETTE BUILDING:
Corner of Sixth Avenue and Smithfield Street.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1870.

BONDS in Frankfort, 95.

PETROLEUM in Antwerp, 53¾.

GOLD closed in New York yesterday at 114¼.

THE Altoona *Sun* is to shine every day hereafter.

THE Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society formally disbanded itself at Philadelphia on the 5th. The war is over!

CONGRESS will pass the Northern Pacific Railroad bill on Monday. We may also look, next week, for a report in favor of a land grant to the Southern line, along the 32d parallel.

THE New York *Times* has lost its leading editor, a Mr. SHEPPARD, who is succeeded by Mr. JENNINGS, late the managing editor. The change is attributed to the ill health of the retiring journalist; but it is understood that he is really a victim of the late collision with the *Tribune*.

TALKING of the unanimity with which the guileless people of San Domingo, hungry for Republican liberty, are said to have voted for annexation to this Government, we hear that several thousand of them have signed a protest against the consummation of that plan, which document has been laid before our Senate.

IT is the general impression that Congress will really adjourn on the 4th of July. The only measures of public consequence, which will be enacted in the meantime, will be the funding bill, the needed amendments to the naturalization laws and the appropriation bills. This is about all that is expected, in the quarters best informed.

IT is satisfactorily known that a majority of the Ways and Means Committee, of the House, favors the retention, with slight modifications, of the seventh section in the Senate funding bill. This is the section which will require the banks to exchange their bonds for the new four and a half per cents or take the cash for their property in gold at par.

AN English Under Secretary stated in Parliament, on the 5th, that the Red River difficulty was settled. No basis for the statement has yet transpired on this side of the Atlantic. Our latest advices from Winnipeg report the colonists as entirely confident in their independent position; and even talking of annexation to the Republic. It will be curious to ascertain justly how much more the Secretary knew.

WE print an interesting communication relative to the charges against Gen. O. O. Howard. A card from the correspondent referred to has recently appeared, denying any concert of action with Fernando Wood. "Justice" makes an issue on that point, and is confident of his facts. We have no doubt that Gen. Howard will be handsomely exonerated—and then eyes plantically eulogized, by a print which is now giving countenance to the base assaults of his enemies!

THE meeting of the Equal Rights League, an association of colored men, at Harrisburg, on the 3rd, was largely attended, and its proceedings were interesting. The resolutions were especially pointed and forcible, recognizing the Bible, the School and Republican politics as the redeeming and saving elements in our social order. To protect the interest of the race in our common school system, the League will continue its operations, adjourning now until August 13th.

THE Lake Shore and Southern Michigan Railroad earned, last year, $12,945,598.40 gross. Their operating expenses were $7,419,165.81; taxes $492,361.84, and net earnings $5,034,070.71. Out of this were paid two dividends of four per cent. each, and a surplus of $716,372.69 carried over. The operating expenses were fifty-seven per cent of the receipts. This great trunk-line has now passed under the control of the Vanderbilt's party; which thus controls the unbroken route via Albany, Buffalo and Chicago to Omaha.

AND here is more of it! The *Commercial*, with a sanctimonious sniff of its virtuous nostrils, solemnly puts this query to the editor of a Republican journal in the interior:

Will he pretend to say that he will vote for, and counsel others to do the same, men known to be openly and undisguisedly corrupt politicians? Does he believe the Republican party can long retain the respect and support of the honest masses by being "sticklers for the sanctity of nominations," and voting for bad and incompetent men?

—The *Commercial* talking about "the honest masses" again!! The report must be true, that its late Democratic editor, graduating into a red-hot opposition newspaper, out West, has been succeeded, in the charge of our "honesty and reform" neighbor, by Aminadab Sleek!

THE Senate Finance Committee have been conferring freely with Mr. BOUTWELL, with a view to agreement upon an abatement of the internal taxes. It was very positively stated, a day or two since, that the amount of reduction in the receipts would not be suffered to exceed twenty millions of dollars. Yet these speculations were all wrong. The Committee, through its chairman, Mr. Sherman, has recommended a schedule which will remit over forty-three millions from the present revenue. If the final adjustment shall be on this basis, it will make any reduction of the general revenue from other sources quite out of the question. But while the House might concede the point as to some of the special taxes proposed to be thrown off, it is safe to predict that, as a whole, the programme of Mr. Sherman will not become law at this session.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Quite recently Rev. Dr. McCosh, the distinguished President of Princeton College, delivered a course of four philosophical lectures before the Methodist Theological Seminary, in Boston, in which he discussed "The Relation of the Sciences to Religion." The ministry and membership of other denominations were largely represented at these lectures. One of the Boston papers thinks that the appearance of a man like Dr. McCosh among the mimics who would fain set up their own bald and bloodless councils in place of the Divine Creator, is like a stiff north-east wind blowing through the mists and murky fogs, to let the people see that the eternal sun still shines clear and steady in the heavens. Such a mass of mummery, it argues, needed the silencing which so positive a presence guarantees. The learned doctor showed that Dr. Channing was a Rationalist, Theodore Parker an Intuitionalist, and Ralph Waldo Emerson a Dreamer. At the same time he paid his respects to Spencer, Mill, and Comte, and all that class of advocates of Free Thought, and showed the tendencies of its spread in the future. A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, referring in complimentary terms to the course, says the doctor evidently does not understand New England, as he seems to regard Boston a diminutive Germany, where philosophic systems prevail, and can be classified. If the doctor, he thinks, had treated the so-called philosophy of Boston as the stub or bob-tail of some English or Continental systems, he would have been more effective. It seems to be generally conceded that the lectures will do good, and help to strengthen the hands of the opponents of free thought.

The position of Hon. Stanley Matthews, a Presbyterian Elder, who appeared on the Anti-Bible side of the late celebrated case in the city of Cincinnati, is severely criticised and condemned, notwithstanding his plea of being *professionally* employed. Granting his right to act in a legal capacity, the *Presbyterian*, of Philadelphia, says it "can not see how, as a Christian and an Elder, he can be excused for some of his remarks."

THE *National Baptist* reports the membership to be 1,221,340. This shows that the Baptists have full 100,000 more members than the Methodists. But it should be borne in mind that the Southern Baptists are now united with their Northern brethern, while there are two distinct ecclesiastical systems of the Methodists. The membership, in other words, of the North and South, is as stated above, while the Methodist Episcopal Church (in the North) is about 1,100,000. The North and South make an aggregate of over two millions of members.

Rev. W. B. McIlvaine, senior pastor of the East Liberty Presbyterian church, has resigned. The *Banner* says the pastorate of Mr. McIlvaine has been one of the longest and most successful in this region, and as a Presbyter he has been held in the highest esteem.

Bishop Bedell, during a late Episcopal Visitation to Columbus, Ohio, called attention to the fact that between Columbus and Marietta there is no Episcopal church, except at Lancaster; and between Marietta and Ironton there are but two small churches—one at Pomeroy and the other at Gallipolis. This is surprising in view of the devoted labors of Bishops McIlvaine and Bedell in that diocese.

The birth-day, seventy-sixth, of the venerable Bishop Morris, senior member of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was observed at his residence, "Salubria," Springfield, Ohio, several days ago, with some *eclat*. Representatives were present, ministerial and lay, from different denominations, the press, and other interests. After the reading of the venerable Bishop Morris, "Birth-day-Reflections," Hon. E. G. Dial, in behalf of the assembled guests, presented the Bishop with a beautiful hunting case gold watch, accompanying the same with an appropriate speech, to which the Bishop replied. Other speeches were made, and a poem written for the occasion, commencing, "All hail, all hail our natal day," was handed to the Bishop.

It is gratifying to note that the late Mr. George Peabody was a true Christian, and not the kind of a man some of the semi-infidel sheets have been claiming him to be. "Not long before Mr. Peabody died he said to the pastor of the Georgetown, Massachusetts, Congregational church, "I do love Christ; I place my dependence on him for salvation, and on him alone." The day before his death, partaking of the holy communion, he said, "But my trust is not in the sacrament, but Christ alone."

Few ministers have the enviable record of the venerable and distinguished Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, rector of St. George Episcopal Church, New York. In a recent discourse, he gave the result of his twenty-five years ministry in that parish, in which, among many interesting statistics, he stated there had been 1,074 confirmations, and nine hundred had renewed their baptismal pledges. He had made over 25,000 pastoral visits, and preached to more than 500,000 people. Over $750,000 had passed through his hands in the shape of contributions, an average of $8,000 per annum for the first ten years of his ministry, and $48,000 for the last fifteen years—"a sum not paralleled in the history of churches." He also stated that he had been detained from his work by illness only two Sundays.

The General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church will meet this year at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 18th.

The annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Sunday School Society, for the year 1870, will be held at Harrisburg, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 14th, 15th and 16th. George H. Stuart, Esq., is expected to preside. Each Sunday School in the State is invited to send two or more delegates. Pastors of churches, Superintendents of Sunday Schools and prominent Sunday School workers are invited to participate. Persons desiring homes will address Rev. Thomas H. Robinson or John M. Sayford, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

The Pittsburgh M. E. Conference, at its late session in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, took action on one of the *lice* questions of the day that admits of no misunderstanding of the temper of that body and the mind of the people they minister to, as follows: "That any man who will sell his grain, or fruit, to a distiller, sign a petition for a license, or rent property to be used in making or vending intoxicating drinks, compromises his Christian character, violates the spirit of the discipline, and should be admonished by his pastor, and if he persists in it, be expelled from the Church."

The Baptist anniversaries are to be held in Philadelphia from May 24th to 26th inclusive.

A Cincinnati paper represents that in Berea, Kentucky, there is no distinction of race or color in the Church or schools. They meet and worship together in the utmost harmony.

Reports from the Congregational churches, connected with the Miami Conference, show that the Vine street Congregational church, Cincinnati, Rev. Henry D. Moore, pastor, formerly of this city, have had recently ninety additions.

The *Presbyterian* understands that the friends of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, are very anxious that Rev. Dr. William Paxton, of New York, formerly of this city, shall be permanently and constantly occupied with the duties of his Professorship in that institution, instead of the partial service which he now renders, in connection with his pastoral duties in New York. It says "there are few men in the Church whom we would more gladly see wholly engaged in the training of the future ministry of the Church than Dr. Paxton."

The friends of the Board of Presbyterian Foreign Missions will regret to learn that the financial year, April 30th, closes with a debt of nearly fifty thousand dollars. The friends of this best of causes should see that this debt is removed at once.

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

Mr. Mackey, the late State Treasurer, surrendered his keys on Monday, and turned over to his successor $1,762,000 in cash. The whole amount was in funds in bank, to the credit of of the State, and not a dollar of due bills or checks, or any other class of paper, heretofore covered up at such times under the convenient title of "vault account." When Mr. Mackey took possession of the Treasury he received $711,000 of this "accommodation paper." He now returns a "clean Treasury," and we hope it will be kept so.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

By the request of many friends of the cause, we print the subjoined report of the address of Mrs. Pauline Danse, delivered before the ladies of the Suffrage Association, on Wednesday last:

LADIES AND FRIENDS:—As previous arrangements had prevented me from being present at your first meeting, I rejoice to-day to be able to greet you. With the help of God, you have been permitted to organize an Association for the benefit of our sex, as well as the male sex.

It is sixteen years since I conceived the first real idea of the necessity of woman's vote. It was in England. It was there, I got acquainted for the first time with a victim, not of man's wiles and calculations alone,—no, such ones I had seen before,—but a victim also of laws, made only by men—a victim, not only deprived of her children by a necessary separation from her husband, but deprived also of her very means of living, inasmuch as this man, though a man of prominent position in the city of London, was entitled by law to collect the sums she had earned by faithful, earnest labor. He was mean enough, as unfortunately to this very hour many are, to take from his wife her hard earned bread. Since that, I have seen hundreds of such examples, and come to the naturally logical conclusion that woman has not yet all the rights she ought to have, and that by her vote only she can really succeed to bring on reforms favorable to her sex. Yet it is a long while since this question of woman suffrage has been stirred up, and while many say that there is no foundation for the want of it, thousands have suffered by the want of representation at the ballot box. They waited in patience, saying in their hearts with the Psalmist, "This is my infirmity; but I remember the years of the right hand of the Most High: I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember Thy wonders of old," and bowing down in submission, kneeling down on knees bruised by work and misery, they faltered not, but believed that the right hand of the One who ruleth all things, would help them to overcome armies of hosts.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, when he came to teach us, to bring His Doctrine full of love, He came to all. He did not teach a two-fold Law, but intended to benefit us all. He freed woman alike with man, but man kept her in bondage. St. Paul, in speaking of women, was right, no doubt according to the civilization and moral culture of the century he lived in; a time of horror and barbarism, as is shown best by his own death, though he had lived the life of a Saint. But Christ, whose divine precepts men did not, nor do always live up to, He brought the privileges of Christianity to all of us. His sacrifice was made to benefit all of His followers, and men made laws, which secure these benefits only to their own sex. The One who crushed the serpent's head, He came for all; therefore be not afraid of storms nor waves, ye women. *He* is walking on the waters as of old. *He* stretches out *His* right hand to you forever, as many of us can joyfully testify.

Do not be afraid that men might crucify you, for speaking truth; in doing so they would have to cut down the fruit trees of their own Edens.

Be not afraid if they call you strong minded women; let us all be rather strong-minded women than weak-minded men. Yes, with a strong, firm mind let us help to build up anew that foundation which has been sorely shaken by false makers, differing widely from the one and eternal lawgiver. Be of good courage; believe that the Lord is with you, and you shall see Him. Be not afraid of being called old maids; it would be far better if two-thirds of the women were old maids before entering Hymen's temple; we would then see fewer complaining husbands, or wives, fretful, because they cannot have the same set of jewelry as Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones has, who drive their husbands away from their homes by these fretting freaks into places where they find comfort; but alas! also snares and traps, devils to make them drink first and then gamble till their homes and their healths are wrecks. Respect yourselves; be devoted wives, good mothers; bring up your children in the fear of God; be wise housekeepers, faithful laborers in God's vineyard; uniting teachers without spreading yourself under a husband's feet like a velvet carpet, only to be crushed, a performance humiliating to the whole sex. Let truth be our motto; do away with falsehood, lies, dissimulation and deceit, which are so often the main features of modern society, follow truly and not apparently the footsteps of Him who said, "I am truth and life." Until this is done, happiness will be a mockery and a hollow sound, society a mere masquerade. Let us live up to truth; many are with us in thought and heart, all have not yet the courage to come forward, but it may cheer you when I tell you that I had the satisfaction to hear from those who yet dare not come forward, words of thankfulness for what we had the courage to do. It tells us again that the Lord ruleth the hearts and all things.

PAULINE DANSE.

OUR GERMAN PRESS.

The *Volksblatt* advises its Democratic friends to stop "kicking against the pricks" because thereby they gain no advantage. Whether for good or ill, they will in the future have to count on the negro vote, and are not wise if they so conduct themselves as for all time to prejudice the colored vote against them. For the present, at least, the Republican party is sure of this vote North and South, but perhaps the Democrats may still gradually find it profitable to make peace with the XVth Amendment. Besides this the *Volksblatt* has a few words to say about the female students in the Philadelphia hospitals; an extract on the Bible question from the London *Spectator*, and, as usual, a short attack upon what it calls "the Puritans, the Pietists and the fanatics."

The *Freiheits Freund* speaks of "Congressional sleepiness," accusing Congress of do-less-ness and many representatives of neglecting their duty. The people have looked, but only in vain, for some act of importance from this United States Congress, which seems to be in a fair way of becoming about as reverend and antique institution as the Congress of the old German Confederacy, under which the German people slept so soundly and securely for fifty years.

In regard to the Female Suffrage question, the ladies are congratulated upon the brightness of their prospects, especially in England, and then the article says: "We have always thought that if the women really have the idea of suffrage in their heads, they will finally get what they ask. It matters not how the men may object, for it seems to have been decided in the council of the gods, that it must drain the cup of woman's suffrage to the bottom. A third editorial treats upon the subject of German unity and the gradual growth of a party in South Germany which favors the union of all the Southern States with the great North German Confederacy.

The *Republikaner* has an editorial upon the doings of Congress which it regards with far from friendly eyes, calls the Congressmen "greedy Radical politicians, humbugs and traitors," and sees no remedy but that of next year sending quite different men (Democrats?) to supercede them.

A Wife's Side of the Story.

One Brice published his wife in the Athens (Tenn.) *Post*, and the injured lady replies as follows in the same paper:

In reply to the notice in the *Post* in regard to my leaving his bed and board, he had none; he is mistaken, he had neither bed nor board. He left my bed and my father's board. As for running you in debt, it is something you could not do yourself; for you can't get credit for anything. I understand you have made an application for a divorce, and now to save some lawyer from hard pleading for nothing, I will raise a public collection, for I think the community will help to pay some good blacksmith to make you one out of good iron that will last you your lifetime; so when you get your divorce in your pocket you will weigh heavier than you ever did before, for you are a very light article anyhow. Now I have one request to make of the community—that is for everybody to give him a shake of the paw; then he will hangh himself to death and I will get shut of him.

Respectfully, MARY BRICE.

SENATOR GRAHAM, of Allegheny, was in town to-day. This gentleman has been urged by his friends—and they are numerous—to run for Congress in his district. There is no man in western Pennsylvania whom we would sooner see in our National Council. Everybody in Harrisburg who has made his acquaintance during the many years that he has spent here, will endorse what we say.—*Harrisburg Topic.*

THE confirmation of Judge Bond, of Maryland, as Judge of the United States District Court, is now assured, and it will heal the troubles in the Republican party in that State.

[FROM MARK TWAIN.]

CURIOUS DREAM.

Containing a Moral.

Night before last I had a singular dream. I seemed to be sitting on a doorstep, (in no particular city, perhaps,) ruminating, and the time of night appeared to be about twelve or one o'clock. The weather was balmy and delicious. There was no human sound in the air, not even a footstep. There was no sound of any kind to emphasize the dead stillness, except the occasional hollow barking of a dog in the distance and the fainter answer of a further dog. Presently up the street I heard a bony clack-clacking, and guessed it was the castanets of a serenading party. In a minute more a tall skeleton, hooded and half-clad in a tattered and mouldy shroud whose shreds were flapping about the ribby lattice-work of its person, swung by me with a stately pride, and disappeared in the gray gloom of the starlight. It had a broken and worm-eaten coffin on its shoulder and a bundle of something in its hand. I knew what the clack-clacking was, then—it was this party's joints working together, and his elbows knocking against his sides as he walked. I may say I was surprised. Before I could collect my thoughts and enter upon any speculations as to what this apparition might portend, I heard another one coming—for I recognized his clack-clack. He had two-thirds of a coffin on his shoulder, and some foot and head-boards under his arm. I mightily wanted to peer under his hood and speak to him, but when he turned and smiled upon me with his cavernous sockets and his projecting grin as he went by, I thought I would not detain him. He was hardly gone when I heard the clacking again, and another one issued from the shadowy half-light. This one was bending under a heavy gravestone, and dragging a shabby coffin after him by a string. When he got to me he gave me a steady look for a moment or two, and then rounded to and backed up to me, saying:

"Ease this down for a fellow, will you?"

I eased the grave-stone down till it rested on the ground, and in doing so noticed that it bore the name of "John Baxter Copmanhurst," with "May, 1839," as the date of his death. Deceased sat wearily down by me and wiped his os frontis with his major maxillary—chiefly from former habit, I judged, for I could not see that he brought away any perspiration.

"It is too bad, too bad," said he, drawing the remnant of the shroud about him and leaning his jaw pensively on his hand. Then he put his left foot up on his knee and fell to scratching his ankle bone absently with a rusty nail which he got out of his coffin.

"What is too bad, friend?"

"Oh, everything, everything. I almost wish I never had died."

"You surprise me. Why do you say this? Has anything gone wrong? What is the matter?"

"Matter! Look at this shroud—rags. Look at this gravestone, all battered up. Look at that disgraceful old coffin. All a man's property going to ruin and distruction before his eyes and ask him if anything is wrong? Fire and brimstone!"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," I said. "It is too bad—it is certainly too bad, but then I had not supposed that you would much mind such matters, situated as you are."

"Well, my dear sir, I *do* mind them. My pride is hurt and my comfort is impaired—destroyed, I might say. I will explain—I will put it to you in such a way that you can comprehend it, if you will let me," said the poor skeleton, tilting the hood of his shroud back, as if he were clearing for action, and thus unconsciously giving himself a jaunty and festive air, very much at variance with the grave character of his position in life—so to speak—and in prominent contrast with his distressful mood.

"Proceed," said I.

"I reside in the shameful old graveyard a block or two above you here, in this street— There, now, I just expected that cartilage would let go!—Third rib from the bottom, friend, hitch the end of it to my spine with a string, if you have got such a thing about you, though a bit of silver wire is a deal pleasanter, and more durable and becoming, if one keeps it polished—to think of shredding out and going to pieces in this way, just on account of the indifference and neglect of one's posterity!—and the poor ghost groaned his teeth in a way that gave me a wrench and a shiver—for the effect is mightily increased by the absence of muffling flesh and cuticle. "I reside in that old graveyard, and have for these thirty years; and I tell you things are changed since I first laid this old tired frame there, and turned over and stretched out for a long sleep, with a delicious sense upon me of being *done* with bother and grief, and anxiety, and doubt and fear, forever and ever, and listening with comfortable and increasing satisfaction to the sexton's work, from the startling clatter of his first spadefull on my coffin till it dulled away to the faint patting that shaped the roof of my new home—delicious? My! I wish you could try it to-night!" and out of my reverie deceased fetched me with a rattling slap with a bony hand.

"Yes, sir, thirty years ago I laid me down there, and was happy. For it was out in the country, then—out in the breezy, flowery, grand old woods, and the lazy winds gossiped with the leaves, and the squirrels capered over us and around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquil solitude with music. Ah, it was worth ten years of a man's life to be dead then! Everything was pleasant. I was in a good neighborhood, for all the dead people that lived near me belonged to the best families in the city. Our posterity appeared to think the world of us. They kept our graves in the very best condition; the fences were always in faultless repair, headboards were kept painted or whitewashed, and were replaced with new ones as soon as they began to look rusty or decayed; monuments were kept upright, railings intact and bright, the rosebushes and shrubbery trimmed, trained and free from blemish the walks clean and smooth and graveled. But that day is gone by.

Our descendants have forgotten us. My grandson lives in a stately house built with money made by me, and I sleep in a neglected grave with nettles growing out of my shroud to build their nests within! I and friends that lie with me founded and secured the prosperity of this fine city, and the stately homes built by our loves leaves us to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbors curse and strangers scoff at. See the difference between the old time and this—for instance: Our graves are all raved in, now; our head boards have rotted and tumbled down our railings reel this way and that way, with one foot in the air, after a fashion of unseemly levity; our monuments lean, and our gravestones bow their heads discouraged; there is no ornaments any more, no roses nor shrubs, nor graveled walks, nor anything that is a comfort to the eye, and even the palatless old board fences that did make a show of holding us sacred from companionship with beasts and the defilement of heedless feet, has tottered till it overhangs the street, and only advertises the presence of our dismal resting place, and invites yet more derision to it. And now we cannot hide our poverty and tatters in the friendly woods, for the city has streched its withering arms abroad and taken us in, and all that remains of the cheer of our old homes is the cluster of lugubrious forest trees that stand, bored and weary of city life, with their feet in our coffins, looking into the hazy distance and not wishing they were there. I tell you it is disgraceful!

You begin to comprehend—you begin to see how it is. While our descendants are living sumptuously on our money right around us in the city, we have to fight hard to keep skull and bones together. Bless you there isn't a grave in our cemetery that doesn't leak—not one. Every time it rains in the night we have to climb out and roost in the trees—and sometimes we are wakened suddenly by the chilly water trickling down the backs of our necks. Then I tell you there is a general heaving up of old graves and kicking over of old monuments, and scampering of old skeletons for the trees! Bless me, if you had gone along there some such nights after twelve you might have seen as many as fifteen of us roosting on one limb, with our joints rattling drearily and the wind wheezing through our ribs! Many a time we have perched there for three or four dreary hours, and then come down, stiff and chilled through and drowsy, and borrowed each other's skulls to bail out our graves with—if you will glance up in my mouth, now as I tilt my head back, you can see that my head-piece is half full of old dry sediment—how top heavy and stupid it makes me sometimes! Yes, sir, many a time if you had happened to come along just before the dawn you'd have caught us bailing out the graves and hanging our shrouds on the fence to dry. Why, I had an elegant shroud stolen from there one morning! I think a party by the name of Smith took it, that resides in a plebian graveyard over yonder—I think so because the first time I ever saw him he hadn't anything on but a check shirt, and the last time I saw him, which was at a social gathering in the new cemetery, he was the best dressed corpse in the company—and it is a significant fact that he left when he saw me; and presently an old woman from here missed her coffin—she generally took it with her when she went anywhere, because she was liable to take cold and bring on the spasmodic rheumatism that originally killed her if she exposed herself to the night air much. She was named Hotchkiss—Anna Matilda Hotchkiss—you might know her? She has two upper front teeth, is tall, but a good deal inclined to stoop, one rib on the left side gone, has one shred of rusty hair hanging from the left side of her head, and one little tuft just above and a little forward of her right ear, has her under jaw wired on one side where it had worked loose, small bone of left forearm gone—lost in a fight—has a kind of a swagger in her gait and a 'gallus' way of going with her arms akimbo and her nostrils in the air—has been pretty free and easy, and is all damaged and battered up till she looks like a queensware crate in ruins—maybe you have met her?"

"God forbid!" I involuntarily ejaculated, for somehow I was not looking for that form of question, and it caught me a little off my guard. But I hastened to make amends for my rudeness and say: "I simply meant I had not had the honor—for I would not deliberately speak discourteously of a friend of yours. You were saying that you were robbed—and it was a shame, too—but it appears by what is left of the shroud you have on that it was a costly one in its day. How did—"

A most ghastly expression began to develope among the decayed features and shriveled integuments of my guest's face, and I was beginning to grow uneasy and distressed, when he told me he was only working up a deep, sly smile, with a wink in it, to suggest that about the time he acquired his present garment a ghost in a neighboring cemetery missed one. This reassured me, but I begged him to confine himself to speech, thenceforth, because his facial expression was uncertain. Even with the most elaborate care it was liable to miss fire. Nothing should especially be avoided. What *he* might honestly consider a shining success was likely to strike me in a very different light. I said I liked to see a skeleton cheerful, even decorously playful, but I did not think smiling was a skeleton's best hold.

MARK TWAIN.

[Conclusion, with the rest of the MORAL, next week.] *From the Buffalo Express.*

FOUND DROWNED,

But was identified by having his clothing marked with

Kidder's Raven Indelible Ink,

Warranted of superior quality for marking LINEN SILK, COTTON, &c. &c. with a common quill or steel pen. Flows freely, never blots or spreads on any material. Marks a permanent brilliant black. Sold only at

JAMES E. BURNS & CO.'S
Drug Store and Family Medical Depot,
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AN OLD PALLAXY EXPLODED.

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