

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it!"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 1.

A Buffalo-Tiger Story.

A paper published in India, tells this remarkably exciting story about an adventure there of an enthusiastic entomologist:

"One very hot day, shouldering his entomological net, and with his bottle of cyanide of potassium in his pocket for the purpose of killing his specimens, he had succeeded in taking several species of moths and beetles, when, suddenly emerging on an open space, a gigantic female buffalo charged right down upon him. Quick as lightning the narrator sprang up a tree which fortunately happened to be near, and almost before he had comfortably settled down upon one of the branches a buffalo calf appeared upon the scene, and both mother and offspring sat down at the foot of the tree, directly under his position. In order to attract the attention of his friends, who were in the neighborhood, or of any native who might happen to be near, he shouted until he was hoarse. Ever and anon, by way of variation, with the vain hope of frightening away the buffalo, he awakened the extreme echoes of the jungle with his yells, and perpetrated the most hideous noises ever produced by the human voice.

All was of no avail; and the brute hand came to aid him, and the brute still lay placidly licking and caressing its calf. He was about to assume a standing attitude in the tree, when suddenly his left hand, with which he had seized a branch above his head, was severely stung or bitten by some insect or animal. Starting with the acute pain, and the fear of whip or tree snakes flashed through his mind, he involuntarily lost his hold of the bough, and thus deprived of support, he lost his balance and fell from his place of refuge. He dropped on the buffalo's back, and in another instant was carried away at a tremendous pace through the long thick grass of the jungle. It was a difficult matter to keep his seat, when all at once the buffalo sprang into a large "tank," and he was immersed up to his neck in water. Unable to swim, he was obliged to cling to the brute, which for a time swam round and round the pool at her pleasure. He only hoped his legs would not be seized by one of the alligators, of which he had seen several in the water during the day. Then, to his infinite horror, a stinging sensation in his leg made him feel sure he had again been bitten by another kind of serpent. And still the buffalo showed no signs of returning towards the land, when just as he thought she was preparing to lie down, he dug his heels into her side and delivered random blows with his fists on her head and neck. Then, striking out for land, the brute speedily reached the shore, on gaining which she commenced her mad gallop. A few minutes brought them to the spot from which the animal had started, where the calf was still standing.

The animal was preparing to lie down, when seizing the branches of the tree from which he had taken on the brute's neck, he swung himself up in his old position. He had not, however, been very long there when the snarling in his hand and legs caused him to remember that he had been bitten by snakes. The very idea of this, and the knowledge that one of those venomous reptiles was in the tree on which he was perched, caused a deadly faintness, from which it was some time before he rallied.

Alternately fainting and reviving, hour after hour passed away, night darkened down upon the jungle, and the buffalo still kept watch and ward at the foot of the tree. At length, at an advanced hour of the night, he suddenly became conscious that a struggle was going on between the buffalo and some large wild animal, which he judged to be a tiger. "The growling of the latter," he continues, "the groans of the buffalo, the noise of their struggles, and the incessant bleating of the calf, combined in producing a series of sounds, which, in the darkness of night appeared worthy of the inhabitants of Pandemonium. For full five minutes, which appeared hours to me, the dreadful struggle continued, until at length groans of the buffalo subsided into a series of convulsive gasps and snorts, and the sounds of struggling on the ground ceased. I could, however, hear the tiger growling, snarling, and spitting like an immense cat. Of course descent was now quite out of the question. I therefore determined to remain where I was until daylight, if I did not die from the effects of the snake bite; before morning appeared. So strong was the interest with which I listened and strained my eyes for the purpose of learning what was going on below, that I never ceased to think of this contingency, and forgot the death-like swoons I had previously experienced.

"After some time spent in listening to the voice made by the animal while enjoying his feast of buffalo flesh, the sounds ceased suddenly. I felt sure, however, that the beast had not departed, for I had kept my eyes fixed on the dark outlines under the shadow of the tree, and the mass remained of the same appearance. I fancied I could trace the form of a tiger lying alongside the dead buffalo, and this was the shape the dark objects had assumed and retained since the termination of the conflict."

At length, however, success was at hand. Seeing a light in the distance, he shouted as loudly as he could, and this attracted the notice of a party who had set out in search of him. On coming up to the spot, both tiger and buffalo were found to be dead. On telling his friends he had been bitten by snakes they first examined his hand, and pronounced the wound he received whilst in the tree to have been caused by the sting of a hornet. On turning down his stockings they discovered several leeches gorged with blood, for numbers of these voracious animals had bitten him during his ride through the water on the buffalo's back. The faintings he had experienced were attributed to loss of blood from the leech bites.

They then turned their attention to the dead tiger. Not a wound was discovered about the carcass, but on slightly moving the body of the buffalo, they discovered the bottle of cyanide of potassium, which had been intended for entomological purposes, broken, and partially introduced into the wound in the neck from which the tiger had sucked the blood of his victim. While imbibing the life blood of the buffalo the tiger had also received one of the most deadly poisons known, which in the course of a very short time had produced its usual fatal result. The position of the two animals and of the deadly bottle left no room for doubting that such had been the case. On ascending the tree in such hot haste the poison bottle and other little matters were dropped, and during the struggle between the animals the former was broken, and perhaps even cut its way into the jugular of the buffalo; thus probably assisting in the death of the latter, as well as proving so fatally destructive to the tiger. On the appearance of dawn they discovered a small wasp's nest hanging in the tree. Later in the day they had the satisfaction of superintending the skinning of the tiger, and distributing the meat to the villagers, some of whom regard it as particularly strengthening food. The absence of bullet holes rendered the skin a valuable one.

A Model Speech.

A correspondent from Missouri sends a newspaper slip containing a report of the speech of Gen. Riley, in the House of Representatives, February 8, 1861. After a long and heated debate on the reference of a bill amending the charter of the city of Carondelet to a Standing Committee of the House, Mr. Riley obtained the floor, and addressed the House:

MR. SPEAKER—Every body is a pitching into this matter like toad-frogs into a willow swamp on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal atmosphere air. [Applause.] Sir, I want to put in a word; or perhaps a word and a half. There seems to be a disposition to fight, I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning-bugs! [Applause.] In the language of the ancient Roman,

"Come, come, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base, in a pig's eye!" Now there has been a good deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." (I don't understand the meaning of the word, though.) Sir, the question to refer is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge Sir—a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water; it sucks up everything. Sir, I stand here with the weapons I have designated to defend the rights of St. Louis County, the rights of any other county—even the county of Cedar itself. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have had a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bit buncombe, bombast buncombe, bung-hole buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. [Laughter.] Why, Sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap, and a little Northern water, and, quicker than a hound-pup can lick a skillet, they will make enough buncombe lather to wash the golden fleck that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven. [Cheers and laughter.] I allude to the stary fragment.

THE SPEAKER. The gentleman is out of order. He must confine himself to the question.

MR. RILEY. Just retain your linen, if you please. I'll stick to the text as close as a pitch-plaster to alpine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam-rock. [Laughs of "Go on!" "You'll do!" I want to say to these carboniferous gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these peregrine volcanoes, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—Well, I'll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill. [Laughter and applause.] Perhaps you think I am diminutive tubers and sparse in the mundane elevation. You may discover, gentlemen, you are laboring under as great a misapprehension as though you had incinerated your inner vestment. In the language of the noble bard,

"I was not born in a thicket To be scared by a cricket." Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right-angle with the horizon, spanned by that azure arc of the lustrous firmament, bright with the constellations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled horse on county court day. [Cheers.] "But how have the mighty fallen!" in the language of the poet Silversmith. We have assumed a slosh-individual or a diaganological position.

And what is the cause? Echo answers, "Buncombe." Sir, "buncombe." The people have been fed on buncombe, while a lot of spavined, ring-boned, ham-strung, wind-galled, swynoyed, split-hoofed, distempered, poll-eviled public crib have had their noses in the public crib until there ain't enough fodder left to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper. [Cheers and laughter.] * * * Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocution. My old thunderblasts seaters amazingly; but if any body gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way. Sir, these dandadical, super-spiritual, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, Sir, as a toad-frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water! [Cheers and laughter.] These are the ones that have got our liberty-pole off its perpendicularity. "Tis they who would read the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers emblemized in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white, the blue—the freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.] The high bird of liberty sits perched on the topmost branch, but there is secession salt on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast, or what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. [Applause.] Alas! poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship while water grows and grass runs. [Immense applause.] Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present.

BEECHER ON THE APPLE.—Henry Ward Beecher made an address the other day in a New York fruit convention, on the apple. He said it was the greatest of American fruits, being the hardest, most widely distributed, and the most useful. The tree often reaches the great age of two hundred years. The fruit is always a luxury. Even a pear may not vie with it in lusciousness, and it has one peculiarity, which not even the peach can share; it never cloy. Mr. Beecher ran over the various methods of preparing it for the table, and indulged in a most glowing apostrophe to the apple and its blessed inventor. The use of cider, he thought, was gradually creeping back from the oblivion to which the progress of temperance had consigned it, and, although as a temperance man, he could not recommend its use, "if you will make it," said he, "I beg of you to make it good."

REBEL FORCES IN THE FIELD.—The Army and Navy Journal, which is very high authority on all military matters computes the forces which the rebels now have in the field at a very moderate figure. Hood's army, now in Tennessee, it estimates at 35,000. Early's force in the Shenandoah Valley is set down at less than 15,000, and Lee's as less than 50,000. These figures amount in the total to 100,000. The forces with which Price recently invaded Missouri; and the garrisons of Charleston, Savannah and Mobile, and a few other points, may swell the aggregate to 175,000.

—Leaky, the weather.

KISS AND NEVER TELL.
Though you may kiss from beauty's lip
The sweets that there do dwell,
The very mean in you I see,
If you shall kiss and tell!
What makes the kiss exquisite bliss,
A sweet Elysian spell?
Be always sure the kiss is pure;
But never kiss and tell!
This bond of love springs from above,
Where saints and angels dwell;
It is but just, and never meant
That you should kiss and tell.
It is said—a balm to heal—
A pearl within a shell—
The hidden dew, forever new;
But never kiss and tell.
It is the plan, since time began,
Approved and honored well;
From Kith to Kin to Jordan,
They kiss and never tell!
In nights in June, beneath the moon,
The fairies know it well;
Such rosy breath our Venus hath;
We kiss and never tell!
Since Eros rose, or Helen's woe,—
The moon within his cell—
The mired one—the prying sun—
All kiss and never tell!

WIT AND WISDOM.
Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?
The newspapers are full of prophecies, but where is the profit? Echo answers on all sides, "can't see it."
SIDNEY SMITH compares the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of a lawyer when Satan gets him.
A MAN who courts a young woman in the starlight probably expects to get a wife in a twinkling.
WHY is a man who stakes his money at Baden like a star? Because he's an ass to risk.
Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair?
WOULD you say a lady was dressed loud who was covered all over with bugles?
WHY is a pig the most provident of animals? Because he always carries a spare-rib or two about him.
A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.
WHEN a man says "I would not be egotistical," he might as well add, "if I could help it."
A RICHMOND chap advertises a pair of old shoes as lost, offering a reward for their recovery.
NEVER confide in the young; new pairs leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.
THE school-girl who "fell into a reverie" last week has been pronounced out of danger by her physician.
WHY is a person drawing an ox's teeth like the sunset? Because he's an oxydental phenomenon.
JOHN BULL has to pay at the rate of \$3.25 per week for every convict he keeps under lock and key.
A GOOD question for a debating society—Which is the most delightful operation, "to kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"
THEY hang a contractor out in Indiana a few days since. He had contracted so much, that it was thought advisable to stretch him a little.
WITH a little horse well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and servants well drilled—a little time may be well killed!

A MAN who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."
"Justice," replied Cole, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."
A WONDERFUL story-teller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.
A YOUNG man at Pittsfield, who went in for exemption from the draft, and who was asked by the examining surgeon upon what grounds he claimed exemption, told him that "he never felt hungry after dinner."
"For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drouth, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

DRAKE of the Tremont House tells a story of one of his waiters that would have fitted Sam Lover's *Barley Andy*. "Bring me the *cajator*," said a traveler to a newly imported table servant. The boy rushed about in a spasmodic and obviously distressed manner, and finally returned with the answer, "it's all ate, sir!"
AN Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that you might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; ther's fresh water oceans inside that ye might drown Old Ireland in; and, as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, and ye'd never be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of whisky."

Gen. Butler's Speech.

Before leaving New York, Gen. Butler was waited upon by a goodly portion of the ladies and gentlemen of that city, on whose behalf Hon. James Wadsworth, expressed to the General their thanks for his valuable services in the preservation of order throughout the city on election day; as also, for his distinguished services during the progress of the present civil war, and invited the General to favor them with his views on the present situation of affairs. The following is his response:

GEN. BUTLER then said:
MR. WADSWORTH, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The citizens of New York have done me honor overmuch, your kindness, exhausting every form known of Christian courtesy, overwhelms me; that I should be able to add anything to the sum of intelligence, is a still greater honor. That I entertain very distinct views upon the subjects just adverted to, is most true. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and of all the peaceful victories ever achieved in the interests of human freedom, that achieved in the peaceful quiet that almost brooded over this land on the 8th of November, was the greatest.

Before we proceed for a moment to look at the material results, let us look at the moral. It has taught to all the world who shall look on, and it is not now a vain boast to be said in America that the eyes of all the world are upon us, that we are able in the stress and strain of a civil war like that never seen before, to carry on our institutions in peaceful quiet; that we can change or re-elect our rulers as we weigh them in the balance and find them either meritorious or wanting, without so much of trouble or disorder or riot or commotion as attends a constable's election in a parish in England.

The moral, then, is that a Government embalm in the hearts of the people, dependent on the intelligence of the people, is the strongest on earth—strong in the affections, stronger still in the right arms of the people. And when we have heretofore been told that it was necessary there should be either monarchy or despotism to wield bayonets, we see the bayonets wielded by hundreds of thousands where other countries have not been able to wield them by tens, and these entirely subservient to the peoples' will.

The material results are not less striking: first in the fact that all disputed questions which have divided the country are now settled by an almost unanimous verdict of the people. Does any one complain that in the conduct of military operations there should be the arrest of a traitor, that question has been argued and settled and the verdict is "guilty, and arrest him when he is guilty." [Cheers.] Does any one complain that the true history of the Constitution has been carried out which enrolls all able bodied men to fight in defense of the country's life and liberties; that question has been settled—and hereafter it will be more honorable to be drafted than to volunteer.

Does any one complain that the Government in its wisdom has organized troops irrespective of color, and believes that the black man would fill as much of a grave as if his color were whiter, when he falls in battle in defense of his country's liberties—that question has been settled, and has passed away forever to be among the things that are past. Does any one now claim, as was claimed in 1860, that Abraham Lincoln is President of a minority—that question is settled by an overwhelming majority. [Cheers and laughter.] And let us look for a moment at the fact that if we count every Rebel against him—if we count every Rebel sympathizer against him, as they were—if we count every untrue, disloyal man against him—yet he is elected by a majority second only to that with which Jackson swept over the land in a season of financial peril.

These material results have been achieved. Now, then, what is the duty of the Government in the present and future? The war cannot last always. The history of nations and the experience of the world has shown us this. War, therefore, must come to an end, but how? In what way? A war of this kind is to be prosecuted for the purpose of breaking down the power of those opposed to the Government, and bringing them into its folds and under the supremacy of its laws.

In view, therefore, of the unanimity of the American people, in view of the strength, the majesty, the might of the nation, might it not be suggested that now is a good time once again to hold out to the deluded people of the South the olive branch of peace and say to them "come back, come back now, this is the last time of asking, come back and leave

off the feeding on husks and come with us to feed upon the fat of the land, and by-gones shall be by-gones—if by-gones are by-gones—our country shall live in peace hereafter." [Cheers.] Are we not able to offer them that? Are we not strong enough? Do we not stand with Union enough to be able to offer that to the leaders and to all?

There might have been some complaint, I think, among a proud and chivalrous people, that they would not desert their leaders in answer to the amnesty proclamation of President Lincoln; but now, as we come to them and say, "come back and you shall find the laws the same save and except as they are altered by the legislative wisdom of the land." Are we not in a condition not taking counsel of our fears or weaknesses, but from our strength and magnanimity, again to make the offer, and the last time to call on them, and then shall we not have exhausted all the resources of statesmanship in the effort to restore peace to the country? And shall we hinder this? And if they do not come back, who shall complain?

I ask not for the Rebel to come back after he has fought as long as he can and then chooses to come back, but state some time—perhaps the 8th of January, 1865, for the association will be as good as any—and when that time shall have come, every man who shall scout the proffered amnesty of a great and powerful nation, speaking in love, in kindness, in charity, in hope of peace and quiet forever, then I say to him who then scents the proffered love and kindness: "let us meet him with sharp, quick, decisive war, which shall bring the matter to an end and to the extinguishment of such men wherever they may be." And how is that to be done?

Blood and treasure have been poured out without stint and without measure until taking advantage of the depletion of treasure had men have banded together by speculating in that which should be the circulating medium, and have raised upon every poor man the price of the coal upon his hearth and the bread upon his table. Let some measure be taken to stop that, and a better measure than any other is to let it be understood that hereafter we pay no more bounties from the taxes of the North, but taking counsel from the old Roman method of carrying on war, to say to our young men, "Look on the fair fields of the sunny South, and unless they take our amnesty, let us go down South and you shall have whatever you get in a fair fight," and we will open land offices wherever our armies march, and distribute their lands and divide them among the soldiers, to be theirs and their heirs forever.

This is a harsh measure, everybody will say, but is it not quite as just as we should tax ourselves anew and anew, and raise the price of the necessities of life for the purpose of paying bounties for the support of the soldiers to fight these men whom we have three times offered and called to be our friends, in 1862 and in June 1863, again in December in 1864, again by the 8th of January, 1865; and when that clock strikes the last knell of that departing day, then all hope of return to those who have not then made progress to that return shall be cut off forever, and they will have to go to Mexico, or the West Indies, or some place which I will not name, because I know not any land had enough to be cursed by them; at all events they shall never come here again.

I look with some interest to what I believe to be the present results of this election, and I believe first that we have settled the war by determining that the people are strong enough to carry on the war, and I never expect to see in arms or in council a greater victory than the one we have just achieved, and I think we are now strong enough to make them and offer such a one that the most squeamish of our friends will go with us when they find that we have exhausted all the resources of statesmanship, and that we are now ready to make peace, and are therefore prepared to make war to the "hilt"; therefore, I say, I look upon this victory as one which has decided the war, decided it not in a military point of view, but in that overpowering civil point of view which decides the fate of nations everywhere. To this it may be answered, and I desire for a moment to that answer to call your attention, so that every man may work out in his own mind the problem that if we carry on the war with the strength and stringency with which I have suggested, how shall we ever live in the same land with men whom we thus fought against. Let us go to the teaching of history and there draw also from the history of that land which we are proud to call our Motherland. England. Every considerable estate in the

land of England under Cromwell passed through Courts of Confiscation; and yet when the King came to his own again after a time the nation came together again in friendship nevermore to be divided. Is there any difficulty then in the Anglo Saxon race in this land being again in unity and friendship and peace with them whom they have had a fight. Is it not a well-known rule that those with whom we have fought bitterly if they have fought honorably after the fight is over they are more endeared to us after that fight and we are the more ready to take them by the hand; therefore I say there will be no difficulty in the good men of the North and the South coming together again, and letting by-gones be by-gones and I have said that I desire the extinguishment of the bad men. Allow me to say that I am honored by this opportunity to tender to the citizens of New-York, who have come here this evening to do honor to the Government which I represent, my most sincere and hearty thanks; and now allow me to say to those who have done me the honor to say that the presence of the United States troops here tended to prevent disorder, to say that far more did the influence of all good men here, all tending in one direction, tend to prevent disorder, and still further the solemnity of the occasion which even the bad men seemed to feel, and from these causes and the certainty that no bad man could find any support or countenance from any good man of any party, to that we owe the peace of this city. I again return you my thanks and am happy to bid you God speed on the morrow when I leave you for the armies in operation at the front.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MINES.—The London *Mining Journal* says: "The immense value of the mineral deposits of the United States is so well known to Englishmen; that it has long been recognized by them that the judicious application of capital is all that is required to elevate the mineral industries of the country to that proud position of being first in contributing to the general wealth of the nation. Hitherto great inconvenience has arisen from the difficulty of obtaining reliable information from America as to the peculiar merits or disadvantages of any particular mineral property brought under the notice of English capitalists; there were no American engineers who especially devoted themselves to the subject, and English engineers sent out, were necessarily unacquainted with the peculiarities of the districts reported upon. The difficulty will henceforth be removed; a well-constituted School of Mines, the first session of which will open on November 15, being now attached to Columbia College, New York, the principal chairs having been given to the most competent men that could be found, many of whom have honorably distinguished themselves at the Imperial School of Mines at Paris, and other schools of equal reputation. The standard of instruction will be as high as in any of the mining colleges of Europe, and the advantages which must accrue to the mineral interests of America can scarcely be over-estimated. It must be particularly gratifying to Englishmen to find that Columbia College should be first to found so important an institution as the American school of Mines, since that college must ever remain a connecting link between England and America. It was originally founded as King's College, New York, by George III., at the same time as the now celebrated University of Göttingen; and although some trifling internal dissensions from attaining the distinction of its twin sister, it is to be hoped that impediments no longer exist to its onward progress, and that as a School of Mines and as a University, Columbia College will be known and respected throughout the world."

SHOWING THE DEAD.—There is a curious custom at Havana of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to an open window fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded by high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently when returning from a *tertulia*, or a ball, I have been startled to see the fixed and rigid features of some old gentleman or lady, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes with tight patent leather boots and white neckcloth. I remember one night in particular. I was returning home through one of the by-ways, when, seeing the lower window of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There close to the window, so close that I could have touched it through the bars, lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet; her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened; and altogether her face and expression was one of the most beautiful I ever saw.