

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 3.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1866.

NUMBER 34.

Select Poetry.

A BLUSH.

In a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As long-ages itself can convey to the ear,
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we should never disclose,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is the promise of fruit yet unseen,
So the color that mingles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet half
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek!

Select Story.

MY SISTER.

I wish it was in my power to describe her as she really was; but the best I can do would prove only a poor apology, for, to my mind, no one I ever saw was half as beautiful as our darling. She was no tall, stately brunette, who drew crowds of admiring suitors to her side; but she won the love of every one who knew her, and there was a magic power in her laughing blue eyes to bewitch even the gravest philosopher. Her hair was of a rich, beautiful auburn, changing to waves of gold in the sunlight; her cheeks wore a bloom as rich as the brightest rose, while her teeth were pure and white as pearls.

She was a slight creature, and you might have taken her for a child but for a certain air which alone bespeaks the woman. Listen to her voice so sweet and musical, hear her wild laugh ringing out loud and clear on the morning air. There is a graceful unrest in every movement, first you might find her having a frolic with her pet dog, the next moment she would be in the kitchen deeply engaged in the mysteries of cooking, perhaps after that she might be playing a brilliant chorus and, almost before you could realize it, the music would change to a low mournful strain, awaking buried hopes and dreams.

She was never contented with anything more than a minute at a time, and you might search her room only to find an endless variety of work put away unfinished. Such was my sister Maud at the age of eighteen, and I know you do not wonder that my father loved her better than any one else on earth. She was his "pet," his "blossom," his "pearl," his "sunbeam," yes, I think I may safely say his "idol." Neither time nor money were spared to make her happy, for she alone bore any resemblance to our angel mother.

Not that my father did not love my brother and me. Oh, no, for he was ever kind and gentle; but we were too rare like him to be worshipped as was my sister.

My brother had been travelling for two years, and now he was coming home, how soon we did not know, until at last I received a few lines from him stating he would arrive on the 25th, and should bring a friend with him whom he hoped would be welcomed cordially.

It wanted but a day of the appointed time, and I hurried about to make the necessary preparations, trying, however, to seem as little occupied as possible, hoping to keep my sister in ignorance. While arranging the window drapery in the room prepared for the stranger, I chanced to see a carriage drive up before the door; but did not think of my brother. Just as I started to go down stairs I heard a well-known voice exclaim—

"Fred, dear brother, home once more! How glad I am to see you! What a joyful surprise," and after a fond embrace stopped to catch her breath.

Leading her forward my brother presented her to his friend, saying—

"My youngest sister, Mr. Bennett. Charles, this is Maud, of whom I have told you so often."

The stranger bowed gracefully, and taking her hand, stepped forward, while she, with all her usual politeness, bade him welcome to our home.

Standing in the door unnoticed, I had ample time to study his countenance.—He surpassed my expectations, for never in my life had I seen one who bore such a type of the perfect gentleman. He was rather above medium height, with dark hair, eyes as piercing as the eagle's, a broad, white forehead and a dark, heavy mustache, which served to make a fixed expression of the mouth seem only the sterner.

Accidentally turning my brother's as-pied me, and in a moment more I was clasped in his arms receiving and returning his loud caresses. It needed no words to tell me he was glad to be at home again, or that he loved me as of old, warm affection; as he presented me to his friend I read in his eye a look of satiate pride as he said—

"My sister, Isabel, Mr. Bennett. She is mistress of my father's house, here, Charles, and also a mother to our little

sunbeam at your side, so I know you will excuse her quiet manners. I hope Maud will be able to take care of herself and the house, too, before many years, for Isabel needs rest; this constant care does not suit her temperament."

I did not feel very much flattered by such a remark, as it gave evidence that my brother thought I was growing old; but laughing at his compliments led the way to the parlor, where, after a few moments' conversation, we separated, the gentlemen going to their rooms and I to the kitchen.

Here I had time to think for a minute; and came to the conclusion that the stranger was just what was needed to give our house a look like being inhabited. My reveries, however, were speedily interrupted by Maud, with her inquiry of how I liked Mr. Bennett, if I didn't think he was splendid.

"Yes, Isa," said she, "I like his looks, he seems to be a perfect gentleman; and if George don't stop flirting, I'll just see if somebody else won't be jealous too."

"But, Maud, you must not sacrifice your principles of right and wrong just to gratify a caprice of your mind. If George Sumner does flirt, as you call it, it is right for you to do the same?—Would you so trifle with the feelings of Mr. Bennett if you could do so? I am older than you, being your sister, I positively forbid any attempt on your part to win attention only to spurn it from you."

"Just look out the window and see for yourself, if it isn't provoking. There he goes riding past with that charming Miss Emerson, and I tell you candidly, I won't stand it any longer," and off she went singing, "I had a lover once."

I did not see her again until we met at dinner, but I could never have believed she was jealous had I not known. I am sorry to say I considered both my sister and Mr. Sumner her intended husband, a pair of simpletons; but Maud would do as she pleased, and to punish her, he commenced a brilliant flirtation with some of the young ladies of our neighborhood.

"Mayn't I call you Charlie, please, Mr. Bennett," she asked during the evening.

"Why, certainly, Miss Ashley, provided I am allowed to call you Maud," was his answer.

"But I'm not Miss Ashley. I never was, and never shall be. I've always been Maud from the cradle. Isa is Miss Ashley, and I think she's proud of her title," she laughingly said.

"Well, then, hereafter, I understand, you're to call me Charlie, while I, in turn, will call you Maud. I think that's fair, and I extend the same invitation to your sister should you choose to accept."

"It is one of Maud's fancies to call every one by his first name; but, while for relations it seems appropriate, I think it rather a childish habit. You seem more the gentleman to me as Mr. Bennett, and I prefer to call you so," I replied.

"Suit your own pleasure, Miss Ashley," he replied.

As time passed on, I noticed George Sumner did not call on Maud as was his custom. At first it did not strike me particularly, being so absorbed in my household duties, until one day while I was alone, my father came into the room to talk with me. We conversed first on one topic and then another, when finally he inquired if George Sumner never called on us. I replied—

"He does; but I suppose he has been here often when we were away, and having company at home, while we, too, were entertaining a friend, can scarcely think it improper to call less frequently; but will probably come as of old when Mr. Bennett returns home, and his attentions to Maud are at an end."

"I'm sure I don't know what to make of them. I'm afraid there has been trouble, for my little blossom is so capricious and childlike I fear she has vexed him. There is a mystery somewhere, for she receives Mr. Bennett's attentions as if they belong to her. I do not think him suitable for her. I should prefer a different person for my Maud, and, for once, Isabel, put forth some effort to lead his thoughts from your sister, for she is pleased with every new face."

"I will do my best to please you, father; but Maud is so much more agreeable than I, I fear my exertions will be in vain."

"I will arrange that, if it proves the only difficulty. I have been thinking for some time of going West to visit my sister and of taking Maud with me. I think we had better start at once. You will please have her in readiness as soon as possible. When your sister returns send her to the library," and so saying he left the room.

When my father told Maud of his intentions, she seemed delighted; and appeared impatient to be off. She laughingly said as she was entering the carriage—

"I leave a tear and a kiss for each one of you," and fluttered her handkerchief from the window as long as she could see us standing on the piazza. Fred accompanied them to the city, and I was left alone with Mr. Bennett for the first time. I strove to make the day pass pleasantly, but it seemed to me like a weary task, for my spirits were depressed at the departure of my father and sister.

We spent the morning at my cousin's, returning home in time for luncheon.—After this we repaired to the parlor, where we conversed for a long time, and finally I consented to play for him. I preferred old pieces to new, and so selected them, finally concluding with "Sweet Home." After finishing I turned to see if he was satisfied, only to find him resting his head on his hand apparently absorbed in meditation. At length he walked towards me, saying as he came—

"Sweet, sweet home, this is indeed one a happier one than I had dared lately dream of. Miss Ashley, you are best indeed, possessing, as you do, such a sweet resting place. I have neither father, mother, brother nor sister in this wide world, no place dear to me for the sweet faces, the associations found there, where after my long wanderings I can turn to find contentment and rest. I am alone in this cold world; but it is only when listening to such music, or beholding a happy family group, that these bitter thoughts haunt me. Your song carried me back to days when a sweet, blue-eyed being, something like your Maud, twined her fond arms about me, calling me 'Brother,' when a loving mother taught me to follow the right path, and an indulgent father laid his hand on my head, praying God would bless his boy. They are all gone now; one by one they drooped and faded away, first my parents, then she, my idol, the treasure to which I clung so fondly. I, my sweet, angel sister Allie. Forgive my sad musings. I know I must have wearied you; but all the old joys and sorrows came back so forcibly I gave myself up to a train of reflections. May you never know what it is to be left alone as I have been."

His heart-felt sorrow awoke a slumbering chord of sympathy in my heart, and I could not recall my mother to mind.—Sure I had my father, brother and sister left me; but still there was a void which nothing but a mother's love could fill, and I could only sigh to think of his desolation.

From this hour we were the best of friends. At night, when it came time for the train to arrive from the city, he invited me to accompany him to meet my brother, which I accepted. While riding home Mr. Bennett happened to address me as Miss Ashley, when my brother inquired if he had not yet given me my proper name. I replied—

"It is by my own request that he calls me so, giving an old maid her title."

"Not an old maid yet, Isa; you are scarcely twenty-two, while I, so nearly thirty, feel quite as young as Maud at eighteen. The care you have taken upon yourself makes you feel older, but now our blossom is away you will soon be young again."

"Well, perhaps I'm not so very old after all; but I really feel as if Maud was my child, she is so childish and requires so much attention. Now she is gone I shall be quite rested and perhaps more like myself."

"Well, then, change your title if you wish to be young, and don't let Charlie call you Miss Ashley any more."

"Perhaps he will not accept the change; but if he is willing to call me Isa in future I shall be pleased to acknowledge the honor," I replied.

"Gladly, gladly. I could not wish for a greater pleasure than to forego all such formalities; but you in turn must forget Mr. Bennett. I'd rather be less the gentleman, and more the boy. Call me Charlie, hereafter please," he said.

Five months passed away, and during that time they told me I changed to a joyous girl again, full as merry as Maud had ever been; as Fred expressed it, "the statue warmed into life." Charles Sumner was still with us, and during that time the warm sympathy we felt for one another ripened into a warmer and more enduring affection. My brother expressed his gratification at the result, and we waited the return of my father to seal our happiness. At last he came with my sister, and the house seemed full of sunshine again.

The same night Charlie asked permission of father to make Isa his wife, which

was readily granted, and we both bowed before him when he pronounced the paternal blessing.

"To him who has won the love of my child, do I give her, who has striven to make my life happy, who, thinking another to be preferred before her, spared neither time nor pains to make my existence one of continual sunshine. Isa, my noble, self-sacrificing daughter, may Heaven shower unnumbered blessings upon you, and upon him whom you have preferred to all others. God bless you both." As he finished speaking, the warm tears which suffused his eyes fell, one by one, on my hand, and until that night I never knew how well my father loved me.

As we rose and were leaving the room, he requested that Maud might be sent to him; but she came in, just in season to hear his remark. For two hours she remained in the library, and when she came out her face was of deathly pallor; but she strove to appear cheerful. It was in vain, however, and making the excuse of a letter to write, she kissed us "good night" and left us alone.

I little thought, my darling sister, it would be the last time I should ever receive your sweet kiss, or that I had held your hand in my heart for the last time; but so it was, for the next morning when we were all assembled at breakfast, as Maud did not appear, my father sent to her room to see why she did not come down, and the girl brought back word that she was not there, that her bed was still made, and a letter was lying on the table.

Springing from my seat I ran up stairs to find a note sealed and directed to me. Tearing it open I read, and for many weary weeks knew nothing of passing scenes. The following is a copy from the original which I still retain.—

"Sept 19, 185—

"ISA, DARLING—'Twas but a moment ago I left you, and I have bidden you 'good-by' so many times in a similar manner, you thought nothing of it; but, my sister, it is the last time I shall ever press my lips to yours again. I have heard of your happiness, and may God bless you, for, before you are his wife, I shall be numbered among the dead. You love him tenderly I know; but I gave him all the wild idolatry of my nature. I do not blame my father, for if he would have chosen George for my husband; but I did not love him, and I would not marry where I could not give my heart."

"I have loved the calm, still waters of the lake, and in them I shall find a sweet resting-place. I know before this meets your eye, I shall be at rest, so I do not hesitate to tell you where you may find all that remains of your sister."

"Isa, sweet treasure, my truest friend, farewell until we meet above. Kiss my father for me and comfort him in his sorrow. Give Freddie a loving sister's last embrace, and Charlie—may you both be happy. Father, brother, sister, Charlie, all farewell. "MAUD."

They searched the lake as she had said until they found her body, and buried it on its shore, where they raised a marble cross to her memory. Only "Maud" was inscribed there, and yet that one word speaks volumes, telling us of a sweet, childlike being who darted as quickly as a ray of sunlight across our pathway.

My father is bent, and his hair is grey. The death of his idol nearly severed the silver cord of his existence; but he rallied after much suffering. He never mentions my sister, and it is only by her letter that we know what his conversation was about the night before her death.

After two years I laid aside my mourning apparel for one of pure white when I became the wife of Charlie Bennett.

Ten years ago to-night my sister died; but to me it comes as vividly as if it were only yesterday. We live in the same house yet, for my father would not leave it, and there is another little Maud skipping through it who bears some resemblance to our lost sunbeam, a little Charlie, too, who comes with his childish prattle for me to see his sister. To-night, as I stood at my window overlooking the lake, I seemed to feel an arm steal round me, a kiss imprinted on my forehead, and a sweet voice saying, "I am watching over you, Isa, sweet sister." I turned and seemed to see before me the Maud of other days; but I know she is an angel above, and I no longer weep for her departed.

—Henry Ward Beecher has lately been pitching into the practice of working railroad conductors on Sunday. The other day, Mr. Beecher, in his peculiar way, was making inquiries of a conductor, to whom he was unknown, as to whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up. "I think it might be," said the conductor, "but for that confounded fellow Beecher. To many fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road profitable. If he would only shut up, the thing could be done."

AN ACT, Increasing the Pensions of Widows and Orphans, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provisions of the pension laws are hereby extended to and made to include provost marshals, deputy provost marshals, and enrolling officers, who have been killed or wounded in the discharge of their duties; and for the purpose of determining the amount of pension to which such persons and their dependents shall be ranked as captains, deputy provost marshals as first lieutenants, and enrolling officers as second lieutenants.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the pensions to widows of deceased soldiers and sailors, having children by such deceased soldiers or sailors, be increased at the rate of two dollars per month for each child of such soldier or sailor under the age of sixteen years.—And in all cases in which there shall be more than one child of any deceased soldier or sailor, leaving no widow, or where his widow has died or married again, or where she has been deprived of her pension under the provisions of section eleven of an act entitled "An act supplementary to the several acts relating to pensions," approved June sixth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, the pension granted to such children under sixteen years of age by existing laws shall be increased to the same amount per month that would be allowed under the foregoing provisions to the widow if living and entitled to a pension: Provided, That in no case shall more than one pension be allowed to the same person.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of an act entitled "An act to grant pensions," approved July fourteen, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and of the acts supplementary thereto and amendatory thereof, are hereby, so far as applicable, extended to the pensioners under previous laws, except revolutionary pensioners.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, If any person, during the pendency of his application for an invalid pension; and after the completion of the proof showing his right thereto, has died, or shall hereafter die, but not in either case by reason of a wound received, or disease contracted in the service of the United States, and in the line of duty, his widow, or his relatives in the same order in which they would have received a pension if they had been thereto entitled under existing laws, on account of the services and death in the line of duty of such person, shall have the right to demand and receive the accrued pension to which he would have been entitled had the certificate issued before his death.—And in all cases where such person so entitled to an invalid pension has died, or shall hereafter die under the circumstances hereinafter mentioned, whether by reason of a wound received or disease contracted in the service of the United States, and in the line of duty, or otherwise, without leaving a widow or such relatives, then such accrued pension shall be paid to the executor or administrator of such person in like manner and effect as if such pension were so much assets belonging to the estate of the deceased at the time of his death.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That the repeal by the act entitled "An act supplementary to the several acts relating to pensions," approved June sixth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, of parts of certain acts mentioned in the first section of said act, shall not work a forfeiture of any right accrued under or granted by such parts of such acts as are repealed; but such rights shall be recognized and allowed in the same manner and to all intents and purposes, as if said act had never passed, except that the invalid pensioner shall be entitled to draw from and after the taking effect of said act, the increased pension thereby granted, in lieu of that granted by such parts of such acts so repealed.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, That nothing in the fourth section of an act entitled "An act supplementary to the several acts relating to pensions," approved March third, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, or any other supplementary or amendatory act relating to pensions shall be construed as to impair the right of a widow, whose claim for a pension was pending at the date of her remarriage, to the pension to which she would otherwise be entitled, had her deceased husband left no minor child or children under sixteen years of age.

Approved July 1866.

—A young lady, whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a beau window put in for her benefit.

Letter from Maj Jack Downing

MESSES. EDITORS: I'm just from Washington City, and chuck full of news. I called to see the President and talked to him like a book, for me and him were school boys. I've a liking for Andy, and told him I didn't want to see him lost in the fog. Says he, Major I'll hear you, and so I put my thumbs in my jacket, drew myself back in my chair and commenced. Says I, Andy, for God's sake and mine, don't you make the same blunder John Tyler did. He got a notion in his head to get up a policy, and got quarreling with Congress, and then the Democrats patted him on the back and promised to stand by him; and know, ses I, Andy, they dropped him at the end of his term, just as a monkey would a hot chestnut. Ses I, Andy, you know how they used to get up meetings here, such fellows as Montgomery Blair would blow a horn, then some of the fellows under him would beat on tin pans and an old drum that must of stood out in the rain that when you beat on it it sounded like kicking a foot-ball; then they would gather up to this very White House in a great crowd and old John Tyler would come out, and with one thumb in his jacket, jes like me, and the fore-finger of his right hand leaning up against his long nose, he would say: "Fellow citizens, this immense assemblage of the yeomanry of the country convinces me that 'My Policy' is right." Then some feller would holler out, "Give it to Clay."—Then old John would call Clay a dictator and other hard names, like you called Forney. Ses I, Andy, that was not right for you, a President of these here United States, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, to talk about "dead ducks." Such expressions from me and you ain't becoming no how, and I kept denying you ever said it until Seward telegraphed it was an elegant speech, "dead ducks" and all. Now, ses I, Andy, don't let them fellows, Montgomery Blair, Tom F—, and others jes like them, draw you out to make a fool of yourself again. You keep shady, don't get mad, but try and follow as closely as you can the track of Old Abe and you'll be all right. Ses he, Major, don't the Democrats approve my course? Pshaw! ses I, Andy, are you green enough not to know what they are after? You know, ses I, Andy, they never get up any measure themselves, but always fight everything our party adopts. Why, Andy, ses I, I verily believe if Congress would pass a bill to keep trichinella hogs and cholera from landing on our shore, and you would veto the bill, the Democrats would pat you on the back and cry out, "Good for you, Andy; stick to principle and we'll stand by you." Why, ses I, Andy, they would take the stamp for you and would tell their Democratic friends as how there was no such thing as trichinella in hogs; that it was a Republican falsehood; intended to interfere with the whole hog principles of the Democracy. Now, ses I, Andy, you must not be fooled by these fellows in this way. There ain't a going to be any such thing as a new party formed, for the people all say the Union party is good enough for them, and they intend to stick to it.—Ses I, Andy, look at Connecticut and New Hampshire, how they stuck to the Union party against the copperheads.—Depend upon it, this is the feeling all over the country, and you can't change it. You helped to make it yourself when you told them in the Senate you would hang traitors. Ses I, Andy, if you caught a servant going to burn your house down, would you trust him any longer, even if he would swear he would never do it again? Breckinridge and Davis swore they would support the Constitution of the United States, and all the time they were trying to upset the Union, and of course Andy ses I, you know, if they upset the Union, the Constitution would be undermost. Now, would you, Andy, ses I, take either of these fellows into your Cabinet, and if you did, wouldn't you be afraid they would turn our own guns upon you, or steal all the money from the Treasury, and start another rebellion? If so, why do you quarrel with Congress for not taking such vile rebels like them into fellowship to make laws for us? Wouldn't you say, ses I, Andy, that a fellow that would try to take the life of your child, wouldn't be fit to be its guardian? And now, Andy, don't you think yourself—if you should come into Court and ask the Judge to appoint such fellow guardian—that you would be sent right away to the madhouse? Now, ses I, Andy, that's just what the people think, and they intend to stand by Congress in keeping the rebels out, and it godd' only turn and be with them, Andy, in that you'd be all right; but if you don't ses I, Andy, you'll be ground to mince meat. Ses he, Major, do you think so? Yes, ses I, Andy, I'm sure of it

and with that he took a drink, and asked me to join him, which, out of sheer respect, I did. Major, ses Andy, did you see an account of the Johnson Club? Ses I, Andy, what upon airth do you want with a club of Copperheads—you in the middle and they all curled up and hissing, ready to give you a dab behind and before? Now, ses I, Andy, this is a plan to catch you. There's Tom F, he'd throw his arms around your neck and plover you with a stream of blarney strong enough to turn a common sized water wheel, and say: Yes, Mr. President, these extremists are extremely extreme and fanatically fanatic, calling for the exercise of the superior, transcendent and unparalleled wisdom which you are known to possess. And then he'd go right off to the old public functionary, (Montgomery Blair) and the rest of them and wot and tell them how he was a foolen you, and makeen you believe he was in earnest, and then they'll all say "try him again, Tom, a little more soft soder and we have him." Why, Andy, ses I, then fellows have the impudence to say you're going to support Clymer for Governor. Now, ses I, Andy, can you stand such a tarmel barefaced insult? You know, Andy, ses I, when Clymer was a talkin all kinds of hard things about you, and wouldn't let you speak in the Capital of the State, Gen. Geary was a keepin the rebels from hurtin you, and I tell you, now, Andy, ses I, if it hadn't been for Geary's you might have been where Jeff Davis is, and Clymer a bean in Congress helpin to make provision for your trial for treason. He called you a tool of Lincoln's, and said you were a usurper; that you were no Governor, said mind you, Andy, ses I, then you had no patronage or power—now, when he finds you the President, he comes a roopin and smellin round the White House for Cabbage. Now, don't you see it, ses I, Andy? Ses he, Major, I do—and with that we took another drink of Dr. B's over-hot, and then Andy, he squared right round to me, clutched his fist, and swore by the Eternal he would go for Geary.—Now, ses I, Andy, stick to that, and don't gozle down any more of their Copperhead flattery, and don't let any of them old buzzards roost about the white House. Ses he, Major, I'll keep my eyes skinned for that, and then me and him parted.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

The People of Mexico.

Mexico, it is estimated, has not about the same number of inhabitants which she had twenty years ago—8,000,000.—Of these, only one million are pure whites, and mixed breeds, who are whites by education and sympathy. The remaining seven millions are Indians and the various grades of mixtures of whites, Indians and negroes, who are properly regarded as Indians from their habits and style of living. The Indians of Mexico appear to be of two races—the one (Aztec) light color, with decided Jewish nose and cast of feature; the other dark copper, broad face, prominent cheek bones, like the North American tribes. But they are a totally different race from their Northern brethren being capable of a high civilization, and being endowed with different natural impulses, which render them agriculturists and artisans rather than warriors and hunters. In a few tribes the love of liberty is so strong that the white man has never been able to subdue them; and the Spaniards were only two willing to live with them upon terms of equality and friendship. The French sent several expeditions against the Indians of the Sierras; but all returned worsted. The Austrians were but little more successful, and, finally, were obliged to conclude a treaty with those wild sons of the mountains.

In many parts of the country the wealthy Indians, descendants of the Aztec nobility, are among the best educated and most prominent people of the country. The large majority, nine-tenths, at least, are sunk in ignorance and vice, enduring life—not living—with a stolid indifference, and whose sole ambition is a drunken frolic on feast days, a fine hat and exemption from labor.

They are wercly "born vegetate and rot."

—At a "Spiritual Circle" the other evening, a vinegary lady asked, "Is the spirit of my husband present?" when an answer came, "He is." She asked, "John are you happy without me?" "Very happy." "Where are you, John?" "In h—!" It is further related that the vinegary lady threw a lamp at the medium's head, which had the effect of solving the problem of squaring the circle.

—The mercury recently rose to one hundred and twenty, in Atlantic City. It is reported that the mercury is now at one hundred and twenty, in Atlantic City.