Miscellaneous.

OMER PASHA'S GLOVES!

WHAT THEY DID FOR HIM.

In a recently published history of modern Greece and its insurrections, the following interesting particulars are given with regard to Omer Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces:

About fifteen years ago a young man arrived at Widdin, and asked to see Hussein Pasha, the commander of the place. His personal appearance was unusually prepossessing, being at once handsome and majestic. His complexion was fair and clear, his eyes soft and penetrating, and his limbs pliant and athletic. The Turks, who have a superstitious veneration for a fine physiognomy, and to whom, therefore, good looks are preeminently, as Queen Elizabeth said, an excellent letter of recommendation, received him with great cordiality and respect. Hussein was at the time encamped before Widdin, and living in a superb tent, to which the young stranger was directed. He happened unfortunately to get there just as Hussein was waking in no very good humor.

"What do you want?" said he, impatiently, to the intruder.

"To enter your excellency's service," was the reply.

"I have too many attendants already. Go away."

In Turkey it is allowable for people in the humblest condition to offer presents to a distinguished personage without any offence.—Accordingly, the young man pulled a small parcel, carefully done up, out of his pocket, and presented it to the pasha, begging him to accept it.

"What is this?" said the Pasha, when he had opened the parcel.

"Gloves, your excellency."

"And what use are they?"

"When you go into the sun, they will preserve the color of your hands, (the Pasha's were very white,) and when you are riding, they will prevent them from being blistered by the bridle."

"But how do you put them on?"

The young man answered by putting one on the pasha's hand.

"Now the other."

This was also put on. Hussein then clapped his hands, and raised them above his head, just as the officers of his suite were entering the tent. Thanks to his pair of gloves, which were the admiration of the pasha and his staff, the stranger was admitted into Hussein's service, and became his confidential aid-de-camp. Now this stranger was no other than Michael Hattas, a native of Croatia, formerly inspector of roads and bridges in Austria, and now Omer Pasha, the heroic and illustrious commander-in-chief of the Turkish army.

How was it that this young man, without country, this fugitive without resource, this German who had turned Turk, thus made his destiny turn upon a pair of gloves? The answer is no less curious than what has already been stated.

Michael, the fourth son of Peter Hattis, a poor Austrian noble, was so weakly in his infancy that, but for the greatest efforts of maternal affection, he must have died long before reaching the age of manhood. At eighteen he was entrusted with the superintendence of bridges and roads at Carlstadt, and at twenty was appointed sub-inspector at Zara, in Delmatia. Having been compromised in a political affair, he fled from his country to the Turkish frontier, with only a small sum in his pocket. The first village he came to after crossing the frontier, was called Omer Unis, so he assumed the name of Omer with the turban, and proceeded at random through the province of Bosnia. Here he was waylaid by robbers, who stripped him of everything, not even excepting his clothes, and left him naked on the road. A peasant happening to pass by soon afterwards, and pitying his destitute condition, received him into his house, and gave him some money. He was thus enabled to reach Banjalouka, where he obtained a situation in a shop.—Here it was his good fortune to meet with a favorable turn in the current of his history. His employer had a charming daughter.—Omer was not insensible to her attractions. The young girl could not without emotion see the exile pursued by misfortune—this brave and gallant engineer reduced to the position of a clerk—that hand so elegant and white, yet so energetic and manly, doomed to the inglorious occupation of holding a pen instead of wielding a sword.

The two young people understood each other without speaking together, and the father clearly saw what was going on between them without being admitted to the confidence of either. One morning he sent Omer two presents, one consisting of a marriage ring with an inventory of his effects, and the other, a purse full of gold with a beautiful sabre.—Omer at once understood the choice that was offered him, the fortune of the trader and the hand of his daughter, or departure and a military life, with the means of getting to the nearest camp. He hesitated awhile, but at length decided to keep the ring and the inventory, and return the sabre and the purse.

On the following day the two young people were betrothed amid great family rejoicings. But the day after, the young lady, overpowered by her good fortune, was taken ill never to recover. For a week or more her father and plighted lover watched over her with the tenderest solicitude and received her last sigh with tears. Then the merchant once more presented the sabre and the purse to the young man, with these words: "It is the will of god! It was so decreed! May glory be more true to you than happiness!" Omer now accepted the weapon, and kissing the icy hand of his departed angel, set out for Widdin, where he became Hussein's aid-de-camp, as we have already stated. After the death of the Pasha of Widdin, Omer went to Constantinople, and there rose rapidly from rank to rank, till he reached that of mushir, and was appointed in 1852 to the command of the Ottoman forces, in consequence of his distinguished merit and eminent success.

Such is what can be accomplished by a pair of gloves— in good hands.

A Smooth Drink.

Dan says that a year or two ago he happened to have in his employ a couple of "broths of boys" who like all the jolly "ould Ireland," liked "a bit of a taste of something" consumedly well; and often indulged in it to his grievous annoyance, for of course they usually chose the most inopportune moment to get "cordialed."

On one occasion, in her husband's absence, Mrs. Dan noticed that Pat and Mike had procured a supply of the "craythor," and stowed the jug that contained it upon a deserted shelf in the chimney corner.

Women you know—God bless 'em, nevertheless, hardly like us of the sterner sex to "liquidate," and with her sisters' proverbial avertion to the "red-eye," my friend's wife took advantage of the merry dog's attendance to their "chores" and abstracting their jug, substituted in its stead one exactly similar in appearance, outwardly so, but not in its inards.

At night the boys bunked in upon the kitchen floor, and Mr. D. and his lady retired to their room, the door of which opened into the kitchen, where they could have a view from their bed of what might transpire between the "bog-trotters."

When Mike had given what he supposed was ample time for the "boss" to go to sleep, he bunched his neighbor, saying:

"Arrah, Pat; let's have a drap."

"Begorry, so say I Mike; it's as dry as a chip I am, entirely, this blessed night."

Up both sprang, and Pat reaching the jug took it from its perch, and in full view of Mr. D. and his wife, who were watching the motions, took a swig. But the expression of his face was anything but a favorable comment upon the contents. Mike noticed the contortion, and exclaimed:

"Pat, what the devil are you makin' sich a bad look over the whiskey for?"

"Faith, Mike," replied his companion, recovering himself, "it was no bad look at all, I was afther making. I was only thinkin what a smooth drink it was, sure."

"Hand over here," cried Mike impatiently; and applying it to his lips, he took a generous draught.

"Blurenages!" he roared, rushing for the door, where Pat followed him, and the noise of their efforts at "heaving Jonah," made the night hideous.

My friend and his partner thought they would crack their sides in bed, laughing over the affair; and next morning he went to the jug and shook it, but it was sadly depleted.

"Mike," he cried, addressing one of two as sickly looking Irishmen as ever complained, "What on earth has become of all the linseed oil?"

"Linseed ile, is it, sir?" exclaimed Pat, with an air as though something had cleared up a great mystery to him.

"Yes, I want some to oil the harness, and I see it's almost gone."

The poor fellow only muttered—"Linseed ile, it was sure, bad luck to it then; it went down mighty smooth."

This was too much for my friend, as he overheard this observation, and he had to give vent to pent up laughter, at which Pat "vamosed" but in such high dudgeon that the mention of a "smooth drink" wakes up the shillalegh in him whenever one hazards to hint at it.

A Tale of Odd Fellowship.

A lodge of the I. O. O. F. at Woodstown, determined to have their lodge room done up clean and nice, and it was unanimously resolved that Mrs. K —— should be employed to do the job.

After the meeting adjourned the Guardian who knew the inquisitive character of Mrs. K——, procured a billy goat and placed him in a closet which is keptas a reservoir for the secret things. He then informed the good lady of the wishes of the lodge, and requested her to come early the next morning, as he would then be at leisure to show her what was and what was not to be done.

Morning came and with it Madam K—— with her broom, brushes, pails, tubs, etc., prepared and armed for the job, the Guardian was waiting for her.

"Now madam," said he, "I will tell you what we want done, and how we came to employ you. The brothers said it was difficult to get any body to do the job and not be meddling with secrets in that little closet; we have lost the key and cannot find it to lock the door. I assured them that you could be depended on.

"Depended on!" said she, "I guess I can, my poor dear, dead and gone husband, who belonged to the Free Masons or the Anty Masons, I don't know which, used to tell me all the secrets of the concern, and when he showed me the marks of the gridiron made when he was initiated, and told me how they fixed poor Morgan, I never told a living soul to this day; if nobody troubles your closet to find your secrets till I do, they'll lay there till they rot."

"I thought so," said the Guardian, "and I want you to commence in that corner, and give the whole room a decent cleaning, and as I have pledged my word and honor for your fidelity to promise, now don't go in that closet!" and then left the lady to herself.

No sooner had she heard the sound of his feet on the last step of the stairs than she exclaimed, "Don't go in that closet! why, what on earth can there be in that closet? I'll warrant there is a big gridiron, or some nonsense just like the anty-masons, for all the world, I'll be bound. I will just take one peep, and nobody will be any the wiser, as I can keep it to myself."

Suiting the action to the word, she stepped softly to the door of the forbidden closet—turned the button—which was no sooner done than—Buh-ah-ah! went the Billy goat, with a spring to regain his liberty, which came nigh upsetting her ladyship. Both started for the door, but it was filled with the implements of house cleaning, all were swept clear from their position down to the bottom of the stairs.

The noise and confusion occasioned by such unceremonious coming down stairs, drew half the town to witness Mrs. K——'s effort to get from under the goat and a pile of pails, tubs, brushes and brooms, in the street.

Who should be first on the spot but that rascally door-keeper, who after releasing the goat, which was a cripple for life, and uplifting the other rubbish, that bound the good woman to the earth anxiously inquired if she had been taking the degrees?

"Taking the degrees!" exclaimed our lady, "if you call tumbling from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with the devil jumping on ye as ye go, taking things by degrees, I have then; and if ye frighten folks as bad as ye have me, and hurt em to boot, I'll warrant they'll make as much noise as I did."

"I hope you did not open the closet, madam," said the door-keeper.

"Open the closet? Eve eat the apple she was forbidden. If you want a woman to do anything tell her not to do it, and she'll do it sartain."

"I could not stand the temptation. The secret was there—I wanted to know it—I opened the door out popped the tarnal critter right in my face. I thought the devil had me, I broke for the stairs with the devil butting me every jump—I fell over the tub, and got down stairs as you found us—all in a heap."

"But, madam," said the door-keeper, "you are in possession of the great secret of the order, and must go up and be initiated, sworn and ride the goat in the regular way."

"Regular way?" exclaimed the lady, "and do you suppose I am going near that tarnal place agin and ride that critter without a bridle or ladies' saddle? No, never! I don't want nothin to do with the man that rides it. I'd look nice perched on a Billy goat, if it was a goat, wouldn't I? No, never! I'll never go nigh it again, or your hall nuther; and if I can prevent it, no lady shall ever join the Oddfellers. Why, I'd sooner be a free mason, and be broiled on a gridiron as long as fire could be kept under it, and pulled from a garret to a cellar, with a halter, in a pair of old breeches and slippers just as my poor dear, dead and gone husband used to tell me they served him, and he lived over it too, but I never could live over such another ride as I took to-day."

You may rest assured I shall never see a goat but what I shall think of the Odd Fellows and the degrees.

Law Reform in England.

Trial by Jury is in process of gradual extinction in England. Our own jurisprudence and legal practice are so much derived from English sources, (as the natural consequence of our similarity of origin and language,) that it is well to be "posted up" as to any organic or even important changes which may be made across the water, in the principles and practice of the law. Here we quote English precedents, authorities, and decisions.

Trial by Jury may be considered as a "sick man," (as Turkey was by the Czar,) not exactly with its days numbered, but with its marrow dried up. It has had several paralytic strokes,—"the least a death to nature!" First came a succession of demonstrations in favor of abolishing all action of Grand Juries, and leaving the yes or no of indictments to remain exclusively at the will of a responsible public prosecutor. This was the repeatedly expressed opinion of successive Grand Juries of Middlesex who have greater experience on the subject than any other persons in England. It is understood, indeed, that, at no remote day, the present Grand Jury system will be greatly altered, if not wholly abolished.

The second blow was dealt by the establishment of the County Courts in England, by which, plaintiff and defendant consenting, the decision could be given by the lawyer who presided as Judge, without bringing the case at all before a Jury. So extensively has this license been made use of that, out of several millions of cases which have been disposed of in the County Courts in England, scarcely one in two thousand have gone before a Jury. The public have preferred the decision of an impartial judge, and have trusted the facts and the law to him.

The third blow is very recent, and has scarcely been struck as yet. In the last Parliamentary Session a provision was introduced into a new statute for simplifying and improving Common Law procedure, which allowed the judge, by mutual written consent of the litigants, to try questions of fact without a jury. This will probably effect great changes. At present in the court of equity proceedings, issues to try questions of fact are frequently sent down to the Common Law courts. Heretofore such trials went before a jury. In most cases for the future, the judge will give the decision and it is expected, (not unreasonably perhaps,) that sounder judgements will be given, and more substantial justice performed, than the public have received when the jury system was in force.

There appears no *present* intention of interfering with trial by jury in criminal cases. To deprive a man the privilege of being tried by his peers would probably incur more disapprobation than any law reformer in England, and, with Lord Campbell and other eminent British lawyers, desires that *the verdict shall be given by the majority*, as in Scotland. It appears extremely absurd to expect perfect unanimity upon one subject from any collection of twelve men.—One refractory or conscientious juror, under the present system, can prevent the delivery of any verdict, and thereby duplicate the cost and trouble of a trial besides delaying it.

We have glanced at this question because our own lawyers and law makers ought to know how the law is being dealt with elsewhere. No doubt they will attentively watch how the alteration works. At all events, its importance, legally and socially, can scarcely be exaggerated.—*New York Times.*

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