New Orleans Republican.

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NO MORE.

No more—it is a harp's low tone
Whispering of light and pleasures gone;
No more—it is a broken lute,
A fading flower, with blighted root.

No more—it is a murmuring rill
Whose waves will soon be hushed—be still—
But while they run keep chanting low
The hymn of all things here below.

No more—it is a severed chord;
The breaking of a plighted word;
An echo of the pulse's beat,
Ere quiet are its hastening feet.

No more—it is a shadow fled;
A haunting thought of loved and dead;
A cloud that hovers over earth;
A discord in each song of mirth.

No more—it is a passing bell,
Of youth, and love, and life the knell;
A cypress wreath, a pall, a bier—
The end of human hope and fear.

THE TRIP OF THE MARY ANN.

Captain John Jones owned and sailed the Mary Ann. Captain Jones had commenced life with nothing but a strong frame and immense determination; but these had borne fruit, and now, after many years hard labor, he had his reward. He owned and commanded two Mary Anns—one the best of wives; the other the finest boat on the line of the canal. For, like a sensible man, he had married a sensible woman, and as a mark of his appreciation for her sterling qualities, he had named his chief possession after her. And, besides wife and boat, he had as bright and pretty a daughter as ever gladdened the heart of a parent.

It was vacation now, and Dolly had come home on a visit, and was going to the city with her parents to get a supply of new dresses and hats and ribbons; for Dolly liked to look pretty and be in the fashion, and the old captain was so proud of her that, saving and economical as he was on his own account, he never dreamed of limiting her, or grumbled at any expense that she incurred.

The only persons attached to the Mary Ann were the boy who drove and Joe—the latter a youth, who, like his master, the captain, had risen in life from the very humblest beginning.

Half a dozen years before a barefooted little fellow, in a torn straw hat, and an immense pair of old trowsers that almost swallowed him up, they were so large and he so little, had applied to the captain for work, and, after a good deal of cross-questioning, had been taken on trial as the driver of the Mary Ann's mules. This was Joe; and Joe had driven well, and shown himself so quick and bright, and good-natured withal, as customary in such cases, the captain took him home to his own house, and sent him to school during the winter with Dolly. The next summer Joe proved himself still more useful, and in the winter again went to school with the captain's daughter. She had been longest in attendance, and was the most advanced, and often bent her brown curls over Joe's book or slate, to help him out of some knotty problem in arithmetic or grammar; and in return he carried her satchel of books for her, helped her on with her overshoes, and over the snow-drifts, and was a devoted little cavalier in a hundred other ways. So it went on until Dolly was promoted from the public school to the "Young Ladies' Seminary," and henceforth he had to do his ciphering alone, and Dolly had grown such a little beauty that she had many besides Joe to carry her books for her.

Dolly's going with them was a great treat to Joe. And as soon as it was decided upon he set to work and tore down the old sail-cloth that had been good enough until then, and out of his little savings bought and put up a gay, bright-colored awning over all the after part of the boat, and rearranged the cabin, and trimmed and festooned it with evergreens and flowers, and in a dozen other ways so beautified and adorned the Mary Ann that she looked more like a bridal bark than a sober craft laden with freight for the Albany market. Her little after-cabin was a wonderful example of the amount of comfort and convenience that can be crowded into the smallest space. It had two tiny staterooms opening into it, and was surrounded with innumerable drawers and closets, and was in all respects as neat and bright and dainty as possible. All Joe's labor was expended here, for Dolly was to occupy it, along with her father and mother, although the cabin where he slept was as rude and cheerless as the other was cozy and homelike.

"Oh how nice! I should never have known the old boat," exclaimed that young lady, when she came aboard. "Why, papa, it seems to me you have grown very gay of late."

"It ain't me—it's Joe," replied the captain. "He's bin to work ever since he knew you was comin'. I told him it was all waste and foolishness; but Joe thinks there ain't anything quite good enough for you, Dolly."

Dolly blushed and tossed her pretty head, as much as to say that although the sentiment was correct enough, she didn't know what right he had to think about her at all. Still, she couldn't help feeling flattered and pleased by this attention; and when Joe came in to speak to her she put her little white hand in his big brown one, and thanked him for what he had done in such a charming way that the foolish fellow, who had spent all his spare time for a week and a large share of his summer's earnings upon it, felt a hundred times repaid.

All the way to the city Dolly was perfectly bewitching, and, notwithstanding all her efforts, Joe kept getting deeper and deeper in love. But although she was so gracious, he was so modest that he did not dare to breathe a word of his passion. Poor fellow! his happiness was not destined to be of long duration. At Albany, where the boat was detained a week, taking off and on freight, they were joined by Mr. Augustus Stubbins, commonly called Gus Stubbs, one of Dolly's most devoted admirers, and who happened to be in the city then, as he always happened to be not far off from where Dolly was staying. Old Stubbins was the richest man in the village. He had made a fortune in paper bags during the war, and young Stubbins, who was busy spending it, was most conceited; but as he had plenty of money, was tolerably good-looking, and talked and dressed loud, and had the reputation of being rather a dangerous fellow, all the girls were flattered by his attentions, and Dolly was especially envied when he joined the list of her suitors.

Heretofore, the reception his advances had met at her hands had not been very flattering to his pride, but on this occasion she seemed better pleased. He came every day, took her walking and driving, escorted her on shopping excursions, and so monopolized her society that Joe got scarcely a chance to see or speak to her. Poor fellow! he watched all this with fierce, eager eyes, and a heart inflamed with passion; for although he did not consider himself worthy of Dolly, and scarcely had a hope of ever winning her love, he could not help being devoured by jealousy, which Stubbs increased by being very insolent toward him, never noticing him except to treat him as an inferior. One evening he was lounging on the boat as usual, smoking and talking to Dolly, when his cigar went out. Joe was busy at some distance, but he called out to him: "Joe, my good fellow, run and get me a match."

Joe looked up with flashing eyes, but did not speak or move.

Dolly saw the look, and, apprehending trouble, she said, "I will bring you a light," and ran into the cabin; while Joe, enraged that Dolly should wait upon him, turned away, boiling over with anger and bitterness. But Stubbs, who was a bully wherever he dared to be, was not at all content.

"Didn't you hear me," he continued: "I asked you to get me a match."

"Yes, I heard," said Joe, sullenly; "but I don't wait on such puppies as you."

"What do you say, you miserable beggar?" said Stubbs, springing to his feet, and rushing wildly toward him with clinched fists.

"Be careful," said Joe, between his set teeth; "if you lay a finger on me, I'll pitch you overboard!" And as Stubbs raised his hand he seized him by the throat and would have carried the threat into instant execution, so infuriated was he, had not Dolly at that moment sprang between them.

"Stop!" she cried, imperatively, looking at Joe. "Have you no respect for me, that you quarrel with my friends right before my eyes? I'm ashamed of you."

Poor Joe! He was naturally the best natured fellow in the world, but the continued insults of his rival, combining with his jealousy, had aroused the sleeping tiger that exists in every human bosom; and yet, before the rebuking eyes of the woman he loved, it crouched at her feet, abashed.

"Come," she continued, taking Mr. Stubbs' arm, "let us go; you mustn't mind him." Dolly was indignant at Joe, for she didn't understand the many provocations he had received; but she was still more indignant at Stubbs, and she informed that young gentleman, as he marched off, that if he ever spoke in that way to Mr. Joseph again he could consider himself dismissed on the spot. But Joe did not know this; he thought she sided against him, and was cruel and unjust; and when, on the next morning, feeling rather ashamed of his temper, and with the tiger in his bosom become a very lamb, he went up to her to apologize, and she, thinking him not yet sufficiently punished, turned away without speaking, he in turn became indignant; and all day long he brooded over his wrongs and unhappiness and hopeless love, until he became almost wild, and determined to end it by going away. He was a mere underling there; Stubbs had called him a beggar, and it was plain that Dolly despised him. He would go off to the West, and become rich and independent, and perhaps then she would feel sorry for treating him so. With this determination he went to the captain and gave him notice that he should leave at the end of the present trip. The captain was astonished, and offered to increase his wages if he would stay; but Joe told him he didn't care for the money; he had made up his mind to go, and nothing could turn him from it.

That night the captain, Gus and Dolly all went to the theatre together, while Joe was left to take care of the boat. The play was one of love and adventure, full of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling incidents. Dolly had never been to a real theatre before, and she was entirely carried away by the brilliant scene.

"Oh," she cried, with a sigh of intense relief, as the curtain fell upon the happy finale, "I'm so glad it all came out right. I was so afraid she was going to marry that other man—the bad one. How happy a girl must be with such a good and brave lover!"

"I'm not so sure about the 'good,'" said Mr. Stubbs, who rather prided himself on being a trifle wicked; "but as far as being 'brave,' I don't think you have any reason to complain about your lovers, Dolly. I know one, at least, who would go through more dangers than the fellow in the play for you."

"Do you?" said Dolly. "Who can it be—Jack Smith?"

"Jack Smith, indeed!" said Stubbs, contemptuously. "I mean, of course, your humble servant," and he flourished his cane fiercely around his head.

"Oh," said Dolly, "you!"

"Yes. One can't be a hero with nothing to fight; but just let me have an opportunity, and you will see!"

In the meantime the ancient mariner, unused to such late hours on shore, was hurrying home to his vessel, when a party of roughs sprang suddenly out from a dark alleyway, and throwing a shawl over his head, dragged him to the ground. He was taken all unawares and was down before he knew it; but he struggled hard and shouted lustily for aid.

"Oh, they are killing papa!" cried Dolly. "Quick! Let us run and help him."

"No, don't go there," said Stubbs, seizing her arm. "You'll get hurt. Come with me; we can get to the boat by going down the next street;" and he dragged her back.

"Let go of me, sir!" she cried, passionately. "If you are afraid to go and help my father, I am not!" And she tore herself free and ran toward the spot where the captain was still struggling in the hands of his assailants. Stubbs looked after a moment, half inclined to follow; but the thoughts of the daggers and slungshots he might have to encounter was too much for his chivalry; for, bully and braggart as he was, he was an arrant coward at heart. So, muttering to himself, "She's too plucky for me! the best thing I can do is to get a policeman," he ran off in the opposite direction.

Dolly ran quickly toward her father, and, without stopping a moment to think, she threw her arms around one of the villains that was bending over him; and so strong and athletic was she, and so unexpected the attack, that she hurled him to the ground like a log. He sprang to his feet and gazed in astonishment at her. "A gal, as I'm a sinner!" he exclaimed, "and a devilish pretty one, too! Come, my beauty, since hugging is your game, you shall have plenty of it." And he seized her around the waist. Poor Dolly! She had expended all her strength in her first effort, and now was almost powerless in this ruffian's arms. Her temporary courage and strength were gone, and, though she struggled still, it was in a weak and womanly way, with big tears in her eyes, and her heart throbbing as though it would break. It was without much difficulty, therefore, that the fellow wrenched off her brooch and bracelets, and relieved her of her watch and chain; but when, having secured this booty, he attempted to kiss her, she shrieked so loud that Joe, who had been walking restlessly up and down the boat all the evening, heard, and with the fond intuition of love at once recognized the sound.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "it's Dolly!" and seizing a boat hook, he darted with the speed of an arrow toward the sound. As he reached the scene he saw the captain stretched out on the ground, with one ruffian holding him down and another rifling his pockets, while a third was dragging poor Dolly, now entirely helpless, into an alleyway.

Joe needed but this sight to infuriate him. He sprang on the villain, and with one blow stretched him senseless at his feet. Then, with the ferocity of a young tiger that has tasted blood, he turned upon the captain's assailants, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole scene was changed. The captain was up and swearing like the jolly old tar that he was, and shaking his fist at every oath in the face of the two rascals who lay with broken heads at his feet; while Dolly, trembling and panting like a wounded bird, had thrown herself into Joe's arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

In a few minutes a policeman, who probably had been lurking around the corner until all was over, came up and secured the thieves, and behind him came Mr. Stubbs, who going up to Dolly, with refreshing coolness, hoped she was not hurt; and taking hold of her arm, he said,

"I will relieve you now, Joe. You had better look after the captain."

But Dolly looked up indignantly, and exclaimed, "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! I never want to see you again;" and clinging tightly to Joe, she whispered, "Don't leave me, Joe; you are so brave and good, and he is such a coward! Take me home yourself, please;" and she hid her burning face on his shoulder.

How Joe's heart thrilled then. It was the proudest moment of his life. Pretty, proud, scornful Dolly, lying sobbing in his arms, and clinging helplessly to him for assistance, while her rich and insolent lover was sent off in scorn and derision. As he supported her tenderly back to the boat he could hardly believe it was real, and yet he was happier than any prince. But the course of true love never did run smooth. When he met Dolly the next morning her face flushed rosy red, and, instead of the reception he hoped for, she hastily turned away, and he scarcely saw her again the whole day. So all his bright hopes sank to zero again. Whenever they met she seemed constrained and ill at ease, and oftentimes was quite cool to him. Poor fellow! he did not understand the mysteries of a young girl's heart. He thought she was displeased with him for having been so bold with her that night when she was frightened, and that she was mourning for the rich lover she had lost. So convinced was he of this that he became more dejected and unhappy than ever, and fully confirmed in his determination to go West.

One night he was leaning against the rail of the boat feeling sad and gloomy. They would be at the village in the morning, and then Dolly would leave them, and he probably would never see her again. All the bright hopes and visions that, almost unacknowledged to himself, he had cherished so long, must be given up. As the thought of toiling on day after day without ever seeing that dear bright face, or any hope of winning her love, surged in upon his heart, involuntarily a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, and he bowed his face into his hands. He was aroused by the touch of a little soft hand on his shoulder, and a sweet voice, thrilling him through and through, said:

"Dear Joe, what is the matter? You are going away, and yet you are unhappy. Tell me what it is, won't you? What displeased you?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"There must be something," continued Dolly, "or you wouldn't leave us and go off among strangers who don't know you or care for you."

"Do you care whether I go or not?" he asked, looking up eagerly.

"Of course I care," she answered, blushing. "Haven't we grown up together, and didn't you save me from those robbers?"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, disappointed.

"Why, what would you have?" she asked, gazing up into his face with an innocent expression. That dear, bright face was so near; her voice so soft and sweet; her eyes so tender; her warm, fragrant breath was on his cheek; and Joe—was it any wonder?—Joe forgot himself.

"I would have you!" he cried passionately. "Dolly, I love you better than life—better than anything else in the world. I know that I am not worthy—that you do not care for me. And yet I could not bear to see you belong to any one else. And so I am going away where I shall never see you again."

There was a moment's pause, and then, with her sweet voice all in a tremble, Dolly asked:

"Is that the only reason fer your going?"

"Yes," he answered, sadly. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," she replied, hiding her blushing face in her hands; "for Dolly wants you to stay and—and love her."

The great gush of happiness that flowed in upon Joe's guileless heart with those words we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that he staid.

When the frost came, and the Mary Ann was laid up for the winter, there was a joyous wedding at the village church; and amid music and flowers, and the merry chime of bells, Joe and Dolly were made one; and as he proudly bore his blushing bride away, followed by the good wishes of all the town, and a perfect shower of shoes, he thought himself the luckiest, happiest fellow in the land, and, strange to say, although the honeymoon has long been over, he still continues in the same belief.

John on the Rail.

A Bohemian of the most reckless type sends his experiences in Rochester to a New York city paper:

I did not find the luxuriant cuss who stole my watch on the Bleecker street cars in Syracuse, and Learing that an awful mean looking fellow had been seen in Rochester, I went there. The watch was one of Juggernaut's make, and I wanted it. On the way to the depot in Syracuse a real nice little lap dog jumped over a fence and sprang at me. He weighed more than ten dollars worth of coal at June prices, and as I gazed down his mouth I thought of Jonah. He remarked to me, 'Bow, wow, wow,' and I said to him in a pacifying way, 'Nice Teaser, pretty little Teaser;' but a lady shouted, 'Rover, Rover—here Rover,' and he left me. Then she quietly informed me that I needn't be at all frightened; the dog had had his dinner, and wasn't hungry.

I got into the cars and took a seat in juxtaposition to a female. That female's face was a perfect insurance company for her—it insured her against ever getting married to anything but a blind man. Her mouth looked like a crack in a dried lemon, and there was no more expression in her face than there is in a spinal column of a cup of cold custard. She appeared as if she had been through one famine and had got about two-thirds through another. She was old enough to be great-grandmother to Mary that had the little lamb. She was chewing prize pop-corn, and carried in her hand a yellow rose, while a bandbox and a cotton umbrella nestled sweetly by her side. I couldn't guess whether she was on a mission of charity or going West to start a sawmill. I was full of curiosity to hear her speak, so I said:

"The exigencies of the times require great circumspection in a person who is traveling."

Says she, "What!"

Says I, "The orb of day shines resplendent in the blue vault above."

She hitched around uneasy like—then she raised her umbrella and said, "I don't want none of your sass—git out," and I got out.

Then I took a seat alongside of a male fellow who looked like the ghost of *Hamlet* lengthened out. He was a stately cuss, and he was reading.

Said I, "Mister, did you ever see a camel leopard?" I said camel leopard because it is a pious animal, and it never eats any grass without getting down on its knees. He said he hadn't seen a camel leopard. Then I said, "Do you chew?"

He said, "No, sir."

Then I said, "How sweet is nature?"

He took this for a conundrum and said "he didn't know." Then he said he was deeply interested in the history of a great man. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "we have but few."

I told him I knew one; "the man that made my cooking stove was a grate man."

Then he asked me "would I read?"

Says I, "What you got?"

He replied, "Watt's Hymns, Reveries by Moonlight and How to Spend the Sabbath."

I said, "None of them for Hannah," but if he had got an unabridged business directory of New York I would take a little read.

Then he said, "Young man, look at these gray hairs."

I told him I saw them, and when a man got as old as he was he ought to dye. Said I, "You needn't think those hairs are any sign of wisdom; it's only a sign that your system lacks iron," and I advised him to go home and swallow a crowbar.

He took this for irony, and what little *entente cordiale* there was between us was spilled. It turned out that he was chaplain to a base ball club.

When we got to Rochester, I called for a bowl of bean soup. It ought to be called lean soup. I send you the recipe for making it: "Take a lot of water, wash it well, and boil it until it is brown on both sides; then very carefully pour one bean into it and let it simmer. If it won't simmer, pour in water until it does simmer. When the bean begins to get restless, sweeten it with salt, then put it up in air-tight cans, hitch each can to a brick, and chuck them overboard, and the soup is done."

Genesee Falls are at Rochester. Sam Patch made his last jump there. His jump down was a success, but his jump up was a failure, because he has never riz. I bet a fellow that I could tell to a quart how much water fell over the falls in a year. He bet, and I said two pints to a quart. I won the bet. They settle coffee with codfish skins, but they settle Rochester with men and women. The only original settler who is living died a few years ago. Rochester is celebrated for its fine turnouts. I saw a very fine turnout to-day—a wagon upset and spilled a lot of women. Next Sunday will be very generally observed here as the Sabbath. It is not kept wholly. Remember me to the piece-makers. No cards."

An ingenious application of photography has been made to indicate when locks have been tampered with, although it does not actually prevent tampering. In many cases, however, to make it certain that tampering with a lock will be uniformly discovered is enough to prevent any attempt to open them. The application has been made with success to the cars on the railroads acting as bonded carriers in the transportation of goods in bond, under the act of Congress authorizing such transportation. Simple padlocks are used, provided with the customhouse seal. This is a small piece of glass, which is passed over the keyhole, and held by a spring in such a way that it can not be removed except by breaking the glass. The seals are made by etching in New York large sheets of glass so that they shall be covered with irregular figures that can not be duplicated. These are sent to the Treasury Department at Washington, where they are photographed. These photographs are taken, and then the glass and the photographs are cut into small squares, and each square of glass, with its photographs, are forwarded to the officers in New York. When a car is locked, one of these glass seals is put over the keyhole, and a photograph forwarded to the officer of the destination to which the goods are shipped. A comparison of the photograph with the seal at once shows whether the lock has been opened or not.

SPRAGUE.

A Green New Yorker's Trip to Providence—What He Saw, and What He Heard—How He Lost His Money.

[From the New York Sun.]

A New Yorker visited Providence and Narragansett Park during the recent races. For the first few days after his return he answered all questions by simply saying—"Sprague."

During a lucid interval he made the following explanation:

I left this city on one of the New York and Providence line of steamboats. On going through Hell Gate, I remarked to a fellow passenger that the company provided comfortable and substantial boats for the Sound travelers.

"The company don't own these boats now, they have been sold to a rich Providence man," replied my companion.

"Who is the lucky man?"

"Sprague."

In the morning, when within fifteen miles of Providence, I noticed a beautiful villa on the western shore of Narragansett Bay. A fine pier ran into the water.

"Who owns that place?" said I to a Providence man.

"Sprague."

Just before reaching Providence a beautiful yacht passed us. She skimmed over the water as graceful as a swan.

"There goes the fastest yacht in these waters," said the Providence man.

"Who owns her?"

"Sprague."

On landing, I stepped into a horse car. It was very light, neat and clean.

"I am glad to see that there is one company in the United States that knows how to run a horse railroad," said I to my Providence friend.

"This road is not owned by a company. All the railroads in this city are run by one individual."

"Who is that public benefactor?"

"Sprague."

"On the way up town a number of large trucks, each drawn by four black horses, passed us. On the sides of the truck I read the words:

"Sprague Mowing Machine Company."

In the main street of the town a number of trucks loaded with dry goods boxes passed us. The trucks were labeled:

"Sprague's Print Works."

"Let us take a walk up Hope street," said my Providence friend.

Hope street was lined with aristocratic mansions. One princely residence, with extensive grounds, hothouse and stables, threw them all in the shade. Of course I inquired:

"Who owns this place?"

"Sprague."

While driving out to Narragansett Park we passed a large factory, surrounded by several streets of cozy white houses, all built alike.

"Those houses were built by one man for his workmen to live in."

"Who is it that cares so much for the workingman?"

"Sprague."

Arriving at the park, my friend called my attention to a long row of substantial, handsome stables.

"Here," said he, "all horses intended to participate in the races are kept free of expense."

"Who does this hospitable thing?"

"Sprague."

"Now step into the grand stand and look over the finest race track and surroundings in the world."

"Who has done all this?"

"Sprague."

Just then the bell rang to summon the horses for a trot. Out came Henry, Hotspur, Elmo, and Rhode Island. They were all beauties. Rhode Island was the handsomest. His skin shone like black satin. He was full of electricity.

"Who owns Rhode Island?"

"Sprague."

I now thought I had a sure thing. I bet all my money. Surely the horse that would win that race would be Sprague's.

Rhode Island lost—the horse that came in last was—Sprague's.

Sketch of Laura D. Fair.

[From the Capital.]

The time is approaching very near for the execution of the sentence of death upon Mrs. Laura D. Fair, and unless the executive pardon be interposed, California will witness for the first time within its history the execution of a woman by hanging. Well might the victim exclaim: "Is it possible that a woman of my face and form can ever be hung?" It must be confessed it looks extremely like it; and it is safe to say, should the sentence be carried out, that she will not be the only one that will be surprised.

To one who lived in that community during the war and anterior to it, realizing the almost unlimited immunity guaranteed to a female, especially one so superlatively beautiful as was Mrs. Fair, it seems incredible that a jury could be found that would convict her of murder in the first degree. It possibly can only be accounted for because of the defiant attitude assumed by her after the deed, and her too openly manifested confidence in and presumption upon that feeling of tolerance toward woman, no matter how culpable she might be, so strong in the nature of every Californian. Doubtless, too, a strong argument with that jury consisted in the universal feeling of sympathy for the family of Crittenden. Mrs. Fair was very beautiful in person, nor was her mind deficient in those qualities that add to personal charms.

Without being educated, save as to music, in which she was most accomplished, she had a vivacity of manner and sprightliness of intellect that invested her with a more than passing interest. She possessed the faculty of entertaining many at once, and on seeing her amid several gentlemen, and observing the facility with which she could leap as it were from subject to subject, could not help but realize that while she did not possess the most comprehensive knowledge of the various topics, she at least was a very "clever" woman. She was one of those persons who desired to interest gentlemen only. She cared nothing for the opinion of her own sex, possessed many good traits of character, and indeed was, because of such good qualities, enabled to captivate such a man as Judge Crittenden.

Mrs. Fair, eight years ago, was in person remarkable. A blonde of most exquisite complexion, the fairness of her skin never gave room for a doubt that art had aided in any way; she had fine dark eyes, with long drooping lashes, and a form of perfect proportions. Added to this, she possessed great taste in dress; inclining to the subdued colors for the promenades in the evening, the rich and elegant style characteristic of the wealthier and better class—not that it must be supposed to be meant that she belonged to either, for she did not. While she was still living with Mr. Fair, in the incipiency of her *liaison* with Crittenden, she visited San Francisco several times, not openly in his company, but ostensibly putting up alone at the most stylish hotel, and creating that *furore* which only a woman of her elegance and beauty could do. During these visits she occasionally appeared at some of the most fashionable balls and concerts; if at a ball, her superb apparel, magnificent form, and beautiful face, were the event of the evening; if at a concert, she was more observed than the performers. Her fame was so well known that when she appeared, the effect upon her own sex could only be compared to that produced by the sudden appearance of the daring corsair amid the convoy; such a closing up of ranks and unmasking of batteries, in order that husbands might be more effectually protected. But, alas! it was often too evident that the aforesaid husbands rather inclined to strike their colors upon the first appearance of the enemy.

In point of personal resemblance, if Lydia Thompson were a little taller, more rounded and fuller in form, had dark eyes and lashes, greater wealth of hair, she would bear a striking likeness to Mrs. Fair when at the zenith of her charms. Without these changes the fair Lydia closely resembles her, in manner as well as person.

Mrs. Fair never appeared to the writer like a woman who could be capable of the killing of any man, yet she evidently was a woman of great determination of character, but of a very capricious mind. It seemed impossible that she could ever cling so closely to any one as to cause her to commit an act that would endanger her life and property, for she was avaricious. Her *liaison* with Crittenden was doubtless the event of her life—one that proved in many ways the most flattering to her vanity as well as the most advantageous, pecuniarily, and one that she would most reluctantly give up.

The infatuation of Judge Crittenden in itself shows that Mrs. Fair was more than an ordinary woman—that she did possess some elements of character and promptings of heart that were good, else she could never have had such ascendency of him, for he was a man of great natural goodness of heart, purity of character, and refinement of manner. Like a thousand other men just as good, he made his blunder and paid his penalty.

The feeling of horror at the deed that pervaded that community shows the esteem in which he was held. Possibly of that entire people there was none that would not have been suspected sooner of such a weakness than Judge Crittenden. She had a strong hold upon him long ere it was generally known to the public, and when known it was but the wonder of a day—the beauty of the woman and prominence of the man only increasing the interest over and above affairs of similar character of daily occurence amid what was called the highest circles.

Mrs. Fair was not received or recognized, of course, by the wives and mothers of good society, but she was a queen in that large number that occupy the neutral ground, as it were, of society, comprising those who were suspected too much to be encouraged, but not enough known to deserve condemnation.

THE COURTS.

Eighth District Court—Petition for Mandamus upon the State Treasurer—Suit Against the Collector of Internal Revenue.

Before this court have been entered applications by holders of State warrants for writs of mandamus to compel the State Treasurer to pay certain warrants issued in 1870, under the acts appropriating $500,000 for per diem and mileage expenses of the Legislature. It is contended by the holders of such warrants that the Treasurer has been giving preference to other holders in the matter of payment, and they represent that a writ of mandamus is necessary in the premises.

John Hawkins and Hugh Cassidy have filed suits against S. A. Stockdale, B. F. Joubert and S. J. Conklin, representing that they are engaged in the business of retail dealers in liquors, as defined by the laws of the United States, and have paid the taxes due the United States; that in carrying on their said business it is necessary that they should empty the casks and packages of imported and domestic distilled or rectified spirits received by them into what are called "standing casks," in order that in the course of time such spirits may deposit the sediment, etc., contained in them, and become purified and fit to be drawn off into smaller packages, to be retailed to their customers; that such process greatly improves the quality of their liquors; that by reason of the improved quality of their liquors they sell to their customers their sales have greatly increased and their business become lucrative in consequence.

They further show that the said standing casks are so filled for the purposes aforesaid, and not for shipment, sale or delivery; and that they are neither wholesale liquor dealers nor rectifiers of distilled spirits.

They further represent that there is no law forbidding the use of standing casks, nor any law requiring them to cause such casks when filled with such spirits to be either stamped, branded, gauged or inspected. Yet, notwithstanding that it is not required by law, in order to avoid annoyance from officials, and such gauging, stamping, etc., being inexpensive, they applied in due form to the proper United States gauger, to have said casks stamped, branded, gauged and inspected as if the same were intended for shipment, sale or delivery, but said United States gauger has neglected and refused, and still neglects and refuses to comply with the petitioners' request.

Petitioners show that Collector Stockdale, Internal Revenue Assessor Joubert and Supervisor Conklin intend to seize, or cause to be seized, the said casks and their contents, and confidently believe that, unless prevented, said defendants will carry out their threats, and make or cause to be made such seizure; and that the threatened acts of said defendants would be an invasion of their legal rights, without shadow of authority or excuse, contrary to law and equity, and would work irreparable injury to petitioners.

Wherefore petitioners pray that said defendants may be cited to answer this complaint, and that they and each of them, together with their agents, deputies and assistants, be enjoined and restrained from interfering with petitioners' right to use their standing casks for the purpose aforesaid, and that upon the hearing of this cause the said injunction may be made perpetual; that the defendants be decreed to pay the costs, and for general relief.

A Reminiscence of the Last Century.

The Patterson (New Jersey) *Guardian* tells this strange story:

Fifty-two years ago the Doremus family, living then as now upon the old homestead at Dundee dam, Bergen county, owned a smart negro boy named Ned. Dr. Williams, of Elizabethtown, riding past one day, saw Ned at work in the field, and asked him where he could buy a smart negro and woman "to go together." Ned, who was taken with the idea, ran off and begged old Mr. Doremus to sell him. Mr. Doremus said, reluctantly, "Ned, you are a devilish fool, but if you want to go, I always said you could go, and if the doctor will take you a single man he can have you for three hundred dollars. The bargain was soon struck, and the negro went off to Elizabethtown with the doctor, and after remaining there three weeks ran away and was seen no more. Over a half century passed by. Nothing had been heard from Ned save two or three mysterious letters addressed to the Doremus family, telling them mysteriously that Ned was still alive and doing pretty well. Ned had always been a "cunning nigger," and knew what slavery was. But the last of these letters was received thirty years ago. The old folks had died, and the grandchildren themselves were old folks.

One day last week, an old colored man of respectable appearance presented himself at the door of the old homestead, and asked if the family still lived there. Mr. W. Doremus, who came to the door, and who was a lad of fifteen when Ned was sold, had not forgotten the old companion of his boyhood sports in the woods and brooks of Bergen. He asked, "Is this Ned?" It was; and a hearty greeting was extended to the old family slave of a half-century ago. Ned told of his escape from Elizabethtown on a fishing vessel, and his hiding place at Little Neck, where he settled and married, and got his living by fishing and oystering. He owns a cottage, and has a thriving family. He spent a day or two at the Dundee, a welcome guest in the family of two grandsons of his old master. He had come to ask them to come down to see him. "You will find," said he, "that my home is not your idea of a nigger house, for I have as nice a place as anybody, and an acre of ground as handsomely tilled and gardened as can be found."

We copy the following from the Jackson *Pilot:*

We learn that General McComb has made an arrangement with the Mississippi Central Railroad Company whereby he agrees to extend that road to some point on the Ohio river—probably Paducah, Kentucky, thereby giving the State of Mississippi another outlet to the great Northwest. There is now being built from Chicago a road on an air line to Paducah, which will be of very great importance to this whole country, and connecting us, as it undoubtedly will, with the Mississippi Central at Paducah, and that road connecting at Canton with the Vicksburg and Canton railroad, will place our sister city Vicksburg in direct communication with Chicago, and will also give that vast country on the west side of the Mississippi a direct line to Chicago.

The Alexandria *Democrat* says:

We can at last report a very favorable change in the weather and river. For the past six weeks both have been a great source of annoyance to our whole community, and now both have changed base. The late daily rains have passed away, and now we have good, clear, hot sunshine. This is just what our planters and farmers desire, and have made good headway all the week. The river has fallen about eighteen inches, and is receding faster and faster every hour.

HOME AGAIN.

A Sketch Equal to Anything in Dickens.

A correspondent of the Washington City *Capital*, Don Piatt's paper, writes thus of an incident on the Boston and Albany railroad a short time ago:

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black whiskered man, who indulged, from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable maneuvers. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawingroom cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent. He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous.

If we had entered the city then the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so much excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest, he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs, and breathing hard: "Been gone three years!" "Ah!" "Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time." As he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again. "Got a wife?" said I. "Yes, and three children, he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat. "You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements. "Well, I should think I was," he replied; I hain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a lower tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston." "Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; 'taint natural that it should, you know; I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again; it rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it." "Well, according to the philosophy," says I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm." "It's curious," he returned, after a pause, "but the only thing which makes me think I'll get through safe, is because I think I won't." "Well, that is curious," said I. "Lord, yes," he replied. "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed it; spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me." "Good for you," I exclaimed. "Yes," said he, "thirty thousand pounds; and the best of it is she doesn't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home." "And now you will make her happy," said I. "Happy!" he replied, "Why, you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!" and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival that of Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself backward and forward in the limited space, as if it were walking down Broadway a full rigged metropolitan swell. And so on until we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended, and was standing on the lower step, ready to jump to the platform. I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried: "There they are," and laughed out-right, but in a hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense, but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but someway I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into that position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinks her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely around, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. There was enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their red eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother, who seemed as if the pent up tears of all those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyes.

Gallant Act by a Trapezist.

A London paper says that a trapezist, known by the professional name of Iza, recently performed a gallant act and was the means of rescuing a fellow creature from drowning. A gentleman fell over the taffrail of a Woolwich steamer into the Thames as the steamer was passing under London bridge. The steamer was stopped and a life buoy thrown out, but if the drowning man observed it he was too weak to reach it. At this moment a powerful looking young man divested himself of his shoes, and without taking off his wide-awake, mounted the parapet of the bridge and dived to the great depth below, and, soon rising to the surface, swam to the rescue of the drowning man, whom he caught by the collar of his coat and held thus until some boats came off to the assistance of both. The daring rapidity of this extraordinary act of heroism was greeted with immense cheering, and when they were conveyed to the Swan Hotel, at the foot of the bridge, crowds of people followed them, the enthusiasm for the gallant preserver of life knowing no bounds. This young hero, whose real name is J. B. Johnson, of Leeds, refused the reward which the grateful gentleman wished to force upon him.

Production and Distillation of Turpentine And Its Various Products.

This was the subject of the following paper, read before the Academy of Sciences by Mr. N. H. Thomas, of this city:

Gentlemen—I come before you this evening at the solicitation of your worthy president, Dr. Copes, for the purpose of delivering a short address on the production and distillation of turpentine and its various products. When I tell you that I was born in Edgecombe county, North Carolina, and how pleasant was its climate, how rich its soil, and how ignorant were its people, I hope you will extend to me your charitable sympathies for any errors or shortcomings I may make in this address. Edgecombe county had 1500 voters, 1425 of whom were Democrats and seventy-five Whigs. Nine hundred men in the county could neither read nor write, and 1200 voted against free schools—an ignorant but happy people forty years ago.

North Carolina was the pioneer State in the turpentine business, and Edgecombe was one of the very first counties to engage in it. Boxes were cut about two and a half feet above the ground, and cultivators thereby lost at least two feet of the best part of the tree, as boxes should be cut near the ground. At that time trees were cultivated by hacking the face of them with a sharp hatchet—a very poor and slow process of obtaining the crude article.

But, since that time, many scientific improvements have been made, particularly in tools for working, such as the turpentine axes—which are long and narrow, from eight to twelve inches long, and about three inches wide, with rounded pole—also the round shave or hacker, which is used for hacking or scraping the tree.

The good people of North Carolina put their spirits of turpentine into small barrels, and put these into large ones tightly hooped and filled with water to prevent the spirits from leaking out. After a while some genius discovered that turpentine had no effect on glue, and they glued the inside of the large barrels and put the spirits in them. Glue was made of hides by distillers, one pound of hide yielding seven-eighths of a pound of glue. This should always be dissolved by steam and not by direct application of fire, as the fire process three times repeated would entirely destroy it. In 1852 I went to the St. Stephen's land office and entered 2000 acres of pine land in Monroe county, Alabama, and commenced cutting boxes in January, 1853. Boxes should be cut just four inches above the ground, thirteen inches from corner to corner, seven inches deep and three inches horizontally. This will just hold one quart. They should all be cut one size, and, if properly cultivated, will all fill at one time and be ready for the dipper.

A man's task to cut is seventy-five boxes per day, although some hands will cut as many as one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five. The turpentine dipper is like a large spoon mashed perfectly flat, except that the handle is a socket instead of being flat. A man's task is to dip five barrels per day, and that is not hard work, as I have myself dipped six gallons in eight minutes. Men have to do this work, as boys and women can not perform the labor.

Eleven thousand boxes is a man's task to cultivate where the land is level; but it is very hard work the first year, as it requires constant stooping all day. Ten thousand boxes is a fair task where the land is hilly. Each hand has to go over and chip these boxes once a week. Crude turpentine exudes from the pores of the wood for four or five days. Then it is necessary to cut the tree afresh, as the pores close up in about that time.

Take, for instance, a twenty barrel still and twenty hands to cultivate 132,000 boxes: four hands to dip twenty barrels per day; one wagon and four mules to haul twenty barrels per day; one stiller to work up twenty barrels per day, one hand to assist in various ways, such as pumping water into the tank, glueing barrels, etc., and two coopers to make rosin barrels; and if the superintendent is a business man, everything will work like a clock. The cultivator can dip twenty barrels per day, haul twenty and still up twenty; and there is no waste by leakage. Economy is absolutely necessary in this business, as in many others.

In the distillation of turpentine it is necessary to get a good copper still, with bottom five-eighths of an inch thick and sides three-eighths to one-half an inch. My experience shows it is best to have eight flues under your still. Commence with a two inch flue, then four, six and eight inches, increasing the size of flues as you recede from the chimney where the main flue leads off the smoke and such heat as may escape. A two inch flue will take out as much heat near this as an eight inch will seven or eight feet off. This will prevent the bottom of the still from burning. In distilling crude turpentine drive off the spirit and pyroligneous acid in the form of vapor, which is condensed into a fluid, and both pass into the tub from the still worm. The acid being the heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the spirit floats on top. There is a brown sediment floating between the two, which I do not know any name for. The spirit is dipped from the top of the tub and funneled into barrels ready to receive it, and the acid is drawn off through an auger hole near the bottom of the tub and thrown away, as it is considered worthless by interior distillers, though I have lately learned it is used for setting colors in dyeing cloth.

Mix one gallon of spirits of turpentine with three gallons of hot liquid rosin, and it makes a fine bright varnish, suitable for decks of boats and other craft. When there has been run off about two gallons and a half of spirits per barrel from crude turpentine, which exhausts all the water or pyroligneous acid originally held in solution, the still will boil very low. Immediately turn pure water into the still from a barrel prepared for the purpose, through a small trough leading into a funnel inserted into the top of the still. Without this supply of water it is impossible to extract all the spirit from the rosin. Take a common glass tumbler and catch the spirit as it runs from the worm, and you can tell when it is all extracted from the rosin as there will be very little spirit floating on the acid, leaving it about as thick as cream. Immediately take off the still cap, first drawing out all fire from under the still, and with a wire skimmer skim off all the trash you can get, then place your wire sieves (made of wire cloth of from forty threads to one hundred and twenty threads to the square inch) over the rosin tank, and discharge your rosin through the sieves into the tank. As soon as the rosin cools off a little, draw it off into barrels, and it will be hard in from four to ten hours, according to the temperature of the weather.

Rosin is used for various purposes, mixing with spirits of turpentine for making varnish, with tar for making pitch for sizing cloth, for stiffening wall paper (as, being impervious to moisture, it keeps the paper dry and in good order); is used for making common and fancy soaps, and is distilled at a temperature of six hundred degrees of heat into oil, naphtha and rony pitch, the best pitch known in naval circles. Naphtha is used for dissolving India rubber, and enters largely into the chemical preparations of medicine. It is said also to be one of the very best remedies known for rheumatism. Common rosin is the best for making oil, and is worth in this market from $2 to $2 25 per barrel. From two hundred and eighty pounds, the commercial weight of a barrel of rosin, are obtained twenty-two gallons oil, three gallons naphtha and about four gallons rony pitch.

A Washington dispatch to the St. Louis *Democrat* says:

Indications are that all the stir made about the new cancer remedy, cundrango, will prove to have been part of an extensive scheme to give a new quack medicine a good start. It is pronounced by several of the most prominent physicians of this city, and by medical officers of the army and navy, as a pure humbug. A firm in New York has obtained a patent on a cancer cure, having this newly discovered ingredient as a base, and it is known that prominent parties have secured a partial monopoly of the trade in the cundrango plant.

A nice young man at Portland kept looking into the window of a married lady until he saw her shake her handkerchief, when he called at her room. After being picked up at the bottom of the stairs, and having his bones set, it was explained that she was only shaking some apple peelings from a napkin.