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[For the Sunday Republican.]

HOW TO KISS.

TO MISS ROSE R—— H.

To kiss a lady to her approbation,
Requires some taste and not a little skill;
A man must show some life and animation,
To raise in her the necessary thrill;
Then she'll respond unto the tender greeting,
And you enhale the fragrance of her breath,
Her lips with yours in closest rapture meeting,
Producing temporary, languid death,
In which you sink without a sense of pain,
Until her kisses bring you back again.

We think the most approved and graceful fashion,
When you a pretty woman's lips would taste,
Is not to tell the story of your passion,
Until your arms are fairly round her waist,
Seek then the rose-bud mouth, and to it pressing,
Your lips quite gently, let them linger there,
The ladies love elaborate caressing,
No matter what they afterward declare;
A kiss protracted to a length of time,
Is doubly exquisite, and most sublime.

The action is suggestive, in a measure,
The damsel closes her sweet, tender eyes,
Shrugs her white shoulders in excess of pleasure,
And then gives vent to scores of melting sighs;
She sinks into delicious stupefaction,
Wondering what ails her—well we know forsooth;
She finds an irresistible attraction
In this communion with a handsome youth,
Who, by his actions and his conversation
Leads her to glory—in anticipation.

In this amusement, shun precipitation;
A good, true woman, virtuously embraced,
Should never have the slightest hesitation
In softly murmuring, "Don't be in haste."
Oh! there is rapture in such harmless kisses
Akin to joys in Paradise above.
He who ignores their transport surely misses
The cream and essence of ecstatic love;
For love, without a kiss, is but a name,
Devoid of interest and very tame.

We hate to see a girl too free in "b'lling,"
It makes our very indignation rise;
A maiden who is forward and too willing
Lessens our value of the luscious prize.
She sells herself too cheaply; invitation
Comes not from lips of any damsel coy;
We look for modesty and hesitation.
Which gives a zest unto a chasten'd joy.
A maid too lavish w th her beauteous charms
Soon drives a lover from her eager arms.

FLORENCE.

THE GIPSY'S GLASS.

Cissy Thorne was sitting at her toilet table, skipping a novel, while her maid, Emma, brushed her long, thick, silky hair. Some people said it was false, because there was so much of it; other Christians were certain that it must be dyed, seeing that it had that particular bright, golden tint which is so often due to art; but Emma knew better. That exemplary girl took the same pride in her mistress' hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of currying—I mean brushing it. Fortunately, the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performances, and so both were satisfied. When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went up to her room, took off her dress and had her hair brushed: it was a ladylike substitute for smoking a pipe.

I wonder that Darwin has not instanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way, in favor of his last theory. I believe that Cissy was often very near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experiment.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brushee, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops: wonderful!"

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam engine which plays an organ?"

"No miss," replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if no one saw."

"Lor, miss, they are crowded with such a low lot, they are."

"Low lots, as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half sigh, "and what else did you see?"

"I went to a—fortune teller.

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a yellow cart I went into—not in the fair exactly, but on the clump, before you come to it. She's wonderful."

"Is she, though! What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things, which she could not have known natural; a mole on my neck; how long I have been in service———"

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say any thing about that?"

"She did more, miss, she showed it me."

"No."

"In a round glass, as true as I'm standing here, I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

"As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun," cried Cissey. "I should like to go; I will go. The fortune teller's caravan is not actually in the fair, you say, and there will not be many people about it if we start early."

"Lor, miss! what will your pa and ma say?"

"I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterward, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning directly after breakfast, mind."

Mr. Thorne was steward; I do not mean an official attached to a steam packet, in charge of a china shop full of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-do man, who had a small property of his own, which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market town of Littelun. Mrs. Thorpe was plump, good natured, lazy, yet somewhat proud and sensitive. She fancied the county families were patronizing, and she would not be patronized.

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby—child—maiden. Of course the paragon was never sent to school, and her governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless, she was very charming, and had two lovers, I do not mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind which of the brace to select.

"If this gypsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but of course that is all nonsense. Yet, if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it."

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore, a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor, for though his rent roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous, but very handsome and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues; I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor, and his wife would be undoubtedly on a par with the county families.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other. He was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow, who resided at Littelun. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination:

"Would she be a companion for you, Charles? Would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did?"

"No, mother, and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Partie, Charley, partie. How dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome, Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bone of contention thought as she started with her maid Emma for Littleun Hurst, at 9 A. M.; for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as they stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still; the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread and garlic for a change. Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair. To the right, some five hundred yards from the common, there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imaginations of village children. This was the abode of the sybil, and the adventuresses turned aside toward it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the bright brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a mystic face appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in my pretty lady," said the gipsy; "don't be afeard, I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sibyl for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, inclosing a portion of the space.

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centres, though, most; bull's-eyes, some.

"You are an only child, and your father and mother would give you gold to eat if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog." A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct. Cissy began to be sorry she had come. "There's two gentlemen as is very sweet on you, my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sibyl; "if you marry one you will be unhappy all your life, but if you take the other you will be lucky and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive rather amused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Ah, that I can not tell, my lady; but you can look in the magic glass for yourself and see if it shows you aught."

"Let me see it, then," said Cissy bravely, though the feeling of creepiness began to return.

The gipsy said that Emma should leave the caravan; but Cissy would not have that, so a compromise was effected; the maid was blindfolded. Then the gipsy drew slides across the little windows on either side, producing a deep twilight. Then the curtain at the further end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly stretched, in the centre of which was fixed a circular mirror, about two feet in diameter, and this gradually became luminous. Cissy's nervousnees returned with increased force, and she grasped the hand of the blindfolded maid.

A table separated the girls from the mirror, and whether it was owing to the magic quality of the glass, or the angle at which it was placed, it did not reflect the figures standing opposite it. Indeed, it was more like ground glass than an ordinary mirror; ground glass, with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined, drifting shadows, which gathered so thickly as to obscure the whole of it, and then it gradually cleared, and a head and shoulders grew upon it; it cleared a little more and revealed—the undoubted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awe-struck terror before this supernatural intimation, when suddenly, as she gazed, the face before her became convulsed with an expression of terrible agony. She uttered a little scream and fainted.

Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to; she feed the gipsy and started homeward.

"You see'd him, miss?" inquired Emma.

"Yes, and I'll never marry anyone else; if I die an old maid. But oh, what can that dreadful expression on this face foretell? I fear that some awful calamity will happen some day!"

A not improbable dread. There was one consolation; fate and Cissy's secret wishes had hit it off nicely. Girls are queer things, and she had hardly known that she preferred Charley Wilson as much as she did.

In due time he offered and was accepted; and they were married, and went for their honeymoon to the Lake of Como.

One evening Charles Wilson rowed his bride out in a very clumsy tub.

"How serious you are, Cissums," he said, finding her less chatty than usual. "Did that bravo-looking beggar frighten you? Because his frowzy head shall be punched if he did."

"Oh no; oh, don't offend him!" cried the young wife. "I am sure he has got what the Italians call the Evil Eye!"

"Has he? Well, never mind; the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect."

"Really!"

"Yes; when we return I will get that gentleman from New York stopping at the hotel to concoct us an eye-opener; that will make it all right."

"Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Wilson; and her husband paddled on.

"I say, Cissmus," he said presently, resting on his oars, "don't think that I am finding fault, because you have not got any faults, so that would be absurd; but are you not rather superstitious?"

"And if I am, I have a right to be," said she.

"Ah! Any particular experience?" And he wormed out of her the whole story.

"I am sorry I told you," she cried, when he burst out laughing; "you don't believe it! You had better call me a story-teller at once."

"Believe it, my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my ghost, though you were looking at me. I was in a dreadfully confined position, and that thief of a gipsy was so long about her preliminaries that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me."

The bride burst out crying.

"And you bribed my maid; and laid a plot with a common gipsy to deceive me; and nearly frightened me to death; and were laughing at me all the time—oh!" she sobbed.

"All's fair in love," said Wilson, sheepishly.

"It was unworthy of you!" she continued; "you have married me on false pretenses. I shall never feel the same toward you; I will never forgive you—never."

But she did.

The New York *Herald* of Saturday says:

A defaulting cashier of a bank in Portland, Maine, yesterday was sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor for the embezzlement of sums amounting to thirty-six thousand dollars. It appears from his confession that the embezzlements extended over a period of twenty-one years, and that he commenced speculating in order to pay off little debts which had accrued, his salary of four hundred dollars, even before the war, and one thousand dollars after it, being insufficient to support his family of a wife and four children. The sentence of the court was very severe upon this unfortunate, and we hope that it will be proportionately severe upon the directors of that bank, who thus stinted a hard working servant and mercilessly tempted him in a place of responsibility by so mean a return for his services.

Some time ago a fellow in Idaho married a girl of twelve summers. He was five feet tall, and congratulated himself on an appropiate match; but since then she has started into an uncommon growth, and already overtops him by a foot, and is still elongating.

[For the Republican.]

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The newspapers of the day are teeming with the discussions of the rights, or fancied rights of women, while their real and noblest rights are being lost to view and gradually slipping from hands opened wide to grasp the ballot box. Why should women wish to assist in governing the country by voting, when she can control a government made by men by a simple exercise of her powers? As soon as she sinks to the level of man by being his associate at the polls, in the club rooms, on the race course, just so soon does she lose the powerful influence to refine and ennoble his naturally rougher nature, and must relinquish all her olden claims to superior respect and greater tenderness. And the power she gains by voting does not by any means counterbalance that she loses by losing influence. All other rights are now merged into this one of voting; and the most strenuous efforts of the hardened, unlovable female specimens of the advocates of woman's rights are put forth to grasp the golden prize. In the fierce struggle for suffrage they have forgotten everything, and, rushing on to the ballot, leave unseen by the wayside the powerful fact that a good influence, well exercised, confers more real power than that held by the owner of one vote. It is woman's undisputed right to rule in society, to give tone to it, and to elevate or lower it to her own standpoint.

That inestimable right she is using less and less every day. She allows men whom the world knows to be unfit associates for good women to attend upon her and follow in her train, and the smiles upon them just as sweetly, marries them just as readily as if they were upright and worthy, thus casting oway the right to repress vice and encourage virtue.

The frequent use of slang phrases, unpleasant when used by men, disgusting when proceeding from ladies' lips, tends to lower the refined and elegant tone of conversation, which alone should be heard in ladies' company, and serves to lessen the respect and chivalric feeling with which men should ever be taught to regard the gentler sex. Yet, by using them, woman voluntarily gives up a portion of this respect which is so justly her due. Even the coarse laugh attending the utterance of some of these slang phrases with a double meaning, which is in reality an insult to the ear of delicate and refined women, is joined in by them without knowing wherefore they laugh, except that they wish to seem pleased with their cavaliers, instead of striving to repress such ungentlemanly behavior by a show of their just displeasure.

Thus, if men show less respect for the opinion of woman, care less for her approval, it is her fault, because in her efforts to gain a place beside him she is losing a place above him. And so far from winning power she is daily losing it.

Also, is she an encourager of ignorance. As a general thing, the women of to-day, particularly of the South, have had far superior advantages in the way of terms at school, etc., to those the men have had, many of them were in the army when they should have been at college. But is that any reason why they should be more learned? Assuredly not! What man is so engrossed by business that he has not an hour, or even two, to devote to study? Can they not, by judicious reading, remedy the ills attendant upon the defective education they have received? The mature mind of a full-grown man grasps understandingly facts and ideas which the feeble brain of a child only receives as so many facts and ideas to be retained until maturity develops an understanding of them; and they may learn with ease in a week what a child would be months in memorizing. But, why seek for more knowledge when nothing calls it forth from the storehouse of his brain? In society, the ladies seem seeking to forget the little they have learned at school, and so far from calling into use the higher powers of their male companions, they endeavor to seem as illiterate as they, thus giving a tacit encouragement to them to remain in ignoble ignorance of all that is beautiful and grand in the world of letters!

It is no less woman's duty than her right to put a stop to this state of things. Let her but exhibit her superior culture and literary attainments and, my word for it, man's ambition, assisted by his desire of pleasing, will soon bring about a better state of things.

Let her exercise her divine rights to ennoble and elevate the men who come under her influence, and the power of her sway will be felt in the superiority of the men who govern, and the government be better than if her power was limited to the casting of a single vote for the candidate of her approval.

If she would retain her rights, she must look to it speedily; they are fast passing beyond her control, while as yet there seems no prospect of her gaining even the small recompense offered by the right of suffrage.

R.

When Jack Canter, the bank robber, was taken to Sing Sing prison, he was asked what his profession was. "A bank clerk," said he. "And now that you've got me, I'll tell you about it, for its a good joke. I was watching a country bank for some little time, and I noticed that the paying teller wore a striped coat and straw hat. The clerks left the bank at about one o'clock for dinner. I got a straw hat and a striped coat, and for several days took my seat on the steps of the bank. One day I saw my opportunity. The paying teller and most of the clerks went out. I went in, pulled off my hat and coat, hung them up where I had seen the teller hang his, and went around to the desk. The books were open, and here and there were piles of bills. I went to work at the books, and made the most remarkable entries ever recorded in the books of any bank in this world or any other. I pocketed the bills, one after another, and putting on my coat and hat, I went on my way fifteen thousand dollars better off than I ever was before."

The new revenue stamps, recently contracted for by the Treasury Department, for purposes of internal revenue taxation, are being forwarded by the bank note companies in New York, by whom they are printed, in lots sufficient to supply all reasonable demand on the revenue bureau by manufacturers and traders. The stamps are submitted for inspection to the experts of the bureau of engraving and printing, by whom they are pronounced generally more perfect in execution and finish than under any previous contract. Frequently entire packages, amounting to immense amounts, are inspected with the greatest care, and it is impossible to find a single imperfect sheet. There is an unprecedented demand for tobacco stamps, indicating unusual vigilance on the part of the revenue officials in the tobacco growing sections of the country, and a largely increased revenue from that source.

At the late convention of cigar makers in Boston, a committee was appointed to petition the next session of Congress to modify the bond law in relation to the manufacture of cigars, so that men of small means can have the same chance as the wealthy manufacturers.

Virginia Republicans.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Virginia Republican State Convention:

Resolved, That the battle of universal freedom and suffrage having been fought and won, and those amendments to the constitution of the United States designed to secure in perpetuity the rights of man, accepted by a large proportion of the Democratic party, and they pledged to abide forever thereby, and these issues having been thus solemnly and finally determined, there remains no excuse for our natural and sympathetic friends, the Whigs of Virginia, to continue in any degree their co-operation with the Democratic party.

Resolved, That the Whigs in Virginia, in standing by the faith of their fathers and agreeing with us in all that relates to the theory of governmental organization, the protection of American industry and manufactures, the system of national banking, the right of Congress to appropriate money for the improvement of our rivers and harbors, and the construction of our great water line and commercial highways, are Republicans, save in name; and this convention, impressed with these truths, and anxious that the Republican party of Virginia should avail itself of the capacity, character, and love of country of this large element, is gratified in extending to them an earnest invitation to join once more in patriotic battle against their old foe, the Democratic party.

Resolved, That whether these gallant allies become at once the foremost of Republicans, standing within the strictest circle of our party organization, or but yield their cordial co-operation against the common enemy, and to pledge to them in either case the warm welcome of a Republican President the sincerest gratitude of the Republican party, and a full participation in all the benefits to be derived from a common victory over their old enemy, the Democratic party.

The committee on a platform made the following report, which was adopted:

The Republican party of Virginia, in convention assembled, reaffirm their devotion to the principles of the national Republican party of the United States, as annunciated in the Chicago platform, at the last national convention. We are in favor and support as national principles a tariff which, while seeming necessary for revenue, shall give incidental protection to American industry; a national banking system that shall give us a safe and uniform currency and absolute security to bill-holders; the policy of extending government aid to the States in improving the rivers and harbors; the absolute payment of all obligations of the government, and a sufficient yearly reduction of the national debt to convince the world of our determination to ultimately extinguish it, while at the same time we earnestly refrain from burdening the people with onerous and unnecessary taxation; that we heartily indorse the administration of President Grant, and are unanimously in favor of his renomination in 1872.

No honest man can deny that the tendency of the legislation of the past year in Virginia has been to depress all the material interests of the people. Taxation has been increased almost beyond the limits of human endurance, and the Democratic Legislature, with its two-thirds majority, has passed oppressive and unnecessary laws, among which the funding bill stands prominent. Under its provisions, taxation on the property of the State will be double what it is now, or not less than one dollar on every hundred. Worse still, because unnecessary, they have compelled the people of Virginia to raise money either by sacrificing their property or produce, or by paying an enormous rate of interest to pay the onerous taxes by the first day of September, 1871, or forfeit five per cent, while we are officially informe l by the treasurer of the State that the money collected is not needed until January and July, 1872, and is lying in the vaults of the city of Richmond, drawing only four per cent interest, presenting the astonishing spectacle of a State forcing its citizens to loan wealthy corporations more than a million dollars at the low rate of four per cent per annum, while at the same time, under the extraordinary combination of circumstances, our citizens are compelled to borrow their own money at the rate of twelve per cent per annum. The passage of such acts in Virginia by a Democratic legislature is only in keeping with Democratic legislation whenever that party obtains power, as exemplified by that great leading Democratic organization of the United States, the Tammany ring of New York.

This Legislature has passed laws neutralizing and rendering void and of no effect the homestead provisions of the constitution, placed the execution of the laws establishing common schools in partisan and unfriendly hands, and have violated almost every pledge made by their authorized representatives when pleading for the admission of the State to federal representation. They have created a partisan judiciary, and given the county judges, created by caucus nominations, unprecedented and unheard of power. They have re-established that rule of the barbarous past—the whipping post—and by giving the judges power to select the jury in all cases, has enabled them to do as they have done in a vast majority of cases, exclude the colored man from the jury box and deprive him of the right so dear to all—ot defense before a jury of his peers. The Republican party invite the co-operation of all good citizens in correcting these abuses, and do hereby

Resolved, That we are opposed to levying upon our citizens any further taxes than are necessary to a strictly economical administration, and the Legislature shall do all in its power to alleviate to the greatest extent possible the burdens of the people and to decrease the expenses of the State.

Resolved, That we demand the honest and scrupulous enforcement of the constitution of the State in all its parts, and such legislation as will secure the equal rights of all, guaranteed in that instrument—equitable taxation, the benefits of the homestead act, thorough system of common school education and an impartial and non partisan judiciary.

Movements of the President.

CHICAGO, September 30.—President Grant arrived at Galena on Thursday evening, and was complimented with a serenade by a large number of citizens. The President, being wearied by a long day's ride, made no speech, but merely bowed his thanks. In the afternoon he visited the Jo Daviess county fair, where he did an immense amount of hand-shaking with the crowd; also some kissing. After examining the articles on exhibition, and particularly the cattle, with critical interest, and witnessing a horse race, the President left the grounds. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, and his daughter Nellie.

The Galena *Gazette*, speaking of Miss Nellie, says: "You read that she assisted at her mother's receptions at the White House, and is engaged to a gentleman in Covington, Kentucky, and you know her to be scarcely sixteen. From all this you guess her to be somewhat gay, if not a little haughty. On the contrary, while she is graceful and accomplished for so young a lady, you find her a modest, retiring school girl, with a sweet face and bearing that wins your respect and esteem."

How to See Under Water.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes:

I once had occasion to examine the bottom of a mill pond, for which I had constructed a float out of inch plank, sufficient to buoy me up. Through the centre of this float I cut a hole and placed a blanket over it, when I was enabled to clearly discover objects on the bottom, and several lost tools were discovered and picked up. I am satisfied that, where water is sufficiently clear, this latter method could be successfully used for searching for lost bodies and articles. I would now suggest that this experiment be tried on the sea; for I am satisfied that, with a craft like the Great Eastern, where an observatory could be placed at the bottom, with sufficient darkness, by the aid of glasses we would gaze down into the depths of the sea, the same as we can survey the starry heavens at midnight.

A girl of seventeen years located a farm in Kansas some three years ago. The land was perfectly wild, and she employed no male help, but her success has been such that recently she was offered for her farm ten times the amount she paid for it. She refused the offer, and says that in five years more she will retire to the East and live on the interest of her property.

THE EARLY BIRD'S FATE.

The queerest cus I ever sor
Was a ragged student of the lor
A resident of Omahor.
He studied airly, studied late,
And always riz at ½ past 8.
He had an elongated por,
And what they call a lantern jor,
When other folks was snug in bed.
This limb of the lor sot up and read.
He wore a black alpacker coat,
And nary necktie round his throat;
A woolen blanket, yaller and blue,
He slung around him when it snew.
Last year, 'twixt garden-sass and hay,
This limb he moved to Ioway.
The jedges catekized him thar,
And he was admitted to the bar.
He slept in a closet near the sky,
And practised strict economy
By living on milk and apple pie.
When his arjus daily toil was done,
He wrastled with "Coke upon Littleton;"
And when he tired at dead of night
He sot like an Omphalopsychite,
And whistled an upper attic air
With a skill at once well done and rare.

"Some day," says I, "this cuss will find
His constitution undermined.
This trifling close to Heaven long
Is a sort of a sacrilegious wrong;
And Heaven will kinder retribute
By punishing this bold galoot.
This constant turning of night to day
Don't sometimes gen'rally always pay;
'Fore long he will be found dead set,
With an injunction on his wind, you bet.
I believe what a sound old poet once writ
(In words as hefty of sense as wit):
'A man that from July to June
Is too fond of stirring must be a spoon.'
It's wise and healthy to rise with the lark,
If we only turn in with the goose at dark;
But to stay up with the reprobate owl,
And turn out at the crow of the barnyard fowl,
Is a terrible crime agin nature," says I,
"And she'll deal out the penalty by and by."

One cold March day, at a quarter past 2,
This prophecy of mine come true.
The lawyer cuss was found stone dead,
With his head on the floor and his heels on the bed
When the jury met for to settle as how
He died, they had a long pow-wow.
Smith said "Konipion fits;" Jones said no;
The rest had opinions, of course; and so
Till the landlady come they couldn't decide
How in the dickens the queer cuss died.
When she narated his habits, why then
The jury concluded to ponder again.
So they pow-wowed a spell, and at last tuck a vote,
Which the same as a moral I here below quote.

They agreed on a verdick, viz: "He died it is plain,
Of too airly arose in a roomatic pain."

True, Every Word of It.

[From the Chattanooga Times.]

In view of the startling crime committed at Knoxville the other day, and the impunity with which the criminal was permitted to make his escape, the question becomes of terrible importance, "Have we any law?" We know that we have criminal courts. Their dockets are filled at every session with cases. The barkeeper who sells a thirsty friend a glass of whisky on Sunday, finds the ministers of the law dogging his steps with relentless ferocity.

The poor man who steals a suit of clothes to cover his nakedness, or purloins food to appease his hunger, has not long to wait till the doors of the penitentiary open to receive him. But these courts and these laws are for the poor, the helpless, the ignorant, the men without money, without influence, without friends. Have we any law that can reach the rich, the powerful, the influential, the men of good family and high social position? It would seem not, or if there is its sworn officers fear to enforce it. In the case which is now so fearfully prominent in the minds of this community, the sheriff of Knox county gave as a reason for not making any effort to arrest Colonel Nelson that he had too many friends.

We are informed and believe that but for the more than Spartan heroism of the father of the slayer, not even the semblance of an effort at an arrest would have been made. That grand old patriot, stifling his parental feeling before the majesty of that law which it is his duty to proclaim in the court of last resort in this State, sent his own sons to urge the sheriff to do his duty. It did not need this to make the people of Tennessee honor and revere "old Tom Nelson," as they lovingly call him; but it should serve as a rebuke to all delinquent officers of the law.

When the law does not make itself respected by all classes alike, men will take laws into their own hands. There can be no peace where the laws do not protect all and punish all with stern impartiality.

We have been led to make these remarks because they reflect the sentiments of the common people which we hear daily on the streets. The laws are just, but their administration is unjust. This is a great evil, and may bring greater evils in its train.

Shooting and Matrimony.

[From the Shreveport Gazette.]

Our city is so seldom the scene of anything romantic or sensational that a newspaper reporter hardly feels at liberty to write up occurrences that come under the head of unusual or personal. We can not forbear, however, giving the particulars as we have learned them of the accidental shooting and seriously wounding of a woman on last Saturday night, the sixteenth, and the peculiar sequel thereto.

On the particular evening referred to, one Bennie Stine, who is an "ensanguined slaughterer of bovines"—commonly called a butcher—having imbibed deeply, freely, and frequently of the flowing bowl, became "tightually slight," "how come you so," and "you know how it is yourself," and arming himself with a pistol to keep off the dogs, etc., wended his way with uncertain and wavering steps to the house where his paramour, Clara Reed alias Anna Willis, was wont to be. He safely made the port, found his fair but frail partner, and in the recklessness of intoxication flourished his pistol around, which finally was accidentally discharged, inflicting a serious and almost fatal wound on the woman. The police were on the ground instantly, a surgeon sent for, and the wound dressed. Subsequently she was moved to the infirmary, and for two days it was feared that her earthly career was near its close. The repentant Bennie was sorrowing and remorseful, and, actuated by a desire to make all reparation in his power, consented to be united in marriage with his unfortunate victim, which ceremony was performed by Father J. Pierre, in the presence of several witnesses, the groom standing by the side of what was feared would be the death bed of the suffering woman.

The marriage took place on Wednesday. With careful watching and skillful surgical and medical attendance the woman is improving, and her recovery we regard as certain.

When she emerges from the suffering bed to which she was consigned by the folly of him who has taken the holy vow to love and cherish her in sickness and in health, we trust that the couple will resolve on living purer and nobler lives, forswear the use of the "deep, dark beverage of hell" (whisky), and by sober, industrious conduct, pass their days in happiness and peace.

Peter Hinds, the White Mountain Stage Driver.

Few habitual visitors to the White mountain region, any time within the past thirty years, can have failed to get acquainted with Peter Hinds, for a long time the driver of a stage between Centre Harbor and Conway, but now the railroads have limited his old line, proprietor of that from Centre Harbor to Sandwich, New Hampshire. The Wolfboro *News* tells an old-time story of Pete, when he used to hang his whip in a certain snug corner of the Conway house, that one spring an opposition line was put on the road. Soon after this one of his friends met Pete on foot going from the South Tamworth post office, with a mail bag over his shoulder.

"Turned mail boy, Peter?" his friend asked.

"No," he replied, in a solemn manner; "I'm the White Mountain and Conway Stage line. I'm going to have a rack put on my back, so as to carry baggage, and I reckon I can head off the opposition."

The "opposition" stopped—Peter was too much for them.

Another anecdote of Peter is worth telling. Early one season (it might be the first trip) Peter had had his coach overhauled at Concord, and painted to look as good as new. Just as he had set his face down a steep hill, near Tamworth iron works, he heard a shout behind him:

"Hallo, you there! hold on a spell, will ye?"

Peter drew up his horses on the slant of the hill with some difficulty, and waited until the man came up, who walked leisurely around the coach, and then looking up to Peter, said, "I guess, arter all, that that's the same coach you had last year.'

Like a flash, Peter smacked his whip across the fellow's face, shouting, "Yes, by thunder, and the same whip, too!" and headed for Concord at a two-forty rate.

Grinding Wheat Without Millstones.

At a recent meeting in Edinburg of the British Association of Science, a paper was read by Mr. Thomas Carr upon a new mill for grinding wheat. It is described as reducing wheat by percussion, while it is unsupported and being projected through the air. When the wheat passes through the machine, it is struck by a series of bars, moving swiftly in opposite directions. They reduce the wheat so instantaneously to a state ready for bolting that no injurious heat is caused, and consequently the flour is of much superior quality to that obtained by the usual way of grinding, and also at much less cost. An Edinburg firm has one of these disintegrating flour mills in full operation, and the advantages in its favor over the millstones it supersedes are pointed out in Mr. Carr's paper. It rarely needs repairing in comparision with the other millstones; requires fewer men, and thus saves in wages; is free from loss by scorching, and thus saves fire insurance; occupies less space, and requires less driving power; and, in addition to this, produces a superior quality of flour.

Connecticut Town Elections.

HARTFORD, October 8.—In the town election held yesterday, the Republicans won a great victory, electing A. S. Stillman over F. A. Marsh, first selectman, by a majority of 864. Only one Democrat was elected on the board. The Democrats elected Levi Woodhouse, town clerk, by a majority of 191; John Finney, collector, by 21 majority, and one grand juror. All the rest of the officers chosen were Republicans, and were elected by a majority of 300 to 400.

New Britain, West Hartford, Vernon and Wethersfield also go Republican.

Returns from 114 towns show that the Republicans, on Monday, carried sixty-seven, the Democrats thirty-seven, and in sixteen mixed tickets were elected.

NEW HAVEN, October 3.—In the New Haven city and town election yesterday, six out of eight wards went Republican. The city government will be strongly Republican. The Democrats elected town clerk and selectmen by greatly reduced majorities.

The Difference.

While the Democratic party of New York rewards the men who have robbed the city of over $5,000,000, the federal government sends Major Hodge, who has stolen less than one-twentieth part of the sum stolen by Tammany, to the penitentiary for five years. They retain their standing in the organization to which they belong; Hodge has lost his. The ringmasters forfeit nothing by their dishonesty; Hodge loses everything—rank, pay and allowances. And again: D. G. Fenno, late a lieutenant of the Seventeenth infantry, stole fifteen hundred dollars of public funds intrusted to his keeping. A courtmartial at St. Paul has sentenced him to pay back the money and go into retirement for five years at Stillwater penitentiary. If a petty larceny practitioner like Fenno is to be locked up five years for stealing fifteen hundred dollars, a New York politician, by the same rule, who steals $5,000,000, should be incarcerated about sixteen thousand years.

Wanted to See the Editor.

An irate little man rushed into the publication office of one of our leading daily papers lately, and, pointing to a certain article in a late issue, demanded to know who wrote it. The advertising clerk, who is six foot in height, coldly answered, "I did," which so amased the questioner that, without another word, he turned and left the office. Size is sometimes a stronger argument than can be found in the strongest speech.—*New York Evening Mail.*

A gentleman who has long been a resident of California gives to the *Courier-Journal* the following bits of information about that State:

Chinese labor is what is ruining California. A white man goes there and finds that he can get but six-bits a day for his work, and that his expenses are not less than a dollar a day. No workingman can wear a white shirt there. The large number of suicides reported from California are, to a great extent, results of a scarcity of remunerative labor. Not one-tenth of the amount of business carried on in San Francisco a few years ago is being done there now. That railroad has killed San Francisco. The letters sent from there by correspondents do not tell the truth, and are gotten up in the interest of property holders, who want to get their property off their hands. California is no place for anybody to go to now.

A lady of Hon. James Brooks' party in in Japan, looked into a Japanese boudoir, and this is her inventory: Little or no furniture: no chairs; no bestead—nothing but mats to sleep on. A toilette box was on the floor, near the wall—about the only article of furniture in the room. In this box there were five drawers and two lacquer basins on top. In the top drawer of this box there was metallic mirror like our hand-glasses. In the second drawer she kept her powder, paint, wax, brush, tooth powder and brush. Two little drawers came next; in one she had her false hair and in the other fancy pins, gilt paper and other fixings for her hair. In the lower drawer was her pillow, which is placed under the neck when sleeping on the mats, so as to prevent the hair from being rumpled. It is made of wood, and covered with paper on the top. The powder looks like starch, and when they use it they mix a little water with it, and rub it like paste, and they have two brushes that they use to rub it off with. The paint looks green, and turns red when put on the lips and cheeks.

There is at the Ten-mile House, on the Stockton road, California, a pair of full-grown hares, well developed, and as kind as kittens, that were never born, the mother having been shot just previous to the time that important event in their lives should have taken place. Upon opening the body the little fellows were found to be as lively as if nothing had happened to their maternal parent, and they were cared for and raised on milk until they grew large enough to eat and take care of themselves. They are now orphan pets at the Ten-mile House, and are apparently just as happy and contented as if they came into the world by the ordinary course of events.

A Welshman named Williams, who had been accustomed to quarry work, while passing along a road in Monson, Maine, observed some slate rock that had been thrown from a cellar. He saw at once that it was valuable, and in company with another man, traced the vein along the surface. The owner of the rocky land, supposing it to be worthless, sold these men fourteen acres of it for seventy-five dollars. An excavation exposed good slate at a slight depth, and in a few weeks the explorers transferred their purchase to a New York company for $16,000.

A Bennington man who celebrated the fourth of July rather too freely managed to get home and attend to his "chores" after a fashion. While he kept perpendicular he could carry his load; as soon as he laid it down it wouldn't stay. To his wife's question as to what ailed him, he replied, "Milk, wife, milk; that's what's the matter; drinked too much warm, and it's soured on me." "Oh! yes," said the lady, "that story is all right, but that smell is rum." "Then the cussed old cow's probably been cel'brat'n in'pen'ence day," said the inebriate.

The Jackson *Pilot* says:

We are glad to be able to say that we have no sickness of any kind prevailing in Jackson at this time. The steady rain for two days in this week and the clear, cold weather that we have to-day, accompanied with a little frost last night, has purified the atmosphere and placed us in as healthy a condition as we could ask for. All anxiety on the subject of health of the city seems to have ceased among our citizens, and quietness reigns.

Mrs. Spratt, an Illinois woman, has made the following speech: "Yes, gentlemen, this is a productive country. Anything in the line of the animal or vegetable kingdom here beats the world. I have made four hundred and fifty pounds of butter from five cows in one year; and, as you refer to my children, I am proud to say that I have had twenty-six, and that man there [pointing to her husband] is the father of every blessed one."

The Latest Tammany Fraud—Stupendous Swindles Perpetrated.

NEW YORK, October 3.—The publication of the list of the names on the pay rolls of the city continues to-day. In some instances there are found the names of persons long since deceased, remaining as city employes. Tammany, it appears, drew the whole amount of the dead men's wages.

Tweed's bureau of the department of buildings has the largest number of sinecures in the finance department. Besides monthly stipends overpaid, many of the clerks receive as much more for collecting, arrears, etc. One Starkweather averages about $20,000 monthly as collector of assessments. George H. E. Lynch receives $1166 66 per month for filling three offices.

Many of these officials are related to the controlling powers. Starkweather is the father-in-law of Governor Hoffman.

Politicians of the worst and most ignorant order are found scattered throughout the roll of the sinecures, which includes retired rum sellers, bar-room loafers, ex-convicts, gamblers, bruisers, and other bad characters. It is believed that to support this ring of hirelings costs the city upward of one million two hundred thousand dollars per year. One of the citizens' committee states that his examination of the records of the finance department had convinced him that at least thirty-three per cent of the money expended in the various departments was stolen by the ring.

An immense number of politicians took their departure last night to attend the Rochester convention.

Numerous Tammany roughs and repeaters have been sent free to that city. There are apprehensions that the disgraceful scenes of last year will be repeated. Four of the Tammany delegates refuse to act. Charles O'Connor, chairman of the reform delegation, will leave to-day if his health permits.

No compromise whatever will be accepted by the anti-Tammany delegation.

A correspondent who has been around among the leading Democratic politicians of the State, writes that there is everywhere the strongest feeling of indignation against the Tammany ring. Governor Seymour, among others, is opposed to the admission of the representatives of Tammany to the State convention, but as a whole, thinks that question should be met in a fair way, and that corruption, wherever existing, should be denounced. Seymour will probably be made permanent president of the convention.

The *World* thinks Judge Barnard's injunction order has accomplished a revolution in the city government, and that the only way out of it is to repeal the present city charter. It says that the bestowal of power upon Deputy Controller Green meets with a general acquiescence and approval.

The committee of seventy had a long meeting last night, and adopted a constitution. A committee of conference with the Albany council of reform was appointed, and instructed to request the mayor to appoint such inspectors of election as they may nominate.

There was no quorum at the meeting of the Tammany society, which was called for last evening.

At a meeting of the sinking fund commissioners yesterday, it was ruled by Mayor Hall, and acquiesced in by the rest of the board, that it had no power to raise money to meet the present financial crisis in the city treasury.

St. Louis and the Gulf Coast.

To allow our readers to know what is said in reply to a recent article in the REPUBLICAN, we copy the following from the Sabine Pass *Beacon*, published in Jefferson county, Texas:

The New Orleans REPUBLICAN of July 30 contains extracts from a letter written at Brenham, Texas, July 17, and published in the St. Louis *Republican*. The writer, one T. C. Ray, resident in St. Louis, pays no very high compliment to the truthfulness of the people of Texas. He says no reliance can be placed on statements made by the people of Texas in regard to the gulf ports in Texas, and he says one might as well believe what a politician or the devil tells you about Texas ports as to believe the statements of Texans on the same subject. He says that there is not a port west of Berwicks bay in Louisiana worth the connection with St. Louis, and he urges railroad men and capitalists to invest no money in any of the projected connections of St. Louis with the Texas coast, but advises them to connect St. Louis at the earliest possible day with San Antonio. He says the trade of San Antonio would be worth thirty millions per annum to St. Louis.

He either betrays his own ignorance of the Texas coast and ports, or he is employed to write in the interest of parties whose interests lie in the direction of San Antonio, for we do not believe that the whole city of San Antonio, together with one year's trade, is worth thirty millions of dollars, and besides the city of San Antonio is situated one hundred and sixty miles from the Rio Grande, and the nearest Mexican town on the Rio Grande is Eagle Pass, consisting of Fort Duncan, on the American side, and a few Mexican dwellings on the Mexican side. Moreover, all the trade between San Antonio and Mexico is hauled on wagons and packed on mules, and nearly the whole distance between San Antonio is uninhabitable and, in a great measure, an arid desert. Furthermore, if the railroad, when completed to San Antonio, should be extended to Eagle Pass, its terminus must forever remain there, for such is the topography of the country around Eagle Pass that no railroad crossing of the river could ever be effected.

The writer says that the Sabine bay is about the best of all the harbors on the Texas coast, and in this he is right, for beyond all question it is the finest harbor, and is the most accessible, of any on the Texas coast. We will expose the fallacy of his statements, however, when he says that a well laden steamboat could not enter any of the harbors on the Texas coast. Vessels drawing eight feet of water can cross the bar of Sabine Pass at any and all times, and frequently vessels drawing nine and ten feet can cross—and this is exclusive of the soft blue mud in the bottom of the bar, from one to two feet of which vessels can at any time plow through with safety. Furthermore, there has never been one dollar expended to improve or deepen this bar, and it is asserted by competent judges that twenty feet of water can be easily obtained at a very small expense. The writer is also sadly mistaken about the advantages to be obtained for St. Louis in forming railroad connection with our Texas coast. If St. Louis were connected with the gulf coast at Sabine Pass by railroad, every acre of land which the road would pass over from the coast to the northern boundary of Texas is among the richest and most productive in the State, yielding corn, cotton, wheat, barley, fruit of every kind known to the temperate zones, cattle, sheep and hogs by the ten thousands, besides a supply of valuable timber that can not be exhausted for ages. Moreover, Sabine Pass is by far the nearest point on the gulf coast to the city of St. Louis, and being also much nearer all the Mexican seaports than New Orleans, a large part of the trade intended for St. Louis would be diverted via Sabine Pass, in order to save time and expense, and the same Mexican trade which the writer expects from Mexico, via San Antonio, would reach St. Louis via Sabine Pass.

We find the following about rice gathering in the *Empire Parish Register*:

The rice grown in those portions of the parish which were not inundated by crevasse water in the spring is now nearly all cut and stocked. The back water occasioned by the easterly winds, two weeks since, damaged a small amount of cut rice in a number of fields in the immediate vicinity of Pointe-a-la-Hache and farther down. That which was standing was not hurt. As we have before stated, the yield of the rice crop in this parish, this season, is much better, both in quantity and quality, than that of last year. The cutting on those farms in the immediate vicinity of St. Sophie is progressing, and the yield, considering that the planting was done so late as the first week in May, is remarkably good.

A minister asked a little boy who had been converted, "Does not the devil tell you that you are not a Christian?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, what do you say to him?" "I tell him," replied the boy, with something of Luther's spirit, "that whether I am a Christian or not, it is none of his business."