The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

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THE FAIRIES.

Where are the wonderful elves and the fairy creatures bright?
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight?
Danced in a magic ring, and fluttered in robes of white,
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest hoar.
Hark to the sound of the sea, and the cry of the waves on the shore.

Where are the dusty gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammers' sound.
Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,
A thousand tapping hammers, beneath them hammering.
Hark to the muttered thunder, the voice of the hidden spring.

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,
Sought for by timid maidens, on sainted Hallowe'en?
The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they.
Hark to the hum of the bee, in the scented blooms of May.

Where are the household fairies, who loved the embers' glow,
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro;
But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,
And filled up the little slippers the children left behind?
Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy wind.

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb;
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.
Ah, yes, they are waiting, waiting till grief shall be no more.
Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

COUNT VICTOR.

BY JULES JANIN.

Count Victor Baudelot de Derval was grandson of a gentleman who figures favorably in the autobiography of the old Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent in the minority of Louis XV. Though she befouled without scruple the memories of the leading men of our day, not sparing her own grand-daughter or her own son, she always speaks with high respect of Victor Baudelot. Saint Simon, too, although he looked at human nature too generally on its wrong side, has always a good word for Baudelot; and when in 1793 the war between Royalists and Republicans broke out in La Vendee, the De Baudelot, who was then head of his house, was among the first to join those who took up arms to curb the excesses of the revolution. He fought as all his noble, fought with heart and hand. He was the friend of Cathelineau, Lescure, La Kochejaquelin and the rest of their gallant company. He went into battle with light-hearted grace, cared nothing for discouragements or dangers, and his gay spirits were almost gayest after a fight, so soon as he had ceased to hear the groans and outcries of the field of battle.

What war was ever so ferocious as the struggle in La Vendee? But I have no design of dwelling on it. Others have painted it too often; some with their brushes dipped in glowing hues, others in darker colors. All I have to do is to tell you the story of Count Baudelot, who one day was surprised in a farm house, together with a detachment of twelve Royalists, by a body of Blues, as the Republicans were nicknamed in La Vendee. The Count called out to his few men:

"Retire immediately! The farm house is about to be surrounded. Fly! Carry off the women and children. I will stay and defend the door, I can hold out ten minutes: There are three hundred of them! They will murder every one they capture. Farewell, my gallant lads. Do not forget me. It is my turn to die to-day—it will be yours to-morrow."

In those days of glorious heroism and self-devotion nobody was surprised at any instance of self-sacrifice. Dramatic heroism, common enough among Frenchmen in other wars, had no one to admire it, to record it, to be surprised at it in this war of extermination and despair. It was no time or place for any Quixotic exhibition of courage or devotion. Self-sacrifices were accepted as mere things of course, and Baudelot's twelve soldiers immediately obeyed him.

The Count remained behind after they had left, making all possible noises, harranguing, dispeting, giving orders, rattling his gun against the floor and clinking its lock. He made row enough for a whole regiment at once, and the Blues were cautious in their approaches. But after a while his voice began to fail, and judging that his men must by that time be safe, the careless Frenchman cared no longer to command an imaginary company; and leaving off his orders and exhortations, barricaded the door and waited further action. For some minutes the door resisted the fresh assaults of the enemy. Then it began to yield. The Blues fired through the crevices in the chamber.

Count Victor was not wounded; and as he had been surprised when half through breakfast, he sat down to table to finish his bread and cheese, saying to himself with every bite, "It is my last mouthful."

At length the strong door yielded—the Blues burst into the apartment. It took some time to push away the obstructions and to see clearly what was through the smoke of their own volley. They drew their swords, and as the dimness cleared away, glared eagerly around to see what had become of that large body of troops who had resisted their entrance.

Imagine their surprise, instead of finding the owners of all those voices, they saw only one young and handsome man, tall, calm, and with a merry twinkle in his eyes eating a slice of black loaf and washing it down with the weak wine of the country.

The soldiers of the Republic paused in astonishment. This pause gave Victor Baudelot time to toss off the last drop and swallow the last mouthful.

"Your good health, gentlemen," he cried, lifting his wine glass to his lips. "The garrison is much obliged to you for your kind consideration."

As he spoke he rose and went to their commander.

"Monsieur," said he, "I am alone in this house. You can shoot me behind the shrubbery we see out yonder."

He paused, and, to his great surprise, was not shot a moment after. It may have been because they were interested by his handsome face, his gallant bearing, and his cool indifference. Maybe they felt ashamed of shooting in cold blood a man who had defended himself against three hundred of them.

They tied his hands behind his back, and, under a strict guard, sent him to a country house near Nantes, which had once been a nobleman's mansion. The master of the house was in command of the very Blues who had just seized and bound him. A Breton and a gentleman (although he was a Revolutionary Republican), he had flung himself heart and soul into the cause of liberty at the outset of the revolution. He was one of those nobles who in one night, that night which has been called both the *night of sacrifices and the night of insanity*, stripped themselves of their fortunes, of their privileges, of their armorial bearings, of their very names; forgetting what was due to their ancestors and their descendants, to the past and to the future, and paid so dearly for their imprudent enthusiasm during the remainder of their lives.

They are all now dead. Some died the victims of that movement they too rashly served; some lived to see how little good their sacrifices accomplished.

Count Victor was imprisoned in the donjon tower of the mansion; in other words, the dovecote of the conquerer's establishment. The pigeons which had dwelt there in the days of peace were now replaced from time to time by captured chouans—*chouan* (the *patois* name for owl or bird of night), being the title given to the Royalists by the Republicans. The dovecote still retained its peaked roof of white slate and its tall weathercock, nor had it been thought necessary to put iron bars into the narrow, lofty openings through which the doves once went and came. Little indeed had been added to the furniture of the place for the accommodation of the new kind of birds who were too often caged there—nothing but some straw upon the pavement, on which Count Victor stretched himself in default of any chair.

He smiled at the idea of being shut up in a pigeon house. If he could free his hands he thought, and get hold of a guitar, what a pretty little ballad he might make out of such a situation! As he was thinking over his ballad and wishing for the guitar he heard the sound of a violin and bagpipes. These lively instruments were playing a gay march. Count Victor started up from where he lay, and, by shoving all the straw up to the wall, managed, in spite of his bound hands, to climb up to one of the openings and to look down below him. He looked down on a merry *fete*. There was a long procession of young men and fair women, all in white, preceded by the music of the village. The procession moved but slowly, though the air played was gay. As it passed under the pigeon house (or, if you will, the donjon keep of the fortress) a young girl looked up anxiously. She was fair, she was elegant, she looked sad and pale. Count Victor saw at once she knew it contained a prisoner; and as they passed on, he whistled the air of King Richard in his captivity:

"*Dans une tour obscure.*"

For he was a young man skilled in ballads as well as arms, as good at a guitar as at a sword thrust, a fearless rider, a gay dancer; in short, a brave young nobleman of the old school, specimens of whom we may still see among French octogenarians; but the race is no longer raised under the changed social conditions of the present day.

The wedding party passed out of his sight. It was not exactly a marriage procession, however. It was only a betrothal. Count Victor broke off his melody. He heard a noise at the door of his apartment. A man entered his prison.

It was the master of the mansion—a Marquis under the late Capet, now only Captain Hamelin. He was a Blue, but for all that an honest, kindly gentleman. As early as the meeting of the States General he had been fired with enthusiasm for the Republic. To her his heart, his hopes, his sword and house were given; but he could not become mean or cruel at her bidding. That very morning he had been informed that a party of chouans had passed the night at one of his farms. He set out at the head o a detachment, putting off the ceremony of his betrothal till the afternoon. We have seen how he captured Count Victor. That duty accomplished and his prisoner secured, he came back with all speed to his postponed betrothal.

Captain Hamelin was not so utterly given over to Republicanism as to have forgotten the obligations of hospitality according to the Breton code. He therefore thought it his duty to pay a visit to his prisoner, choosing the time his wedding guests were assembled for supper.

"What can I do to serve you, monsieur?" he said politely to Count Victor.

"Lord to this castle," said the Captain, with a bow, "please to give me the use of one of my hands."

"Both hands shall be set at liberty, Monsieur," replied Hamelin, "provided you promise to make no attempt to get away. Only before you promise, it is proper you should know that you will be sent off under guard to Nantes at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And at 8 I shall be shot," said Baudelot. The Republican officer made no reply.

"Well monsieur," said Baudelot, "unless I am rescued by any of our own men, I promise, on my word of honor as a Christian and a gentleman, that I will stay here quiet as a pigeon with its wings cut if you release my hands." Captain Hamelin could not help smiling at the appropriate simile. He untied his prisoner.

"And now," said Baudelot, stretching his arms out as he spoke, "now, monseur, I am sincerely indebted to you for your kindness, and it will not be my fault if my gratitude does not extend beyond to-morrow morning."

"If you have any last business to transact, a will to make or letters to write, I will send you writing materials," said Aamelin with emotion. He was a Breton born Republican, or no Republican.

Baudelot perceived he felt for him, and took his hand. "No matter," said he. "Your mention of my will has pained me more than your intimation that I must die at Nantes to-morrow morning. It makes me realize that those I loved are dead. I have no one left on earth to whom I care to leave my name or sword, and I own nothing more. It must be rather funny, though, to write a will—to be generous to some at the expense of others—to picture to yourself who will smile and who will mourn when that document is opened after your death. Don't you think so, Captain?"

"I will send you something to eat," said Hamelin. "It is the day of my betrothal, and we have better cheer than usual. My bride shall send you your supper."

Count Victor perceived on the ledge of one of the high slits which did duty as windows in his dim apartment a daisy growing from a seed dropped by a pigeon. He leaped up and plucked it.

"Captain," he said, giving it to Hamelin, "it is the custom in our part of the country for every guest to present a wedding present to the bride. Be so good as to present to your betrothed for me this little flower, And now I must no longer detain you from her side. Thank you for your humanity. Farewell. God bless you. Send me some supper, for I am weary and hungry. Good night."

Food was soon brought to the young officer. The maid who came to wait on him (a pretty Breton peasant girl with white teeth, red lips, and great compassion in her eyes), paid every attention to the captive. She urged him to eat of the best dishes, and to drink of the choice wines. The supper was luxurious. It seemed as it old times had come back to the dovecote, when a poor caged bird was fed from the crumbs of the master's table. As she was pouring out a glass of champaigne for him the Count inquired her name.

"Marie," said the girl.

"The same name as my cousin," said the young man. "And how old are you, Marie?"

"Seventeen," she replied.

"The same age," he said, "as my poor cousin." And as he spoke he felt his whole heart stirred at the remembrance of that beautiful young girl, who had fallen by the hand of the executioner. He would not for the world have given way to his emotion before the little maid whose own eyes shone with tears ready to fall; so not being able to command his voice, he held out his glass to her.

The glass was full. Champagne was sparkling in it to the brim, and on its glittering foam fell a last ray of sunshine. Reader, can you realize that champaigne foamed, and spring and summer came and went, during that Reign of Terror?

Perceiving his mistake, Count Victor said to Marie:

"Have you no glass to pledge me in, kind Marie? This lively sparkling wine never approves of being drunk alone by man. It likes gayety and society. It is the bond of that 'fraternity' about which, Marie, you have heard so much, and concerning which those who use the word the oftenest know so very little. I pray you put your lips to my glass, or I shall not care to drink another drop of it before I die."

So saying he put up his glass to Marie's lips. She bent down toward it. But his last word "die" moved her soft heart so strongly that her tears began to fall into the wine.

"Your good health, Marie!" exclaimed Baudelot, emptying the glass, which was watered by her tears.

At that moment they heard music, a horn, a violin, and a hautboy playing a gay dancing tune.

"What's that?" said the young officer, putting down his wineglass and passing at once from strong emotion to a laugh. "Ma foi! It must be a ball!

"Alas!" said Marie. "Yes it is a ball. My mistress did not want to dance to-night, but the Captain and her father said it must go on. She will be very unhappy all the time."

"Oh, Marie!" said Count Victor, "if you are as kind as I think you are, do something for me! Run—fly! Tell your mistress that Count Victor Baudelot de Derval asks permission to pay his respects to her; but run and find the Captain. Tell him that his prisoner will have a dreary vigil here to-night; that he will not be able to sleep for the noise of the music and dancing; that the night will be cold; that it would be charity to keep a poor young fellow from thinking gloomy thoughts on his last night in this world. Tell him he has my word of honor I will make not effort to escape. Tell him all that, Marie, say anything else you may think of in my favor. Speak loud enough to be heard by your young mistress, and I doubt not, my Marie, he will be good to me. Then, if he is willing to invite me to his ball, send me his valet, ask him to bring me a clean shirt and some hair powder. I dare say the Republic has left a little hair powder somewhere in the chateau. Ask him to bring me one of his master's coats, sword—only for ornaments; I promise not to draw it out of the scabbard. Run, Marie—run! and see if you can obtain all this for me!"

Very shortly after she had left, the valet de chambre of Captain Hamelin made his appearance in the pigeon house.

This valet was a good old servant of the old regime, greatly attached to hair powder, old customs and aristocracy. Since the Republic came in he had lost a good deal of importance. True, he had been appointed one of the municipal Council at Nantes, but his high functions were not near so satisfactory as the long private interviews he had been accustomed to enjoy with noble personages when he assisted in dressing or undressing them. The only great man in these latter times whom he held in much respect was M. de Robespierre, because he was the only man in power in the French Republic who dared to wear hair powder, ruffled shirts, and flapped waistcoats with embroidery.

He brought the prisoner a complete court suit that Captain Hamelin had had made while he was a Marquis, to go to court in, while royalty had yet a court, and the court a King and Queen.

It was a very elegant embroidered suit. The shirt was something exquisite, the silk stockings very fine. Nothing had been forgotten, not even scents and escenses, such as were used by Marquises in former times.

The Count gave up his head into the hands of the old valet, who dressed it with the greatest care and satisfaction; mingled, however, with many a deep sigh. The Count was young and handsome, but he had not worn court dress for a good while. When he found himself all ready, curled, powdered, his beard trimmed, his eyes brightened by good eating and champaigne, he could not resist smiling with innocent self-satisfaction and a pleasant remembrance of sensations produced in former days at balls at the Grand Opera.

His sword was given him as he stepped out of prison, with a reminder that he had promised it should not be drawn.

It was dark when he crossed the garden. Assembled at the ball were all the prettiest Republican ladies of the province. But every one knows that, however advanced a woman may be in politics, she always remains aristocrat enough to take an interest in a brave, gay, elegant young officer, especially when she knows beyond a doubt he is to be shot the next morning.

The ball had already begun. The bride was Mademoiselle De Mailly, grand niece of that sweet De Mailly so beloved by Madame de Maintenon. She was very beautiful, but very quiet and sad. She had no heart for the beautiful or its gayeties while scenes of danger, desolation and death occupied her mind. Her silence and depression infected her companions. There never was so dismal a festivity in Brittany. Everything went wrong. There was no animation in the dance, no gayety among the dancers. There was only a vague feeling among all the guests that they wished they were at home.

All of a sudden the tall doors of the great hall were opened slowly. The eyes of the uneasy guests turned toward that door. It would hardly have astonished them to see a ghost, instead of which there entered a court nobleman, smiling, handsome, beautifully dressed, an officer and a gentleman. He wore court dress, His hair was of the court, his manners those of pre-Republican times. The bluest of the blue among the guests were interested and excited at beholding so unexpectedly, in the midst of their Republican festivity, a relic of that high society which in 1789 perished in a night; whose representative (under sentence of death), came, faithful to the last to his vocation of true gentleman, to shine in and contribute to the amusement of others.

The entrance of Baudelot, which it has taken a whole paragraph to relate, only occupied a moment. As soon as he was in the ball-room he thought of nothing but the ball. Without formal introduction—for introductions are not necessary in France—he asked the fairest lady who was present to dance with him. It was the bride—that sweet young anxious girl who had looked up at his window from the procession. She accepted him for her partner without hesitation. She would gladly have given him any pleasure at her command, for she well knew that death stood at his side, and that his bony finger almost touched his shoulder.

When the men present saw Baudelot leading out his partner to the dance they grew ashamed of their own want of animation. They too sought partners. The women were all eager to dance on the same floor with Baudelot, so that soon (thanks to the victim of their politics) the ball began to grow extremely lively. Both men and women were nervously wound up. Baudelot was not behind the rest in careless gayety. He was the only guest among them all enjoying himself naturally. His was the only smile that was not forced; his the one step that was not constrained. The others danced under the influence of terrible excitement. They were all greatly moved at the sight of their young victim.

Baudelot was king of the feast—far more so than the bridegroom. He was more in everybody's thoughts than even the fair bride. His bride the next morning was to be the scaffold.

The ball went on. The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. Baudelot was the life of it all. He even charmed the men who played the music by teaching them new airs. He took an instrument and played himself the last new sarabande composed by Lully.

As the way dance went on Baudelot forgot how fast the night was passing, but the women knew it well. They could not forget, too. They shuddered as they looked at him. They began to imagine how he would soon look as he lay dead. For ancient honor was so strong in France that the very appearance of Baudelot at this ball was a guarantee that he would take advantage of no opportunity to escape that might be offered him. His word was stronger than an iron chain. Both Baudelot and Hamelin appreciated each other. Hamelin knew that he could give Baudelot this indulgence without prejudice to the duty that he owed to the Committee on Public Safety. Baudelot knew that Hamelin was pledged to keep his word.

So, reader, imagine, if you will, how many tender glances and soft smiles were showered upon Baudelot. How many gentle bosoms heaved sighs for the handsome victim. He grew excited by his situation. Never had he felt himself so liable to fall in love before. When for the third time he led out the bride he felt her soft hand tremble in his own. His trembled too. He turned and gazed upon her face. He found her pale as marble.

"What is it, Eleanor?" he said. "What is it, dearest lady? Have pity on your partner. Do not tremble so."

Turning toward the windows of the ball-room, where the curtains hung half parted by the current of air, made by the dancers, she pointed toward the first gray streak of dawn in the horizon, and said:

"It is morning."

"True!" exclaimed Baudelot, "but what matter? Morning!—after the happiest night of my life! I have seen you, known you, loved you! I am dying and may dare to say I love you; the dying never lie. Farewell sweet Eleanor—farewell! Be happy, and accept the blessing of a chouan."

It was the custom in Brittany for a gentleman at the end of the last country dance to kiss his partner on the forehead. In obedience to that custom Baudelot pressed his lips upon the brow of Eleanor. She almost fainted as he did so. Motioning him to sit down by her side, she said in a low voice.

"Listen! I have been thinking; you must escape. Listen! the carriage is being harnessed to take you to Nantes. Oh, listen! In two hours you will be shot. Escape! Oh, escape while you can. If necessary I will go with you as far as the first convent. No one can say you were actuated by fear; to love is always honorable."

She spoke in a low voice. She did not once look up; she even tried to smile as if she were talking the gay nonsense proper to a ball.

Baudelot hardly heard her words, but his heart beat with a happinesss he had never before known. "How I love her! How I love her!" cried his heart. But his lips said: "You will see it is impossible, Eleanor. Oh! if I were free, no other man should be your husband. I would brave everything to call you wife. But I can never be your husband. I no longer belong even to myself. Farewell, sweet angel! If you love me give me back the little daisy I lent you from my prison. Give it me, Eleanor. That little bud which has been fastened in your dress shall give me comfort in my dying hour."

Eleanor turned as pale as death. There was a solemn silence in the room. The music stopped. Daylight streamed into the apartment.

All of a sudden there was heard without a noise of steel and horsemen. At this sound, which came in the direction of Nantes, the woman present, by a common impulse, threw themselves before Count Baudelot. But it was Baudelot's own soldiers come to deliver their officer. They poured into the house, they filled the garden, they cried, "Baudelot! Baudelot!"

They were infinitely astonished to find their young chief, whom they expected to find fast bound in prison, surrounded by women in ball dresses, dressed himself as they had never before seen him. The first question the Count asked was:

"Have you been to the dovecote?"

"Yes," said one of them; "and when we found you were not there we made short work of the dovecote; it will shelter no more birds—chouans or pigeons!"

"If it be so," said Baudelot, drawing his sword, "I am released from my parole by rescue. Thank you, my comrades." Then he lifted his hat.

"Lady," he said in his sweet voice, "receive the humble thanks of your late captive."

After that he asked for a carriage.

"There is one at the door, Captain," said one of his chouans. "It was to have taken you to Nantes, we were tol by the master of the mansion."

Baudelot turned and saw Hamelin tied by the same ropes that had before confined him.

"Captain Hamelin," he said instantly, "one good turn deserves another; only instead of untying the ropes, let me cut them, that they may never be used again to bind a prisoner."

Then seeing that Eleanor, who had almost fainted, was recovering, he continued:

"Captain Hamelin, these times of blood and discord are little suitable for marriage. A bridal, as we see, may be postponed in the morning by a prisoner to be captured, and at night by a visitation of the enemy. Put off until some later day the accomplishment of your marriage. See! it is the wish of the young lady. My noble demoiselle, permit me and my poor chouans to reconduct you to the Chateau de Mailly."

All the chouans, with the carriage in their midst and their leader at their head, soon galloped off toward the sun. They were charmed at their good luck in delivering their officer.

Poor lads! Their lives were very short. They all fell on the same battle field with the elder Cathelineau. There were two Cathelineaus—father and son. Both died in the good cause, as became Royalists and Christians. To die thus seemed the only happiness that in those daos could be offered them.

But there are men who cannot get killed, and one of these was Count Victor Baudelot. He was in every battle of the war, and did not leave La Vendee even when all was over. When that time came he married Eleanor de Mailly, with the good will and consent of Captain Hamelin, who signed the marriage contract as a high municipal funtionary.

So, reader ends my story. I hope you are as well satisfied as I am with the good luck of a gay and gallant officer.

The Golden Opportunity.

From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

There is one point in the situation this year in regard to grain to which it is not too early to call attention. It is a fact that, in spite of the events abroad which tend to put up the prices of grain and insure a rapid and ready marketing of the surplus crop of the United States, there is such a thing as stopping the export trade entirely, by taking too firm an attitude in regard to prices. Farmers in California know that $3.25 was paid for a small quantity of wheat about the 1st of May, and do not understand why the whole crop should not realize that figure. They accordingly demand $3.25, which is an extravagant price, and the result is that 53,000 tons of idle shipping available for wheat, are rocking at anchor in San Francisco Bay, and thousands of tons of grain are lying piled up in the city, awaiting purchasers. No one will touch the grain at that price, and there is a dead lock in wheat. The export market is extremely sensitive to prices, and the falling off from shipments in Atlantic ports during the recent moderate rise shows the fact clealy enough, even were the California illustration not available for proof. Now, while good and paying prices are insured for this year, it ought to be evident even thus early in the season that the full advantages of the present situation of things, one of which is a ready sale of surplus products, can only be secured by letting well-enough alone, and avoiding extravagance and defiance in the fixing of prices. Prudence and good judment will make this a profitable year for the United States. A speculative thirst for immense profits will fling the best opportunity the country has had for years.

Another Hero.

Somebody blundered on the Detroit branch of the Lake Shore railroad last week. The Canadian Southern express waited near Toledo for the St. Louis express on the Wabash road, and finally received orders from the train-sender to "run wild." At Air Line junction the conductor learned that freight train No. 15 had been abandoned and accordingly he signalled the engineer to go on. It was midnight, and there was a dense fog; the train was running along a long curve at the rate of thirty miles an hour; and trundling on the same track in the opposite direction was the freight train. The firemen of the express train saw a light on the track and jumped for his life. The engineer whistled "down brakes," reversed the engine, and remained at his post, with his hand on the lever and his eyes fastened on the approaching engine. There was a great crash; the engines and freight cars were wrecked; the passenger cars remained on the track, and nobody except the engineer was so much as scratched. Imprisoned in a shapeless wreck of iron, steel and wood, with steam escaping from the shattered flues, and flames raging behind him, he had paid the penalty of somebody's blunder. An iron rod was driven in between his shoulder-blades, his skull was tossed into the cab, and his body was jammed between the boiler and tender. Mr.——, but stop! it is not worth while to "Mr." a man who dies like a hero in saving his fellow creatures. Lewis Young was his name.

Reading Postal Cards.

Reading postal cards sometimes puzzles the reader to whom the card is *not* addressed. At a country postoffice the people were aghast at a card which ran thus: "My dear sister, you will be glad to learn that I am *hung*, and my friends here say that I have richly deserved it." Such a communication, from a person who, according to her own account, was dead, and made through the postoffice as a medium, was admitted to exceed anything done at ordinary spiritual circles. In a few days came another card: "More good news! I am sold!" Whether the sale was made for the benefit of science and the dissecting-room was the question. But the mystery was solved when the anxious neighborhood learned that the writer was an artist, who had offered a picture at a great exhibition. When she wrote "I am hung," she meant that the "hanging committee" had placed her picture on the walls of the exhibition room. And what she meant when she wrote "I am sold," was easily understood by her correspondents. There is an old story of a man writing in a coffee house, who closed his letter with, "I would write more, but an imprudent fellow is looking over my shoulder." There was a hasty retreat of the imprudent fellow, whose angry surprise overcame his discretion. On all postal cards similar postscript ought to be printed to save time. Postal cards are handy things, but not good mediums for private communications.

Murder-Blood Indelible.

St. Louis Dispatch.

There are a great many things in this world that are regarded as superstitious and of so vapid a nature as to be discredited, but the old saying that it is impossible to wash murder-blood out of wood is verified in the fact that the blood stains on the floor where Mabel Hall dropped after her murder at the hands of Edgar Moore, at the Comique Theatre, are still ingrained on the walnut paneling. Since the event of the murder, the restaurant in which Mabel was murdered, has been converted into a barber shop, in connection with the Comique. Every Saturday morning the floor of the shop is scrubbed, but the blood of Mabel will not wash out. The spots are ingrained and though perfectly sleek from attempts to rub them out they stand there to remind one of the cold-blooded murder which startled the community at the time of its perpetration. Here is a question for theorists, and if it can be determined that the blood of a murdered person is indelible while that of a simple wound from accidental causes is not, no further proof of Divine curses will be needed. The above statements are well authenticated.

THE man who does business on a large scale—The City Weigher.—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

A Swamp that is Not a Swamp, but Almost a Fairy Land.

A correspondent writing to the Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette*, says:

"I know of no trip more full of excitement and varied pleasure than a visit to the Great Dismal Swamp. The strange, the beautiful, the weird and solemn in nature are all blended together, forming a scenic panorama attractive and interesting to the highest degree. There is nobody who has not actually been through the "Great Dismal" that has the slightest conception of what kind of a place it is. Judging from its name, the popular imagination makes it a vast swamp, quagmire and unwholesome fen, dark, silent and damp, where the light of the blessed sun never enters—a spot that seems cursed, and from whose black, murky surface noisome vapors arise that breed disease and death. This is the popular belief, and it is a popular fallacy. No idea can be more erroneous.

The Dismal Swamp is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which all the drainage of the surrounding country flows; on the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is in reality an immense reservoir that in its vast sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters which fall from the heavens and pours them into five different rivers which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charnel-house that spreads its miasma throughout the country; on the contrary it is the healthiest place on the American continent. The swamp is formed entirely of green timber; there is absolutely no decomposed wood; one sees trees lying around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are the juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone to the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing, it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air and water for ages perfectly sound.

There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the sweet perfume of flowers mingles with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the *ante-bellum* days all planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamp on account of its health. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands for fifteen years in the Dismal, getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of ague and fever. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and agents who have lived in the swamp their whole lifetime, and they never knew a death caused by the miasma, or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medicinal drink as is the famous watering-places of the Virginia "Mountain Spas." It is often used by naval vessels going on a long foreign cruise, an account of the healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a very pleasant taste.

The soil of the Great Dismal is composed entirely of clay and vegetable peat. It is spongy and loose. A pole thirty feet long was shoved steadily down by my guide, and did not begin to touch bottom. The swamp is alive with game and the lake with fish. The animals are bear, deer, raccoons and squirrels. The fish are the black bass or chub, as they call them here, which rise readily to the fly, speckled fish, beach fish, gars, catfish and perch. They all bite freely at bait, and make a game fight if hooked. Fishing is entirely done with rod and reel. Though the bear abound in the swamp, it is very hard to get a shot at them. You can often hear them crashing through the cane-brakes, but rarely see them. A few months ago one big black bear deliberately passed through the village on a dog-trot. It raised the village. Old men took their single barrels that had not gone off for a hundred years, and that were all the world like Rip Van Winkle's fowling-piece, and instantly snapped them off. Everybody got their arms, but Monsieur le Bruin kept on, regardless of the bird shot that rattled against his hide, and at last, after traversing the entire town, disappeared in the woods beyond, where, no doubt, in bear language, he told his companions of his wonderful adventure.

There is no highway or road through the swamp, only a canal runs some distance up it to bring out the shingles which, being made of juniper and cypress, are the most durable in the world. There is nothing else in the Dismal that can be turned to use. The lumber business has fallen lamentably off since the war, and but few shingles are made now.

Deadwood.

There is no such place anywhere. It shows up in its worst forms the "fast and flash" American trait. A little over a year ago the site of this swarming camp was a part of the howling wilderness. To-day there are along the streets and up and down the gulches, within a mile, over 10,000 people. Here is a city of 4,000 inhabitants, with a floating population of 2,000 more. About 1,500 houses and huts, and hundreds of tents up the hillsides, an academy, church, two daily newspapers, four banks, twenty lawyers, physicians, dentists, artists, club houses, theaters in full blast every night, the streets thronged with speculators, tramps and bummers; gambling hells open all day long, and "cappers" on every corner watching for the next "victim"—such is a hasty glance at Deadwood. It is a place in which the few prey upon the many. You can not buy anything for less than a quarter; your living costs you double what it would at Denver or Salt Lake City. You can't step in any direction without facing some device for getting rid of your money. They have even got a "corner" on postage stamps, and you must pay from a dime to a quarter for a three cent stamp.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Cup of Tea.

The Russian soldiers are said to live and fight almost wholly upon tea. The Cossacks often carry it about in the shape of bricks, or rather tiles, which, before hardening, are soaked in sheeps blood, and boiled in milk, with the addition of flour, butter and salt, so as to constitute a kind of soup. The passion of the Russian for this beverage is simply astonishing. In the depth of winter he will empty twenty cups in succession, at nearly boiling point, until he perspires at every pore, and then in a state of intense excitement rush out, roll in the snow, get up, and go on to the next similar place of entertainment. So with the army. With every group or circle of tents travels the invariable tea-cauldron, suspended from a tripod; and it would be gain to think of computing how many times each soldier's pannikin is filled upon a halt. It is his first idea. Frequently he carries it cold in a copper case, as a solace upon the march.

BIRTH OF THE CUCUMBER.

A seraph was sick with the colic one day,
And, weeping, leaned over the moon;
The tears, as they fell, floated lightly away
On the gossamer pinions of June.

But one, as it drifted along in the damp,
Sank wearily down to the earth;
As trembling it lay, 'twas embraced by a cramp
And the cucumber blushed into birth.

PERSONAL.

JAY GOULD was once a map peddler.

MOODY is farming in Massachusetts.

TENNYSON is trying hard to break off his habit of smoking opium.

CHAS. A. DANA, of the New York *Sun*, is fifty-eight years old.

EX-MINISTER SCHENCK will run a large stock-farm in Iowa.

CARLYLE is clear-eyed, his color is fresh, he stoops heavily; his hands shake a little, and he talks and laughs heartily.

JAMES SMITH, who was discharged from the Massachusetts state prison last week, is 87 years old, and first entered the prison fifty years ago.

REV. TALMAGE failed as a real estate speculator, having just been compelled to put his country house up at auction, and then nobody would have it.

A MRS. HAYES, of Allen county, Ohio, gave birth to 24 pounds of girls and boys a few days since. There were two of each sex.

AN $1,800 monument is to be erected over the grave of John C. Heenan, the "Benecia Boy," in St. Agnes cemetery, Albany. The money comes from the Heenan estate.

PRESIDENT HAYES is having made a number of medals which he will present to each officer and soldier of his old command at the Veteran's Reunion in Fremont, O.

MADAME CELESTE, aged seventy years, will take her final farewell of the stage in London by assuming a boy's part in a farce written expressly for the occasion.

A KENTUCKY paper thus chronicles an elopement: "Mr. J. C. Jarboe and Miss Artelia Sterett left rather hastily on the up packet last night, destined for matrimony and misery."

CAPT. MAYNE REID is in London, where he will remain permanently. He receives from his writings sufficient money to keep him in comfortable circumstances.

AT 21, Samuel McDonald of Baltitimore, came into possession of a fortune of half a million. At 28, after a brief career of dissipation, during which he killed a boon companion in a drunken fray, he died in poverty.

MR. XENOPHON MUNN, of Stowe, Vt., who is fond of alliteration, has seven daughters named Lucebe, Lucretia, Lurana, Lucinda, Lucia, Lulu and Luna, and threesons named Charles, Carroll and Clarence.

COMMODORE GARRISON is the principal owner of the Chicago gas works, from which alone his income is $1,000 a day. He is also a large owner of gas stocks in New York. He is now lame, his whole right side being paralyzed.

DAVID ANDERSON, a wealthy resident of Newark, died recently of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-one. When a boy he was a mail-rider between Philadelphia and New York, and in this way carried over Jackson's anxiously expected first message.

"LON" HUBBELL, "the strong man of the world," once well-known in the circus arena, is in the poor house of Putnam county. In his time he could hold back two yoke of oxen, and support a weight of 1,800 pounds resting on his arched hands and feet, with his stomach upwards.

SENATOR THOMAS W. FERRY lives in an old-fashioned two-story brown frame house at Grand Haven, Michigan,—which is surrounded by handsome grounds. He is a bachelor, and his aunt, an unmarried lady nearly seventy years old, presides over his household. He has just recovered from his severe illness.

COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, the husband of the late Horace Greeley's daughter Ida, has made his mark. He made it with a horse-whip over the face of an epileptic Chappaqua youth, who didn't give the Colonel as much of the public road as the necessities of the latter's carriage required. An arrest for assault and a civil suit for $5,000 has been entered.

MISS ADA L. WHITE, the daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, was married the other day at St. Paul's Cathedral with an enormous amount of ceremony. The young lady was attended by sixteen bridesmaids, and had a wedding cake so large that it had to be cut with a silver sword specially manufactured for the purpose.

SECRETARY EVARTS is amused by the newspaper statement that he rules eleven lovely daughters. He said the other day to correspondent, "Tell your people that I don't object to eleven daughters, but I do object to the summary manner in which they have killed off my six sons." The Secretary has a family of five daughers and six sons.

BRET HARTE is a sender gentleman, of medium height, with full suit of curly hair, gray before its time, prominent Roman nose, large gray eyes, chestnut-colored moustache, a chin that ought to be a little more to the front to make a proper and firm base, and countenance that is pitted over with memories of the small-spox.

ROBERT DALE OWEN was both married and buried by a Presbyterian minister. When making, before his death, arrangements for his funeral he said: "Mr. Huntington married me, and may as well bury me; 'tis true, we do not think alike on all theological points, but we worship the same God, and hope to live in the same heaven."

A. T. STEWART in his will left $5,000 to William Armstrong, and the money was paid to one of the cashiers of that name. Now another William Armstrong, who was formerly in the employ of the firm, but is now in Chicago, asserts that he is the rightful legatee, and brings suit for the money. Mr. Stewart's lawyers, however, say that no mistake has been made in the matter.

THE Adams family seem to have always been officeholders. The records of Braintree, Mass., show that Deacon John Adams, the father of President John Adams, was in 1722 made sealer of leather of the town of Braintree, and was "eminently suited for his duties, being a cordwainer," or shoemaker. In 1724 he was one of the tithingmen; in 1727 he was chosen constable, and later on in life he was made selectman, and held the position for several years.

GOV. VANCE, of North Carolina, seasoned with a little fun a lecture on "The Scattered Race" which he delivered at Asheville, N. C., recently. He told his hearers that there were but few Hebrews in New England outside of Boston; that the ordinary Yankee was too sharp even for these lynx-eyed dealers in ready-made clothing. "Why," said he, "Brother Jonathan with a jack-knife will, in half an hour, whittle a poor Jew out of all his hopes of Abraham. It is a hard place where this enterprising people cannot live; but there are few in New England, and (lowering his voice) none in Asheville."