

OFF ROUGH POINT.

BY EMMA LAZARUS.

We sat at twilight night and we, The fog hung gray and sad, Through the black film assembly...

FERGUSON'S AVENGERS.

A Story of Partisan Days.

"This for the gallant Ferguson!" The foregoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the loveliest districts of the Palmetto State...

This conflict revived the hopes of the southern patriots, and forced Cornwallis to return to Charleston, discomfited and cast down.

"We shall have rest now," the patriots said, after the battle. "Ferguson, the dreaded, is dead, and the few Tories who escaped with their wretched lives are not strong enough to do us harm."

But the settlements were soon learn that the victory of King's Mountains had nerved the arm of the foe more terrible than any which they had hitherto known.

The existence of the new terror was discovered by a boy one morning about a fortnight after the battle. He found the family of Archibald Metson murdered in their own house, and to the corpses had been pinned a paper bearing these words:

"This for the gallant Ferguson!" This terrible atrocity aroused the country, and the excitement was quickly heightened by the finding of the body of another murdered patriot.

Her name was Alice Beauchampe. It was a dark night in the last week of November, when the heroine of my story left the house of a friend. Her own house, which had been deserted for several days, was not far away, and she had determined to return to it for the purpose of securing an article of apparel left behind in her recent flight.

Before she set out on her journey she was warned of the dangers that environed it; but she smiled and declared she did not fear them. She could enter the house through the kitchen, in the rear, find the garment without a light, and return safely to her friends.

The path she had often traversed was barely discernible; but she made good headway, and reached her home without incident. The silence of the grave hung about the place, and the lifting of the latch sent a chill of terror to the young girl's heart.

"Up! up! the rebels are coming!" But his cry did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made their faces hideous was enough to provoke a smile, even from the mad toy.

"Men!" he sneered, contemptuously! "Dogs! every one of you. I've a mind to ride down to the Palmetto swamp and tell the rebels hiding there that the men they hate are in their power. I have thought that I commanded men, not drunks!"

"This is old Beauchampe's house," said one. "It has been deserted for several days. The daughter, frightened by the manner in which we treated the father, has fled somewhere for protection."

Well might the lone girl tremble when she found herself so near the dreaded shores of the country, and she did not move until she heard the front door opened, and heavily booted feet in the room below.

The noise in the house increased, and oaths and rude jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

The girl, who had longed for a sight of the father, crept to a spot near the bureau where there was a crevice in the floor. There she applied her eye to the hole, she saw six wild-looking men directly beneath her.

They were, beyond a doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table, along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar. Tall, rough, devil-may-care-looking fellows they were, armed with pistols, carbines, and sabers, the kind of men who never court the smiles of mercy or listen to the pleadings of innocence.

Just such fellows as they were, Alice had supposed them to be, for she had seen many of the prisoners taken at King's Mountain, and she longed for the presence of a band of patriots. There were true men in South Carolina at that time who would have given their arms for a chance to exterminate the Avengers, and Alice remembered where a little party of patriots lay, but alas! they were not very near.

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in King's Mountain, and on old Beauchampe's hearth we'll preside."

At his command, one of the men left the house, but soon returned, bearing with him a duck and several chickens, from whose freshly wrung necks the warm blood was dripping.

"How's the horses?" asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table.

"Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they don't need watching, and besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"Why, there's the Widow Hartzell!" "I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last."

"And presented him with a breast pin! Hal ha!"

And the laugh went round the room. Alice Beauchampe did not wait until the laugh was ended; while yet it filled the house with its devilish echoes, she looked across the room to a window that looked out upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

There was no sash in the window, and the cold breeze from the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness beneath the window; but, failing her endeavor, she crept over the sill resolved to trust to fortune for success.

The distance to the ground was not very great, and the daring girl alighted without injury.

Now she was free to make her escape to the friends she had lately left; but immediate flight in that direction was not her intention.

"Heaven help me!" she murmured, as she glided around the old house and approached the horses which the Tories had left tethered to some trees a few yards from the door.

A glance into the room revealed the forms of the Avengers discussing the merits of the wine with oath and jest, or watching the roasting of fowls. They had completely terrorized the country, and under the sway of their lawlessness it was fast becoming a desert.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she reached the copse, she struck them with a whip which she found beneath a saddle. It was a smart blow that she administered, and the steeds started forward and disappeared in an instant.

Thus in a few moments Ferguson's Avengers had been deprived of their horses.

Flushed with triumph, Alice Beauchampe returned to the house, and again looked upon the hilarious tenants.

She now held a pistol in her hand—a weapon which a hostler had granted her, and she crept to the edge of the porch before she halted. There was the flash of vengeance in the dark eyes of the partisan girl while she gazed upon the party beyond the threshold. Once or twice she raised the weapon, but lowered it again, as if playing with the life of the leader of the six, whose burly form was revealed by the light of the fire.

She saw the fowls, smoking and well-browned, placed on the table, and watched the green meat cook and fizzle. Her tongue and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late repast. This man appeared perfectly sober, and the angry glances which he often cast at his companions told that he did not sanction their bacchanalian conduct.

"Come! enough of this he suddenly cried, rising from the table, which had been dragged to the center of the room. "Up! boys, and let's be going!"

"Up!" he said, "you had better be going, but you must bring some home and drink yourselves stupid. Tom Scott, and you Blakeson, I am ashamed of you! What would we do if a gang of rebels should catch us in this condition? You understand the mercy we would get, and yet you sit there as careless as statues—drunk as old Bacchus himself!"

Then an expression of contempt passed over the man's face, and, stooping, he exclaimed:

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Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the revolutionary war.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT NEIGHBORS.

Incidents of the Northern Blockade—Which the Confederates Were Reduced.

Mrs. M. B. Bandy in Pitts. Weekly Times. The Southern Confederacy was a country without neighbors, a pugilist without backers. History furnishes no instance of a more effective blockade.

Landward except where Mexican robbers and Indians held the frontier, lay the country of the foe, and seaward, within half of a mile, from Virginia to Texas, the vessels of the United States navy shut in the besieged states from the world, and shut the world out from them.

The men who ran the blockade risked life and liberty; for this risk they demanded large profits on the goods which they brought. The war produced its natural crop of extortioners. After the repudiation of 1863 of one-third of the Confederate debt few people had faith in the currency. Those who held it spent it freely, anxious to exchange for something of more tangible value.

No one who could afford to buy anything would be anxious to sell merchandise, which every day increased in market value. This inflation bore its legitimate fruits, and the rare spectacle was presented of purchasers anxious to buy, while merchants were loth to sell.

For four years the southern states were shut up to their own resources. These resources, though immense, were undeveloped and the means to develop them were, for the most part, wanting.

Manufactures sprung up all over the country; but where capital and machinery were necessary to the perfection of their labor, that labor was left unperfected. Confederate cotton cloth, as already stated, was sent forth from the factory in its natural unbleached tint. Confederate paper was inferior in color and texture to the brown wrapping paper commonly used in dry goods stores to-day.

The Georgia woolen mills produced army cloths and blankets of good quality, but were not so successful in the cloth sold for two or three hundred dollars a yard. Cow-hair was carefully saved from the tanneries and mixed with cotton, was spun and woven into garments which, if coarse, were at least thick and warm.

The lightest ladies in the land did not disdain to wear homespun. The wash poplins of to-day, sold in all dry goods stores at from ten to fifteen cents a yard, closely resembles the homespun dresses of which southern women were then so proud.

The prettiest made cloths of the confederates was a mixture of silk and cotton. This black silk too much worn to be of use in any other way, was cut into bits and packed into lint, mixed with more or less cotton and spun and woven for the dress. The process was painfully tedious, as from a pound and a half to two pounds of picked silk was required; and not a few girls who set out to accomplish a dress stopped short at enough silk to knit a pair of gloves.

The statement made in a former article upon confederate makeshifts, published in Harper's Magazine, to the effect that the confederate woman did not know what was the fashion, was the occasion of some incredulous comments. Not only did they not know, but many of them did not care. They wore what they had or could get, and were content. A lady friend of the writer laughingly declares that never but once in her life did she always have something to wear and that was in the war time when reduced to one dress—a black cashmere made of two old ones; she had no choice, but must as things wear and no choice. Calicoes in 1864 were worth \$30 to \$40 a yard, and a new calico was regarded as a handsome dress. Garments already on hand were turned and turned, dyed and made over as long as a piece of them remained. The costume of the present day, in so far as it means a dress made of two materials, was performed fashionable in the confederacy—a convenient mode of making two old friends cover each other's deficiencies.

Grange Statistics. The following figures show the number of Granges in existence in each State at the last annual report, the number of paid-up members reported, and the number of new Granges organized since the beginning of the Grange year.

Table with columns: State, Granges, Members, Granges. Lists statistics for Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Indian Territory, Washington.

A White Lady Prisoner in India.

A Scottish traveler, who stopped for a few hours in a city in the interior of India, caught a glimpse of a white woman in a native dress. She was in a park, borne on the shoulders of slaves, which indicated that her rank was high. On the following day she sent a message to him that he was the first European she had seen since her childhood; that she remembered being dragged away from her family, while their house was burning, when she was five years old, and that her name was Lucy; that she had grown up among the natives, had forgotten the English language, and was the wife of an Indian prince; and that she desired to inquire of the traveler about her parentage. The messenger implored him to see the woman, who was weeping at home; but before he could do so she was removed from the neighborhood, presumably as a consequence of her communication with the stranger. The inference is that Lucy is a survivor of the mutiny massacres of 1857.

An Original Woman's Luggage.

Naples Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph. An English lady and her husband lived in this country for many years, and she became notorious for her original acts. These were copied by her husband in Rome where they had gone on a visit. Wishing to bring his body home to the Tuscan city where she resided, Mrs. — determined to carry the coffin with her as part of her luggage. The difficulty of the affair lay in the Custom House examination, which, at that time—some ten years ago—was exceedingly strict. This devoted wife thought herself of deluding the officials. So, arrived at the gates of Rome, her trunk was taken from the carriage—nothing in their appearance betrayed the presence of a foreign body—and the Custom House officer asked the usual question, "What does this trunk contain?" putting his hand on the coffin. With perfect unconcern the English lady answered, "Roba wata" (old clothes), and the official turned his attention to the other travelers.

Village Society in Winter.

First: As to sewing-clubs; the work should be carefully restricted to such embroidery, etc., as cannot be done by women who earn their living by their needle. The justice of this ought to be at once apparent; but it is, as a rule, overlooked. We have known the plain sewing taken from the seamstresses of a village, and given to church clubs, for a winter, the consequence of which was, hungry women asking parish help, and stained-glass windows behind the pulpit.

Secondly: In reading-clubs, let the time for each reader be limited by inflexible rule. If this is not done, there will be found in every such club, at least one dogmatic, selfish reader who will force his author and his voice upon the club, until in disgust and weariness the members fall off and the experiment fails.

Thirdly: If we may trench upon a more delicate topic, we would suggest the purpose of music, dancing or conversation, the old caste lines of the town be disregarded. There is no despotism more narrow or cruel than the aristocracy of a village. New blood and new ideas would generally revivify it; outside of the so-called "good society" of such a place which has been fenced in for two or three generations, is frequently found the larger proportion of intelligence, culture, and breadth of thought.

Fourthly: The great want experienced by cultured and well-to-do people in a small town is of books, periodicals, etc., which, individually, they are not able to buy. There are very few circulating libraries in American towns of a population less than ten thousand. This want can be obviated in a measure, by a friendly combination between certain families or individuals, in which each contributes a given number of books to a common stock; these books are loaned to the members in turn.

A more formal and much better way is the formation of a book-club, such as were common in England before the establishment of Mudie, in which each member pays at the beginning a certain sum, with which as many books are purchased as there are members, each one choosing a book; these turn in regular rotation from hand to hand, remaining a fortnight with each reader; twenty books may thus be read for the cost of one.

When the books have passed around the circle, they are sold to members for the benefit of the club. Fines for detention and abuse of books also keep up the funds. No officer is required in this association but a treasurer. Another advantage in the plan is that books can be bought by the quantity at lower rates than singly. The same rule applies to subscriptions for magazines, newspapers, etc.—Scribner for December.

LATIN FOR COWS.

Charles Dudley Warner's Reminiscences—From Advance Sheets of "Being a Boy."

Speaking of Latin reminds me that I once taught my cows Latin. I don't mean that I taught them to read, for it is very difficult to teach a cow to read Latin or any of the dead languages—a cow cares more for her cud than she does for all the classics put together. But if you begin early you can teach a cow, or a calf (if you can teach a calf anything, which I doubt), Latin as well as English.

There were ten cows which had to be sorted to and from pasture night and morning. To these cows I gave the names of the Roman numerals, beginning with Unus and Duo, and going up to Decem. Decem was, of course, the biggest cow of the party, or at least she was the ruler of the stable and everywhere else. I admire cows, and especially the exactness with which they define their social position. In this case Decem could "lick" Octo, and so on down to Unus, who couldn't lick anybody, except her own calf. I suppose I ought to have called the weakest cow Unus instead of Unus, considering her sex; but I didn't care much to teach the cows the declensions of adjectives, in which I was not very well up myself; and besides, it would be of little use to a cow. People who devote themselves too severely to study of the classics are apt to become dried up, and you should never do anything to dry up a cow. Well, these cows know their names, and would take at least they appear to, and would take their places as I called them. At first if Octo attempted to get before Novem in getting through the bars (I have heard people speak of a "pair of bars") or into the stable, the matter of precedence was settled then and there, and once settled there was no dispute about it afterward. Novem either put her horns into Octo's ribs, and Octo shambled to one side, or she interlocked horns and tried the game of push and gore until one gave way. Nothing is stricter than the etiquette of a party of cows. There is nothing in royal courts equal to it; rank is exactly settled, and the same individuals always have the precedence. You know that at Windsor Castle, if the Royal Three-Ply Silver stick should happen to get in front of the Most Royal Double-and-Twisted Golden Rod when the Court is going to dinner, something so dreadful would happen that we do not care to think of it. It is certain that the cow would get cold while the Golden Rod was pitching the silver Stick out of the castle into the moat, and perhaps the island of Great Britain itself would split in two. But the people are very careful that it never shall happen, so we shall probably never know what the effect would be. Among cows, as I say, the question is settled in short order, and in a different manner from what it sometimes is in other society. It is said that in other society there is sometimes a great scramble for the first place; for the leadership as it is called, and that women, as well as men, will be first they will injure their neighbors by telling stories about them, and by backbiting, which is the meanest kind of biting there is, not excepting the bite of fleas. But in cow society there is nothing of this detraction in order to get the first place at the crib, or the farther stall in the stable. If the question arises, the cow turns in, horns and all, and settles it with the square fight, and ending it I have often advised that it is a very good little Latin. I used to try to teach the cows a Beside Latin, and it is a very good plan. It does not do the cows much good, but it is very good exercise for a boy farmer. I used to commit to memory as good short poems as I could find (the cows used to like to listen to "Thanatopsis" about as well as anything), and repeat them when I went to the pasture, and as I drove the cows home through the sweet ferns and down the rocky slope. It improves a boy's elocution a great deal, that is, if a boy repeats "Thanatopsis" while he is milking, that operation acquires a certain dignity.

Mulchay and Wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mulchay lived on a farm. They were shrewd and thrifty, and had the reputation of being "close." Finally Mrs. Mulchay sickened and was about to die. Finding herself nearing the end, she expressed a desire to put things in order before that event occurred, and old Tom prepared to listen.

"Tom," says Mrs. Mulchay, "there's Mrs. Smith, up at the crossing, she owes me \$1.80 for butter; see ye get it."

THE WOLF AND THE HOGS.

A Lively Time Around a Stump in the Woods—From the Nevada Territorial Enterprise.

But what I was going to tell you about was a big piece of fun I had one day when out hunting in the Whitewoman bottoms.

As I was slippin' along, hopin' I'd see somethin' to shoot at, all to once I heard, away off through the woods, a awful roarin' and 'booh! boohin'! of hogs. I didn't know what it thundered with, but I determined to find out. It was a wet, drizzly kind of day, and I could get along over the leaves and not make a bit of noise. I scooped along from tree to tree, and at last come to a place where there was about two acres of hogs.

Such a sight of hogs I never did see. They stood and squirmed about, bristlin' all the ground. All had their bristles up, an' all was a 'booh, booh, boohin'!' at a fearful rate. There was white hogs, black hogs, spotted hogs, and hogs of all sizes, colors and degrees of cussedness. Mad they was just bilin' mad—frothin' at the mouth and champin' their teeth fearful. A sort of steam rose up out'n the wet hair of that mass of ragin' beasts, and filled all the country round with an overpowerin' smell of mad hog.

What was a causing of all this commotion I was not long in seeing. There, in the middle of the great convention of hogs, stood a big oak stump, about five feet high, and in the centre of the stump stood a big gray wolf—a gaunt, hungry-looking devil as ever I see.

He was handsomely treed, and wasn't in any pleasant fix, as he was beginning to find out. All about him was a mass of uneasy hair, devilish eyes, frothing mouths, and gleaming teeth. Poor devil, that he stood—his tail tucked close between his legs and his feet all gathered into the exact centre of the stump—and Lord, wasn't he a sick looking wolf! He seemed to be thinking that he had sold himself awful cheap.

Right close about the stump and raising up against it, was a crowd of some of the biggest and most unprincipled old sows I ever set eyes onto. Every half minute one of these big old fellers would raise up, get his fore feet on top of the stump and make a savage snap at one end or 'tother of the wolf, her jaws coming together like a flax brake.

The wolf would whirl round to watch that partickler sow, when the one on the other side of the stump would make a plunge for his tail, an' so they kept the poor, cowardly, cornered critter whirrin' round and round, huntin' his tail, and haulin' in his feet, and in every possible way reducin' his general average.

Almost every instant there was a charge made on him from some quarter, and sometimes from three or four directions to once. Lord, wasn't it hurryin' times with him then!

When he had a moment to rest an' gaze about, all he saw was them two acres of open mouths, restless bristles, and fiery eyes. His long, red tongue hung out of his open jaws, and as he moved his head from side to side he seemed to have about the most of his smartness of any wolf I ever seed. He had got himself into a nice pickle by tryin' to steal a pig, and he knewed it just as well as if he's been human, and was ashamed of himself accordin'.

No quarter could he expect anywhere in all that sea of open, roarin' mouths.

Such was the noise and chagrin and plundin' and stagin' to and fro, that I hardly felt safe behind my tree, 100 yards away.

I determined to try my experiment on that wolf. I raised my gun and fired into the air. At the report the critter forgot himself. He bounded from the stump with the crack of the gun, but he never touched the ground. Half a dozen open mouths reached up for him, and in them he landed. There was just one sharp yelp, then for a rod around was seen flyin' strips of wolf skin, legs and hair—for half a minute was heard a crunchin' of bones, and then them old sows were lickin' their chops, rarin' up onto that thar stump and prospectin' about for more wolf.

But that time concluded the neighborhood was likely to prove unhealthy, and I got up and peeled it for the nearest clearin'.

A Sensitive Woman.

The following is told of a resident of Iowa: "The case of Mrs. E. Winship, who resides in Shell Rock, is a remarkable one. The slightest odor of tobacco, either chloroform, turpentine, benzine, kerosene, or any other uniformly deodorized, throw her into violent convulsions. So sensitive is she to the effect that she is obliged to shut herself wholly in a room by herself. These convulsions increase in severity at each repetition, and a few days since a man entered the house with a piece of tobacco in his mouth before the family were aware of it, and, although the rooms were thoroughly ventilated by leaving the doors and windows open, enough of the odor of tobacco remained to produce those convulsions which Mrs. Winship came into the room, and for some hours it was thought she would not recover. Extraordinary precautions are used to prevent those who use tobacco from going to the house."

A Curious Wager.

Perhaps one of the most curious wagers on record is one that was made by two sporting men in January, 1857. One of the above bet £20 to £10 that the first thirty men who should pass a shop in which they were to station themselves, twenty would have at least one hand in the breeches or coat pocket, and that fifteen would have both hands so placed. New Street, Covent Garden, London, was selected for the place of scrutiny, as, from its having an extremely narrow footpath and being very public thoroughfare, it would when the bet was made be the most inconceivable of this peculiar custom. The result of the examination was, that of the first thirty men who passed eighteen had both hands in their pockets, and five others had one hand so situated, the proposer of the wager thus winning it easily.

Can Write, but Not Read.

The Raleigh (N. C.) Observer of Thursday, says: "There is a man that resides in Buckhorn township, this county, who has until recently been a county official for thirty years. He is an illiterate man, cannot read a line of print or manuscript, but can write page after page as smoothly and correctly as any bookkeeper in the city. He is very fond of writing, especially if any one dictates, and when asked to write he writes with a neat hand. The manuscript is completed he knows no more about it than a hog does of Greek. He bought a common cedar pen staff and holder thirty years ago, and has used that and no other since. These facts can be vouched for by a number of reliable citizens of this city."

OLIVER BROWN.

OLIVER BROWN, son of old John Brown, of Haverhill, Mass., a military hero, the survivor of that quixotic attempt, is living alone on Jay Cooke's Island, Gibraltar, in Lake Erie. His summer garb is generally a tattered, bleached cotton check blouse shirt, a pair of patched homespun pants, and a tattered straw hat. His feet are usually bare. He is a bachelor, and very gallant in his manner to ladies, whom he warmly welcomes when they visit Gibraltar.

SLAM BANG IS THE NAME OF A BOSTON CHINAMAN.

CONGRESSMAN BLACKBURN is thirty-nine and has a son eighteen. GERMANY people were interested a day or two ago in a double wedding in that city, in which the bridegrooms were twin brothers.

"THE King of Denmark is now knight of every principal European order, having just had the last conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Baden.

TEXAS papers record the death of Thomas J. Pilgrim, who, in 1829, organized the first Sunday school in that state, at San Felipe, Austin county.

A MARYLAND bride, 40 years old, went off in a spasm just as the important words were to be spoken, and was taken from the church to the insane asylum a raving maniac.

WHEN Charles Sumner was making his famous civil rights speech a Washington negro was heard to say to another, "Is you going to de Cap to to-day to hear de 'nigger chaw de bones and de 'nigger eat de bones?"

MR. NORMAN TAYLOR ran in his stocking feet from Carlisle, Mass., to Lowell, on election night, to carry the latest election returns. The distance is nine miles, which he made in one hour and ten minutes.

CHARLEY BOSS' father has expended \$60,000 in his searches, and made about 800 fruitless journeys. He is now poor, his business having gone to naught through neglect, and he has engaged a traveling salesman.

WILLIAM L. VAUGHN, principal of a public school in Covington, Ky., lectured on "The Duty of Good Example." On the following day he was arrested for bigamy, a deserted wife having arrived from Canada.

A MISER named Farrell, aged sixty-five, was found dead in his bed, in Dublin, on the morning of the 22d ult. In a drawer in his room was found gold of the value of \$170; and deposits for shares in railway and mining companies worth \$88,775.

MERCEDES, future Queen of Spain, has a peculiarity—she is rarely seen without coral ornaments of some sort. It is for this reason, probably, that coral has become very fashionable in Paris; a single row of fine coral beads now costs there from \$200 to \$250.

MRS. FREMONT says that when she went to San Francisco, in '48, visits in the day time were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth \$50 a minute," and that she must hold as a great compliment the brief visits made to her during the day.

MR. LONGFELLOW has entirely recovered from his grievous neuralgia and his health is better than it has been for many years. He is expected to be married pretty soon to Mr. R. H. Dana, the handsome and clever son of R. H. Dana, jr. The young lady is exceedingly pretty.

MR. VOORHIES is said to have been greatly impressed by Senator Morton's death. When he heard of it he turned pale, and spoke in a broken voice. When some one referred to his appointment he said: "Don't let us talk about that now; God knows I wish Senator Morton had lived."

THE Rev. Dr. William Alvin Bartlett, now of Indianapolis, who was on intimate terms with Senator Morton, and visited him often during his last illness, says that the Senator uniformly desired to hold a religious conversation with any one, and that he died without any change of mind on that subject.

OLLIE MORTON, youngest son of the late Senator Morton, has left Indianapolis for New Haven to complete his preparation for college. Mrs. Morton, his mother, will follow him as soon as her health permits. Walter, the second son, resumes his work upon the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

THE venerable John J. Brown, well known by his "bronchial troches," is the oldest druggist in Boston, having celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, October 31. He went to Boston in 1807, as an apprentice in the store which he purchased in 1812, and conducted on the same site until his retirement a few years ago. Mr. Brown is as hearty and active as most men are at sixty.

GENERAL MEREDITH READ is reported to be much liked by the crown heads of Europe. He is familiarly received in the household of the Princess of Wales, and has a collection of photographs of the royal family of England, set in jewels, and presented to him with autographs. He is clever, knows the languages, has tact and good manners, and is altogether a creditable representative.

Mrs. SCHURER's two daughters are not specimens of human Teutonic beauty, but very fragile and refined, with complexions of transparent purity, fine regular features and fair hair. Agatha, the eldest, takes care of the boy her mother left, and is devoted to the beautiful child, now running about the house and talking in baby fashion. The other young daughter, Puss, has charge of little Carl, an active boy of eight years, and the father is as devoted to the two girls, in public and private, as any lover could be.

MISS VANDERBILT'S trousseau is mentioned in Paris as exceeding even the usual extravagance of American women who are noted there for the costliness of their dress. The young lady's bridal dress of brocaded satin was worn at Lyons from the dressmaker's own design. The bridal bonnet, made entirely of lace in which fine pearls were wrought and trimmed simply with a single marquis feather, cost \$75. The six bridesmaids' dresses of thin gauze are each embroidered with different flowers.

Wm. M. Archibald Forbes met Sir Samuel Baker and his wife on their return from Africa, the clever correspondent made the singular observation that Sir Samuel, who had lived on oatmeal and water for months, took exception to the style in which the first fried sole he had eaten for many years was cooked, and that Lady Baker, who had worn a sack in Africa, could hardly find any thing bright and beautiful enough in Mr. Worth's attire to deck herself with.

OLIVER BROWN, son of old John Brown, of Haverhill, Mass., a military hero, the survivor of that quixotic attempt, is living alone on Jay Cooke's Island, Gibraltar, in Lake Erie. His summer garb is generally a tattered, bleached cotton check blouse shirt, a pair of patched homespun pants, and a tattered straw hat. His feet are usually bare. He is a bachelor, and very gallant in his manner to ladies, whom he warmly welcomes when they visit Gibraltar.