

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Dedicated to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRO'RS.

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Secular Poetry.

The Idle Lyre.

By MARGARET J. PIERSON.

Thou art an idle lyre
And idleness's eternal friend;
A messenger was summoned
To hear his Lord's command,
That from earth's lowly children
Some favored one be bring,
Who had a skillful finger
To sweep the golden string.
O high—O, wondrous honor!
Whose shall the glory be
To break that lyre's strange silence
With heaven-born harmony?
What mighty laurel's breath'd throng,
Shall angels reckon worthy
To swell those waves of song?
Some calm and saintly spirit?
Some affluent soul whose praise
Hath caught the sacred key-note
That aeth'ral voices raise?
Some pure unearthly nature—
Some lightning heart that beats
In golden-centred silence,
The music of the spheres?
—A little child was playing
Beside his mother's knee,
Clad in the simple meekness
Of infant purity:
The angel smiling, beckoned,
And breathed the soft behest:
The lowliest one could waken
That silent lyre the best.

[Lowell, Kansas, Cor. N. Y. Herald, Nov. 12.]

A Bowie Knife Tournament.

Dr. V. C. Lawrence, of Vacanna, Colorado, recently of Philadelphia, has just arrived here and furnished me the following details of one of those bloody tragedies enacted nowhere else than on the borders: On Tuesday (election day) Joe and Charley Bigger (brothers), Gus Norton and Tom Jackson, who had been driving a herd of cattle into Missouri, passed through here on their return home, in Northern Texas. The men were all young, well mounted and armed, and each possessed of considerable money, the proceeds of the sale of their cattle. They stopped some two hours in this place and I had a long conversation with them. On Wednesday afternoon they camped on the bank of a small stream in the Indian Territory, about forty miles from here, and, after staking out their horses, while cooking their supper, sat down to a game of cards. They had hardly commenced their game when Orestes Watrous (known as Cook-eyed Watt), The Allison and Dick Bradford, noted New Orleans gamblers, rode into camp. These gamblers were on a professional tour from Fort Scott, and were bound for Buxton Springs and Kansas City. The new comers were gladly welcomed and invited to camp with the herdsmen, which invitation was quickly accepted.

The sun being some two hours high, it was suggested that there was plenty of time to have a social game or two of poker before supper, and accordingly Watrous, Bradford, Joe Bigger and Jackson took a hand. At first Bigger and Jackson won, but luck soon turned, and Watrous and Bradford were in a fair way of cleaning out the others, when Bigger detected Watrous cheating. A row at once ensued; blows were interchanged and weapons drawn by both parties, when it was proposed, in order to secure fair play, that Bigger and Watrous should fight it out on horseback, their weapons being bowie knives. This was at once agreed to, and the men prepared for the bloody fray. They were dressed of their coats and shirts, and their knives were bound to their right hands. They were then placed sixty yards apart, with orders to ride at each other full speed, passing on the left side.—Both were splendid horsemen.—Bigger was mounted on a clean-lined, fiery pony, a little over fourteen hands high, while Watrous rode a large "water-eyed," vicious roan. At the word "go," the combatants spurred towards each other like the wind, but passed without inflicting any injury. A second and third joust was run, when Watrous' horse received a slight cut on the flank.—On the fourth round Bigger, as he passed Watrous, threw himself on the off side of his pony, so as to expose no portion of his person, and drove his knife deep into the neck of his adversary's steed.—

Watrous, divining the manoeuvre, wheeled as the blow was struck, and attempted to hamstring Bigger's pony, but succeeded only in inflicting a severe wound. This style of fighting was then abandoned, and both men and horses appeared to become infuriated at the sight of blood. As they neared each other the fifth time, Bigger suddenly struck Watrous with his left fist in the face, at the same moment cutting a fearful gash in his thigh; but before he could get away, Watrous succeeded in driving his knife into Bigger's shoulder. The combatants and horses were becoming weak from loss of blood, when Watrous determined, if possible, to end the combat by riding down his adversary, which he thought the superior weight of his horse would enable him to do.—Accordingly, on the sixth round, he made directly upon Bigger's pony, and Bigger, in attempting to avoid the collision, was severely cut in the arm and face. The pony, however, was game, and although very lame, seized the roan by the check, lacerating it in a fearful manner.

At the seventh encounter the horses came together with a fearful shock, the pony being thrown, falling upon his rider, but both immediately regained themselves. Watrous' horse was last bleeding to death from the stab in his neck, and Watrous himself could scarce keep his seat from the wound in the thigh. Bigger succeeded in again sticking Watrous in the thigh, and was struck in return in the side. Several blows were interchanged and evaded, or fell only upon the horses.

The fight had not lasted more than half an hour, when Dr. Lawrence rode up in time to witness the final round. As they came together Watrous endeavored to rise in his stirrups and to throw himself upon Bigger, but neither horse could stand the encounter, and both fell. Bigger was streaming with gore from the cuts in the face, back and arms, but was able to extricate himself, and rushed upon Watrous, who could not rise on account of the wounds in his thigh. Bigger threw himself upon Watrous with the fury of a fiend, and almost in a moment his knife had reached the unfortunate gambler's heart; and Bradford, seeing the fate of his friend, raised his pistol, fired, and Bigger fell dead across the corpse of Watrous.

A free fight at once ensued, Charley Bigger, Norton and Jackson firing upon Bradford and Allison. Bradford was killed in the melee, and Charley Bigger and Jackson severely wounded. The wounded were taken to a cabin about half a mile from the battle field, and their wounds dressed by Dr. Lawrence, who pronounces them in a fair way of recovery. This is one of the most remarkable fights that has ever occurred, even among the lawless adventurers of the border. It sounds like romance, but the source of my information will not admit of a doubt of its truth.

[From the Columbia Union.]

The State House.

We were shown on Saturday the new improvement being made at the State House. The finished portions are all being renovated, offices being moved from one part of the building to another, and a general overhauling is being made. The old flimsy rag carpets have been taken up, and heavy, durable Brussels put in their places. It was poor economy in the outset to cover the floors with such carpet material as has just been removed. The Executive office has been moved from the eastern, to the same relative position in the western end of the building. The Secretary of State moves from his old quarters to the western end of the building, on the opposite side of the hall from the Governor.

Both the rooms of the Governor and the Secretary of State are being beautifully fitted up, and an air of neatness and comfort seems to pervade these new quarters. The Adjutant and Inspector General occupies the rooms formerly occupied by the Executive, while the Superintendent of Education secures the rooms vacated by the Secretary of State.

On the second floor everything is bustle and activity. Mr. Allen, the contractor for the repairs, &c., of the building, is entitled to great credit for the dispatch with which he has pushed his work toward completion.

The decorations of the hall are beautiful, indeed. The upholstery is being furnished by Stewart, Sutphen & Co., of Brooklyn, New York, and it is of the most improved patterns and best quality. The heavy damask curtains and

lambrokins, together with the massive walnut and gilt cornices, give an appearance of elegance and beauty, which must be seen to be appreciated. These materials have been selected with an eye to durability as well as display. The gas fixtures are of the latest styles, and are artistically and elegantly mounted. The hall is supplied with fine hanging chandeliers—one of massive proportions in the centre, with sixty-four burners, and four others of twenty seven burners each. These fixtures add very materially to the beauty of the hall.

The clocks for the Hall of the House, the Senate, and the Committee rooms are beautiful pieces of workmanship.

Gen. John B. Dennis, Superintendent of State House repairs, deserves great credit for the excellent taste displayed by him in the selections made. We are glad to see that he was not only governed by a desire for effect, but also for permanent durability.

When everything is completed and in order, we believe our State House will compare favorably with any in the country, and will present something near the appearance designed by the first projectors.

The building is of magnificent proportions, and much larger than was ever necessary for a State like ours, but inasmuch as we have it, although it is a pretty large elephant, it would be but economy to allow it to remain unfinished, and unused.

The outside of the building now needs completing, the floors of the first story putting in order, the grounds beautifying and adorning, and then the State will be in possession of a State House worthy of the highest admiration.

The Hand of Providence.

The man must be blind who cannot see the hand of Divine Providence in this wonderful war. The Emperor and the Pope, who were the two vainest and proudest men in the world in July, are now among the most abject of all the potentates of the earth. July 14, the Pope declared himself infallible—set himself up as God among men. July 15, the Emperor declared war against the King of Prussia, and set off with his army to overthrow him.

And what has been the fate of these two men? What human mind would have anticipated such stupendous results? Both of them in the dust of humiliation, the derision of mankind. The poor Pope is the more pitiable of the two. He sees his own people deserting him and opening the doors to another king!

God is in all this. Armies and nations are in his hand and he turns them as he does rivers. He is a jealous God. And, when a man sets up a public blasphemy, like the Pope's pretence of infallibility, is it any wonder that he who sitteth in the heavens should laugh at him and let a bolt of vengeance fall on his head?

Now, it may truly be said that all these things come about as the result of natural and adequate causes. So they do. Prussia attacked Napoleon with a mightier army than France could bring, and Victor Emmanuel improved the opportunity to go to Rome and take the Pope's temporal power away from him. And God arranged all these things in his own way, and the result will be his glory.—New York Observer.

SOCIAL HONOR.—Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents, sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh reprimands. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do good, it may be well said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear should become a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip about such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

Birds.

In all ages, and in many countries, birds have enjoyed a dominion as powers of the air, that has been given by men to no other class of animals as powers of the earth and water. We wonder at their powers of flight, and their marvelous migrations. Nowhere can we get away from the birds.—We ascend a high mountain, and the birds are as much at home as upon the ground. We scale a cliff, and the birds glide over the ledge of it, and return again; while we shudder as we creep to the edge, and glance over. Far away at sea we meet the birds careering over the waves, and appearing to enjoy their flight, while perhaps the frail vessel in which we are sailing labors along with creaking timbers and flapping sails. We sit alone in our most private chamber, and a little bird hops impudently upon the balcony or window-sill, and peeps into the room. Nowhere are we safe from the birds, and hence the ancients believed that they possessed a rare knowledge of human affairs. As they were continually flying about, they were supposed to observe and pry into men's most secret actions, and know all their doings. The idea, indeed, passed into a proverb among the Greeks, to the effect that, when they were engaged in any secret action, no one knew what passed, "except, indeed, some bird." A like expression has come down to our own times, inasmuch as we say, when we wish to affect mystery as to the true source of our information, "A little bird has told me" so and so.

Color in birds is intended not merely for beauty; it is, in fact, a mode of concealment, the most universal of all means of defence, and one that appears in every race of animals. As the strength, the weapons, and the velocity are all on the side of the pursuer, color is much more resorted to for the defense of birds than of any other creatures. In the partridge, the quail, the woodcock, and the snipe, the likeness of their colors to the brown earth on which they move, is such as often to conceal them from every eye, not excepting the piercing sight of the hawk or the kite. The hovering hawk may be observed above during the chase, though the victim has not escaped, deceived also by smaller birds, even when the accordance in color is not great.

The cuckoo has some odd tricks which have seldom been noted.—For instance, she seems to find out some small bird's nest, say in a hole in the wall, too small by far for her to enter. In this case she squats upon the ground, lays her egg, and then, with bill and claws, takes it up, and pokes it into the hole, after which she flies away, shrieking her awfully monotonous song. In a forest in France, we used day after day to watch this smoky blue traveler, as, in the dawn of a summer's morning, she flew across the leafy glades, or down the glen, resting her weary feet for a moment on some giant bough, and then shooting away through the soft green light, repeating her strange and ominous cry. What is the origin of the cuckoo? Is she any original country? Or is she one of those wretched cosmopolites who know no attachment to any hal lowed spot, no love or knowledge of parents, having been brought up from birth as an ugly changeling thrust by some evil spirit into their nest? Surely the cuckoo is to be pitied, since she knows no home, has never seen a hearth, or experienced the soft care of fabricating a nest or hatching an egg.

DREARY HOMES.—Of all the dreary places, deliver us from the dreary farm houses which so many people call "home." Bars for a front gate; chickens wallowing before the door; pig pens elbowing the house in the rear; scraggy trees never cared for, or no trees at all; no flowering shrubs; no neatness; no trimness. And yet a lawn, and trees, and a neat walk, and a pleasant porch, and a plain fence around all do not cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt.—And if ever the time comes when it is best to sell the farm, fifty dollars so invested will often bring back five hundred. For a man is a brute who will not incessantly yield to a higher price for such a farm when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers his wife and children.

An infant poet, hearing a robin's song, asked, "Mamma, what makes he sing so sweet? Do he eat flowers?"

Mr. Beecher on Tobacco.

I exceedingly dislike tobacco, and I still more dislike bad tobacco; and I have been polite enough to say to men that were smoking: "I have no objection to your smoking a decent cigar; but the smoke of a pipe that has been used for a generation, is a fumigation I do not need. Yet, if you will smoke such a pipe and such tobacco, I must submit." I think that smokers are the nastiest things that God lets live on earth.—When I go into the cars or boats where they are, and see what puddles they leave, I feel as though, if I had the liberty of doing by them as we do by poodles, I would take them by the neck and rub their noses in their own filth! They have what they call "Gent's" rooms. That is right. The name ought to be cut in two. They are not gentlemen. You would think, in going through a "gent's" car, that you were going through Tophet. It exceeds my imagination of Tophet. Of all dirty holes, that is the dirtiest.

It is complained that on boats gentlemen will not go into the "gent's" cabin, instead of going in on the ladies' side. I won't go in on the side that was intended for "gents." I am a gentleman—not a "gent." The filthiness, the nastiness of these places, after 200 or 300 men have smoked and spit, and chewed and squirted, is beyond belief. I pity the woman that naps up. I have thought of writing an article—and I will yet—on that very subject. The snail that goes about leaving slime in his track is a clean animal compared with one of those men who has no sense of anybody's comfort but his own, and selfishly smokes or chews his tobacco, and sniffs scarcely less strong than a polecat, and spits wherever he goes, and dirties the dress of every woman that comes near him, (though I do not pity the women that wear long dresses), and make everybody around him uncomfortable. Such men often profess to be good Christians. Abominable fellows! We examine men for membership on drinking. For my part, I should like to see them examined on smoking and chewing.

A City of Beggars.

Mexico is not a pleasant country to live in. It has a fertile soil, a charming climate, and rich mines. But its people are restless, and are always longing for revolutions. If its government were secure, and the citizens industrious and quiet, it would be a beautiful home. An exchange gives the following account of the City of Mexico:

"Nearly a quarter of a million of people live in the City of Mexico. How do they all gain a subsistence? The inquiry is a puzzle. With no mills, machine shops, factories or public works, what is there for the thousands who people this city to do? The food of the poor is simple and cheap; but whence comes even the little required to purchase their corn, tortillas and pepper soups? Many are carriers and servants; thousands are in the chain-gang, and subsist on the city; thousands steal their bread and apparel; thousands live no one knows how; and thousands more are panners and mendicants, treading the street as an army. Many live on the strangers that come and go. Beggars, eyeless and legless, beset you on the street and markets—piteous sights, holding out their withered limbs and leprous-crested arms—pleading all day long, of every passer-by, for alms, bread or money, to prolong their wretched lives. In Mexico there are no asylums for the poor, or homes for the crippled; no institutions for the blind or insane. They are licensed to beg so many hours each day, so you are encompassed, and prayed to, and entreated. The country swarms with these gentry; they meet you at every turn; and a stranger scarcely sets foot upon shore before he is beset by scores of professional beggars. Many may be seen sad and weeping, laggard and hungry in the morning, and again at night happy, insulting and drunk."

NIGHTMARE is caused by remaining so long in one position that the blood ceases to circulate. How hard we try to run in our sleep sometimes to get out of the way of some terrible danger! It does such a person no good to ask what's the matter. Don't waste time in asking a question, but give relief to the sleeper by an instantaneous shake, or even a touch of the body that breaks the dreadful spell in an instant, because it sets the blood going again toward the heart.

THE ENTERPRISE is \$2 a year; in advance for 1871.

Complexion of the General Assembly.

The Columbia correspondent of the Charleston News says the following will be found an accurate and complete statement of the complexion of the present General Assembly:

The Senate consists of thirty-two members, sixteen of whom are for the long term, and hold over. One of those, Henry Buck, died during the last year, and an election was ordered to fill the vacancy. Another (Wright) resigned. Of the eighteen, the following were re-elected: Duncan, Dickson, Johnston, Maxwell, Nash, Swails and Wimbusch. The following are new Senators: Burroughs, Cardozo, Clinton, Duvall, Holcombe, Lomax, Mishaw, McIntyre, Smalls, Whittemore and Wilson. Mishaw and Lomax have died since the election, leaving thirty active Senators. The following are white: Allen, Armin, Dieman, Burroughs, Corbin, Dickson, Duncan, Duvall, Foster, Green, Hayes, Hayne, Holcombe, Leslie, Montgomery, McIntyre, Owens, Rose, Whittemore, Wilson—twenty. The following are colored: Barber, Cardozo, Clinton, Johnston, Maxwell, Nash, Rainey, Smalls, Swails and Wimbusch—ten.

There are five Democratic members, all white, as follows: Dieman, Burroughs, Duvall, Foster and Holcombe. There is one Independent white member, Wilson, from Anderson. Of the Radical members, the following are white: Allen, Armin, Corbin, Dickson, Duncan, Green, Hayes, Leslie, Montgomery, McIntyre, Owens, Rose and Whittemore—thirteen. The following are colored: Barber, Cardozo, Clinton, Johnston, Maxwell, Nash, Rainey, Smalls, Swails and Wimbusch—eleven.

The House stands as follows: Forty-one members re-elected, eighty-three new; forty-nine white and seventy-five colored. There are in the House twenty-two Reformers, one Independent and 101 Radicals; twenty-six white Radicals and forty-nine colored Radicals. One member has died, leaving the Radicals a majority of exactly 100, including the Speaker of the lower House. On joint ballot the Radicals have a majority of 118; the blacks of sixteen.

THE WAY TO LIVE.—If a man is fat or lean, and feels well, having all the bodily functions acting regularly, with sound sleep, and no discomfort after eating, he should by all means let himself alone. Most persons want to have a little more flesh; want to weigh more; a few want to weigh less.—Some, in the effort to increase their weight, have eaten by rule and reason instead of being guided by their instinct, and have accomplished their object, with the addition of some chronic disease. Others, being too bulky for their pride, have paid for their fastidiousness by bringing on incurable maladies as a result of the too free use of vinegar or by chewing tea. In several cases, Bright's disease of the kidneys has set in and destroyed life. Perhaps the safest way to get lean is to work hard and live mainly on fruits, bread and butter, berries, tomatoes, melons, and the like, using meat and vegetables only at dinner-time. [Dr. Hall.]

MOON FALLACY.—I have seen several articles in your paper in regard to cutting timber by "moon signs." More than forty years ago I cut for a number of years, at different times in the year, considerable second growth white beech for plank stocks, which, I think, is the worst wood known to preserve sound (or keep from getting "dozy," as we used to call it).—After trying many moony experiments summer and winter, I came to this conclusion, that the true secret was to cut timber when there was the least possible amount of sap in the body of the tree—say the coldest weather in the winter, or the warmest in the summer—June or February, when the sap is in the tops or in the roots of the tree. Every tree I cut after the sap began to start in the spring was sure to "doze," until June, when I found it safe to cut again. [Cor. Scientific American.]

A YOUNG lady with a very pretty foot, but a rather large ankle, went into a shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madam, you have one beautiful foot, but so leg commence too immediately."

The tender mother who lately gave birth to a double-headed infant in Ohio, has sold the privilege of exhibiting the same to one O. C. Brown for \$10,000.

The "Queer" Business.

The readers of the Enterprise will remember that we gave an account, a few weeks since, how a citizen of Greenville was fooled by parties in New York with something they called "Queens." The following was handed to us by one of our business men in Greenville, received by him through the Post Office, and we publish it because it throws light upon our former article.—[Eos. Enterprise.]

No. 58 LIBERTY STREET, New York.

My Dear Sir—We wish to secure the services of a live gentleman to push the business named in the enclosed circular and have been informed by a friend who knows you well that you are highly suitable to represent us. As we have had many dealings with that gentleman and know him to be an upright and honorable man, any friend of his will receive our utmost confidence, we therefore feel that there is no risk, in confiding to you our secret.

To be plain with you, we manufacture what is commonly called "queens." It is needless to inform you that at least one half the money now in circulation is counterfeit.

We can supply you with any quantity of 25 cents and 50 cents stamps, and \$1, \$2, and \$3 Treasury notes. These bills are in every particular as good as the REAL. The best talent of the country has been employed in the execution of the plates, and no expense has been spared to render them perfect, so that the most expert judges pronounce them genuine.—The best Bank note paper is used, and each one is correctly numbered, which leaves nothing wanting to render you perfectly safe. We will forfeit \$5,000 for any one that can be detected!

Now if you will agree to start this business at once, we will, in this instance, deviate from our usual custom of requiring all cash in advance and supply you on the following terms, leaving you to pay the balance as early as possible:

Upon receipt of \$10 by express, prepaid, we will forward by express such denominations as you may desire, amounting to not over \$1000. You can have any quantity above \$1000 by paying 10 per cent of the price. For instance, a \$2500 package would cost you \$25 in advance. For a \$5000 package, we should require \$50 in advance.

By ordering a \$2500 package you will receive the exclusive right of sale for your State. You can then use your own discretion in employing agents to assist you. We will give \$1000 for any single note that cannot be passed. Many attempts have been made to produce these notes perfect, but have only resulted in failure and often arrest. We alone have succeeded and stand unrivalled to day, defying both detection and competition.

We know you will serve us faithfully and truly. You cannot afford to deceive us. State the amount and denominations required.—When you send the amount please pay the express charges, deducting the amount from the principal to pay same. Whatever you do, don't write by mail, as we will not claim or receive any letters from the post office. Send only by express, prepaid!

Awaiting your early reply, we are, yours fraternally,
OWEN BROTHERS.

Take notice that by remitting \$25 to us by express and ordering a \$2500 package you will secure the agency for your State. Please return this letter to remind us.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.—If you wish to make any purchases, don't go away from home to do it. Encourage home industry and enterprise, and give your trade to merchants and mechanics, especially those who advertise freely. That is the way to build up a lively business in your own town, and benefit yourself as well as others. Every dollar spent in town is of advantage to the place in general, and every dollar spent abroad for articles which could be bought on as favorable terms at home, is like taking so much capital out of the business interests of the place.—There are some that we know of who buy everything they possibly can, right here at home, and such are doing a good work toward assisting their own town people—those with whom they have a common interest.

THE LAST WORK OF DICKENS.—Pardonable curiosity has, perhaps, gone through these pages of Edwin Drood in search of any sign that might be found of the impending shadow. The utmost reward of such search takes the form of coincidence; but we must not conclude that there is personal application in it. Perhaps the most remarkable passage of this nature occurs in chapter XII, "A Night With Durdles," which the writer, we believe, did not live to see in print, except as a "proof." It occurs where Jasper crosses the churchyard by night, on his way to Durdles, picking his course among grave-stones, monuments, stony lumber, and marble in preparation for some coming denizen of the Silent City: "The two journeymen have left their two great saws sticking in their blocks of stone; and two skeleton journeymen out of the Dance of Death might be grinning in the shadow of their sheltering sentry-boxes, about to slash away at cutting out the grave-stones of the next two people destined to die in Cloisterham. Likely enough, the two think little of that now, being alive and perhaps merry. Curious to make a guess at the two;—or say at one of the two."

[The Athenaeum,