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Tackled the Wrong Customer.

One of our Territorial exchanges tells a good story concerning General Rousseau, commanding the Department of the Columbia, during his journey from Cisco to the Capital. In changing stages somewhere along the route, the passengers annoyed the driver, Curly Bill, considerably, by pitching their trunks, carpet-sacks, and bundles of blankets into the "boot" in a somewhat frenzied and disorderly manner. The driver protested against the proceeding, assuring the passengers that their baggage would be properly attended to, but all to no purpose. Finally Gen. Rousseau dignifiedly pitched a huge bundle of blankets into the boot, and Bill his patience now completely exhausted, tumbled them off into the mud, when the following colloquy occurred:

Gen. Rousseau (striding forward and looking belligerent)—"Who threw those blankets of mine into into the mud?"

Curly Bill (chin slightly protruding)—"I did."

R. (drawing himself up to his full height)—"Do you know who I am."

B. (No reply but a rather contemptuous survey of the bulky anatomy of the General.)

R. (crushingly)—"I am General Rousseau, Commander of the Department of the Columbia."

B. (with affected surprise)—"You don't say so?"

R. (stunningly)—Yes, sir, I do."

B. (impressingly)—"Well, then, I'll just mention that I don't care a d—n who you are, what you command, or were you came from."

R. (putting himself into a pugnacious pose)—"I have a notion to punish your impertinence by setting your nose up."

B. (squaring himself scientifically, and making a rather uninviting display of muscle)—"Have you, though? That's right in my hand. You're just the man I've been looking for. Peel and roll in!" (Here Bill began to work his "mauley," and lower his head as though contemplating a charge with that organ on upon the General's "bread basket," when the later retreated to the stage.) Gen. Rousseau was on his way to Washington.

A SALT SNOW STORM.—On the 30th of January last, a snow storm commenced near Peath, which was accompanied by two meteors, which passed out of sight with a loud report. The following morning, when the cattle whre driven to water they ate the snow with great avidity, and a farmer who tasted the snow found that it was quite salt. Large piles were immediately collected in every possible kind of vessel, and the result was a quarter of a pound of pure salt obtained from every half pound of water. This account, though vouched for as correct, should be received cum grano salis.

☞ "A man who'd maliciously set fire to a barn," said good old elder Podsnap, "and burn up a stable full of horses and cows," ought to be hanged to death by a jackass and *I'd* like to be the one to do it."

☞ When a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes-line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and [illegible]

Some Account of a Family Jar.

When I came home from my Southern trip the other day, I perceived by Mrs. Quill's demeanor that there was going to be a row. There was a certain fire in her eagle eye; a scornful curl in her usually straight lip; a frown upon her alabaster brow. She looked daggers and seemed dubious of using carving knives. Her greeting was cold. I tried to assume a jocund air, and rally her upon her sour appearence. But she wouldn't rally; she fell back upon her dignity. I felt like a man who is shoved under a pile-driver on the up stroke. He knows it won't be more than a minute before the whole concern will be down on him, and crush him out flat.

I ate my supper in silence. When I had finished, Mrs. Quill said:

"Now walk into the sitting-room if you please. I have something to say to you."

I felt that the crisis was at hand.

I tried to effect indifference. "Did any letters come for me, love?" I asked.

That jerked the cork out of that thunderstorm, you understand.

"Letters!" said she, "!etters! you ask for letters! you, you! you ask for letters, and call me 'love?' Letters! I should think there were."

"Well, why don't you produce 'em, then, as the hen said to the egg with two chickens in it?"

"See here, John Quill, I don't want any of your miserable jests now. I'm in earnest.

While you were gone a letter came for you marked 'important.' I opened it. The horrible wickedness and treachery it disclosed so shocked me that I determined to open all the others that came. I did so. I found you out. Plunging headlong into dissipation and vice, you thought to deceived me, your wife. You were mistaken. You thought I would never know of your infamous transactions. I have caught you at last. I've often wondered what you did with your money; why you always said you had no change whenever I wanted a cent for the house; why you never could afford to clothe your wife and children decently. I know you now. I want you to explain the meaning of this letter which came the day you went away. Listen:

APRIL —, 1868.

MY DEAREST LOVE:

When, *when*, are you coming to see your own Amelia? You do not know how I count the hours of your absence, and long so very *very* much to have you with me. O when will the day come that I can call you my *darling, darling* husband. Ma says I shall be married as soon as that *horrid* woman is out of the way. Do come around and see me. I got the love of a bonnet you sent me. You have such *sweet* taste. You know that bracelet you gave me on Christmas? Well, the clasp is broken all to pieces. I look at your portrait every hour of the day, and kiss it *over* and *over* again. Come around on Sunday night if you can, and take us to hear that dear Dr. Gibbs. He shall marry us, shan't he, love?

Your own darling,

AMELIA SMITH.

"There Mr. Quill, what do you say to that? You give her bonnets, do you? You buy bracelets for her, when here is your own lawful wife that hasn't got a rag to her back that's fit to be seen? She kisses your portrait, does she, the nasty hussey; and calls me a 'horrid woman,' and wishes me out of the way? Wait till I get my hands on her—I'll scratch her ugly eyes out. Wants Dr. Gibbs to marry her? Let him dare to do it, and I'll tear off what little hair he's got on his good for nothing old scalp."

"But, my love, this is a mistake I never heard of such a woman," said I.

"O don't 'my love' me. You can't deceive me again. I'm going to sift this thing to the bottom. What does this mean, I'd like to know. Listen to this:"

MAY —, 1868.

DEAR OLD BOY:

Can't you let me have that twenty-five dollars you lent at cockeye last week? I'm desperately hard up. Blows made to be paid for the champagne and cold co ponished. I should have called you for it the same evening, but you were so drunk I could hardly get you to bed. Bow-wow was on the Finder's hall for sure week? I think I'll go around and shake my leg an hour or so.

Yours till death.

BOB STRUTHERS.

"And that's where the money goes, is it? Champaign and salad! And gambling, too; gambling, while you family want the necessaries of life. Put to bed drunk! You! and professing to be a decent man, and telling me you had been out of town on business all night. Who is Bob Struthers I want to know? A low-life vagaband I'll be bound, or he wouldn't go to a vile ball, and use such disgusting slang. 'Shake a leg,' indeed! I'll shake his whole body, and his soul out of it, too, if I get a hold of him."

"Upon my word, Mrs. Quill, this is getting to outrageous. I don't know any man named——"

"There no use of denying it, Mr. Quill. No man ever wrote a letter like that unless he meant it. Don't add falsehood to your other crimes. I wonder the earth don't open and swallow you up. But there's worse to come yet. Oh, its lucky for me you went out of town when you did. What have you got to say to this:

MAY —, 1868.

Sir: In regard to that assault and battery case in which you are defendant, and which you have placed in my hands, I have to say that the man you struck is not expected to recover, and I think you will be rearrested and held to await the result. If he dies, you will go to prison for homicide, certain. Take my advice, forfeit your bail and leave the country forever.

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE NOLLEPROS.

"So, you're a murderer, too, are you? You've brought shame and misery and disgrace on your family, have you, and—"

"Mrs. Quill, I never struck a man in the whole course of my life—"

"And now you've got to leave the country, a fugitive from justice. But I'll not go; I'll not budge an inch. You've broken my heart, but I'll sue for my divorce, and try to earn a living for my children. Don't try to deny it. It won't answer."

"My love, you're the victim of a strange delusion; do I look like a man capable of committing homicide? Feel that muscle. It's as flabby as an oyster. I tell you there is some mistake—"

"John Quill, I'm no fool. I've been deceived by your hyprocrisy long enough. I'll have nothing more to do with a man who gives away bonnets, and gambles, and shakes legs, and commits murder. I'll leave this house this very day. I'll go home to father. I'll—I'll—yes, I will. I'll—"

"Partner of my joys—angel of my midnight—Mrs. Quill, one moment. Listen to the voice of reason. Let me look at those letters. Where are the envelopes?"

"Look at them, look and see the evidence of your wickedness. I wonder you don't go and strangle yourself."

"Softly, my angel. Let us see. Why, these letters are not directed to me at all."

"What?"

"That is not my name. That is J. Quilp, and they are directed next door, too. And now I come to think of it, there is a man named Jonathan Quilp living at Mrs. Ferguson's boarding house one door above. These letters have been handed in here simply because you bought that ridiculous doorplate, and had it hung out front with my name on it. Woman! you have maligned me without a cause. Ask my forgiveness."

At this juncture Mrs. Quill burst into tears, and came near flying all over the room. As it was, she simply flew into my arms, and then. But why continue? Why expose to a cold, unsympathizing world that scene of tender reconciliation which ensued? All the unsympathizing world don't care a cent for it. So let us draw the curtain upon it, and not intrude upon the sacred privacy of that domestic bliss, which was especially grateful to me, for the reason that while those notes were not intended for me, at least one of them applied as exactly that I trembled like a leaf until Mrs. Quill read the name signed to it.

☞ A woman who inquired at a New York book-store for "Crabb's Synonyms" was told by the new clerk that they didn't keep oyster-[illegible]

Hiram U. Grant.

There are many things to be learned from what the Radical papers do not say in favor of their candidate. Everything truth will permit and absurdity not stamp will certainly appear. But what is omitted is more significant than what is uttered.

Nobody is hardy enough to claim civil capacity for Grant. Out of the army he has only been a bankrupt farmer, a taciturn tanner, and a hard drinker. His literary abilities were insufficient to secure him a copyist's stool in the office of the Prothonotary of St. Louis in 1854.

His most exaggerated praises dare not aver his instability to be less than his obstuseness. In politics he has always taken up with the minds that mastered his. During and after the Mexican war General Harney took pity on Lieutenant Grant, then the butt of every one's joke, and used to remonstrate with him on his wild courses. At that time Grant was a States-right Democrat because Harney was, whose influence was sufficient to mould the opinions, but could not restrain the appetite, of the ductile young man.

When General Harney was finally forced to shake him off whom he could not reform, General Dent, into whose family Grant married, persuaded him easily into Douglas Democracy, and actually succeeded in getting him into a fit condition to vote for the Little Giant in 1861, at Galena. During the winter of 1862-1863, when Congressman Washburne, of Illinois, and Rice, of Massachuetts, visited Grant after the defeat at Shiloh, and told him "if he did not then and there sign the pledge, they would drop him like a hot potato," the affrighted man was coerced into a temporary temperance and an *ad interim* Republicanism, the last of which contined until the close of the war. Then, what with the influence of President Johnson and Mr. Seward, Grant lapsed into Conservatism and went his "level best" for "my policy." This and the denunciation he got for it from Sumner, Kelly, and others, are matters of record. His recent change into a full-blown negro suffrage Radical left no more points in the political compass to be boxed by him, and is due to the influence exerted on him by stronger minded associates. Thus it has always been that any man willing to assume the guardianship of Grant has easly secured his unreasoning acquiescence in all political questions. He has been a mental copyist ever since he was rejected "for want of capacity" as a literary copyist fourteen years ago.

Again; it has never been insisted upon, we believe, that General Grant is exactly "the slave of his word." We lay little stress, to be sure, upon the repeated assertion of Radical leaders that he broke his total abstinence pledges made to Congressman Rice. Pledges of that sort are apt to be lightly made, and they can hardly be said to involve the obligations of a contract, however their facile abandonment may be construed in governing our estimate of the moral force of him who makes and breaks them.

But there is one point on which both Radicals and Conservatives agree in finding Grant guilty of a more serious infidelity to his word. That point is his willful deception of the President and the country in the matter of the War Department. On a Saturday he distinctly promised that he would not give up without notice to the President, and that on Monday he would call on the President to confer. On Monday he did not call on the President to confer, and he did give up the War Department without notice. No one denies this, just because nobody can deny it, nor can the falsehood be smothed by silence nor forgotten in time.

These few things which Grant is not are too obvious for refutation and almost for statement. Though they must be admitted by friends and will be hardly pressed by his opponents, it is well to bear them in mind, at the beginning of the campaign of criticism on which the country is entering.

THE PRESIDENTIAL HANDICAP.—A writer in the New York Tribune thus enters Grant for the Presidential Handicap:

"U. S. Grant b. h., aged; dam Victoria, sired by West Point; sire dam by E. B. Washburne; colors, red, white and blue, with a black hump.

Ole Bull.

As the celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, will possibly commence an engagement in San Francisco on the close of the Pompa-Boss season, the following particulars concerning his early life, which appear in an Eastern journal, must be of interest to the public:

Perhaps there is no curiosity more natural and universal than the desire to know all we can of those who by any uncommon gifts have the power of extensively influencing or exciting the minds of their fellow men. What a charm there is about the most trifling anecdote of Mozart. Ole Bull seems to have been almost as precocious in his musical genius. His family being all amateurs, he was accustomed from infancy to hear a great deal of music. A maternal uncle in particular was possionately fond of this divinest of arts. He had a choice collection of rare and curious instruments, had musical clubs very frequently at his house, and himself played well on the violoncello. He delighted to amuse himself with little Ole's extreme susceptibility to sound. When he was three years old he often put him in the violoncello case and hired him with sweetmeats to remain while he played. The candy would keep him quiet for a few minutes, but soon the little pet began to beat time and the eager eyes kindled more and more. At last his nervous excitement would become so great that he could not stay in the violoncello case; he must come out; the music was dancing all through him and he was crazy to give it utterance. Already the spirit spoke within him, which lead Courregio to say, "I am a painter."

When the child returned home, he would seize the yard measure, and, with a small stick for a bow, imitate what his uncle had played. He heard it with the inward ear all the while. But as his parents were not so pervaded with the tune as he was he would explain his movements as he went along telling how beautifully the bass came in at such a place. At five years old his uncle bought him a violin, a very little one as yellow as a lemon. He says he was never lifted quite so high above the earth as he was when he first drew the bow across that little yellow violin. To the surprise of his family he almost immediately played well upon it, though he had received no instruction. He had not even been taught to read music by the usual process. But he had always been present at family concerts and quartette clubs, and as the musicians played, he observed the written notes till they became as familiar as household words. And now, with his little yellow violin he plays a quartette of Playel's to the assembled club, who look at each other with astonishment and exclaim, "Why, who has taught the child?" At ten years of age a foreign music master urges the necessity of teaching the boy according to rule. He is told he must handle his bow differently, hold his violin quite otherwise, leave off improvising and practice by note. But nothing came to him thus; the life goes out of him and he cannot play. Father and teacher coax and reprove till the sensitive child, in his agony, cries and screams. His genius will not got go into the straight jacket. It was worse than harnessing Pegasus into a stage-coach team. The boy had his way, and music continued to come to him withoout aid from the drill sergeants of sound. The result is before us.

GREELEY ON GRANT.—It is well known that Horace is decidedly opposed to Grant. In the last issue of the *Tribune*, he is very severe on the favorite general. He is denominated as a deaf and dumb candidate for the Presidency; a man with no ideas and no tongue. Greeley says he can't support a man who does now know how to express himself.

HIGH SCHOOL ECONOMY.—"First class in physiology, stand up. Now, then: When is a man not a man?" "When he's a lark in thinking the door." "Right. Now, when is a white man an African?" "When he's a black in thinking the door."

☞ I say, Cole," said one drinking shaker, appealing for decision to a white angel, "which would it be right to call me, a drinking or a drinkee?" The white angel reflected a moment, and then, with a look of [illegible] said, "I say" tell yourself."

Words of Wisdom.

While a Rebel Congress is engaged in "upsetting certain clauses of the Constitution," as Ted Stevens phrases it, the following extracts may be found interesting:

The Constitution, which at any time exists, will, if kept by the people in its pristine vigor, be equally obligatory upon all.—*George Washington.*

I reputedly hold myself under the most sacred obligation to support the Constitution. I have acquired an habitual attachment to it and veneration for it.—*John Adams.*

The preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, is the chief anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

To hold the Union of the States is the basis of their peace and happiness; to support the Constitution, which is the cement of the Union, as well in its limitation as in its authorities.—*James Madison.*

By what means shall we contribute most to cement the Union and give the greatest support to our most excellent Constitution.—*James Monroe.*

In unfolding to my countrymen the principles by which I shall be governed in fulfillment of those duties, my first resort will be to that Constitution, which I shall swear to the best of my ability to preserve, protect, and defend.—*John Quincy Adams.*

The Constitution is a sacred instrument which should be guarded with sleepless vigilance.—*Andrew Jackson.*

I shall endeavor to preserve, protect, and defend it, by anxiously referring to its provision for direction in every action.—*Martin Van Buren.*

Our citizens must be content with the exercise of the powers with which the Constitution clothes them.—*W. H. Harrison.*

My earnest prayer shall constantly be addressed to the all-wise and all powerful Being who made me, understandingly to act the principles of that Constitution.—*John Tyler.*

The Constitution itself, plainly written as it is, offspring of concession and compromise, binding together in the bonds of peace and union this great and increasing family of free and independent States, will be a chart by which I shall be directed.—*James K. Polk.*

My guide will be the Constitution. For the interpretation of that instrument I shall look to the decision of the judicial tribunal established by its authority.—*Zachary Taylor.*

The Constitution will be my guide I regard all its provisions as equally binding.—*Millard Fillmore.*

IRISHMEN AND GERMANS READ.—During the recent discussion in the Pennsylvania Legislature to strike out the word "white," from the Constitution, and on the Registry bill, John Hickman, the Radical member from Chester:

"I may possibly see the day that I may walk side by side with a colored woman. I have seen a great many colored women that I would rather walk with than a great many white men. I know a great many I think are better entitled to vote this moment than a great many white men who do vote, and have long exercised the franchised." Again, he said:

"An intelligent negro is better than an Irish Catholic that is entitled to vote."

A. C. Reinhol, mongrel, from Lancaster, spouted:

"If Democrats give the this right of suffrage to foreign paupers, to whom a spelling book is a sealed mystery, and who still smell of bilge water, and from whose garments the Celtic swarm or the Teutonic fragrance of the fatherland has not yet been removed by the pure air of freedom, why should not the enfranchised descendants of the first families of the fourth ward, a voice in constructing the laws of their ancestors.

Fisher, same stripe, from Lancaster, thought:

"The Democratic party can point proud of bestowing licenses [illegible] men, and emancipated negroes [illegible]."

Laughlin, of the Bedford district, remarked:

"Negroes were better entitled to the elective franchise than the Irish men."

☞ See next page.