

# BOZEMAN AVANT COURIER

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Will practice in all the courts of Montana Territory.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.  
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Will practice in all Courts of Montana Territory.

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Physician and Surgeon,  
Office at the Metropolitan Hotel,  
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

**DR. H. GREPIN,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
OFFICE:  
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Tenders his professional services to the people of the Gallatin Valley.

**DR. G. W. MONROE,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Office at Osborne's Drug Store, Masonic building,  
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Offers his professional services to the people of Bozeman and the Gallatin valley.

**DON L. BYAM,**  
ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN,  
At his residence on Middle Creek.

## YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.

Lieutenant Colonel Fred. Grant's Report.  
What he Saw While Accompanying Stanley's Expedition.

Lieutenant Colonel F. D. Grant has submitted the following report:

CHICAGO, ILL., August 12, 1873.

Lieutenant Colonel James B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant General Military Department of the Missouri.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of my observations upon the Yellowstone Expedition: In compliance with the provisions of special order No. 48, dated May 22, 1873, I reported to Colonel W. S. Stanley, Twenty-second infantry, at Fort Rice, D. T., June 11, 1873, and on the 20th of the same month the expedition left Rice for its objective point. On the morning of the 19th of June the line of march was indicated by a special order from Colonel D. S. Stanley, the general direction being due west to the Yellowstone river. At the Heart river we deflected north about thirty miles, to meet the engineers of the Northern Pacific Railway, who started from Fort Lincoln, D. T. Starting from Fort Rice the country was high a rolling, with long, fine grass, of which there were four kinds, gamma, bunch, spear, and wild wheat, the first and last kinds being what the animals seemed to like most, and in my opinion, all the country between the Heart river and the Missouri would be good grazing land as there are several streams and springs which would supply plenty of water for stock. The soil would hardly do for cultivation, although through the valley of the Heart river the soil is thick and very rich. The river has a valley about a mile and a half in width. About twenty-seven miles from the mouth of this stream there is a bed of lignite, over four feet in thickness, and of a very good quality. The stream has very little timber on it, but there is a small quantity of timber throughout the prairie, although not enough for building purposes, nor even for fuel for a great number of people. The valley of the Big Muddy is also a fine one, with a great deal of good farming land and more wood than on Heart river. From the Muddy all the way on to the Little Missouri the land is rolling, with quite a number of streams running through it. All of it had good grass, and on the stream there was always wood.

On Wednesday, July 9, the command arrived at the head of Davis creek, running through the Mauvias Terres and into the Little Missouri. On all the streams running into this river there is plenty of wood, consisting of ash, cedar and cottonwood. The Little Missouri itself has more fine wood on it than the large Missouri, and the Indian name for it, which was in reality our line of battle; and even the number of men holding horses had to be reduced so that each horseholder held eight horses. Until the Indians were made to taste quite freely of our lead they displayed unusual boldness, frequently charging upon the line, firing with great deliberation and accuracy. Finding their efforts to force back the line unavailing, the Indians then resorted to another expedient. By an evidently preconcerted plan they set fire in seven places to the tall grass which covered the ground in front, hoping by this means to force the troops back to the river and then finish them at their pleasure. Fortunately there was no wind at the time, and the grass was not dry enough to burn rapidly. The Indians crept up under cover of the smoke and often obtained a shot at comparatively close range. The troops adopted the same tactics, with great success. At about 3 o'clock, after four hours fighting, General Custer mounted his horse and put the Indians to flight without difficulty. The Indians were followed until they had crossed the river.

On August 11th General Custer's command was discovered by the Indians, who opened a brisk fire from the opposite side of the river. The smoke began to appear in strong columns above and below the troops, and a brisk skirmish ensued, during which several Indians were killed. Believing the time for the offensive had come, General Custer gave the necessary orders and the troops moved forward to the tune of Garry Owen. The Indians had evidently come out prepared to do their best, with no misgivings as to their success, as the mounds and high bluffs beyond the river were covered with groups of squaws, old men and children, to witness our destruction. In this instance the proverbial power of man-to soothe the savage breast utterly failed; for no sooner did the band strike up the cheery notes of Garry Owen, and the squadron advanced to charge, than the Indians showed unmistakable signs of amonition, and their resistance became more feeble until finally satisfied of the earnestness of our attack they turned their ponies heads and began a discreditable flight.

**THE SHAB'S APPEARANCE.**—A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal gives the following unflattering picture of the Shab: The Shab himself is an ugly cuss. He resembles closely the pictures of the more cruel of his forefathers contained in the early editions of the Arabian Nights. I dare say he has caused many a poor devil's head to be chopped off on a notice of five minutes, and it would not surprise me to learn that he has a trick of making himself a widower three or four times a month. A fierce-eyed, tall, visaged, ugly beast as ever wore a diamond earring, and his Grand Vizier, who is along with him, is only a trifle less brutal and vicious. If you meet either in a dark alley you would tremble for your life. It Captain Jack has a worse countenance he is no true Mocha.

An interesting paper, valuable in a physiological point of view, on the quality of air taken from various localities, was lately read by Dr. Sigerson, at Dublin, before the Royal Irish Society. In the air from an iron factory he found, examination, carbon, ash and iron; the latter substance was in the form of little hollow balls, each about two thousandths of an inch in diameter, the iron being so thin that the light passed through it. In shirt-factory air were found filaments of linen and cotton. Antimony—from the type metal, probably—was discovered in the air of printing rooms: Stubble air was ascertained to contain floating hair and scales; and in the air through which tobacco smoke was passed, nicotine, the poison of tobacco, appeared in little globules.

## General Custer's Official Report of the Indian Fight on the Yellowstone.

New York, September 5.

Gen. Custer's official report of the Indian attacks upon the Yellowstone expedition near Tongue river, on August 4th, and on the Big Horn on the 11th of August, which will appear in the Tribune to-morrow, says that six Indians appeared in front of his command on the 4th of August, while encamped in a wood, about ten miles in advance of the main body of the expedition. Gen. Custer with two orderlies, all well mounted, rode towards the Indians, who kept on their course toward the heavy woods in advance of the camp. After following them for some distance Gen. Custer halted, when the Indians also came to a stand. Finding that their use to decoy the troops in the woods was unsuccessful, the Indians discovered their ambush, and about 300 of them rode boldly out and charged upon the cavalry in perfect line, and endeavored to intercept Gen. Custer's little party. Of the attack Gen. Custer says: I directed Lieut. Custer to quickly throw down a dismounted line of troopers, and endeavor to empty a few Indian saddles. The order was obeyed with the greatest alacrity, and as the Sioux came dashing forward expecting to ride down the squadron, a line of dismounted cavalrymen rose from the grass and delivered a volley in the faces of the warriors a volley of carbine bullets, which broke and scattered their ranks in all directions and sent more than one Sioux reeling from his saddle. This check gave us time to make our dispositions to resist the succeeding attack, which we knew our enemies would soon make upon us. The entire squadron, except the horseholders, was dismounted and ordered to fight on foot. The Indians outnumbered us about five to one, and were enabled to envelop us completely between their lines, formed in a semi-circle, and the river which flowed at our backs. The little bed of timber in which we had been first attacked, formed a very good cover for our led horses, while the crest of a second table land, conveniently located from the timber, gave us an excellent line of defense. The length of our line and the number of the enemy prevented us from having any force in reserve. Every available officer and man was in the skirmish line, which was in reality our line of battle; and even the number of men holding horses had to be reduced so that each horseholder held eight horses. Until the Indians were made to taste quite freely of our lead they displayed unusual boldness, frequently charging upon the line, firing with great deliberation and accuracy. Finding their efforts to force back the line unavailing, the Indians then resorted to another expedient. By an evidently preconcerted plan they set fire in seven places to the tall grass which covered the ground in front, hoping by this means to force the troops back to the river and then finish them at their pleasure. Fortunately there was no wind at the time, and the grass was not dry enough to burn rapidly. The Indians crept up under cover of the smoke and often obtained a shot at comparatively close range. The troops adopted the same tactics, with great success. At about 3 o'clock, after four hours fighting, General Custer mounted his horse and put the Indians to flight without difficulty. The Indians were followed until they had crossed the river.

**Cherokee Election.**

The Sacramento Union has been venturing a few remarks upon the recent Cherokee election. From that paper we learn that the "party of Dowling, the chief of the nation," has been successful, and the writer then speculates upon the possibility of the future election of this fortunate red man to Congress. The political results of the election are briefly sketched in the establishment of a Territorial Government for the Cherokee and the erection of the Territory of Okmulgee. This we are further informed, is opposed by the great body of the Cherokees, and those who favor it do so at the instigation of railroad thieves who wish to possess themselves of all the Indian lands they have not already grabbed under one pretense or another.

A few trifling inaccuracies require to be noticed in this hasty review of the Cherokee political situation. "Dowling" is not principal chief of the Cherokee nation, Colonel Lewis Downing, whom the writer doubtless intended to name, died last November. His chances of election to either branch of Congress cannot be regarded as favorable. A Cherokee Territorial Government is an idea of the Union, as is also the erection of the Territory of Okmulgee. When the Persian Court sent an Embassy to London during one of the early Georges' reign, the Minister was instructed to learn and report whether England was a part of London, or London a part of England. The Union would do well, before it ventures to treat upon Indian matters, to ascertain whether the Cherokee nation is a part of the Indian Territory or the Indian Territory a part of the Cherokee nation. An effort has been made in Congress the last few sessions to territorialize the Indian country under the name of Oklahoma, thus consolidating the Cherokees and Creeks the Choctaws and other civilized nations, with the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Arapahoes and other wild tribes. This is to be effected under the Okmulgee Constitution. The Union man has got Territory and Constitution mixed up somewhat, but his readers have the privilege of paying their money and taking their choice. The progressive redskins who favor allotment of lands and territorialization are by no means in the interest of railroad thieves; on the contrary, they advocate this measure as the surest means of defeating the designs of the railroads.

**A Very Bad Boy.**

Max Adler mentions a report that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy whose Sunday school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly and stuck it, by the aid of some maelgine, in the center of the largest lens in the telescope. That night when the astronomer went to work he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was, that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then he began to do as us to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs.

**The National Spirit.**

The nation is not merely the sum of the citizens, it is something more; it is an organization, a life, a spirit. Who would say that you have the body when you have the aggregation of organs necessary to a body? Who would say that you have a people in an aggregation of citizens? In organisms there is order, prudence, law, harmonious functions; and it is the same in peoples. Organisms have their unity, and peoples also. In this order and in this proportion of nations there is a superior force. To take man away from society is like taking him away from the earth. Tatter society away from that determining quality called nationality is to destroy one of its essential laws. The individual is not a pure existence, for he is born in the family, in the bosom of a nation. No man lives outside of the air, and no man can socially live outside of his time, or outside of his people. And peoples, in their turn, who renounce the spirit of their times, like man who renounces the air of their planet, die. Political and literary resolutions indicate dots in the social life. The peoples who restore the reactionary regimen which they have destroyed are like old men nourished by recollections. A people as strong when it lives in the spirit of its age, as man is strong when he lives in the spirit of his country.—Emilio Odoar, in Harper's Monthly.

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## CARL'S DUTY, And What Came of It.

"You must give it up, my dear boy, there is no help for it. Now that your poor father is gone I cannot afford to have you taught. I must get you a place somewhere as errand-boy, and you must try and earn a trifle for yourself."

Carl sighed heavily. He was but a child, but the dream of his life had been to be a musician like his father; and now that father was dead his mother would have to work hard to keep herself and him, and of course no lessons were possible.

Mrs. Schmidt was an English woman, but she had married a German violinist, in regular employment in London, and for some years they had lived very happily. But Frank Schmidt, never in good health, had suddenly been struck down by an epidemic then raging in the city, and soon the poor woman was a widow and her little boy fatherless.

It was only about a fortnight after the funeral that Carl and his mother were sitting together, and Mrs. Schmidt made use of the words with which this story opens. Carl went to bed that night more sorrowful than he would have owned to his mother. It seemed very hard that, with a strong love of music, and a longing for the life and work of a musician, he should have to become a mere drudge—a little errand-boy, carrying parcels for a small tradesman, and every day getting further and further from reaching his desire. But the poor child did not suffer his grief to take the form of grumbling. Young as he was, he knew that duty should be done cheerfully; and he was too loving a son to add to his mother's troubles by any selfishness of his own.

So he fell asleep at last with his eyelashes wet, but with a resolve in his brave, young heart to do what was right. You might have smiled, perhaps, but you certainly would not have laughed. Could you have heard the concluding sentence of Carl's prayer—a prayer which he had said just before his weary eyes closed in slumber: "O Lord Jesus, help me to be very good, though I am only to be an errand-boy, and an never to learn music."

A week later, Carl Schmidt got a situation as errand-boy to a neighboring baker, where he earned eighteen pence a week. His duties were many, though not very difficult. He went out in the cart with the baker's man when the bread was taken round to people's houses; he cleaned the windows of the shop he washed the counters, and swept the floor, and sometimes, when both master and man were out, he served any customer who happened to come in for a bun or a penny loaf.

We cannot say that Carl liked this sort of work, but he tried to take an interest in it, and to do it faithfully; and so he was contented and happy, as everybody is who cheerfully does his duty.

The baker was a bachelor, and as he had some nice rooms over the shop, he was in the habit of letting them to lodgers.

Just before Carl entered the baker's service, one of these lodgers had gone, and now another came, looked at the rooms, and took them. To Carl's great delight he turned out to be a German, and one day, as the boy was running upstairs for something he met the new lodger, and he heard a sound which sent the warm blood mounting to his very temples, and made his heart throb wildly with joy. It was the tone of a violin—the new lodger was a violinist!

Carl longed to throw himself down outside the musician's door, and listen to the playing; but his time was not his own, and he must not do this without leave. Back he went to his master, whom he astonished by his excited looks.

"O, sir," cried the boy, "the new lodger is a violinist, like my dear father; I just heard him play!"

"Well, what of that?" said the baker.

"Only, sir," replied Carl, "if you would be so good as to let me stay a few moments after my work is done, so that I may hear him practice, I should be so happy and so grateful."

"Oh, dear, yes," said the baker kindly, "you may begin to-night, if you like."

So that evening Carl placed himself outside the new lodger's door, where he sat down on the floor with his head in his hands and listened for the violin. The music began at last, and very notes brought rapture to Carl's sensitive ear. The thrilling melodies, some of which he knew so well, drew tears to his eyes, and once, as the music paused, he forgot himself as far as to sob aloud.

In an instant the door opened, and the musician's face appeared.

"Why, what are you doing here, mein kind (my child), said he gently. "Ah! crying, too? Poor little man, who has been scolding you?"

"No, no, sir," sobbed Carl. "I am not crying for that. It is your music, that beautiful fiddle, which has made me cry."

Herr Rubner, for that was the man's name, laid his hand on the child's shoulder, and drew him into his room.

"Now tell me," he said, "why you love music so much, and what made you cry?"

In a few words Carl told his little history—his father's profession, and that father's promise that his child should follow it—the long cherished hope of one day becoming a musician; then the father's death, and the poverty of the bereaved home, and the giving up of all the fond wishes that had made the future so bright.

Herr Rubner listened silently to all, then drawing the child nearer to him, he said, "Tell me, my boy, would you still like to learn the violin?"

"Yes, almost broken because I cannot be what my father promised, because I must never hope to learn."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the man, with something very like a twinkle in his eye. "Look here now—I have a little old fiddle which will do very well to learn upon; and if you like to come to me every night after you have finished for my landlady down stairs, I will give you a lesson."

"You, sir? You really will? O, sir, this is too much, how shall I ever thank you?" and Carl seized the hand of the violinist and pressed it again and again to his lips.

"There, there, mein kind, it isn't worth all that," said Herr Rubner, kindly. "Run away now, and come to me to-morrow at this time."

From that day Herr Rubner began to give Carl regular lessons, and the boy made such progress as amply to repay his kind master. Meantime the boy did not neglect his duties, but performed them well, rising daily in his employer's favor.

Carl had his desire, and after years of hard work, he became a professional, and a successful violinist. But through life he never forgot that it was while trying to discharge his distasteful duties with cheerfulness, that God had sent him what he so longed for; and he was often heard to say: "If any one, whether man or child, only does what he believes to be right, God will take good care of the rest, for truth is the light which leads to a way which they know not."

## The Persian Method of Collecting a Debt.

The Persian creditor having once determined to get his money calls for it early in the morning and cannot be persuaded to go away until he is paid. He brings his carpet with him and sits down in his debtor's bedroom, eating drinking, sleeping and smoking there till he is bought off.

Some years ago, not many, a Persian had, or fancied that he had, a claim on the English Foreign Office. So one day he traveled from Teheran, and after many strange adventures, arrived in London, taking his carpet with him, and fully prepared to sit upon the Foreign Office, which he supposed to be a person, till he was satisfied. Lord Palmer was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at that time, and took the thing good humoredly; but Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of State, who is a sharp tempered gentleman, was for calling a policeman.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with it. Still it may be dealt with, and Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian court, contrived to get rid of a Persian who tried to sit upon him by a rather clever device.

At the New Year, which is kept as a great festival in Persia, requesting mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally take a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and as he would not give more, the dervish proceeded to sit upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study window, and every now and then during the day and whenever he woke at night this dervish set up a horrible hulla-balloo, and blew a cracked trumpet as if the judgment was come. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks, and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon the dervish. "Get rid of him if you can," says they, laughing, as they are wont to do at a minister's perplexity, "but do not touch him."

## The Transatlantic Balloon Voyage.

The preparations for the aerial trip to Europe are now so far advanced that the Graphic is able to say that the word "go" will be given between the 1st and 10th of September. Everything being ready, and an assurance given by the signal service at Washington of the probability of favorable weather for twenty-four hours, Professor Wise and his friends will quietly embark, waving their hats to the crowd, and be off. Sunset will be the probable hour, but no attempt at public display will be made; it is a rather solemn venture, in fact, and the huzzas of a crowd, and guns and music, would be less appropriate than the uncovered head and bated breath, and a fervent prayer for the safety of the men who are thus to trust themselves to the good nature of the elements. Professor Donaldson, on Saturday, made a trial trip from New York to Long Branch in the Baden Ponce canoe built for him by Waters & Sons, and thoroughly satisfied himself of the seaworthiness of the little craft. Though the waves were quite excited she rode them safely, and it was not until the Professor drove her on shore through the surf at the Branch that she shipped the slightest drop of water. The carrier pigeons which have been detailed to accompany the expedition, and bring back occasional tidings, have been in active training for weeks and have become pretty familiar with the geography of the Atlantic coast; they will be instructed to make for the Graphic building with all haste the instant they are dropped from the car. There have been divers rumors as to the persons who will accompany the aeronauts, but their names have not, as yet, been officially announced; applications are understood to be in excess of accommodations, however.

## John Guy and General Cass.

In years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Colonel Forward told the following anecdote, or rather quotes it from Daniel Dougherty, one of Philadelphia's ablest lawyers and most brilliant raconteurs: Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was Gen. Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and walking up to the office, encountered Gen. Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room." The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am Gen. Cass of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unceremonious outrage he had committed, but before he had recovered from his mortification Gen. Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigan man has gone off mad." What Gen. Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not appeared and rescued the innocent offender from the twice assailed and twice angered statesman.—Harper's Magazine.

It was at the second battle of Bull Run that a cannon ball carried off a poor soldier's leg.

"Carry me to the rear!" he cried, to a tall Yankee companion who had been fighting by his side.

The Yankee caught the wounded soldier up, and as he was about to put him across his shoulder, another cannon ball carried off the poor fellow's head. The Yankee, however, in the confusion, did not notice this, but proceeded with his burden to the rear.

"What are you carrying that thing for?" cried an officer.

"Thing!" returned the Yankee. "It's a man with his leg shot off."

The Yankee looked at his load, and for the first time saw that the officer said was true. Throwing down the body, he thundered out:

"Confound him! he told me it was his leg."

Two more numbers will close the second volume of the COURIER.

## The Persian Method of Collecting a Debt.

The Persian creditor having once determined to get his money calls for it early in the morning and cannot be persuaded to go away until he is paid. He brings his carpet with him and sits down in his debtor's bedroom, eating drinking, sleeping and smoking there till he is bought off.

Some years ago, not many, a Persian had, or fancied that he had, a claim on the English Foreign Office. So one day he traveled from Teheran, and after many strange adventures, arrived in London, taking his carpet with him, and fully prepared to sit upon the Foreign Office, which he supposed to be a person, till he was satisfied. Lord Palmer was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at that time, and took the thing good humoredly; but Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of State, who is a sharp tempered gentleman, was for calling a policeman.

The practice of "sitting upon a man," as it is called, universally prevails in Persia, and it is not easy to deal with it. Still it may be dealt with, and Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, who was once accredited to the Persian court, contrived to get rid of a Persian who tried to sit upon him by a rather clever device.

At the New Year, which is kept as a great festival in Persia, requesting mendicants go about, not so much asking for alms as insisting upon a fixed sum. They generally take a foreign ambassador rather highly, and one of them, a dervish, demanded an extravagant sum from Sir John McNeill. The Scotch diplomatist offered to compromise with him for any reasonable amount, but his offer was refused, and as he would not give more, the dervish proceeded to sit upon him. He established himself in Sir John's garden, just before his study window, and every now and then during the day and whenever he woke at night this dervish set up a horrible hulla-balloo, and blew a cracked trumpet as if the judgment was come. Sir John, who did not like to have his rest disturbed in this way, determined to put a stop to the dervish's tricks, and eject him by force; but he was solemnly warned by the Persian authorities that it would be dangerous to lay hands upon the dervish. "Get rid of him if you can," says they, laughing, as they are wont to do at a minister's perplexity, "but do not touch him."

## Three Card Monte in Minnesota.

There is a preacher, said to be located at Brainerd, the village at the Mississippi crossing of the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose name is given as Williams. And there are three or more practitioners of the game of three card monte, names and habitations unknown, who have lately operated with considerable success upon travelers on the Northern Pacific and Lake Superior and Mississippi railroads. Among their latest victims is the preacher aforesaid, and how he fell into their snare is thus told by the Brainerd people. Sitting near the preacher was a verdant looking youth, to whom a couple of sharp "sport" appearing men were exhibiting their skill at three card monte. From where he was seated he could tell the winning card every time, and when finally the verdant youth put down fifty dollars on a wager that he would select the right card, the good man, was fairly grieved to see the innocent youth, as it blind to what was plain to be seen, pick up the wrong card and lose his money. The youth seemed to feel about it too, but after watching the dealer's motions awhile he emptied all his pockets and collected another \$50, which straightway followed the rest into the dealer's pocket. Amazed that the youth could not see what he saw so plainly, and sympathizing with the youth's apparent grief over losing every cent of his money, the preacher resolved to recover it and restore it to its late possessor. After a little parleying the preacher's watch was wagered against \$100 of the gambler's money; the deal was made, and the good man turned up the marked card, but the wrong one! His good gold watch disappeared in the gambler's vest, and at the next station when the three, the two gamblers and the verdant youth, went from the car and walked down the platform as the train rolled on, chatting and laughing like old acquaintances, the minister began to suspect that the verdant youth and the gamblers were confederates, and he their dupe. But even then his amazement that his eyes should have so deceived him as to the identity of that marked card was the predominant feeling.

The sequel to this true story is, that when gamblers learned that their victim was a poor preacher, they sent the watch back to him, charging prepay, just in time to save his amused but pitying neighbors from buying him another.

Hiram Powers, in his early days in Cincinnati, wishing to put a quantity upon a securities, black-mailing sheet in Cincinnati, next afternoon the paper had an article about the base attempt of a vile incendiary to destroy the freedom of the press, etc. The owner of the premises becoming alarmed, expected the libeller; nobody else would rent him a place for fear of fire, and so the paper, as Powers had anticipated, was forced to suspend.