POETRY.

ODE TO THE OCEAN.

Interest has been excited by the discovery of a remarkable coincidence between the well-known passage in Byron's "Childe Harold," beginning—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,"

and certain stanzas in an "Ode to the Sea," by Chenendolle, a French poet, which are as follows:

"Dread ocean, burst upon me with thy shores,
Fling wide thy waters when the storms bear sway;
Thy bosom opens to a thousand prores.
Yet fleets with idle daring breast thy spray,
Ripple with arrow's track thy closing plain,
And graze the surface of thy deep domain.

"Man dares not tread thy liquid way,
Thou spurns't that despot of a day,
Tossed like a snow-flake on the spray,
From storm-gulfs to the skies;
He breathes and reigns on solid land;
And ruin marks his tyrant hand;
Thou bidst him in that circle stand—
Thy reign his rage defies.

"Or, should he force his passage there,
Thou risest, mocking his despair;
The shipwreck humbles all his pride;
He sinks within the darksome tide—
The surge's vast unfathomed gloom
His catacomb—
Without a name, without a tomb.

"The banks are kingdoms, where the shrine, the throne,
The pomp of human things are changed and past,
The people, they are phantoms, they are flown,
Time has avenged thee on their strength at last.
Thy billows idly rest on Sidon's shore,
And her bold pilots wound thy pride no more.

"Rome, Athens, Carthage! what are they?
Spoiled heritage, successive prey;
New nations force their onward way,
And grasp disputed reign;
Thou changest not, thy waters pour
The same wild waves against the shore,
Where Liberty had breathed before,
And Slavery hugs his chain.

"States bow; Time's sceptre presses still
On Apennine's subsiding hill;
No trace of Time is left on thee,
Unchanging sea,
Created thus, and still to be.

"Sea! of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror! how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heaving space!
Two worlds thy surge, eternal warring, sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps!"

Chenendolle's ode may be found in Longfellow's "Poetry of Europe," from which the above translation is derived. Some doubt exists as to who was the plagiarist in this case, if any plagiarism there is. The fourth canto of "Childe Harold," in which Byron's famous lines to the sea appear, was published in 1818; Chenendolle was born in 1769. In 1807 he produced "The Genius of Man," a poem greatly admired; in 1820 he published a collection of his early odes, with some new ones. It is uncertain when the ode from which the above extract given first appeared.—*Appleton's Journal.*

MISCELLANY.

WARNINGS FROM VESUVIUS.

The Naples correspondent of the London *Times* writes to that Journal on Dec. 10:

We have had no other alarm from the earthquake since Monday, and the public feeling is subsiding into its usual tranquil state of secuirty. For one or two days every one, I believe, was anxious and apprehensive, for it is no trifle to be rocked in your bed, to see your walls rocking backward and forward, and to hear the timbers creaking. Such sights would be alarming anywhere, more especially in Naples, which has suffered from a series of disasters, and which has not yet forgotten the awful earthquake of 1857. On Monday night and Tuesday morning few persons went to bed: or if they did they threw themselves on it in military style, completely dressed and ready for a start. Many formed parties, as if seeking security in society, but more were in the streets, in cafes, or in carriages of any kind they could lay hands on. Thoes who were less fortunate had to pass the night on the pave exposed to rain, and what for this country was bitter cold. There was a full expectation that the earthquake would repeat its visit at the end of twenty-four hours after the first shock—it not unfrequently does—so that from midnight until 3:24 on Tuesday morning apprehension became increasingly and painfully strong.

Conversation was on the wane, snatches of Litany were chanted here and there almost sotto voice. As 3 o'clock approached there was a dead silence, as if the enemy were upon them; and thus it was at 3:15 when apprehension was intense; but the minute-hand marked 3:24, and the sense of relief was great, for nothing happened to create alarm, though this did not suffice to satisfy those who fancied that the dreaded visitor might have delayed his coming, or that clocks might be wrong. A few minutes more restored tranquility to the most timid; and by dawn of day all went home chilled to the marrow, many, it is probable, having found the death from which they fled. During the day preceding this anxious night preperations were made by persons which remind us of the hurried flight from Pompeii, indications of which have often been brought to light during the excavations. Boxes were purchased and jewels packed, and in some cases it is said, even articles of dress. All that was most precious was in readiness to be carried off, and, says a Journalist, one lady sent off her 'adorato papagallo' (adored parrot), to be restored if demanded, or bequethed to the friend if she herself were buried under the ruins of Naples. It is unnecessary to say that this general apprehension was of a most exaggerated and unnecessary character. Still no one can answer for his house when its foundations are heaving up and down, and we cannot forget the horrors of 1857, when 30,000 persons were destroyed by earthquake in the neighboring provinces, and our bells rang, as it were, funeral peals over them. Later reports now tell us that the shock was felt as far as Bari, and in every place it excited great alarm. In Salerno the people were in a state of fanatical madness. All rushed to the cathedral, insisting on bringing out the statue of the patron saint, Saint Matthew, and the bells being rung—a not uncommon practice in a tempest. The clergy, however, in obedience to the civil authorities, would not permit it, but the public feeling was too strong to be resisted, so that the statue was carried off on the shoulders of men. Wax tapers were seized, and, followed by many thousand persons, St. Matthew was borne in procession through the streets. There was considerable fear that a dangerous collision might have occured, for by order of the Prefect, a detachment of soldiers was sent out and placed at the disposal of the Quæstor. After a long time, however, the people were persuaded that the saint had little connection with the earthquake, and as it did not repeat its visit, St Matthew was taken back to the cathedral, and all returned to their homes.

No serious disaster has occured anywhere except in St. Marco, in Lamis, in the Capitanata, a commune of about 15,000 persons. There several houses were thrown down, and three persons burried. Many foreign visitors left Naples on Monday, and it is feared that for the moment the trade of the season will be injured; but, with the almost certainty of an eruption, crowds will propable come in. As in 1875, the earthquake of December was followed very soon after by an eruption, for if Vesuvius was not the center of the recent movement it is more or less remotely connected with it. The activity of the mountain increases daily, and Cozzolino, the well-known guide of Vesuvius, writes to me that the shocks have been frequent at Resina, though slight. The panic which was created on Monday, he says, was indescribable; for, in addition to earthquake, there was a general apprehension that the mountain was, or would be, pouring down its streams of lava upon them. Let me hazard the conjecture that the actual subterranean may have been produced or precipitated by the deluges of rain which have fallen this season. Professor Phillips, in his interesting work of Vesuvius, says: "If we follow out the idea arrived at in the preceeding passage—internal fissures arrising from some kind of accumulated pressure—the necessity of earthquakes following upon such a process in a volcanic region will be apparent. For thus the heated interior becomes opened to the admission of water: the generation of steam, the sudden shock, the far extended vibratory motion, are consequences of a slow change of dimensions, in pressence of internal heat and admitted air."

A SEXTON'S EXPERIENCE.

[From the New York Graphic.]

A few hundred people in New York know the Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration by this, its proper name; but when we speak of it as "The Little Church Around the Corner" it is familiar to every one, for its reputation has crossed the sea. Located on the north side of Twenty-ninth street, between Fifth and Madison avenue, its exterior presents picturesque attractions unsurpassed. While its architectural altitude is far below that of scores of other churches around as many corners, as a synonym of a humanity of sentiment towards all men it reaches an upper atmosphere far above many of the houses dedicated to worship, in which the creed and the people are as stiff-necked and inflexible as the steeple over their heads.

James C. Rappleyea, the sexton, does not advertise himself and his funeral wares, as is the wont of other sextons, by a tin "shingle" nailed to the house of God; with a delicacy that does him the highest credit, he allows his works to praise him. Neither does he like to talk of himself or his great success as "Sexton and funeral furnisher" (to quote from the city directory.) The writer recently conversed with him at length concerning sextons and undertakers in particular, and many other things in general, and he furnished many interesting facts. "Dr. Houghton is very particular what goes in the papers, and what don't go in, don't you see?" was his satisfactory reason for his guarded statements.

"No I don't have no sign on the church," said Mr. Rappleyea; "It makes the church look like a place of business–that is just the reason I don't have a sign. People coming to church don't want to have a sign stuck in their faces to remind them of what they are coming to; and then perhaps the very next thing they see after they get inside is me, and everything comes up. And I don't have any coffins in my windows," he continued, referring to his place of business as undertaker, at No 654 Sixth avenue.

"I have been sexton of the Little Church Around the Corner," or the 'Church of the Holy Cucumber-vine,' as it was once styled, since Nov 1, 1860. I was with Dr. Houghton when he was a little young boy, over in Twenty-fourth street near Fourth avenue. I was assistant with my brother-in-law, Mr. Samuel Deare, who was sexton of Calvary Episcopal Church. From there I went to the House of Prayer, in Newark, with Dr. Southard, where he was rector and I was sexton. I've known a great many men, but he was a gentleman in every respect. I never knew one like him–a friend to every one who is a friend to himself."

"Holland's funeral? Oh yes, I managed that at the church, but the things were furnished by two or three different persons. You know that wasn't the first trouble. John J. Eckel, the man who was sentenced for killing Burdell, died at Albany, and his body was brought down here. He was a member of Rutger's Presbyterian Church. Queer, wasn't it, that both the big churches right around the corner on Madison avenue should do the same thing? But they wouldn't let his body in, and it was taken over to my store on Fourth avenue–I used to be there–and a prayer was said by Mr. McAllister, a Methodist clergyman. Yes, Eckel's was the first case, but Holland's funeral is what gave the church the name everybody knows it by now. Dr. Sabine was the man who called it so."

"No I don't keep no record of weddings; I just take my fee an' let 'em go. But I keep a book of all my funerals. Talk of real, genuine men–there are other undertakers in the city who have great funerals sometimes—but come to the real thing, I have probably buried more private gentleman than any other undertaker in New York. I've had close along towards a hundred funerals this year—twenty five or thirty at the church. What prominent men have I buried? Why, a great many of 'em. Mark Smith was quite a famous great actor, you know, and his body was brought here. Then I had Dr. Mott, the old gentleman himself; Mr. Squires, that was killed on the Erie Railroad—he was quite a man, and belonged to General Sickles' brigade; Major-General Hamblin, at which Jim Fisk was so prominent, and a great many more. Here they all are, and you can see for yourself," and Mr. Rappleyea passed the book over containing the entries of all his funerals, with the items of expense. Accidentally the first page opened contained the name of Guiseppe Guidicini, who frescoed the Grand Opera-house, but died the night it was opened. His last wish had been to see the effect by gaslight. "Fisk paid the bill for his funeral without looking at the items," said Mr. Rappleyea. The items which Fisk did not look at are as follows:

Ice-box and porter	$12 00
Merino-lined coffin, silver moldings	200 00
Eight silver handles, at $2	16 00
Plate	15 00
GUISEPPI GUIDICINI. Died January 7, 1868, Aged 57 years 12 days.	
Hearse to Greenwood	10 00
Twelve coaches, at $7	84 00
Seven pairs best kid gloves, at $2	14 00
One linen scarf	8 00
Four porters to house—two to Greenwood	8 00
Case for casket	5 00
Best velvet pall	3 00
Cash paid for grave	5 00
Ferrying	7 60

Personal services rendered	15 00
Total	$402 60

"My funerals are always recommended—almost always," continued Mr. Rappleyea. "Now I think they often put the body on ice too quick. A great many respectable people who have fine feelings won't put 'em on ice, but use an ice box. and then, perhaps, the body won't keep at all. My funerals are among the first-class people in the city—it seems that way. I've had as many as eight in two or three days, sometimes."

"Did I ever know of a case where a person was buried alive? Well, not exactly. But I knew a person in New Jersey a great many years ago, when I was a boy, that would have been buried alive if it hadn't been for me. I promised the family never to say anything about it. She was a tanner's daughter in New Brunswick, N. J., and they had her laid out on a board, the eld-fashioned way, on the parlor table. I knew she wasn't dead, and they waited. She looked so pretty—and she lived to have two or three children," and the sexton smiled and looked wise.

"Was you ever knocked down by a dead man? "Mr. Rappleyea asked. The visitor confessed that he never enjoyed an experience of this sort, and modestly allowed that few live men could accomplish that feat. "I was once," continued Mr. Rappleyea. "Another man and I once went to lay a body out. The widdow said the remains of the departed were up in the front chamber. We went up, but the only thing we found was a man reclining on the arm of a sofa. So we went down and told the lady, and she said that was him on the sofa. We went up again. I says, 'That's him,' and walked over to the man on the sofa. He looked as natural as life, but he was so stiff that when we laid him out on the floor we had hard work to straighten him. The other man went down stairs for something, and as I was over the corpse his right hand come up from under him, where we had bent it down, and hit me a lick that sent me over against the mantle. Oh such a clip! It made my jaw so sore, and my face was black and blue for days."

THE THERMOMETER MAN IN DETROIT.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

He was a way-worn man from the East, and he had thirty-seven thermometers in a basket on his arm. After standing on the street corners for two or three hours without making a sale, he started for the eastern part of the city, hoping to do better among the private houses. He seemed to gain confidence from the cheerful look of the dwellings, and he bore himlike a banker as he ascended the steps and pulled a door-bell.

"Nothing for the poor," said the lady, as she opened the door.

"I'm not soliciting for the poor—I am selling thermometers," he replied in a balmy voice.

"Don't want any—bought our stock in the Fall," she said drawing in her head.

"I said thermometers, Madam," he called in a despairing voice.

"I know it; but we've got all the vegetables we can use," she called back, and the door struck his toes.

Going to the saloon on the corner the man addressed the proprietor with a sweet smile, asking:

"Would you like a thermometer today?"

"By de pushel?" asked the saloonist.

"No—a thermometer—a little instrument for telling you when it is cold or warm."

"Any music-box in it?" inquired the saloonist.

"No; it records the weather."

"What wedder?"

"Why, the weather we have every day in the year. When it is warm this little bulb runs up; when it is cold it sinks down."

"Umph! Vhen it ish warm I dakes my goat off vhen it ish gold I but more goal in der stoaf. Go und sell dat to some schmall poy as knows noddings!"

The thermometer man entered a carpet-weaver's, and a bow-backed man nodded kindly and cordially welcomed him.

"Accurate thermometers for only twenty-five cents," said the peddler, as he held one up.

"New thing?" asked the weaver, as he took one in his hand.

"We have had thermometers for many years. People have come to consider them a household necessity."

"Zero? Zero? Who was Zero?" asked the weaver, reading the word behind the glass.

The thermometer man explained, and the weaver, after trying to get his thumb nail under the glass, asked:

"Where does the blamed thing open?"

"Thermometers are not meant to open, my friend, was the reply.

"Well, I don't want any thermometers around me that won't open!" growled the weaver. "I thought it was a new kind of stove-handle when you came in, or I shouldn't have looked at it!"

The thermometer man next tried a dwelling-house. In answer to his ring, the door was instantly and swiftly opened by a red-faced woman, who hit him with a club and cried out:

"I'll learn you, you young villian!"

She apologized and explained that several bad doys had been ringing the door-bell, and he forgave her and said:

"I have some accurate and handsome thermometers here. Would you——"

"We never have hash for breakfast," she interrupted. "My husband detests hash, and so I don't wan't to buy."

"Hash! A Thermometer has nothing to do with hash!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I can't help that," she replied, lowly crossing the door." We havn't any lamps to mend, and you shouldn't track the steps in that way."

There was a portly man crossing the street, and the thermometer man beckoned to him, halted him, and when he got near enough asked:

"Can I sell you an accurate thermometer to-day?"

"A what?"

"A thermometer."

"What do I want with a thermometer?" exclaimed the portly man, raising his voice a peg.

"Why, to note the weather."

"You blamed idiot! Do you suppose I run the weather?" roared the fat man, growing purple in the face.

"But you want to know when it is hot or cold, don't you?"

"Am I such an old fool that I don't know when it's summer and when it's winter?" shrieked the fat man.

"We all know, of course," replied the stranger; "but every respectable family has a thermometer nowadays."

"They have. eh! I never had one, nor, I wouldn't have one, and do you dare to tell that I ain't respectable!" screamed old portly.

"I didn't mean——"

"Yes you did, and you've made me miss the car, and I'll cane you!"

The Thermometer man waded across the muddy street and made his escape, and at dusk last night was backed up against the Soldiers' Monument, his basket between his feet, and was squinting sadly at the clock on the City Hall tower.

MARVELOUS CONCERT.

[New York Letter, Jan. 3d, to the St. Louis Anzeiger des Westens.]

Yesterday, by a lucky accident—how can I sufficiently congratulate myself upon it?—I obtained insight into the workings of a secret order which threatens a danger of quite a different kind from that of the O. A. U., which of latter time has caused so much excitement. Hear me out, and then judge for yourselves whether or not I overestimate the danger which menaces the great American republic.

On Sylvester evening I was invited to a social dancing party at T——'s, on Fifth avenue. I arrived a little early, and seated myself in the niche of a window, behind the heavy curtains, to look at the turmoil on the opposite side of the street, when two young ladies entered—excepting myself, the first guests in the parlor—who, believing themselves to be quite alone and unobserved, walked up and down and conversed quite freely together. They told each other of visits which they expected on New Year's day, and I heard one of them say to the other, very distinctly, that she was promised calls from Count J. B. Pritchard, Marquis Hiram Butler, and the young viscount Jimmy McBridal. I brushed the hair from my ears, for they must have deceived me. My friend Pritchard was the son of a Brooklyn soap boiler, who but a short time since was admitted to partnership in his father's business; my other friend—Hiram Butler—was cashier of a bank on Broadway; and only two hours before I had, in company with Jimmy McBridal, gone home from his India rubber establishment, where I myself worked, to make my toilet. How in the name of all the tattlers in Christendom had my friends come by their titles of "count," "marquis," and "viscount" over night? But I was to be still more astounded! The parlor began to fill up with guests, and I already thought I had lost sight of the two mysterious ladies when I came directly upon them again, and heard one of them say to the other: "No, your grace, this evening I shall dance only a single quadrille, and had I not promised that to Prince Johnson I would not dance at all, as I am suffering from a terrible headache."

"Prince Johnson!" I said to myself. That cannot certainly be my friend Giles P. Johnson of Boston, who has been dodging around here for a week or so celebrating the holidays! I had scarcely uttered the thought when the quadrille was called. I looked for my lady with the apple green satin trail. Sure enough, there she was dancing with friend Johnson! Now I also recognized his dancing partner, it was Mrs. Annis, of Annis, Dougherty & Co., importers of artificial flowers, and one of the most fashionable and popular beauties of the city. Her husband was in Paris buying a stock of summer wares, the wife, an intimate friend of the family of our host, by whom we were invited, had come with her brother-in-law and sister. "Shall I have the honor of conducting the countess to her carriage?" said Johnson to his partner when the quadrille was over. She gracefully bowed, took his arm. and the countess and prince vanished. Was this all a dream? a mystification? a New York madness, which I, who mixed with fashionable society at pleasure, and thought I knew all the world, knew really nothing at all about? My curiosity was excited. I listened to the right and to the left. I renewed old acquaintanceships which I had not lately thought of. I heard not a syllable more which could afford any explanation or clue; no one again called any of my acquaintances "prince," or "count," or "marquis," and just as far was I of hearing anywhere a lady addressed by a title of nobility. But my ears could not have been deceived. And the key to the mystery was to be furnished sooner than I had for the last two hours been led to hope. I was just about to leave this festive scene when my friend Jimmy McBridal came out of a side room, and seeing me, exclaimed: "Henry, see here, I have looked the whole evening in vain for you. Now it is too late to make a new beginning, but I will at least take you home in my carriage."

I was quite ready to go. So soon as seated, I went straight to the subject that so perplexed me: "What new nonsense is out that you allow yourself to be called 'viscount,' that they speak of Pritchard as a 'count,' and of Hiram Butler as a 'marquis," and call Johnson a 'prince'?"

"No nonsense at all, my friend. You should this evening have been initiated, and I have a commission to invite you to a meeting of the O. A. E. to-morrow evening. Will you come?"

One word brought on another, and I learned precisely that the wealthy citizens of New York, Philadelphia and Boston—capitalists, manufacturers, importers and jobbers, in connection with a great number of the large landed proprietors of the south and west, had founded an order for no less an object than to perfect a plan to the minutest details, to substitute for the Republican constitution of these United States an imperial constitution, with an elected emperor at the head of the government, supported by principalities, dukedoms and electorates of the various states, upon the basis of a newly-founded hereditary nobility. And I had on Sylvester night, by the merest accident, become acquainted with a few of the inferior memberrs.

Under the seal of secrecy I now learned the objects and designs of the "Order of the American Empire," and the progress it had already made. Upon the person of the first emperor, who is to be elected for life from the electors, kings and dukes, the order is not yet agreed. The rich ladies insist that the first emperor must be a married man in order that there may be an empress; and also that her court state can and shall be now selected from among the first women of the land. The pretender, who has up to this time the preference in the counsels, is a single man, although they hope to find before the advent of the centennial day next July, a married magnate of a great New England family, who can wear the imperial crown with becoming dignity.

On the other hand, it has already been decided that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, and California should be kingdoms, that both Virginias, Louisiana, and Arkansas should become temporal electorates, and that the spiritual electorates of Baltimore, Natchez, and Santa Fe should be established. It is impossible for me to remember all the principalities and dukedoms of the various States, so far as settled in the plan. Illinois, if I remember aright, my friend, the new Viscount McBridal, told me was a grand dukedom in the imperial scheme. A lot of large landed estates—to make up—at least three whole sections of land—are devoted to entail and knightly manors, and all public lands yet unsettled are set apart as the hereditary domain of the great imperial crown. Hunting, fishing, the tobacco and playing-card trades will be elevated to the royal prerogatives, which, together with the taxes, the post, the military establishments, and the diplomatic service shall depend exclusively upon the imperial government. More than 1,500 princes, counts, viscounts, chevaliers, marquises, dukes, barons and baronets are created; the right of the first-born for the new nobility is established, and subsequent sons are provided with officers' rank from general down to captain; and and this as well as the whole diplomatic service is already arranged. They intend through the multiplicity of newly-founded noble families to fit and commit society to the new form of government, and by the transformation of our whole domestic life, and all the fashions, the provision of numberless monarchical emblems and patents of nobility, orders, escutcheons, and the like, to give the industries and the arts such an impetus that the whole population will be immediately won to the new order of things.

Keep this communication strictly secret until I have become acquainted with the whole conspiracy in all its ramifications—till I myself, for the welfare of the republic, am admitted as a member of the order of American monarchy. Then all will be brought to light.

A POWERFUL FEASIBLE MEMORY.

The bootblack at the corner stand on C street was looking for a customer. He was as black as the ace of spades, and as he carelessly dusted off his stand with the stump of a corn brush he occasionally paused and rolled his eyes hungrily up and down the street.

Presently a tall, raw-boned, middle aged man, with a considerable length of goatee and not a little breadth of hat rim, stopped and glanced at the stand with some show of interest.

"Have a shine, boss?" said the owner of the stand, giving his chair a parting dab with his brush. "Shine 'em up in half a minit, sah. You'll jist have time to glance over de mornin' papers."

Without deigning an answer the lank chap climbed into the seat before him.

"Whar ye a rollin' them pants to?" was his first remark after the owner of the stand began to operate.

"All right now, boss. We musn't muss 'em, you see. It's all feasible now, sah."

"Well, proceeed to business."

"I's a movin' boss; I's a movin' sah!"

"Wall, see that you keep a movin'."

"De people of de souf," said the bootblack, cocking a cunning eye up at his customer, "de people of de souf (another look of the eye) most allus gives us poor cullud boys any little feasible job dey's got."

"You think I'm from the south?"

"I'se from the souf myself, sah."

"Likely."

"I'se from de souf, sah—from ole Kaintuck, sah."

"Indeed!"

"Sartin, boss. I'se from Lexington, Kaintuck, sah," scraping away with an old case knife at the mud on the soles of his customer's boots.

"I'm from Kentucky myself, and from Lexington," said the man, beginning to look interested. "So you are from Lexington, eh?"

"Ges so, boss. Practically I was born dar, sah."

"Like you I was born thar."

"Nice old town, boss."

"Very."

"I golly, boss, ef I didn't think from the fust that I saw in you the rale old Kaintucky gentleman. You've got a good deal of the cut of some of dem law and med'cn students dat used to be about de ole Transylvania 'varsity; but you'se aged a-l-e-etle grain more dan was de boys in dem days."

"Ive often seen the old university."

"It was a fine old town, too. De main stredt was mor than a mile long; dar war beautiful trees 'long de street and de orphan 'sylum an' de baggin' facterys, de wire-works, an' de—

"The lunatic asylum."

"Yey, boss, shore 'nuff, dar was de lunatic 'sylum."

"And the river."

"An' de riber; I golly, dat fist big bend in Town of Elkhorn, up 'bove de city—practically dat was a mighty feasible proposition for catfish."

"Amazin'."

"I say, boss, practically, you never happened to know a culled boy named Columbus Parsons, as lived out on de road to'ards whar ole Henry Clay was borned—out to'ard Ashland—did yer sah?"

"I knowed a culled boy named Columbus Parsons that rode ole Woodpecker against Ploughboy, down at the Blue Grass course, and won the puss."

"De Lord love us! Was you dar? De great honkky! Practically, I am dat same Columbus Parsons what rode ole Woodpecker an' won de puss down dar to Blue Grass."

"The Columbus Parsons I knowed used to be a great fiddler; played for all the balls and parties for miles around."

"Dat was me, sah. I was de boy. Now you's a-beginning to know me."

"The Columbus Parsons that I used to know was a great singer—was lightnin' at all the nigger camp meetins'."

"Dat was me, boss; I'm identically and practically dat same Columbus Parsons! You's got de most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw, sah."

"The Columbus Parsons that I knowed went down to Frankfort and run on the river as steward on the Bell Wagner."

"Yah, yah! You knows me—you knows me, boss! you knows me like a brudder, sah! In dem days didn't I put on de apparel? Wasn't I attired? Practically, sah, you's got the most feasible mem'ry dat I ever saw,"

"The Columbus Parsons that I knowed, the Columbus Parsons that rode Ole Woodpecker, the Columbus Parsons that used to sing at camp meetin', is the Columbus Parsons who burst open the trunk of a passenger, stole a thousand dollars, and was sent to the state prison at Frankfort for five years."

"Practically, boss, you's got a powerful feasible mem'ry, but dar was anoder Columbus Parsons down dar 'bout Lexington and Frankfort—partic'larly south Frankfort, 'cross de chain bridge--dat was a hoss rider, a fiddler, a singer and steamboater, an' he was a low-flung, harum-scarum, unaccountable feller, I guess he mout a bin the Columbus Parsons what you know'd, sah."

"You think so?"

"Sartin, sure, boss, but don't say nuffin 'bout de feller heah, sah. You see, practically it mout injure my good name, sah."

"Out-of-the-way polite"—Don t trouble I can find the way myself! Oh, nonsense my dear, I'm very pleased indeed to show you out!

A PUZZLE FOR THE DOCTORS.

[Correspondent of Suix City Journal.]

A physician of Sibley, Ia., Dr. Miller, has a strange case of disease in his practice, the details of which may be interesting to your readers and of value to medical men. Mrs Carew, is probably fifty years of age, and well respected in this community, where she has resided for three years, during which time, and for years previously, indeed she has been an invalid. The disease develed what are commonly known as fever sores on various parts of the body, and one of these, situated in the region of the right breast, became so depraved that it was the source of great pain and annoyance. The ulcer finally assumed a sort of cancerous character, and for a number of months Mrs. C. was under medicle treatment for the supposed cancer, and at one time she was supposed to be incurable. However, for several months past, Dr. Miller has been attending the case, and now comes the strange part of the story. During the past two weeks, at different times, he has extracted sewing-needles and brass pins from the aforesaid ulcer, the total number being five pins and three needles, some of which are extremely corroded, and one of the pins are considerably bent and evidently had once been used. One needle was extracted only yesterday, but weather any others remain, of course it is impossible to say. With refference to how the pins and needles came to be imbedded in the flesh is something of a mistery, especially how they came there without the patient's knowledge. The only solution of the difficulty seems to be that during the severe sufferings, induced by the treatment of the ulcer as a cancer, as she occupied a reclining position for days weeks together, the clothes and bandages were generally pinned to her clothing. The ulcer seemed to have its seat in the alveolar tissue that united the lobes of the mammary gland, and this tissue was wasted by supuration until the purulent cavities were formed into which a pin or needle might have dropped without any great difficulty, and that, too without the patient's knowlege in the midst of her excruciating pains. Then, of course, when under judicious treatment the process of healing began, these foreign substances would necessarily find their way to the surface. At any rate Mrs. Carew is slowly recovering her health, and is much astonished as any one at the fact that the old-time cancer turns out to be needles and pins.

A WOLF IN A BAGGAGE CAR.

The Atlanta(Ga.,) *Herald* of the 24th inst., gives an account of the difficulty Baggage-master Hunt met on a trip from Chattanooga the day previous. It says: "At Chattanooga a man from some western state got aboard the train. He had, chained about the neck, a very large yellow wolf, the brute appeared to be docile enough while in charge of his owner, although to strangers his fierce eyes and grinning teeth were sufficient to keep one at a distance. By considerable pulling and kicking and jerks, the man succeeded in getting him aboard, and putting him in the baggage-car, where he was chained in one corner. As might be well imagined, the baggage-master did not fancy such a companion in his car alone, and protested against the act, but was repeadly assured that the wolf was harmless and would attack no one. Thus the baggage-man's fears were allayed, and the train started. It leaves Chattanoga before light and the baggage-master left alone with his gaunt companion. The train had not proceeded a very great distance before it became necessary for the baggage-master to adjust some pieces which he proceeded to do. In moving about he either forgot the presence of the brute or depending upon what the owner said in regard to its viciousness, went too near his wolfship, which, of a sudden made a spring at Mr. Hunt and seized his coat tail. Turning to fight the animal off it seized him again, tearing his coat half off. Mr. hunt faught the wolf off and made his escape into the next car, where he informed Conductor Bell of what had taken place. That officer felt outraged at the danger to which his subaltern had been subjected, and started in to dispatch the brute, but thought it best to inform its owner of what had transpired before proceeding in his revengeful errand. The proprietor of the one-horse menagerie was aroused and informed of the situation, and told that he must make reparation for the damage done or he would be short of a wolf very soon. He offered to console the injured party by saying that the wolf was playing, and that he frequently tore his clothes off in these little antics. But this did not restore the rent garment or allay the anger of the baggage-master, who insisted on his making good what the beast had made worthless. After considerable parleying and bickering, they finally compromised on $10 50. After that the wolf had the car pretty much by himself the balance of the trip."

Never ask a child to tell the truth before company. In its innocence and artelessness it may tkink you mean it.

After having been married thirty-five years, in which time they have accumulated ten million dollars' worth of property, Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, of California, have separated and Mrs. H, applied for a divorce. When a man and woman, with so many years experience and ten millions to help them, can not make matrimony desirable, it is hardly worth while for young people with only ten dollars a week to undertake much.

"Pa, are you in favor of a Bible in public schools?" asked a West Side youngster at the table the other morning. "Why, of course I am," responded the the father, pleased that such an important subject should imagine the attention of his youthful offspring. "What makes pou ask such a question; my son?" "O, nothing," rejoined the hopeful, "only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never have had one at home." The urchin dodged but wasn't quick enongh.

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From the Lafayette Daily Courier.

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