Memphis Advertisements.

FRANKLIN

Insurance and Banking Company

—OF—

Memphis, Tennessee.

(*Chartered by the State of Tennessee in* 1860)

STILL CONTINUES TO CONTRACT SOLELY A

General Banking and Exchange

BUSINESS

At the Corner of Front and Jefferson Streets.

Sight Drafts for Sale in Sums to Suit, on all the Principal Cities in the U. S.

COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Our facilities are unsurpassed in this department, having prompt and reliable correspondents at nearly all the towns in the Western District of Tennessee, North Mississippi, Western and Interior Arkansas, affording to us opportunity for the collection of commercial paper, possessed by few if any.

Our capital is ample, and those who may entrust business to our care may rely on the best attention to their interests

S. D. McCLURE, President.

DIRECTORS.

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Newton Ford, firm of Newton Ford & Co	Joseph Tagg
S D McClure	W B Galbreath, firm of Galbreath, Stewart & Co.
H Cary, Esq	[ma6-3m

N. & J. HOFFHEIMER

No. 276

FRONT STREET,

MEMPHIS, : : : : TENNESSEE

IMPORTERS

And Dealers in

Wines, Liquors,

AND

CIGARS!

LARGEST STOCK

And Largest Importers,

At Lowest Prices in the city of Memphis.

☞ CALL AND SEE US. jan7m3

S. H. TOBY, President. E. C. KIRK, Cashier

MEMPHIS

CITY SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

Successors to OGDEN, TOBY & CO.

UNCURRENT MONEY!

The Highest Market Rates are Always Paid by

The Memphis City Savings Institution,

SUCCESSORS TO

OGDEN, TOBEY & CO.,

No. 16 Jefferson st., for

TENNESSEE,
ALABAMA,
GEORGIA,
SOUTH CAROLINA,
NORTH CAROLINA,
VIRGINIA AND
LOUISIANA

BANK NOTES.

Gold and Silver, and all kinds of Government Securities bought and sold dec8-3m

B. LOWENSTEIN & BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail

DEALERS IN STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

Planters' Supplies,

HATS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Laces, Embroideries,

HOSIERY, NOTIONS, ETC.,

No. 242

MAIN STREET.....Corner of Jefferson

Cossitt, Hill & Co.'s old stand,

feb10m3 MEMPHIS.

WM. C. ELLIS,

Manufacturer of

BUGGIES, SPRING WAGONS,

FARM WAGONS, ETC.,

Corner of Second and Gayoso streets,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Particular attention paid to Carriage Painting and Repairing. All work done promptly, and warranted to give satisfaction. Terms cash dec6-3m

J. O. FORD. N. H. FORD.

J. O. FORD & CO.,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Saddlery and Saddlery Hardware,

HARNESS, COLLARS,

Leather, Gin-Bands and Trunks,

Winn's old stand, opposite Court Square,

No. 257½ Main Street, - - - MEMPHIS, TENN

GREETING: To many of our old-time customers still living: Your notes and accounts, now nearly old enough to vote, deserve the consideration due to age in the shape of such payments at least, as you are able and willing to make, without further invitation from us. Respectfully,

J. O. FORD.

feb 4-3m

T. E. MOORE, M. D. HUGH W. TATE, M. D.

Drs. MOORE & TATE,

Practicing Physicians,

Bolivar, Tenn.

Tender their services to the citizens of Bolivar and vicinity jan 1-3m

THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

A WEEKLY NEWS AND LITERARY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THIS PEOPLE.

Vol. II. BOLIVAR, HARDEMAN COUNTY, TENN., April 20, 1867. No. 37

Local Advertisements.

1867. SPRING. 1887.

LEONIDAS BILLS. JEROME HILL

BILLS & HILL,

AT

John H. Bills' Old Stand

Bolivar, Tenn.

BARGAINS

FOR CASH!

Dry Goods!

CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE!

Queensware, &c.

We are now receiving our

Spring Stock of Goods!

We paid Cash for our Goods and can afford to Sell them at

Reasonable Figures!

WE SELL FOR CASH.

To The Ladies.

WE HAVE AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Dress Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

and would be pleased to have them give us a call and examine our stock.

jan13-3m BILLS & HILL.

Book and Job Printing.

Bolivar Bulletin Office

South Side of the Public Square,

BOLIVAR.....TENN.

WE ARE PREPARED TO PRINT

Hand-Bills, Circulars, Bill-Heads

CARDS, PAMPHLETS.

And Every Description of Letter Press Printing, at

Low and Uniform Rates.

We will do our utmost to please all who may favor us with their custom.

NOTICE!

LEGAL BLANKS printed at short notice. We keep Warrants and Executions on hand for sale.

FURNITURE.

JNO. A. BAKER. W. H. REYNOLDS

BAKER & REYNOLDS,

Manufacturers of and

Dealers in Fine Furniture!

Bolivar, Tenn.

Salesrooms at Jno. A. Baker's old stand.

We would call the attention of the public to the fact that we have entered into a copartnership for the purpose of conducting a legitimate house in the above business, and will keep on hand at all times an assortment o

FURNITURE,

Consisting in part of Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Sofas, Tables, Stands, Chairs, etc. We will also keep on hand and for sale at remarkably low figures, Mattresses of all kinds.

We tender our services as UNDERTAKERS, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to us.

Furniture Made to Order

on reasonable terms. feb16-m6

REMOVAL.

JOHN R. BYNUM,

Watch Maker,

Jeweler, Engraver and Repairer,

Has removed to the New Building a few doors East of the store of Fleming & Ussery.

NOTICE!

I am now prepared to execute, in a neat and workmanlike manner all work in my line.

My Prices

are low and uniform. I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, and pledge myself to give satisfaction to my customers in all business transactions.

jan13 J. R. BYNUM.

Bolivar Bulletin.

Is published Every Saturday,

SUBSCRIPTION—One Copy One Year Four Dollars, invariably in advance; One Copy One Month delivered, Fifty Cents.

ADVERTISING—One Square, of ten lines or less, $1,00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents; Local Notices 20 cents per line.

1 Square	1 month	$2,50	2 months	$4,50	3 months	$6,00
2 do	1 do	3,00	2 do	6,00	3 do	8,00
3 do	1 do	4,50	2 do	8,00	3 do	10,00
4 do	1 do	7,00	2 do	10,00	3 do	12,00
5 do	1 do	10,00	2 do	12,00	3 do	14,00
6 do	1 do	12,00	2 do	14,00	3 do	16,00
12 do	1 do	24,00	2 do	28,00	3 do	32,00
25 do	1 do	48,00	2 do	56,00	3 do	64,00

☞ ANNOUNCEMENTS—Announcing the name of any person for a County Office, $10, State or Federal $15.

☞ The above Terms and Rates will be strictly adhered to.

☞ Religious, Marriage, Birth and Death Notices collected, and will be willingly inserted FREE OF CHARGE. Obituaries will be charged for at advertising rates.

M. R. PARRISH, Editor.

Hardeman County Directory.

Chancery Court.

JOHN W. HARRIS, of Somerville.....Chancellor
FRANCIS PENTRESS.....Clerk and Master

Court meets 3d Monday in September and March.

Circuit Court.

W. P. BOND.....Judge
T. B McDOWELL.....Clerk

Court meets 4th Monday in February, June and October

County Officers.

JOHN H. BILLS.....Chairman County Court
J. B. HARRIS.....Clerk
R. G. CRAWFORD.....Deputy Clerk
B. ANDERSON.....Register
JOSEPH WATSON.....Trustee
J. A. PIPKIN.....Tax Collector
W. W. McCARLEY.....Sheriff
J. H. GROVES.....Coroner
WM. NUCKOLLS.....Ranger
P. M. CRAWFORD.....County Surveyor
MOSES TAYLOR.....Jailor
JOHN R. BYNUM.....Standard Keeper

Court meets 1st Monday in each month.

Federal Officers.

JAMES PYBASS.....Assessor of Internal Revenue
T. G. PATRICK.....Collector of Direct Taxes
JAS. PYBASS.....Post Master
Dr. H. BLACH.....U.S. Revenue Collector
JNO. D. USSERY.....Agent Freedmen's Bureau

Corporation Officers.

ALEX. RAMSEY.....Mayor
R. G. CRAWFORD.....Recorder
BENT. CRISP.....Constable

Aldermen.

W. H. THOMPSON, ALVIN WARREN, L. B. ADAMS, R. L. LIGHTFOOT, C. H. ANDERSON, R. G. CRAWFORD.

Concerning the Raising of the Bronze Statue to Chief Justice Marshall.

We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,
So fresh from the chisel of Rogers!
Go take your stand on the Mounment there,
Along with the other old codgers:
With Washington, Jefferson, Henry and such
Who sinned with a great transgression,
In their old-fashioned notions of Freedom and Right,
And their hatred of wrong and oppression!

You come rather late to your pedestal, John,
For sooner you should have been here;
For the volume you hold is no longer the law,
And this is no longer Virginia.
The old-Marshall law you expounded of yore,
Is now not at all to the purpose;
And the martial-law of the new Brigadier
Is stronger than habeas corpus.

So keep you the volume shut with care,
For the days of the law are over;
And it needs all your brass to be holding it there,
With "Justice" inscribed on the cover.
Could life awaken the limb of bronze
And blaze in the burnished eye,
What would ye do with your moment of life,
Ye men of the days gone by?

Would Jefferson tear up the scroll he holds,
That time has proven a lie?
And Marshall shut the volume of law,
And lay it down with a sigh?
Would Mason roll up the Bill of Rights,
From a nation unworthy to scan it?
And Henry dash down the eloquent sword,
And clang it against the granite?

And Washington, seated in massy strength
On the charger that paws the air,
Could he see his sons in their deep disgrace,
Would he ride so proudly there?
He would get him down from his big brass horse,
And cover his face at our shame;
For the land of his birth is now "District One"—
Virginia was once the name!

THE FRANKLIN SUSPENSION.—A meeting of the creditors of the Franklin Insurance and Banking Company was held yesterday to devise ways and means to secure the depositors. A resolution was passed that it was not expedient to suffer the affairs of the Franklin Insurance and Banking Company to go into liquidation; that its assets are sufficient to meet its liabilities, and that by reorganizing it anew, its creditors will be secured from loss, and a sufficient capital secured to place it on a firm and solid footing. A general consultation was then held, when the sense of the meeting being taken, the following paper was submitted and unanimously signed by the creditors present: "We, the creditors of the Franklin Insurance and Banking Company, agree to subscribe the amount due us in stock to said company. It is hereby understood that three-fourths of the amount represented as the liabilities shall be subscribed before the subscription is binding, and also that the mortgages and attachments shall be released, and parties holding said mortgages and attachments shall come into this arrangement." On motion, a committee was appointed to examine and report upon the affairs of the company at a meeting to be called by them.—*Public Ledger, 13th.*

Brief but Common History.

I saw him first at a social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that at the request of a young lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next when he thought he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his social indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age, meeting at night, to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening in the street unable to reach home. I took him thither. He looked ashamed when we met.

I saw him next reeling in the street. A confused stare was upon his countenance and words of blasphemy was on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold, motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place—a drunkard's grave.

ADVERTISING.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, in its issue of the 28th ult., says: "We have been carrying on the Louisville Journal between thirty-six and thirty-seven years. During that time we have known no man of business in the city to fail who advertised liberally. And we have known no man to succeed in any considerable, if even in a respectable degree, who didn't advertise liberally!

The assessed value of the real estate in Richmond, Virginia, excluding all untaxable property, such as churches, schools, etc., is $22,500,000.

From the Chicago Times.]

A Plain Judicial Remedy for the Invasion of State Rights.

It is some time since the following propositions were framed, and a form of an original bill in chancery under them devised. The same were also submitted to an eminent jurist, and afterwards communicated to other persons. The propositions are regarded as absolutely unanswerable, and as showing irresistibly the fallacy of the nullification and secession theories of the relations between the States and the general Government. Very likely the same ideas have been expressed by others much earlier in point of issue, and much better in point of form, but possibly the present statement may not be without utility.

PROPOSITIONS.

1. The supreme power of definition and interpretation is vested in the Supreme Court of the United States.

2. This power is beyond the reach of the legislative and executive departments of the Government.

3. Those departments cannot have authority to make any conclusive declaration of the existence, or any conclusive definition of the nature or extent of even their own powers; nor any conclusive interpretation of any article, section, sentence or word of the Constitution. The judiciary alone have that power. Subject thereto, legislative and executive declarations, definitions and interpretations may be made by those departments.

4. As a court of chancery, the Supreme Court has inherent authority, without any legislative action whatsoever, to establish rules and cause proceedings for the preservation of its own existence and dignity, and, within its original jurisdiction, to devise and enforce remedies in cases where rights exist and are invaded, and the law has not provided adequate remedies. The court cannot create a right, but it will not permit a right to be invaded for want of a remedy.

5. The legislative and executive departments of the Government have as little authority to impose conditions on and restrictions of the inherent powers of the court, as they have to invade the powers themselves.

6. Of foreign affairs, the judiciary are informed by the foreign department of the Government; but, of the internal affairs of the country, they will take cognizance without proof.

7. The several States may maintain original bills in chancery in the Supreme Court of the United States, for a declaration of any constitutional right which is invaded or threatened under color of a denial of its existence or extent, and for such further or other relief as the nature of the case may require. A decree declaring and defining such a right would be binding on all departments and officers of the Government, including the officers of the army and navy.

Either the powers of the Supreme Court of the United States have this extent, or, practically, the President and the Congress are the masters of the Court; and the Court exercises its supposed powers subject to such limitations, restrictions, and conditions as the Executive or the Legislature may see fit to impose.

The Court will continue to admit the supremacy of the Congress to legislate, and of the President to execute; but it must vindicate its judicial supremacy or see its powers usurped. The absurdity of leaving great constitutional questions to be determined in the course of private litigation is beyond description. The gigantic war through which the country has just passed, must mark a new era in its judicial as well as its political history. The Supreme Court of the United States will come to be regarded throughout the civilized world as the most august and powerful judicial body ever organized, or as merely a very high court of appeals for the final settlement of private controversies. It must be more than the house of lords, or less. It may be compelled to undergo the ordeal of the burning, fiery furnace; but, if so, may the Eternal God of Justice grant it a deliverance without the smell of fire upon its garments. C. C. B.

Chicago, April 4, 1867.

Pertinent Questions Answered.

The New Orleans Times contains the following pertinent bit of catechism which will puzzle some of our Radical friends to confute;

Did the Northern States ever have the institution of slavery? Yes.

Did they free their slaves? No.

How did they get rid of the accursed thing? They sold their slaves to the people of the South.

Why did they discontinue slavery in their midst? Because it paid better to sell their slaves than to keep them.

Did they make any provision for the future freedom of their slaves when they sold them? No.

What States were chiefly engaged in the slave trade? The Northern States.

Did they continue the trade after slavery was abolished in their midst? Yes; they continued it till the commencement of the war.

Which of the Northern States had the greatest number of vessels engaged in this trade and made most money by kidnapping poor Africans and selling them into bondage? Massachusetts.

Could not Congress have passed a gradual emancipation and colonization act, allowing a moderate compensation for slaves? It could.

Would [illegible] quoted by

Daulle, of the French engineers, [illegible] to La Liberte an account of a cannon with divergent tubes to throw musket balls. The number of these tubes will be in proportion to their caliber, and they are so arranged that at a distance of six hundred meters, the balls will be spread over a space of fifteen meters, and at nearly equal distance from each other. The charge of powder is calculated to propel two balls at once from each tube, the trajectory of which will be the same as that of a large projectile from the same cannon. Thus a field piece will be capable of holding sixteen tubes, and discharging thirty-two balls at once, which at a distance of six hundred meters will strike upon a space occupied by fifty men in two ranks, those in the second rank being liable to be struck by the ball which have passed through the first. This new cannon is of iron, this being a mere durable metal for the purpose than bronze.

From the Boys' and Girls' Monthly.]

The Time for Fishing.

BY F. R. GOULDING.

Boy reader, *are you fond of fishing?* Then, you are the boy for me; for when I was of your age, forty or fifty years ago, I was fond of it too. The truth is, I am fond of it yet, and I *guess*, though I am not a bit of a Yankee, that, if you and I were out together with hook and line, I should catch as big and as nice a string of fish as any of you.

Do you wish to learn from an old angler's experience how to fish successfully? Then you must learn to know the right *time* for fishing, the *bait* suitable to the fish to be caught, and the *mode* of using the bait to advantage.

By the time this article meets your eyes the winter will have shown signs of breaking, and no doubt some of you have already been thinking of your fishing tackle. But don't go too soon; 'tis no use; fish will not bite before their time. Wait until dogwood blossoms have begun to laugh and show their white teeth with joy at the approach of warm weather; or what is another sign equally good, wait until you hear at night, from the ponds and low grounds, the merry concert of frogs, singing, "Fry bacon! Tea table! I'm glad it's coming! Ain't you? Blood-an-guns!"

This rule, about the time of the year for fishing, will hold good whether you live in Maryland or in Texas, in the mountains or on the seaboard; because the fishing season never begins until the weather is warm enough for the frogs to sing, and the dogwoods to bloom. Remember I say "fishing *season*," for there are waters which fish may be caught at any time of the year when you can obtain the proper bait.

And now, supposing that the season has set in, never think of going out to fish if *the wind blows hard.* Somehow fish don't like windy weather. We cannot tell why, for they are certainly safe in their quiet depths from any shipwreck; or violent disturbance from the wavelets and the surface; but so it is; windy weather seems to produce such a degree of alarm or discomfort of some sort, that they will not bite.

If *the wind is from the east,* whether it be much or little, you may as well let your hooks and lines rest; for, as a general rule, it holds good on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this side, that with such a wind you will have poor luck, if you have any at all. An old time rhyming rule worth your remembering, is in these words:

"Wind from the east, fish bite least,
Wind from the west, fish bite best,
Wind from the south, bait in fishes mouth,"

By which last line, I suppose, is meant that the fish will nibble and let go without taking the bait far enough into their throats to admit of being hooked. The rhyme for "wind from the north," has never met my eye or my ear, though old Izaak Walton gives all the others.

Loud thundering, or the heavy pattering of rain upon the water, will usually make fresh-water fish hasten to the shelter of some deep hole or dark recess. That the boys upon the banks should seek shelter from rain and thunder is natural enough; but why should fish? Are they afraid of getting wet? And yet oftentimes the boy on shore will stand the rain longer than the fish in the water.

As a general rule you cannot expect to have much luck in fishing if the water is very high from any cause whatever, whether from the tides at sea, from rain, or from the breaking of a dam in an upland stream. Fish are timid creatures and all commotions disturb them. In freshets the water is so muddy that their gills become clogged with impurities, and (as they breathe through their gills) they no doubt feel as uncomfortable during a freshet as a boy would feel in a sand storm, or in a dense smoke, when he could not draw a free breath. And on the seaboard, the high tides twice every month, at the new and full of the moon, known as Spring tides, enable the fish to penetrate so far into the marshes, and to gorge themselves so abundantly upon the rarities to be obtained only at those times, that they have no appetite for bait at low water.

And now having described so fully the times unfavorable for fishing, it is but fair that some description be given of the right time.

If you can hit upon a day when the weather is comfortably warm, or comfortably cool, according to the season, and when a light wind from the west brings a succession of small clouds to veil, every once in a while, the bright face of the sun, or to draw a thin veil of cloud over the whole sky, particularly if you can obtain such a day soon after a rain which has slightly raised and slightly muddied the waters in which you are to fish, you may expect good sport; and if the water be good for fishing, and your bait and tackle, and skill correspond, you ought to bring home a nice basket of fish.

The kind of day best suited to the sport has been so prettily described in rhyme (by Dame Heubert, some say, though Sir Humphrey Davy, in his Salmonia, says it is by Cotton), that it is worth recording and remembering:

"A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,
A gentle breeze to curl the stream,
And, masters, half our work is done."

But, after all that may be said, the only true test of the time to fish, is the actual experiment. For every fisherman knows that he may go out one day and do well; and he may go the next day, to the same place, and under the same apparent circumstances, and scarcely get a bite. This will be, not because the fish have been all caught, or all scared away, for he will sometimes be able to see them lazily rolling about, shaking his bait as if in play, or else turning up their shining sides and looking at him, as if laughing at his disappointment. There seems to be something in the water, or the air—something beyond our perception, whether electrical or what not—that effects their appetite. So that although we can oftentimes know from the state of the weather, the water, or the wind, that the fish will *not* bite, no one can say that they *will*, until he has made the actual experiment.

A Traveling Editor's Outfit.—According to a Nashville paper, the valise of one of the Louisville editors recently fell from a cab in that city, burst open, and the following contents were found laying loose on the pavement where they had been spilt—viz., 2 clean shirts, 1 dirty do; 1 dirty pair of drawers; 1 hymn book; 2 packs playing cards; 1 bottle whiskey; 1 prayer book; 1 boot jack; 1 brace of pistols; 3 scraps candles; 1 pocket testament, 1 razor and strap; 1 shaving brush; 1 cake soap; 1 vial sweet oppoponix; 1 photograph of a colored girl and lock of kinky hair, and 4 copies of the "Right of Way." We give this catalogue to show the march of improvement, and as a proof of how much better traveling editors are off now-a-days than of old. It is within our recollection when an Arkansas editor lost his entire baggage in this city, and the sum total was as follows: a dirty shirt, a bowie knife, a plug of tobacco, a deck of cards, and a pamphlet on draw poker.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A man has been arrested in Richmond for starving his wife and then "playfully" breaking her leg.

Cho-Che-Bang and Chi-Chil-Bloo.

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

By Adolphus Longfellow Muggins.

CANTO I.

Away, far off in China, many, years ago.
(In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow,)
There lived a rich old planter, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-Che-Bang *
The maiden was a jewel, a Celestial beauty rare,
With narrow slanting eyebrows, and carrot-colored hair;
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds;
She numbered fourteen summers—and she weighed three hundred pounds

CANTO II.

On the dreary shores of Lapland, 'mid their never ending snows,
Where the Roly Boly, Alice‡ in her ruddy beauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering they called him Chi-Chil-Bloo.‡
This crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut to hut, to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay;
His eyes were like two marbles, set in little seas of glue,
His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

CANTO III.

Now, Chi-Chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
Loved not the bleak, chill land where dwelt the spirit of unrest;
He bid adieu unto the scenes of never ending storm,
And traveled forth to find some land where he could keep him warm.
He trudged two years his weary way, far from the land of snow
Inside the walls of China, whither strangers seldom go.
When, wearied with his pilgrimage, he halted at Ko-Whang,
And there fell in with old Ski-Hi, the father of Che-Bang.
The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he had seen,
Where nature wore a winding sheet, and shrouded all things green.
And pondering o'er, within his mind, if wonders such could be,
At last engaged poor Chi-Chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

CANTO IV.

It had always been the custom of the fairy like Che-Bang,
Ere evening's shadows fell upon the valley of Ko-Whang,
To wander 'mid the tea groves, like an Oriental queen,
On the shoulder of her servants in a fancy palanquin.
As she merged from out the shadow of a Chinaberry tree,
She espied the little tinder stripping down the fragrant tea;
She gazed upon his wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue—
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-Chil-Bloo.
She stepped from out the palanquin, and there dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past, they might return again;
She then upraised her flimsy vail that hid her charms from sight,
And poor Chi-Chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surpassing bright.

CANTO V.

He gazed transfixed with wonder; to him surprising fair
Were her rounded up proportions and salmon colored hair.
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss,
Till her loving arms entwine him and her lips imprint a kiss.
She led him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she kneeled,
And sighed, like Desdemona, at his "'scapes by flood and field;"
He told of seals and reindeer, and bears that live at sea;
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea.

CANTO IV.

Long, long they fondly lingered thus—locked in each other's arms;
She saw in him, and he in her, a thousand glowing charms;
When looking down the distant vale, the sun's fast fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.
"Yonder come my slaves," she cries, 'and now, Chil-Bloo, we part;
My father—oh, my father has a cruel, flinty heart—
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Croesus of Ko-Whang,
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he won't suit Che-Bang."

CANTO VII.

"Oh, come beneath my window at a quarter after three,
When the moon hath gone a bathing at her bath-room in the sea.
And we will fly to other lands across the ocean blue;
But hush! here comes the palanquin, and now, sweet love, adieu!"
They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chi-Chil Bloo seemed busy picking up his gathered tea;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders and they trotted her away.

CANTO VIII.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough.
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
And he, brave knight, stood fixed beneath to catch her, should she fall.
She reached the ground in safety—one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then she waddled and he trotted off in silence from the place.

CANTO IX.

Swift, swift they held their journey; love had made her footsteps light;
They hid themselves at morning's dawn, and fled again at night,
The second Night had buried Day, and folded up her pall,
When they reached the centry's station underneath the mighty wall.
Che-Bang told well her tale of love; Chil-Bloo told his—alas!
The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let him pass;
But he called a file of soldiers, and took them to Dun Brown,
The chief, the local magistrate, the mufti of the town.

CANTO X.

Dun Brown, half Turk, half Tartar, was the terror of the land.
And ruled his special provice with an iron, bloody hand,—
A pompous bloated mandarin, as rich as Scripture Dives,
He'd the wisdom of old Solomon, and twice as many wives.
This vile old lecher heard the charge, and the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder tones he cried:
"You vile, misshapen scoundrel—you despoiler, rascal, elf,
I sentence you to prison, and I take Che-Bang myself."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine;
He sent her bird's nest chowder, and fat puppies done in wine,
But she spurned his dainty viands as she spurned to be his bride,
She took to eating, rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she died.

CANTO XI.

In a dark and dreary dungeon—its dimensions six by four—
Lay the wrecked little tinker, stretched upon the mouldy floor;
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise!" it cried, "lay down life's weary load,
Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode;
And we will roam the spirit-land, where fortune smiles more fair,
Arise," it cried, "and follow," and vanished into air.

CANTO XII.

On the morrow when the jailer served around his mouldy beans,
(The only food the prisoners got, except some wilted greens,)
He started back with horror; high upon the door-way post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

CANTO XIII.

There's a legend still in China, that beneath the moon's pale sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer time be seen,
Still wand'ring 'mid the tea plants, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-bride Che-Bang

*Chinese for "touch and go off."
‡Vulgarly called Aurora Borealis.
‡Laplandische for fever and ague.

A Story of Fallen Stars.

From the Adrian (Mich.) Expositor.]

Few persons acquainted with the orbits, sometimes dubious and eccentric, of theatrical luminaries, but have recollections of or have seen Mrs. Frank Drew, formerly a bright particular star in the profession. She was for some years lessee of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, one of the most reputable places of amusement in the country, and herself, possessed of extraordinary talents as an actress, nightly played to refined and delighted audiences in the city of brotherly love. Her life was a perfect ovation, and pecuniary success crowned her talent to such an extent that four years ago she was reputed to be worth in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million. She had a daughter, a beautiful child, then about thirteen years of age, who electrified beholders with her grace and skill as a danseuse. The daily life of mother and daughter was one of luxury, extravagance, gayety and excitement.

But behind and beneath all this apparent success and hapiness there was a secret which palled the cup of pleasure. The mother was a victim to the appetite for strong drink. The intoxication of popular applause, the garish glare of the foot-lights, the enraptured attention accorded to every step, every gesture, was not enough, and Mrs. Drew drank deeply of the cup which was so soon to ruin her and her daughter—ruin them body and soul.

Facilis est decensus Averni, and rapidly the wretched woman trod the downward path. Soon so wedded was she to her besotted appetite that she could no longer retain her hold on public favor. As she descended she sank from public view, and the ever-fickle populace turned from contemplation of the fallen to hail the rising star.

But the saddest feature of this sad tale, is the fact that the miserable mother, in her fall, drew down with her her young and lovely daughter, and forced her to drink to the full of the cup of wretchedness and shame.

Now, at the time we write, the mother and daughter are playing an engagement, so called, at a miserable varieties concert room which the citizens of our neighboring city of Jackson allow to polute their midst. Here, surrounded by the dregs of society, themselves no better than the worst about them, these two eke out a miserable subsistence. Bloated by intemperance, dissipation and licentiousness, for the crime of drunkenness rarely goes alone, and disfigured almost beyond recognition, it seems as though liquor had done its worst with this wretched couple; that from the topmost round of the ladder of professional fame, these two who, so lately delighted audiences of the best society, had fallen to the utmost depths of degredation. But if there is a lower depth than this, assuredly they will find it. In the ruin which liquor brings there is no half-way stopping place.

CONNECTICUT PLATFORM.—The Democratic State Committee of Connecticut say in their address: The Democratic Committee of Connecticut greet you with the result of the election in this State. The Democrats and Conservative electors have achieved a signal victory on these issues: In favor of representation in Congress by every State; immediate union the basis of the Constitution; no usurpation of undelegated power by Congress; no military despotism in this republic; no Congressional force bills to establish negro suffrage. On these issues we have swept the State by eight hundred majority on Governor, and a net majority of eighteen hundred on Congressmen. We gain three of the four members of Congress. On these issues was the battle fought and won.

PRIZE FIGHT.—An immense crowd witnessed the fight between Dooney Harris and Tommy Chandler, which took place at San Francisco, on the 14th, for a five thousand dollar stake. The battle lasted through 22 rounds, which occupied thirty minutes. First blood and first knock down were claimed for Chandler, who regarded the affair as a laughing matter, knocking Harris out of time in the twenty-second round.

A letter received at Washington from Charleston, S. C., from a responsible source, says that the people are actually dying of starvation in the interior of that State. In the Sumter District a clergyman declares that three hundred persons are living on corn husks. Relief is necessary at once. Not a day, the paper says, should be lost.

The seed of the sunflower is the best remedy known for the cure of founder in horses. Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food, and it will give a perfect cure.

A German count is under arrest in Louisville, Kentucky, for marrying three women there, two in Baltimore, and an entire brigade of ladies in New York. The papers say he has "wife on the brain."

There are one hundred and fifty idle steamers in the Red river north of New Orleans.