THE WEEKLY CAUCASIAN.

LEXINGTON, LAFAYETTE COUNTY, MO., SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

No. 52.—WHOLE No. 416

Attorneys at Law

T. C. WOOD.

GRAVES & WOOD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, will practice in the State and Federal courts. Prompt attention to the collection of claims. Office over City Book store, opposite City Hotel, mar21tf

D. SHOOBY DOGGETT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Missouri. Practices in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial District. Office over Grimes & Venable's Drug Store. mar14-1y

GEO. G. BATHRUN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Will practice in all the courts of the Sixth Judicial District, and United States courts. Prompt attention to business. Office over Grimes & Venable's Drug Store, opposite City Hotel. mar7-tf

LAWRENCE McHATTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo., will attend promptly to business confided to him. Especial attention given to the collecting of claims. Office in building of Savings Bank, over Grimes' Store. fe22-1y

J. S. BLACKWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Lexington, Missouri, will practice in all courts, and give prompt attention to business. 12211

RICHARD A. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Waverly, Mo. Will attend to the profession in all the courts of Lafayette County. Collections made a specialty. aprl17

WILSON DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Especial attention given to the collection of claims, Settlement and Perfection of Land Titles, Pensions and Real Estate Litigation. Office, Lafayette and adjoining Lawyer's old stand, corner Main and Broadway streets. July11tfm

XENOPHON RYLAND. Notary Public.

RYLAND & RYLAND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, No. 67 Main street. Will practice in the courts of Lafayette and adjacent counties, and in the Supreme Court and United States District Court. Collections and all other business promptly attended to. Jan10-1y

WM. H. CHILES.

WALLACE & CHILES,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Lexington, Mo. Office, front room over Lexington Savings Bank," opposite Court House. Will practice in the courts of this and adjoining counties, and also in the Supreme Court of the state of Missouri, and the District and Circuit Courts for the Western Districts of Missouri. Jan10-1y

Medical.

DENTIST.

W. HASSELL, D. D. S.,
Office over Limrick's Bank,
LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

Dr. J. W. MENG,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office, opposite the Courthouse, up stairs, Lexington, Mo. All work done in a scientific manner. sep24yl
Gentlemen knowing themselves indebted to the office make prompt payment.

J. P. HEALE, M. D. J. R. ALEXANDER, M. D.
W. H. YOUNG, M. D. P. H. CHAMBERS, M. D.
HEALE, CHAMBERS & CO.
Physicians and Surgeons. Office Main street opposite Courthouse.

Seeking Houses.

WM. LIMRICK,
WILL receive DEPOSITS, buy and sell EXCHANGE, U. S. BONDS, GOLD and SILVER. Notes and Time Drafts bought; Loans made. The patronage of friends and public solicited. jy18

Banks & Banking House

WILLIAM MORRISON & CO.,
LEXINGTON, MO.
EXCHANGE on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other cities bought and sold, and collections made and proceeds promptly remitted at current rate of exchange. my31y

INCORPORATED BANK.
LAFAYETTE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.
Interest Payable to Banking House of Robt. Aull.)
LEXINGTON, MO.
Deposits Received.
Notes made and negotiated.
Sight Exchange and Domestic Exchange for sale.
Interest paid on Time and Savings Deposits.
Special accommodations to customers.
Securities of all kinds, bought and sold, and loans made on same.
Collections made.
WM. WILSON, President.
JOHN AULL, Cashier.
JO. A. WILSON, Ass't Cashier. feb22 1y

Hotels, Etc.

LONG'S HOTEL.
This Hotel, situated on pine street, north of Main, has changed hands, is now thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The fare is as good as any city and the rooms large and airy. Travelers will be accommodated and comfortably cared for. Call over and see for yourself, and be sure to call again. WM. LONG, Proprietor.

Real Estate Agents.

HALLWOOD & TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS.
Have a complete abstract of the title to every tract of land and town lot in Lafayette County, and can furnish to any person desiring to purchase a perfect history of his title, showing every conveyance from the patentee down to the present time. Abstracts furnished at a moment's notice on reasonable terms.
Also, negotiate the loaning of a large amount of money upon improved real estate security, on a long time. HALLWOOD & TAYLOR.

THOS. C. BLEDSOE,
REAL ESTATE AGENT—office 47 Main-st., Lexington, Mo., up stairs, over Post Office.

A. W. HUTCHINS.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT. Office northwest corner Main and Laurel streets, Lexington, Mo. Represents the "Old Reliable" Charter Oak Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut. Attention is called to new feature of "Deposit Insurance." The Agricultural Insurance Company of Watertown, New York, which insures only farm buildings and contents against loss or damage by fire or lightning. June14

Carpenters and Builders.

WM. GUARD, T. J. BARDON.

GUARD, MITCHELL, & CO.,
CARPENTERS & BUILDERS,
HAVING formed a co-partnership, are now prepared to do all carpenter's and joiner's work, or other work in their line, at the lowest possible rates. Being each practical carpenters, and having no substitute, they flatter themselves they can do work as cheap as any job in their line at lower rates than the same quality of work can be done for in the city. Our motto is "Live and let live." Shop on Main-street, near Christian church. "Give us a call. jm27y1

CASH! CASH! CASH!
WILL pay the highest market price in CASH for WOOL,
HIDES, PELTS, BEESWAX,
TALLOW, &c.
Farmers of Lafayette and Ray counties, don't trade for the above articles. Come to me and get the CASH. I can be found at my old stand, three doors west of Limricks' Bank, Main-st. Always ready to buy cheap for cash, all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, WINES AND LIQUORS.
L. FEINEMAN.

MOODY, MICHEL & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers
IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES.
No. 601, 603 & 605 Second street, corner Olive,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

GRANGERS' STABLE.
TAKE this method of letting my former patrons of this county, and the public generally know that I have leased the popular Feed and Sale Stables on Franklin street, formerly occupied by Jones & Co. I will take the very best care of horses that may be intrusted to my keeping. Horses boarded by the day or week. Single horses to hire; charges moderate. Patronage most respectfully solicited. Remember the place—"The Granger's Stable."
R. C. HOLMES.

CAUCASIAN FOR THE FUTURE.

Grand Reduction in the Rates of the White Man's Paper.

IT IS PLACED WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYBODY.

The following new rates of subscription take place from this date. Being determined to compete successfully with the thousands of low-priced journals in the East, we voluntarily reduce the price of a journal which has held its own at higher rates than is customary, and which has been sought at any price. Under this new arrangement, we confidently expect to greatly increase our area of usefulness, and to fully make up any temporary loss from a reduction of price:

Single subscriber, per annum	$ 2.00
Clubs of 5, each at $1.90	9.50
Clubs of 10, each at $1.75	17.50
Clubs of 20, each at $1.50	30.00

Any person raising a club at our full rates—($2.00 a year for each copy)—will be entitled to retain the surplus over the club rates published above for his services as agent.

Send money by post-office order if possible, or by draft, or express, at our risk.

Local Advertisements.

One week, per line	$0.25
Two weeks, "	.20
Four weeks, "	.30
Two months, "	.50
Three months, "	1.00
One year, "	2.00

PLATFORM.

Be it resolved by the Missouri Editorial Association:

1. That a newspaper office is a business establishment, by which editors and printers must make a living.

2. That a man has the same right to walk into a grocery store, and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffee; or into a law office, and demand a legal opinion from its occupant; or into an undertaker's, and request a coffin; without offering or expecting to pay for their respective wares or services;—as into a newspaper office, and demand the use of its brains, muscle and type, without a thought of recompense.

3. That hereafter, all personal or political matter, having for its object the promotion of individual fortunes or ambitious, shall be treated as other *business matter*,—charged, at the option of publishers, as editorial advertising.

4. That dead-beating, political, personal, and commercial, on the Missouri press, is played out.

5. That any editor or publisher, who fails to carry out these resolutions, in letter and in spirit, shall cease to be regarded as a member of this association.

PARLOR CARS.

The HANNIBAL & ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD has long been designated by the traveling public as the "OLD RELIABLE," from the fact that its TRAINS ARE ALWAYS ON TIME; and "SHORT LINE," because it is acknowledged to be the SHORTEST POSSIBLE ROUTE between Eastern Cities and all principal Cities and Towns in the West.

In addition to the splendid equipment of this Favorite Route, and in order to meet the requirements of its largely increasing first-class through Passenger travel, this Company are now building, in their shops in Hannibal, some of the

FINEST SALOON CARS IN THE WORLD,

using nothing but the very best material in their construction. The interior arrangement is superb. Grand Saloon, Drawing Room, State Room, elegantly upholstered and decorated. Ladies' Toilet Rooms, &c., &c., in fact, every thing the most fastidious could desire.

One of these magnificent cars is to be attached to each Day Express Train, and will be accompanied by polite and attentive conductors.

The track is in the best possible condition, a large portion of it having recently been re-laid with STEEL RAILS. Iron and Stone Bridges have taken the place of wood, and all other improvements conducive to the safety and comfort of its patrons have been adopted.

Passengers going East or West, and wishing to secure SAFETY, COMFORT and SPEED, should be particular to ask for, and see that their tickets read via the "Old Reliable" HANNIBAL & ST. JOE, SHORT LINE," which can be obtained at all principal offices of connecting lines.

GO EAST BY WAY OF ST LOUIS.

In these days of railroad competition the wise traveler selects his route before leaving home, in almost every instance he desires to reach his destination as speedily as possible, and for the accomplishment of that purpose the Missouri Pacific Through Line from the West to the East, via Sedalia and St. Louis, offers inducements unsurpassed by any other line in the country. Everything connected with the Missouri Pacific R. R. is first class, and the adoption of the Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake, together with its Pullman Sleepers, and Reclining Chair Coaches, render a trip over the line perfectly safe and pleasant. Passengers from all parts of the West by taking the Express Trains at Lexington or Sedalia and other prominent cities, are landed in St. Louis at seasonable hours morning and evening, and in ample time to make direct connection with all railroads for every point in the North, East and South. Particular information with maps, time tables, &c., may be had at the various "Through Ticket" offices in the West, or upon personal or written application to G. H. Baxter, Western Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo., or E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent St. Louis, Mo., or at the offices of the company in Lexington, W. W. Rhodes, Agent. jan31-tf

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.

YOUR attention is invited to the many unequaled advantages offered by the

O. M. & R. R.

(The Great Through Passenger and U. S. Mail Route) to those who intend going from the West to the East either on business, for pleasure, or to restore their failing health.

This line running from

SAINT LOUIS,

(the great Metropolis of the West, of over 400,000 inhabitants) through the States of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, a distance of over 300 miles to Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio, has the well earned reputation of being one of the best managed and equipped roads in the West, and certainly deserves the patronage of all who desire a safe and pleasant journey over a line which is first class in all respects.

Its Cars are of the latest pattern, well ventilated and plentifully supplied with water; its trains are accompanied by courteous employes; its track is smooth and second to none, which taken with the fact that it is the shortest line between St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati, enables its trains (which run through entire without change) to make the quickest time with perfect safety, and direct connections at Louisville and Cincinnati, for the

SOUTH AND EAST.

The O. & M. is positively the only line running the celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Day Cars from St. Louis to Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington and Baltimore without change or detention of any kind, with direct and sure connections for Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The trains of this Company now run into Louisville over the Great Iron Railway Bridge across the Ohio River, landing passengers in the heart of the city and in the New Union Depot, connecting with trains of the L. & N. & G. S. R. R. without change. The far famed Medical Springs of Virginia offer to the invalid the virtues of their waters—the short distance by this line makes it desirable in reaching them. Round trip tickets to the Springs are on sale at reduced rates during the summer season.

Purchase your Tickets by St. Louis and the Pioneer O. & M. Line and enjoy the advantages offered by no other.

Information cheerfully and promptly furnished by addressing

R. T. BRYDON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Louis.
J. F GIBBS, Great Western Agent, Kansas City, Mo.

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

The completion of the great iron bridge over the Missouri river at Boonville, enables this popular line to offer still better facilities for the business between the Northeast and the great Southwest.

Two daily trains will be run between Hannibal and points in the great Neosho valley, in direct connection with all lines. Also, two daily trains between St. Louis and points in Southern Kansas.

For the Texas trade, new and better facilities are offered. The rates have been greatly reduced, and arrangements have been made whereby through Pullman palace sleeping cars are run from Chicago, Quincy, Hannibal and St. Louis, to Galveston, without change, passing through the finest portion of Southwest Missouri, Southern Kansas, the Indian Nation, and the most desirable portion of Texas.

Any one contemplating a trip to Southern Kansas, the Indian Nation or Texas, should address Thomas Dorwin, general passenger agent, Sedalia, Mo., for a correct map, with time tables, rates of fare &c. febr2-tf

COMMENDABLE.

In these days of Railroad monopolies it is so seldom we see anything really generous on the part of Railroads that we cannot pass unnoticed the liberal policy adopted by the management of the "Old Reliable" Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

This Company has recently placed on sale at all Stations on its line, excursion or round trip tickets to any other Station on the line, at twenty per cent. discount from regular rates.

This liberality on the part of the new management cannot fail to make the "Old Reliable" still more popular with the traveling public.

The large increase in through travel over this "Favorite Route" during the past year is truly encouraging, and is due perhaps to the fact that the road is so well equipped and so well managed; having been the first road in the state, and we might almost say in the West, to adopt the Miller Patent Platform and Westinghouse Patent Brakes, and many other valuable inventions, conducive to the safety and comfort of its patrons; and being the "short line" between the East and West, enables through passengers to make much quicker time than by circuitous routes.

The "Old Reliable" already enjoys an enviable reputation as being the Great Through Passenger Route between the East and West; and with its generous and careful management we predict for it still greater popularity. febr8 tf

The Weekly Caucasian.

E. ALLEN. J. T. CHILD. W. G. MUSGROVE.

ALLEN, CHILD & MUSGROVE

Editors and Proprietors.

Largest Local and a General Circulation, extending over all the States and Territories.

Going to a Larger Number of Postoffices than any other Paper in Missouri.

STORY OF THE GUN.

The following story is from Victor Hugo's forthcoming book "Ninety Three." The name of the author will cause the story and the book to be read, but as for the story we think the beginning not as good as it might be, the ending not well ended, and the middle is a mass of repetitions:

The war corvette Claymore, sailing from Jersey for the French coast in the service of the French Royalists, carried a mysterious passenger, whose name was known only to the captain and his chief officer, but who afterward appears as the Marquis de Lantanac, the Royalist leader in La Vendee. The breaking loose of a carronade in the gun-deck interrupts a conversation between these three men, and the description of the scene of destruction that followed forms one of the most powerful episodes of the novel.

One of the cannonades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into

A MONSTER.

This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course; rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty. One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate. The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of the axe, the unexpectedness of the serpe, the rapidity of lightning; the deafness of the tomb. It weighs 10,000 pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl, abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire dies out; but how to control this

ENORMOUS BRUTE OF BRONZE?

In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster, a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—it is dead; at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it, hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How to foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessels. How divine its awful gyrations? One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided? The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb, which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot.

THE FAULT WAS THE CHIEF GUNNER'S;

he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port, the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about. Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then hung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it. Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed towards the ladder—the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and

MISTRESS OF THE VESSEL.

She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern oscillating from the ceiling added a dizzying whirl of lights and shadows to this vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tie-beams resisted, their curve form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of

APPALLING UBIQUITY,

striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid. The four wheels passed and re-passed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of false assignats, of which the corvette carried a whole cargo; an infamous deception, which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared to descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few moments they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render an accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the gun upside down, and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But

THE DEVASTATION INCREASED.

There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, imbedded in the wood work of the keel, pierce the decks of ships like great round pillars. The mizzen-mast was cracked, and the main-mast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck seemed inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster—a decision must be made—but how?

What a combatant—this cannon! They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, "Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied, "Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent—the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded,

THERE SPRANG A MAN

with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe, the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident—the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller-rope with a slipping noose in the other, and jumped down into the gun-deck. Then a strange combat began; a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner, a battle between matter and intelligence, a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long time with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have done his dog.

"COME!"

said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except, perchance, that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant, when accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable—the thing of flesh attacking the brazen brute. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing! but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness

APPEARED TO HAVE EYES.

The monster had the air of watching the man. There was, one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose it moments. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech-button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled rapidly about the gun, and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it,

FORMIDABLE, FEARLESS.

Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself. "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out, with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind, and no longer cinscious of what it was doing, it turied its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the planking of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an axstroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in "Durossel's Manual of Sea-Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped. It staggered. The man using the bar as a lever rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of

THE OVERTHROWN MONSTER.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breeches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames.

The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech-button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself—

IMMEDIATE SAFETY.

It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks, and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count de Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger. Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, in dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The Count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him, "General,

HERE IS THE MAN."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count de Boisberthelot continued: "General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the General," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner. "Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count de Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint Louis from the captain's uniform, and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added, "Now

LET THAT MAN BE SHOT."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded, and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added, "Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count de Boisberthelot two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding-sheet. The ship's chaplain, who, since the time of sailing, had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he ranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash, a report follow, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of

A BODY FALLING INTO THE SEA.

The old passenger still leaned back against the main-mast with folded arms, thinking silently.

Boisberthelot pointed toward him with the forefinger of his left hand, and said in a low voice to La Vieuville.

"The Vendee has found a head."

A bill has passed the Legislature requiring a registration of births and deaths in each county in the state, the record to be kept in the Probate Court of the several counties.

Gov. Dix of New York has sent a message to the legislature asking that it contribute all its power to prevent an inflation of the currency. The assembly responded agreeably to the governor's suggestion.

THE CAVE AT HANNIBAL.

In all the works on physical geography which have fallen under our notice, not one makes the least mention of the

WONDERFUL FORMATION

near Hannibal, Missouri, although thousands upon thousands have visited it, and it has been known for at least fifty years, and every visitor has gone away wondering and questioning way the world has not heard more about it. It is a cave only second in depth (and perhaps first, for it has never been fully explored,) to any in the world. A day spent not long since in traversing its endless galleries was filled with astonishment and wonder.

THE ENTRANCE

to this cavern is about two miles below Hannibal and one half mile west of the Mississippi river. The opening, which is fifteen or twenty feet high and about ten feet broad, is probably fifty feet above the level of the river, and faces toward the north. In company with a small party, members of the press, and a guide, we entered this opening into the bowels of the earth, carrying our torches high above our heads. This

MAIN GALLERY,

near the entrance, varies from ten to twenty feet in height, and comes together over the top in an acute arch. The walls all through the covering are a soft white sand stone. In some places the gallery was so narrow that we had to turn sidewise to pass. The guide rushed on at a fearful rate of speed, and the first word we heard from him was, "Look out for the wells." You don't want to fall into them." Sure enough, right in front of us were two round holes, very like a well, indeed, but they had no water in them.

After going at a rapid pace for some time, the hall sometimes wider and sometimes narrower, we came upon the

"DEVIL'S BACKBONE,"

so the guide said. He must have had a huge one, if this ever belonged to him. It is petrified now into solid limestone, is about forty feet long, and lies in the middle of the hall, with a pathway on each side, and has, indeed, aside from its size, a close resemblance to a spinal column. After making an examination of his Majesty's lost vertebrae, we started on. The next thing that attracted our attention was a corridor running at right angles with the one we were following. Here we held a consultation which course to choose, and finally decided to take the right hand, deeply regretting that we could not spend a month in this wonder of the world, so as to see it all. The guide said we would have to take a much longer time than that, if we wanted to see it all, for a party once spent a month in the cave and did not find the end of half the galleries. He pointed to some arrows on the galleries under which was written "out," and said that it was that party which had put those signs all through the cave as far as it had been explored. Starting down this gallery toward the west (that was the last we knew about the points of the compass) we soon came to.

A GRAND ROOM

fully fifty feet high and two hundred feet long. Overhead, fastened to the ceiling, were ten thousand glistening diamonds which sparkled in the light of our torches like stars in a midnight sky.

Turning to one side we saw a low opening, perhaps two feet high, and the "Missionary of the Chicago Times" on his knees trying to crawl through. He came back complaining that the cuticle had disappeared from his knees (perhaps he was unaccustomed to the position). The next feat he tried was to climb up the side of the cavern and knock down some of the crystals which were sparkling being on the walls and dome. When he was almost lost to sight among the ledges above, we heard a fearful cry of

"BATS! BATS!"

And, looking above, sure enough, there they were by the thousand. Expressing great surprise to the guide, at the number, he said "that there were none here in comparison with "Bat Alley," where they were so thick that one could hardly wade through them." We did not go to "Bat Alley."

Passing along the gallery for some distance where it became somewhat narrower, we saw a finger of limestone full fifty feet long, fastened at one end to the roof, and stretching out unsupported. The stone all around it was very soft sand-stone, so soft that we could write on it with the large end of our pencils.

As we passed along huge bowlders blocked up the way, and

GALLERIES SHOT OFF IN EVERY DIRECTION.

Several of these had names written on them, and their length given in figures, as for example: Low passage, 125 yards; Fleming avenue (named after one of the exploring party mentioned above), 4,900 yards. Traveling on and on we came at last to a large room, around the side of which there were a regular series of shelves. There was no name on it. We called it the dry goods store.

The next place that attracted our attention was

MYSTIC FOUNTAIN,

a beautiful side grotto, in the back part of which the water was constantly and silently dripping down. In most places the walls and ceiling are perfectly dry.

Leaving Mystic Fountain, we wandered off into

ROGUE'S GALLERY,

which had many dark-looking side passages and mysterious hiding places, and ends in a long, narrow fissure in the rock, fifty feet high and fourteen inches wide. Near the end of this gallery the guide picked up an indelible pencil which some one had dropped.

Striking off into some of the side passages, we soon found ourselves in a very large opening, with a smooth, clean bottom, which is known as No. 10.

Everywhere in the cavern, the walls and every accessible place on the ceiling, was

COVERED WITH NAMES.

There are thousands upon thousands of these autographs. Among them are A. Lincoln, 1834, and Mark Twain. By the way, Mr. Clemens used to reside in Hannibal.

ROBBERS' DEN,

a room 500 feet long, and fifty feet wide, is a cosy place, and in early days was a nice retreat for criminals. Horrible stories are told about it. We passed the mouth of a gallery labeled Lost Gallery. The guide informed us that several attempts had been made to explore it, but as yet no one had succeeded in finding a terminus to it. As we traveled along we noticed several passages on which was an arrow, and marked beneath, "To the Parlor." At last we wandered into what is called Big Gallery, which was a huge affair, and after following it for some time turned off at a narrow passage and in a few moments stepped into

THE "PARLOR."

Here we took a seat upon the "sofa," and it is indeed very much like a sofa, except in its proportions, (