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HALE ON GREELEY.

Letter from the Old Anti-Slavery Candidate for the Presidency.

The Danger of Electing Horace Greeley to the Chief Magistracy.

Mr. Hale Advises All His Friends to Vote for the Re-election of Gen. Grant.

Mr. John P. H. Jenkins, of Norristown, Pa., wrote to the Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, regarding his position in the present campaign, and received the following reply:

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter informing me that you had seen among the "news items" of the papers the statement that I had "quite recently" declared a preference for Mr. Greeley for President, and asking me if the report is true. That I have either declared or entertained any such preference is news to me. The report is a specimen of the means used by the oral of Democratic and "Radical" office-seekers who support Mr. Greeley, in their desperate attempt to deceive the honest masses of both parties. You say you have taken the liberty of asking the question, "being a namesake" of mine, and an approval of my "political history," and you are your own justification that the statement is "premature, if not absolutely false." You are entirely correct in this supposition, and it is gratifying to me to receive such an assurance that I have maintained the cause of liberty and justice first, and peace and order afterward, in such a manner as to render my apostasy incredible.

You ask my explanation of the course taken by Mr. Greeley, Mr. Sumner and others. Mr. Greeley's case is plain enough. On pages 358 and 359 of the first volume of his "History of the American Conflict" he will find his own account of himself as he was at the breaking out of the rebellion. He there says that on the second day after Mr. Lincoln's election, November 9, 1860, "the following leading article appeared in the New York Tribune." "You will find he says in that article: 'If the Cotton States shall decide that they will do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace.' To avoid all possibility of misunderstanding, he repeats the same doctrine in different words: 'Whenever a considerable portion of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in.' Last article might not make his position sufficiently conspicuous, he wrote and published many articles containing the same doctrine. Let all his newspaper articles on the subject should, in the course of time, be forgotten, he copies one of them into his 'History of the American Conflict,' for the apparent purpose of preserving, in the durable form of a historical record, his undisputed claim to the title of an original secessionist.

If a majority of Southern voters, that is, of free white men, would "deliberately resolve to go out," he pledged himself to resist all coercive measures designed to keep them in. That was the simplest plan ever suggested for the dissolution of the Union and the perpetuation of slavery. What stronger invitation "to go out" could he have given the South than that pledge "to resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in." Slaveholders anxious "to go out" read Mr. Greeley's pledge published in every Southern paper. Its effect is well known. Among the influences that changed the doubting and hesitating white men of the South into firm and ardent secessionists, none was more effective than Mr. Greeley's pledge "to resist all coercive measures." Whether that pledge was the means of turning the scale, and giving the active secessionists their majority, we may not certainly know until the day of final reckoning. But this we do know, that for all the ruin, desolation and misery of the secession war, no man, North or South, is more responsible than Mr. Greeley.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Greeley admitted the illegality of secession. He admitted the right of the Government to save the Union by "coercive measures," but insisted that the Government should not exercise that right. If he had thought the Union had no right to defend itself, he would have taken a position where a brave man, entertaining that opinion, might sorrowfully stand. But admitting the right to defend the nation's life, he insisted that it should not be defended, but he basely surrendered without a blow. The treason of his position was only surprised by his cowardice.

Mr. Black (President Buchanan's Attorney General) saw this dastardly plank in Mr. Greeley's platform, and, under his advice given November 20, 1860, Mr. Buchanan, in his last annual message to Congress, took the ground that the Government had no right "to coerce" a seceding State. Observe the dates and the language, and you will see that, under Black's advice, Buchanan adopted Greeley's secession doctrine, all but the cowardly part of it. The venomous abuse with which Mr. Greeley followed President Buchanan to his grave, and Mr. Black up to the year of grace 1872, may be explained by the fact that his rejection of the pusillanimous plank of his secession platform exposed him to universal contempt.

When he found his secession principles unpopular, and the subscription of the Tribune falling off, that paper suddenly advocated an exterminating and merciless prosecution of the war, notwithstanding a vast majority of the members who, encouraged by his solemn pledge, had "deliberately resolved to go out." He had hired somebody else to write the Tribune articles advocating the

prosecution of the war. Is he irresponsible for hiring somebody to write what he was ashamed to write himself? I will do him no injustice. I have no doubt he will employ somebody else to write articles in his paper advocating the use of "coercive measures." He is, in principle, a secessionist to-day, as he was when he wrote that article of November 9, 1860. I observe he is stumping the country in his own behalf. When he makes his next stump speech, let any one ask him, in the face of the world, if he still holds the doctrine of secession as stated by him on the 359th page of his "History of the American Conflict," and asking me if the report is true; but he is compelled to give a direct, manly and true answer, "Yes" or "No," he will answer "Yes." His secession faith is the basis of his whole political character. On that basis he urged the taxation of the country to pay the slaveholders for their slaves, when he knew they would not sell them. That plan was a part of his system calculated to encourage secession by convincing the South that the North was trembling with terror, and would do anything but fight for national existence.

"Whenever any considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures to keep it in," says Mr. Greeley. "Whenever" includes the four years of the next Presidential term. Suppose that during that term "a considerable portion of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out," Mr. Greeley stands pledged "to resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in." He pledges himself to another man to do the Presidency would stimulate secession, we shall never know, because the honest masses of the people will never allow such a man to be elected. They will never put the Government into his hands to enable him to redeem that secession pledge.

This doctrine of secession is the only article of political faith to which he has shown any disposition to adhere. He was supposed to be an unflinching high-tariff man; but, to get free trade votes, he pledges himself to another man to express his opinions on the tariff question, and to give no advice and no influence on that question, which he has pressed as of the most vital importance to the country. He has given no pledge to another and suppress his opinions on the secession question. What such a pledge would be worth, while his pledge "to resist all coercive measures" remains unredeemed, you can judge as well as I.

If such a man should be elected President, what should he do when his views had encouraged the South to secede again? He would, of course, again offer to hire them to remain by paying for their slaves. Knowing, by actual experience, the cowardice of the man, they would naturally demand our taxation to pay the rebel debt and pensions to rebel soldiers, as the price of their consenting to stay in the Union. And if he was right in his doctrine that we were all wrong in using "coercive measures," we ought to be taxed to pay all the consequences of those measures, for the slaves, and the rebel debt, and rebel pensions.

What would be the effect of Mr. Greeley's election? Manifestly the South would at once be instigated by his sentiments to agitate the question of compensation for their slaves, their debt, and their pensions, and with the fiery elements thus fanned into a flame, the agitation would naturally end in our being obliged to recall Grant and the army to put down another insurrection. The people of the North, and those of the South, like Longstreet and Mealy, who have had fighting enough, don't want to go over that ground again. Neither do they want dissension and disturbance. I have been an agitator, but never without necessity. Now the necessity for agitation has ceased, and the agitation would naturally end in our being obliged to recall Grant and the army to put down another insurrection. The people of the North, and those of the South, like Longstreet and Mealy, who have had fighting enough, don't want to go over that ground again. Neither do they want dissension and disturbance. I have been an agitator, but never without necessity. Now the necessity for agitation has ceased, and the agitation would naturally end in our being obliged to recall Grant and the army to put down another insurrection.

Obviously no such man could be nominated for President by the Republican party. When he was satisfied of that, then, and not till then, he left us. That is one serious aspect of Mr. Greeley's case; and if, in addition to his perverse opinions upon this momentous question of American nationality, you take into the account his excessive vanity, weakness and vacillation, his flabby and yielding moral nature, his eccentric temper and inordinate hankering for office, you have, I think, a full explanation of his present lamentable course.

Mr. Sumner's case is measurably plain to those who, like myself, have had better means of knowing the man than is afforded by public speeches. Mr. Sumner was not, as has been claimed for him, among the earliest of our anti-slavery champions. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Gerrit Smith, Mr. Giddings and others antedate Mr. Sumner by many years in their espousal of the cause of the slave. But I bear cordial witness that, after he entered upon the work, he was among the most earnest, faithful and persistent of the friends of freedom.

I entered the Senate four years before Mr. Sumner, and enjoyed his personal intercourse and friendship from his appearance there in 1851 up to the time I went to Europe in 1855. I appreciate, as highly as any man can, the invaluable services he has rendered to liberty, but cannot compels me to say that, from the outset, his influence in the Senate was greatly impaired by an overbearing egotism and an arrogance of manner well-nigh insupportable. His arbitrary and dictatorial nature renders him peculiarly liable to substitute his own heavy im-

pulses for convictions and principles of public policy. I can, therefore, readily understand that Mr. Sumner might be betrayed by his wounded vanity and imperious temper into a temporary misjudgment. But that he could, under the influence of personal irritations, be so blinded or so dishonest as to deliberately and persistently counsel the colored men of the nation to use their

solid in Congress, again and again, in opposition to Mr. Sumner's own efforts to secure and perfect the civil and political rights of the freedmen. Notwithstanding his absurd claim that a great light has suddenly shone round about the whole Democratic party, and brought them from darkness into a marvelous illumination, every man in his senses knows that, as a whole, they are absolutely unchanged and unrepentant, and as hostile to the enfranchisement and elevation of the colored race to-day as they were at the beginning of the rebellion. The utterances of their prominent men and leading presses afford abundant evidences of this, and any man may satisfy himself of its truth by inquiry of the first score of Democrats he meets. This being notoriously so, the blindness of political infatuation and ungovernable rage of personal affront, fancied or real, are barely sufficient to explain Mr. Sumner's advice to the colored people to aid in restoring these men to power. Happily, all the signs of the times show that the colored men are in no danger of being deceived by the sophistries of their special patron; if they could be, and thus be induced to prostitute their right of suffrage, it would be the strongest proof yet found that they are disqualified for its enjoyment.

It is a matter of deep regret that personal feelings seem to be extending so large an influence upon the course of public men in these days. It is true that some of our statesmen have suffered from injustice and want of recognition. But these are frequently recurring incidents in all political history, and especially of periods of reform and struggle, and ought not to blast the faith or chill the enthusiasm of any true patriot.

Your letter, my dear sir, and many similar ones which I have received, have led me to believe that my views may be considered of some importance by some who have continued to hold me in kind remembrance. Let me say, therefore, in conclusion, that I am now retired from active participation in the affairs of the country, but I desire to assure all my friends that I remain faithful to the settled principles of my public life. I still retain a deep interest in the great questions of civil liberty which first arrested the serious attention of the country at the opening of my Congressional career.

These questions have since been debated fiercely in the forum, and even submitted to the bloody arbitrament of arms. They have not been finally adjusted, but are on the eve of settlement, as I fondly believe, by the re-election of Gen. Grant and the complete victory of the principles of the Republican party.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN P. HALE.

The Veteran Explains.

You ask how we'll do. Cap. I don't know. For the things might differ. To you it may be different. The things look well, Cap. I know that I told you so. And about their hands when they stacked their arms. At the front, seven years ago.

I'll shake the hand of a soldier. Who fights as he thinks is right. And when the war is over, the fight; But this "shake hands" or "the bloody hand." From shaking hands with a ragged "rob" Cap. At the front, seven years ago.

We let 'em off too easy, Cap. In this I think you're right. That some of 'em ought to be sent to their peavers. For we let 'em off too easy. And now I see, they are a game. To get into power again.

They led the Democrats before the war. And they want to do it again; God help the North with office filled by Democrats! You can't win the game without the South. You know very well, Cap. And now I see, they are a game. To get into power again.

I don't fault with the time, Cap. For money is easy and free. And plenty of odd jobs going. For a plumed and red 'like me; And the country seems to prosper. The debt is fast being paid. I don't think a chance for better. Could very well be made.

I know they find fault with Grant, Cap. They say he loves horses and smokes; But then, an angel from Heaven. Would he have done that? I have looked at the matter careful. And find that the trouble grows. From the fact that those fellows can't lead him by the nose.

I never liked Horace Greeley. And I tell you fair and square. God never made such a man as he. To use the Presidential chair; For he failed in the hour of trouble. When things looked a little dark. And such a Captain as that ain't fit. To handle the Union bark.

And now it sounds mighty suspicious. To hear these fellows rant. Call him honest Uncle Horace. And all that sort of rant. Why, it ain't hard to remember. How the boys were the boys. And call them thieves and traitors. Not a dozen years ago.

There's only one thing more, Cap. That I have got to say. I won't help put into office. The leaders who were the boys. For the graves are in between us. And the boys who were the boys. And died in fighting those rebels. Now rotter along with you.

JOHN'S WIFE.

Miss Barbara Snyder sat in her straight-backed chair, before the fire, her feet on the fender, her head drooping, her eyes closed—to tell the truth, although she would have indignantly denied it, Miss Barbara Snyder was asleep. Her maid, hard-featured, wild-dogged woman, who was moving about the room, "putting it in order," as she did fifty times a day, at her mistress's command, and watching her furtively to see that she did not fall into the fire.

"Jane," said Miss Barbara, suddenly waking and sitting bolt upright with unblinking eyes, "he comes—and I am sure he will—don't let him in!"

"No, ma'am," answered Jane submissively.

"Tell him he has seen me for the last time, the hypocrite! to pretend always to be so fond of me, and then go and marry some empty-headed doll-baby. Be sure and send him away, Jane."

A sudden commotion in the lower hall interrupted them; a few bars of popular air, whistled in a masterly manner, a rapid clatter of boot heels on the stairs, and then a young gentleman who might have sat as a model for a modern Hercules, rushed in, and falling over an ottoman, upsetting a chair, and making "confusion worse confounded" in the quiet room, dashed at Miss Barbara and took her by the arm.

"Congratulations, my dear, after imprinting a half dozen kisses on her withered cheek. 'Aunt Barby, she is the dearest!'"

"You may go, Jane," Miss Barbara had recovered from the shock a little, and as Jane had retired, she folded her mittened hands tightly together, and turned upon him.

"Tep me John."

"There was a comical expression of despair on the young fellow's face at this unpropitious beginning, but he said nothing.

"Nephew John, I am disappointed in you! I am not angry, but I am deeply grieved."

"Why, Aunt Barby!" The blue eyes of her listener opened wide, but she silenced him by a stately gesture.

"I have done my duty to you, John" (there was a little tremble in her voice, as she said this, but she went on grimly), "and now that you were just coming to manhood (John was twenty-six), and I had begun to trust in you a little, you desert me for a doll-baby!"

"She is not a doll-baby!" said the young husband indignantly. "If you ever knew her you would love her dearly."

"Nonsense!" The black eyes snapped "decidedly." "All girls are fools nowadays, but no matter, you have chosen between us. My will is made, and I shall not change it, but you will never be again to me as you were before."

There was a real distress in John Barby's heart as he rose and stood before her.

"If you will only let me bring her here to you," he pleaded. "I am sorry you are so displeased. Aunt Barby, don't let this part us."

"You have chosen," the Sphinx could not have looked more unmoved. "I ordered them not to admit you—you need not come again."

"If you will only hear me—"

"But I won't—good afternoon." And so John Barby left her, with her face white as paper, and her hands still clasped before her.

Miss Barbara Snyder was proud. Miss Barbara was wealthy. Miss Barbara Snyder was fond of her own way, but she was still a woman, and in her heart of hearts she loved John Barby, her handsome nephew, dearly. His mother, her only sister, had died when he was a little child, and his father dying soon after, Miss Barbara had, in a fashion, adopted him. She had indulged him from the first day of his entrance into her house; she had watched over him and made him her one object in life. He had been the gleam of sunshine in her lonely life, and to his honor be it said, he had never been unworthy of the love and confidence which she gave him. "Aunt Barby" was to him the only person in the world, and although people marvelled at the affection of the bright-eyed young man for his grim old aunt, it was genuine and true. He had gone through college in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and afterwards had settled down into a steady and trustworthy young business man as there was in the city; and for three years had behaved entirely according to his aunt's wish in every respect.

One day, however, the peace and tranquility of Barbara's household was broken up by a whisper which came to her ears—John Barby was "paying attention to somebody!" She was at first incredulous, but as the days went by she was forced to believe it; for one night, John, sitting at her feet, his yellow hair shining in the firelight, told her with much confusion and embarrassment that he "was going to be married."

Miss Barbara was a good woman, but she was very whimsical, a little selfish, and above all very jealous of her own dignity, and the knowledge that John had deserted her independence and actually planned out his future life without consulting her beforehand was a very hard thing for her to bear. She was not patient nor forgiving, and the result of John's confidence was a very unpleasant scene. She who had never spoken to him harshly before overwhelmed him with hard, bitter words, and then, when he was gone, wept herself self-compassion over his "ingratitude," as she called it.

When at last he was really married, her anger knew no bounds, and his first visit to her after that event ended as we have seen.

The days passed slowly after John, with his bright face and ringing voice, was banished, and Miss Barbara, half regretting her harshness, was often tempted to send for him again; but her obstinacy or "pride," as she called it, preserved her, and so she fretted and worried until Jane was almost driven distracted by irritability and unreasonable absence. She was so cross, so hard to suit, and so "awfully savage," as John would have said, that Jane became at last worn out, and one day, when her duties had been more than usually

hard, she surprised her mistress by packing up her movable property and departing from the house. Then Miss Barbara was wretched. For three days she sat in solitary state, and then sending for her lawyer, directed him to insert an advertisement in the leading papers to the effect that she wanted a "young, neat and lady-like person for a companion."

"No more old women for me," she said savagely, in response for the lawyer's look of surprise, "after the behavior of Jane, who has been with me for thirty years!" and then authorizing him to examine the applicant, she sent him away, and waited.

Two days afterward the lawyer returned, accompanied by a tall, slender young woman, who had come to see if she (Miss Barbara) would engage her.

Miss Barbara's black eyes looked keenly at her for some time, and after referring sharply to her antecedents, references and like, Miss Barbara, Worthington (as the lawyer called her), was duly installed in the office of "companion," and a most delightful companion she proved to be.

Miss Barbara was at first disposed to be a bit critical and captious; but the young girl was so anxious to please, so sweet-tempered and amiable, so quiet and self-melting away, that Miss Barbara, at last she began to love her attendant and try in various little ways to make her cheerful and contented in her new home.

"Alice," said she one day, as the young girl sat opposite her before the fire, "how old are you?"

"Not quite nineteen," was the shy answer.

And Miss Barbara looked at her in surprise. "Not quite nineteen," and yet so quiet and dignified and womanly, it was almost incredible. Miss Barbara looked at her again, and with a new approbation in her face, she saw how pale and sweet the fair face looked, with the sky blue eyes half hidden by the white lids; she saw how smoothly and plainly the brown hair was fastened back, how neat and trim was the dark dress, how snowy were the cuffs and the narrow collar, and her heart was filled with wonder. A girl in the nineteenth century without a puff, a curl, a crimp, an overkirt, a wash, or a suspicion of a pinner about her! Truly, wonders would never cease; and as she gazed on this rare gem, her heart was filled with pity for poor John, who had thrown himself away.

"She's just the wife for him," she thought, "if he had only waited a little, he would have liked her, I am sure."

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Upstairs, in the parlor, Wagness."

"Why, dear me!—yes, I do, indeed—the most brilliant aurora that I ever saw."

"Wagness, are things shooting?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a flashin', Wagness?"

"Yes, Dolly."

"An' a sorter spreadin' and dancin', eh Wagness?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the husband, much relieved, "do you know, Wagness—I mean Wagness—when I came out and saw the celestial phoronomus-a-glowin' upper yonder, blowed effer I didn't think I was drunk."

A Mantle of Bees—and No Sting.

A French paper, the *Independance de l'Est*, writes that at a village near Florenville (Lombourg) a gentleman walking along the side of a road, saw some bees swarming on a straggling branch of an oak tree. He went to fetch a hive, and returned with a wood-cut named Guio, who climbed the tree, and sitting astride the branch, cut off the extremity of it, upon which the swarm hung. An unexpected result followed; instead of falling to the ground, the swarm dispersed, and rising like a whirlwind, settled on the head of the unlucky Guio, who was still sitting on the branch, 45 feet from the ground. The bystanders shuddered. Surely, they thought, he will be seized with giddiness, and tortured by a thousand stings, he must fall to the ground! But Guio called up all his strength of mind, and remained perfectly still till the swarm had formed two long wreaths hanging from his temples, and waving as he moved; which, half blinded by the insects, which also covered his head and body, he contrived to descend from his elevated position, taking care not to irritate this living mantle. When he arrived on terra firma a hive was placed on his shoulder, but three hours elapsed before the bees would take possession of their new home. When this happy change was effected the poor woodcutter's wild delight testified to the intensity of the anxiety and discomfort he had endured.

A Palatable Medicine.

Milk is an excellent remedial agent. People suffering from disease require food as much as those in health, and more so in certain diseases where there is a rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food in certain diseases is rejected by the stomach and loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished a food that in all cases is beneficial; in some directly curative. Such food is milk. In the East Indies, warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for dysentery. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrheas, stomach ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm—not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. The value of milk in cases of scarlet fever has been fully tested, and is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often distressing children's disease. Give all the milk a patient will take. Even during the period of the greatest fever it keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and in every way is a blessed thing in this sickness. Remember it, and do not fear to give it if your dear ones are afflicted with this disease.

It is estimated that \$2,500,000 have been received this year in New Hampshire for board for summer visitors, not reckoning what was paid at the mountain hotels.

Miss Sallie Connaught, of Johnson county, Tenn., aged 35, has just hanged herself because her father said, "Sallie Connaught marry that man."

How the Blind May Correspond.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, a communication was read from Mr. Albert Meldrum, teacher of the blind, Allos, describing an improved method of corresponding between blind persons. The invention consists of two parts—the upper having the type, with keys and levers for moving them, and the lower containing the paper-moving apparatus. The base of the upper part is a metal disk, with a circular hole in the center. Around the central opening are arranged twenty-six little hammers, having on their striking surface copper types for embossing the paper. The types are so arranged that they all strike at the same place, namely, on the opening in the disk, and each hammer, after striking, is pulled back to its original position by an india rubber band. Each of the keys represents a letter, and when any particular key is pressed down, the corresponding hammer strikes, and the type makes a mark on the paper, which is stretched on a revolving drum in a drawer below the disk. When one letter is impressed the drum is moved round by a handle in front of the machine, and a plain surface is presented for the next stroke. When a line is finished, the drawer in which the paper moves is pulled out one line. The machine is constructed to print Moon's type, but its principle is equally applicable to any other, especially to Braille's. After the paper had been read, the machine was exhibited in operation, and worked very satisfactorily.

The Heavens on a Spire.

Not a bad story is told at the expense of a most distinguished citizen of Philadelphia. It seems that a dinner party was in progress during the recent brilliant display of northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display about the frosty pole. He stood perfectly amazed; then, turning to the window, he saw within the wife of his bosom sitting with the ladies, waiting for their legs lords to end their champagne and cigars. Fushing aside the curtains, he beckoned Mrs. Agnes to come out. She complied, when he said to her solemnly:

"Wagness, d'yer see anything extrordinary now?"

"Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine."

"No! not that, Wagness. I mean extrordinary phoronomus in asmophere."

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Upstairs, in the parlor, Wagness."

"Why, dear me!—yes, I do, indeed—the most brilliant aurora that I ever saw."

"Wagness, are things shooting?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a flashin', Wagness?"

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Personal.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IS 43.

THE KING OF SWEDEN IS 43.

THREE RISES AT 4 IN THE MORNING.

VICTOR HUGO'S ONLY CHILD IS INSANE.

LOWELL WILL REMAIN ABROAD TWO YEARS.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER WILL MAKE ENGLAND HIS PERMANENT HOME.

Booby Bother.

Bother! was all John Clatterby said; his breath came quick, and his cheek was red; he flourished his elbow, and made that about. While over and over his "bother!" he heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked. "Bother!" he said, "I'm a good, laughin' fellow!" and then he bursted the strap.

"My boy!" said I, in a tone like a flint. "Why do—them I—make of that boot. Or the other foot?" "I'm a good," laughed John.

As he stood in a flash, with his two boots on. Is half the adrift of this hour (As that same day I said to my wife) Our trouble was from trying to put To let her nose. On the right hand side, Or vice versa—(Of course, I mean, sir. To try to force. An' quite of course. An' wrong foot. In the right shoe, Is the silliest thing A man can do.

Varieties.

FASHION—Society's uniform.

A LEGAL CONVEYANCE—The Black Maria.

THREE NEVER WAS AN HONEST RED-BREAST—he is always a robin.

THREE GRANDSONS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON are living in Kansas.

WHO WAS THE STRAIGHTEST MAN IN THE Bible? Joseph, for Pharaoh wanted to make a ruler of him.

THEY HAVE "DOLLY YARDEN" CHILLS IN Georgia. The sufferer turns all sorts of colors, and is terribly lumpy up.

WHY MUST SATAN ALWAYS BE A GENTLEMAN? Because it is impossible for an imp of darkness to be imp of light.

A BROKEN HEARTED WIDOWER IN Indianapolis has erected a pine slab over his wife's grave, and presented a fine piano to the girl who was kind to him during his afflictions.

THEY ARE SAYING ALL SORTS OF CRUEL things about the intelligent mosquito, but no one has yet accused him of being fool enough to fill a kerosene lamp while lighted.

THE ROCHESTER EXPRESS having suggested making a list of nice young men who hang around church doors, the Albany Journal proposes to make a funeral of them.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE man thus epitomizes the prominent points of one of his rising rival "pukes": "A St. Joe man so tall that he has to get on his knees to scratch his head."

AN EDITOR ONCE WROTE: "We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."

IT REALLY REQUIRES MORE DELICACY OF touch, a better acquaintance with the inner emotions of the heart, and grander pathos of sentiment to make a declaration of love than it does to put up a stove.

PAPA—I'M SORRY TO HEAR, THOUGH, MY dear boy, that you have failed again in obtaining a prize this quarter. You must be very wooden-headed. Dear Boy—Yes, pa, I'm afraid I'm a chip off the old block.

PERSONAL.

MR. RAINWATER is a resident of Meridian, Miss., but he deals in fire-water.

MR. LEVY, the proprietor of the London Telegraph, is said to be the richest journalist in the world.

MRS. BRIGHAM YOUNG (about sixty of her) was recently frightened into hysterics by an earthquake.

HARPER'S WEEKLY pronounces Wilkie Collins the greatest of living novelists. Wilkie writes for Harper's Monthly.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS in the Saratoga (N. Y.) District is Mr. Hathorn, mine host of Congress Hall.

THE LATEST PHASE WHICH THE RAILROAD brakeman has presented is that of a nephew of