

THE DONALDSONVILLE CHIEF.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ASCENSION AND TOWN OF DONALDSONVILLE.

VOLUME 1.

DONALDSONVILLE, LA., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

NUMBER 42.

Donaldsonville Chief.
Office in Crescent Place.

A Liberal Republican Newspaper.

Published Every Saturday Morning.

—AT—
Donaldsonville, La.,

—BY—
LINDEN E. BENTLEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, \$3 00

Single copies, 10

Payable invariably in advance.

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[A square is the space of ten lines Agate.]

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If the world kicks you, cry like a baby, in the fond delusion that it will repentingly turn around and rock you to sleep.

Within a period of fourteen months two societies of iron workers in England paid out for the support of men on strikes the enormous sum of \$3,282,000.

A man in Missouri recently by mistake ran away with his own wife. She was disguised in a fancy ball-room costume, and he did not recognize her for some time.

A clerk in the English admiralty office lately had his pay suspended for twenty-eight days for addressing to the first lord of that august board some suggestions in regard to iron shipbuilding. These suggestions were admitted to be valuable and original, nevertheless a clerk had no business to know more than a lord.

The unseemly subserviency to one man that now obtains in the administration party, is, if not disgusting, at least shameful. Grant and Grant alone is so exalted among his followers that none of them dare question his right (as they now call it) to be President for four more years. Immediately after the Cincinnati nomination, there was some talk about withdrawing Grant from the Philadelphia Convention. A brother or other relative of Morton's wrote a letter suggesting Morton in place of Grant. As soon as the letter appeared in print Morton was compelled to hasten to the White House and humbly beg Gen. Grant's pardon for thus presuming to be competent for President as long as Grant's colossal intellect desired to rule the land another term. Will the people longer submit to such unbridled autocracy on the one side, and such shameful sycophancy on the other?—Jefferson (Wis.) Banner.

The Democrats in and out of convention still continue to "go for Greeley," as far as electing delegates to Baltimore is concerned, by battalions, and with more or less show of enthusiasm. Within a week, the State conventions of Louisiana, South Carolina, West Virginia, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and Vermont have either endorsed the Cincinnati platform, or instructed their delegates to vote for the adoption of Greeley and Brown or to oppose a "straight ticket," or have elected delegates known to be in favor of Greeley and Brown. Delaware alone has come out on the old ground of opposition to everything that has come to pass through, during and since, justifying Mr. Bayard's recent prediction in Washington. In Indiana, one of the foremost men in the Democratic ranks, Mr. Hendricks, was nominated for the governorship, and made a speech in which he said he "would abide by the action of the Baltimore convention," which was construed as a favorable allusion to the Cincinnati nominees. In the meantime, the *World* and the *Chicago Times* continue to swim manfully against the tide, but apparently with increasing difficulty; and, if conventions were not such uncertain bolies, we should say that Greeley's nomination was as good as made. The *World* apparently prefers Greeley to Grant, if the choice has to be made, but now warns its fellow-Democrats that they will have no chance of a proper shape of offices if Greeley is elected. It must be admitted that the nomination of Greeley by the Democrats will be, on the whole, the most ludicrous end which ever overtook a great organization. We know of nothing in sacred or profane literature to which it can be likened, except the rush of the swine in the New Testament, "down a steep place into the sea," when the devils entered them. It surpasses in absurdity, if that be possible, the nomination of Greeley by the Cincinnati Convention, because the party in electing Greeley *ipso facto* perishes, and perishes in the most ignoble manner.—N. Y. Nation.

The Candidates.

[From the N. O. Republican.]

Two or three hundred short-sighted mortals recently assembled at Baton Rouge to perform the self-imposed duty of designating candidates for the various offices to be elected in November. But one class of the people of the State, and that the lower—the negro—participated in the primary elections. Consequently either negroes were chosen delegates or white men whose sole regret is that they were not born negroes. The lobby well represented both classes.

The result is before our readers, as our faithful but disgusted reporter has done the best he could to translate the jargon of a pow-wow into something like orderly English.

In the first place, we are called upon to vote for William Pitt Kellogg for Governor. He is a man who well answers his own description of an adventurer and a carpet-bagger, who comes down South to make money and spend it at home or anywhere but here. He is a native of Illinois, or at least that State is responsible for his early years. During the war, when President Lincoln had but little time to bestow upon small matters, Kellogg wormed himself in a Nebraska judge. But the United States government soon found out that a mistake had been made, and at last succeeded in swapping him off, and sending him to shine as Collector of the port of New Orleans. There has always been a dispute between us and the Nebraskians about the last act of the great and good Lincoln, the latter insisting that it was a splendid piece of statesmanship, while our people doggedly persist in declaring it to be an egregious blunder. But Nebraska gained by it, and we did not, which accounts for the difference of sentiment.

The Custom-House afforded Kellogg a field for the exercise of his peculiar genius. While his master, Andy Johnson, was swinging around the circle and tooting Democratic music on the constitution, rolled up after the fashion of a penny trumpet, Pitt swore a royal oath that the only employment he would give the negroes was a job to whitewash official water closets, and we believe he at one time seriously contemplated offering such a situation to the Baton Rouge nominee for Congressman at large.

But time passed on, and Andy faded away. As the last expiring notes of his footing-horn died out on the air, our enterprising adventurer opened his eyes and looked around him. Grant was President, which he interpreted to mean, "My dear Pitt, you must get it!" He was probably correct this time, but happening to cast his eye upon our newly-elected Legislature in 1868, he suddenly conceived a brilliant idea. He invented the post roll in the Custom-House, corralled a majority of the members in the granite building for thirty or sixty days, and was elected to the United States Senate for four years by the grateful "extra inspectors." There was no talk of whitewashing then. The time for that passed away with Andy Johnson and his tooting-horn. His next move was to swap off his influence in the Senate to get the imperial influence to make him Governor, with the last year of his term of service thrown in. If he succeeds in this, he will undoubtedly begin to lay his wires to swap off his four years as Governor for six years in the Senate, and commit his executive duties into the uncertain and incompetent hands of Caesar Cato Antoine. Since he was elected Senator, this denouncer of carpet-baggers and adventurers has spent his time in this State as follows: In 1860, he was here four weeks; in 1870, the year of the general election, he came and fitted away in ten days; in 1871, he showed himself around for seven days, and then hid away to California. And he arrived in New Orleans just four days before he was nominated for Governor. It can hardly be that his well-known mortal fear of yellow fever should have kept him away so much of the time, as during all those years we have had little or none, and people equally or nearly as timid have braved it out.

Antoine, the pretentious candidate for the second place on the ticket, is of an exceedingly small pattern. Reared a slave, and frequently bought and sold, he came at last to consider himself human merchandise, with the ownership vested in himself by the fifteenth amendment. As a Senator he sold his votes right and left in utter disregard of the wants of his constituents. He did not even know where his constituents lived, or whether he was appointed to look after the interests of Caddo or Orleans. We have no objection to him or any other man on account of his color; but his skin is not half black enough or large enough to hide his shortcomings and political deformities.

Mr. Charles Clinton, the candidate for Auditor, is the United States Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans.

Colonel A. P. Field, the choice of the convention for Attorney General over John Ray, Simeon Belden and others, has not figured much in politics since he elected himself to Congress in 1864, and committed a deadly assault on Judge Kelley at a hotel table. He has generally been considered a conservative. He has been long known at our bar as a criminal lawyer, and at one time was reasonably successful; but latterly smarter men have improved upon his own

tactics, and taken much of his practice away from him. He does not stand in the first rank of the New Orleans bar, and his services have never been in demand except to defend criminals. He is an eleventh hour Republican, and late, and not fully confirmed at that.

Blandin was once a tax collector or assessor, but was removed by the Governor for some cause, and has belonged to the Custom-House faction ever since. He might possibly be an improvement upon Bovee as Secretary of State, but some stronger recommendation is needed.

Keeting, the candidate for Superintendent of Public Education, is a young man who has figured around Shreveport since the war. He was at first connected with the federal service, either in the army or the Freedmen's Bureau; but during all his residence he has failed to inspire the confidence or friendship of the inhabitants. Several attempts to run for office ended in defeat.

And this is the gist ground out by the tumultuous crowd that assembled at Baton Rouge. The candidates remind one of Grant's appointees to the positions here. They are men who belong to no recognized party; their nominations were forced through by means of party discipline. When the time comes for the tribunal of last resort to advise and consent to their selection there will be an emphatic, irrevocable negative for the reply.

Writing for the Papers.

Some folks have queer ideas about the privileges and immunities granted to the press, an amusing instance of which has just come to our knowledge. A spruce young lady entered a Fourth District store a few days since, and said to the clerk who came to wait on her, "I've just commenced to write for the papers."

"Yes—Miss—I am glad to hear it." "Yes," she continued, "I've just commenced to write for the papers, and I came to see what you would like to give me."

"Give you, Miss?" said the surprised clerk.

"Yes; don't care much what it is to begin with, a dress, or a dozen handkerchiefs, or—"

"I don't exactly understand," interrupted the clerk.

"Why, I am writing for the papers," she glibly replied; "and gentlemen who write for the papers go to the theaters, hotels, restaurants, furnishing stores—everywhere, and get just what they want, and I know they never pay anything; now why shouldn't I do the same—you know this is an era of women's rights," and she gave a coquettish toss of her head and one of the sweetest smiles imaginable.

The gentlemanly clerk informed her that was one of the stores where "the free list" had been suspended. She manifested great surprise at this information, but soon recovering her equanimity she inquired if the gentleman knew of any store where the free list was still kept open. The clerk whispered to her the name of a well-known merchant, and the lady departed for the happy haven, but with what reception she met we have not learned.—Boston Globe.

Talking of the Absent.

[From Scribner's for June.]

A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem; and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust. It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and "strike an average." The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling block—with weak natures it amounts to fecklessness. It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch lest, in an unguarded moment, it lead him into every slight disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may we allow ourselves in talking of our absent friends? It is very clear that we may discuss their virtues as much as we choose. That is a holy exercise. But their failings! I think it may be considered a sign that we have gone too far when we sweep away all our fault-finding, our nice balancing of qualities and anylization of character, in a sudden storm of adulation.

I suppose the distinction between the different grades of friendship should be made clear. Let us say—acquaintances, friends, intimates. Most persons can easily place the people whom they know under these three heads. Now it does seem not only natural but desirable that there should be free, though always loyal and kindly, discussion as to the antecedents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, the characters of those with whom we are thrown in contact, and who come under the first two heads. We may thus learn to bear more easily with their eccentricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge how far we should allow their views to affect ours. As for the third class—go to! is not love its own

How They Succeed.

The same insane policy, the same stubborn arrogance, the same intolerant exclusiveness, the same outrageous and shameless usurpation of popular rights which characterized the conduct of Boss Packard and his worthy coadjutors last August, and which drove off the vast majority of the Republican party from all association with them; this same execrable course was pursued in their Baton Rouge Convention. With a pre-determined resolution, if not acting under instructions to have nominated a certain set of candidates, the "boss" and his aids resorted to all conceivable, and some inconceivable methods to accomplish this design. They completely tyrannized over the people.

The exclusion of the public from the lobbies, the admission of delegates and the press by "soup tickets" (as we heard the cards deridingly named) to the floor of the Convention, the unceremonious dropping of names of regularly elected but objectionable delegates, the barefaced substitution of names of Custom-House employees who never did reside in the parishes Boss Packard dictated they should represent; the outrageous violations of all parliamentary usage in the rulings of the presiding officers, the gagging of free utterance, the tampering with the roll after it had been finally acted upon by the Convention, the insulting and forcible expulsion of elected delegates who attempted to be heard, the consequent choking off of the defence of their claims to seats, the cruel espionage over delegates who were Custom-House employees, the threats of dismissal if they dared to be independent and vote as they preferred, the impudent assumption of all authority by a ring, the deception of all and their treachery to their most faithful supporters, the flagrant, and continual, and complete absorption of all popular representation and individuality of the delegates; these and a thousand other things have utterly disgusted the truest, the most intelligent and the scrupulous few that crowd could ever boast of, and the day is not far distant when such conduct will receive its legitimate reward in the most open, undisguised and inexorable repudiation from the hands of an outraged people.

They have succeeded in making their nominations, and we lament the presence of one or two names there of persons whom we know neither needed nor desired the resort to such villainous methods; but there is not the most remote probability that any ticket so nominated, so imperiously sought to be thrust down the throats of the people can be elected in this or any other State.

We were present and witnessed the manipulation of the Convention, therefore know whereof we affirm, and we have no hesitation in expressing our sincere conviction that had Mr. Packard and his crowd been employed to disrupt the Radical Republican party in Louisiana they could not have more thoroughly succeeded than they have done; and we hazard this prediction, that if they can by their accustomed ways keep together a decent following till November they and their entire ticket will meet with the overwhelming defeat they deserve, and the Radical Republican party at the same time be a thing of the past.

With this latter result full in view we shall henceforward keep before the minds of the people who will suffer most from this disaster the responsibility of whatever we shall suffer in November.—N. O. Louisianaian.

Carlyle and Mazzini.

[From Harper's Monthly for July.]

It is a high circumstance that while Thomas Carlyle was, amidst the lonely hills of Craigenputtock, steadily shaping out the idea of a task ordained for every life, Joseph Mazzini was gaining the same revelation in the solitude of his prison. Neither of these had heard of the other until many years after that; but when they met it was with a mutual recognition that they were brothers, born of this mother-principle, and many differences on other points could never destroy this sense of religious relationship. When an English Home Secretary had opened the letters of Mazzini, then an exile in London (1844), and could only confront popular indignation at his thus having made the government an Austrian detective by trying to blacken Mazzini's character, Carlyle did not wait for the retraction that had to be made, but uttered his protest in the *London Times*. "I have had," he said, "the honor to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom, testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind. Whether the extraneous Austrian emperor and miserable old chimerer of a pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, or be obliged to decamp from Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred; that the opening of men's letters—a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to other still viler and far fater forms of scondrelism—be not resorted to in England except in cases of the very last extremity."

Mazzini lived in London for many years almost as a hermit. Beyond his fellow-exiles, then a large company, he had hardly any intimate friend except Carlyle.

"I remember well," said Carlyle—his voice had all its depth and tenderness, for he had just heard of Mazzini's death—"I remember well when he sat for the first time on the seat there, thirty-six years ago. A more beautiful person I never beheld, with his soft flashing eyes, and face full of intelligence. He had great talent, certainly the only acquaintance of mine of any thing like equal intellect who ever became entangled in what seemed to me hopeless visions. He was rather silent, spoke chiefly in French, though he spoke good English even then, notwithstanding a strong accent. It was plain he might have taken a high rank in literature. He wrote well, as it was; sometimes for the love of it, at others when he wanted a little money; but he never wrote what he might have done had he devoted himself to that kind of work. He had fine tastes, particularly in music. But he gave himself up as a martyr and sacrifice to his aims for Italy. He lived almost in squalor; his health was poor from the first, but he took no care of it. He used to smoke a great deal, and drink coffee with bread crumbled in it, but hardly gave any attention to his food. His mother used to send him money, but he gave it away. When she died she left him as much as two hundred pounds a year—all she had—but it went to Italian beggars. His mother was the only member of his family that stuck to him. His father soon turned his back on his son; his only sister married a strict Roman Catholic, and she herself became too strict to have any thing to do with him. He did see her once or twice, but the interviews were too painful to be repeated. He desired, I am told, to see her again when he was dying, but she declined. Poor Mazzini! I could not have any sympathy with many of his views and hopes. He used to come here and talk about the 'solidarity of peoples'; and when he found I was less and less interested in such things, he had yet another attraction than myself which brought him to us. But he found that she also by no means entered into his opinions, and his visits became fewer. But we always esteemed him. He was a very religious soul. When I first knew him he revered Dante chiefly, if not exclusively. When his letters were opened at the post-office here—the occasion on which I wrote the protest to which you refer—Mazzini became for the first time known to the English people. There was great indignation at an English government taking the side of the Austrian against Italian patriots, and Mazzini was much sought for, invited to dinners, and all that. But he did not want the dinners. He went to but few places. He formed an intimacy with the Ashursts which did him great good—gave him a kind of home circle for the rest of his life in England. At last it has come to an end. I went to see him just before he left London for the last time, passed an hour, and came away feeling that I should never see him again. And so it is. The papers and people have gone blubbering away over him—the very papers and people that denounced him during life, seeing nothing of the excellence that was in him; they now praise him without any perception of his defects. Poor Mazzini! After all, he succeeded; he died receiving the homage of the people and seeing Italy united, with Rome for its capital. Well, one may be glad he has succeeded. We wait to see whether Italy will make any thing great out of what she has got. We wait."

The Jacksonville *Journal* relates the following singular occurrence, showing how sometimes innocent parties suffer from unjust accusations: Fifteen years ago one Sam Steele worked on a farm for Mr. George Barbour, who lived a mile and a half north of this place. One day Mr. Barbour came to town, bringing his wife. Before starting he called in Steele, and in his presence put \$250 in a bureau drawer, locked it up, and delivered to him the key to the drawer, as well as the keys to the house, telling him to take care of both for the day. Returning home at night and counting the money, Mr. Barbour found that a \$50 bill was missing. Steele, who was the only one that knew of the whereabouts of the money beside Mr. B., denied all knowledge of the missing bill, declaring that he had not entered the room since he did so with Barbour. The latter maintained that Steele must know something about it, and finally discharged him from his service. Steele left and has not been heard of since. A few days since Mr. Barbour found the missing \$50 in the back part of the bureau, caught in the frame. One-half of the bill was worn away by rubbing of the drawer as it had been pulled backward and forward. When he found it he burst into tears, conscience stricken from having unjustly accused and censured Steele. The remainder of the long lost bill is now in possession of Mr. John Bradbury.

The mining area of Colorado is said to be greater than that of any State or Territory, and her grazing area is only surpassed by Texas. The mining area extends over 2,000,000 acres.

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"The Little End of Nothing."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The Liberal Republican movement in one of its aspects may be considered as a bolt from the tyranny of a despotic party organization, which had outlived its usefulness and abandoned the aims of its existence. A few Free-Traders bolted from that bolt, and, as the out-growth of their movement, called a conference in New York. Even here the overwhelming sentiment was still in favor of the irreconcilables bolted again and mustered yesterday in the Fifth Avenue Hotel twenty-four strong. From these came presently another bolt. Gen. Jacob D. Cox gave formal notice that he could not permit his name to be used in any movement the sole result of which would be to aid in the re-election of Gen. Grant; and Mr. David A. Wells, making no speech, silently took his hat and departed. The remnants of this miniature bolt from the Free-Trade bolt, fell then into a drizzle of talk, whence finally oozed a Presidential ticket! It was supported on the day of its nomination by precisely twenty-two men in the United States. To-day it may have the support of something like eighteen or nineteen. In a fortnight or so it will probably sink peacefully out of sight—it would be an entirely safe contract, any day, next week, to undertake to put all the voters in the United States supporting it into a pair of Fifth Avenue stages, and give them ample room.

Yet we are sincerely sorry to see the name of so good a man as William S. Groesbeck thus abused. The future has doubtless recognition and for a gentleman so upright and able always, so true a friend of the country during the war, and so sagacious since. No friend of Mr. Fred. Law Olmsted can fail to regret that his name too has been made ridiculous in this preposterous fooling.

The Fifth Avenue Conference was called to unite the opposition to Gen. Grant. In large measure it did so. It did more. It developed unexpected strength for the Cincinnati ticket, brought out ex-Vice President Foster of Connecticut, dispersed the misrepresentations about Carl Schurz, and brought several prominent Democratic leaders to the front. But, as we have said, there remained nearly a score of irreconcilables—few of them having either public recognition, influence, or experience. Of these six or eight will probably vote for Gen. Grant. The rest are working for him to the extent of their youthful ability; but we are gladly give them credit for having no sort of comprehension of what they are about.

Romeo Dead.

Forepaugh's celebrated elephant, Romeo, died at Chicago on the 7th inst., of lock-jaw, consequent upon a surgical operation that had been performed upon his fore-feet. They had become affected, from some unknown cause, with inflammation, resulting in acute pain and a general debilitation, under which he shrank in weight at the rate of one hundred pounds a day. An examination showed that numerous small bones in his feet had become broken, detached and dead. These were removed, but he grew worse until he died, as stated above.

Romeo was supposed to be near a hundred years old. He was grinding mud for a brickmaker when Mable gave \$10,000 for him and brought him to this country about twenty-five years ago. Since then the boys of nearly every village in the United States have rolled up their pants, walked out to meet him on the morning of "show-day" and escorted him around town. Among those who have thus honored him and dropped crackers in his trunk, might be enumerated quite a number of congressmen and other political magnates. As a first-class rioter and a dangerous bully who had not only killed his man but several of them, he was always a favorite with the American people and a theme for eloquent reporters. In 1852, while south of New Orleans, he killed his keeper, "Long John," whose successor, "Frenchy" Williams, shared the same fate near Houston, Texas, in 1855; a third, Craven, was killed in 1860, near Cedar Rapids, Iowa; the fourth, Bill Williams, he slew near Philadelphia in 1867, and the fifth, McDevitt, in Ohio in 1869. He cut up rough and alarmed the whole country side and filled the local papers with sensational matter by his riotous escapades from time to time; but he never showed a disposition to smash anybody but his tyrannical keepers. Forepaugh gave \$25,000 for him about fifteen years ago, and he was supposed to be worth \$50,000 previous to his death.

The Czar of Russia is reported to be again subject to fits of profound melancholy. During his recent visit to Sividia, the Emperor lived a very solitary life, and was constantly somber and taciturn. For hours together he would occupy himself in solitary walks, or remain shut up in his room, where he saw no one. The mystical ideas by which he has for some years been possessed, have obtained great control over his mind, and, according to the testimony of individuals who have had opportunities of judging, his mental powers are seriously affected, and he will probably become crazy.

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