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Selected Miscellany.

RHYME WITHOUT REASON.

"SUMMER FRIENDS," one of Claribel's latest songs, is advertised with an illustrative stanza (on the same principle as the man who had a house to let, carried about a brick as a specimen), thus:

Where are thy summer friends,
Friends of thy youth?
Gone with the summer birds
Back to the South.

This leaves it uncertain whether, in order to rhyme, "youth" should be sung "*youth*," or "south" "*suth*." We shall be told, of course, that the rhyme is addressed to the eye, not to the ear. By such a canon the following lines may possibly be deemed melodious:

Peasant Arcadian
Guiding the plough;—
Course are your garments,
Your aspect is rough.

Peasant imprudent, I
I hear you've a cough;
Do you feel sure
You're clad warmly enough?

Bibulous peasant,
Your voice it is rough;
You're no disciple
Of temperate Gough.

Home to your cottage,
You hear the wind's sough;
Even the birdies
Sing hoarse on the bough.

Home to your cottage,
And bend o'er the trough,
Kneading in loaves
The digestible dough.

Though the bread's heavy,
Unwielding and tough,
Chawbacon's teeth
Will get easily through.

Mr. Punch commends these stanzas to any French ladies or gentlemen at present resident in England who may be desirous of mastering the peculiarities of English pronunciation.

AGAINST THE HEATHEN "CHINEE."

Vich I vos going for to say,
Und I sprechen it blain—
But dose nonsense dot durns up
All der beeple's prain
'Bout dat dricky Shon Shineyman's actions,
Makes me take up mine pen to komplain.

Vots der good of dose dings?
If Shon Shineyman peats
Myheer Nye at der kard-blay,
Because he can sheats
Like der duyfel and all of his imbs,
Shall we shnicker and shumps off our seats?

Nein! I now dells you some dings
Vich you all order see:
Don you play at dose kard-boards,
For four dimes in dree
Der pesht hand is held by anodder—
Vich I found was shoost so mit me.

Tricks of Conjurers—The Risks they Run.

ROBERT HOUDIN used to say that if the public knew what passes through the mind of a conjuror when he sees the barrel of a pistol turned toward him in the course of a "fire-arm trick," they would perhaps give him credit for as much nerve and courage as the bravest soldier shows in battle. An omission in some trifling point, the breaking off of a small part of the false ramrod, or of the real bullet as it is being withdrawn, may make the discharge real.

Often, too, the trick is a new one, and some miscalculation may make the plan a failure where failure may mean death. An unfortunate event which took place in the Cirque Napoleon, at Paris, strikingly illustrates Houdin's words. Dr. Upstein, the conjurer, had offered a gun to a spectator, with directions to take good aim at the doctor, who was to receive the discharge on the point of a sword. The man refused, but another fired off the gun as directed. The moment after the doctor fell to the ground seriously wounded. It was found that a piece of the ramrod had broken off in the barrel, and this fired off at so close a range, had penetrated the conjuror's right lung.

A circumstance in Houdin's life shows how daringly the conjurers who amuse us will often play with danger, depending on their ready fingers to secure their safety. He had performed some startling fire-arm tricks before a party of Arabians, making use, of course, of the ordinary form of conjuring pistol, which is so contrived that the ramrod withdraws the bullet. While the rest of the party were expressing their admiration, a crafty old Marabout who had some suspicion of the true nature of the trick, said, the stranger is doubtless a strong magician; will he suffer me to fire at him with my own pistols? "Yes," said Houdin, unhesitatingly, "but first I make invocation to those who assist me."

The next day he met the same party and offered a saucerful of bullets to the inspection of the Marabout. Satisfied that they were lead—as, indeed, they were—the Arab handed his pistols to Houdin, who loaded them, using the Arab's ramrod. His own friends were in terror, and his wife, well as she knew his skill, was in perplexity when she saw him hand back to the Arab one of the loaded pistols.

"Now fire," he said.

The Arab did so, and Houdin was seen with the bullet in his teeth.

"Bah," he said, seizing the other pistol, "you cannot use your own weapons! You have been unable to draw blood from my flesh, and I will draw blood from yonder wall."

He aimed at the wall, fired, and immediately a stain of blood was seen. The Marabout went up to the wall, and when he had dipped his fingers in the blood, whith was trickling down, his awe and amazement were so great that his features assumed a ghastly hue. Yet the trick was simple enough, two prepared bullets having been skillfully substituted by Houdin for the leaden bullets he took from the saucer. But the experiment was quite new, and Houdin tells us that he trembled and could scarcely control his terror as he saw the Marabout drawing the trigger of the pistol.

Perils of Paris Shopping.

IT is a fact well known to all American *habitues* of Paris that the heads of one of the largest and most celebrated of the glove-houses there, are in the habit of sending in their old and paid bills to their former customers whenever the "strangers' list" apprises them of the arrival of these unwary foreigners. For in most cases the receipted bills have been left at home, and the hapless traveler has no other choice than to pay, and to anathematise French roguery as he does so. I was one day an eye-witness of an amusing scene in that shop. A gentleman entered with a countenance highly expressive of indignation, and summoning the shopwoman who spoke English, he displayed to her a long bill dated some two years back.

"I paid that bill before I left Paris," said he, in a very positive tone.

"You must be mistaken sir," was the equally positive reply. "We never send in our bills after they have once been paid." There was a very telling emphasis on the "never."

"But I know that I paid this one."

"Perhaps you can produce a receipt?" This was said in a sneering tone, calculated to exasperate a saint.

The gentleman made answer by laying down his cane and the disputed bill upon the counter and extracting a pocketbook from the breast-pocket of his coat. From this he drew out a paper, which he unfolded and held before the shopwoman. It was a receipted bill.

To do the creature justice, I must confess that she seemed overwhelmed with confusion, and was profuse in her apologies, upon which one of the proprietors of the establishment, who had been watching the scene from a distance, came to the rescue. "I think I can explain to the gentleman how the mistake occurred," he said, in those mellifluous tones which come as natural to a Frenchman as purring to a cat, and are just about as indicative of good nature or kindly feeling. "We have another customer of precisely the same name—merely an odd coincidence."

"But an odder coincidence," said the American, buttoning up his coat and suddenly blossoming forth into an astonishing knowledge of French, "is, that this gentleman with the same name as mine happened to purchase the very same articles that I did on the very same day of the year."

And having discharged this Parthian arrow, he retired.—*Shopping in Paris, in Lippincott's for June.*

A cow died in Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago, of the effects of the bite of a cat.

THE BRAVE WOMAN.

"BEDLAM let loose! Pandemonium in rebellion; Chaos turned inside out! What is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without this everlasting racket raised about his ears? Children crying—doors slamming—I will know the reason of all this uproar!"

Mr. Luke Darcy shut the door of his bed-room with considerable emphasis, and went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright and quiet and pleasant there; the coal snapping and sparks lying in the grate, the china and the silver neatly arranged on the spotless damask cloth, and the green parrot drowsily winking his yellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window—Bedlam plainly wasn't located just there, and Mr. Darcy went stormingly up stairs to the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was gained at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her little low chair before the fire, trying to quiet the screams of an eight-months-old baby, scion of the house of Darcy, while another—a boy of five years—lay on his back, prone on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish passion.

"Mrs. Dar—cy!" enunciated Luke with a slow and ominous precision, "may I inquire what all this means? Are you aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine o,clock? Do you know that breakfast is waiting!"

"I know Luke—I know," said poor, perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm, "Come, Freddy, you are going to be good now, mamma is sure, and get up and be washed."

"No—o—!" roared Master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air furiously.

Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darcy pounced abruptly down on his son and heir, and carried him promptly to the closet, and turned the key on his screams.

"Now, sir, you can cry it out at your leisure. Evelyn, nurse is waiting for the baby. We'll go down and breakfast."

"But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you won't leave Freddy there."

"Won't I; I would like to know why not? It's temper, and nothing else, that is at the bottom of all these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper, or I'll know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago, but you are so ridiculously indulgent. There is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper—nothing that ought to be so promptly and severely dealt with."

"But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke?"

Mr. Darcy rapped sharply at the panels of the door:

"Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man?"

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewal of the tattoo was the answer.

"I'm sure he is sorry, Luke," pleaded the all-extenuating mother, but Mr. Darcy shook his head.

"Entire submission is the only thing I will listen to," he said shortly. "I tell you, Evelyn, I am determined to uproot this temper."

Evelyn, with a dewy moisture shadowing her eyelashes, and a dull ache at her heart, followed her liege lord down to the breakfast table, with as little appetite for the coffee, toast and eggs as might be.

A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with a profusion of bright chestnut hair, and cheeks like rose velvet, was already at the table when they descended, by the name of Clara Pruyn, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's sister. She opened her eyes rather wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious, Evy, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Luke, tartly.

"Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that I have eaten no breakfast."

"Something is the matter, though," said Clara, shrewdly. "What is it, Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tantrums?"

Luke set down his coffee-cup with a sherp click.

"You use very peculiar expressions, Miss Pruyn."

"Very true ones," said Clara, saucily.

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself.

"It's only Freddy, who feels a little cross, and—"

"A little cross!" interrupted the indignant husband. "I tell you, Evelyn, it's quite time that temper was checked. Oh, that parrot! what an intolerable screeching he keeps up! Mary, take that bird into the kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring its neck. Strange that a man can't have a little peace once in awhile! What does all the eggs, Evelyn? I thought I had asked you to see that they were boiled fit for a Christian to eat."

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and all, a vindictive throw upon the grate. Evelyn's brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she observed the maneuver, but she made no remark.

"And the plates are as cold as stone, when I've implored you, again and again, that they might be warmed. Well, I shall eat no breakfast this morning."

"Whom will you punish most?" demanded Miss Clara. "Evelyn, give me another cup of coffee; it's perfectly delightful."

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengeance, and took up his stand with his back to the fire, both hands under his coat-tail.

"Please, sir," said the servant, advancing, "the gas bill; the man says would you settle it while—"

"No!" roared Luke, tempestuously. "Tell the man to go about his business; I'll have no small bills this morning, and I wont be so persecuted!"

Mary retreated precipitately. Clara raised her long brown eyelashes.

"Do you know, Luke," she said demurely, "I think you would feel a great deal better if you would do just as Freddy does—lie down flat on the floor and kick your heels against the carpet for awhile. It's an excellent escape valve when your choler gets the better of you."

Luke gave his mischievous sister-in-law a glance that certainly ought to have annihilated her, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came around to her sister and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me Evy, please; I know I've been very naughty to tease Luke so!"

"You have spoken nothing but the truth," said Evelyn, quietly, with her coral lips compressed, and a scarlet spot burning on either cheek. "Clara, I sometimes wonder how I can endure the daily cross of my husband's temper."

"Temper!" said Clara, with a toss of her chestnut-brown hair. "And the poor, dear fellow hasn't the least idea how disagreeable he makes himself."

"Only this morning," said Evelyn, "he punished Freddy with unrelenting severity for a fit of ill huwor which he himself has duplicated within the last half hour. I am not a moralist, but it strikes me that the fault is rather more to be censured in a full grown, reasoning man than in a child."

"Evelyn," said Clara gravely, "do you suppose he is beyond the power of cure?"

"I hope not; but what can I do?"

"Shut him up, as he shut up little Freddy?"

Evelyn's merry, irresistible laugh was checked by the arch, peculiar expression in Clara's blue eyes.

"The remedy needs to be something short and sharp, said Clara, and this dark closet system certainly combines both requisites. Tears and hysterics were played out long ago in matrimonial skirmishes, you know, Evy."

"Nonsence!" laughed Mrs. Darcy, rising from the breakfast table to answer to her husband's peremptory summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders and went to look for her work-basket.

Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars, cravats and stockings recklessly on the bed-room floor.

"I'd like to know where my silk handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy?" he fumed. "Such a state as my bureau is in is enough to drive a man crazy!"

"It's enough to drive a woman crazy, I think!" said Evelyn, hopelessly, stooping down to pick up a few of the scattered articles.

"You were at the bureau last, Luke. It is your fault."

"My fault—of course it's my fault!" snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's poodle a kick that sent him howling off to to his mistress. "Anything else but a woman's retorting, recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, I won't stand it any longer."

"Neither will I!" said Evelyn, resolutely advancing as her husband plunged into the closet after his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door. "I think I've endured it long enough—and here is an end of it."

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door," said Luke, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Darcy, composedly, beginning to rearrange shirts, stockings and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Dar—cy!" roared Luke, at a fever heat of impotent rage, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean to keep you in that clothes press, Mr. Darcy, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system succeeds with Freddy, it certainly ought to with you; I am sure your temper is much more intolerable than his."

There was a dead silence of full sixty seconds in the closet, then a sudden burst of vocal wrath.

"Mrs Darcy, open the door this instant, madam."

But Evelyn went on humming a saucy little opera air, and arranging her clothes.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Will you obey me?"

"Not until you have solemnly promised me to put some sort of control on that temper of yours; not until you pledge yourself to treat your wife as a lady should be treated, not as a menial."

"I won't."

"No? Then, in that case, I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppressive there, as I think it probable you will remain there some time!"

Another sixty seconds of dead silence, then a sudden rain of heels and hands against the relentless wooden panels.

"Let me out I say, Mrs. Darcy! Madam, how dare you perpetrate this monstrous piece of audacity?"

"My dear Luke, how strongly you do remind me of Freddy. You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as bad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I'm so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap-tap rap came softly at the door—Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it, and saw her husband's little office boy.

"Please, mem, there's some gentlemen at the office in a great hurry to see Mr. Darcy. It's about the Applegate will case."

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken at once.

"Tell the gentlemen that your master has a bad headache, and won't be down town this morning."

Luke gnashed his teeth audibly as soon as the closing of the door admonished him that he might do so with safety.

"Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business that is vitally important?"

Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up the little opera air where she had left it, letting the soft Italian words ripple musically off her tongue.

"Evelyn, dear!"

"What is it, Luke?" she asked, mildly.

"Please let me out, my dear; this may be a joke to you, but—"

"I assure you, Luke, it's nothing of the kind. It is the soberest of serious matters to me. It is a question whether my future life shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third interval of silence.

"Evelyn," said Luke, presently, in a subdued voice, "will you open the door?"

"On one condition only."

"And what is that?"

"Ah, ah!" thought the little Lieutenant-General, "he is beginning to entertain conditions of capitulation, is he? On condition," she added, aloud, "that you will break yourself of the habit of speaking crossly and sharply to me, and on all occasions keep your temper."

"My temper, indeed!" sputtered Luke.

"Just your temper," returned his wife, serenely, "will you promise?"

"Never."

Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of hose that required mending, and prepared to leave the appartment. As the door creaked on its hinges, however, a voice came shrilly through the opposite keyhole.

"Mrs. Darcy, Evelyn! wife! wife!"

"Yes."

"You are not going down stairs to leave me in this place?"

"I am."

"Well, look here—I promise."

"Promise what?" asked Evelyn.

"All and everything that you require, confound it all!"

Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel, Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke stalked sullenly out looking right over the top of her shining brown hair.

Suddenly a little detaining hand was laid on his coat sleeve.

"Luke, dear?"

"Well?"

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on her husband's shoulder.

"Well!" ejaculated the puzzled Luke, "if you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss? Yes, a half dozen of 'em if you want, you kind-hearted little turnkey. Do not cry, pet, I am not angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be."

"And I may let Freddy out?"

"Yes, on the same terms that his papa was released. Evelyn, was I very intolerable?"

"If you hadn't been, Luke, I never should have ventured on such a violent remedy."

"Did I make you very unhappy?"

"Very."

And the gush of warm, sparkling tears supplied a dictionary full of words.

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat, put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and went to the Applegate-will case, musing, as he went, upon the new state of affairs that had presented itself for consideration.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that little wife of mine is a bold woman, and a plucky one."

And then he burst out laughing on the steps.

It is more than probable that he left his stock of bad temper in the law buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara never saw any more of it; and Freddy is daily getting the best of the peppery element in his infantile disposition.

Men, after all, are but children of a larger growth; and so Mrs. Evelyn Darcy had reasoned.

Weekly News Summary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the Senate, on the 27th, the amendment to the resolution to discharge the New York *Tribune's* correspondents—Messrs. White and Ramsdell—providing that it shall not be construed to interfere with any legal proceedings which may be instituted against said White and Ramsdell, upon the certificate of the Vice-President, under the act of January 24, 1857, was discussed at considerable length, and finally rejected—16 to 20. The resolution to discharge Messrs. White and Ramsdell from custody at the conclusion of the session was then agreed to—23 to 13 ... An executive session was held ... A resolution was unanimously agreed to tendering the thanks of the Senate to Mr. Anthony for the courtesy and ability with which he has performed his duties as President of the Senate *pro tempore* After a discussion of the propriety of removing from Senators the injunction of secrecy as to proceedings in executive session, the Senate, at 5:35 p. m., adjourned *sine die*.

FOREIGN.

A dispatch from Versailles on the 28th says the insurgents had shot the Archbishop of Paris, Abbe Duguerre, and sixty-two other hostages remaining in their possession. The troops had previously captured La Roquette and saved 169 hostages detained there.

According to a dispatch from Versailles on the evening of the 28th, the insurrection in Paris was completely suppressed, not one band of insurgents being left. The firemen had the flames under control.

It is reported that there were, on the 27th, upward of 50,000 dead bodies in the houses and cellars of Paris, many of them those of women and children.

General Vinoy has been appointed Governor of Paris by Thiers.

A New York despatch of th 29th ult. says: "The loss of property in Paris is estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars. It is said the city will not be, in this, or in the next generation, what it has been. The report that 60,000 persons had been killed is believed to be an exaggeration, although there is no doubt the number will at least reach 40,000. The slaughter of the insurgents—men and women—is declared to have been frightful beyond description.

Cable dispatches of the 30th describe Paris as a vast graveyard. It was believed that 15,000 to 20,000 people had been shot since the Versaillists entered the city. MacMahon's soldiers spared no one whom they suspected of sympathy with the insurgents. Both sides seemed to be wrought up to desperation and madness. With the exception of Pyatt and Gransert, all the Commune Chiefs had been killed or taken prisoners. It was calculated that 40,000 insurgents had been killed during the preceding week. Sixty thousand prisoners had been taken.

Thirty-three Communists, including seven women were publicly executed on the plaza in front of the Hotel de Ville in Paris, on the 21st, by being shot by a company of soldiers. Six volleys were fired before all the victims were slain.

The Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, will be the successor of M. Darboy as Archbishop of Paris.

Minister Washburn telegraphed on the 31st that order had once more been restored in Paris. As far as ascertained, American citizens and property had escaped uninjured. He said it was difficult to tell who will be the coming man or the form of government likely to be adopted. There will, he says, be a desperate struggle among the different interests.

A Vienna dispatch of the 31st says: "President Grant has requested the Austrian Government to allow Baron Von Lederer, its Minister to the United States, to preside over the arbitration of the Cuban claims, and imperial permission has been telegraphed to Washing ton."

A Paris dispatch of the 1st says: "The French journals are greatly divided in sentiment as to the future of the country. The *Opinione*, *Bien Public*, *Politique*, *Siecle* and *Constitutionnel* favor the continuance of the republic, while the *Temps*, *Nationale* and *Patrie* are very guarded in their comments upon the situation. The *Opinione* thinks the withdrawal of Thiers would be equivalent to a revolution. The *Siecle* says Thiers is as energetic against the Bonapartes as the Reds. The *Figaro* favors a monarchy. The sale of newspapers on the street is prohibited. The *Siecle* was seized this morning. Executions have ceased. Prisoners are now on trial at Versailles. The barricades in Paris numbered 400."

The London *Times* of the 1st, in an editorial, while admitting that it is hard for the Canadians to yield their fisheries to the Americans without the advantages of reciprocity in trade, expresses the earnest hope that Canada will loyally ratify the treaty of Washington.

An Imperial decree has been issued ordering that June 18 be observed throughout Germany as a day of thanksgiving.

A New York dispatch of the 2d says: "Paris advices report a very strong reaction against the Versaillists; that Thiers will be forced to resign; that the calm intelligence of the country favors a constitutional monarchy, and that either the Bourbons or Napoleon will rule. Louis Napoleon's agents are said to be using their influence to insure a *plebiscite*, which they believe will make his restoration almost certain."

DOMESTIC.

Gold closed in New York on the 2d at 112⅜.

Judge Dowling, New York city, on the 27th, sentenced the prize-fighters Collins and Edwards, who were recently captured while engaging in a fight on Long Island, to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of $1,000 each. The umpire, Thomas McAlpine, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of $500.

A terrible accident occurred at a coal mine at Pittston, Pa., on the 27th. A breaker at the mouth of the shaft took fire, and the mine was filled with gas and smoke while thirty-eight men were working in it. It was some hours before anything could be done to rescue the workmen. At last all were taken out, eighteen being dead by suffocation, and nearly all the rest in a state of unconsciousness. The fire was caused by the friction of the wood work of the breaker.

German peace celebrations were held in many of the large cities at the East and West on the 29th. The one in Chicago is said to have been the most extensive and imposing civic display ever witnessed in that city. The procession was ten miles long, and was three hours in passing a given point.

The Tennessee industrial Exposition, at Nashville, closed on May 27. It was a success.

Governor Scott, of South Carolina, had a long interview with President Grant in Washington on the 26th, in which he said there was no necessity for putting the State under martial law, and that there was a good state of feeling among the better classes of citizens to put down the Ku-Klux organizations.

A terrible tragedy was enacted near Richfield, Summit County, Ohio, on the evening of the 27th. It seems a young man named John Hunter, of Carson City, Michigan, had been a suitor of the daughter of Robert Gargett, a farmer living in Richfield Township, but was discarded. On the evening of the 27th Hunter went to Mr. Gargett's house, and met the old gentleman at the gate, and demanded to see the young lady. Upon being told that he could not see her, he drew a revolver and fired a bullet into Mr. Gargett's head. He then rushed into the house and shot Mrs. Gargett, killing her instantly. Rodney Gargett, a young man, seized the ruffian, and was also shot in the head, but not dangerously. Miss Gargett escaped by leaping from a second-story window, and taking refuge in a neighbor's house. Hunter was arrested. Robert Gargett would probably die of the wound received.

A Detroit dispatch of the 30th says reports from all parts of Michigan represent the crop and fruit prospect as splendid, with the single exception of potatoes, which would probably be generally destroyed by the bugs.

Tuesday, May 30, was very generally observed throughout the country as Decoration Day.

Several of the miners taken out of the Pittson (Pa.) mine alive, died on the 29th, and many others were in a critical state.

The Methodist Book Concern Committee on the 29th decided to suspend Rev. Dr. Lanahan from the assistant agency of the Institution, and appointed June 8 for the investigation of the charges presented against him by Rev. Dr. Carlton.

It is reported from Washington that the Senate left the following treaties undisposed of: The postal treaty with Ecuador, the treaty of commerce with Italy, and the treaty with Mexico, extending the time of the commission for settling claims until January, 1872.

The suit of L. P. Milligan against Senator Morton, Gen. Hovey, and others, tried before the United States Court at Indianapolis, has resulted in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for the sum of five dollars. It is said the defendants will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

A letter from Jacksbow, Texas, says that on May 18th a band of some hundred Indians attacked Henry Warner's train, twenty miles from there, killing seven men belonging to the train, and wounding one. General Sherman, who was at Fort Richardson at the time, ordered four companies of cavalry in pursuit, with instructions to drive the Indians into Fort Sill, saying that, if he found they were Fort Sill Indians, he would stop the Indian trade in that quarter.

A fire in Mobile, Ala., on the night of the 29th, destroyed business property to the value of about $300,000.

The Pennsylvania Central, New York Central, and Erie railroads have advanced rates West on first-class freight as follows: New York to Chicago, $1,00; to Cincinnati, 93 cents; to Indianapolis, 96 cents; to Keokuk, $1.34; to Kansas City, $1.84; to Grand Rapids, $1.21; to Louisville, 95 cents; to Milwaukee, $1.00; to Nashville, $1.15; to St. Louis, $1.29, and other points in proportion.

The coroner's jury in the recent disaster at Pittston, Pa., rendered a verdict declaring that the miners met their death from the improper ventilation of the mine; that when the breaker took fire there was no means of supplying the men with fresh air; that the means of ventilation were not such as are required by the act of March 30, 1870; they also find that there was negligence on the part of the employes of the company in not keeping portions of the machinery properly oiled; and that the company had employed on the day of the accident a greater number of men than the act already referred to warrants.

The following is the statement of the public debt June 1:

Debt bearing coin interest	$1,894,128,750
Interest	37,992,618
Debt bearing currency interest	48,123,000
Interest	359,772
Matured debt	1,999,002
Interest	307,128
Debt bearing no interest	413,816,965
Unclaimed interest	12,912
Total debt principal	$2,359,067,717
Interest	38,672,43
Grand total	$2,397,740,147
Coin in Treasury $89,744,375	
Currency in Treasury 8,861,288	
	$ 98,605,563
Debt, less cash in Treasury	$2,299,134,184
Decrease during May	4,439,858
Decrease since March 1, 1871	$2,574,.62
Decrease since March 1, 1869	226,349,075

The statement of bonds issued to the Pacific Railroad companies shows totals as follows:

Principal	$64,618,832
Interest accrued, not yet paid	10,753,910
Interest repaid by the transportation of mails	2,876,716
Balance interest paid by the United States	7,977,193

The arrivals of immigrants at New York in May were larger than during any previous month this year. Nearly every week 5,000 to 6,000 landed at Castle Garden. The majority are Irish, and the Germans are next in point of number. In May there arrived 43,471, making 77,191 thus far this year. In May, last year, 46,828 arrived, making a total at the end of the month of 85,876.

Advices from Tucson, Arizona, to May 26, say the Apaches continued their depredations, killing emigrants, settlers, and running off stock. They were armed with needle-guns and Henry rifles.

PERSONAL.

In New York city on the 26th, the Haymakers, of Troy, defeated the Mutuals, of New York, in a game of base ball—25 to 10. On the 29th, the Chicago White Stockings beat the Eckfords, of Brooklyn—10 to 5.

Mrs. Rebecca Wells, mother of ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue David A. Wells, died at Springfield, Mass., on the 28th, aged 84 years.

A Washington dispatch of the 29th says Vice-President Colfax had so far recovered that his entire convalescence was considered certain.

In a game of base-ball at Boston on the 29th, the Red Stockings, of that city, defeated the Forest Citys, of Rockford, Ill.—25 to 11. At Brooklyn, on the 30th, the Chicago White Stockings defeated the amateur Stars, of New York city—7 to 1.

The second trial of Congressman Bowen, for bigamy in marrying Mrs. Susan P. King while his wife, Mrs. Frances Bowen, was living, in Augusta, S. C., began at Washington on the 30th.

Horace Greeley left New Orleans, on the 30th, on the steamer R. E. Lee, for Vicksburg.

In Baltimore, on the 30th, the Pastime Base Ball Club, of that city, beat the Haymakers, of Troy—25 to 22.

A match game of ball played in Philadelphia, on the 31st, between the Experts, of that city, and the Olympics, of Washington, was won by the latter—25 to 7.

Vice-President Colfax left Washington on the evening of the 31st for his home at South Bend, attended by his regular physician.

Wm. E. Chambers, aged 88, died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was the oldest Odd Fellow in America. He was initiated in London in the year 1801, and was one of the five members to establish the order here, five years after.

In a game of base ball at Boston, on the 1st, the Chicago White Stockings beat the Lowells—18 to 8.

At Boston, on the 2d, the Chicago White Stocking Base-Ball Club defeated the Boston Red Stockings—16 to 14. In New York city the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, beat the Rockford Forest Citys—7 to 6.

The President has appointed Hon. George Bancroft, late Minister to Prussia, as Minister to the German Empire.

At Washington, on the 2d, the Olympics, of that city, defeated the Haymakers, of Troy, in a championship game of base ball—11 to 8.

Brigham Young was eighty years old on the 1st of June.

Vice-President Colfax reached his home at South Bend, Ind., on the 2d, in a much improved condition. He was discharged from medical treatment with the injunction that he spend more time in recreation, which he has promised to do.

Hon. Samuel K. Casey, State Senator of Illinois, died at his residence in Mount Vernon on the night of the 1st.

Ex-Fire Marshal U. P. Harris, of Chicago, died suddenly in that city on the 2d, of congestion of the brain. He was fifty-three years of age.

POLITICAL.

Local elections were recently held in Virginia, the Conservatives carrying Richmond, Lynchburg, Norfolk and Alexandria, and the Republicans being successful in Petersburg, Charlotte and Staunton.

The Rhode Island General Assembly met at Newport on the 30th, to organize a State Government for the ensuing year. Walter B. Vincent was elected Clerk of the Senate; Charles B. Van Zandt was elected Speaker of the House, and J. M. Adderman and Ira O. Seamens, Clerks. The Canvassing Committee reported no choice for Lieutenant Governor, and a ballot was taken in joint convention, and Pardon W. Stevens, of Newport, Republican candidate and present incumbent, was chosen—62 to 37.

The Nebraska Legislature met on the 30th.

The Massachusetts Legislature was prorogued on the 31st. Three hundred and ninety-nine bills and ninety-five resolves were signed by the Governor.

In the Connecticut Senate, on the 31st, the constitutional amendment providing for only one State Capitol was lost by a vote of 13 to 8, lacking one vote of the necessary two-thirds required to submit it to the people.

The United States District Attorney at Washington has announced his intention to prosecute the four recusant witnesses handed over to him by the Senate to be punished for contempt. He intends to make them test cases, in order to settle some questions arising under the act.

The impeachment trial of David Butler, Governor of Nebraska, was concluded on the 1st, and the vote of the Senate on the first article resulted in his conviction—9 to 3.

The Ohio Democratic State Convention met at Columbus on the 1st and made the following nominations: For Governor, George W. McCook; Lieutenant-Governor, Samuel F. Hunt; Attorney-General, Mr. Wallace, of Clark; Auditor of State, Col. R. J. Cockerill, of Adams; State Treasurer, Dr. Bruehl, of Hamilton; Supreme Judge, George W. Geddes, of Richland; Member of Board of Public Works, Arthur Hughes, of Cuyahoga.

A correspondence has been published in the Leavenworth *Times* between Wm. Larmore of that city, and Horace Greeley, relative to the use of the latter's name before the next National Republican Convention as a candidate for President of the United States. In his reply Mr. Greeley says: "I trust never henceforth to be an aspirant for any office or political position whatever, but fully purpose never to decline any duty or responsibility my political friends may see fit to devolve upon me, and of which I shall be able to fulfil the obligations without neglecting other and more important duties."

Governor Butler, of Nebraska, has been removed from office, and the impeachment court has adjourned *sine die*.

A Colored Hubblst.

EVEN the Boston gentlemen of color participate with the white *swells* of the Hub in their lofty disdain of the talent of New York. A friend, happening to be caught in that city over Sunday, thought he would take a glimpse at some of the churches. Stepping inside the porch of an A 1 meeting-house, the sexton, colored, approached respectfully, and said: "Will you have a seat, sah? Happy to show you to one, sah. Plenty seats this morning, sah."

"No, thank you; can't stay but a moment; just stopped to glance at the church. What is the name of the clergyman?"

"That, sah, is the Rev. Dr. ——."

"Fine preacher, isn't he?"

"Well, sah, peoples has different notions 'bout preachers."

"But he seems quite animated?"

"Yes, sah; consid'ble animated."

"And appears to have talent?"

"Well, sah, as I said afo', peoples has such different notions 'bout preachers. Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good on de words. I tink myself he's a *fair* man, sah—a *fair* man, but not of de *prima facie* class. He's a *good* man, sah, a well-meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man, sah!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE Connecticut papers are telling of a Sunday School boy who, being being asked who made the beautiful hills about there, replied that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the Friday before.

The Milligan Case.

ON the 5th of October, 1864, Lambdin P. Milligan, a citizen of Indiana, was arrested by order of General A. P. Hovey, commanding the District of Indiana. On the 21st of the same month he was tried before a military commission, upon charges of: 1, conspiracy against the Government of the United States; 2, affording aid and comfort to rebels against the authority of the United States; 3, inciting insurrection; 4, disloyal practices, and 5, violation of the laws of war. The substance of the charges was membership of the order of American Knights or Sons of Liberty. The charges were amplified in military style by numerous specifications. Upon these charges he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; the sentence was approved by the President, and May 19, 1865, was fixed as the day of execution.

On January 2, 1865, following these proceedings of the military commission, there was a session of the Circuit Court of the United States held at Indianapolis, at which a grand jury was empaneled. This court adjourned January 27, having previously discharged the grand jury, which had found no bill against Milligan.

On the 10th of May, 1865, Milligan filed a petition before the Circuit Court of Indiana, setting forth all the facts, and praying that, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1863, he might be brought before the court, and either turned over to the proper civil tribunal to be proceeded with according to the law of the land, or discharged from custody. The Judges of the Circuit Court were divided in opinion, and the questions of difference were certified to the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was argued in the Supreme Court, and, at the opening of the court in December, 1866, Justice Davis delivered the judgment of the court, in which it was held: 1. That the Federal Court had jurisdiction of the case instituted by petition for the writ of *habeas corpus*. 2. That the military commission had no jurisdiction, and "no usages of war could sanction a military trial there for any offence whatever of a citizen in civil life, in nowise connected with the military service. Congress could grant no such power; and, to the honor of our National Legislature be it said, it has never been provoked by the state of the country even to attempt its exercise."

The act of 1863, authorizing the President to suspend the privilege of *habeas corpus*, requires that lists of all persons placed in arrest should be furnished to the next succeeding term of the Federal Court of the district, and, in case the grand jury should fail to indict, then the persons so arrested should be discharged. His trial having been illegal, the court held that he was entitled to be discharged from custody under the terms of the act of 1863. In this judgment the court was unanimous, though four Judges dissented from several points of the opinion as delivered by Justice Davis.

The finding of the military commission had never been approved by President Lincoln; it was still unacted on by him when he was killed, in April, 1865; but President Johnson approved it, and fixed the 16th of May for Milligan's execution. In June, 1865, the sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary, where he was confined until the 10th of April, 1866. For the imprisonment commencing October, 1864, and ending April 10, 1866, Milligan brought suit in an action of trespass against General Hovey and the other members of the commission, and this latter case has just been concluded in the United States Circuit Court at Indianapolis. The facts were not disputed. The defense was that the arrest grew out of the plaintiff's conduct charged against him before the military commission—that he was guilty of these charges; that the defendants were officers of the army, acting under orders without malice, and using only necessary force; that the suit having been brought March 13, 1868, it is barred for all acts committed before March 13, 1868, by the two years' limitation of the act of 1863; that for the imprisonment after that date the defendants are not guilty. Upon the trial Judge Drummond delivered the charge to the jury in which he examined these several points of the defense. He held that, under the evidence offered by the defense to prove that there was a state of war in Indiana at the time, there was no proof that the civil courts were closed, or that their proceedings were interrupted or their judgments resisted or defeated. There was no such difficulty in administering criminal justice according to law as to change the circumstances up