GHOSTLY GOSSIP.

A STORY ABOUT A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Thrilling Tale Written by a Literary Reporter—An Interview which Ends with a Narrative—How Ghostly Sounds Were Interpreted by a Tenant.

While the snow is falling in feathery wreaths round the heads of pedestrians, and shrouding their big ulsters in a ghostly canopy of white; while umbrellas are darting frantically to and fro, and the diorama of moving figures flit like weird spectres into the fast gathering darkness, our Nib ventures out to glean a few notes and view nature in her sternest aspect. Vennor's angel turns her trumpet toward the east, and the sharp, chilly wind salutes the face of every passer-by, whisks round the corner, catching the newsboy as he yells out his "evening papers," and forces an involuntary moan from the sturdy teamster as he bows his head before its angry blast. Poor, shrinking humanity, driven by want and stern necessity, shivers in the recesses of yonder basement or huddles helplessly before the stationhouse. The car driver beats his chest with his burly arms, and clinks his punch-bell at the entrance of another passenger, and the crowded car moves slowly on through the blinding snow.

"Thar's a tough night afore us," said a gray-bearded owner of one of the "night-liners," as he gave token of the presence of our Nib by a graceful inclination of his whip to his cap-visor. "Coach, sir?"

"A reporter never rides," returned our Nib, with awful dignity, "while he has the use of his limbs."

"It's a tough night, sir," rejoined Coachee, "and it comes nateral to git home as easy as possible."

"The reporter never goes home," retorted our Nib, solemnly.

"It's a tough night for a small chap like you to be out, anyways," replied the veteran, stamping his feet briskly to keep up the circulation, "but thar's nothin' like gittin' used to a thing. The worst storm I ever seed were forty-four years ago, v'en I was drivin' a cab for Nailor; the wind blew pitch-forks and guns, the snow drifted unkimmon fast, an' the night was fearful dark. I allers think on that night, sir, because I had a queer adventure, maybe" with a suggestive look at our reporter, "you'd like to hear on it?"

"What was this queer adventure," inquired our scribe.

"Why, you see, I had to take a man to the steamboat," pursued Coachee, "an' I was harnessin' up when boss told me I would have plenty of time to run up Capitol Hill and move a man and his family to the 'Injun Queen.'"

"The house stood on Capitol Hill. It was awful gloomy looking, with two tall poplar trees standing afore it; it had the name of being haunted—people said so; but I didn't pay much attention to what people said, until this 'eer night I came for the passengers."

"I jumped off the box, and was just a-going to ring the bell, when the fellow comes to the door as mad as a March hare: 'What in the devil's name are you pulling that bell so for?' he sez; 'do you think we are all deaf inside?' 'I ain't rung it once,' I sez, quite surprised. 'Guess you've been drinking,' sez he. 'Nary drop,' sez I. 'You must be crazy, then,' sez he. 'You'll get in the looney-tick 'sylum afore I will,' sez I, considerably riled. The man looked at me sharply. He war'nt no fool, I tell ye—and he seed I war'nt, neither, so he began to look very grave, and muttered to himself: 'its the ghost! its the ghost!' 'I heerd thar was ghosts inside,' I observed. 'It's the strangest house I was ever in,' sez the man, holding on tight to his hat to keep it from blowing off. 'Since I've been livin' here I'll be darned if I've slept a wink. The queerest noises as ever I heerd; people is continually valking overhead and cradles is rocking and bells a ringing. I think somebody got murdered in this house. I want to git out of it.'

"While he was talking a purty-faced woman, with a child in her arms, came to the door. 'Charley,' she sez, 'you shan't leave me in this ere lonely place; I believe it will frighten me to death to spend another night here.'

"'You see,' sez the man, explaining, 'this 'ere young 'oman is almost scared out ov her seven senses being here; tote us down to the "Injun Queen," driver; it's a tough night to take the baby out, but, by thunder, I wouldn't remain in this confounded old tenement if they'd chuck in the rent free all the year round.' An' so, continued the old cabman earnestly, I tuck them all down to the "Injun Queen." Afore we started I sot on my box listening to a queer noise. It was the door-bell of that 'ere house, and knock my insides out if it weren't tolling.'

"You might have fancied that," suggested our Nib, incredulously.

"I heerd it tolling," rejoined the remarkable hack-driver. "If ever a bell was tolling it was that eer bell. I sat on my box, like a spell on me, till the man popped his head out and sez, 'Hollow! vats the matter? vy don't you go?' 'Do ye hear that ar bell?' I sez. 'No,' he shouted back, half angrily. 'You'd better git along—the snow is piling awful," so I gave a whistle to pony, and, darn my old woman's stockings, if the horse's ears wa'nt pricked up, an' he was trembling all over; a mighty queer thing, sir, if you'd believe me, but I was never able to get that eer animal to pass that shanty agin. I tried it many a time, but the moment the ugly critter caught a view of them two poplar trees he'd stand stock still, an' I have to turn him t'other way. You may think I've made all this up, but it's true as law and Gospel."

"I am one," spoke a deep, hollow voice, "who can vouch for the truth of this old man's story."

The reporter looked up in some surprise to observe before him the figure of a stranger. By the light of the street lamp which shone full in his tall, gaunt form, he seemed to be a man in the prime of life; he was dressed in a shabby black overcoat; his face, half concealed by his "Spanish student" hat, looked thin and careworn, while his hollow, black eyes sparkled with unwonted fire.

"I say," said the mysterious stranger, with a gloomy shake of his head; "you can put that in your paper, for it is true, every word of it. Twenty years ago that house was still standing, untenanted and deserted. The landlord advertised it for sale, but nobody would buy it; he endeavored to rent it, but not a soul could be induced to occupy the premises; the reason was obvious, the house was a bona fide haunted dwelling; dozens of tenants in past years had gone in and out, all uniformly agreeing that the strange noises were so ghostly and inexplicable that a hundred golden eagles, fresh from the mint, could not induce them to longer occupying it.

"I visited the house myself to test the accuracy of the reports of its ghostly character, believing in my mind they had been greatly exaggerated. There is something horrible in the gloom and silence of an unoccupied house. I crept up stairs, starting at every echo of my own footsteps, fancying a hobgoblin with every movement of the lantern's rays rising before me; I reached the second-story room and sat myself down on a rude bench left there by some improvident workman, and while holding my lantern over my head carefully examined the surroundings of the famous apartment that had so long sustained such an unenviable reputation. It was a large, oblong-shaped room, thickly studded with cobwebs and dreary looking enough to be the abode of the dead; beyond the mouldy dampness of the walls, the clapboards on the floor shrunken with age, an occasional grease spot or rat-hole to remind one of the carelessness of tenants in years gone by, I perceived nothing particularly worthy of observation; but I had come there from a strange love for the supernatural, and I was resolved to test the truth of the stories I had so often heard.

"I had not been long in this ghostly apartment before the door-bell rang. As it was very late, and my visit to the house entirely secretive, I hardly knew what to think; but I promptly hastened down stairs. I opened the door—not a soul there—and perceiving that the gate was, as I had left it, closed, with a heavy iron chain fastening, I returned back to the chamber considerably puzzled. I had scarcely resumed my seat again before the bell gave another strong peal. I took no notice of this, and it soon ceased. A minute interval and it again rang; this time very low, and to my fancy it sounded like the tolling for the dead. I crept down stairs; and as the melancholy sound came again jarring on my ear, and causing the wires to tremble, I sprang to the door and opened it quickly. The threshold was deserted. I rushed to the gate, but saw and heard nothing. Here was a poser at the very outset. I gravely settled it into my mind that, to say the least, all this was very strange—it might be a clever ruse of some ingenious wag, or it might be the movement of rats in the wall, or it might be—here I paused in my reverie, for other sounds now arrested my attention; it came from the adjoining room, and sounded precisely like a female's tread. I could hear her shoes go creaking across the floor as she moved nervously along. Then the distinct rocking of a cradle; then a more hurried tread of feet. Unable to contain myself longer, I snatched up the lantern and darted into the room from whence the strange noises came, and as its rays shot its soft, mellow light around I gazed eagerly for a solution of the strange mystery, and beheld—what do you suppose, gentlemen?"

"The ghost, of course," suggested our Nib.

"No, sir," replied the gloomy man, with a reproachful glance at our scribe. "I saw nothing, sir."

"Very likely," retorted the scribe, smiling.

"And," continued the gloomy man, frowning at the interruption, "from that day to this I have even since stumbled across a man or woman who could sensibly explain the origin or cause of these strange noises, but"—here the gloomy man inserted a thumb and forefinger in the buttonhole of our scribe, "I have a manuscript with me which will explain the whole thing. Do you ever publish stories in your paper if they are, for instance, founded on fact?"

"It is somewhat unusual to mingle up fact and fiction in our locals, but we might do it if the matter was not particularly flat."

"Mind you," said the gloomy man, "I don't ask any pay for the manuscript; it's a story referring to this ghostly-haunted house."

The gloomy man thereupon produced a yellow, faded roll of paper and forcing it into our reporter's hands, shivered slightly and remarked that "it was a pretty cold night." The hint failing in making the desired impression the gloomy man touched his stomach, rolled up his eyes, and went through the pantomime of emptying a glass full of some mysterious liquid down his throat; having in this delicate and touching way conveyed his appreciation of a "hot scotch," our Nib beckoned him to follow into the doorway of a popular restaurant, from whence could be heard the cheerful jingle of glasses and the musical reverberation of the pool balls. Then, while the gloomy man was sipping his hot scotch, the reporter seated himself at one of the tables unrolled, the manuscript, and, glancing momentarily at the head-line, read as follows:

THE GHOST WALKER.

It is not strange, though a materialist, you can detect nothing material in the spiritual world around you? Sympathies, associations, idiosyncrasies beget dreams, coincidences, and imaginings; but when sound becomes the radical expression of thought—when sound is more powerful and comprehensive than vision, certainly more inexplicable—does it prove that spirits are moving around us, or that our senses are merely chaotic, unreliable, and unsatisfying? Some natures refuse to accept facts unless demonstrated by ocular proof; yet Sir Walter Scott saw the apparition of a woman dressed in red every day occupying the same seat (a chair in his library) and his knowledge explained it satisfactorily, on grounds natural and philosophical. But a sound is a sound. Listen; I am a believer in ghosts—not material ones or historical shadows such that flitted through the imaginative brain of a Pompey or a Brutus, or classical hobgoblins, elfish and spritish, with Dante Inferno fairies—but a ghost of sound incomprehensible, invisible, mysterious, yet more awful in effect than a thousand superstitious fancies flitting in our erratic brains. Can sound be an expression of thought? Listen; we shall see how easily we can reconcile apparent absurdities and the incongruity of spiritualism and materialism.

I AM AN ARTIST,

a lover of the beautiful, the refined, and the classical, something, perhaps, of the pre-Raphaelite; then, too, I love the horrible, the mysterious, the unexplained. I took up my abode in a house recently, which gratified to some extent this passion—the absorbing passion of my life—to penetrate the subtle labyrinths of materialism and prove the infinity of mind. This house had been for some time unoccupied when I rented it of the too-willing landlord, who astonished me by proposing, in view of my engaging the house for one year, to give me the rent for three months. His over-anxiety created a suspicion in my mind that he had a motive stronger than the acquisition of a tenant; it led me to look around the domicile and study its surroundings. A basement composed of a moderate-sized cellar and kitchen; a parlor fronting the street, and a dining-room facing the rear opening on a porch, from whence, by steps, you ascended to the back yard; the wide hall, with a large, old-fashioned oak door, which led out in the front garden inclosed by a substantial wooden fence; two chambers and a hall bed-room on the second story, and two attics above. The dwelling was not very old; but it was somewhat out of repair. It stood isolated from all other houses, and the rear was inclosed by a high, wooden board-fence, to keep away the cattle that occasionally strayed in the neighborhood. There was nothing peculiar about the place, except that it had a certain air of uninhabitiveness natural to any unoccupied premises. The price for the house was very low, considering that tenements were then very difficult to obtain; and this again led me to suspect that the man—the landlord—was actuated by some uncommon reason for offering it at such a moderate figure.

IT LED ME TO STUDY HIM.

He was an old man, just turning the corner of sixty, with a mild, flexible face, a serious caste of countenance; but his eyes were cunning and gray, and his voice soft—just soft enough to inspire me with the idea that he might be insincere enough to keep something back, so I now knew that there must be a solid reason for wishing me a tenant, and that this insincerity or want of frankness on his part was occasioned by his anxiety to secure me as one. For reasons obvious to myself I agreed to the terms, and I and my family took possession. My wife and a little boy just three years old were hardly enough to give a cheerful character to the dismal and ghostly-appearing rooms; but in my mood for learning something yet unexplained I would have preferred to have been alone. The day following my arrival in our new homestead my wife complained that some persons unknown to her were amusing themselves by knocking at the back door, and then, as she said, running off, as she saw no one. On further questioning her, it appeared the malicious intruders had likewise entered the basement, and, while in the chambers above, she had heard them stepping around in the attic. Comparing her statement with the fact that the basement door was locked, and that no one could have effected an entrance without literally breaking into the house,

IT STRUCK ME AS PECULIAR.

While discussing this matter some one from the outside would be heard walking up the wooden steps and loudly knock on the porch door. I hurriedly opened it, and found no one there. Here was a mystery, stepping in on the toes of reality and demanding an explanation. I examined the high board fence, took a general and careful survey of the premises, and all with the same result. It was peculiar, but might be accounted for. Toward evening the front door-bell rang, but some agency was at work unknown to me, for while no one was apparently there the bell persisted in ringing. Rats might be at the bottom of this, but a patient search developed the fact that rats could not produce the sounds. When I retired a conviction impressed me that, however irrational the idea of spiritualism and materialism might seem, it was beginning to shape itself into a tangible form. Sound must express an idea—sound had developed an idea—and I must follow the idea up and test its accuracy. Near two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a tread of feet over my head, accompanied by the vibratory motion of a cradle rocking. I stole up stairs to the attic, lit my candle, and carefully scrutinized both the rooms. I did not expect to see anything unusual, but to strengthen conviction, I examined the casements; assured myself of the impossibility of their having been opened; took a survey of the entry, and returned back to my bed. The cradle-rocking already referred to commenced again, it seemed to me, faster

AND WITH A FRENZIED MOTION,

as though the mind that rocked it was agitated by some fierce, uncontrollable emotion. I listened several hours to these strange, unnatural noises, and began to waver in my past belief. Here were mind and matter coming in direct collusion. Sound was expressing thought, and thus I found it. The tread I heard overhead was a female's footstep, because it was soft and feminine in its echo; she was young, I could tell from her way of tripping across the floor, not dropping her heel as old people do, but stepping lightly on her toes. She was married; the cradle showed that, and her husband was absent was evident from the fact that she was constantly walking or rocking. She was apparently anxiously watching for some one from the nervousness of her tread; she was constantly receiving messages from the knocking on the porch door and the ringing of the bell in front. So far I had explained the theory of these strange sounds, and when evening came I deliberately walked over to the business office of the landlord.

"You have attempted to deceive me, and I wish to remind you of it."

He turned scarlet, whether from a faint suspicion I had heard the truth or that he was conscious of using deception.

"You will explain yourself," he said.

"I intend to. You have had a tenant who died in that house under very distressing circumstances."

"How do you know?"

"Listen. A couple once stopped at your house who had been married but a short time; the husband was of a roving disposition, the wife tender, loving, and confiding. One day he left her and was never heard from again. It was suspected he had deserted her. His wife watched and waited for him for weeks and months, and when at last the sad conviction forced itself to her mind that she had been duped, betrayed, forsaken, she went mad; but her lunacy was gentle. She believed he had gone and would return shortly, and was constantly rocking the cradle of her infant, and walking anxiously around, until at last she pined away and was found in the attic, her hands clasped on her breast, quite dead."

"Good heavens," cried the landlord, unable to express his astonishment. "Where did you learn all this? It did occur many years ago, and I thought the story was known only to me."

"Moreover, you have found difficulty in renting your ghostly mansion in consequence of the noises heard therein, and have lost by it hundreds of dollars."

The landlord at once acknowledged the accuracy of my statements, and apologized for the imposition. That having solved the mystery, which, as a solution, satisfies me, I had no further occasion to occupy the premises.

We moved out several days thereafter, but, though the landlord and myself became in time very good friends, I could never make him believe that all this sad story, so oft repeated, was told me by the poor creature herself, in the only intelligible language which mind and matter can communicate in this vain world of ours.

THE END.

A WAR INCIDENT.

Almost a Dead Soldier—Toying with an Unexploded Shell.

While the Union army lay at Harrison's Landing in July, 1862, quite an amusing incident occurred, which will bear relating.

It is well known that the river forms a loop about the landing, enveloping some considerable territory, and that the neck connecting with the mainland is quite narrow. Across this neck, immediately upon our occupation, we constructed a breastwork, mounted guns, &c., for defense, and to guard against surprises or sudden attacks on the part of the enemy maintained a heavy picket line still in advance.

Upon one of the posts there happened to be stationed, along toward the middle of July, a detail of some half dozen men from different regiments, and among the number a raw recruit from the backwoods of Maine.

The day was excessively hot, and, apprehending no danger, the old "vets" withdrew to a cool retreat, leaving the recruit on guard in the edge of an open field, from whence he could observe the approach of unwelcome visitors.

We had just gotten into a comfortable snooze, when bang went a shell, the pieces of which cut the branches above our heads and whistled about us altogether too closely for our comfort of mind.

Immediately every one was on his feet. The works in our rear were manned and every preparation made to meet the enemy, whom, it was supposed, was close at hand.

One thing rather puzzled all hands. No one had heard the report of a gun preceding that of the exploding shell—what could it mean?

Forming a skirmish line, we moved cautiously forward toward where the recruit had been left. The point was reached, but the embryo soldier had disappeared. There was a slight hummock or knoll in the corner of the field, close up to the timber, which attracted the attention of one of the men. Examination showed the imprint of a spherical body, and the freshly torn up earth and other signs immediately assured us all that a shell had burst there.

Prosecuting the search still further, the gun of the missing comrade was found resting against a tree in the edge of the woods, and in a few moments the body of the owner of the weapon was found lying senseless—dead, to all appearances—under a fringe of bushes a few feet from where the missile had evidently exploded.

His clothes were torn into shreds—he was covered with dirt, blood, and powder stains, but yet upon rolling him over and carefully examining his person no wounds could be detected further than those made by grains of powder or other fine substance, which had punctured the skin, and numerous scratches, principally about the face.

One of the boys poured a canteen of water over him, and another produced a small flask and allowed a few drops of "commissary" to trickle between the half-closed jaws down his throat. In five minutes all were rejoiced to see the eyes of the seeming dead man unclose. Lifting him up to a sitting posture one poured water on his head, another whisky down his throat, and everybody plied him with questions, but to these he made no response.

There was a vacant, far-away look in his eyes, and when asked "what's the matter?" he only answered: "Damfino?" "Where are you hurt?" "Damfino"—until the potent liquor had taken firm hold of him.

Presently, sitting upon the ground, his feet straight out before him, one hand resting upon the earth by his side, he raised the other, drew it across underneath his nose, wiped it upon his hip, and drawled out: "Gaul darn the old thing, it did bust, arter all."

That was all to be got from him. He was sent to hospital, where he remained for some little time, for he had been fearfully shaken up, as was subsequently ascertained.

It appeared that he had found an unexploded shell—one of those thrown at us by the small detachment of confederates which followed our retreating column—and having partially removed the fuse-cap, which, according to his story, was intact, had broken a cartridge into the cavity and entered upon a series of experiments with a burning-glass he chanced to have.

He had flashed two charges by focusing the rays of the sun, and sat upon the ground with the shell planted upon the hummock between his legs, when the third flash went off—himself with it. That was the way it happened, and it is doubtful if a similar occurrence could again take place, providing a person willing to make the experiment could be found, with as little real damage as resulted to the raw recruit from Maine in his pursuit of knowledge.

THE TAYLOE MANSION.

Something About the Building in Which the Art Loan Exhibit Is Held.

The Training School for Nurses is now raising funds for its support by means of an art loan exhibition, held in the old Tayloe house, at Eighteenth street and New York avenue. Three such exhibitions for charitable associations have been held within the last year, and much the same things having been sent each time, there ceased to be much of a novelty in the undertakings. The old house is interesting enough in itself, with its hoary legends of seventy years attached. It is a curious old octagon structure of brick, in that part of the city west of the White House and near the river. It stands a few squares above the old Van Ness place, which shelters the cottage of old David Burns, the first owner of Washington, and faces Rawlins square, where a bronze statue of that soldier stands guard. When the retreating British left the White House a smoking ruin, the President's family occupied the octagon, and stories of the doings of those days enliven its history. Since before the war it has been empty and uninhabited. The sun pours lazily over its front; children play on its worn and uneven steps by day, and ghostly visitants appear from its windows of moonlight nights. Spectral ladies rustle their grave clothes down its spiral stairways, at midnight sighs and shrieks are heard, and the delicately hung bells ring soul-freezing peals. The great uneven rooms, with their beautifully-carved wood and marble mantelpieces, and the queer recesses and hidden nooks, lend themselves admirably to decoration, and the ladies have displayed great taste in the arrangement. In one room is a collection of Washington relics and articles of colonial and revolutionary times. Mrs. General Lander presides over this place, and her talents are all demanded in the duty of entertaining and explaining. Her running descriptions are something delightful to listen to, and one could spend a whole sunny morning hearing piquant sketches she gives, and the intimate bits of history that the articles bring up. Benjamin Franklin's beer mug stands unabashed, and a barrel stave with the brand of "G. Washington" has been preserved from the shiploads of flour that the old patriarch sent to England from his mills. There is an embarrassment of riches in all the rooms, and agreeable ladies in charge to explain. A Martha Washington tea-party was the diversion of last night, and for the first time in twenty years music, dancing, and gay talk filled the old house and cheated the ghosts of their midnight revels. Hon. Hiester Clymer was one of the most interesting visitors of the past week. He and Mrs. Clymer did the collections and explored the place from garret to cellar, and, it is said, have decided to purchase the place from Mrs. Tayloe. Repairs and restorations will be made this summer, and by next winter the genial Pennsylvanian will extend his hospitality and renew the pristine glories of the ancient mansion.

Panchot Wins the Belt.

NEW YORK, March 6.—The attendance at the close of the walking match last night was slim. The gate money to divide among the five men covering 450 miles will not exceed $1,000, Panchot getting $500, Krohne $250, and Curran, Lacouse, Sullivan, and Campana $250 between them. At seven o'clock Rowell entered and walked a lap with Campana. At 8:15 o'clock Curran was presented with a five-hundred-dollar bill by an admirer. At nine o'clock the score stood: Panchot, 539; Krohne, 521; Curran, 504; Lacouse, 489; and Campana, 450. At 9:45 the match closed, and Panchot was given the belt. The score was: Panchot, 541; Krohne, 523; Curran, 504; Lacouse, 489; Campana, 450; Sullivan, 461. The estimated receipts are $17,500 and expenses $16,000. Krohne received $1,500 in presents and Curran $1,000 altogether. The Rowell-Albert-O'Leary-Vaughan match begins at 12:05 Monday morning. One dollar is to be the admission all the week. C. E. Davies bets $5,000 that O'Leary beats Vaughan and $5,000 that O'Leary beats 500 miles, square heel-and-toe.

A Trio of Broken Ties.

Three divorces were decreed in the Equity Court last Saturday by Justice Cox. Charles G. Stone obtained a legal separation from Dora L. Stone. They were married in Baltimore, Md., in May, 1869. The charges were repeated acts of cruelty and finally desertion. Susan J. Tenley was permitted for the future to live apart and independent of Andrew J. Tenley. They were united in wedlock in Greyson County, Virginia, on March 21, 1861, and his cruel treatment was more than she could endure, hence her desire for divorce. Frederick Coppes, after repeated efforts, found that his wife, Isabella Coppes, persisted in her refusal to live with him. She cleared out and went to Philadelphia, Pa. He sought and obtained a severance of the nuptial knot.

WITH A BIG N.

QUITE A SYMPATHETIC SYMPOSIUM.

The Jedges, Keyurnels, and Majahs Hold Another Council—The Policy of the New Administration Discussed and a Few Important Matters Disposed Of.

"The bottom rail must stay thar—leastwise fer fo' ye-ah mo,'" began Jedge Turkles, immediately after he had called the brethren to order, "an' the ques-shun is, shel we set onto the top rail or shel we continoo to lay alongside ov the bottom one?"

"I objec' toe further discushin' ov the subjec'," interposed Jedge Ke-ayrter, "until I hev made my pint ov ordah, sah, w'ich it is ez follows, toe wit, namely: W'en I, bein' ov a peaceable disposition, wuz perceedin' toe enter this yer buildin' I wuz obstruckshunated—an' how? By a armed man, sah—by a minyan, sah, in bloo cloz'—a soljah, sech ez succumbed us toe the will ov the people, sah. He wuz p'intin' ov his bay'net toe my breas' (w'ich I nevah hev felt fear onless on dangersome occashuns) an' makin' ov a p'int ov ordah agin *me*. 'Yo' mus' stan' back,' said the murmydon ov the bay'nut. 'I am a membah, sah,' sez I, 'W'ar' air your credenshuls?' interrogated my oppressor. 'Here in my buzzum,' I proudly replied toe him, layin' my han' ontoe my breas'. 'I am a American!' W'areupon he withdrew his p'int ov ordah an' I pas' in.

"Now, feller-citerzuns an' brothering, w'at secoority hev we agin sech owdashus purceedin's? Is Conggris toe be sot outoe; air we toe be sot onto by military saytraps, endangerin' the liberties ov our foregoes an' comeafters?"

"If the honorable jedge will permit me, I will eggsplain," interrupted Majah Shadsby, as Jedge Ke-ayrter drew in a long breath, preparatory to a fresh outburst. "I secoored the detailin' ov a individooal (at no eggspense toe this society) toe purteck us agin' wuss'r clements herin' no respec' fer our reserve rights in the bountiful repas' spread fer our espeshul benefackshun.

"It wuz misfortynit thet the individooal hed on a uniform, w'ich wuz bloo; but I hev notis' thet in a permiskus assemblidge thet thet uniform inshoors respec', w'ich we allus duz not. I am a Dimmyerat, but I hev been a soljah ov malishy, an' I respec' soljahs w'en they air servin' ov us."

The Honorable Chinwind remarked that it was high time for the people to take into consideration their rights under the Constitution—when liberty was in danger from the encroachments of armed men upon the rights of private citizens; when the Halls of Congress even were guarded by bayonets. All lovers of perfect freedom ought to unite in condemning the policy placing them there.

"Yet," added the speaker, "as no harm has been done, and we have, in fact, benefitted by the innovation, I think further discussion unnecessary."

Further debate was prevented by the chairman, who produced a copy of THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN, from which he read as follows:

"For the next four years State will invariably be spelled with a small *s* and nation with a great big N."

"Wat duz it mean?" inquired half a dozen voices.

"It means," gravely responded the Jedge, "that we air in the minority state, w'ich is a state ov cussidnis, so toe speak—it means thet, havin' wunst laid down our arms (w'ich ef we carried ov em we hed toe), we hev to continoo to be layin ov 'em down fer fo yeah mo'. It means jist w'at it sez—that we mus', ef we hev a hankerin' fer offis, spell accordin' toe the scriptur' ov the Radical dispensashun."

"Thet eloocidates a subjec' the w'ich hev considurbly bothered me," remarked Ke-yurnel Cadger. "Las' night I wuz follerin' ov a crowd ov visitin' statesmen dressed in bloo cloze, w'en some one ov em lifted up his voice an' cried: "Le's take suthin'." I took to wunst, and' we entered a gorjus palis. I lean' one elbow onto the bar an' wuz a waitin' for the peace-offerin' w'en, sez a bloo coat toe me, sez he: 'I say (hic), ole fel', howd'ye spell Nashun? 'I will capital S-tate. I don't spell it wuth a cent,' sez I, jest by way ov 'umorin' of him. 'Boys,' sez he, 'this (hic) fel' can't spell Na(hic)shun. Le's make 'im take suthin',' cried they, all ov 'em. 'Take suthin'?' sez he, ez perlite ez pie. 'In coursely I nevah refooze w'en invited,' sez I. 'Then,' sez he, 'take (hic) this,' an' he handed me a glass ov *watah*. *Watah*, mind you, an' sez I, 'I nevah take watah—not fer ablootin' purposes innardly—I—.' Then I saw stars, an' fireworks an' things, an' felt as ef a anvil had bump me on the nose. The back end ov my head telescope my hat agin the counter, an', w'ile I wuz helpless as a chile, by manipulatin' ov my nose they made me take watah—half a bucket ov it.

"'Now kin you spell *nation*?' sez my oppressors. Sez I, 'I kin; with a *N* fo' teen fut long.' Sez he, 'How doe you spell state?' Sez I, 'With nary a S.' 'He's convarted boys.' Sez he—'turn him out'—w'ich they did, an' it is remarkable how menny cowhide boots the foot w'ich escorted me toe the do' hed on. A impreshun wuz made w'ich pains me even yet."

Elder Stukey observed, "I can fully sympathize with the brother—I hev been thar—I wuz preachin' ov the gospil ov peace w'en the purceshun wuz a passin', an' hed jist remark—'ef he hed bin elected we would hev hurrah for Hancock"—w'en a individuval numb'rin' some fo' hundred, as I jedged, in a red shirt, lit ontoe me. 'Let us hev harmony," cried I, w'ich I got a hunk ov it the size ov a man's fist atween my eyes. Ov course I subsided, an' sot down with my back ontoe the pavement, until the harmonious assembiledge hed passed."

Ke-yurnel Cheeky next secured the floor. "I move," said he, "thet the proprietor ov this establisment be requested to contribute toe the public good by invitin' ov us toe take suthin' at his eggspense."

The proposition was seconded by every member present and adopted unanimously. The Ke-yurnel being appointed by the chair to make known to Jim the will of the society, withdrew, and after a brief absence returned, closely followed by Jim, bearing a tray, upon which sat two generous-sized decanters, around which numerous glasses were artistically arranged.

"Gem'm'n," said Jim, as he sat down the tray, "dis am de gennywine stuff, it am—but this chile don't fotch no mo' without de cash am ahead ob it, shuah. An' w'ats mo', nary drap teches de gem'm'n's lips dat don' drink Mars'r Garfiel' healf. Hear me?"

"I knowed it wuz a-comin', I knowed it,' muttered Jedge Turkles. "We hev got toe climb one way or anuther. We have got toe climb ontoe the top rail or climb out'n this."

"The time hez come," boldly interposed Jedge Ke-ayrter, "w'en our manhood must assert itself. Air we slaves, thet we tremble at sight ov the lash ov public opinyun? Air we ijuts, thet we hev no knowledge ov dooty? W'at is public opinyun along side ov crackers 'n cheese? W'at is dooty but drinks, w'en we kin sedooce 'em to our stummicks? For myself," he continued, "I am ready toe rise above the narrer principuls ov politics, an', as a dimmycrat ez wuz (wunst a old line Whig) an' a Republican as iz, jine with our respected host in doin' ov honah toe our new President."

So saying, he poured a brimming glass and gulped down the delicious draught in token of his change of faith.

"As for myself" said Hon. Chinwind, "it becomes me to publicly proclaim my great admiration for the head of the new administration, of which I am a humble member at $1,200 per year. Had we been beaten I should have been upon the winning side, as a matter of course. I had made every preparation to sustain a Democratic President had one been elected. I drink—most cheerfully drink, President Garfield's health."

"Its d—d rough on a man's principles (if he hev any) toe doe it—but rougher on his stummick toe refoose," growled Majah Shadsby. "I hev march in the perceshun alongside ov niggeroes—I hev swallered my words—lots ov 'em—w'en necessary, with ease. I reckon I kin swaller Garfield an' the hull radical party with whiskey: so here she goes." Suiting his actions to the words, he followed Jedge Ke-ayrter in the good work of reconciliation.

"The Lawd's will be done. Ef so be the good ov the brotherin' requires a sacrifice, I am ready toe immolate myself thusly," piously observed Elder Stukey, as he filled a tumbler and passed the decanter to Deacon Fulsome.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," remarked the deacon, as he followed suit. "The prudent man looketh well to his going," he added, as he gave way to others, who came crowding up to take the oath of allegiance for four years, at least, by drinking Jim's toast—"The President."

There was considerable remark upon the absence of Ke-yurnel Dick Mugglethorpe, who had not been seen since the day preceding the inaugural ceremonies: and as nothing more could be expected from Jim during the Ke-yurnel's absence, it was agreed that the symposium should stand adjourned to Thursday evening, by which time the committee would be ready to report, and when, as every one hoped, the missing brother might be present to aid in the deliberations.

As each member passed out he was supplied with a Garfield and Arthur badge, which was pinned upon his left breast, and in a remarkably short space of time all were busily engaged in developing the curiosity of visitors and enveloping divers "treats" secured in a manner known only to the initiated.

A NEW YORK OVATION.

Dining and Serenading the Vice-President—A Big Party at Welcker's.

Saturday afternoon and evening was devoted to serenades by visiting organizations to the Senators and Representatives from their sections, and the streets were alive with people until after midnight. Several dinner parties were also given in the evening, the most important being that in honor of the Vice-President at Welcker's. The following gentlemen, prominent in the business circles of New York, were the originators of the affair, which was one of the finest that ever took place in this city: Messrs. M. W. Cooper, L.W. Winchester, W. A. Paton, John F. Plummer, Horace Porter, Chauncey M. Depew, William Dowd, S. W. Dorsey, J. C. Reed, O. K. King, William Post, W. L. Pomeroy, E. M. Townsend, C. L. Tiffany, D. G. Rollins, J. Bell, George M. Van Nort, S. B. Erench, J. F. Smyth, D. Paton, J. P. Kingsford, J. Morgan Slade, R. P. Lounsberry, Elihu Root, Pierre C. Van Wyck, Rufus Hatch, George Bliss, T. L. James, F. A. Potts, J. McL. Nash, Walter H. Lewis, Senator Conkling, G. S. J. Sheffield, Ogden Mills, John Cochran, G. P. Hawes, Henry F. Gillig, and others were present as invited guests, the Vice-President occupying a seat at the right of Mr. W. Paton, who presided. The floral decorations of the table were of the most elaborate and tasteful designs, and were afterward sent to Mrs. Garfield with the compliments of the party. While the party were at table the Utica Citizens' Corps serenaded them, and an adjournment to the front parlors of the house was quickly carried into effect. After several choice selections by the band, the corps gave its peculiar cheer, and calls were made for the Vice-President. He responded by appearing on the porch and made a short speech, in which he thanked the corps for the honor conferred, and said he was proud to meet so many representatives of stalwart Republicanism, in which he and they believed, and was also glad to see them as friends of the senior Senator from New York, whom they all delighted to honor. Senator Conkling was then called for, and responded in a felicitous speech, in which he congratulated the corps upon the splendid appearance it presented in Friday's pageant, saying that in all the concourse no body of men outmarched them. The officers of the corps were then presented to the Vice-President, and Senator Conkling spent upward of half an hour in the ranks renewing old acquaintanceships. The corps then proceeded to the residence of Representative Prescott, on F street, and gave him a serenade. They left for home last evening thoroughly satisfied with their trip to Washington.

CONVIVIAL COLORADIANS.

The Reception Given Saturday Evening by Senator and Mrs. Hill.

One of the most pleasant receptions of the season was given by Senator N. P. Hill and lady, of Colorado, last Saturday evening, at his elegant residence on Massachusetts avenue, to all Coloradians who are visiting this city. The party were representative men, and a perfect type of pioneer enterprise. They all seemed to be in love with each other, and their large, warm-hearted host, Judge Belford, Colorado's Representative in the House, whom "the boys," as he calls them, style their "Red-Headed Rooster," "Knight of the Saffron Plume," "Sorrel-Top," &c., was present, and lent his grace to the party. To attempt to describe all the good things provided to eat, drink, and smoke would be futile. The new President and his Cabinet were discussed; the future of the great new State, funding, refunding, and fun, until after midnight, when the party and their host and hostess separated, all feeling that there was a camping place in Washington where something better than wood and water could be found—a friend's house for the weary mountaineer, who had traveled so far to see the sights. To-day the whole party will pay their respects to the President. Among those present were Hon. J. B. Belford, W. G. Fisher, R. S. Bartley, D. J. Chadwick, George T. Clark, Malvin Edwards, P. P. Wilcox, C. C. Howell, Alexander Cree, J. D. Smith, S. N. Hoyt, D. S. Bill, Marshal Silverthorne, Frank McCarthy, H. R. Waite, D. S. Babcock, L. P. Burroughs, W. S. Wicks, Dr. Richardson, J. L. Cunningham, and Mathew Cornish.

Americans and the Coercion Bill.

LONDON, March 6.—A Queenstown correspondent telegraphs that pending the passage of the coercion bill and arms act twenty Americans in the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry have appealed to Colonel E. P. Brooks, United States consul at Cork, for advice and protection, expressing fears of arrest. They were informed that if their behavior was good they need have no fear of arrest, but the consul had no power in the matter. The *Times* says that the Home-Rule members of Parliament have held a conference, Parnell presiding, at which it was decided that a majority of them shall return to Ireland, and Sunday week address their constituencies on the coercion act. All the speeches will be bold and outspoken.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE OF TWO TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSES, NOS. 1435 AND 1437 SAMSON STREET NORTHWEST.

By virtue of a deed of trust dated November 1, 1875, duly recorded in Liber No. 798, folio 330, one of the land records of the District of Columbia, and at the request of the party secured thereby, I will sell at public auction, in front of the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the city of Washington, D. C., on TUESDAY, the 8th day of MARCH, 1881, at 4:30 o'clock