"Love in the Nineteenth Century."

["Howard Glyndon," in the Independent.]

Look where they sit together face to face—
Each is the other's perfect complement;
Her bright looks lifted with impetuous grace
To his deep eyes of passionate intent.

Lovers, those two? Absurd! If you could hear
Her fluent woman's talk, his terse replies,
This seeming would not heed your vigilant ear,
And you would swear that eye's looks are lies.

They're intellectual people; and their talk
Is of the last new thing in books or art.
In short, they's doing "Hop" before they walk
To Miss Flite's lecture, quite ignoring "heart."

How dared you think these lovers? They behave
Like model friends—shun their proper places.
You were but thinking of the sigh he gave,
And of the charmed look on these two faces!

No more to build on? Wait! A pinkish leaf
From the blush rose in her bosom flutters down.
As if dislodged by some sharp throb of grief,
And settles on her simple robe of brown.

I think, despite of "shop," there's not an inch
Of all her dainty fashioning that his looks
Have not gone over; though he does not flinch
At her keen banter, and talks close of—books!

And so, of course, his eyes have seen the fall
Of that pink waif, wrecked by her bosom's swell;
He bends and picks it up at—that is all;
There is no story, nothing more to tell.

No more? But mark with what a reverend hand
He stirs her dress folds now he lifts the leaf—
As if some tidy impulse understand,
Came through their puzzling talk to his relief.

But when he thinks her looks are other where
He sudden lifts it to his waiting lips;
Her eyes surprise him and color rare
Her forehead's whiteness holds in warm eclipse.

I said there was no story; but two looks
Crossing each other. That was long ago.
Neither is married, both all deep in—books!
As is the fashion, Mind to part said, No!

The Spanish Bank.

Private advices from Havana to the 11th instant state that the Commission engaged in examining the affairs of the Spanish Bank have ascertained that it has issued $104,000,000 in paper currency, instead of $60,000,000, as acknowledged by the bank in its published statement, and that the enormous circulation is based on a capital of only $6,000,000. The basis of this over-issue is stated to have been a loan to the Captain-General of less than $50,000,000 in paper currency, without specie to back up the note. As if this were not bad enough, a large quantity of counterfeit notes have been discovered, and the result is a financial panic in Havana.

A method for the detection of blood is proposed, which depends upon its effectiveness upon the character of certain crystals, obtained by a proper chemical treatment. It appears that, when blood is treated by alkalies or raids, hematine is formed; this, being combined with hydrochloric acid, gives characteristic crystals. The general process for obtaining this result is described as follows:

A small drop of dried blood placed on a glass slide is dissolved in a drop of water, and a minute portion of salt—chloride of sodium—is then added. This is then covered by a thin slide, and pure acetic acid introduced between the slides which are subsequently heated by a spirit lamp till the inclosed liquids reach the boiling point. This process of adding acetic acid and then heating is repeated till the characteristic crystals are obtained. When observed under a magnifying power of three or four hundred diameters, these appear rhomboidal in form, and of a dirty brown color. The reaction is extremely delicate, and, by means of it, the minutest quantities of blood can be distinguished.

As an item of scientific intelligence, the editor of Silliman's Journal publishes the following note on subterranean fishes in California. We give it to our readers in the confidence that it would not have received the indorsement of that journal until its truth was verified by reliable evidence: It appears that the agent of the California Petroleum Company at Sanguenaventura, wanting water to supply the company's want at that point, determined to sink an artesian well on the sea beach, not five feet from the high water mark. At the depth of one hundred and forty-six feet a strong flow of water was obtained, which spouted to a height of thirty feet. Soon after, the attention of the agent, Mr. Bard, was directed to the fish with which the water of the well abounded, and which, on examination, proved to be young trout, thousands of them being thrown out at every jet." They were all of the same size, about two inches in length, and were perfectly developed, the eyes being almost perfect. As the temperature of the water, as it comes from the well, is 64 degrees Farenheit, the fish must have entered it but a short time before their expulsion, since they could not have lived long in such high temperature, and yet the the nearest surface stream was several miles distant.

A story told by M. Legouve, a certain *matiness litteraires* in Paris, is a solecism committed by Scribe, the dramatic author, is calculated at the present juncture to send an uneasy shiver through the frames of the impulsive and loquacious. The second empire had just been inaugurated when Scribe met a former school-fellow of his, an important personage, whom the writer calls M. de Verteuil. "Well," said he to Scribe, "what are you about? Any new comedy on the stocks?" "Yes," replied the dramatist, "I have got a charming subject. A peer of France under Louis Philippe, who becomes a Senator under Napoleon III. Imagine the comic situation afforded by this character in his attempts to reconcile his past with his present allegiance. It will be glorious!" Here the friends were parted by the crowd. Scribe returned home in a thoughtful mood. "I am afraid," thought he, "that my subject is not as good as I supposed. De Verteuil is a clever fellow. I fully unfolded the plot to him. But he did not laugh. That's a bad sign." While thus musing, Scribe opened the evening paper and read the following: "M. de Verteuil, peer of France, is appointed Senator."

Austria is the first country to adopt measures for the introduction of cremation as a mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. Sir Henry Thompson's paper on cremation has been translated twice into German, once at Cologne and once in Gratz, a city in Austria containing a population of 70,000. The Austrian publication was prefixed by an introduction written by Dr. Kolb, formerly physician to the King of Belgium. Influenced, it is said, by this paper, the Communal Council of Vienna has adopted, by a large majority, a proposal to establish in the cemetery the necessary apparatus for burning the bodies, the use of which will be optional and open to all. The Council of Gratz has passed a similar resolution.

Rattling Dead Men's Bones.

[Courier Journal.]

The death of Mr. Sumner was received in the South with universal expressions of regret. Those expressions were not verbose, but they were respectful and sincere. The Southern people, if excitable and impulsive, are placeable and kindly. They are also decent. Throughout the Southern press we fail to meet one single brutalism touching the dead Senator.

We wish we could say as much for the Northern press. Though disinclined to make sectional references, or raise up sectional issues, we must record the intolerable disgust with which the course of certain of the most recognized journals on the other side of the line have filled us. Even a journal so intelligent and non-partisan as the Daily Graphic comes to us with a picture representing Mr. Sumner seated at his desk, behind him the sneaking form of Preston Brooks with an uplifted bludgeon, and above

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

After the exagerated reports which have been published for sensational effect, of the condition of the people in Bengal, it is a relief to learn the true state of affairs. A writer in the New York Herald gave the other day the number of persons threatened with starvation at 65,000,000. The latest information from the Governor-General of India has now come to hand, and the worst anticipations do not bring up the number of distressed people to 3,000,000. The area of the distressed districts is well ascertained and comprises parts of districts of Tirhoot Sarna, Chumparun, Bhagulpore, Purneah and Dinagepore.

It is expected that there may be slight distress in other districts, but none of importance. The vice-regal telegram to Lord Salisbury goes on thus:

"Orders of government rice amount to 429,000 tons, of which 350,000 from beyond sea. Of this quantity 100,000 arrived. We have been keeping up for some while a constant stream of from 2,000 to 2,500 tons a day into distressed districts.

Private trade is bringing in grain from Northwest and Punjaub at the rate of 1,000 tons a day. Local transport, which has been main difficulty, now fairly well organized. Over 50,000 carts now employed in districts north of Gangds, under contracts, in bringing in government grain, will shortly be increased to 70,000.

In worst districts distribution of relief is being given by circles of moderate area, each village being visited and dealt with.

Two deaths from starvation reported in Monghyr. None elsewhere yet, but if parts the lowest classes are gradually becoming pinched, and without government measures severe and extensive famine would already have begun.

Cannot as yet speak with certainty of some parts, such as Rungpore, which Sir Richard Temple is about to visit, but on the whole my present impression is that the difficulties of supply, transport and local organization, although very great, have been or will be overcome.

Great difficulty from disinclination of people to apply for relief; therefore, although stringent tests will be carefully avoided in the worst districts, and every means taken to supply the people with food. I cannot guarantee, in dealing with a population so numerous, and scattered over an area so large and difficult of access, that cases of starvation may not occur.

Estimated famine expenditure to end of February, rather over £2,500,000.

Subscriptions from private sources are flowing in rapidly. The Indian government have advanced £3,000,000. A subscription at Calcutta has already reached £100,000, which is as much as England sent to Chicago, and all the principal cities in the United Kingdom, except Machester, Birmingham and Liverpool, they say, are doing a great deal.

The gratitude of the native Indians for what the government has doe for them is warmly expressed. They are in deep wonder and thankfulness at the kindness of the "great Sakar" and the "good Empress Queen of India," and regard the action of the government as such as "no King before them ever did." While acknowledging the magnitude of the calamity there is, therefore, much reason for hope

A correspondent of the Atlanta *Herald* says that he was present when Stephen A. Douglas made a witty remark at Howell Cobb's expense, which has been much distorted by repetition. Mr Cobb gave a social party, to which Mr. Douglas was invited, in honor of the Georia delegates to the Baltimore Democratic Convention. A constituent of Cobb called on the party to fill up, as he had a toast. He said, "Here's to Howell Cobb, may he live to be President of the United States." Douglas, quick as lightning, said with a laugh: "By George, Cobb, your friend is wishing you a very long life." All enjoyed the joke, including Cobb.

The thirty young ladies who are to carry the temperance war to the Pacific coast will leave Washington, Indiana, this week for Omaha. After singing to the whisky sellers there they will visit Reno, Virginia City, Sacramento, San Francisco, and lesser places. As they are young, and probably pretty, the batchelors of the Pacific are awaiting the raid with eager anxiety. One California editor fears they will be absorbed before they reach Grass Valey.

"Don't Charley."

"Don't, Charley," came to my years in a sweet, musical tone while I was seated in a railway car, last summer. I should not have heard the soft, turning voice, had it not been very near me. I looked to see who it was that had spoken, and saw a sweet, beautiful woman upon the seat in front of me. A half sad look rested upon the young face that was all aglow with love and tenderness. A young man was seated by her side whose face wore a restless, dissipated look, and in a moment comprehended it all. His face was flushed slightly, and I knew why it was thus. He was talking very fast to some one in advance of him, and once I heard a low oath. "Don, Charley," she said again, in the same sweet voice. But Charley did not seem to heed her words, but went on in a half wild way to the man. Several more oaths came from his lips; but the woman remained silent, yet looking so pleadingly at the erring one that I thought, if he had been half human, he would have heeded the mild, loving reproof that was so visible in her tear dimmed eyes.

A friend by my side whispered in my ear, "They have been married just one year."

"He is a brute," I only said in reply.

At that moment I saw the young husband wink slyly to the man, and then they both arose and went into the baggage-car. I understood the movement when I saw a bottle protruding from the husband's coat pocket.

"Don't, Charles, don't go," the young wife had pleaded before he got beyond her reach; but he tore himself from her light grasp, and rushed along. Her eyes filled with tears, and a low moan came from her pale lips, and then she bowed her head and wept silently.

He came back in a few moments, his face flushed still more, and his voice was a key or two louder than before. He brushed rudely past the wife, evidently to get near the car widow

"Let me alone, Mag," he said as she laid her white hand upon his arm. "Women are always in the way," he said, again turning to the man in front of him.

The wife turned away, and I did not hear her sweet, reproving voice again.

How pitied that young, loving wife, and how often I wonder if her sensitive heart must suffer and bleed for many long years! I think not; for her tender, loving soul, and frail, slender body will not bear such unkindness. Strange how soon liquor will transform human beings into unfeeling monstes, and chill the ardent, loving nature of a tender husband and trusting wife.

[American Temperance Union.

The Pennsylvanians want the Government to build a canal over the Alleghenny Mountains. It will cost only $20,000,000, and is a "National" enterprise, of course, like the Philadelphia Centennial. Why not tunnel under rather than dig over? We have advocates of an eight-mile tunnel through the same mountain range in Southwestern Virginia—also a "National" enterprise—and a Government machine to turn out unlimited greenbacks. Why not?

What a horrible idea is the following:

If ever I marry a wife,
I'll marry a landlord's daughter;
And then I [illegible] at the bar,
And drink [illegible] bourbon and water.

CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

Republican Programme for the Rest of the Session—Cheap Transportation—The House Night Debates—Preparing for a Great Revolution of Parties.

[N. Y. Herald.]

The House of Representatives having, by resolution, formally declared that in the power to regulate commerce "among the States" Congress has the power to regulate the railroads of the country, in their freights and fares from one State to another; and the committee on the subject having reported "a bill to regulate commerce by railroads in the several States," and the members of the great West, with an eye to the sufferings, the demands and the expectations of their constituents, desiring to place themselves right upon the record, and the daylight deliberations of the House being devoted to other matters, the bright idea of a night session of an hour or two has been adopted for the discussion of cheap transportation. Thus the members charged with statistics of Western wheat and corn, and the extortions of railways in the transportation of corn and wheat to the seaboard, are furnished the opportunity for the delivery of their speeches, and for their publication in the *Congressional Record*, and thence in the local papers which circulate directly among their constituents.

THE GRANGER INFLUENCE.

These night sessions, therefore, apart from any design or expectation of passing the bill "to regulate commerce by railroad in the several States," serve the immediate purpose of placing these Western members right upon the record before the Grangers. These Grangers will require in the coming fall, when the elections for the next Congress will be the crucial test, a strict account on cheap transportation from every member of the House dependent upon their suffrages. And, if the gentleman from Des Moines, for instance, when called to the book, can produce or refer to a speech which he delivered in March, April or May in the House, setting forth the hardships, the extortions and losses imposed on the Western farmers through the despotism of the railway combinations upon which they are dependent for the carrying of their crops to market, and demanding the intervention of Congress, the gentleman from Des Moines will pass the grangers' inspection, and his reelection will be assured. He knows there is no prospect for the passage of the pending bill this session, unless the grangers bring a powerful lobby to bear directly upon the two houses; he knows that the grangers have not, as yet, "got the hang of the lobby," but he knows that they expect him to agitate and ventilate this matter of cheap transportation, and he knows, too, that in the line of his duty lies the road to preferment. Hence these night sessions.

AN EXHAUSTIVE DISCUSSION TO BE HAD.

But there is much more in them than speeches for buncombe. They are the breaking of the ground upon a new and difficult question of the grandest proportions—a question which the Herald several years ago foresaw would before long become a leading political question. Every great revolution or reform in human affairs is preceded by a season of agitation, sometimes "short, sharp and decisive," and sometimes protracted and prosecuted till pushed to a conflict of arms. Every advance made in our political history, from the constitution of 1789 to the fifteenth amendment, is marked by its period of agitation, though most conspicuous upon our calendar stands the slavery agitation, ended at last only in a deluge of blood and fire. This new, gigantic and embarrassing question of cheap transportation, in its turn, can be settled only through a thorough and general agitation—an exhaustive discussion in Congress, by the press and among the people. This is understood in the House, and these night sessions on the subject mark, at least the regular opening of this exhaustive discussion.

A REVOLUTION OF PARTIES.

The power of Congress over the railroads of the country is affirmed; but how and how far shall or can it be applied? The obstacle of State rights is already interposed against the bill before the House, limited as it is in its regulations of railways and their commerce among the States. There are signs of influences at work for the organization of a powerful railway coalition against this bill. The old United States Bank, which in its conflict with General Jackson required all his force of character, tenacity of purpose and great popularity to put down, was a mere flea bite compared with the stupendous moneyed power of a combination of even two or three of our present monster railway corporations. There are, perhaps, appliances of this stupendous power, awaiting the development of this conflict between the railway kings and the people, before which the Credit Mobilier transactions will sink into general contempt. The conflict on State rights threatens a disruption of the Democratic party; and, first, the demoralization, and next the reconstruction of the Republican party; but, from present indications, the bill for the regulation of the railways will not disturb either party in this Congress until after the coming fall elections for next Congress.

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME

The Republican programme for the present session embraces a compromise on banking and currency, which may serve as a tub to the whale; a cutting down of the appropriation bills to the saving of $20,000,000 and $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 of additional taxation, to eke out the needful supplies for the Treasury; some incidental custom-house reforms, and the postponement to December next of the bill for the regulation of railways. But the speeches at these night sessions may be compared to the skirmish line of an army advancing to feel the enemy's position, and the main battle will be opened in the fall elections.

The Plebiscitum.

The Prince Emperial has shown that shrewdness which, either by himself or by aid of others, he would be pretty certain to display, in offering to trust his fortunes to a plebiscitum. A plebiscitum is gracefully supposed to be an appeal to the people. Such an appeal in favor of the Napoleon dynasty, with the sentiment of the Marshalate in its favor, would not be unlikely to lift the young Louis to the throne. This, though France loves a surprise, would be, on many accounts, a better plan than a *coup d'etat;* for, even if the latter were successful it would so trammel the young sovereign in the claims of those who aided it, that he would find his hands tied in the beginning. Three generations of Bonapartes give a title to the crown as nearly legitimate as anything France can offer at present. There has been no legitimist monarch since 1830, and no Orleanist since 1848, and if there is to be a monarchy in place of the present bastard attempt at republicanism, the young Prince of Chiselhurst has certainly as good a title as any one to the crown.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The study of geography has attained great prominence within the past forty years, having become so connected with geology and botany as really to become a science. The Boston Globe says: "The young folks of the present day are perfectly competent to convict their fathers and grandfathers of gross ignorance in geography. One of the ideals of Agassiz was to write a book on the geographical distribution of plants and animals. We remember hearing him say, 'The fact is, gentlemen, God seems to have given animals legs in order that they shouldn't run away.'"

Popular Weather Signs.

Would it not serve a useful purpose if some scientific meteorologist were to gather into a mass the various weather signs—whether valuable or not—treasured by the farmers and other common-sense people of the country, and then sift them, so that those of real value may have their proper influence, and those which are merely fanciful may cease to mislead?

That there are weather signs in abundance, everybody knows. That the greater part of these signs are utterly valueless, every person of intelligence can testify. Yet that they do practically of crops, and of their after culture, will be acknowledged by many who would not be suspected of the folly, and who can give no other reason for it than the force of habit.

"We are going to have a dry month," said a farmer the other day.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"By the Indian's sign of the new moon," he replied. "Its horns hung so sloping that they could hold no water."

His companion laughed. "Why that's my Injun sign for a wet moon. The horns slope so that they let loose all the water."

The sign in the one case was no doubt as prophetic as in the other.

"Always plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon, if you wish to have a full crop," I heard my neighbor say. "But never kill your pork, nor boil your soap at such a time, unless you are willing to have them shrink to nothing."

"What is your authority for this?"

"I have always so heard," he answered with some hesitation, "and always so practiced. Potatoes, you know, being roots, naturally love darkness. And soap and bacon—I suppose they take their cue from the state of the moon. The fact is, I only know that this is the old-time rule."

"We are to have a frost on the 19th of May," said a farmer to me on the 5th of April.

I was shocked, for he looked wise and ingubrious, and a frost at that time in our latitude would have cost millions of dollars. I asked, "How do you know?"

"Because we had a fog on the 19th of March."

He saw me smiling, and added, "I have heard this rule ever since I was a boy, and it has never failed yet."

"The surest rule I know for foretelling the weather throughout the year," said a planter, possessed of at least a semi-collegiate education, "is to note the twelve days between new Christmas and old Christmas (from December 25 to January 6). The months of the ensuing year are apt to be wet or dry, cool or warm, according to the days corresponding." He seriously declared that for many years he had "pitched his crop" and ordered his plantation work under the guidance of this rule, and found that it served well. No doubt, for that amount of time in advance, it was quite as good as any other rule in ordinary use.—*F. R. G., Hearth and Home.*

A member of the French Assembly proposes to levy a tax on bachelors. They are to be compelled to pay eight dollars a head, and thirty-five is the age at which a disposition to confirmed celibacy may be considered settled. The revenue to be derived from this source is supposed to equal two millions of money. We do not know, of course, what may be the feeling of the French bachelordom regarding this matter. They will probably retaliate by proposing a tax on babies. The most maligned classes of persons in the world are undoubtedly bachelors and mothers-in-law, and the serious question is suggested: If there were no mothers-in-law would there be any bachelors, or wouldn't every man be his own father? The United States, from its very name, is a conjugal country. And yet the eligible maidens sigh for fashions beyond the simple tasts of their grandmothers; the ineligible lament the frivolities of the giddy-headed; the divorce court is never idle; and things generally are mixed. It will not do to tax bachelors in this Republic. Levy a tax on extravagant daughters and ambitious mammas, and bachelors will soon be as difficult to find as volunteers during a military draft.

Restoring the Democracy.

It is very evident from the result in New Hampshire that the Democratic party is not "a dead corpse." On the contrary, it is a vigorous, active and lively machine. The Tribune is verdant enough to fancy that it can demolish both parties and build up a new one. The Tribune, like all young converts, is full of enthusiasm, wind, bombast, and spread eagles. The Tribune is in politics is what a bull is in a china shop—it may do harm, but when it flops its tail and kicks up its heels, and flings them blindly and loosely about, it is very certain it can not accomplish much good, but is much more certain to hurt someby.

The Tribune, if it had practical sense, ought to see that the Democratic Party is not going under, but is likely, under judicious leaders, and with the assistance of stupid and blundering Republicans, and with the aid and comfort of the Tribune, and its unhappy echoes, to become a success. The two latter, Democracy is sure to have, but there is some doubt about judicious leaders. We repeat, it is time the Tribune began to realize that it must fail in building up a new party. Its enthusiasm and its prejudice have carried it where we do not believe it expected to reach—the enemy's camp. We do not believe it proposes to enter. By the by, when it sees the wreck and ruin it has made, it will be reminded of the story of the old gentleman and the irascible bull. Lest the Tribune may have forgotten it, we will tell it briefly, to point a moral:

As the old gentleman was leisurly proceeding across lots, he pulled from his pocket a red bandanna pockethandkerchief to wipe his fevered brow. The bull became excited at the sight of the red wipe, and went for the old gentleman. The old gentleman went for the nearest fence—the bull got there just in time to help him over, tearing a large rent in his pants. The old gent, recovesing from his fright and realizing the damage done to his wardrobe, looked up and saw the bull on the other side of the fence, when he observed to him: "You need not stand there bowing and scraping, consarn ye—ye meant to do it." So will the public say to the Tribune when it restores the old Bourbon Democracy to power. "You meant to do it."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "Grangeism, if we may be permitted to coin the word, is likely to meet the fate in Massachusetts that befel President Johnson in Washington, viz., impeachment, for several of the mystic agricultural lodges in that highly pastoral State are made up mainly of horny-handed lawyers—plowmen who turn furrows in nothing firmer than carpets. These sons of soil are assisted in their labors by doctors, dentists, druggists, dispensers of dry goods and dealers in hardware. These persons, bound together by dreadful oaths, and known one to the other through the medium of occult grips, are pledged to be now, henceforth and forever, devoted Patrons of Husbandry. They manage this matter of protecting the sons of the scythe and harrow, and daughters of the milk-pan and churn, much better in the rural far West than in the manufacturing down East, and, if the Grangers of Iowa and Minnesota do not watch closely, they will be betrayed into the closest of bargains by the shrewd old monopolists of New England arrayed in the garb of gregarious Graagers."

Don't fail to see the "Black Crook" at the Academy.

Dr. Porteous.

We know that the eloquent Porteous
Received from the Bishop so courteous,
A letter, which pointedly told him
He could not and would not enfold him
Within his Episcopal license;
Because, so the Bishop wrote, "My sense
Revolts at all witty allusions;"
You'll find, throughout my effusions,
(And this is both practice and teaching)
"Not one word of wit in my preaching."

A. W. H.

The Little Bohemienne.

She sits in the sunshine under the wall,
And the roses red their petals let fall,
With fragrance as fresh and color as rare
As that they offer the proud lady fair,
Over the little Bohemienne.

She hath traveled from far this summer day,
Through the blinding dust and heat of the way;
And her soft lashes lock tired lids o'er eyes
As blue as the brightest bluebird that flies
Over the little Bohemienne.

Her cheeks are as dusty and warm as wine,
And her small teeth whitely through her red lips shine,
And her dainty head, with its rose-leaf crown,
Is as she breast of the swallow, nut-brown,
Watching the little Bohemienne.

Soiled are her feet, and all tattered her dress,
Which the sunshine touches with soft caress;
But she murmurs in sleep, with a careless smile,
Up-tossing her bare, dimpled arms the while,
"O, I'm a little Bohemienne!"

And the flowers fall down and breezes creep
To kiss the young maiden in happy sleep;
To offer her homage as vagrants do,
To the queen of the realm of nature, true,
Where reigns the little Bohemienne.

MARIE LE BARON.

A philosophical Kentuckian who had but one shirt, and was lying in bed while the garment was drying in the yard, by an exclamation from his wife that the calf had eaten it. "Well," said the Kentuckian, "well, them who has must lose."

Among the carriers for the British army in Ashantee were 1400 women. They were treated with a brutality rarely practiced on animals, being kept standing in the hot sun for hours after their arrival at a station, and fed scantily on water and biscuits.

Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant, assisted by Mr. Sydney Howard Gag, has in preparation a "Popular History of the United States." The work is to begin with the earliest authentic history of the Western Continent, though not ignoring the earlier mythical period, and to come down to the close of the first century of American independence. It will require not less than three volumes, and is to be profusely illustrated from original designs.

An Ebony Bunsby.

"Julius, is you better dis morning?"

"No! I was better yesterday, but I got over it."

"Am der no hopes, den, ob your discovery?"

"Discovery of what?"

"Your discovery from the convalescence which fotched you on your back."

"Dat 'pends, Mr. Snow, altogedder on de prognostifications which amplify the disease; should they terminate fatally, the doctor thinks Julius is a gone nigger; should day not terminate tatally, he hopes dis colored individual die anoder time. I said before, it all 'pends on the prognostics, and till dese come to a head it is hard telling wedder the nigger will discontinue dis time or not."—*Hartford Times.*

In a speech delivered at Faneuil Hall, March 7, 1850, Daniel Webster gave utterance to the following:

"If the infernal fanatics and Abolitionists ever get power in their hands, they will override the Constitution, set the Supreme Court at defiance, change and make laws to suit themselves, lay violent hands on those who differ with them in their opinions, or dare question their infallibility, and finally bankrupt the country and deluge it in blood."

A French periodical states that the sale of artificial eyes in Paris amounts to 400 a week. The demand for artificial eyes is much grsater than would commonly be supposed, and large numbers are exported to India, and even to the Sandwich Islands.

A Vienna journal contains the following advertisement: "Anna Agrikoi, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies." Mrs. Agrikoi, it would appear, is a rather handy lady.

It will be something of a relief to England to get the remains of Livingstone safely lodged in Westminster Abbey.

A captain in the English navy has been informed by an experienced cannibal, that there is nothing so delicious as a little boy's ankle. This is rather severe on nice girls.

A London daily journal tells of a man who "attempted to commit suicide, and died from his self-inflicted injuries a few hours afterwards." If such was the melancholy result of a mere attempt, what extraordinary ill would have betallen him had his effort been crowned with complete success?

A St. Petersburg correspondent writes: "While upon the subject of balls I may note that at the Winter Palace the other night the ball-room was lit by 5500 wax lights, and the whole suite of saloons and supper-rooms by 26,600. The exact number of persons who sat down to supper was 1950, and your readers may judge of the cost of the feast when I say that one dish, of which there was far more than enough for all, was of exceedingly fine asparagus. Now, they tell me that asparagus in St. Petersburg, at this time of the year, for a supper of 2000 persons, could not possibly have been bought for less than four thousand roubles, or between five and six hundred pounds." Think of three thousand dollars' worth of asparagus for an evening party!

Columbus Enquirer; "A gentleman, lately from Montgomery, Ala., tells us a Columbus lady met an old colored woman on the streets whom she knew. She met her with "Howdy, Aunt Maria." The aged negress raised herself erect, placed her arms akimbo, and remarked, loftily, looking sidewise: "I ain't yer aunt, and I ain't yer uncle; Ise yer exal." The lady passed on, convulsed with laughter.

The life of Charles Dickens teems with interest; his death gives a most salutary lesson. An eminent medical writer gives a short summary of the various shocks to the system of Dickens, which naturally weakened him and predisposed his frame to affliction, and gives the most conclusive evidence that paralysis, which ended the great literateur's earthly career, was due almost exclusively to that very act of his life which drew admiring thousands to listen to the delineations in person of the leading characters of his published works. On leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124. Thus, while his audiences were rejoicing over talented histrionic display, the efforts of the reader himself were driving nails into his coffin.

"There's not a man in Ireland's isle,
Where the dirtiy vermin musthers,
But St. Patrick put his howly fut,
And murthered them in clusthers.
The toads went dash, the frogs went splash,
All jumpin' in the wather;
And the scanakes committed shuicide
To save themselves from scilhaughter."

Bergen, in Norway, is the rainiest town in the world.

James Donnelly, said to be from St. Louis, was shot and killed Sunday morning last in Vicksburg, whilst resisting arrest by an officer.

Beecher on his Love for Nature.

Oh, let me tell you a little bit about myself once in a while. I wouldn't take all the books of the Alexandrian library for the comfort I get out of nature. Nay, I had almost said, I would rather lose my Bible than my world. There is no sunlight that does not speak to me of God. I sit down on the hill-side in the summer afternoon, and the grasshopper jumps over me freshmanlike, jumping first and looking where he will land afterward. I sit so still that the birds forget me, and sing as though I was not there. The ants creep all over me. I am in fellowship with all. I am never so near to Him. This earth is a cathedral, whose windows are painted with rare beauty. Every day is a leaf in God's outside Bible. I did not once enjoy all this, but I owe to Ruskin more than to any theologian. Eyes I had, but saw not, ears I had, but didn't hear. I have become Hebraized. I have gone back to the noble stock, to the people who learned to discover the invisible God by the use of things seen.

A critic of some position had thought proper to animadvert rather adversely on one of Catalina's personations, and her reply was this: "When God has given to a mortal such extraordinary talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honor it as a miracle. It is sheer profanity to deprecate the gifts of Heaven."

Louisville brags of her tobacco trade.

MULES FOR SALE.

Twenty young MULES, in fine order, used to steady work. Will be sold on very reasonable terms, for cash or city acceptance. A fine opportunity is offered planters and others to secure splendid stock inside of market rates. The animals can be examined and fully tried on the premises. JAMES WADDICK,
Tchoupitoulas street (river side), between Valmont and Leontine.
Upper Tchoupitoulas or Levee cars pass the gate.
mh26 3t

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Thursday, March 26, 1874.
AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Great Success of the New
BURLESQUE BLACK CROOK,
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First GRAND BLACK CROOK MATINEE Saturday. Monday, March 30, ALICE HARRISON, LEONA DARE, QUILTER and GOODRICH, and NIEL CONWAY. mh26

A CARD

The fourth section of the series of the Young Men's Christian Association lectures will be delivered by Prof. JOSEPH JONES, of the Louisiana University. Subject: "The Limited Nature of Man's Knowledge of the Creator, derived from the investigation of the Principal laws of the Universe," on Thursday Night, March 26, at 8 o'clock. Admission twenty-five cents. mh26—M&Elt

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BY PLACIDE J. SPEAR, AUTCTIONEER—Office 46 Exchange Alley—FRIDAY, March 27, 1874, at 11 o'clock a. m. will be sold at No. 378 Barone street, next to the corner of Thalia street, the contents of said residence, consisting in part of the above enumerated Furniture.
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KEEP & RAYMOND,
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Offer for sale in store and to arrive—
150 casks Clear SIDES—Louisville,
50 " Bacon SHOULDERS "
300 bbls Mess PORK "
50 " Rump "
50 tcs. Rawson HAMS
75 tcs. Cincinnati best brands,
50 tcs. Magnolia " "
150 tcs. Schaeffer's Refined LARD,
200 kegs choice Kettle "
75 firks. selected Goshen BUTTER,
1000 bbls. Plant's Extra FLOUR,
200 " " Central "
2000 " XX, XXX and Family FLOUR,
300 " K. D. CORN MEAL. mh25—3t

FRESH COLEMAN'S MUSTARD,
TURKISH PRUNES, NUTMEGS, ETC.
45 bbls, ¼, ½ and 1 lb. Colman's Mustard.
20 cases, ¼, ½ and 1 lb. D. S. F. Mustard.
25 casks choice Turkish Prunes.
50 cases Penang Nutmegs.
250 bbls Guinness Porter, bottled by E. & J. Burk.
Landing and for sale by
SMITH & McKENNA,
mh24 3t Nos. 85, 87 and 89 Poydras street.

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50 Boxes Breakfast BACON.
250 casks Clear Bacon SIDES.
50 casks Clear Rib SIDES.
50 casks Bacon SHOULDERS.
50 casks Dry Salted SHOULDERS.
50,000 lbs. Dry Salted Clear SIDES.
50,000 lbs. Dry Salted Clear Rib SIDES.
100 bbls. Heavy Overweight Rump PORK.
100 bbls. Rump PORK.
100 bbls. kiln-dried CORN MEAL.
100 tierces S. C. HAMS, very choice.
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FINNY, SHEEHAN & RUSS.
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