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SPACE.	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
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Four "	12 00	16 00	28 00	35 00	62 00

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News of the Week.

DOWN EAST.

—Philadelphia—In the case of David Scull against the Kensington Bank, for the recovery of $20,000 in Government bonds, stolen from a box deposited for safe keeping, when the bank was robbed in 1871, the jury after being out two days, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

—Senator Murphy, director of the East River Bridge Company, says $11,000,000 will be required to complete the entire work, $9,000,000 for the bridge proper, and the remainder for land damages in constructing the approaches.

—Commodore Vanderbilt has given $5,00,000 for the purpose of erecting a large seminary for females, on the grounds of the Moravian Church, at Newport, Staten Island, to be built on the plan of the seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, also endowed by the Commodore.

—A statement is published based on information derived from a Tombs' official, that Foster took poison the night before the execution. About 8 o'clock yesterday morning, the patron of the Tombs found Foster sick, and on explanation he then admitted he had taken poison. The man's symptoms in every way confirmed suspicions. On this account the Sheriff hastened the execution, and while many believed the duration of religious exercises were telling on Foster's nerves, it was in reality the weakness caused by the poison that was acting on him. The Tombs' physician says Foster would have died if the execution had been delayed until 10 o'clock.

OUT WEST.

—Lieut. Fred Grant has been assigned to duty on Gen. Sheridan's staff, at Chicago.

—St. Louis—The strike on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Norther Railroad is practically ended. The Company has over fifty new engineers, and the freight trains have resumed running. About forty strikers, and those engaged in obstructing the road, destroying property and interfering with trains, are now in jail at different points, and will be prosecuted to the utmost extent of the law.

—St. Louis has contracted for a waterworks engine, to cost $280,000.

IN GENERAL.

—The changes in the post-office law abolish all free matter after the 30th of June next, and the effect will be to break up all free exchanges of newspapers. The postage on newspapers may be prepaid, as heretofore, at the office of delivery.

—The practicability of a ship canal through Nicaragua has been settled by the labors of the present United States surveying party.

—The American ship Europa from New Orleans for Liverpool with a cargo of 3,476 bales of cotton, five hundred tierces lard and two thousand staves, was totally destroyed by fire when three hundred miles off the southwest pass. Loss estimated at $375,000. Capt. Fulton and the crew of the Europa were brought to the southwest pass by the British ship Spankenbo. The Europa belonged to Houghton & Rose, Bath, Maine, and was registered 1,176 tons.

—It is said that the recent advantage in the price of pork is owing to a heavy demand from the larger and wealthier countries of Europe for pork to be converted into bacon for army food.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—A Porto Plata, San Domingo, letter, states there is considerable excitement there, growing out of the following circumstances: On the announcement of the lease of Samana Bay to Americans, one Mezzi, formerly Governor of Porto Plata, protested against President Baez's action, gathered some followers and threatened to attack Porto Plata. Gonzales, the present Governor of Porto Plata, sent a few government troops and dispersed Mezzi's followers. Mezzi and his two sons fled, finally taking refuge in the private residence of British Consul Hamburger. Gonzales sent to Hamburger, demanding that they be given up to him, but Hamburger refused, claiming that the British flag protected fugitives in his private residence as if they were at his official consulate office. Gonzales ordered the refugees to be taken by force, and they were thus taken from the residence. Hamburger protested, and is reported to have sent for an English man-of-war. The course of Gonzales is indorsed by President Baez, and the prisoners have been sent under guard from Porto Plata to St. Domingo.

—Paris—Important correspondence has passed between France and Spain. It grew out of certain atrocities perpetrated by the Carlist Chief, "The Cure of Santa Cruz." The French Government complained that Santa Cruz and his band had killed four French officials on the Northern Spanish railway and carried four others into the mountain. Castelar in reply expresses regret at their outrages. He remarks however that most of the Carlists were equipped in France, whence they have since drawn supplies, money and provisions. The cure of Santa Cruze himself sojourned some in Bayonne before passing into Spain, and was not interfered with. Numbers of Carlists wear the uniform of the French Mobiles, and many Frenchmen of noble rank are serving with the insurgents. He states, in conclusion, that the government is taking all measures to put a stop to these excesses, and recently seized as hostages the mother and sister of the Cure of Santa Cruz.

FROM WASHINGTON.

—Gov. McCook having declined the reappointment to the Governorship of Colorado Territory, the President has nominated G. H. Elbert, of that Territory, as his successor, to take effect on the 7th of April, the expiration of McCook's term.

—Pardons have been issued by the President to John C. Robinson, of South Carolina, and William C. Dufries, of North Carolina, both convicted of Ku-Klux crimes and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary. The former had served six and the latter eighteen months of their terms.

Selected Miscellany.

TIRED.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! Some years ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee;
This restless curling head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own, the dimpled hands had slipped
And never would nestle in your own again,
If the white feet into their grave had dropped,
I could not blame you, for your sorrow then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints they track day is wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown;
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken toy to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say,
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

FIRMNESS.

PHOEBE CARY.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try;
He thought to frighten me with frowns,
So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly beside;
I won't forget him after that—
I wouldn't if I died.
If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross with me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,
And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she didn't pout,
It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his was—
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight;
And now its almost nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come;
But then I've said I won't,
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him if I don't,
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
I wish he'd come to-night.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

How The Light-Fingered Letter-Openers are Shadowed and Convicted.

[Boston Times.]

"Charles Gillis, postmaster at Hillsboro' Bridge, was arrested Saturday for embezzling the mails." Such was the simple announcement in the daily papers recently, notifying the public that one more had been added to the thousands who have been detected in preying upon the mails, and the subject is one that affords food for earnest thought. That this species of crime is yearly on the increase is self-evident, and it safe to say that not a day passes but the notice of the post-office officials is called to one or more such cases. The expedients resorted to by the depredators on Uncle Sam's plethoric mail-bags, especially where they contain, or are supposed to contain, money or valuables, are as varied as the hues of the rainbow, and the means used for the detention of criminals of course have to be varied according to the circumstances of the case under consideration. In the matter of detection, however, the preliminaries are usually the same, in order to arrive at a proper understanding of all the points surrounding the affair. For instance, a gentleman, generally in a somewhat fluttered condition, enters the post-office and desires to see the postmaster on business. His request is complied with, and, in cases of this kind, after briefly stating the nature of his errand, he is referred to the special agent with whom he is more directly to deal. To that official the visitor accordingly states that he is the representative of a down-town firm, who have been for some time past

LOSING LETTERS,

in a majority of cases the missives containing remittances from some of their correspondents. The agent listens attentively to the story, taking in every particular as given by his informant, and mentally cogitating on the same, Then, when the tale is told, the first question asked is, "Do you receive your letters by carrier, or have you a box?" If by box, then is propounded the querry, "How many keys are there to your box, and who has access to them?" That information being also given, is duly digested and the case then begins to look like business, the party or parties most likely to prove dishonest are placed under surveillance at once and carefully followed up till some clue is obtained, then a trap is laid that scarcely ever fails in securing the prey, and the victim of his own dishonesty and cupidity suddenly finds himself in the meshes of a net from which there is seldom any escape, and as a general thing the result of the arrest is

A FULL CONFESSION

by the culprit. If in case of box robberies the thieves are boys, the post-office officials have a method for entrapping the young rogues which never fails, but the particulars of which, for obvious reasons, it would be impolitic to publish. If, on the other hand, the firm reporting one or more losses have been in the habbit of receiving their corresponence by a carrier, then the first work of the agent is to ascertain what carrier is on the route in question. This matter determined, the carrier is in turn watched, and if guilty it requires but a very short time to establish this fact. It may turn out, however, that the peregrinating distributor of letters is perfectly innocent, in which case the only conclusion to arrive at is that some inside man is dishonest, and the next step is to find out from what quarters the missing letters generally arrive. Boston is

THE DISTRIBUTING CENTER

for New England, and through mails from large cities arrive at the "Hub" in bags made up on the cars. When, for instance, the northern and eastern mails are made up in New York, they have to pass through to Boston, where they are sorted and made up for their ultimate destination, except in case where there is matter enough in New York to fill a bag for any special point. Now, when a loss is reported, as mentioned, among other questions asked is, "Did you loose by your night or morning mails?" which being satisfactorily answered, simplifies still more

THE WORK OF DETECTION,

and the employee in the office who happens to be on at such times is put under the argus eye of the agent or some of his deputies. The final result in some cases is rapid; in others slow but none the less sure, and the culprit is eventually brought up with a round turn, and regrets when too late, that he has ever allowed his greed for ill-gotten gains to destroy his chances in life. As a general thing letters are only stolen in large offices, partly because there are more honest men in the country than can be found in large cities, but mainly because the opportunities for theft are more frequent in the principal offices.

Then, again, valuable letters dropped in at any principal office are rarely stolen in that office, but stand a good chance of being confiscated at some other larger office at a distant point; and just here comes naturally the mental querry by our readers, "How do the men know that letters contain money?" Well, it is just as easy for some of the post-office employees, especially those of long experience, to tell when a letter containing an inclosure passes through their hands as it is for the party who put the inclosure in its place.

A KEEN SENSE OF TOUCH.

In fact, so keen is the sense of touch on the part of some of these men, that, in distributing a mail with the utmost rapidity they can tell, as each letter passes through their hands, when there is inside even a folded sheet of tissue paper. A noticeable instance of this was made manifest less than a year ago, when a man was watched in the Boston office, seen to put a package of letters into his pocket, arrested immediately afterward, and the number he had stolen found to be eleven, all of which being opened were found to contain inclosures, ten with money and one with a check.

REGISTERED LETTERS

are very seldom lost. They are bad stock for post-office thieves to invest in, mainly because it is so easy to trace them from their starting point and ascertain who the parties were that had the handling of them when last heard from. Such cases will occur, however, the latest being that of Gillis, who was stupid enough to steal a registered letter mailed at Hillsboro' for a party in Methuen. His depredations had existed for some little time, but his work was performed so clumsily that detection in his case was comparatively easy. Another blundering thief was Horace S. Russell of Charlestown, and as showing how easily a man will dupe himself, a brief recapitulation of his case may prove interesting. It appears that Russell was employed as a substitute carrier in the Charlestown office, and as is supposed, from the time he first entered the office

BEGAN HIS THIEVING OPERATIONS.

The amount he obtained in full was not very large, but the job that led to his detection was the opening of a letter mailed by a lady in Charlestown to a friend in the country, and containing the sum of $2. This amount Russell extracted, then put the letter in another envelope, directed himself and mailed it. When it reached its destination, the recipient was of course surprised at not finding the money said to be inclosed, and immediately wrote to the sender, who in turn requested the letter to be sent back to Charlestown. This was done, when the change of envelope was detected, the case reported to the special agent, and in a very short time the handwriting on the envelope was identified as that of Russell. He was at once arrested, eventually confessed and is now serving out a two years' in Northampton jail.

HOW LAWS OPERATED.

One of the smartest depredators, perhaps, and one who gave the officials considerable trouble, was Marshall Laws, who was arrested about a year ago, and when taken into custody had on his person over forty letters. His mode of opertaing was very shrewd, taking no letters destined for Boston; neither would he appropriate single ones, but always made it a practice to abstract through packages or bundles of letters destined for some point beyond Boston. He, however, shared the same fate of many of his predecessors, and is now paying the penalty of his misdoing by serving out a ten years' sentence in Northampton.

Another sharp operator was Peabody, who was employed in the department devoted to the distribution of letters for newspaper men. For a long time complaints of missing letters had been made, and finally the special agent hit upon a plan to defeat Peabody, upon whom suspicion had fallen. The ruse was simply to build near his location in the office a partition, ostensibly for the purpose of keeping off a draft of air, but in reality to shield a man appointed to watch Peabody, and who kept an eye so constantly directed through an aperture in the partition that he finally detected the rogue in the act of secreting letters. Peabody's arrest, trial, and conviction followed, as a matter of course, and he is now serving Uncle Sam in Dedham Jail. Then come the cases of Williams and Cram.

THE CARRIER AND THE ARMY COAT.

Criminals in the post-offices are sometime detected by the simplest circumstance, and in illustration thereof we can give no better instance than one alluded to under the caption above. In the old post-office on State street there had hung for many moons, in an out-of-the-way place, a well-worn army cape coat, that had in years past covered the form of one or more of the brave boys in blue who "fit into the war." The ancient garment, which had undoubtedly seen service on many a hard-fought field, was apparently of no use and never noticed by the employes except on rainy days, when it was sure to be brought into use by some of the carriers, the one arriving first always taking possession and retaining it till the storm ceased or he was off duty. Sometimes one would have it and sometimes another, but, at any rate, it was in much demand during stormy weather.

Well, thus went on this simple matter, till not very long ago, one of the carriers had worn the coat over his route, returned and reported that in one of the pockets he had found a letter. This looked a little suspicious, to be sure, but still it might have been an omission on the part of the man who had worn the garment on the previous day—for both were stormy. The first thing to be done, however, was to find out who had worn the coat on the day before, and among so many men that was no easy task, but finally the required information was obtained, although the party didn't kave the slightest suspicion of the investigation being made. The next step of the agent was to visit a firm on Milk street, with the members of whom he was perfectly intimate, and to whom he said a letter would be brought by a certain carrier, said letter being addressed to

A MYTHICAL PERSONAGE.

Sure enough, the following morning such a letter, which, by the way, contained a money inclosure, was offered at the counting-room, when one of the firm remarked that it had better be taken back to the office, as the man to whom it was addressed had gone to San Francisco some time before, and the letter was evidently a valuable one. The carrier departed, taking with him the letter, but on his return at noon failed to deliver it at the office. He was permitted to go out on his afternoon business without being questioned, the officials thinking that possibly he might have forgotten the matter, but at night he failed to make a return. He was then taken in hand, and after some questioning admitted that he had the letter and therefore delivered it to the agent, but as no evidence of any former thefts could be found against him, he was discharged from the office, not, however, till his friends had made restitution for all the losses reported on that route since he had been on it.

THE ALTERED CHECK.

There occurred last month a case in which the New York and Boston offices were in some measure jointly interested, and which has not any publicity. It seems that about the 4th of the month Messrs. Presscott, Wood & Dyer, of this city, sent to Messrs. Cowden & Co., of New York, a check for $836 16. On the 10th the check was received by the Mount Vernon National Bank, accompanied by a request to forward the amount in large bills to Cowdrick & Co. It was apparent at once that the signature had been altered, and the bank officials accordingly notified the post-office authorities of the case. The matter was at once investigated by the special agent, who ascertained that there were in New York two firms bearing the above similar titles; and the conclusion at once arrived at was that some person connected with Cowdrick & Co. had obtained possession of Cowden & Co.'s letter, and was fishing for the prize.

A decoy letter was accordingly made up and forwarded to New York, addressed to Cowdrick & Co., and in a short time after its arrival was taken from the box by a young man employed by the firm, who was detected by the New York agent in opening the document, upon which he was at once arrested.

THE ROGUE AND HIS RING.

In addition to robbing the mails there are people who occasionally attempt to defraud Uncle Sam in other ways, or if not defraud him, endeavor to shoulder on him their own sins, and with a couple such cases we will close. A very few weeks ago a gushing youth, who resides in the western part of this State, sent his lady-love a letter; in which he said she would find inclosed a ring he had paid fourteen dollars for. When the letter was received at Chelsea it was noticed that a portion of the upper right-hand corner had been torn off and close by were two circular imprints apparently made by a ring that had been inside, but which was missing. The young lady of course was somewhat surprised at not finding the ring, and reported the fact at the office, bringing with her the letter, which was examined and at once showed the transparent nature of the dodge the verdant youth had tried to play. On the face of the letter were, as said before, two circular imprints, but on the back was only one. On the inclosure were also two imprints on each half of the sheet, but neither corresponding in position with those on the envelope, and the distance between the impressions likewise varied a quarter of an inch. That was sufficient, and all that was done afterward was to write to the young man asking him to call at the Boston office and "rise to explain," but up to the present time he has not put in an appearance.

A somewhat similar case occurred recently in New Hampshire, where a party mailed a letter purporting to contain two $10 notes, the letter being addressed to a gentleman in this city, for whom the sender was acting as agent in some business matters. The recipient, however, upon opening the document found but one note of $10, and at once reported the matter. An agent of the office at once sought the man who sent the letter, and after some conversation the latter stated, on his firm belief, that a young lady employed in the post-office where the letter was mailed had stolen the other note, resealed the letter, and forwarded it. After some further conversation, the agent remarked:

"I'M GOING TO HAVE HER ARRESTED."

This at once started the young man, who replied, "Good God, you don't mean it." "Yes I do," said the official, "and you must appear as witness against her."

"Why," said the thief, for such he was, "I wouldn't do that for a hundred dollars; I'd rather pay the money myself."

The suspicions of the agent were now fully confirmed, and, assuming an entirely different tone, he taxed the rogue with his rascality and eventually made him confess he had put only one bill in the letter. He also made restitution of the $10, after which he was permitted to depart, the case being simply one of breach of trust between man and man, and not of a nature that the post-office authorities could interfere with.

SUNDRIES.

THE Western Celt makes this valuable contribution to the Historical Primer of the future:—

"Amadeus, king of Spain,
Mizz'ed when he couldn't reign."

THE North Carolina gold mines are being reworked. A Philadelphia company has possession of one at Gaston, and gloates over a prospect of $6,000 a week.

A FIRM of Dennison (Tex.) butchers have commenced the wholesale shipping of dressed beef direct to New York. They propose to run a through train twice a week and are confident of its paying.

A NEW line of steamers, consisting of six first-class vessels, will be put in operation between Brooklyn and Glasgow, Scotland, about the first of April, under the management of Austin Baldwin & Company.

MR. BUNDBURY was recently excommunicated from the Catholic church of Kalamazoo, Mich., for bringing suit against the bishop to recover $10,000 which he had loaned the parish to build a church with, and the nervous shock occasioned by the affair brought on sickness of which he died. The affair has caused considerable excitement, and a bill has been introduced in the Legislature punishing by fine and imprisonment any bishop who shall employ his power of excommunication to prevent any member from collecting a claim.

THEY had a very quiet elopement in Detroit, the other day. A man ran away with another man's wife without saying a word to her about it, and when her husband found it out he never uttered a word of complaint, though he was the maddest looking man in seven counties. They were all deaf-mutes.

OSCAR C. PRATT, a reporter, having formerly served on Detroit and Chicago papers, took morphine and died at Omaha, last week, where he was connected with a paper. A Chicago paper says the reason was that "he failed to solve life's problem," which means that he had a wife and child and intemperate habits to support on a reporter's pay—no wonder he gave it up.

A Syracuse gentleman and his wife left home, a few days ago, for an extended southern tour, intending to spend the spring months in Florida. They got as far as New York, and in visiting one of the theaters there the gentleman was robbed of his wallet, containing the several hundred dollars with which he was to defray the expenses of the trip. In the rear of that gentleman's Syracuse house may be seen a thoughtful man chopping wood in his shirt-sleeves, while a sad-eyed woman within spats butter and sighs.

AN OMAHA policeman was awaked by a rat nibbling at his ear, and when he saw the immense and hungry creature glaring at him he became paralyzed with fear, of which the rat took instant advantage by springing upon his visage and seizing his nose. He was choked off and thrown violently against the side of the room and instantly disappeared, but returned in about 20 minutes to renew his meal. He was again driven to his hole and a powerful trap placed in position, but as yet the trap has declared no dividends.

THE quintessence of the omniverous hog is supposed to be imaged in the hen, but the hog is a Peabody among animals alongside of the hen. Hens are by nature monopolists. When the subject of victuals is mentioned they are evidently listening. Throw a handful of corn into a ten-acre lot, and every hen in the inclosure will get a dab at it. The last hen on the spot may not get more than two or three kernels, but nothing in the hen's appearance will indicate that. It will step around with as much precision and gratitude as any in the flock, and wear the most pensive smile you ever saw. A hen will not eat every thing it sees, but will try to, and there isn't one on the face of this earth but that can tell you the taste of every thing it has seen within the radius of half a mile of its house. It is only when a man has kicked at a hen and missed it that he begins to understand how thoroughly hollow and deceitful this world is, and it is a marvelous fact in this connection that he will miss the hen if he kicks at it, and misses it if he don't.—*Danbury (Conn.) News.*

AFTER THE APPLE.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Behind me clang the golden doors
No strength of mine may ope again;
Before me stretch the wild, waste shores
These hands to harvest fields must train.
My last look, turning to the skies
Of Eden that I lose to-day,
Sees but the lightnings of your eyes,
Like flaming swords to bar the way.

You stand there, in your innocence,
Amazed, indignant at such end;
Judging a passion too intense
For unformed souls to comprehend.
From you within to me without
A distance as from sea to sea
Outbroadens—the abyss of doubt,
'Twixt dream and wake that needs must be.

Yet think not, howsoever wide,
That gulf shall not be spanned at last;
Nor fancy shoreless deeps divide
The exiled future from the past.
The path my feet have trod before
Or soon or late you too shall tread;
I may not walk your Eden more,
But you will come to me instead.

For, various of taste, I trow
That, since our common mother's fall,
Some fruit upon that self-same bough
Hath ripened for the lips of all;
And hang it low or hang it high,
And be the flavor sour or sweet,
For you in turn the time draws nigh
To pluck the apple and to eat.

Till then perchance 'tis well your eyes
Should scathe me with their ignorant scorns;
So shelter in your Paradise,
And leave me here among the thorns.
But when you too, without the gates,
Look, shuddering, o'er the desert bare,
Then turn—and pardon one who waits
To make a pathway for you there.

PARLIAMENTARY RECOLLECTIONS.

Memorable Words and Phrases in English Politics.

The sayings and witticisms of lords and commoners, not exactly soubriquets or similies for individuals, have been numerous and varied. Most readers will call to mind some, at any rate, of these flights of ready wit, condensed epitomes of matured experience, are suggestive forms of expression. "Every man has his price," was Sir Robert Walpole's mode of expressing his belief that bribery and corruption were almost universal; although his biographer states that the charge was brought, not against all politicians, but against those who made very warm protestations of patriotism. "Airing his vocabulary," was Curran's description of a dull speech made by a dull member. The "Begum speech" was the best speech ever made by Sheridan, and one of the best every heard in the House of Commons. It related to the grievances of a begum, or native princess of India, and was the subject of long study and preparation by him. The "dagger scene" was enacted by Burke. A dagger had been sent from France to Birmingham by the revolutionists, with an order for a large number to be made like it; Burke, having obtained possession of it for a time, drew it from under a cloak, threw it down on the floor of the House of Commons in a somewhat theatrical way, and exhorted his countrymen to "keep French principles from our heads, and French daggers from our hearts;" but was admitted on all hands that he a little over-acted this scene. Lord Chesterfield claimed to have "bled for his country;" for a brother peer, who had dabbled a little in surgery, one day bled him for a feverish headache; the titled amateur, gratified at his own success, voted as his patient requested in a party division in the House of Lords. Making the "crown not worth wearing," was the terse description by Chatham of the probable effect of a particular measure. "If the ministers persevere in misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing." "Sowing dragons' teeth" had reference to the later and declining years of the Irish Parliament; the English government proposed to heap new taxes on Ireland, and caused a violent commotion in consequence of the proposal: Mr. Burgh, in the Irish House of Commons, said: "England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men." "All government a compromise," has been decided as a mean and tricky apothegm by extreme politicians; but Burke had thought out his subject when he said: "All government—indeed, every common benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter; we balance inconveniences, we give and take." "The people, our sovereign." It was strange to hear so democratic a toat as this proposed by the duke of Norfolk at a whig dinner, at the very time when the French democrats were infusing alarm and dread into the English mind; it cost him the lord-lieutenancy of the West Riding. Hammer it into them" was Fox's mode of impressing his meaning on the attention of the House, by speeches full of repetitions; but it is believed that he thus claimed credit for a defect which he could not help. "A memory for jokes, and imagination for facts," was a sarcastic hit at the mental characteristics of Mr. Dundas by Sheridan; the wit had jotted this down in his note-book long before, as a capital hit, which he would use on any favorable occasion. "A minute-gun speech" was the name given to a speech made by Lord Bute, on account of its pace being so very low and solemn; and the joke was made more pungent by a remark that "it might be considered announcing the funeral of his ministry." "Where law ends, tyranny begins," and "stabbing the constitution," we owe to Chatham; "the wisdom of our ancestors," to Sir William Grant; and "Pluto's tears" to Burke, in allusion to "tears shed by noble lords, not for dying laws, but for their expiring places." One of the finest things said by Wilberforce had relation to Pitt's firmness in resisting the spread of French Jacobinism in England: "He stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed." "The schoolmaster is abroad" was Brougham's description of the growing desire for popular education. "The ignorant impatience of taxation," and "men turning their backs upon themselves," are assigned to Lord Castlereagh; "stemming the tide of democracy" to the earl of Derby; and "the queen's government must be supported," to the duke of Wellington, who used this argument to induce one of his party to vote for a government measure which both of them disliked. Peel's celebrated question, "What is a pound," arose during a debate on finance matters. "Restore the heptachy" appeared to Canning about as practicable as to reform the Parliament. The "leap in the dark" was the name which the late earl of Derby candidly gave to his own reform bill in the House of Lords in 1867. "Upsetting the coach" was the same earl's mode of characterizing Lord John Russell's proceeding in regard to the fall of the Grey ministry. "You shall hear me!" said Mr. Disraeli to the House of Commons, 35 years ago, when the young member was received with derisive laughter; or, rather, his words were: "I will sit down now; but the time will come when you will listen to me,"—a prediction certainly fulfilled in later years. Mr. Disraeli's "historical conscience" was appealed to by him, to justify an opinion expressed in early life, but abandoned at a later period in his career. The same statesman's "looming in the future" referred to a prospective though unannounced adjustment and reduction o taxation. It was he, too, who claimed to have been "educating his party" to the appreciation of measures not before palatable to them.

GRAVE AND GAY.

FIELD EXERCISE—Plowing.

MAN respires, aspires, expires.

ODD-FELLOWS' haul—A rich wife.

TO UNDERSTAND truth, one must live it

HE WHO talks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

AN AWFUL swell—The cheek after a toothache.

TO LOVE is the only thing that can fill up eternity.

FREE-HAND drawing—Handcarts in Southern cities.

THE MAN who carries everything before him—The waiter.

NATURE feels no loss, because God is always present to her.

OUR HOMES should be as holy as out churches, to say the least.

OF THE hundred good things in this life, ninety-nine are health.

HOW TO turn people's heads—Come into a concert late with creaking boots.

TO THE contemplative soul there is no littleness; the least of things is infinite.

"PAWS FOR a repley," as the cat said when she scratched the dog for barking at her.

WHY ARE religious people fit subjects for entomologists? Because they are in-sects.

WHATEVER God gives men as stepping-stones, they often take into stumbling-blocks.

HE WHO cheerfully commits the universe to God has nothing in the universe to fear.

AN IOWA paper boasts of weather cold enough to make an Arctic bear wear pulse-warmers.

SORROW is reigning on the throne of the universe, and the crown of all crowns, has been one of thorns.

TO LOVE and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love!

AFFIRMATIVE negation—Giles: Did e'r a man ever zee sitch wet weather in all his born days afore. Hodge: Noah!

INFANCY is a perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise.

A CRUSTY old batchelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve, because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

ARE DOSE bells ringing for fire? inquired Simon of Tiberious. No, indeed, answered Tibe, dey had got plenty of fire, and de bells are ringing for water.

GOD'S IMAGE slumbers in our souls till sharp-edged grief cuts here and there, who lo! the semblance of His form appears sculptured by the woes of time.

IN AN audience of rough people a generous sentiment always brings down the house. In the tumult of war both sides applaud an heroic deed.

A YOUNG lady having read about a man having invented a stove which consumes its own smoke, hopes he will devise a method whereby tobacco-smokers can run on the same economical principle.

THE MORE I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is peotry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one.—*Ruskin.*

A BOY of tender years and heart has drowned 17 kittens, tied tin pans to the tails of all the neighbors' dogs, ornamented his chamber by pinning flies to walls, cut brickbats with his uncle's razor, blown up a pet canary with a fire cracker, pulled the tail feathers out of two roosters, been thrown into the top of an apple-tree by a cow that he was teasing, brushed his father's hat against the grain, told his sister's lover about her false teeth, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

HERR PROFESSOR.—Iss it not a shdrainch ting, laties, dat de Latin race gannot aguire de Enklish bronouncyation? I have choost dis momend bardet from an Idalian chendleman (a crade vrent of mine ant a ferry gleffer man) who has lived in Lonton almoste as long as I hav—dvendy-vife eeeerrs—ant foot you belief it? He shbeegs Enkligh vit a kvite shdrong voreign indonation! How to you agound vor a so agghsdra-orrtinary zeergoomsddanx as tat?—*Punch.*

Ruins of a Great City in Arizona.

Col. Roberts led a party of adventurers, miners and explorers, last season, in the desert and unexplored regions of northeastern Arizona, southeastern Utah, and southeastern Colorado. For miles on miles, further than the eye can reach, barren wastes stretch away in a continuous succession of desert table-lands and yawning chasms. It is a wild, dreary, inhospitable, boundless waste, a very embodiment of desolation. For 14 days the party lost their trail in the desert, and nearly perished with thirst and hunger, at one time going 36 hours without water. One day, while traveling in one of the impassable gorges seeking a place where they could scale its craggy sides, Roberts discovered what was once a large and populous city. Suddenly emerging on the top of a mesa he was amazed at finding himself among the ruins of a great city, untrodden by foot of man for centuries, and spreading out miles before him. It covered an area of about three square miles and was inclosed by a wall of sandstone, neatly quarried and dressed, 10 or 12 feet thick, and which, judging by the debris, was 15 or 20 feet before its fall. In most places it had crumbled away and fallen, and was covered with sand, but in many places it was still standing six or eight feet above the sand banks which had drifted around it. The entire area inside of this had at one time been covered with houses, built of solid sandstone, which showed excellent masonry in their construction. This ancient city is situated in Arizona, about 90 miles from the boundary line between Utah and Arizona, and the same distance from the western Colorado line. It has the appearance of being an old Aztec city that has been deserted for hundreds of years and fallen to ruins. It is entirely of stone, and not a stick of worked timber is to be seen among the ruins. Nothing but the walls are standing, and none of them are now left more than eight or ten feet above the sand, which is eight or ten feet deep. Col. Roberts is confident from the appearance of the walls that many of the houses were two or three stories high, but there was not enough of them left standing to enable him to judge accurately of the style of architecture adopted by the ancient builders of this city. Col. Roberts estimates that there were at least 20,000 houses in the city. It was laid out in plazas, with paths or small streets from one to the other. There was evidently one main highway extending through the center of the city. This has been cut down by the winter torrents into a yawning chasm, 600 or 800 feet deep, and 300 feet wide. It is evident that this chasm has been washed out since the city was built, because the walls of many of the houses are now overhanging the brink, and it is not reasonable to suppose that a city would have been built on each side of such a chasm. The walls still bear the traces of many hieroglyphics, cut deep into them, showing various Indian customs and superstitions. There are also the ruins of stately monuments, built of square block sandstone, well quarried and showing good masonry, which are worked with notches and crosses cut into them at regular intervals. The ruins are covered with sand, which Col. Roberts says he is confident has blown there from the desert, a short distance to the south, since the city was deserted. He thinks that was a fertile tract of country when the city was built, and that the inhabitants were forced to desert it on account of the high winds which blew the sand in there after the waters, with which it is believed the desert was once covered, receded. This sand has become packed and solidified by the rains, and is almost as hard as the sandstone. There is a large ditch, now partly filled up, running from the city away back in the hills, 10 to 14 miles from the city, and it is believed this was made for the purpose of conveying water to the city for irrigating the ground and for other purposes. The walls of the houses are rough and worn by the storms of centuries, which have worn into the soft places in the sandstone, even in the walls overhanging the precipice. The sandstone does not bear any marks of fire, and Col. Roberts is confident that the sand-storms which have nearly buried the city rendered it uninhabitable and compelled its ancient inhabitants to desert it. No bones, implements or relics of any kind were found, with the exception of some pieces of pottery of a dark color. These were embellished with paintings of flowers and ornamental figures in blue colors. The coloring matter is of a blue mineral substance of some kind, which the chemist at Santa Fe, to whom some of the pottery was shown, could not clearly define. It is perfectly indelible, and pieces of the pottery which have been exposed to storms which have worn away the solid masonry of the walls of the city show the colors fresh and bright to all appearances as when new. The pottery itself has been found to be perfectly fire-proof upon trial in crucibles and furnaces, and if the secret of its manufacture could be discovered it would be worth millions of dollars to the possessor, and the material would be invaluable for the lining of safes and similar purposes.

AN ATLANTA paper commends the moral courage of a woman who, when she saw a burglar in her room a few nights ago, refrained from waking her husband lest he might be harmed by the intruder, and let the latter carry off what portable property he could lay his hands on.

MRS. MCDONALD, a widow lady of Atlanta Ga., returned from Washington, the other day, with $95,000 in her pocket, the result of the adjustment of her cotton claim against the government.