THE CONSERVATIVE.

VOL. IV. NO. 49. M'CONNELSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1870. WHOLE NO. 205.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

BY S. T. TROWBRIDGE.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among the dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetting of patches, sage, and satchel,
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click; on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the glided floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her wakening sense, the first sweet warning
O daylight come, is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate.

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in harmony linked together;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
It all comes back on her heart once more,
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie tasks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute;
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter;
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part;
O, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road, and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie! and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she;
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged;
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur—O Dorothy! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view!
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth; more real than she
That meets her there in that haunt dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm house eaves—
And life is a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the springtime freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

Selected Miscellany.

A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

'She is really the prettiest little creature I ever saw, said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fiftieth time that morning. 'Jane,' he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, 'have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house opposite?'

'Well, yes, sir, if you please,' returned the housemaid. 'I met their cook at the grocer's, the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Capting Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, sir.'

'Oh, indeed! Did she happen to mention the young lady's name?' 'Yes.

'Yes, sir. She called her Miss Eva.'

'Eva! What a charming name!' murmured Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud:

'That will do, Jane; thank you.'

Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, 28 years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house on the Clapham road, and having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty neighbor, and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his fair enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution; and, having shut himself up in his little study, after many futile attempts, he succeeded in framing an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction; begging her, if she valued her peace of mind, to return an answer to 'W. V., The Postoffice, Clapham-common.' That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter in the nearest box.

Regularly three times a day, for a week afterward, he called at the postoffice to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced, Willoughby began to lose his appetite, and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was unwell, and begged him to consult their medical attendant. But her son laughed at the idea, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when to his great delight, on the seventh morning, a letter was handed to him by the post-mistress, written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to 'W. V.' Almost unable to conceal his emotion, he quitted the shop, broke open the seal, and drank in the contents.

They were evidently of a pleasing nature for he read the letter over and over again, kissed the envelope, put it into his breast-coat pocket, and hurried home to see his inamorata looking out of the window of the opposite house, as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her respectfully; but immediately afterward he thought himself that as he was still *incognita*, the young lady would, perhaps, feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she have any idea that he was 'W. V.?' So he went indoors, and amused himself for three hours in inditing a reply to her letter, which he posted the same afternoon, and, in due course, a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days in running to and from the postoffice, writing letters and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining room.

'Confound it! he would sometimes say to himself. 'How very provoking the dear girl is! She will never look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horridly sour-looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those old fogies. Indeed her letters hint as much. And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the postoffice, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his 'Dearest Eva.'

At length, three months having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

'To W. V.—Sir: As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time to throw off your *incognito*, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters and by at once informing me who you are. It is with no idle curiosity I ask this, simply for our mutual satisfaction.

Yours, &c., EVA.'

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

'DEAREST EVA: If you will permit me to call you so! Have you not for weeks past observed a young man with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house! And, although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.

Charmed by the graceful magic of thine eye,
Day after day I watch and dream; and sigh;
Watch thee, dream of thee, sigh for thee alone,
Fair star of Clapham—may I add, mine own?

To quote with some alterations, the noble stanza of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor. Whenever you see me at the window, take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are ever on you. Your own. WILLOUGHBY VANE.'

To which epistle came the following answer:

'DEAR SIR: Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add that your features are not at all repulsive to EVA.'

'Bless her! What a deightful little soul she is!' ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes, and had his hair cut.

'Willy,' said Mrs. Vane to her son the next morning, 'I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste your time by looking out of the window all day as you have lately done. Come and read the Parliamentary debates to me, if you have nothing else to do.'

The worthy lady was a red-hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

'DEAREST EVA: I am overjoyed at the contents of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only?

WILLOUGHBY.'

Back came the reply next morning:

'DEAR WILLOUGHBY: Your reply has made me feel very happy. It is very dull here. No society except father and mother. I long for more congenial companionship. Thine, EVA.'

In this delightful manner the days flew on—halcyon days, too, they were for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this and similar lover-like correspondence. On the following Monday morning Mrs. Vane left town on a visit to some friends in Devonshire, leaving her son to keep house at home. That same afternoon one of Capt. Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

'WILLIE: Have you any objection to my telling my dear father all? Matters have gone so far that it will be impossible for either of us to retract what we have written. Let us take papa into our confidence. I know his kind and generous nature well, and have no fear that he will oppose our union. Pray send me line by bearer. EVA.'

The answer was as follows:

'MY OWN EVA: Do whatever you consider best. My fate is in your hands. If your papa should refuse his consent, I— But I will not think of anything so dreadful. Fear not that I shall ever retract. Life without you would be a desert with no oats to brighten it.

'Yours until death, WILLOUGHBY.'

That evening, just as Willoughby had finished his dinner, he heard a loud double-knock at the street door; and on its being opened a strange voice inquired, in a loud tone:

'Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?'

His heart beat violently as Jane, entering the room, said:

'A gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library, sir.'

And she handed him a card, inscribed 'Capt. Choker Black, C. B., H. M.'s 1, 794th foot.'

'I will be with him in a moment,' said Willoughby; and he swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry to nerve him for the interview.

'Capt. Choker Black, I believe?' he said, as he entered the library.

'Your servant, sir,' said the gallant captain, who, glass in hand, was busily engaged in scrutinizing an engraving of the battle of Navarino.

'Your servant, sir. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?'

Willoughby bowed.

'Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here?'

Terribly nervous, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, our hero bowed again.

'Come, come, sir, don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confidant, so let there be no reserve between us. Eva has told me all.'

Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair.

'You see I know all about it; you have fallen desperately in love with the poor girl; and although you have never exchanged two words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditious, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray excuse for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical.'

As the captain appeared to be in very good humor, Willoughby's courage began to rise.

'Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, and have a right to do what you please. But I sincerely trust that you have no objection to offer.'

'I? None! Believe me, I shall be delighted to see my Eva comfortably settled. But harkye, sir, business is business. I am a plain, blunt man, and 15 years' sojourn with one's regiment in India doesn't help to polish one. First of all, then, what are your prospects?'

And the captain drew a note book from his pocket, and proceeded to examine our hero as if he was in a court of justice.

'You are an only son, I believe?'

'I am.'

'Good.' And down went the note in the pocket-book.

'Your age?'

'Twenty-eight next birthday.

'Twenty-eight. Good. Is your constitution healthy?'

'I believe so. I have had the measles, whooping-cough and mumps.'

'Disorders peculiar to infancy. Good.' And the captain scribbled away again.

'Are you engaged in any business or profession?'

'None.'

'Then how on earth do you live?'

'On my private income, captain.'

'Then all I can say is, you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able to subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is the amount of your income?'

'About seven hundred a year.'

'Is it in house property, shares in limited companies, or the funds? If in public property, I should be sorry to give two years' purchase for the lot.'

'In the new 4 per cents.'

'Good, I think I may say very good! What sort of a temper are you?'

'Well, that's a rather difficult question to answer,' said Willoughby, smiling for the first time.

'Hang it, sir, not at all!' returned the captain. 'If any one asked me my temper, I should say 'Hasty, sir—confoundedly hasty! And Choker Black's proud of it, sir; proud of it!'

'Say about the average,' answered Willoughby, timidly.

'Temper average,' said the captain, jotting it down. 'I think these are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?'

'I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently—from the window, sir.'

'And you think you would be happy with her?'

'Think, captain, I am certain of it.'

'Very good. Now harkye, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, and hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets. Gad! sir, I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black.'

'I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—'

'I know all about that,' said the captain. 'Keep your fine phrases for the girl's ears. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you.'

'You flatter me, captain.'

'Hang it, sir, no; Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it's yours so long as I find you plain-sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So now I hope we perfectly understand each other.'

'One word more,' said Willoughby. 'Am I to understand that you consent to our union?'

'Certainly. You can be married to-morrow, if you please. Sir, the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. Gad, sir, I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire-eater in the field, but at any rate he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood.'

'Captain, you overwhelm me with gratitude.'

'Say no more about it. Clap on your hat and come across the road with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once.'

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the road together, and the captain opened his door with a latch-key.

"One moment, if you please,' said Willoughby, who was tittivating his hair and arranging his cravat.

'Are you ready now? asked the captain.

'Quite.'

'Mr. Willoughby Vane,' cried the captain, ushering our hero into the drawing-room. Then, waving his hand, he added, 'Allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter.'

Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the ladies. On a couch by the fireside, sat his enchantress, looking more bewitching than ever; her vis-a-vis being the tall, thin, angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

'What a contrast,' thought Willoughby, 'between mother and daughter.'

'Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage, Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue then, I'll wager,' the captain said, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat.

'Stay, sir—there is some mistake here,' said Willoughby. 'This lady is—' and he pointed to the gaunt female.

'My daughter, sir!' said the captain. 'My daughter by my first wife.'

'And this—' ejaculated our hero, turning to the young lady.

'Is my second wife, sir!'

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month later his almost broken-hearted mother received a letter from him explaining the whole affair; and the post mark bore the words 'Montreal, Canada.'

A REMINISCENCE OF 1791.—Verdun was besieged by the Prussians. The place was commanded by one of the best officers in the French army, the commandant Beaurepaire. The citizens wished to surrender. Beaurepaire blew his brains out in presence of the council of war, to avoid submitting to this humiliation. Nevertheless, the capitulation was signed; the garrison was to march out with all the honors of war, carrying off its arms, its baggage and two field pieces with their caissons. According to the custom the youngest officer in the garrison had to carry the capitulation to the King of Prussia. The list of officers was examined, and Marceau was called. A young man of twenty-two, with long fair hair falling over his shoulders and a pale countenance, stepped out of the ranks, and advanced to receive the capitulation from the hands of M. de Noyon. But before taking it he said, "Colonel, can you not charge some one besides me with this mission?" "Impossible," replied the commandant, "the laws of war assign the duty to you—obey them." Then Marceau drew his sword from his sheath and broke it. "What are you doing?" asked M. de Noyon. "I do not wish," replied Marceau, "that it should be said that I carried to the enemy a capitulation which dishonors us, while I wore by my side a sword with which I could defend or kill myself." When he was introduced to the King of Prussia, who received him in the midst of a staff of princes, dukes and generals, Marceau tried to speak, but at the first words, tears choked his voice. The King tried to console him, but Marceau raised his handsome head, and, smiling in the midst of his tears, with all the confidence of youth in the future, said: "Sire, there is but one thing which can console a Frenchman for a defeat, and that is a victory."

The Courier des Etats Unis, from which this anecdote is taken, adds: "The war cry which urges on France to-day is the echo of this speech of Marceau; 1870 must be the consolation for 1815."

DISCOVERY OF FOSSIL REMAINS.—On Sunday, June 19th, the well-known mountaineer, Augustus Miller, was at Dr. Warder's on Dry Creek, Stanislaus county, California, eight miles (more or less,) from Knight's Ferry, the county seat of said county, and in the afternoon about four o'clock, he went down to a pool of water to bathe. While there he noticed some curious formations, petrifactions, etc., which drew his attention and excited his curiosity to the highest point. He went to the house and said he thought he had made a valuable discovery, asked and obtained permission to make every necessary search. So on Monday morning he went to work. His discovery is "a fos-sil" remains of a nameless animal of the antediluvial species; a portion of the head, one tooth and one horn is all that is so far discovered. The tooth was boxed boxed up. He says it is about fourteen inches long, and twelve inches in diameter. The ear is four feet wide, and the horn is nine feet five inches long, and eleven inches in diameter. This much was all in a bluff-bank, imbedded in a cement of sand, rock, clay, etc.

NO APOLOGY WANTED.—Yesterday a well-to-do citizen was down town until late in the evening, and the society of a number of friends had somewhat disturbed the serenity of his mind. In getting into a car, to return home, he staggered a little, and tangling his feet in a lady's skirt measured his length on the floor. He struggled to his feet, and looking around, indignantly demanded to know who struck him. A gentleman present remarked, *sotto voce:* "You fell over that lady's feet, nobody struck you." The salubrious citizen turned round and surveyed the cause of his accident a moment, and then, as if by no means satisfied with the reason of his mishap, said: "Madam, you've got the biggest feet I ever saw." "Sir!" aspirated the lady, flushed with anger. "Pray don't apologize, madam," interposed the man.—"I'm aware it aint your fault, but take my advice, sit sideways in the future, and give them the full range of the car," and taking a seat he looked the essence of sublime indifference.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A PAPER out West has for its motto: "Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news and making money."

CAVES IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS

Explorations by a Party from St. Louis—Voyage up a Subterranean River—A Forest of Stalactites—A Motionless River of Alabaster.

From the St. Louis Republican, Aug. 1.

The existence of several remarkable caves in the limestone regions of Missouri has been known to the general public for years. Some of these caverns have been explored and descriptions written of the subterranean wonders contained therein. One of the most remarkable of these caverns is located on Dr. Fischer's land about six miles and a half southeast of Springfield, Mo., among the Ozark Mountains. It was visited last week by a party from this city, and as little has heretofore been known about its peculiarities, a brief account of its striking features from one of the visitors may not be devoid of interest.

The mouth of the cave is at the bottom of a deep ravine, to which a rather steep descent is made for nearly a mile. The cave is in one side of rather an abrupt hill, and from its mouth there issues a clear and cold stream of water, thirty feet in width and four feet in depth. A boat capable of holding ten persons was in readiness with a guide to ascend the stream; candles were provided and all necessary preparation made for a voyage into the dark recesses of the cavern. Thus provided, the ascent against the current was made without much difficulty. The air was cool, the lights were reflected upon the water, and the moisture from the ceiling, which fell in round drops, resembled a shower of pearls. The average height of the roof above the stream is about fifteen feet. Hundreds of beautiful stalactites were seen hanging from the natural archway, some in clusters. The outside of these stony icicles were encrusted with a substance of a "grayish yellow" hue, but the tips had a vitruous appearance, and in some cases were translucent. The tips were hollow, but the tubular form soon became solid where the stalactite was thicker.

The length of these pendant cones, caused by the constant accumulation of carbonate of lime gathered from the dripping of the water from the ceiling, was from two to five feet.

After proceeding some distance, the explorers came upon an arm of the cavern, which branched off into a huge pocket or chamber which was twenty yards across, and wedge shaped. The floor of this chamber was paved with a multitude of small basins or cups, formed by constant dripping of the water upon the floor of the cavern. The drops falling upon the soft substance excavated these dish-shaped vessels, the rims of which rose above the general surface of the floor.

These natural cups were filled with limpid water, from which the party drank freely. Leaving this singular spot, the voyagers resumed their trip up the underground stream, and after proceeding about 200 yards they came to a small cascade. The fall is caused by a ledge which crosses the cavern stream, and is about three feet higher than the level of the stream below. The roaring of the water of this chute was heard at some distance.

The depth of the water below the fall is five feet, and it was estimated that they were half a mile from the point. Above this fall the cavern bifurcated into two branches. The main stream comes down the right fork, but leaving their boat the explorers went some distance up the left fork. The cave narrowed and widened alternately, but at length the roof got so low that they were obliged to proceed in a stooping posture. This mode of progress becoming too fatiguing, further progress was abandoned, and the explorers set out on their return. The boat floated down rapidly and a halt was only made to observe a beautiful formation, on the right shore, within only 200 yards of the mouth. This was apparently a sheet of alabaster, rolling gracefully over a jutting table of lime rock resembling a flowing stream of milk suddenly frozen. The party soon made their exit to open air much gratified with their exploration. The excavation of this cavern was doubtless caused by the ceaseless action of the stream that still carries on its rasping, denuding work, and consequently is not due, as is the case in many caverns, to causes which have long ceased to operate.

The Will of Charles Dickens.

The will of Charles Dickens is published in full in the London papers. It is described as having been written in blue ink on a sheet of ordinary letter paper. The main body of the text was evidently copied from the careful draft of a competent legal man. A provision of the interest on eight thousand pounds for life is made for Mrs. Dickens. To Miss Hogarth he gives eight thousand pounds and all his personal jewelry except his watch ("the gold repeater presented to me at Coventry"), which, with "the chains and seals and all appendages," he bequeaths to John Forster, who is also the legatee of such of the manuscripts of his published works as remained in his possession at the time of his death. To his eldest son Charles he bequeaths his library of printed books and all his engravings and prints. For the other legacies, "Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, late of Houghton place, Ampthill square, in the county of Middlesex," receives one thousand pounds, and all the servants who have been in the family for one year, have nineteen guineas each. In a codicil the property in "All the Year Round," is given to "Charles Dickens the younger," a designation of his son which would seem to imply that he desired this gentleman to assume such a title, rather than "Charles Dickens, Jr.," in like manner with the younger Colman.

After having fully expressed his intentions in legal technicalities, Mr. Dickens concludes his last will and testament as follows:

"And lastly, as I have now set down the form of words which my legal advisers assure me are necessary to the plain objects of this my will, I solemnly enjoin my dear children always to remember how much they owe to the said Georgina Hogarth, and never to be wanting in a grateful and affectionate attachment to her, for they know well that she has been through all the stages of their growth and progress their ever useful, self-denying and devoted friend. And I desire here simply to record the fact that my wife since our separation by consent, has been in the receipt from me of an annual income of six hundred pounds; while all the great charges of a numerous and expensive family have devolved wholly upon myself. I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, that no public announcement be made of the time or place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hatband, or other such revolting absurdity. I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb without the addition of 'Mr.' or 'Esquire.' I conjure my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and to the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me; in addition thereto I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there. In witness whereof I, the said Charles Dickens, the testator, have to this my last will and testament set my hand this twelfth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine. CHARLES DICKENS."

A CERTAIN genial, bald-headed gentleman, while in Paris, went one day to the Zoological Garden. The weather was oppressive, and he lay down upon a bench. Presently he went to sleep, but was soon awakened by warmth about the head. An infatuated ostrich had come along, and, mistaking his bald head for an egg, settled down with a determination to hatch it out.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is engaged to deliver the oration at the two hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Pilgrims in Plymouth. Fifty years ago Daniel Webster delivered the address.

DEATH STRUGGLE WITH A SNAKE.

A Young Man Attacks a Rattlesnake—Both are Killed in a Fight.

A correspondent of a Southern newspaper writes:

"Last Saturday morning I was the witness of such a scene as I pray God I may never see again. I baheld a combat between a young man and a rattlesnake, in which the former was bitten, and died in ten minutes thereafter. The particulars of the terrible affair are as follows:

"On Friday last a young man named Graynor asked me to spend the night with him and go coon hunting with him the next morning, to which request I readily assented. We started out about three o'clock a. m., and near day the dogs opened on a trail in the swamp of Bear Creek. Just after sunrise the deep baying of the dogs informed us that the game had taken a tree. We proceeded to make our way through the bogs and tangled brush and vines in the direction of the dogs, until we came to a small space of firm ground, which was covered with a low growth of oak bushes. Here we halted a moment to listen for the dogs.

"We had barely paused, when we were startled by a loud, strange, rattling sound issuing from beneath a low, thick bush, within a few feet of us. Though I had never heard the peculiar noise before, I knew instinctively that it was a rattlesnake; and I sprung back in terror, remarking, 'Graynor, let's leave here.'

"'What, S——,' said he, 'are you afraid?'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I am afraid.'

"'Well, S——,' he coolly remarked, 'I am going to kill the snake; it would be a pity to leave such a fine fellow here. So, here goes.'

"While Graynor was speaking, I caught a glimpse of the snake, which, as nearly as I could judge, appeared to be about eight feet in length and three inches in diameter in his larger part. He was lying coiled up in a perfect circle, with his head drawn back in a terribly graceful curve, his small eyes sparkling, his slender forked tongue darting swiftly back and forth, and his brown neck swollen with fatal wrath, while ever and anon he twirled the warning rattles in the air with a harsh, blood-curdling sound.

"'For God's sake, let's go,' said I, shuddering at the terrible sight.

"'Don't get scared,' said Graynor; just climb a tree, and he won't bite you. It ain't every day that a fellow meets with such a fine large snake as this, and it wouldn't do to lose him.'

"He had picked up a small stick about a yard long, and while speaking was drawing back the bushes from above the snake so as to get a sight of him. He threw his foot around over the bushes, and tramped them down in such a manner that the monster was fairly exposed to view; but just as he did so, and before he had time to strike, the snake made a sudden spring at him, and I turned away my face in horror. The next instant Graynor exclaimed, 'I've got him, by George!'

"I turned to look, and with his right hand he was grasping the snake by the neck in such a manner that he could not bite, while the monster was gnashing his teeth most furiously, and twisting and writhing in huge folds around Graynor's arms. All of a sudden, in some unaccountable manner, the snake freed his head, and quick as lightning plunged his deadly fangs into Graynor's right cheek; when, dropping on the ground, he glided a few paces and again coiled himself up, keeping his head erect and ringing his fearful rattles. Graynor turned deadly pale, paused a moment, and then with a little stick advanced toward the snake. As he did so the snake made a spring at him, but Graynor struck him with the stick and knocked him back.

"A second time the snake sprang at him, and he again knocked him off with a stick; but before he could strike a third blow, the snake had made another wound in Graynor's arm. This time Graynor again managed to seize the monster by the neck; and dropping the stick he drew forth his knife with one hand, opened it with his teeth, and then deliberately cut off the snakes head. Blood spurted from the trunk, and Graynor, still grasping the snake, whose huge folds flapped and writhed around him turned towards me, staggered and fell. I rushed up to him and asked him:

"'What, in the name of God, can I do for you?'

"'Nothing,' said he calmly. 'I am dying. Tell them, good ——' and his features became frightfully contorted, his eyes rolled over as if starting from their sockets, and his black, swollen tongue protruded from his mouth. Then he fixed his red, wild, staring eyes upon me, and heaved a deep, piercing groan; a shiver passed over his frame, and then all was still. I was alone with the dead.

"Marking the place as well as I could, I hastened to a house we had passed on the road, some half a mile distant from the fatal tragedy. Runners were sent through the neighborhood, and in the course of two hours, some twenty of the neighbors had gathered. We proceeded to the place, where I found no difficulty in pointing out the body.

"God heavens! what a sight met our view. The face and body had turned to deep purple, and were swollen to three times the natural size, presenting the most horrible appearance I had ever witnessed. The snake lay where he had been thrown, and was still writhing.

"A litter of boughs was hastily constructed and, with heavy hearts, we took our way to the residence of his parents. I will not attempt to describe the heartrending scene when they saw the body. Grief like theirs cannot be portrayed."

TWO MEN IN LIFE AND DEATH UNITED.—At No. 13 Colgate street, Jersey City, resided Dennis Tuohy, a tinsmith. Three or four doors around the corner from Tuohy's in Seventh street, resided his cousin, John Wallace, also a tinsmith. The men worked together, and were constant companions. One would not feel comfortable at an excursion or pic-nic without the other. On Tuesday they took a ramble through the city, had some drinks and returned to their homes in the evening. About fifteen minutes past nine o'clock. Tuohy was sitting on a chair, about to take his supper, when he fell to the ground and died in a few moments. Some of the inmates of the house ran around the corner to call in Wallace, and on entering his house found confusion reigning there, Wallace had just tumbled off his chair in a similar manner, and death ensued in two minutes. Both men were apparently in good health up to the hour of their departure from this world. Whether they had swallowed any liquid that was poisonous during the day is a question for the Coroner's jury. Coroner Burns ordered post-mortem examinations to be made, and the results are awaited with much interest.

Tuohy was thirty-four years of age, and leaves a wife and four children. Wallace also leaves a wife, and he had just completed his thirty-fourth year. This fatality is so remarkable that no opinions can be formed till the inquest takes place.

OSTRICHES.—Goldsmith's Natural History, at one time a very popular school book, contains many amusing errors. Thus it states that the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The Acclimatization Society of Australia, however, alleges that this statement is untrue. A flock of ostriches was sent up the country by the Society, and placed under the charge of an inquisitive and zoological squatter. The guardian reports that the ostriches have formed nests, in one of which twelve young birds were hatched. During the period of incubation, about six weeks, the male and female sit upon the nest by turns, both being seldom absent at the same time. The nest is built in a sandy hollow, without grass or rubbish, and the eggs are entirely without cover.

A LIGHT after-piece—a pheasant's tail.

CURRENT PARAGRAPHS.

Miscellaneous Items.

THEY tax dogs in New Orleans.

A DEAD CERTAINTY—Julius Cæsar.

ONLY three suicides this morning.

FOUR COUNTS are now rusticating at Newport.

OMAHA has had another sensation love affair.

STEAM OMNIBUSES in Montreal are successful.

BOGUS tax gatherers are plentiful in New Orleans.

THE banks of the Rhine have all at once become a great place of resort.

EDWARD CREIGHTON has 3,000 sheep four miles from Omaha, on Saddle Creek.

THE 3d ward of St. Louis has 21,000 inhabitants according to the new census.

Two thousand bushels of grain were shipped East on Saturday last from Omaha.

TWENTY-THREE car loads of stock, horses and mules, landed in Omaha from Bryan last Friday.

GEN. SALOMON'S German emigrants, for Washington territory, passed through Omaha Friday.

THE New Orleans Republican reports the Republican party well organized and active in that city.

THE Omaha Republican urges the planting of shade trees. Rather late in the season for such jobs.

GRAND RAPIDS is working hard for the location of the machine shops of the G. R. & I. R. R. at that place.

THE inmates of the prison at Cambridge, Mass., have formed an opera troupe. It is not a traveling company.

Two hundred and fifty Mormons just from Europe, bound for Salt Lake, passed through Omaha Saturday.

THREE floating corpses were found in the Mississippi Saturday; two at St. Louis and the other near Sawyer's Bend.

THE first bale of new cotton, shipped from Brownville, Texas, was sold at auction last Saturday at New Orleans.

THE descendants of Jonathan Edwards are arranging for a meeting to be held in Stockbridge on the 6th and 7th of September.

THE Union Pacific Railroad commenced to sell excursion tickets for parties of ten or more, to Denver and Salt Lake, Monday.

TWELVE car loads of Texas cattle from Schuyler passed through Omaha, Friday, for Chicago.—An Omaha jeweler wants rough Rocky mountain agates.

A POPULAR essayist says: "Perhaps the great triumph of all moral writings, including sermons, is, that they have produced some sweet and innocent sleep."

SEC COX orders that hereafter all promotions in the Interior Department shall be based upon merit, and that candidates must submit to competition. This is a good step.

THE Austin (Texas) Daily Journal says they had snow balling there on July 6. This luxury was due to the working of an ice machine recently established in Austin. The snow-balls were made of ice shavings.

A NEW style of shoe or slipper has just been introduced, called the Queen Anne. It has the pointed toe, high heel, and inevitable silver (?) buckle, and bids fair to find favor at the watering places.

FRANCE lost 80,000 men during the Crimean struggle; the Italian campaign carried off 60,000 more of Napoleon's braves; while 65,000 Frenchmen were sacrificed in the Chinese and Mexican wars.

Wit and Humor.

EUGENIE graciously permitted the ladies to leave off their trains at Fontainebleau, on account of the heat.

NAPOLEON has shown himself to be a Fabius in Paris. It remains to be seen whether he will prove a Cæsar on the Rhine.

AN experienced physician has discovered in the course of a long and varied practice, that every one wishes to go to heaven; also, that most people are willing to take a great deal of very disagreeable medicine first.

WRITERS of experience in nature, strongly recommend the use of mosquito curtains in tropical regions, as a precaution against malaria. They "sift" the air, and besides tend surprisingly to keep the temperature within them uniform.

MLLE. M., of the Paris opera, has very pretty teeth, and in order to exhibit her ivory richness, constantly forms her mouth into a smile. A spiteful little lady friend of hers said to her the other evening, "You know, my dear, you can close up your canine exhibition a little. We have seen it already."

A TOLL-GATE KEEPER was recently brought before a magistrate on the charge of cruelly treating his daughter. He had discovered that the girl, who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his cart through free. She never told her love.

AN Illinois justice recently decided, in a suit by a surgeon against a man for professional services in operating upon the defendant's wife's eyes, that, under that provision of the law permitting a wife to testify where her husband is a party in a controversy about her separate property, the wife was a competent witness, because her eyes were her own separate property! With much earnestness, the justice inquired: "Ain't them eyes hern?"

SOME of the stanzas in the metrical version of the Psalms used by the United Presbyterians remind the Christian Union of the following verse said to be in a hymn-book used on Block Island:

Ye mighty monsters of the deep,
Your Maker's praises spout!
Ye little codlings on the beach,
Waggle your tails about!

Chinese Servants for St. Louis.

From the St. Louis Republican, 24th.

We are informed on reliable authority that about hundred gentlemen, householders of this city, have completed arrangements for the introduction of Chinese house servants into their families. The necessary negotiations have been consummated with the Chinese emigration society in San Francisco, and the first installment of Chinese for St. Louis will number about three hundred almond eyed sons of the flowery kingdom.

The housekeepers who have joined in this movement recognize the fact that house servants are exceedingly scarce, and that there is a vacuum to be filled in this species of labor without in the least interfering with any existing class of laborers. They must have reliable servants for washing, cooking and other house work, and they regard the Chinese as entirely capable of filling the void. They have accordingly agreed with their agents in California to pay them good wages, certain stipulated sums, and to afford them all necessary protection for the term of years for which they are employed. On the other hand, guarantees of good service are given by the Chinese under forfeiture of contracts. These arrangements have been very quietly made. In a short time the Chinese will come in here just as quietly and at once drop into the homes that have been provided for them. There is no necessity for any stir or commotion in any department of industry or labor on their advent in St. Louis, because they distur