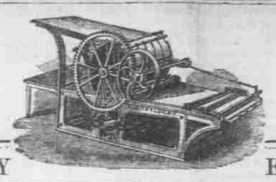
TIFFIN  TRIBUNE.

TERMS, $2 00 PER YEAR. TIFFIN, OHIO, THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1871. VOLUME 23—NUMBER 18

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

J. R. UMSTED,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office No. 99 Washington Street.
June 30, 1870.

JOHN H. RIDGELY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and settling estates. Office over Grummel's Tobacco Store, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-1y.

GEORGE E. SENEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office corner Main and Perry streets.
May 8.

A. H. BYERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery; and General Insurance Agent. Attention given to prosecuting claims, settling estates, making collections and securing patents. Office in National Exchange Block, Tiffin, Ohio.
Jan. 1, '70.

JOHN McCAULEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office opposite the Court House.
June 30.

WM. H. GIBSON. R. G. PENNINGTON.
GIBSON & PENNINGTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in First National Bank Block.
May 16.

G. J. REEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public Real Estate, Claim, and General Insurance Agent, Tiffin, Ohio. Office in Commercial Row, opposite the First National Bank.
June 11.

N. L. BREWER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Special attention given to all kinds of Military Claims, Back pay, Bounty, Pensions, &c. Office in National Exchange Bank Block, opposite the Court House, Tiffin, Ohio
Jan. 17.

G. W. BACHMAN. U. F. CRAMER.
BACHMAN & CRAMER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Special attention given to collections and the sale of Real Estate. Office over F. K. Shawhan & Co's store, Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio.
Nov. 14.

GEORGE GASSMAN
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and interpreter in the German, French and Italian languages before the civil and criminal Courts of the State. A close study and application to these and other languages, in a sojourn of five years in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Syria, Palestine, Turkey-Proper and England, will, it is believed, the better recommend him in this branch of his profession. Office with Dr. Crawford.
Feb. 14.

W. H. PEARCE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Republic, O., will give prompt attention to collections and all business pertaining to his office.—Blanks kept on hand. Also, Agent for the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn. Office in Town Hall, front room, on the left.
June 23, 1870-tf.

MEDICAL.

A. S. ROSENBERGER, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIST, Carey, Ohio, will promptly attend to all professional calls.
Jan. 26, 1871.-tf.

H. R. MARTIN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Empire Block Washington street Tiffin, Ohio.

J. P. MINNAMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Kirchner's Block, Main street, Tiffin, Ohio. Residence No. 9 Clay street, Second Ward. [July 2.

W. H. STOVER,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Tiffin, Ohio. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M. Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Office on Market street, 2d door east of the M. E. church. [April 11.

DENTISTS.

KINNAMAN & MARTIN,
TEETH inserted and extracted in a scientific manner. All work warranted to give satisfaction. We are the only Dentists in the county who have a license for making the Rubber Work. All persons wearing rubber plates made by dentists having no license, are liable to prosecution. Rooms over First National Bank. [Nov. 6.

Dr. C. C. BEILHARZ,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office at his residence, corner Monroe and Madison streets, opposite German Reformed Church. no16.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

VOLLMER & MIRCHNER,
MERCHANT TAILORS and dealers in Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Constantly on hand Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Washington street, Tiffin, Ohio. Particular attention given to Custom Work. All orders will meet with prompt attention. N. B.—We have the agency for the best Sewing Machine now in use. [Nov. 8;

HOTELS.

TIFFIN HOUSE.
G. KINZER, Proprietor, Market St., Tiffin, Ohio. The house has been thoroughly overhauled, has good stabling, and is prepared to furnish the traveling public with all necessaries in good style.

NEIL HOUSE,
OPPOSITE the State House, Columbus, O., Waistein Failing, Proprietor. This old and favorite Hotel reduced its price per day to $2 00 on January 1, 1871.
January 5, 1871.-n1y-tf.

AMERICAN EAGLE HOTEL.
THE American Eagle Hotel, Clyde, Ohio, T. McBride & Son Proprietors, offers first class accommodations for guests.
Oct. 22.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE BUSINESS AGENCY COMPANY.
PRINCIPAL Office Baltimore, Maryland, procures American and Foreign Patents, furnishes Models and Drawings, negotiates Bounty, Pension, and all kinds of Government claims. Special attention to purchase and sale of Real Estate, executing Deeds and Mortgages, collections of accounts and business claims generally.
THOS. J. PRINTZ.
Local Co-Operative Agent, Tiffin, O.
Dec. 1. 1870-tf

JOHN WALES,
AUCTIONEER, D. D. Neikirk, Clerk, ready, at all times, to cry sales. Post Office address, Clyde, Ohio.
April 8, 1870-tf.

EDWIN HOLMES
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, solicits contracts for erecting buildings. Will furnish drafts and specifications promptly.
Address, Box 610, Tiffin, O.
March 18, 1870-6m.

SCUDDER CHAMBERLAIN
ARCHITECT AND GENERAL BUILDER, will take contracts for putting up Blocks, Dwellings, etc., or will oversee such work. Drawings, Drafts, Plans, etc., for every description made and furnished on low terms. Residence, No. 142 Washington St., Tiffin, O.
Jan. 7th, 1870.-1y.

WILLIAM WOLFF & SON,
MANUFACTURERS of Blank Books and Book Binders. Bindery between Ph. Sewald's corner and Lemp's Cabinet Shop, Washington street, Tiffin, O.
Sept. 22, 1870-n9-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

Of Tiffin, Ohio.

CAPITAL, ... $100,000.

BENJAMIN TOMB, - - - President.
JOHN T. HUSS, - - - Cashier.
T. B. TOMB, - - - Ass't Cashier
DALLAS DILDINE, - - Teller

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. TOMB, JOHN T. HUSS,
HENRY EBBERT, H. G. SPAYTH,
R. G. PENNINGTON, GEO. R. RUSS,
THOMAS B. TOMB.

Receives Deposits, Discounts Paper, buys and sells Coin and Government Bonds, and pays interest on Coupons at maturity.
Jan. 17.-tf.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK,

Of Tiffin, Ohio.

PAID IN CAPITAL, . . . $125,000

J. D. LOOMIS, - - - President.
O. C. ZELLER, - - - Cashier
J. H. FROST, - - - Teller

DIRECTORS.

A. B. HOVEY, E. T. STICKNEY,
H. A. BUSKIRK, J. H. GOOD,
S. H. SNEATH, A. G. SNEATH,
R. W. SHAWHAN, J. M. NAYLOR,
J. D. LOOMIS.

Government Securities, Coin and Eastern Exchange, bought and sold at current rates Coupons and Deposits received and a general Banking business transacted.
Jan. 20, 1868.-n12.

E. D. GAMBLE,
SPECIAL AGENT for Navins' Explosive Every Burner Burner. The work for every Burner we warrant and that every one that has it LIKES. Agents Wanted.
Tiffin, Ohio. n7-3mos

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. TOMB, JOHN T. HUSS,
HENRY EBBERT, H. G. SPAYTH,
R. G. PENNINGTON, GEO. R. RUSS,
THOMAS B. TOMB.

Receives Deposits, Discounts Paper, buys and sells Coin and Government Bonds, and pays interest on Coupons at maturity.
Jan. 17.-tf.

"A Nimble Sixpence better than a slow Shilling!"

CERTAINLY! WHY NOT?

F. K. SHAWHAN & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED MORE

NEW WINTER GOODS!

BOUGHT AT THE

RECENT DECLINE IN PRICES!

WHICH WE OFFER AT RATES,

FOR CASH!

To bear us out in establishing the above motto. Our stock is FULL and COMPLETE. We keep it active by selling goods cheap.

F. K. Shawhan & Co.

SAVE MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

OF EVERY STYLE AT

JONES & BROTHER'S.

FURS! FURS!

Genuine Mink, Alaska Mink, Siberian Squirrel, and Water Mink, also CHILDREN'S FURS. We offer great bargains in Furs.

BUFFALO ROBES!

A selected stock of extra Robes, the best that has been in Tiffin for years.

RUBBER GOODS!

Try a pair of our Rubber Boots, they keep your feet warm and dry. Also, a large stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubber Goods.
We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that we keep E. BURTS' FINE SHOES, the finest shoe sold in our city.
Everybody call and see for yourselves.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,
JONES & BRO.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

BROWN, SCHLOSSER & CO.

HAVE THIS DAY DETERMINED TO CLOSE OUT THEIR ENTIRE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

YANKEE NOTIONS, &c.

Now on hand at PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH the people of Tiffin and Seneca Co.

Come and get Bargains before it is too late!

NEW LINE OF

Sheetings, Prints and Waterproofs,

Received to-day, and will be SOLD AT LOW PRICES. BIG BARGAINS IN

FURS, MERINOES, SHAWLS & BEAVERS.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

BROWN, SCHLOSSER & CO.

Next door to Keilholtz's Grocery.

FURNITURE AT THE SIGN OF BIG CHAIR!

H. F. FIEGE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS of and dealers in all kinds of Furniture, are now prepared to furnish all who wish every style and article of well-made, plain or upholstered Furniture at most reasonable prices. Call and see our stock and learn our prices before purchasing, as we hope to merit a continuance of the generous patronage heretofore received from a discriminating public.

UNDERTAKING

A fine Hearse suitably equipped for Funeral occasions. Coffins and Cases on hand and made to order on the shortest notice.
Remember the place, at the sign of BIG CHAIR Market street, near the Court House, Tiffin, O. H. F. FIEGE & CO.
Oct. 1, 1869.-n50.

TIFFIN TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY

THURSDAY EVENING.

O. T. LOCKE. C. N. LOCKE. W. G. BLYMYER.

LOCKES & BLYMYER,

PROPRIETORS.

Bona Fide Circulation, - - 1,650.

TERMS—One year, in advance, $2 00; Six months, $1 00; Three months, 50 cents.
ADVERTISING—The TRIBUNE as an advertising medium has no superior. It has a large circulation, and is read by a thrifty, energetic class of people. Advertisements inserted as low as in any first-class paper.

FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

"GOOD NIGHT."

Are you watching for me, darling, are you
looking out for me?
Do you think I may be coming by the path
along the sea?
My love! with golden tresses and ever varying cheek,
And the welcome in your glance which your shy lips seldom speak.

I can close mine eyes and see you in the mellow evening gleam,
Your earnest face uplifted by some pure and happy dream;
By the chiming ocean billows in the radiance of the west
Those busy fingers folded for a little while at rest.

Ah! I see you looking downward at that slender golden ring,
With a quick, faint blush—you prize it, the foolish, worthless thing?
You are thinking of the kiss that dared press
your fingers, dear;
I have never touched your lips yet, and I am lying here.

On the field of a lost battle—all, save dead and dying, gone;
A cold, slow rain is falling and the night is drawing on.
Our flag, deep stained with crimson, is wrapped about my arm;
I have saved it with my life-blood through this battle-day's alarm.

My passion has been silent—we have only been true friends;
Thank Heaven! we were not lovers, since this is how it ends.
I know your heart is tender, and has given both prayers and tears
To your well-beloved companion, your friend of early years.

May they turn to you in blessings; may my darling never know
A single tear more bitter than those which for me flow!

* * * * * * * * *

Who will tell her of my fate? I am dying here alone.
So yearning for one tender look, one gentle, pitying tone?

I thought to bring back honor, and lay it at your feet;
I thought to win a glorious name, and whisper "Share it, sweet!"
But dying eyes see clearly; I never won your heart.
Well, better so, far better; it is easy now to part!

There are many moaning round me, but my wounds have ceased to pain;
I hardly hear the night wind or feel the chilling rain.
They will find me here to-morrow and bury me where I lie,
In a nameless grave, without a prayer—and I am young to die!

But it must be so, my darling! If you were by my side,
You would kiss me a "Good night!"—the last before I died.
Farewell! God shield you, dearest, I and some time think of me.
As you sit in your sunny window beside the sparkling sea!

[From the Boston *Times.*]

Told By An Opium Trader.

And so you think the dangers of the opium trade are very much exaggerated, do you?

Let me tell you of an incident that happened to me no longer ago than the time of the Indian Mutiny War; that may change your opinion on that subject.

I was an executive officer of one of the crack clipper opium schooners then, and (for an American) was a great favorite in the employ. My captain had the reputation of being one of the wildest men on the coast—I am speaking of the Chinese coast—and was commonly called "Mad Duncan;" yet he was, under his reckless exterior, a thorough sailor, a careful master, and one of the most courageous men I ever had the pleasure of knowing.

The first mate understood him, and all his points, and trusted him implicitly; and it was reported that he was soon to be promoted to the important and lucrative office of "ship's husband."

I was a strong man then, sir, with a hard fourteen-inch biceps and a chest that measured forty-two. Duncan was fond of me, and when there was a crew to tame, they were always sent to "our boat." We weeded them, and seldom troubled the consuls with any mutinous lascars.

We (of the opium service) considered ourselves "second to none" in those days, and decided the "P. and O." as only a superior sort of flunkies. We carried nothing but specie, opium and our guns. I forget! There was one other thing we did carry; we carried sail harder and longer than any other class of vessels afloat, and fought our way against the monsoons and Chinamen whenever we had occasion. There was a prestige then in the names of Jardine, Dent and Cama, which, in this day of steam, has departed.

Having become disgusted with "deep-sea water sailing" as "tame and slow," I had made my way to Hong Kong, and shipped into what I thought to be the grandest, most exciting and dangerous coasting trade in the world, and, at the time of which I speak, had become so inured to its perils and hardships, that I could "shore up" my eyelids with the most native man. Not long since a person gave warnings given by old hands, to "sleep with a weather-eye lifting," and "nothing so dangerous as to feel safe." But I met an experience shortly that confirmed their apprehensions, and convinced me of the truth of these maxims.

The schooner was on her down trip from Shanghai. We were anchored just above the "Graveyard" (near Ning-Poo). The current in the river was very swift where we lay, and the under tow so strong that no one had ever been known to keep up in it. It was sure death to fall overboard in that spot. All the officers, with the exception of the gunner (Mr. Bowers) and myself, had gone to spend the evening either ashore or on board the receiving ship "Fox," which lay moored about half a mile above. We were already for sea, and had accumulated specie and "sycee" of two stations in our hold. We expected to sail for Hong-Kong direct on the last of the next flood tide, and everything was prepared to get under weigh at daylight.

I sat in the cabin, writing, dressed in thin silk panjamas and sleeping shirt—for the weather was warm and the heat below oppressive. My boy, Ah-Mee, lay coiled up, asleep, on a tiger's skin on the cabin floor, with my little dog "Jap" nestled beside him.

As I wrote, I could hear their heavy breathing, drowned now and then by the noise of the rushing waters of the tide; and the surging of the chain cable, which from time to time shook the schooner from stem to stern, attesting its force and velocity; and then the footsteps of the gunner, as he moved drowsily about on the quarter-deck over my head. I was tired and sleepy, and my eyelids felt as if a weight of "eight-o'clock" grog was weighing down my eyelids; with an effort I finished my "log," closed my book, and settling back in my chair, dozed off to sleep.

In the "Land of Nod," I had a hard time. I seemed to be in the river, swimming for dear life. Now the undertow would suck me beneath the swirling waters; then I would struggle and rise to the surface, but only to sink again; anon dark forms crowded upon me, clung to me, forced me down, down! down!! With a convulsive start, I awoke. I was dimly conscious that some noise had aroused me. Ah-Mee, leaning on his elbow, was staring at me with distended eyes, and "Jap," on his haunches, seemed intent on the skylight over head. I listened without moving. Had a boat come alongside? I was certain there had been a dull thud, as when a boat strikes a ship's side. Certainly I had heard the splash of oars. Could I have been mistaken?

What had started the boy and dog from *their* sleep?

There was no sound of parley.

I started to my feet. Again I listened for voices, but all was still. The silence was oppressive. Suddenly the binnacle bell sung out a sharp one, two, three, four—ten o'clock; then I knew I had been asleep over an hour. The lookouts of the anchor watch began to respond to the bell ** Sat-tu-u-u! Du-a-a-a! There they ceased; silence again. I listened, breathless.

Ah-Mee and the dog rose to their feet. No Tega! Umpta! Lema! No footsteps over head. The lookout on the starboard cathead asleep, evidently—the one of all others who should be on the *qui vive*. No movement on the part of the gunner; and I thought why does he not wake that fellow up? Is he himself asleep, with his crew of devils to look after? (We had a notoriously ugly crew that trip.) With an angry denunciation and hasty command to Ah-Mee of Cha li!! I sprang up the companion ladder to the quarter-deck.

Where is the gunner? I demanded of the Malay seacunnie, who was standing with folded arms quietly by the rail. "Ogihl sahab." I listened, and strained my eyes to see if there was any movement forward. No noise, save the bustle of the boy below and the gurgling water under the quarter.

I called, in a sharp, quick tone: Mr. Bowers! No response. Mr. Bowers!! No answer. Then I hastened forward. As I passed the lookout in the starboard gangway, I asked: Kitheri, gunnes sahab?" Again, "Ogihl sahab." With rapid steps I reached the t'gallant-fore'stle ladder, and, leaving my straw slippers behind, ran up it.

Beside the starboard cathead lay the sleeping lookout No. 3: by the report cathead crouched the other. Both asleep? Where is the gunner? I queried to myself? Asleep too, I suppose.

With quiet steps I stood beside the recumbent form of the sleeping lookout, and was on the point of saluting him with my foot, when, to my astonishment, I saw the starboard lookout spring to his feet and make a dash for me. There was a bright object in his hand that glittered in the faint starlight. Mutinous, eh! I exclaimed and as the Malay leaped towards me and struck with his whole force, I sprang on one side. The impetus of the blow caused him to stumble over the other, who, knife in hand, was rising to his feet. They both fell.

Instinctively I sought a weapon. Before they could recover themselves I grasped the short, upright iron brake of the force pump, against which I struck when I avoided the murderous rascal. Fortunately it was unkeyed. With fierce energy I pulled it from its socket, and rained down blows upon the struggling wretches with fearful effect.

But dark forms climbing onto the forecastle, and the deck was suddenly filled with men. Then it flashed through my mind: I have been decoyed forwards; trapped! They have killed poor Bowers, and it was his fall on deck, the splash of his body on deck, that woke us in the cabin. My life depends on getting aft to the arms.

With a wild cry for help, that reached even the ears of those on board the "Fox," I sprang down among my would-be-murderers. I landed fair upon my feet, and struck right and left with the iron bar. So unexpected was my onset that several fell under my deadly weapon before there was any chance to get away from me. For one instant they faltered and fell back, forming a circle about me. One instant! it gave me a chance to catch my breath. They feared me! I saw it! With an exultant shout I charged aft through the hesitating swarm; then, with low, fierce howls, they closed about me.

I fought—well, as only a man fighting for his life can fight. Still it was not that feeling alone that animated me; I was filled with rage at their mutiny, and actually took a ferocious delight in the crushing of my blows. Fighting with my back to the rail, I edged step by step aft.

Suddenly there was a bright flash—a sharp report. They paused. Turning to look, I saw my chance; dashed out and broke through; quick as thought I had reached the quarter-deck, and ran aft to where my brave boy, Ah-Mee, stood beside the cabin companion—passing on by the dead body of the sea cunnie whom Ah-Mee had just shot. Handing me my revolver, he said—in his cool, Chinese apathetic way—as he blazed away into the pursuing swarm with the horse-pistols the steward was handing up to him: "Me makee lem low!" (I'll make them run.)

He was mistaken. All the tiger in their natures was roused; it was no longer "toot," but the desire to kill, that animated them. They were Malay's; "A muck" seeking our lives—thirsting for our blood.

"Go below! go below!" I said to Ah-Mee, as I rapidly emptied my self cocker. He darted down the ladder and, as my last charge left its chamber, I followed.

For a moment there was a hush, broken the next by a confusion of sounds, shots, yells, the fall of heavy objects, and trampling of many feet on the deck above us. Then a clear hearty Anglo Saxon sheer greeted our ears; and, as I responded, I again scrambledon deck, I heard the cheery voice of "Mad Duncan," and saw his tall form striding towards me; saw him in a mist; things turned gray. "God bless you, Captain!" I tried to say. My breath failed; the deck reeled everything faded away!

* * * * * * *

"A tight squeeze of it you've had, my boy! The words sounded far away, as I opened my eyes in a glare of light. I recognized Captain Duncan's voice, and became conscious that I was stretched on a mattress on the cabin floor. Sharp, stinging pains crept through my frame, and centred in my hands, head, one hip and knee. Around me were grouped our own officers of the "Fox." One was sponging my body; Ah-Mee squatting at my feet, holding a bowl of water, was silently crying; one was bandaging my bleeding hands; another was fanning me. Duncan held my head in his lap, and spoonied brandy into my mouth. "Glad to see you come to, old fellow," he said, looking down into my face with kind eyes.

"All right?" I asked. "Where's Bowers?" for I missed his honest gray head.

"Lie still!" as I tried to lift my head and look about. "All right for you, old fellow—Bowers?" He hesitated; but seeing the meaning in my face, Duncan said sadly: Yes! the poor old man has gone, they've killed him."

"I thought so the devils!" My head swam, and I fainted again.

I was very ill on the voyage 'down' and weak from loss of blood, having received deep knife wounds in one hip, my left knee and temple, and both hands. The weather was charming, the sea smooth, and for a wonder, the wind was fair most of the trip, during which Captain Duncan told me all that I did not know about the scrimmage. He said: "We were sitting on the quarter deck of the 'Fox,' smoking and sipping our grog silently, when we heard your cry of 'Help!' come ringing up the river, so clear and distinct that we even caught your tone. Every man of us sprung to our feet. There was no hesitation; all rushed for the armschest. Every one knew what your cry meant. The boats were piped away, and we swung ourselves over the side, pell-mell into them. Not a word was uttered except by the officer of the deck. As we cleared the ship's side, we saw the flash and heard the report of Ah-mee's first shot. Then the men buckled to their oars. That shot told us, as plainly as words, 'There's hope yet!' It was all the sound we heard as we dashed along the river, until the quick 'Pop! pop!' of your revolver told us you were still alive. You had hardly fired your last shot when we got alongside. Scrambling up the main-chains, we took the black devils all by surprise, drove them forward, and down the fore-castle hatch.—When they ran, I started aft to look for you. You rather startled me, old fellow, when you tumbled up out of the companion. You were stark naked, and covered head, and body, with blood, and as I reached you, fell fainting; I was just in time to catch you, or you would have pitched down through the skylight. We took you below, and dressed your wounds first, then brought you to. We hunted for poor Bowers, but he was gone. If it hadn't been for that boy of yours, Devens, you'd have gone up too, I'm thinking. We battened down the crew till daylight, and then ordered them up on deck. As they came up we put each man in irons, and when all had their bracelets on we sent the lot on board the receiving ship, to await the gunboat we had sent for (across the country) from Shanghai.

Part of a crew we got from the 'Fox,' and part from the brig 'Anita.' When they came aboard we cleared the deck. You must have used that brake lively, judging by the specimens of your handiwork that were lying about loose. On the top-gal'nt-fore'stle, just aft the cathead, lay a lascar with his skull crshed in, and by his side a chap with his left arm shattered and three ribs broken; just forward of the galley were two more dead men, one with his neck and collar, bone broken; the other with a ghastly cut in the side of his head; five more had broken bones, and nearly all required the services of Dr. G——n, of the American Mission House, for many of them had had cut each other in the melee. Ah-Mee shot the seacunnie through the brain. He's a Tartar!—that boy—in more senses than one. It's a blessing there's no d——d consul there, or we couldn't have got away these three weeks," he concluded.

When we reached Hong Kong, I was transported to "the house" and tenderly cared for until quite well and strong again. Duncan was my constant visitor, as he had been appointed ship's husband, and it was through his influence that, upon my reporting myself for duty I was given command.

At the trial of the crew, sometime afterward, and in which I figured as the principal witness, one turned State's evidence, and then we learned that the mutiny had been planned on the trip up, the originator being a Hindoo tindal (boatswain's mate), the plan was to wait an opportunity when most of the officers and Captain Duncan were on shore, to kill those remaining on board, drop the vessel from her moorings, plunder her, take the boats, and going down to the "Triangles, abandon them, and spread among the Chinese shipping.

They first decoyed Mr. Bowers forward and stabbed him; he fell from the top-gal'nt fore'stle onto the main deck; before he could recover, they lifted his body over the rail and dropped him overboard. His fall awoke me, and they tried the same game again.

They were sent to Singapore. The ringleaders were executed, and the remainder sentenced to the chain-gang for life.

I have told you but one experience—true, the worst I ever had—to give you some insight into the dangers of the opium trade. It's a pretty fair sample, though, of the state of things fifteen years ago.

Do you still think the dangers of the service exaggerated?

* Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

** In the opium service, the "anchor watch" consisted of one officer, a quarter master or "sea-cunnie," and six lascars, the sea-cunnie being stationed, the one on the starboard side of the quarter deck, the other on the port side. The men were numbered and stationed. No. one (Satta), on the starboard quarter; No. two (Dua), starboard waist; No. three (Tega), starboard cathead; No. four (Umpat), port cathead; No. five (Lema), port waist; No. six (Annum), port quarter-master. Every half hour, when the sea-cunnie struck the bell, they called their numbers.

† Bring ten.

†† Forward, sir.

*† Where's the gunner.

Phrenology and Murder.

At a recent murder trial in New York, the counsel for the defense took a new departure in the line of criminal testimony. The insanity dodge seems to be in danger of being overdone so that some other means must be resorted to to save murderers from the gallows.—The plan is to prove from the form of the head, that a man's propensity to commit such a crime is something that he cannot help. In the case mentioned, the phrenologist Wells, of New York, was introduced, who testified that he had examined the head of the prisoner and had found "that the animal organs predominated; and were insufficient to counterbalance his moral instinct." From this grand work, the counsel endeavors to argue that the man was not morally accountable, and should not be considered legally so. We presume that all criminals would be found similarly organized, but society will wonder what difference it makes so far as its right to protection is concerned, whether the form of head makes this revelation or not. When phrenology becomes so exact a science that it can be told just who will commit crime beforehand, so that such unfortunately disposed persons may be confined before fulfilling their destinies in this direction, it may be of some service in criminal courts; but as it is at present understood, the world will hardly acknowledge its efficacy.

A Boy's Composition.

A goat is stronger than a pig and gives milk. He looks at you. So does the doctor, but a goat has four legs. My goat butted Deacon Tillinghast in a bad place, and a little calf wouldn't do so. A boy without a father is an orphan, and if he hain't got no mother he is two orphans. The goat don't give so much milk as the cow, but more than an ox. I saw an ox at a fair one day with a card tied to its left ear, and we went in on a family ticket. Mother picks geese in the summer, and the geese eat the grass and jumps on a box. Some folks don't like goats, but as for me, give me a mule with a paint-brush tail. The goat is a useful animal, but don't smell as sweet as nice bear's oil for the hair. If I had too much hair I would wear a wig, as old Captain Peters does. I will sell my goat for three dollars, and go to the circus to see the elephant, which is bigger than five goats. Father is coming home to-morrow, and the baby has got the croup bad. TOM SHINE.

Didn't Persist.

The following anecdote is told of one of our most careful and sedate druggists—a gentleman of the old school, who for fifty years has occupied the same corner, and in all his dealings medicinally, is a very scrupulous man. Not long since a person of not particularly liberal practices, and withal a close man, came into the "Good Samaritan" with a recipe that he wished put up, and the man of drugs proceeded at once to attend to it. While engaged in weighing out the compound, the customer, with a smile intended to be "childlike and bland," said to him: "Now, doctor, be sure that you give me good measure." The doctor paused, holding the scale at rest, while he looked over his spectacles at the man before him.—"Sir," said he solemnly, "if I were to give you the merest grain more than this recipe calls for, you would be in hell in five minutes." The buyer didn't insist.

A fat old gentleman who had been bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog, came to Jonah in a towering passion, declaring that it was Jonah's dog that had bitten him. Expecting an action for damages, the wag drew up the following articles as the ground for his defense:

1. By testimony in favor of the general good conduct of my dog, I can prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his dignity as to bite a "calf."
2. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of the way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.
4. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he had no teeth.
5. My dog died six weeks since.
6. I never had a dog.

An Illustration.

At a certain college the senior class was under examination for degress.—The professor of natural philosophy was badgering in optics. The point under illustration was that strictly and scientifically speaking, we see no object but their images depicted on the retina. The worthy professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class:

'Mr. Jackson, did you every actually see your father.'

'No, sir,' was Bill's prompt reply.

'Please to explain why you never saw your father.'

"Because," replied Mr. Jackson, very gravely, 'he died before I was born.'

A lady in London somehow got the idea into her head that the devil was in her, and went to the cupboard and hung herself. If women go to hanging themselves for a little thing like that, they are going to be mighty scarce, that's all.—*New York Democrat.*

A REBEL POEM.

The late P. S. Worsely, a Tory English poet, sent to Gen. Lee a copy of his translation of the Iliad, with a little poem of translation on the fly leaf. It was seen by many of the General's friends, who requested a transcript of the verses for publication, but he would never permit them to be printed, his nature modestly shrinking from the warm panegyric they embodied.

Now that both the poet and the hero are dead, there seems to be no good reason why they should be withheld from the public.—Those are the lines:—*Democratic Paper.*

"The grand old Bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue,
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

"Thy Troy is fallen—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah, realm of tears—but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time—
No nation rose so white and fair;
None fell so pure of crime.

"The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Rise round thee—but in truth be strong,
Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong.

"An angel's pen, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
Virginia first and Lee."

Deferred Articles.

FROM KANSAS.

FIRST LETTER.

WETMORE, KANSAS, January, 1871.

With the thermometer at 10°, Kansas is yet among the living. Business is somewhat dull, owing to the scarcety of money, yet we all look for better times. Emigration is beginning to present itself, and improvements and building are slowly progressing. The Central Branch Rail Road is doing a fair business; car after car is daily going in, and, *vice versa*, loaded with grain and stock.

Lively towns are springing up, and everything goes to show that Kansas must, at some future time, be one among the best. School houses are erected, and excellent opportunities offered, as well as good wholesome laws to govern the same.

Crops are looking fine, and wheat promises an abundant yield.

I tell you, the people are alive and putting their shoulders to the wheel of prosperity. We want good, energetic Eastern men, men of capital, who know nothing of that simple word discouragement, men who have the stamina of days of yore, and then Kansas will show to the world her pre-eminence as a rival state.

The Baptist and Methodist churches are holding revivals in many of our country towns, and quite an interest manifested, and many souls are being brought to repentance.

Several trains have been blockaded on account of the snow, especially on the St. Joe and Denver Road.

Much excitement prevails in the case of one John Rule in the murder of James Kline. It appears, Rule was a bachelor, his sister keeping house for him. He had sworn to kill any man who should ever marry her. Young Kline happened to be the unlucky victim. The murderer has absconded. Kline was a good citizen, an industrious young man, and a good Mason. His remains were interred by the Masonic fraternity, who mourn the loss of a true brother.

Debating clubs have been organized and are in full operation.

Devotees of Terpsechore can have fine chances to enjoy the fantastic step, as dances and balls are no uncommon occurrence in the wild prairies of the West.

There is yet plenty of Uncle Sam's loose quarter-sections, waiting for actual settlers, at a distance of seventy miles west of Atchison, lying midway of two railroads, close to growing towns and county seats, in Marshall and adjoining counties.

Irving will soon boast of the first iron bridge in north-western Kansas. It is in progress and will soon be completed. It will span the big Blue River, and is under the supervision of Eastern men.

Stock of all kinds is looking fine. Some few cattle have died, from eating, it is supposed, the smut of corn.

Prairie chickens, rabbits and other wild game are abundant.

Jackson county is erecting a $25,000 Court House.

Taking it all in all, our people are wide awake, to both private and public interests.

You will hear from me often in regard to our future progress, as well as local news. READY JOHN.

SECOND LETTER.

WETMORE, KANSAS, February, 1871.

On Monday morning bright and early your humble correspondent ticketed himself through to Waterville, *via* the Central Branch U. P. R. R. After leaving our village, I took some quiet observations relative to the general appearance of the country, growth of towns &c.

The railroad is in rather poor condition. The track winds here and there, escaping all impediments that naturally obstruct its course, and the traveler has a vague impression that there is a little bogus in regard to its being a paying institution. Waterville is the western terminus of the road, and the probability is that it will continue to be until Congress grants them a further extension, viz:—land grant.

After a short ride, I arrived safely at my destination. After making several inquiries, and content with the gleanings of to-day, I report:

Waterville is a rapid growing town, situated in Marshall county, on the Little Blue River. It has a very energetic class of business men, and a population of six or seven hundred inhabitants. It is well represented by fair business houses and extensive lumber yards. It has one printing office, five stores, two hotels, and an excellent public school. The soil of the surrounding country is of a black loam, deep and rich.

Irving, the next town of importance, is situated on the Big Blue River. It has good water privileges, is convenient to stone for building purposes, and is a fast growing town.

Blue River, also on the Blue River, having but lately sprung up, is a lively place. It has a large flouring mill, as well as an equal share of other business houses.

The country is fast settling up in the vicinity of the foregoing enterprising villages. Farming and stock raising is extensively carried on.

The geological formation of this section is limestone, and the unexemplified vegetation, which is such a marked feature of this section, is sustained by the dark, rich, alluvial soil that, when subdued by the plow, yields crops of corn, wheat, hemp, and tobacco, that have no parallel in the experience of the most successful farmers of the West.

Frankfort next attracts our attention. It has a population of probably two hundred inhabitants of all classes, engaged in all the different occupations of industry.

Centralia follows in our course of observations, and presents a lively appearance. It has a great plenty of men engaged in mercantile, trade considering its population. It has a fine school, a large steam flouring mill. It is fast improving. Its people are alive to her interests, both public and private.

Many smaller towns are springing up all along the line of the road.

The soil in all of this section of country is uniform, and numerous streams flow through the land upon which the within named towns and villages are built.

Many of the County Seats are inland towns, established before this line of railroad was contemplated. They are all healthy growing places.

Seneca, the county seat of Nemaha county, on the St. Joe & Denver R.R., is a fast growing town. Great energy is exerted, and no pains or money spared, to promote its growth. It has some fine buildings. The county is erecting a fine magnificent Court House, of magnesia stone, to be covered with a slate roof. The expense of building will exceed twenty-two thousand dollars.

Wetmore, on Spring Creek, is quite a lively little village, represented by three dry goods houses, one drug store, one large hotel, one school house and church, one saddlery and harness shop, several lumber yards and a grain warehouse; here, also, is stationed the tank and coal yard of the Co.

Neatawaka, the next in note, is situated on the Indian Reservation. It derives its name from the Indian word 'Netawaks,' meaning high divide, and well it might, for, on every side, the ground gently slopes down into ravines, presenting one of the most beautiful town sites in northern Kansas. It has three stores, two hotels, two lumber yards, one agricultural warehouse, one church, one school, and several mechanic shops; also four doctors, one lawyer, and a printing office.

Muscotah, on a branch of Grasshopper Creek, is keeping pace with the times, and growing in population and improvements.

Whiting, Effingham, Monrovia, Pardee, and Parnell, are, among the rest, improving.

Atchison, at the eastern extremity of the railroad, is situated upon the west banks of the Missouri River, and is growing fast in the scale of a city.

Considering the age of most of the foregoing towns,—it being only two years since the first buildings were erected—we do not over-estimate it when we say that Kansas has increased at a greater per cent than any other State in the West in her population, her improvements, her moral, religious, and intellectual spheres.

The general aspect of the land is exceedingly attractive. It rises with gentle ascent from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains in a series of majestic undul