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BLACK Lace Veils, French Worked Collars and Capes, a very large lot, selling awfu cheap at
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THE subscriber has now on hand and is daily receiving the largest and best assorted stock of GOODS, suitable for this market, ever brought to Northern Missouri. He returns his most sincere thanks for the untiring support he has always received, and no effort shall be wanting on his part to merit its continuance. T. R. SELMES.
feb 28

ORIGINAL STORY.

A Glimpse of the Elephant.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

BY ONE OF THE INITIATED.

CHAPTER I.

Containing an exordium worthy of the subject, and also containing an account of a certain breakfast, and how it was prepared.

THE glorious orb of day arose brightly on the morning when first begin the scanty memoranda which are yet preserved to the world, of the never to be forgotten hero whose illustrious achievements it is my enviable fortune to chronicle. I am one of those dull, plodding historians, who, detesting all embellishment save truth, are content with narrating facts as they have occurred, and spurn all the airy ornaments of fiction, remitting no toil to arrive at the verity of the most trivial incident they relate. And when I first undertook the labor—the Herculian travail (for gigantic it is to me, although veracious, and eke voluminous historians are, in this age of brass, as plentiful as owls are at Athens, or gold is not in El Dorado;) I firmly resolved to refuse no toil to collect and collate such materials as best I might, in order to compose an authentic memoir of the wonderful adventures and notable performances of the admirable Reuben Appleface. Nevertheless, although in furtherance of my Spartan resolve, I have diligently perused a huge pile of original documents, apparently transmitted to future generations in Hebraic or Sanscrit characters, and consisting of letters, journals, &c., &c., all in the unique and elegant handwriting of my hero, I have utterly failed in my attempts to discover the precise date whereupon the aforesaid luminary thus smiled so brilliantly and beheld so complacently the rising star of the fortunes of our friend and gossip, Mr. Appleface. This much, however, I have ascertained, that it was in the merry month of May and middle portion thereof, in the year of our Lord 1849, and that the part of this evil terrestrial sphere at that time honored by the presence of our hero, was the beautiful and flourishing town of Independence.

The mania for crossing the vast western prairies and rugged chains of sterile mountain peaks which separate the ulterior Western States from the auriferous valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin and for undergoing hardships and enduring perils of every species, merely to attain a sight of the remarkable *lusus naturæ* of the animal kingdom, the elephant, as many have proved to their own excessive dolor, then raged and ruled supremely, becoming tantamount to every other consideration, and leading its victims a dance to which the macaronic gambols the devil wizard Master Michael Scot inflicted upon his commies became, to use the eloquent language of the worthy cavalier of La Mancha's no less worthy squire, but as tarts and cheesecakes, in comparison.

An unfortunate wight was stricken with the California fever; immediately he was "off and awa'," and the place that had known him knew him no more. Never were pilgrims in the olden times of chivalry and superstition more intent upon bowing before the altar mar Moriah than the gold hunters of forty-nine in their idolatry to Plutus, bearing in their distorted imagination a marvelous resemblance to a big chunk of that metal which opens every door and overcomes every difficulty; which certain chunk was supposed by each individual adventurer to lie hidden beneath some of the towering summits of the Sierra Nevada, impatiently awaiting the advent of his fortunate self, to draw it from its dark covert and expose it to the light of day.—The whole nation was infatuated; every person was fascinated, and each one shared in the intoxication, drawing no inconsiderable satisfaction from the cherished assurance of fingering a gratifying proportion of the ore.

Such being the universal passion, need it create amazement that the inducements of Mammon excited the strongest pulsations in the bosom of our hero. He concluded to go, with characteristic determination, and he did, in the manner hereafter fully set forth and exemplified the following pages.

Reuben was a case, and, moreover, a very hard one; he was like the French lady who declared she was an abandoned woman and had lost her character, save that [illegible] had never one to lose, or rather, I will say [illegible] and my powers totally inadequate to the task of depicting the lofty faculties of his intellect, and ennobling attributes of his soul; I shall therefore leave his character to fare for itself, as evil weeds grow apace, to meet unassisted, the tender mercies of the world, that great tribunal without law or justice, before which we are all arraigned, and the decrees of which, howsoever arbitrary they may be, are final and without appeal.

To return to those aforementioned sunbeams of a May morning, which illuminated the town of Independence, and truly they were bright; they streamed through the open casements of the village and depicted their quaint devices upon the walls, gladdening the hearts of the inmates. They waked the little birds in the neighboring groves, and fell warm and joyous upon the crystal waters of the rills which trickle in the woods around. But they did more than all this; they danced sportively upon a tent pitched upon the outskirts of the town, and I am much afraid they found its occupants asleep. I can at least answer for one of them; that one was Reuben Appleface, and he was as sound as the most sleepy of the seven champions of Christendom in the donjon keep of the enchanted castle. In front of the tent stood a large two-horse wagon, equipped and covered in the most approved style, and to its wheels were pickered the long-eared genitry, whose felicitous destiny it was to furnish the motive influence to the triumphal car of Appleface & Co. But the stir and bustle of the rising day, the roll of the wheels of the ponderously laden Santa Fe wagons, the loud long whinnying of mules, the cursing of the emigrants, and the vocal necromancy of the conquering New Mexicans, mingling and commingling together, composed a discordant strain admirably calculated to rouse old Morpheus himself from his slumbers. At least, it awakened his modern exemplar, Reuben, no less a feat than the former.—This last named distinguished gentleman arose and appareled himself in garbage highly creditable to the fancy of a *petite maitre voyageur*.—He yawned, shook himself with exceeding nonchalence, and proceeded in the most business-like mode to awaken his companions. Our hero, was a personage of about twenty years growth, and he had certainly made good use of time in that line, for he was of towering altitude and withal as gaunt as a mountain pine.—His hair was of that peculiar degree of blackness which seems the concentration of the darkness of every raven deceased from the one which plucked out the eyes of the Gallic enemy of Rome to this present day and generation; his [illegible] were large, and to say the grey may well be; his forehead neither ample in breadth or height, his nose of the genus yclept, pug, and twisted to one side of his broad countenance, and his mouth as wide and yawning as the hungry jaws of Death. His head was defended by a 'rough and ready' hat, (rough it was, and ready to fall to pieces), a hickory shirt, apparently a stranger to the mysteries of the laundress, a pair of beaverteen pantaloons, girted after the fashion of the holy man of yore, with a leathern girdle about his loins, to which said leather belt were attached a butcher-knife of formidable dimensions, and a revolver of the pepper-box pattern of contracted appearances, and a pair of very foxy old boots, harnessed to the antagonistic pantaloons by about 8 inches of twine, in default of straps, completed the *tout ensemble*.

"You infernal lazy cusses, ain't you goin' to git up to-day? Here I've been a callin' you for three hours, an' not the fust devil of you've turned out yit."

This speech proceeded from the lips of the veracious Reuben, who, it must be confessed, was but too prone to exaggeration; in sorry truth, a liar of the first magnitude, for as honey distilled from the lips of Pindar, so fell falsehoods from the tongue of the immaculate heir of Appleface. The infernal cusses thus adjured, speedily turned out, presenting a front of four of the determined pursuers of the gossamer of Fortune.

The first of these respectable gentlemen was a red-headed, round-figured, clock-faced, dirty individual, answering to the name of Thomas Waller, or more familiarly known by the euphonious designation of Sykesy. Sykes had been in bygone times a most venerable preacher, a powerful disseminator of the crumbs of life, but alas, for the vanity of worldly professions, he had fallen from grace most lamentably.

Two of the boys set about feeding the mules, another rolled up the blankets, Reuben presided over the culinary department, and Sykes, placing himself upon the foot board, began to whistle "Old Dan Tucker" most vigorously. Ye shades of all cooks and bon vivants, from Marcus Apicius to Dartaneuf! what diabolical messes did our hero concoct. His first evolution was to rake together some loose straw, set it on fire and place thereon his skillet, lid, and a camp kettle full of water. He then proceeded to essay his powers for making bread, but the dough adhered to his hands, the saleratus would not dissolve, and his grease burned. Meantime, his fire burned out; here was a fix for a young gentleman of Reuben's sensibilities; a dismal complication of disasters and his patience well nigh evaporated. Sykesey advised him very coolly to go and get some wood, and after mature deliberation, Reuben put that happy expedient into effect. Finally, the breakfast was announced to be done, and it really was done up brown.—The proclamation was hailed with great applause, the fallen angel hushed his music, and the rest of the party closed round with infinite delight. Mr. Waller applied himself to the coffee-pot and helped himself to a generous portion of one of the vilest admixtures human art ever prepared. He drank but one sip—the nectar was dashed from his lips, and with wrathful visage he arose to examine the contents of the kettle. He inspected with curious eye the steaming liquid, and then inquired:

"What the thunder do you call this, Reub, any how?"

"Coffee, Mr. Waller," said our hero, sententiously.

But Mr. Waller was not disposed to take him at his word, for he grasped a fork, and plunging it into the kettle, he drew forth a dirty piece of cloth.

"Coffee the devil and Tom Walker, you say," quoth the irate ex-minister, "it's the d—dest most curious coffee I ever did jump up."

The thing was explained—the mystery solved; Reuben had boiled the dishrag and left the coffee in the mill.

Reader, hast thou ever beheld a cowed bull in the Plaza del Toros, surrounded by a half dozen drunken matadors, each striving to decorate his neck with their little flaunting barbs?—as such was our hero among his jeering companions. But Sykesy did not unite in these taunts, not entirely from condescension to pity the butt of these sharp-shooting witlings, but thoughts too mighty for utterance swept o'er his soul; his bosom heaved as oft the rugged summit of Etna quakes, and the fierce volcanic fires glow hotly within, when the lame Lemnian stirs up the embers of his gigantic furnace. But suddenly he burst forth with an impetuous torrent of eloquence, confounding the youthful scion of the illustrious House of Appleface, with the biting shafts of irony, and the rude invectives of declamation, as a flood of lava from the aforesaid mountain rolls over the once verdant valleys of Tinacria, burying all opposing obstructions in unlistinguishable ruin. The hungry and disappointed amateurs of camp life turned away from the delectable beverage to wreak their vengeance upon the more substantial viands, but alack! their cake was literally all dough, and as soggy as the Pontine marshes, so that curses, not loud, but heartfelt, were bestowed unanimously upon the devoted caput of our hero. The hot gospeller volnteered his services in preparation of a mess of slapjacks, i. e., an agreeable compound of flour and water, fried in melted lard, which were received with multitudinous expressions of gratitude. He set about his allotted task with meritorious dispatch, Mr. Appleface advising him not to hurry the corpse, seein' that the weather's cool, but he was only rewarded by a contemptuous glance, and an injunction to "clap a stoppel on his blating." The new votary of the culinary art soon had his batter, and going to the wagon, he left the frying pan in Reuben's hands. But the lard catching the flame, he jerked it off the fire with a little too much vigour, whereby the liquid grease was all bespattered over his breast and head.—He dropped the pan, piped up a doleful howl, and stepping backward he planted his foot in the batter. One of his companions seized the coffe pot and threw its contents upon him, but a second, yet more liberal, besprinkeled him with the remainder of the materials of the "slapjacks." The Rev. Thomas inquired how the thermometer now stood, and another observed that now since Reuben was greased, soaked and basted, they had better barbecue him, but they roasted Mr. Appleface unmercifully.

There was no breakfast in that camp that morning; the early rays of the sun were but delusive prognostics of the brightness of the coming day, for though no unseemly cloud obscured the day, and Sol rode in his golden chariot as if again playing the pranks of Phaeton of old, there was no sunshine upon the countenances of any of that company, which had pitched in to partake of Reuben's delicacies.

CHAPTER II.

Over the line. The charms of camp life. Clearing out in a hurry.

SORROWFULLY did Reuben emsconce himself with galled spirits and feverish blisters amid the blankets in the wagon bed—with angry brow did the driver mount his seat, brandishing his long lashed whip, portent direful to the ill-starred mules; and impatiently did the remaining members of the little troop mount their no less impatient, Rozinantes. Mr. Waller might have sat for the portrait of Hudibras—nay, it amounts to a moral cartainty, that Butler, looking adown the long vista of futurity, by the aid of the prophet's mantle, had discerned the elegance of his carriage, when he wrote his inimitable description closing

Thus armed and fortified, Sir Knight
Left peaceful home for troublous fight.

Sykes was placed aloft upon a bucphalus, which of yore was wont to drag the plough through the fertile fields beside the grand Chariton, a gaunt, fleshless, one-eyed devil of the real tartar species—a perfect incarnation of wickedness, and, by no means accustomed to the "snaffle, sword and spur." This gallant charger no sooner felt the tickling of his ribs, than he snorted, twirled his respectable heels in the ambient atmosphere, and hit the reverend shins of Sykesy, in a most truculent manner.—The divine aforesaid, alternately cursed, prayed, spurred and kicked, and his horse imitated him conscientiously, as far as the kicking was concerned, and then with amazing placidity, laid down in the road. The furious Waller swore harder than ever, and proceeded to kick at a redoubled outlay of leg wear. But old Boney, forgetful of the text worthy of all acceptance, "how beautiful are the feet of the watchmen upon Zion," incontinently twisted his side upon one of those classical appendages of his holiness the rider, and then rolled said rider in the mud, to his heart's content. Truly he "rumbled his bellyful" like Lear's winds, he dyed him with the black loam, the red clay, and yellow ochre of the soil, in a mode so charming and picturesque, that the tastiest walk-in-the-water, who ever tested the beautifying qualities of vermillion, might envy well his artistic endowments; he was a huckleberry beyond a persimmon of all the artists of the wilderness. Some, there are, as well I ken, who refuse to attribute any taste, save in the matter of corn and provender, merely to flatter mortal vanity, but I ever will maintain, when and where it may behoove, that this instance of old Boney's skill in illustrating the constituent elements of the soil of Independence, is an indubitable fact, highly creditable to his genius.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FUQUEER'S CURSE.

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering fuqueer.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the aforesaid cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considers himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The fuqueer is the mediant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises everybody and everything; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land.

There is much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched pease in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a fuqueer who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking his stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chains, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "not for hissel, but for neebour." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerately leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings, for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a fuqueer will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a car-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axel. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, or feet, or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with a concert of the pipes and tabrets, the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers, just as if he were and old ordinary mortal—making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop, and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the fuqueer makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions shown him, and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity, throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow; a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth; his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the verandah of bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage a taste of what they called *Wulatee boinjee*, (English lightning,) when a long gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out towards me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuqueer," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek," (alms.)

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The fuqueer paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the fuqueer, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do, then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek."

So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the fuqueer was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended, while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work, but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the fuqueer's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again.—There he was, as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself; rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a whole twelvemonth.

"If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered; "your lightning can't touch a fuqueer—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery, and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The fuqueer seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants, who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about, with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the fuqueer's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope.—When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fists at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

Leaving me then to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the fuqueer had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water, but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times, with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels like a covey of frightened partridges. The old Kidmudgar was too fat to run far, so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself, so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with "Oh! *re-hab-re-hab!*" and began to blubber, as only a fat Kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the fuqueer, and make him a present; if I did not I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun. "For," he said, "a fuqueer's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat*," (a matter of fate.) Some of his fellows, now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the fuqueer. The durdzee, (tailor,) who had just come from the village where the fuqueer had taken refuge, told me that as soon as the fuqueer heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse everybody in the village as he had me and mine. The consequence was, that pice, cowries, rice, and ghee, were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the fuqueer surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women, to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility, telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a fuqueer. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I cannot tell. I heard no more of him.—Household Words.

O'Connel's Tact at Cross Examination.

He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred it was essential to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with roguery." "Well Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?" "Yes your honor, Counsellor O'Connel." "How do you know my name?" "Ah to be sure every one knows our *patriot*." "Well, you are a good humored honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?" "Why your honor, I took my *share* of a pint of spirits." "Your share of it; now by virtue of your oath, was not your share of it—*all but the pewter?*" "Why then dear knows, that's true for you, Sir." The court was convulsed at both questions and answer. It took step by step came out that man was not, therefore a competent witness. Thus O'Connel won his case for his client.

Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resurce in defence of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat had been found near the place of murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath are you sure this is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "I did." "Now, let me see," said O'Connel, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud the name of James, slowly thus; J-a-m-e-s. "Now, do you mean those words were in it when you found it?" "I do." "Did you see them there?" "I did." "And this is the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my lord," said O'Connel holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case, there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

☞Wm. Reark, well known as a bone-player in the "Sable Harmonist" band of Negro Minstrals, died in Cincinnati, on the 17th ultimo.