

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1896.

Stray Leaves from a Straggler's Note Book.

A HEROIC WOMAN AND A WOMANISH HERO.—It was in the month of January last that fortune found me at Montreal. The winter had set in with unusual severity; the rivers and lakes above had been frozen over for many days, and there was great difficulty experienced in crossing at La Chine to Caughnawaga. The ice came down the St. Lawrence, the Jacques and the Ottawa in enormous cakes, or rather fields; the crossing at St. Anne's was almost blocked up by them, and few beside the Indians would attempt to cross any where above the city.

I was sitting by the side of a roaring fire at Rasco's, toasting my toes, and hesitating whether I should venture out and be victimized by the pitiless pelting of the savage storm, or run the risk of a reprimand and stay in safety by the side of the sea coal fire before me. The door leading to the large entrance hall was open, and I heard the voice of a woman pleading piteously for a conveyance to take her to La Chine, that she might cross to Caughnawaga. She had left her family of small children at home, not far from La Prairie, and came to Montreal to intercede for her husband, who had been arrested on a charge of treason; she was now returning to her little ones to comfort them with hopes of their father's release. The storm she felt not; she saw not; she only saw her humble cottage and helpless babes in the back ground. To start she was resolved if she perished by the way. I jumped from my seat before the fire, and called a car to the door; she was well wrapped up, and so was I; and we were soon seated side by side, and on our way to La Chine. Courage is contagious; two more carriages were called: old Knites, of the Provincial Parliament, jumped into one, together with one of her Majesty's commissioners who was taking bundles of military stores to the frontier for the volunteers. Old Knites was one of your real pine-knot breed of dogs—crusty as a twist, and about as crooked; a Vermorel of the snake-tooth tribe; he had been arrested for treason and liberated. In the third carol sat young Lieut. Macdonnell, of her Majesty's light dragoons, (light enough, some of them were), and a hard drinking, brandy-bottle-nosed major of the artillery, rightly named Keary, for he slept seventeen hours out of every twenty-four.

We "trots along the road" tolerably to La Chine, and got into a large bateau, navigated by five Anglo-Canadians. The view of the river was appalling; but our case was desperate—we had set our lives upon crossing, and were determined to stand the hazard of the die! Old Knites was as cool as a cucumber, and would have been so independent of the weather, which was cold enough to freeze the nose off of a brass monkey. He did his best to comfort the young French woman, who sat as calm and untroubled as a summer's sea. I thought of Uncle Toby and the widow—the situation reversed. It was soon evident to all on board the bateau that the rapidity of the current and the large cakes of ice would carry us far below our destined place of landing; and the fear then arose that we might be carried into the rapids, which boiled below us for half a mile with a sound and fury that told too truly there was no escape from them for a mortal with mortal life.

I looked on the major and said nothing, for as yet I was not wholly conscious of our imminent danger. The major looked at me, and took a swig at his brandy bottle and nodded his head, as much as to say, "It's a folly to meet trouble half way." Old Knites begged a loan of the brandy bottle for the lady, which she refused to touch—she sat speechless, but firm—her eye quivered not—her lip quivered not—her cheek blanched not—she thought only on home and heaven, confiding in the latter with the true trust of a woman. Young Lieut. Macdonnell seemed pale as death—he got forward in the bow of the bateau, laid a hand on either gunwale, his parted lips quivering like an aspen leaf, watching every deviation of the bateau, as the stout strokes of the oarsman threw her toward the southern shore. The men pulled their oars swiftly and fiercely—but with no avail, against the force of the current and the sheets of ice. As they lay to it, and "gave way," the old bateau would spring again like a bent reed, and shriek as though every plank was warring its death song. The spray of the rapids was dashing in our faces—every moment as the descending current caught our frail bark, her bow would bend round, and she would leap forward like a race horse; we neared a small island in the stream, that shut out the view of the dangerous whirlpool below. Young Macdonnell drew his breath for a moment.—Old Knites sung out, "now, commissary," if we don't make you point, ten minutes will take us into eternity, unless we throw overboard all your rattle traps, which you call government stores. The oarsmen strained every nerve—the woman quailed not—all was of no use—an enormous cake of ice struck us—carried us below the point and past the island. God! what an awful sight was close before us. The river running rapidly and foaming furiously, over a thousand rocks; the boiling and hissing noise of the water, foam and spray was stunning—the cold had almost deprived us of sensation—the eye alone took in a full conception of the fearful fate that seemed to await us. Large cakes of ice continually struck against the rocks, were thrown up on end instantly, split into a thousand pieces, and rolled round and tumbling down the rapids as far as the eye could reach. Young Macdonnell, who was pained from fear, gave one shriek, and fell lifeless in the bottom of the bateau. The woman who till then had not stirred, jumped forward, snatched the brandy bottle from the major, who, half drunk and half asleep, was wholly unconscious of the passing scene, and taking the lieutenant's head in her lap, began to bathe his temples, and tried to force some of the liquid down his throat.

The energies of the old Vermorel rose with the occasion, and seizing bale after bale of her majesty's stores, he committed it to the safe keeping of the spirit of the waters, in which I assisted him. Up rose the commissary, foaming as fiercely as the water before him, and declaiming a *la militaire*. "By God, Mr. Knites, this is no time, sir, to trifle with a soldier, or to plunder her majesty's property; throw over the bundles, sir, by God, sir, and you throw me over, sir!" "So I would," said Knites, quietly turning a quid of tobacco in his mouth, "but you've got legs and these arms, and you can fling yourself over, and will go soon enough without any help of mine."

At that moment, when destruction seemed inevitable, an enormous cake of ice (that, pressing against the starboard bow, was forcing us to the rapids) parted, and our sturdy rowers drove the bateau with the speed of the lightning flash, into the orifice, and in two minutes more we were out of the current—in five minutes more we were all on shore, and trying to restore young Lieut. Macdonnell to consciousness, and in which we soon succeeded.

Old Knites and the Major emptied the brandy bottle between them; the commissary cursed and swore that he would bring an action for damages done to her Majesty's goods and chattels. The lieutenant opened his languid eyes, and thanked the young French woman with looks that spoke

much more than words. The stage driver who was waiting at Caughnawaga for us to come over, saw us walk up from the place where we landed, (about two miles distance), with intense astonishment, for a time rendered him speechless. When he recovered the throw of his tongue, he dilly dally, "No! do tell, though!—I want to know! it ain't you? I saw a man if I wouldn't ha' bet a cooney that every soul on you had been carried over the falls! there were five drowned there yesterday."

RECTOR, RE-TAKEN.—The morning before yesterday, Rector was taken by two young men at Poughkeepsie. It appears that he was assisted from this city by some friends last Friday, up as far as Yonkers. At that place on Saturday morning, he went on board the steamboat Union. The steward recognized him and spoke to him, but was afraid to betray him for fear of his life. As soon as Rector found he was discovered, he left the boat at Sing Sing landing.

Singularly enough, the next day he stole a horse at the back of Verplank's Point. The horse was tracked by two young men, and they caught Rector with it, near Poughkeepsie. They brought him into town, and he was recognized from the description given in the newspapers. He was brought down to this city yesterday in the steamboat Union, heavily ironed, and lodged in Bridewell. He will now have to be tried for horse stealing as well as murder.

IN our comments upon the proceedings of the Committee of the Board of Assistant Aldermen, in the matter of 14th ward investigation, it was our intention to have spoken particularly of the chairman of that committee, the assistant alderman of the 15th ward, David Graham, Jun. He is an honor alike to his constituents, and to the board of which he is a member, and bids fair to attain, ere long, a very high eminence among his fellow citizens. The whig party may well be proud of such men as himself and Abel Anderson, and Clarkson Crolius. Open hearted, sincere, generous and liberal fellows; they obtain the esteem and best wishes of all who know them. David Graham, Jun. we have known long as an able young lawyer, an excellent citizen, a gentleman and a scholar. He has added another laurel to the many he has already earned, by his courteous and dignified behavior, as chairman of the committee. Mild and temperate, clear and forcible, logical and eloquent, he cleverly combines in his civic as in his legal capacity, the fortiter in re, with the *suaviter in modo*.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Great efforts are making to get Phenix turned out in order to make room for McKoon. Tom has substantial claims—experience, talents, patience, forbearance, mercy, and above all, a most gentlemanly and pleasing address. John has his claims also—talents, patriotism, locofocoism, and so on. It is difficult to choose, verily.

On the other side there are also two candidates in the field, Secretary Ullman, and Orator Patterson, both good and true whigs, and no mistake. Ullman has claims—he never missed a whig meeting in his life, he is the stereotyped Secretary, the everlasting preamble and resolution manufacturer, and the universal nominator of all the chairmen at Masonic Hall. Patterson, too, is ready to "shed his blood" in the cause, and moreover, has never belonged to more than three or four other parties in his whole political existence.

Which to choose? That's the question.

THE SEAMSTRESS.—We have received the following, but know nothing of the merits of the matter to which it alludes:—

MR. EDITOR.—Should not Mr. Edwin F. Cory and the Trustees of the late Tallentire and Seaman's Establishment, as a duty they owe the public and donors, account for their conduct in the management of that unfortunate establishment, and a full statement of what they have done with the money and goods entrusted to their care. A Donor.

Such is the letter. Now we have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Cory or either of the trustees; but we do certainly expect that none but gentlemen were chosen to fill that responsible office; and as gentlemen, of course, they can give a full and satisfactory statement to the public of their whole proceedings. A postscript to the above letter says that they have run the society in debt; but we trust there must be some mistake in this. At any rate, let all sides have a fair hearing; let the accuser and the accused stand face to face!—let us not judge prematurely; and let justice be done though the heavens should fall!

A tremendous disclosure is expected to take place in a few days, relative to a certain establishment in Reade street, kept by a person more infamous than Rosina herself. The names of the parties frequenting there are before the police. The "awful disclosures" will be worse than those of Maria Monk's.

GREAT row at the Olympic last night. Mrs. Hamblin appealed to the audience. What was it all about? Who'll give us the particulars?

CHARLOTTE Cushman has just been married to the editor of a newspaper. Sorry for it. We could have better spared a better girl!

A GENUINE LOVE LETTER.—We have received the following from our faithful "Ariel." In taking a trip over to Poughkeepsie, on Long Island, he lighted on this. It appears that the writer is a sailor; that he first fell in love with and proposed for one sister, Eunice, but became tired of her, and then fell in love with the other sister, Elizabeth; she was flattered and sanctioned his perfidy. He went to Mobile—there wrote this letter—has since returned—and is now doing the delicious to both sisters at Poughkeepsie, singing with feeling, taste and experience, "How happy could I be with either!"

Mobile November 27th 1857
Dear Elizabeth, those only who have suffered them can tell the unhappy moments of hesitating uncertainty which attend the fate of affection to declare the sentiments of affection. I who have felt their greatest and most acute torments could not previously to my experience have found the remotest idea of their severity ever since I saw you last night you have increased every one of those torments in you which claim my admiration increased my love for you I am afraid I run aground perhaps before my affections have made the desired impression on your mind I trust this step will not draw on me the risk of losing the friendship of yourself and family I often think of the happy hours that we have spent together and long to see them again but since I am decide of that privilege my heart will with you dear Elizabeth hope you will not think it strange when I break up keeping company with Eunice because I had a greater regard for you than any other girl in the place dear Elizabeth I hope you will full fill your promise to send me an answer to those few lines direct, your letter to Mobile state of Alabama I remain your affectionate lover
RICHARD HAWKELL.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Yesterday, at 52 Anthony street, upon the body of a mulatto woman, Betsey Scofield, aged 39, who died suddenly in a cellar kitchen on the above premises. The testimony before the coroner made it appear that the deceased was addicted to intemperance, and that she received an injury by a fall a fortnight ago, during a drunken frolic, which probably accelerated her death. Deceased was not attended by any physician, and the jury returned a verdict of death from some unknown cause.

Also, at the foot of Delancy street, upon the body of an unknown man, about 40 years of age, found in the North River. Had on a blue roundabout vest, a case in his hand, and had been a sailor as was supposed. Verdict—found drowned.

Also, at the foot of Seventh street, upon the body of a man, supposed to be John O'Donnell, found in the East River. The deceased had on a fustian jacket, gray cloth vest, black sabbatino pants. In his pocket was a letter addressed to John O'Donnell, signed Bridget O'Donnell, and dated at Long Island Farms, where it appears the deceased's family were at the time of writing. Verdict—found drowned.

Sailing of the Sheffield.

The morning of Saturday was one of uncommon beauty. The sun shone resplendent, and the atmosphere was lovely, in every way propitious for the sailing of the packets. After writing my letters to my correspondents in Liverpool, I walked down to Whitehall to see my friends off for England. I saw the prince of actors, James Wallack, who is one of the passengers. He had a numerous train of friends going down in the steamer Hercules to "see him off." There was his brother Henry, with his wife, formerly Miss Turpin, one of our most distinguished vocalists, accompanied by our facetious friend, Williams. That laughter-loving and laughter-making man, and last but not least, James Wallack, Jun., a young man of excellent talents and rapidly rising in his profession. Many others of the "dramatic persons" were present. Our friend Bob Kermit was as busy as ever, hugging up his passengers. He had an answer for every one.

A gent walked up to him.
"Mr. Kermit, how soon are we off?"
"Moment I can find Mr. H."

Another asked him.
"At 11 o'clock precisely."

"Quarter past now," said one.
"Domme, if this delay is not too bad," said a dramatic fog, Hawthorne by name; "irregularity is a bad thing," said he, and he eyed a pretty girl very significantly.

"Ah," said little Bob, "there's Mr. H.; good bye, gents, take care of yourselves, pleasant voyage," and he leaped ashore as sprightly as when a boy.

"Cast off," said the captain. Off we went, and in a few moments found ourselves alongside that noble ship, the Sheffield.

"Pity we can't get up a farce," said Williams, or Billy of the Vells, as he is called; "nearly a companion here."

He spoke prophetically; for we did get up quite a serio ludico farce. But more of that anon. We now had time to look about us. There was the pretty but exuberant Miss —, going out to the coronation, accompanied by her plain, but sensible friend, Miss L. There was Mr. —, already half sea-sick, looking like "patience sitting on the captain grinning at a wet swab." There was Mrs. B., a wealthy widow. By her side sat a young Irishman, whispering soft nothings to her; but she had not a bit of sentiment about her, for she yawned and said, "I wonder how soon we do sail." A number of other divines were there, but not having the pleasure of their acquaintance, she said nothing.

"Ladies and gentlemen will please walk down to lunch," said the steward.

We went below, but the ladies were too numerous, and we waited for the second table, as there was no chance for us single ones. However, the ladies shortly left, and we were vouch as to the generosity of Bob K. and Captain Allen. Ding-dong, ding-dong, from the steamer, and hasty shaking of hands, and aboard we went: but found out it was only a stratagem of the captain of the Hercules, (Palmer is his name), to make us leave our dinner and pay a high price for some rascally beef soup, which he attempted to serve up. Every one resisted this uncommon trick, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Walked the waters like a thing of life," when my arm was rudely pushed, I turned round; there was the Captain of the boat—"Come I want your fare!" I paid him and he left me, to treat many of the other passengers with the same rudeness. Mr. M. and his friend Mr. L. of the south, were standing on the forward part of the boat, enjoying the beautiful scenery, and so disappointed the fellow who resorted to so mean a trick. We were an hour and a half along side the ship, after we had been rung off so mealy from our friends. We were now abreast off the Hook. "Cast off," said Captain Allen, and the noble ship left us. As we parted, "now for it," said Wallack. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, and three times three. I stood on the deck of the Hercules, watching the ship as she

"Niver, if I can help it"—promptly replied the defendant.
"Remember you're sworn before your Maker—upon the cross—not to drink any more," added he in authority.

"I'll try to stick to my oath," rejoined Barney.
"But you sworn to refrain from drinking."
"I'll refrain if I can, your honor."

"But you must—liquor don't agree with you—you'll die if you don't."
"I know it's killing me. How long did I swear for, sir?"

"For ever."
Barney shook his head. "I'll try—but I'm afraid I can't hold out."

"Can't hold out? Look at me. I like my glass of grog as well as any man, but it's the other glass that bothers me. I never take the t'other glass. See how pale you are. That's because you take the t'other glass."

"Well, sir, I'll do the best I can," replied Barney, sheepishly, "God knows it's n't I that likes liquor—it's it's—"

"It's the devil gets the hold of him, your worship," screamed Mrs. Sullivan in a voice like a stack pig—"don't you believe him, that he don't love the liquor."

"Hold your jaw, madam, or I'll send you to Bridewell. Don't the man know what he likes and what he dislikes?"

This ebullition of magisterial indignation, effectually sewed Mrs. Sullivan up, and after a most pathetic homily from his worship upon the awful consequences of inebriation, and the great blessings (he spoke from experience) attending a quiet, sober and a virtuous life, the parties were dismissed, and made their exit out of court.

Widow, an officer, soon afterwards brought in a poor, half-famished little Irish woman, having in her arms a pale, emaciated infant.

Officer—"This here woman says she'd as leave go to prison as not."

Mag—"What has she been doing?"

Officer—"Striking another woman in the house where she lives."

Prisoner—"I said my brother would bail be, if you would wait for him to come home."

Officer—"Her mother says she is very bad—she struck the complainant without provocation."

Prisoner—"She struck me first, and while I was in bed."

Officer—"She's very bad, sir—ought to be committed for the offence."

Prisoner—"I acted in self defence, as I can prove—(sobbing)."

Mag—"Writing out a commitment"—Put her up stairs till she gets bail.

"O, sir!" cried the poor creature, bursting into tears, "pray don't lock me up with my child in that damp prison."

The infant at this moment playfully caught at the magistrate's pen, and actually smiled in his face.

Justice Bloodgood's heart began to fail him. "She defied me to bring her up, sir," said the officer, seriously, "fearing the loss of his face."

"And hang it, the child has defied me to lock it up," replied the blunt but kind hearted magistrate. "Get about your business, woman, and let me hear no more of you."

THE Evening Post of the 19th inst.—It is with pleasure we perceive in various journals some new accounts of the success of Dr. Williams, the Oculist, so humanely employed in this city. We copy the following from the Daily Whig of Friday, the 11th May, which will be read with interest by all the friends of the poor.

"A clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Stiers, so generally known as the defender of the poor negro, informed us, that he saw a multitude at Dr. Williams' house, corner of Canal street and Broadway, who have been restored to sight of one or both eyes, and that he saw a blind man blind of one eye, and suffering from both, greatly relieved today."

The following is copied from the New York Weekly "Gleaner" of the 5th May, 1888.

</