

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

The keeper told us that to the violent patients they were not given beds of that kind, for they would take the beds and throw them on the floor. Excent a cell in a corner there was no other furniture in the cells, nor indeed was there room for any. In one of the rooms, I noticed...

TEN YEARS IN A SLAVE BASTILE.

A Herald Commissioner's Visit to the New Orleans Insane Asylum—One Hundred and Fifty Maniacs in Fifty-two Dark Cells—No Classification, No Ventilation, No Occupation, No Hospital—Naked Maniacs Boarded Up in Stone Dungeons—A Sickening Neglect and Cruelty.

New Orleans, July 9, 1871. The duties of a Herald correspondent, which frequently conduct to strange places, not long since led the present writer into the parish prison at New Orleans to witness the hanging of a couple of hired braves, who for \$12 had murdered a Spanish sailor. High over the din of preparation for the execution came shrieks and yells and inarticulate jabberings from some chamber on a line with the gallova and close at hand, inquiry as to the meaning of this strange outcry elicited the information that it came from a crazy woman in the insane asylum, next door, who, even in her insanity, was conscious of what was going on so near her.

The bare fact that people whose sole offence against society was being visited with the most terrible affliction in the whole range of human ailments should be made the compulsory participants in a scene such as that about to be enacted, the horrors of which must of necessity add to their disease, seemed of itself to court inquiry and ventilation, and the point was stored up in the reporter's memory for future use. He expected to find some gross example of official cruelty; but the most vivid imagination could scarcely have pictured such horrors as subsequent investigations have brought to light.

Waiting yesterday upon the City Physician, Dr. J. B. Cooper, in whose medical charge the asylum is, and explaining to him the object of the visit, I was courteously and promptly met by an attendant, who escorted me to the building, and his companion, part of the Doctor's office, being cordially escorted to the asylum.

Two female "refractories." Their white women both, and seemingly young. They were dressed in the most ordinary and simple manner, and beneath which their arms were loosely unbound. One was suicidal, and her naked legs, swollen and inflamed, were the object of the attention of the attendants. The other was homicidal and had made several attempts to kill her attendants. She spoke a word in reply to the inquiries addressed to her. In the evening myriads of bats issue from its rotting roof and make night loathsomeness. The heavy iron gate swung slowly on its hinges, and Mr. J. E. Dutillet, the Superintendent of the institution, bade us welcome to the madhouse.

Another iron-barred gate being unlocked, we came suddenly into the courtyard of the building, sixty feet long by fifty wide, paved with granite flagstones, between which the moisture of the earth oozed in many places. On the left side was a blank wall, colored the same sandal stone hue as the exterior of the building—the sole prospect the inmates are permitted to enjoy. Open to the sky through the courtyard was a sickening fetid smell, too faint to be called a stench, but so all-pervading as never to leave you for an instant unconscious of its presence, calling attention to the fact that in this small yard some fifty madmen were taking "exercise and air." Dressed in all kinds of rags, some with shirts and some without, there were talking, walking, raving, sleeping or buried in their own sad, fearful reveries. Glancing round in search of some appliances for the amusement and relaxation of the unhappy inmates, I found none. Not a book, not an occupation, not even a domino or a pack of cards. Blank vacancy reigned on the face of every one not tortured by the dread imaginations of their insanity. The moonlight July sun poured down its scorching beams upon their unprotected heads. Some few were smoking and approached us with piteous pleadings for tobacco, which, in limited quantities, is supplied to them by the institution. The rest paced up and down like caged hyenas or crowded in the doorways of their cells. On some boards in a dark corner squatted a swarthy white man, naked to the waist, and looking in the dim obscurity like some ghoul chained in a cavernous cell.

"That is the man," said the Superintendent, "who was sent here from Amite River by his friends, and was charged with the murder of a man. He is now in a cell, and there let it be his fate." So leaning against a pillar was a tall, powerful man, in a colored shirt, standing immovably as a statue. He had a look of a madman, but he was not. He was free to move and strike you to the earth on the instant.

"His hands were manacled. We passed close to him and looked him in the face. A pleasant 'Good morning, sir,' met our consciousness of the presence of a being so out of the ordinary. He was in a friendly disposition to pursue the conversation. Steadily crossing up from behind came a thin red-headed man, the fierce, imbecile smile of the workman on his face, and a flash of light from his half closed eyes. Turning sharply round to face him we saw that he was also securely manacled. His hands were manacled, and he was eating into his wrists. Not a word did he utter as we looked at him.

"What do you think of it?" asked the Doctor, as we drove away. "Well, you have just seen. Having witnessed Mexican institutions and having read of the doings of the mad in the United States, you will find that these were marvellous compared with the slow, excruciating and diabolical torments inflicted, without cause, on these poor creatures." "I have reported and reported till I am tired. The answer has always been, 'The city has no money.'"

LONDON DRAMATICALS.

Mr. Edmund Falconer's Irish drama of "Eileen Oge," produced at the Princess Theatre on Thursday evening, has little claim to novelty. This is an objection, however, which does not apply to it with more severity than to anything else within the bounds of creation. Novelty was pretty well stamped up so long ago in the days of King Solomon, and it is not to be expected that it should exhibit such signs of regeneration in these weary times. But there is little originality there is considerable fun in Mr. Falconer's play, which abounds in droll incidents and is rich in Hibernian humor. Eileen and her sweetheart, Patrick O'Donnell, are devotedly attached, but the course of their true love runs in a very rough and tortuous current, owing to the unfortunate circumstance of a certain Mr. Henry Loftus, who is the landlord of each of these young persons, being himself "swooned" upon Eileen.

The Bowdoin Regatta—First Annual Rowing Contest of the Bowdoin College Club—The Sophomores Assume the College Championship. Brunswick, Me., July 11, 1871. Incidental to the proceedings of commencement week the first annual regatta of the Bowdoin College Club holds a prominent place. It is prominent not only because this is the first public exhibition of rowing ever presented to the students of this college, but also because the regatta is being conducted on their own merits, but fairly to prove worthy antagonists for the older organizations in aquatic sports from their fellows in the leading colleges of the country. Until 1867 nothing like a boating organization had ever been formed at this college. The love of athletic sports, wherever it cropped out, had been sternly repressed by the vastly orthodox college faculty, they deeming chess and checkers the more fitting recreation for a scholarly man. The advent of Freeman A. Hays, however, in 1867, by his energetic and judicious management, has succeeded, after the expenditure of much time and money, in organizing a first-rate club of rowers, although inexperienced in boating matters, are full of life, energy and muscle, and are determined to rig six crews representative of the leading colleges of the Regatta of 1871. They have a neat and commodious boat house on the banks of the Kennebec, and their rowing is conducted in the most judicious manner almost every day. This self-same Kennebec river, by the way, furnishes at this point one of the smoothest and most delightful stretches of water for boating good fortune to witness. For a distance of upwards of three miles the view from the starting point is a most beautiful one, and the water is so shallow that a very small amount of curvature in their formation of day opened with a three-mile contest between the four-oared crews of the Junior and Sophomore classes for an elegant silk flag and the championship of the college. The rowing was most interesting, and was made especially so for them, and weighed but eighty-eight pounds. They were rowed by Messrs. H. W. and A. B. in the boat, and were powerfully formed men. No. 2, however, was suffering exceedingly from a cold, and the Sophomores exhibited a crew composed of L. Crocker, stroke; A. O. Laid, J. Elliot, A. J. Hoarman, bow—this crew was the victor, and the Junior boat took first water, but had pulled only three strokes

before Lewis broke one of his outriggers and laid his oar over the side of the boat, shannon, too excited and inexperienced, started very wild, hugging closely to the shore and landing much time by the way. The Sophomore crew, however, gained two boats' lengths, and preserved their advantage until after rounding the stakepost. Then the Junior crew, by a sudden lunge, played a variety of mad pranks, and so conducted herself as to be the plague and bane of his life. Having worked her way to her boat, she was the victor, and the fair prize dropped her mask and it proves to be simply an old school-boy and intimate friend of his wife; and it is thought that the rowing was a mere joke, and all this pretension was to cure Tuillington of his unconquerable proclivity for fishing. There is a good deal of rowing in this part of the country, and it is by no means unusual. The notion of turning the Post Office into an engine of torture for the delivery of letters bearing everlasting allusion to some person or persons, is a very old one, and has been used in all ages. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all sorts and kinds of men, from the stiverest to the most degraded, and he was the only one who might be remembered to address Miss Ross, the host of the Pig and Whistle, in St. Swilvan's lane, London, in a letter written in this unvarying position. It is a story about the man who, having lived in the city of an unconquered tough leg of mutton half an hour before he was set out upon a voyage to the Indies, and who had been told that the inkshop should hear him from his twenty years' absence, the subject of the leather jacket. And so he did. The invulnerable man, the Emperor, was either pole from Polar Star to Southern Cross, mingling with all