

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II.

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FALSE ARISTOCRACY.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

"I should like to know the name of that
handsome young fellow who accompanied you
to church last Sunday," remarked Clara
Mullins, to her amiable and beautiful cousin
Maria Sedgeland.

"That's a pretty question to ask. Do
you imagine I am so simple as to tell all I
know in this age of secret societies? The
next thing you will set an introduction;
by-and-by you will see you cap, and who
knows but you may steal away my gallant
beau, and then leave me alone in the glory
of single blessedness."

"Now, Mary, stop poking fun at me,
and let's know the name of that nice young
man."

"Well, Clara, if it will afford you so
much gratification to ascertain his name, I
will not be so cruel as to withhold it; here
is his card."

"So you admire the name, and think he
who wears it personally handsome?"

"Yes, Maria, I think he is the perfect
model of a man. How neatly, and yet how
plainly he dresses. What a fine figure,
broad forehead and beautiful eyes he has!
Is he a lawyer, doctor, or professor, or
merchant, or student? What is he?"

"He is a printer."

"A publisher, you mean?"

"No, he picks up types in a newspaper
office."

"O, now I understand you; you intend
to say that he is the editor and proprietor
of a newspaper?"

"No, my dear cousin, he is a journey-
man printer."

"You don't say he is nothing but a jour-
neyman?"

"How came you, cousin, to allow him to
sit in our pew, and bear you home from
church? I would not permit a mechanic
to touch my arm with a pair of tongs. I
think you ought to be ashamed of such
vulgar society. I shall inform ma this
very day, and so long as you remain under
this roof, I am quite sure she will not allow
that plebeian printer to pay any attention
to you."

"I declare," observed Maria, pleasantly,
"you have given me a Caudle lecture. If
that distinguished foreigner who fell in love
with you at the museum, and who has been
so assiduous in his attentions ever since he
obtained an introduction, could have heard
you, I have no doubt he would highly com-
mend you for looking down on what he
calls the common herd."

"I wish you to understand that Mr.
Fitzgammon is a real gentleman by birth,
and that he has the advantage of an ample
fortune," continued Clara.

"I am heartily sorry, my dear cousin,
that you encourage the addresses of such a
fop. I am sure he does not display much
good breeding; and as for education, he
seldom speaks without murdering his mother
tongue. For my part, I should prefer the
society of one who works for a living, pro-
vided he is honest, virtuous, sober and
intelligent. I have been acquainted with
Mr. Raymond ever since he was a child—
indeed we were schoolmates. I knew his
parents, and although they are poor they
are quite respectable, and have given George
a good common education, and he is now
occupying his leisure hours in acquiring a
knowledge of the languages. Even you
admire his personal attractions, and all
acknowledge that his intellectual endow-
ments are far superior to his physical
beauty."

"I am much obliged to you for that ser-
mon, Miss Maria Sedgeland; it does not
require the assistance of a spy glass or mi-
croscope to discover the state of your feel-
ings in regard to this vexed question. The
truth is you are envious or jealous, because
I have made an impression on the heart of
Mr. Fitzgammon, while you can pick up a
poor shiftless fellow, who picks up letters
in a printing office. Ma will put a stop to
your courtship, and if you were at the altar
pa would rise and forbid the bans."

The next morning, immediately after
breakfast, Maria was requested to go into
her aunt's room. She had been seated but
a few moments, when the aristocratic old
lady came into the apartment and observed,
"I have been informed that without my

knowledge or consent you have accepted
the attention of a young man employed in
a printing office."

"Well, aunt," remarked Maria, blushing
to the temples, "Mr. Raymond came from
my native town; and we have been ac-
quainted ever since we were children. He
is a respectable young man, and a welcome
guest in the best circles of society."

"Well, Miss, I shall put an immediate
stop to such an interview as you have with
him. You shall not go with him to the
theatre nor drink wine with him at parties."

"He never goes to the theatre, and he
never drinks wine. He belongs to a division
of the Sons of Temperance."

"So he is a cold water rat! Now I hate
him more than I did before, and if he ever
comes to my house I will drive him away
with a broomstick."

"John," said Mr. Mullins to his servant
man, "take this billet doux to the hotel
where Mr. Fitzgammon boards, and give it
to him yourself with my compliments."

It was past nine o'clock, and yet Mr.
Fitzgammon was still in the embrace of
Morphews. The waiter, glad to awaken
the sleeper, and feed him, so that the dining
room might be got in readiness for the
next meal, awoke him at once.

He usually spent an hour at his glass,
unruffling his curls, lacing his stays, &c.
Whilst he was dressing and decorating his
person, John commenced conversation with
an intelligent waiter, who was an old chum
of his.

"I guess missus is goin' to have a party
to-night, and this note is to ax the gentle-
man to attend."

"You do not call him a gentleman, I
hope. He is as cross as a bear with a sore
head, and is more trouble at the table than
any other six boarders in the house. He
smells the soup until his moustache dips
into it, and then pronounces it unfit for the
pigs; he says that the beefsteak is tougher
than sole leather—the butter as strong as
Samson—and the pies and puddings not to
be compared to such luxuries in London.
We have to be as careful in feeding him as
though he were a wild beast, gnashing his
teeth on the keeper of the menagerie."

"Why, how you talk, Bob. Miss Clara
takes quite a shine to him, and she would
have thrown a kettle of hot water on you
if she heard what you said now. I should
not wonder if they got married before long.
She says he is the son of a lord."

"Son of a devil, more likely."

"Well, if they should pair off, after bill-
ing and cooing a while, I hope he will make
Miss Clara stand around, for she has a
horrid temper, and Miss Sedgeland has to
put up with her ill humor. She is half the
time scolding her because a workman went
with her to meeting on Sunday."

"Are the old folks rich?"

"They are well to do in the world, but
they need not turn up their noses at poor
folks, for I remember the time when old
Mullins couldn't cut such a swath as he
does now. He used to keep a barber shop,
and had some idea of taking my father into
partnership with him, but father refused to
have anything to do with the old skin flint.
He griped every cent until it squealed, and
soon sipped enough to get to brokering on a
small scale. Folks used to laugh, and say
one pole would do for both branches of
business. Now he uses soft soap, and
shaves notes, and is ashamed of the more
honest and honorable calling of shaving
faces. I wish the old man would try his
hand on the face of the dandy who is after
his daughter."

"Yes, John, I think he could improve
his looks, but then, if a man makes a beast
of himself, I can see no earthly reason why
he shouldn't look like one. I believe this
stranger, who palms himself off as a dis-
tinguished foreigner is an impudent im-
postor, without either wit, money or morality;
and should be sorry to have him marry
your young mistress."

"Well, John, I read books and study
human nature, and if I am not vastly mis-
taken, the ill-looking, ill-natured and igno-
rant foppling of whom we have been speak-
ing, is a vile fellow, and ought to be exposed.
I think it would be a good idea to get Mr.
Raymond to publish him."

"Do you mean Raymond, the printer?"

"Yes."

"He is the very man that went to church
with the lovely and graceful Miss Sedgeland
last Sunday, and Missus has vowed she shall
never darken her doors again."

"What an old goose she must be. Mr.
Raymond is loved and respected by all who
know him. Several of our oldest, most
wealthy and influential citizens have clobbered
together and raised funds enough to buy a
press and types, and have engaged him to
edit a newspaper they design to publish.
He is the famous author of the thrilling
sketches over the initials of G. R."

"Miss Clara says she wouldn't touch
him with a pair of tongs, and that he is a
low fellow, fit only to associate with vulgar
people."

"Pshaw! that's all moonshine. The
time may come when she will be glad to be
in his company. There is an accomplished
and pretty young lady boarding here who
gave the mitten to Mr. Fitzgammon, but
she would be delighted to have Mr. Ray-
mond accept her hand, her fortune."

As John surmised, that very evening
there was a grand soiree at the house owned
and occupied by the haughty homely Mrs.
and the hard-fisted Mr. Mullins.

At an early hour, the washed, combed,
brushed, curled, dressed, perfumed and
decorated Mr. Fitzgammon might have been
seen ascending the flight of granite steps,
and after spelling out the name engraved
on the door-plate, pulled the bell with such
violence that the lap-dog howled with the
ear ache, and the servants started in alarm,
and the old woman wondered what on
earth was the matter.

He was escorted into the pleasant room
which was handsomely furnished with the
most fashionable furniture. After being
introduced to the company present, he
made a low bow, tried to smile, scraped his
feet on the carpet, and then awkwardly
tumbled like a bale of dry goods on the
sofa; after which he looked up with an air
of wondrous wisdom and importance, which
seemed to say, "what think ye of this
imported specimen of gentility?"

He really was a remarkable looking
object. His coarse hair was oiled, curled and
scented. He stared at every person in the
room through his quizzing glass. He wore
on his unintellectual face, moustache, imper-
ial, whiskers and goatee, looking like an
ass that had swallowed a horse, and left
the tail sticking out of his mouth. His
red carrot fingers were hooped with huge
rings, and a brooch large enough for a
looking-glass stuck upon his ruffled shirt
bosom.

Most persons could have seen at a glance
that he was one of those nondescript crea-
tures who know but little of themselves
externally, except what they learn from the
looking-glass, and who know nothing of
themselves, internally, except what they
feel from the liquor-glass. The following
conversation between the parties will afford
an idea of the mental calibre of the dis-
tinguished gentlemen.

"It is a beautiful evening, sir," remark-
ed one of the company.

"Very foine."

"How do you like our climate, sir?"

"Very foine."

"You have seen the Falls of Niagara, I
am told. What do you think of that sub-
lime and beautiful water wonder?"

"It is very foine."

"I think I saw you at the meeting
which was recently addressed by the Hon.
Daniel Webster; what do you think of his
eloquent and magnificent speech?"

"It was very foine."

"How do you feel, sir, when excited by
the thrilling, electrifying eloquence of our
Demosthenes?"

"Very foine."

"The sensation must be akin to the
trumpeting of the storm when the winds do
battle. What are your sensations during a
storm at sea?"

"I am very sick at the stomach, at such
times, but when we have a smooth sea and
a fair wind, I feel very foine."

The conversation was here interrupted by
the appearance of Mrs. Mullins and her
daughter. They were richly dressed and
gorgeously jewelled, and Clara, notwith-
standing the unmistakable lines which ill
temper had traced upon her countenance,
was very beautiful to look upon. The mo-
ment they entered the room, Mr. Fitzgam-
mon rose from his seat—and squeezed the
hand of Miss Clara, and told her she looked
lovely, and "very foine." In the course
of the evening, he ventured to say she was
a charming girl, fit to be the wife of a lord,
and he meant what he said, 'pon honor.

Maria was present at the party, and her
aunt availed herself of an early opportunity
to ask her how she would like the attention
of such a man as Mr. Fitzgammon.

"Best at a distance," said she, "I could
not endure such a bandbox dandy, whose
head is as empty as his hat."

"You rude thing, how dare you speak so
disparagingly of my company in my own
house?"

"Why, aunt, he has been winking at me
most impudently through his quizzing
glass. He is not a gentleman and ought to
be requested to leave the house. If he
does not, by your permission I will retire
to my room."

"I suppose you are anxious to see the
journeyman printer, but if he dares to show
his face within reach of a poker, I will
drive him into the street. I have a will
and a way to punish upstarts who do not
know their own place and have no regard
for the higher order of society."

At a late hour that night, or rather at
an early hour the next morning, the party
broke up; but unfortunate Mr. Fitzgam-
mon had partaken too freely of wine, and
sober John was nominated and appointed a
committee of one to lead the eminent
stranger to his lodgings.

The next day it was rumored in differ-
ent parts of the city, that a lord, duke,
knight or earl, or something else had fallen
in love with Miss Mullins, the broker's
daughter. Maria received a severe caudling
from her aunt, and ditto from her dear
cousin, because she spoke so contemptuous-
ly of Mr. Fitzgammon.

Miss Mullins's jealousy induced her to
believe that several young ladies were not
only smitten but deep in love with the
golden calf she worshipped, and in order to
make sure of the idol of her affections, she
and her parents went to work in good ear-
nest to bring about a match and have the
parties united in matrimonial alliance.

The landlord to whom Mr. Fitzgammon
was indebted for board and borrowed money,
did not press his claims, for fear he might
lose a customer.

In a short time arrangements were made
for the wedding. Milliners, tailors, shoe-
makers, and confectioners, were all busy at
work. The day selected, the guests were
invited, and all the interested parties were
on the tiptoe of anticipation, when an event
occurred which is related as follows:

"Wife, did you see the new paper?"

"Yes, I saw it, but you know as well as
I do, that I have no time to read news-
papers. Clara is to be married next Monday,
and I shall have to be as busy as a dress-
maker, or cut a sorry figure at the wedding."

"But here is a fist pointing to a para-
graph about Mr. Fitzgammon, the distin-
guished foreigner."

"Do read, pa," said Clara, smiling, "I
knew he would make a noise in the world.
A man of his rank in society, having such
a princely fortune, and a variety of accom-
plishments, such fascinating manners and
such superb talents, cannot fail to make a
great sensation among the people competent
to appreciate his genius. Let us hear it, pa."

"We have received the London Times."

"Hear this, ma, the news are from Eng-
land. I suppose my envious, jealous saint
of a cousin, who told me she believed some-
body an impostor, will see her mistake."

"Do let me read without interruption, if
you please."

"We received, by last night's mail, a
copy of the London Times, which contained
the following startling and unexpected an-
nouncement: John Gammon, who was a
servant in the service of Wm. Fitz, Esq.,
has robbed his mother of considerable
clothing and jewelry, and it is supposed he
has sailed for America. He is about thirty
years of age, of medium size, has dark eyes,
coarse curly hair, and a scar on his left
cheek, which he received from the watch-
man who arrested him in the act of whipp-
ing his wife. One hundred pounds shall
be given to the person who secures the
thief." Early this morning, one of our
efficient police officers read the announce-
ment and at once put the Fitz and Gam-
mon together, went to the hotel where he
found a sleeping beauty with a scar on his
left cheek, and the name of Fitz on some
silver spoons in his trunk. He awoke and
arrested Mr. Gammon, and escorted him to
jail.

Clara fainted when she heard the sad
tidings, and after she came to her senses,
she exclaimed: "O, ma, O, pa!—what
shall I do? My dresses are made, our
friends are invited, everybody will laugh
at me! I wish I could be shut up in a
nunnery."

"What a villain he must be," said Mrs.
Mullins. "He has a wife now living. He
has been stealing spoons. I shouldn't won-
der if he stole that silver spoon off the
mantle-piece, for I missed it the day after
he first called here. I hope the authorities
will hang him by the neck until he is
choked to death."

"Mr. Mullins, who is the editor of that
paper?"

"Mr. George Raymond."

"I wonder if that is the young man who
gallanted Maria to meeting, that Sunday?"

"I suppose it is," said Mr. Mullins.

"Well, go and ask him concerning the
particulars of this singular and most un-
happy affair."

Mr. Mullins went to the office and en-
quired if Mr. Raymond was in.

"No, sir," was the answer; "he has
gone to the State House. He has recently
been elected to the Senate, and consequently
spends much of his time in the Senate
Chamber."

"Is this Mr. Raymond the young man
who used to work in the brick building
across the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"When he returns, give my compliments
to him, and say my name is Mullins, and
that all the members of my family would
be happy to see him."

Mr. Mullins returned and informed the
family that the journeyman printer had
become not only an editor, but also a prom-
inent member of the Senate, and that the
news respecting Mr. Fitzgammon was also
true.

The intelligence spread like wild fire
through the city, and offered a rich feast
for tale bearers and scandal mongers, and
those who carry the devil's mail bag from
door to door, had their hands, hearts and
mouths full for a fortnight.

The Hon. Mr. Raymond—the low born
journeyman—the plebeian printer who be-
longed to the vulgar herd—called frequently
to see the beautiful Maria Sedgeland; and
although Clara set her cap for him, and
tried all the skill of an experienced coquette,
she failed to win the heart of the printer,
who became the happy husband of Maria
Sedgeland. Clara improved in wisdom as
she advanced in years, and finally became
the contented wife of a worthy, respectable
man, who worked as a pressman in Mr.
Raymond's office.

A Wondrous Age! when native
charms no longer fill fair women with
alarms, when painted roses adorn the sal-
low face, and iron ribbon gives her every
grace; when piles of gold, her sire's ill
gotten gains, are full atonement for want of
brains; when solid groves wield a blasted
dart, while muck and moonlight win the
lover's heart.

Victor Hugo has written a tragedy
of which John Brown is the hero.

ANDES CANNIBALS.

The character of the trans-Andean re-
gion of Peru is that of vast forests, fre-
quented by a few Indian tribes, who shun
the approach of civilized man and resent an
intrusion into their private haunts by a
shower of poisoned arrows. The aborigi-
nes of the valleys of the Eastern Andes
are the most cruel, ill favored and unsta-
ble of all the South American savages.
They wander naked through the dense
woods by tracks unknown to any but them-
selves, and are armed with bows and slings.
They live on monkeys, birds, bananas and
fish. Of these people, called Cunchos,
little is known. They are supposed to oc-
cupy a large extent of country within the
Brazilian Empire, and they are accused of
cannibalism. Missionaries who have pen-
etrated into their country affirm that there
are three tribes, the Antes, the Chunchos
and the Casoibas, which war upon each
other for the purpose of gratifying their
passion for human flesh; but tales of can-
nibalism are seldom supported by the tes-
timony of the eye-witnesses, and in countries
where animal food is easy to procure they
are seldom entitled to credit. The Chun-
chos are said to make an exception known
in the usages of other tribes—they never
eat their female prisoners. This forbear-
ance, however, does not arise from any
chivalrous feeling, but from a confirmed
belief that women are impure beings, and
were created for the torment of man, and
that their flesh is to be eschewed as in the
highest degree poisonous.

A STREET INCIDENT.

A full rigged maid of fashion, with
hoops all boldly set, moved up the sidewalk
gaily observed by all she met. The walk
was very wide, but the hoop-skirts were
much wider, and 'twere useless even to
think of walking up beside her. Her
cheeks were red as roses, her face was all
a-smile, and her tread it was as dainty as
though earth was all too vile. It was her
hour of triumph, and she didn't seem to
know that a coasting sled was coming at a
pace not very slow. But it came, and ere
she knew it, her "props" were knocked
away, and she was going down the street
with a boy upon his sleigh.

The wind blew quite roughly, turning all
the hoops aback, and of partly smothered
screams there wasn't any lack, while the
maiden didn't know what she was or wasn't
about, her person much resembled an um-
brella inside out. The people stopped and
wondered, as the swiftly speeding sleigh
deductedly kept onward, rushing past and
far away; the boy cried "road," and liked
it, and safely "shied" his sled, with his
own feet pointing backward, and the maid's
stuck out ahead. They gained the level
safely, and the maiden full of wrath, looked
back in sugged silence, on their quickly
traveled path.

"You good for nothing scamp," she cried,
"I've a mind to shake you well!" "Your
face was covered up, mem, and you know I
never'll tell!" said the coasting lad quite
boldly, and in a jovial mood he bowed, and
said, "good morning, mem, you held your
feet up good!"

In a car on a railroad which runs
into New York, a few mornings ago, a scene
occurred which will not soon be forgotten.
A person, dressed as a gentleman, speaking
to a friend across the car said: "Well, I
hope the war will last six months longer.
If it does I shall have made enough to re-
tire from business. In the last six months
I've made a hundred thousand dollars—six
months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker, and neces-
sarily heard his remark; but when he was
done she tapped him on the shoulder, and
said to him: "Sir, I had two sons—one of
them was killed at the battle of Fredericks-
burg; the other was killed at the battle of
Murfreesboro."

She was silent a moment, and so were all
around who heard her. Then, overcome by
her indignation, she suddenly slapped the
speculator, first on one cheek, then on the
other, and before the fellow could say a
word the passengers sitting near, who had
witnessed the whole affair, seized him and
pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one
not fit to ride with decent people.—*Post.*

Hon. Henry J. Raymond, of the
Times, had a brother in one of the New
York Regiments, and went in pursuit of
that brother's remains. The circumstance
is very funny. Several days ago Mr.
Raymond received the following telegram:
"Your brother's corpse is at Belle
Plains."

He hastened to the army as quick as
steam could carry him, to perform the last
offices of affection. Arriving at Belle
Plain, he was a great deal astonished to not
only find his brother alive, but in vigorous
health. The original message had been:
"Your brother's corps is at Belle Plain."

"Grandma, do you know why I can see
up in the air so far?" asked Charlie, a lit-
tle four year old, of a venerable lady, who
sat on the garden seat knitting. "No, my
dear, why is it?" said grandma, bending
her ear to catch and remember the wise
saying of the little pet. "Because there is
nothing in the way," responded the young
philosopher, resuming his astronomical
search, and grandma her knitting.

CHARLESTON AND ITS DEFENCES.

The London Times, for February 18th,
has a letter from Charleston, in which some
interesting particulars are given of the place
and its defences:

To assert that Charleston, in its present
attitude, is impregnable, would obviously
be a ludicrous fallacy; but it is none the
less true that it could not be taken without
an enormous force attacking simultaneously
by sea and land, and that the attack, even
in that case, would have to be conducted
with desperate valor before it could be suc-
cessful. At the entrance of the harbor,
Fort Sumter, thoroughly repaired, and
mounting enormous guns *ca barbette*,
frowns at the blockaders, while the neigh-
boring points, on Morris Island and Sulli-
van's Island, from which the memorable
attack upon the fort on the 13th of April,
1861, was conducted, are in possession of
the Confederates, and are not likely to pass
out of their hands. Behind Fort Sumter
a new fort, which takes its name from Gen.
Ripley, and is built almost entirely of pal-
metto wood, enhances the difficulty to which
ships are exposed in approaching the town.

All that two of the most accomplished
engineer officers of the Confederacy—Gen.
Lee and Beauregard—could suggest or
devise, has been done to strengthen the
town on the land side. General Lee, be-
fore he was moved to Virginia and assumed
his present high position, was for some
time in command of Charleston, and by him
the first line of land defences was planned
and executed. This line has grown and
expanded at the inspiration of Beauregard
into a perfect net-work of earthworks and
redoubts, reaching from Cooper river on
the north to the Ashley river on the south.

In addition to the other land and sea
defences of Charleston, great credit is due
to its defenders for the energy with which
they have built and equipped two large iron
clad rams, which are now lying at the wharf,
and are likely to be very prominently heard
of if the long threatened assault shall fall
upon the head of this "pestilent nest of
sedition." Three other similar iron clad
rams are in an advanced stage of progress.

It is hardly necessary to state that no-
thing has as yet been done to repair the
damage inflicted upon Charleston by the
terrible fire which swept from river to river
on December 12, 1861. From that moment
until the present hour the fate of the city
has been so doubtful that it has not been
thought worth while to build up, in order
that (as seemed at one time quite probable)
the Yankees might destroy. But the fear-
ful havoc and devastation then inflicted upon
the town, and which were at the time tri-
umphantly pointed at by the North as the
work of incendiary negroes, are still awfully
manifest, and place the fire of Charleston
in the category of the great conflagrations
of this century. There seems every reason
to believe that, if the large building in
which I am now writing—the Mills House
—had caught, the fire would have swept
down to the battery, and consumed all the
richest and finest portions of the town.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I
like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partin-
ton, as she came back from one at church,
and hung her shawl up, and replaced the
brooch in the long preserved bandbox; "I
like to see young people come together
with the promise to cherish and nourish
each other. But it is a solemn thing is
matrimony—a very solemn thing—where
the minister comes into the chancery with
his surplus on, and goes through the cere-
mony of making them man and wife. It
ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't
every husband that turns out to be a man.
I declare I never shall forget when Paul
put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said
'with my goods I thee endow.' He used to
keep a dry goods store then, and I
thought he was going to give me the whole
there was in it. I was so young and sim-
ple, and didn't know till afterwards that it
only meant one calico gown a year. It is a
lovely right to see young people 'plighting
the trough,' as the song says, and coming to
consume their vows."

A strange feud has existed for sev-
eral years in the Parish of Emly, in the
archbishopric of Cashel, Ireland, between
two Roman Catholic factions called the
"Three year olds," and the "Four year
olds," caused originally by a dispute as to
the age of a bull kept near Tipperary, one
party asserting that he was three years old