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"Keep a Stiff Upper Lip."

BY PHEBE CARY.

There has something gone wrong,
My brave boy it appears,
For I see your proud struggle
To keep back the tears.
That is right. When you can not
Give trouble the slip,
Then bear it, still keeping
"A stiff upper lip!"

Though you cannot escape
Disappointment and care,
The next best thing to do
Is to learn how to bear.
If when for life's prizes
You're running your trip,
Get up—start again,
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean,
But hold on to the pure,
And the right with firm grip,
And though hard be the task,
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"

Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colors, my friend,
Only yield when you must,
Never "give up the ship,"
But fight on to the last
With "a stiff upper lip."

With a Prayer Book.

BY JAMES APPLETON MORGAN.

When thou kneelest, beauteous lady,
In your chapel, dim and stately,
And the vesper service faintly
Chanted is, and far,—
Let these links of sainted teaching
Be a chain of silver, reaching
Him who stands without, beseeching
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!

When the sunset, red and golden—
Through the painted window olden,
Falls upon thy fair hands, folden
On the page of prayer,—
Let some call for him, the giver,
Small and fitful howsoever,
In thy gentle memory quiver—
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!

'Mid the cloister arches lowly,
Suffering him to wander slowly,
Marring not thy visions holy,
In the censered air,
Though beneath their cold stones lying,
His dead heart would throb, obeying
Every tremble of thy prayer—
Vous qui priez, priez pour moi!

PAP CHIPPEWA AND THE WOLVES.

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

The sheep were disappearing like hot cakes. Every evening, new precautions were taken to secure the fold, and, every morning, Toy looked more and more perplexed. It was decided that no wild beast could get in through the high, thick hedge that surrounded the fold; hence some human cunning must be working devastation among the sheep. For several nights, watch was kept, Toy acting as sentinel. During this time our sheep were not disturbed, while another fold in the vicinity suffered no intrusion.

The inquiry may arise why Grip, the shepherd's dog, did not protect the sheep by holding nightly guard about the fold. Now Grip was an industrious dog by day, but, like his ancestors across the sea, he had always been accustomed to enjoy the snuggest corner at his master's fireside by night; therefore Grip refused to act in this emergency. If he was driven from the house, he returned and whined importunately at the door until we were glad to admit him for the sake of quietude. When the family retired, he sought his kennel and slumbered unconcerned until morning.

After a while Toy got tired out and the watch was discontinued. Then the robbery went on again as brisk as ever. Finally Toy came to me, one day, and said, "Red-skinned imp steal sheep."

"How do you know? Have you caught him?" I inquired.

"No catch imp. Catch sheepskins. Wolves eat sheep's insides. Imp feed wolves,—many, many hungry wolves,—snarl, growl, bite, scratch, snap." And Toy went through with various ugly sounds and motions to illustrate his statement.

"But how do you know Pap Chippewa feeds the wolves?" I questioned further. (Toy always called Pap Chippewa the "red-skinned imp," if you will remember.)

"Catch imp's pony, imp's dog round wolf's den. Toy watch long time,—imp no come; gone off stealin' sheep maybe. Toy hurry home,—watch sheepfold; so he no catch imp."

An absurd report it seemed. Pap Chippewa stealing food for the wolves! As if the creatures were not capable of thieving for themselves! They infested the timber, and prowled abroad on the prairie, and skulked about the farm yards nightly, pestering the farmers to distraction; and yet these were the arch-marauders that were being fostered with tender stolen lambs!

"Miss Do keep mouth shut tight. No tell squaw mother, 'cause she say no, no. Dark come. Squaw Osewa, Miss Do, skulk out, mount ponies, ride far off, watch imp feed wolves. Toy catch him, lick him, scalp him maybe."

I'm rather ashamed to say that, "being ripe for folly," I agreed to carry out Toy's plan, and steal away with him and Osewa after pa and ma had gone to sleep, that night.

It was a gusty night in late November; a suitable time for the uncanny errand we were bound upon. A murky moonlight struggled through the hurrying clouds, casting weird shadows everywhere. A single tall old hickory, standing out upon the prairie, tossed its arms like a distorted ghost in the moping wind. We had gone about three miles, when I inquired how far our journey was to stretch.

"Black fire-hole in big valley," Toy replied, pointing beyond a stand of timber which we were approaching.

The "black fire-hole" was an enormous excavation which some sanguine speculator had made in the side of a deep ravine, with a view to open a coal mine in that direction. Failing to find coal in paying quantities, he had given up the scheme, leaving this dismal relic of collapsed expectations. It was a wild, deserted place, remote from habitation. Pap Chippewa couldn't have chosen a more covert retreat in which to carry out the mischievous purpose of which Toy accused him.

"Red-skinned imp hear ponies tramp. Two feet skulk round black fire-hole," Toy said, as we rode over the summit of the ravine. Accordingly we dismounted, and, securing our ponies, pursued our way on foot.

"What if the wolves should scent our approach and attack us in a body?" I said, when we were not far distant from the cave.

Osewa scowled ferociously, and uplifted a ponderous club with which she had fortified herself before leaving home. Toy grinned contemptuously at this display, and said, "Big she-wolves lariated. Little one no fight. Hark, hark!"

Listening, we heard a volley of short, quick barks resembling the noise that might arise from a pack of quarrelsome pups. These were followed by low, continuous growls, which gradually grew louder until the cave resounded with the voices of a seeming multitude of wolves. Toy pushed forward through the mouth of this wild beasts' den. Osewa followed, and I dared not lag behind. In the remotest corner of the cave a flickering torch was just expiring, and, by the light of this, scores of gleaming eyes were wearily watching our approach. A champing sound was audible amid the growls and barks that greeted us. Toy lit a lantern which he carried in his hand, and we made a closer inspection. Four families of wolves occupied the cave. Each family had a separate pen made of logs and bark and other rough material. As Toy had said, the old she-wolves were "lariated" or chained to stakes driven into the ground inside the pens. The young ones ranged in and out with freedom. There were twenty-six young wolves, varying from tiny animals to half-grown cubs. The cave was strewn with sheepskins, many of which were recognized as coming from our own flock. Evidently a change of diet had been made. The wolves were greedily feasting on a young donkey which had been divided among the four families. From this and the expiring torch we judged that the keeper of the animals had but lately taken his departure from the place. Toy was hugely disappointed.

"Humph! No catch imp. Toy mad. Kill wolves," he growled, seizing Osewa's club, and raising it above an old she-wolf, with murder written in his face.

"No, no! You mustn't beat their brains out, Toy!" I interposed.

With much difficulty he was restrained. I had two reasons for sparing the creatures' lives. I wanted their keeper to be caught and punished for his atrocious raids upon our sheep-fold; and then I was curious to learn what Pap Chippewa was going to do with them. We determined to ferret the matter out if possible. The next night, Toy and Osewa made another trip, this time with pa's knowledge and consent. They returned, reporting that the wolves had disappeared, together with every vestige of evidence concerning the sheepfold robberies. Toy handed me a scarf which I had missed before.

"I hope I didn't drop it inside the cave," I said.

Toy assured me that I did, looking as if he'd like to hang me with that very scarf.

"Imp see little long blanket,—scare him,—run off wolves so Toy no catch him," he grumbled.

I was thoroughly provoked at my carelessness; it had lost us a valuable game.

Henceforward our sheep were unmolested. My curiosity concerning the disposal of the wolves had nearly expired, when pa opened the "Pioneer Newsteller," one day, with a queer expression on his face. He read as follows:—

"A YOUNG INDIAN GOES FOR THE WOLF BOUNTY!—On Tuesday last, an Indian boy known to the community as Pap Chippewa brought into the clerk's office thirty wolf-scalps, claiming the bounty thereon which the extermination law allows him; $2.50 per head, or a total of $75, was handed him, and he went on his way rejoicing. The sheep-raisers of the vicinity should render this young buck a vote of thanks for ridding the country of so large a number of these terrible pests at one swoop. If more of our pioneer boys who delight in hunting would follow his example, wolves would grow delightfully scarce among us, and the boys might reap large profits to themselves, especially if they met with the success which has rewarded young Chippewa."

"A neat joke upon the government, truly! Pap has been breeding wolves for the express purpose of exterminating them and winning a tall bounty on their precious scalps," pa said, when he had finished the account. "He's robbed the community of stock twice the value of the bounty to feed the worthless creatures."

Pap had doubtless trapped the old she-wolves while they were without families, and imprisoned them in the cave, expecting to realize a snug fortune in the course of time. Toy's discovery of the den had cut off his calculations very suddenly. And this was the energetic hunter to whom the sheep-raisers should have tendered a vote of thanks.—*Young Folks.*

Social Qualities of the Bears.

Canon City letter to the Chicago Tribune.

The mountain ranges of Colorado are well supplied with bears, and during the fall of the year, when the plums and grapes are ripe, it is nothing unusual to stumble upon a dozen or so of the brutes in half an hour's walk. There are three distinct species; the common brown or black bear, which still maintains a precarious foothold in many of the Eastern State, and is hunted with much ceremony; the cinnamon, and the genuine grizzly.

The cinnamon chap is about the color of brick dust and his fighting weight ranges all the way from 800 to 1,000 pounds. He is a supple, active brute, and inclined to be a genuine coward. Meet him in a secluded place and he will skulk off with his tail between his legs, like a coyote; but he is apt to prove a dangerous customer when wounded and brought to bay. Then he assumes the offensive, and a true rifle and a steady nerve are required on the part of the sportsman, or his bearship will proceed to form an acquaintance more close than agreeable. If a good tree is at hand, and the hunter can scale it, so much the better, as the cinnamons do not climb; and a knowledge of this fact tends to restore confidence. The majority of men I have conversed with prefer to hunt them in this way. In some instances the cinnamon, after being badly hit, rushes at the tree up which his antagonist has shinned for dear life, seizes it in his teeth, and claws and attempts to tear it down. At this critical juncture it is best for the hunter to preserve his composure and not fly off the handle. The bear may keep him imprisoned an hour or so, but bruin has a small stock of patience, and when he ascertains that the position is impregnable, he gives up the job in disgust, and retires in good order.

The grizzly, however, stands at the head of the bear family, and is more feared and respected than all others. He is a treacherous, sullen, malicious, desperate, ill-mannered, uncouth, shaggy brute—one which stubbornly resists all advances toward friendship, and is ready at any time to die in the last ditch. Like the immortal "Old Guard" of Napoleon, your genuine grizzly never surrenders, but is game to the last. The grizzly has a lordly, independent bearing, and on his native mountain sides, or in the forests, will hardly deign to make room for man himself. If you meet one in the road, the chances are that he will not budge an inch, unless he happens to be in an accommodating mood, and then he will trot out one side a few yards, rear himself upon his enormous haunches, and graciously wait for you to pass. No matter whether you are armed with a breech-loading Ballard, needle-gun, Winchester, or Sharpe, never attack a grizzly alone, or out in the open country.

The only safe position is on the back of a good horse, or in the limbs of a cottonwood tree. Many persons, disregarding this advice, have paid for their temerity with their lives; for no matter where you shoot a grizzly whether through the heart or brain-box, he never gives up the ghost without a struggle, and will fight as long as he can lift a paw. Practical illustrations of the fighting powers of the grizzly are to be seen in these mountainous regions nearly every day. The other morning your correspondent encountered a miner from Fairplay, who had come down to the valley region for supplies. His personal appearance was, to say the least, peculiar. He carried his right arm in a sling; one eye was twisted upwards; his face was scratched and torn, and indented with ridges; while his head was as guiltless of hair as a billiard ball. At first I supposed he had been invited by some of the friendly Indians to a scalping picnic as a chief performer, but, in conversation, it turned out that he had received each and all these grievous wounds from the claws of a grizzly.

The grizzly bear attains his full growth in four years. At six he is in his prime and able to cope with any animal in existence. The majestic lion may be considered the king of beasts, so far as looks are concerned, but he would stand a very poor show in the hug of a grizzly. The average weight of a grizzly is 1,300 pounds, but quite a number have been killed in this locality who kicked the beam at 1,800. Old man Griffin, of Canon, one of the early settlers, and reputed to be the sharpest and most courageous bear hunter in these parts, knocked over a grizzly last fall that weighed 1,600 pounds after being dressed. The claws of this fellow were large enough to anchor a good-sized sloop, being nine inches in length. He fought to the last and with three balls square through his heart, charged upon the enemy, and dropped down stone dead so close to the old man that he could touch him with his paw.

They tell a story around here of a foolish young fellow, residing on Current Creek, who made a bet that he would lasso a grizzly and bring him into camp. He made the experiment, and slipped a good noose over Mr. Grizzly; but the latter sat down coolly and commenced hauling in on the line. In vain the horse struggled—the power at the other end was irresistible; but fortunately, the lariat broke, and the rash young man escaped with his life.

The Washington correspondent of the *Graphic* speaks as follows of the colored men in Congress:

The negroes in Congress are few in number, but three or four of them are very capable men. Elliot you have heard of. His social life is said to be indifferent compared to his culture and brain. He married a bright Carolina girl, and, I believe, cowhided some white man on her account not long ago. Another notable negro from Virginia, who delivers an eloquent speech, is brother of the mistress of the most celebrated octoroon resort in Washington. Pinchback, who is a spruce, dandified yellow man of a Martinique type, whom you would insensibly address as "Monsieur," has a rather worthless social record in New Orleans, notwithstanding excellent understanding and fair literary gifts. But, to be generous in our judgment, how much more capable are they all than we had any reason to expect! Reduce ourselves to their condition; subject our women to the caprices of mere ownership from immemorial time; become ourselves the mules of the field, the millstones of the gods—and would we come forth from two centuries and a half as elastic as these men of ebony? Another negro in Congress, John T. Rapier, mulatto, of Alabama, appears to have been brought up under an exceptional star. Whether his father was a free negro or he was the son of some conscientious white master I do not know, but he was sent to Canada to be educated twenty years ago, and has already filled a number of high offices, like assessor of internal revenue, without error in his accounts or suspicion of either incompetence or irresponsibility. He has stamped the state with such respectful bearing that when, some time ago, a lie was published about him, his Democratic opponent denied it in a card, saying that no man in Alabama ever heard of Rapier's discredit in any way except as a negro. There is a class of darkies here without capacity for public affairs which is very forward for recognition, and these issued the absurd address a fortnight ago on civil rights. But it is a little curious that certain other darkies bounced these at once in the press, repudiated them, and fell into a conservative position. Fred Douglass is by all odds the head of the race in this country—never presuming, always grave, solid, and manly—and he has grown so tired of the antics of some of his color that every time they hold a national convention here he slips out of town till it be done.

The superintendent of schools of Floyd county, Indiana, has decided that a child one-sixteenth Indian and fifteen-sixteenths white is by that almost imperceptible taint excluded by the state laws from the right to attend the common schools. And we suppose if a white child within his jurisdiction happens to get within three miles of a colored person the penalty is an instant and ignominious death.

TEMPERANCE SCRAPS.

"Ah! see where the wild blazing grog shop appears,
The red waves of wretchedness swell;
burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible light-house of hell!"

For some time past a vigorous temperance movement, chiefly led by women, has been in progress in a number of towns in Ohio with marked success. The plan is to visit the saloons, hold prayer-meetings in them, and by persuasion induce dealers to stop the business. At Wilmington popular feeling has been so fully aroused that it is reported that every drinking saloon is closed. At Sabina a like result has been reached. At Gallipolis a Temperance League was organized. A procession of 80 ladies visited the drinking saloons, and by prayers and appeals endeavored to stop the traffic. At some houses the doors were closed against them, but they held their devotional exercises upon the steps. At one saloon, known as the "Robbers' Roost," they purchased the entire stock, and emptied the liquors into the gutter amid the ringing of church-bells and the cheers of the lookers-on.

At New Vienna the same movement has been begun, meetings have been held daily, and a round of calls was recently made upon saloon keepers. All went smoothly until the ladies reached the saloon of one Van Pelt. Upon entering his den they were ordered to leave but declined and began their devotional exercises. During a prayer when the leader uttered the words, "May the Lord baptize him with his Holy Spirit," the enraged Van Pelt seized a bucket of filthy water and hurled the contents over them saying, "G—d—you I'll baptize you." He repeated his act without causing any interruption in the exercises, and finding dirty water of no avail, he began to throw beer upon the ladies until they were finally driven from his den thoroughly drenched. They finished their exercises outside his door, while he stood at the window denouncing them with horrible imprecations. Public indignation against him is fully aroused, and it is probable the men in the town will finish the work by the destruction of his place of business.

Kentucky goes into the temperance reform business with the rashness of inexperience. A bill has been introduced into the Legislature designed to entirely stop the sale of every kind of ardent spirits in the commonwealth.

There was an uproar in the jail at Alfred, Me., a few days ago. A buxom female prisoner of convivial proclivities got at some liquor in the sheriff's apartment, and after imbibing freely herself her philanthropy moved her to pass the jug around, and in about half an hour a pæan of joy was rising from every cell, and the general effect was rather ludicrous.

The state constables seized 11 gallons of liquor—all they could find—from a fancy saloon in Boston, recently, but 15 minutes later the place opened up with a fresh stock.

"I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

The citizens of Danielsonville, Conn., were so exasperated by a recent murderous assault upon a prominent temperance man that they have persecuted the demon till he knows not where to hide his head—there isn't an open bar in the town, and the close ones, if any, are kept very close, indeed.

"Eating Hair" is what bad men, who drink in the morning to counteract the effects of last night's dissipation, call following the homeopathic maxim, "Similia Similibus Curantur," (literally translated), "A hair of the same dog cures the bite."

Ex-President Hill of Harvard College, said at a recent temperance meeting at Portland, Me., that in the experience of half a century, in various places, he had never seen so many young men intoxicated and staggering through the streets as he had seen in Portland during the last six months. And this, he said, shook his faith in the effects of a prohibitory law to shut up tippling houses, "those dens of infamy where drunkards are made."

A California miner, fond of whiskey, attempted to obtain a drink surreptitiously from a soda-water bottle which the foreman had in a box in the wagon. Watching when the overseer had turned away for a minute, he slipped up to the wagon, slyly inserted his hand, took out the soda-water bottle and swallowed the contents—but just then the foreman discovered him, and saw that he had drunk a bottle of quicksilver instead of the coveted whiskey. All the window glass in the neighborhood was collected, and that miner was kept busy for two days breathing on the panes to convert them into mirrors!

A most extraordinary temperance meeting is being carried on at Washington court-house in Ohio. Dr. Dio Lewis of Boston recently gave a startling temperance lecture there, which seems to have had a marked effect upon the women. Prayer meetings of women of all denominations are held, every morning, in the Presbyterian church, and the party then adjourn en masse to the saloons, 13 in number, where they pray and sing with the habitual frequenters of these places. By permission of the saloon-keepers, recently, the ladies emptied several barrels of liquor from the cellars into the gutters and set fire to it, amid the applause of the male spectators. Nearly every man in town has signed the pledge, and the women are resolved to prosecute their work until alcohol is exterminated.

DEVOTED UNTO DEATH.—Several years ago, when John P. Hale was here as Senator, says the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, his daughters were among the most admired of all the belles. They lived in elegant style at the National, and entertained with a great deal of vivacity all who visited them. The youngest was really a very pretty, fresh, piquant girl of eighteen or so.

Of course there were a great many admirers, and among them the actor John Wilkes Booth was the most devoted to Miss Eighteen. You perhaps remember Booth's appearance—a handsome, dark, melodramatic fellow, and among a certain set here he was a great favorite socially. At night he played his Charles in Schiller's "Robbers," and Miss Hale was always at the play, with bouquet and smiles for him. In those days who could guess the sad sequel to a romance of love that promised bright enough? I remember a night when the hotel was a blaze of light. The guests were giving a "hop" for their friends, and between waltzes every one was good-naturedly gossiping at the devotion of a couple who walked up and down the rooms, and were apparently oblivious of place and surroundings. They were a very attractive pair; he tall and dark-eyed, she fair and sweet as an English rose.

They were some who cavilled at her choice. The father must be wild to permit such an alliance, they said—the daughter of a United States Senator to marry a play actor. But the many to whom the young girl's sweet face seemed an excuse for any infatuation, looked with indulgence at the little drama of the "old, old story."

I remember too well another night, just the eve of two days later. We were at Ford's old theatre. Again a blaze of light, and music, and a crowded house, to look at Laura Keene in the "American Cousin." How many times have you heard the story of that night, too dreadful to talk of even? The sudden pistol shot, the uproar that followed, and in the figure that sprang from the President's box I saw the lover of two nights ago, and I knew that even as he whispered in that young girl's ear he was planning this dreadful scene. In Wilkes Booth's pocket was found the picture of his betrothed, and she wrote of the assassin that she would marry him at the foot of the gallows.

AGASSIZ'S CONVINCING FACULTY.—A writer in the Boston *Globe* says: "We remember when Agassiz lectured before the Legislature of Massachusetts on the wants of his museum. He had lured them all to listen to him in his own den, the lecturing hall of the museum; and it was curious to see how he convinced hard-hearted business men and farmers that it was for their interest to appropriate the money of the State to advance what he frankly admitted was the cause of pure scientific research, with only an incidental result in practical application. In going over the museum, after the lecture was concluded, we happened to have the pleasure of jostling against, and forming the acquaintance of, a tough-handed legislator of the thorough New England class, with an intellect as sharp as a knife, and utterly impregnable to every form of sentimentality and humbug. 'This 'ere Agassiz,' he said, 'knows what he is about. He is honest. Every dollar we vote for his museum will go to carry on the work. Not the fraction of a cent will stick in his pocket. I don't know anything about science, but I do know an honest man when I meet him, face to face.'"

INHERITED VICES.—Not more pitiful are the approaches of madness, than are the well understood symptoms which signify to the hereditary drunkard the hour of his inherited passion. I knew in Texas a young man who was heir to such a woful heritage. He was physically one of the handsomest of men, and possessed of great and varied talents, which he had carefully cultivated. Moreover, he had served his country with distinguished bravery, and was then holding a high position of trust and honor. But with a regularity that was terrible, there came to him—no matter where he was, over his ledger, in the church, by the side of the woman he loved—a craving for brandy that possessed him like a demon, and drove him forth from among his fellows. With set lips and despairing face he would deliver to a friend the keys of his office and betake himself to his room—not as men go to a carousal, but as they go to meet a fearful reckoning—and for two or three days drink in sullen, silence, till the craving was appeased. Some one was one day praising, in his presence, his vast stores of acquired information and his delicate fancy as an artist. "Yet I shall die like a brute," he said, sadly; and the despairing look of a hunted animal came into his eyes as he added: "My father died drunk—my mother—God forgive her!—my grandfather shot himself in delirium tremens—you know, boys, how poor Patrick died—it will be the same with me." His prophecy was too soon fulfilled. The history of the two Coleridges is well known. The father was a confirmed opium eater; the son inherited with his splendid talents his insane craving for stimulants. With this curse haunting him, his beauty, his genius, his brilliant prospects, were the bitterest ironies, and a life of the grandest promise was soon sacrificed. No two vices are more distinctly hereditary than thieving and gambling. Any one who has lived among negroes accepts this fact without dispute. I have known whole families of negroes thieves. I have, in employing them, had the fact simply stated to me as a part of the transaction; "I reckon you'd better look out for your keys; she's a likely girl, but she comes of a stealing family." Perhaps the passion for gambling becomes soonest of all universal. There are whole nations that are gamblers, who could not with equal justice be called thieves or drunkards. Not only passions and vices, but morbid conditions, are transmissible by heritage. A young, listless, fretful bride, for instance, weakly encourages hysterical habits or blind passionate impulses, without thinking that her hysteria may be reproduced in some form of imbecility, or even epilepsy. This, again, may become hereditary, or be transmitted as mania or melancholy; instances of both of which are within my own knowledge. Suicide, without any mark of weak intellect, frequently becomes hereditary induced too often by the careful nursing of nervous and hysterical affections, and groundless fears for a few generations.—*Science of Health.*

Railroad Accidents for 1873.

A carefully compiled table of all the railroad accidents last year gives us, in the tabular form:

Collisions	[illegible]
Derailments	[illegible]
Other	[illegible]
Unknown	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

Three hundred and eighteen of these derailments being unexplained, added to the nine accidents whose nature or cause is unknown, subtracted from the whole number leaves 959 accidents which are in some manner explained; and of the derailments there are just 500 for which some cause is assigned. Of this latter number 22 per cent. are charged to broken rails, 14 per cent. to misplaced switches, 11 per cent. to cattle on the track, 7 1-2 per cent. to other accidental obstructions on the track, and 6 per cent. to washing out the road bed. Thus these five causes are responsible for 60 per cent. of all the derailments for which any cause is assigned. Another general classification charges 213 of the 500 to defects and failures of permanent way, and 75 to defects and failures of rolling stock, to which latter must be added 49 of the accidents which caused no derailment.

An examination of the tables of the accidents by months, will show some notable facts. There is apparently no reason why collisions should be more frequent at one period than another, except the varying amount of traffic. The figures show an average of 32 2-3 per month, and the variations are not notable. With derailments by broken rails it is different. Of the whole number more than one-third occurred in the month of January, and very nearly four-fifths in the first three months of the year, which were distinguished even beyond ordinary winter months for severe cold weather and great snow storms. The derailments by running over cattle are, on the contrary, few in winter and numerous in mild weather, as is natural to expect. We report but five cases in the first three and last two months of the year, and an average of seven each month for the other seven, which form the grazing season for most of the country. There is by no means the same contrast in the breakages of wheels and axles between the numbers in summer and winter. Taking those which caused and those which did not cause derailments, together, 27 out of 62 cases, or about 44 per cent, occurred in the first quarter of the year, when 80 per cent of the broken rails occurred.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN JONES?—It was only two days ago Jones was injudiciously "full." Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees and tripping over his own heels. He stalked up to a street car, walked briskly in just as the horse started forward—and instantly tumbled out again backward without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud, and re-entered, seating himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and queried:

"Klirlin?"

"No."

He considered a moment, and then again asked:

"Offlbetrack?"

"No."

More reflection—sleepily then

"Runoverapeeplee?"

"No."

"Splodin?"

"No."

Somnolent cogitation.

"Any ac'dnt?"

"Not any at all."

He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and, digesting it, concluded that he must be very drunk indeed. Anxious to cover up the disgraceful fact and turn the matter off respectably he shortly turned again with the bland observation:

"Well, if I'd anone that, I woodena got out."

He blinked off into an unconscious state in a little while, then "woke up," with his eyes very wide open, to show everybody that he'd only been thinking. He rode on about a mile beyond his street, and was finally taken home in a hack.

Have you ever seen Jones?

AN UNSAVORY "SUBJECT."—Mr. Pierre M. Irving, author of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," mentions that one morning he heard "Uncle Washington" laughing "consumedly" in bed, and on inquiring the cause found that he was re-reading the following anecdote from the Knickerbocker "Table":

"A French gentleman, whose unostentatious but princely hospitality adds even a new charm and grace to the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, along the most delightful reach of that resplendent stream, used to relate the following story:

'It ees twanty year,' said he, 'since I come over, an' was in New York; an' I go one night in z' upper part de cita ('t was mos' in ze contree) to see a frande. Ah! oui! W'en I come by ze door yard, I see som'sing—I know not what he ees, but I t'ought he was leetil rabeet; bot he was ver' *tame*. I go up s-o-f-l-y to heem, an' I say, 'Ah, ha! I 'av' gots you!' So I strike heem big strike by my ombrel on ze top ov heez necks. Ah! s-a-c-r-e-e! suppos' what *he* do, eh? *B-a-a-h!!* He strike me back in my face wiz heez —— *Damn! I can't tell!* It was *awful!*—D-READFULS!! He s-m-e-l-l-s so you cannot touch him—an' I ze same! I t'row myself in ze pond up to my necks, but it makes no use; I smells *sees necks!* I not like to go in ze room wiz my frande; I dig big hole, to put my cloze in ze ground. It no cure zem. I dig zem up; b-a-a-h! 'tis joost the same. I put zem back, an' zay sm-e-ll one year—till zay rot in ze ground. *It ees fa-act!* He was one d—d *skonk!*'"

And so it was a fact, for no man born of woman could ever have counterfeited the fervor of disgust which distinguished the graphic delineation of that sad mishap."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

St. Louis's wickedest man has died and gone to Chicago. His successor will be selected by competitive examination.

The Detroit *Free Press* says that if you fire a shot-gun in any direction in this country you will hit a poet; to which the Ohio *State Journal* replies: "We want a shot-gun."

Conductor Tucker of the Boston and Maine Railroad has run thirty-three years, and his train has never met with a serious accident.

At Muskoka, Joseph Arch met with some Yankees squaring some pine trees for exportation. "You're an Englishman?" it was asked. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Waal, I never knew one of your people who could square timber well enough for us." "You never did," said Arch, "lend me your axe." Without any ado, Arch took the axe and squared the timber to the full satisfaction of the critics. He was offered $45 a month to cut timber.

Now that Treasurer Spinner is on a recuperative trip in Florida, some one says he is going to meander by the romantic crocodile bayous that he may discover if the footprints of those creatures really do resemble his autograph.

The discussion about Mr. Lincoln's religion, did it not present so much variety, would be in danger of growing monotonous. That he was "evangelical" there can be no manner of doubt, for the fact is duly certified by unnumbered witnesses, to say nothing of the Episcopal clergyman who gave his testimony in the last *Sunday Times*. That he was an out and out infidel there is an abundance of proof in the testimony of many of his old companions. That he was an Unitarian no one can doubt after reading that eloquent testimonial from Robert Collyer, and Prof. Taylor proves point blank that he was a Spiritualist. There are now only several religions to hear from; and in due time the Swedenborgians, Mormons and Shakers will, no doubt, present their claims, all duly certified. When that happy day comes it is to be hoped old Abe's ghost will be allowed to rest in peace.—*Chicago Times.*

An Iowa weekly paper is giving the President's message under the head of "Grant's Last Shot; or, the Discarded Daughter," and publishing it as a serial, and running it nine weeks.

A man pressing through a crowd, heard one say, "There goes a man without religion." He turned, and said gently, "I have religion enough to pardon your insult."

The Chicago *Tribune* notes that Martin Van Buren once said it was better to travel thirty miles to see a man than to send him a letter, and it believes Caleb Cushing will agree with him.

Hon. J. B. Brown, of Portland, has subscribed the liberal sum of $10,000 towards the permanent endowment of Bowdoin College.

President Grant is contemplating the purchase of a lot on Vermont avenue, Washington, and the erection of a house in which to reside after the expiration of his term of office.

Louisville has a genuine sensation. A man came there from Michigan in September last, established his identity as the heir of two rich Louisville ladies, recently deceased, and having settled up the estate and got a bill of exchange for $30,000, went to Cincinnati with his lawyer to get it cashed. Neither of them has been heard from since.

Mayor Medill writes from Paris that nobody in the city drinks water who can possibly avoid doing so; and a St. Louis paper spitefully adds, "Hence every Chicago man there feels perfectly at home."

An extraordinary story comes from Greensburg, Pa. We tell it as 'tis told by a local paper. That a burglar should be captured by a skeleton seems an impossibility, but the fact actually happening in Greensburg on Saturday night last disposes of any question as to possibility. Breaking into a closed and unoccupied office of a physician of that town, a burglar opened a closet (while his companion with a dark lantern was in another part of the room) and feeling for clothing at about the height of closet hooks generally, got his hands between the jaws of a skeleton, which being adjusted with a coil spring and kept open with a thread, closed suddenly on the intruding hand by the breaking of the thread. A sudden thought striking the burglar of his being caught by a skeleton in the doctor's closet so terrified him that he uttered a faint shriek, and when his companion turned the lantern toward him, and he beheld himself in the grim and ghastly jaws of Death himself, he became so overpowered by fear that he fainted, fell insensible to the floor, pulling the skeleton down upon him, and making so much noise that his companion fled immediately, and the doctor, alarmed at the noise and confusion, hastened into the office and secured the terror-stricken burglar still held by the skeleton! The pleadings of the burglar, who was recognized by the physician as citizen of Greensburg for several years, and a man generally held in good esteem, were so pitiful and effective that the doctor released him showed him the door, and bade him good-night with the toe of his right boot, with a verbal reminder that if he was ever seen afterward in Greensburg an information would be made against him.

A Prairie City (Ia.) druggist refused to sell a man some whiskey for a sick child, the other day, and that night the child died. The father now sues the druggist for damages.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes: To prove that "sorrows come in battalions," the papers, this morning, contain the statement that Mrs. William's only son is under arrest for theft. It may be a mistake, but, as is well known, a year or two since her son suddenly made his appearance here and about as suddenly his exit, being concerned in some misdemeanor. I would not have mentioned the subject but for the fact that the leading journals have introduced it, and I do it simply to say a few words of explanation. A quarter of a century ago, Mrs. Williams was driven by the cruelty of her husband to leave him; all her truest friends advised to this course, but its result was that her only child, a babe only a year old, was retained by the father. The mother made repeated efforts to obtain custody of the boy, but in vain, and he passed out of her knowledge. More than twenty years later, ruined in character, he walked into the hotel here where she, the wife of an honorable senator, resided, and announced himself as her son. Her behavior under these dreadful circumstances was most admirable; she owned him at once and received him with open arms. She made every possible provision for his neglected education, nor did she exhibit any false shame in regard to the matter. Everything was done for the young man that kindness and abundant means could suggest, but he repaid it all with ingratitude and misconduct.

And now comes a friend of Agassiz, who says, in the Boston *Globe*: We happened once to please him by defining a jelly fish as organized water. "Now look at it through the microscope," he said. "But, Agassiz, the play of the organization is so wonderful that it seems to me that nothing but mind can account for it." "You are right," was his answer; "in some incomprehensible way, God Almighty has created these beings and *I cannot doubt of their immortality any more than I doubt of my own*."

A Boston lawyer of temperance principles was shocked to see five Harvard students go through nine bottles of champagne at the Parker House, the other day. They were bright, intelligent looking young men, too.

Miss Anthony introduced a speaker at the recent woman suffrage convention at Washington, who proved herself a Tartar. She was exceedingly garrulous and refused to desist from speaking, on the ground that she was a widow, and that it was her mission to preserve the soul of her husband on earth. "Do you know who my husband was?" she asked, "My husband, ladies and gentlemen, was a *man*!" a statement that was received with the greatest good-humor by all present except Miss Anthony, who indignantly called a select choir to her assistance.

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary birthday of Mozart recently, it was proposed to decorate his grave. But, alas for the recognition of man's greatness by his own age, not one was able to point out the final resting place of the immortal composer. Whereupon a German musician (not belonging to the school of the future) suggested to the city authorities who had undertaken the decoration: "If you will only cause one of Richard Wagner's compositions to be performed in the churchyard where Mozart is buried, and after the performance cause the graves to be opened, you may rely upon it that the corpse of Mozart can be identified by its having turned around in disgust."

ABOUT CHILDREN.

The newest style of boys' trousers, which are copper-fastened and plated at the knee to defy friction, are known as the "Knee Plus Ultra."

The last definition is that given by a little fellow in a public school at St Paul, Minn., who having spelled the word "sob," was asked to define the word, and said: "It means when a feller don't want to cry and it busts out itself."

It is desirable on many accounts that children should cultivate flowers rather than fruits or vegetables. Most children are fond of flowers, and all can be taught to love them, and the hardier and commoner sorts at least do not tax the energies so heavily as either fruits or vegetables in cultivation. Besides, since flowers appeal solely to the moral sense, they facilitate the inculcation of generous habits. As children acquire strength and skill, they may gradually be intrusted with the care of vegetables or fruits; but they must be taught to use the products of their little gardens as a means of conferring happiness on others; for thus can their own happiness be most effectually attained, since that which is selfishly enjoyed must ultimately result in discontent. But of all the lessons to be learned in a garden the most valuable is the art of observing; for so varied, so delicate, so minute, and yet so unerring, are the operations of Nature, that though the closest study may fail to fathom her mysteries, the rewards of such study are so rich and so surprising that even the student of tender years is perpetually stimulated to fresh researches. This interest in natural objects, once awakened, will prove an inexhaustible source of pleasure while life lasts; for it is an interest that the commonest health can gratify; and he that has made good use of his powers of observation, he that has trained his senses to bring him accurate information, cannot "travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry 'Tis all barren.'—*Home and School.*"

The craving of children for sweets is well known to be one of the most imperious of their appetites. It has reference probably to that ceaseless activity which especially characterizes the age of childhood. It may be that sugar performs in their systems the part enacted by fatty substances in the bodies of adults. As it undergoes oxidation—is burnt up, circulating with the blood—it may be the source of power which enables them to keep in motion from morning to night. Besides this, it is known that it renders easier and more perfect the digestion of the albuminous food upon which their growth depends. In respect to these offices it is therefore nearly essential to their well-being. And yet how strong, for generations, has been the prejudice against sugar! Under what difficulties, and in the face of what discouragements and protests, have our children obtained the luxury!—*Home and School.*

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* tells an affecting little story of a child between two and three years old whom a lady found walking on the street, evidently lost and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand, the lady asked her where she was going. "I am going down town to find my papa," was the reply, between sobs of the child. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady. "His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing. "But what is other name?" queried the lady; "what does your mamma call him?" "She calls him papa," persisted the baby. The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying: "You had better come with me; I guess you came this way." "Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break. "What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady. "I want to kiss him." Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

The following item of news is now going the rounds of the press: "Seventy-eight newsboys of Indianapolis were on Christmas presented by some staid old citizens with saving-bank pass books, each one having a small account opened." The story is literally true, but it remains to be told that on the day after Christmas, those seventy-eight accounts were drawn, those seventy-eight pass books sold for old paper, and seventy-eight newsboys might have been seen at the theatre on the proceeds.

The Nashua *Telegraph* says the familiar sentence "One touch of nature," was beautifully illustrated by three little girls who not long since lost their mother by death. Hearing that a lady friend of the family was dying these three little children went to their grandmother, called her aside and whispered in her ear "Mrs.—— is dying and we want you to go to her and tell her to give our best love to our mother."

A friend tell us of a gentleman who kept a boarding school for boys, and who was excessively fond of sausages every day—noon, week in and week out, those small rolls about as large as your little finger, would appear on the table, till the boys were sick of the sight of them. One day they sat down to dinner with the sausages before them as usual, and in offering grace, the gentleman made use of this expression: "We thank Thee for Thy many tokens. They are unnumbered and past finding out." The meal progressed; and after a time one chap "hocked up his cart" with "I'd thank you for another token." He didn't want it nor didn't get it either.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Col. Klotz of Mauch Chunk, Pa., tells an incident which occurred during the recent meeting of the Mexican veterans.

While standing with John Solomon of East Mauch Chunk, in the capitol, a one-legged soldier approached and asked if that was Lieut Klotz. Being answered in the affirmative, the soldier said he was the only man whose leg was shot off at the battle of Cerro Gordo who lived. Mr. Solomon asked the crippled veteran if he remembered the soldier whose cot was beside his in the hospital. The soldier looked at him closely and said his name was Solomon. "Well," said Mr. S., "I'm the man." As might be expected the three soldiers were soon busy recounting their experiences. After some moments the crippled soldier inquired of Mr. Solomon whether he had ever heard of Gibbs, the hospital attendant, who dressed their wounds. "Here he is," said a bystander, who had evidently been listening to the conversation. "I'm Gibbs." The astonished soldiers shook hands all around again, and almost wept over each other. It was the first time they had met since 1848.

A NEAT PORTRAIT OF CALEB.—Nobody ever heard of his being sick. Nobody expects him to die. At the age of 74 he has the vitality and vigor of less than 60. He is as good for twenty years of life, apparently, as almost any man in Washington. He is not at all of the Horace Greeley stamp Mr. Greeley had nearly as fair and fine a frame when he was nominated for the presidency. Six months later the mortification of defeat killed him. Mr. Cushing has received almost as severe a blow, with a dozen years more of the burden of years upon his back to take away his power of resistance. It will hardly destroy his appetite for dinner or lose him a night's sleep. He has gone through several similar experiences before and has come up smiling after every one of them. A gentleman of this city, who has known him, and almost everybody else in public life, for two generations, said of Mr. Cushing yesterday: "He has the prime requisites for old age—a bad heart and a good digestion." It was the speech of a cynic of course but it measured Mr. Cushing accurately.—*"Templeton's" Easton Letter to Hartford Courant.*

Walter Brackett's four exquisite pictures of salmon, which were on exhibition in New York a year ago, have since attracted great attention in the Crystal Palace Exhibition in England, where they were placed in the Queen's corridor, when the banquet was given to the Shah. They were subsequently bought by Mr. Richard Potter, President of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

The following joke is none the less a good one now that the occasion of it is past: At Des Moines, Iowa, the other night, a theatrical company played "Rip Van Winkle." When Rip awoke from his snooze his first question was: "Has the House elected a Speaker yet?" which was greeted with much laughter by the legislature who were present.

A tax-collector in West Brookfield, Mass., recently procured the arrest and imprisonment of a citizen for non-payment of his poll tax; but immediately on his release the citizen had the collector arrested for non-payment of the tax on a dog which he owned, and the result was a fine of fifteen dollars and costs. Virtue, accordingly, is not its own reward on some occasions so much as the other fellow's.

DOMINION NEWS.

Dr. John Bowers Lewis, an eminent physician and ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, died recently, at Ottawa.

The shipping at St. John is now about 285,000 tons. During the past year the addition was about 40,000 tons, of the value of one and a half millions of dollars. The additions to the shipping of Halifax during the same period were about 22,000 tons. Only three ports in the British Empire have more shipping than St. John—these are Liverpool, London and Glasgow.

The Quebec Legislature met Jan. 28th. The lieutenant-governor assented to various bills, and prorogued the House.

A ludicrous case of mistaken identity occurred in Montreal a day or two ago, through the unfortunate resemblance of two young gentlemen, residents of that city, one of whom was recently married, while the other remains a bachelor. The married person went to a dinner party. The unmarried one, as it so happened, was similarly occupied on the same evening, but, unluckily for his reputation, he made a miscalculation as to his capacity for native wine, and spoiled his night's amusement. While a glimmer of reason remained, he endeavored to get home without attracting attention. By the time the poor young man reached a cab-stand, his mind had become so confused that he was unable to remember either his own name or the name of the street in which he lived. As he was engaged in gesticulating somewhat wildly to the cab-driver, a friend of the married young gentleman, happening to pass, noticed his plight, and confounding his identity with the latter, pushed him into a cab, whispered to the driver, and continued on his way. The result of this friendly act was the conveyance of the unmarried man to the house of the married man, where his lamentable condition, as may easily be supposed, created anything but a pleasant surprise. The young wife was, of course, deeply mortified at the figure he cut in her father's house. Subsequently, as he lay asleep upon a sofa, the father-in-law entered the room to remonstrate with him. After wasting much good advice, the father-in-law suddenly discovered the mistake that had been made by his daughter, and was in the act of trying to persuade the latter, probably much against her will, that the intoxicated young man was not her husband, when the real husband put an end to the dispute, and greatly increased the embarrassment of the household, by letting himself in at the hall door with a latch-key.

The English Church at Brockville, Ont., was recently burned by incendiaries. Loss $3,000.

A body of young men in Toronto have formed themselves into a society called the Canada National Association. Their motto is "Canada First." Their fundamental doctrine is that it is the duty of all Canadians, whether such by birth or adoption, to recognize the necessity for the cultivation of a Canadian national sentiment which will unite the people of the various provinces more closely in the bonds of citizenship, produce a mutual confidence, whose common sense of affection will prompt acts of toleration and words of respect and prove the best guard for the Dominion against absorption on the one hand and disunion on the other.

The Quebec ministry have promised to increase their proposed subsidy to that portion of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad running through Canada to $2,000 per mile.

The local freight business on the railways in this locality is unprecedentedly dull.—*St. Johns News.*

The Montreal *Witness* says the horse-market continues dull, with rates for good working horses varying between $75 and $150.

Two cars and an engine for the Montreal, Chambly & Sorel Railroad, built in the States, have been detained in St. Johns for several weeks past for payment of duty, and will be sold by auction by the Collector unless the duties are paid forthwith.

The well-known Waterloo Hotel owned and kept by Mr. L. H. Brooks, was totally destroyed by fire, January 13. The fire originated in the back part of the building—how, it is not known. Several of the inmates had a narrow escape and lost most of their clothing, etc. A good deal of the furniture was saved. The hotel was insured for $7,000.

Lord Dufferin, the Governor General of Canada, has offered two medals to be competed for at the coming skating tournament—a gold one for the gentlemen and a silver one for the ladies.

The Toronto *Globe* claims 119 Ministerial, 32 Opposition, and 6 Independent members elected to the new Dominion Parliament.

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN HERO, AND THE SWORD OF BYRON.—A writer in the Chicago *Tribune* renders tribute to the memory of Col. Jonathan P. Miller of Vermont, one of the volunteers in the cause of Grecian independence. Miller, then a young man in the University of Vermont, was one of the first to go out with Dr. S. G. Howe, who was 50 years younger than he is now. Miller arrived at Missolonghi, a few months after the death of Lord Byron, and greatly distinguished himself in the war, finally enduring all the horrors of the siege of Missolonghi,—the longest and most terrible siege of modern times. The issue of it, it will be remembered, was the assembling of the women and children of a population of 8,000 in one place, where they themselves applied the match to the train that insured their destruction, while their husbands and fathers hewed their way through the Turkish lines, 1,000 out of 3,000 surviving. Col. Miller, after the peace, bought the sword of Byron from the family of a Greek officer, to whom Byron had given it, and who was subsequently found dead on the battle-field, with the sword knotted to his wrist. This valuable souvenir, after some vicissitudes, returned to the possession of Col. Miller, and is treasured by his descendants. According to the *Tribune* writer, the lady in whose possession it now is was obliged to flee from her residence on the night of the Chicago fire, and only saved a small box of plate, the shawl thrown over her head and the sword of Byron. Miller brought home with him two sons of Madame Moltiades, whose husband claimed a lineal descent from the hero of Marathon, and was slain on the same field with Marco Bozzaris. Her fortune being ruined, she entrusted her boys to him; one was adopted into his own family, and the other into that of a friend. These two have since grown up to success as American citizens. Col. Miller himself married wealth, and settled down to the practice of law at Montpelier. As a member of the Legislature, he introduced the first resolution on the subject of slavery, and became one of the leaders of the free-soil party in that State. A granite obelisk there marks the resting-place of his remains.

POODLE FOOD.—The cashier of the First National Bank of St. Johnsbury received a five dollar bill issued by this bank, for redemption, which, from its appearance, as well as by an endorsement upon the back, indicates an eventful career. The bill is not all intact—far from it—but what pieces there are left of it, are pasted upon a white sheet of paper just the size of the original bill. About one-fourth of the surface of this white paper is enclosed with red lines, and in the centre is the following "endorsement:"

"The red marks on this side denote the parts that have passed through the stomach of a small white poodle, six months old, at the residence of

PHILIP LOEWENTHAL,
245 W. 29th St., New York.

A comparison of death rates in twelve States show that Indiana is the healthiest, then Vermont, Ohio, Rhode Island, Illinois, New Hampshire, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, California, Massachusetts, and Louisiana. The death records are, however, no safe guide. In but few of the States are they kept with regularity and precision, and it is possible that if registration were as correct in Indiana as in New York, the two States might change places in the list.

HOW IT LOOKS TO OUTSIDERS.—That little convention at Middlebury, to nominate Sprague for governor, seems to have been a queer affair. Most of those who went to it say that they were summoned by a circular, but they didn't know what they went for. It looks as if Sprague's friends intended to spring the nomination on the convention, but found they couldn't do it and quietly took themselves away.—*Springfield Republican.*

From the New York Tribune.

Social Chang and Eng.

The poor creatures, the Siamese twins, are not only dead, but we hope may soon be at rest, having given up their mystery into the hands of the physicians and men of science, who were roused into a fever of excited zeal by the news that they were at last at liberty to probe and cut the secret from them. To outsiders, after all, this zeal appears to be more in the interest of mere curiosity than science. Whether there was an artery running through the leathery strip of flesh which raised these weak-minded heathen into a world's wonder, or how it was connected to each trunk by nerves, really mattered very little, as long as it belonged to a monstrous freak of nature. If they had perpetuated a race of Siamese twins the matter might have had some importance. The really curious point of inquiry as to how far this union of body made the soul of the men dual or single is put by their death beyond the chance of solution. In the case of the South Carolina mulatto girls, the unnatural and arbitrary union of certain faculties of the brain as well as the body is well worthy the attention of metaphysicians. For example, each of these poor creatures can sustain separate conversations at the same time, sing different parts, etc. But they sit down, cross the room, rise or stoop simultaneously without any hint or warning interchanged. The will, to a certain point, is thus shown to be identical, while the other faculties are separate. Here is room for a weightier inquiry than that of any eccentricities of nerves or arteries. Why, indeed, should our scientific men telegraph and write, and rush knives and lancets in hand to Mount Airy to cut into the strip of flesh between two dead Siamese when this vexed riddle of more mysterious kinship broadens all about them and takes themselves in. The soul has as few features as the body; are they never shared by two of us in common against our will? The ferret eyes of their grandmother which Sam and his brother John inherit, with the miserly cunning at which they hint; the cleft chin given to two or three others of the family by some luxurious ancestor together with his sensuous tastes; are these less mysterious, less woeful, weighty burdens and bonds than the intolerable belt of skin which yoked these twins into a bondage from which only Death could deliver them? How much further is John indictable for meannesses and follies into which his inherited eyes have guided him, than Chang and Eng for the slips and tumbles into which they dragged each other? Here is matter of moment worthy of knife and probe. Doctor Holmes, we remember, once brought it up fairly on the table for dissection, but drew back, alarmed apparently at either his subject or his audience.

After all, the poor twins were not such monsters that we need go chuckling and shuddering for weeks about their coffins. We are all Changs and Engs at heart. Every man, says the old superstition, hath his double, in Africa or in his own household. And every man of us knows it to be true. What else do our perpetual school-boy friendships, our groping love affairs, our marriages, mean but the search for this "fetch," this Chang, toward whom an unseen tormenting hand draws us? Is a strip of skin more inexplicable than the power which impels Victor to choose a plain, ill-tempered, silly woman out from hosts of fair and noble maidens for his wife, and to exalt her thereafter, as anointed by some mysterious chrism, a queen among women? And consider, beyond, that nine out of ten commonplace women are thus chosen and crowned by their mates; that the bond between these irrational, ridiculous as it may seem to others, is powerful enough to enable them to bear all hardships, pains, incongruity of temper with smiling unity; to eat thousands of meals together without jarring, while their ideas are diverse as the poles, to rear children, to go down unlike, antagonistic in body and mind, yet one, to a common grave. What can the twins, going about with their abnormal girdle, furnish of wonder like that? Everybody shuddered, too, at the horrible possibility that one of these poor creatures should die, and the other, still living, be hampered by a corpse. It was of this horror, some reports state, the survivor died. But did we ever consider the spectacle of a woman carrying through life the drunken, bloated body of a husband or a son out of whom the soul has died long ago, and left only the brutalized mass of matter, incapable of feeling for her, or of any feeling or life but the mechanical appetite of a beast? With what zeal, what tenderness, she drudges for the body of this death! Tends it, battles for it, totters under it, down to the grave. What binds her to it? Here is a mystery before which Chang and Eng's band of union may well pass out of sight and be forgotten.

Baptism of Col. Veazey.

The retirement of Col. Veazey from the post of Commander of the G. A. R. reminds us of the fact that it was our fate, though not our *pleasure*, to see him receive what we believe to have been his first baptism by fire. It was in May, 1862, along the banks of that fickle stream, the memory of whose nasty nature was objurgated in the camp doggerels of the time as follows:

"Flow on, flow on, thou slimy stream,
Flow on cursed chickahominy
Poor place for baptism thou wouldst seem
To any [illegible]"

It was on the banks of this "beautiful river," that so often swept away our bridges that it was humorously termed the river "sticks," that Lieut. Col. Veazey of the 3d Vt., but temporarily commanding the 5th Vt. started out with the regiment as a guard to an engineering party that had been directed to examine the fords of the streams. The boys had been under slight fire at Lee's Mills, but were not yet fairly hardened to the sound and sight of shells, so they were somewhat disconcerted after leaving the shelter of the woods and marching in full view of a rebel battery hitherto silent, to receive quite a shower of dying "compliments;" orders were strict to, on no account, bring on an engagement, so our own batteries made no reply and "the boys" were in that very unpleasant position of having to "stand and take it." Col. Veazey saw in a moment that the "rebs," with a long line of bayonets to fire at would soon get the range and make it "very lively" for the regiment. So he made as lie down, and this movement made the rebels suppose that we had gone for refuge into the shelter of the woods directly in advance, and, to our great delight, they changed their aim and filled that forest with solid shot and shell. Then the regiment was withdrawn, a company at a time, on the double quick, from the exposed position, and the "rebs" could not change their elevation quick enough to do as much harm, so we escaped with a few wounded men, the day being so hot and the ground so heavy that the men of some of the companies rolled off the field in sheer exhaustion being too "played out" for any faster pace, although shells flew very thick around them. This was only a small affair, but the way a man behaves the first time under fire indicates his *temperament* as a soldier, and Col. Veazey was as cool and as calm in demeanor as possible, and prompt to decide just what to do to extricate the boys without loss from the situation. His manner made a strong impression on the writer, who wrote home to his friends predicting that there was the native material of a first-rate soldier in Veazey, that he had coolness, self-command and correct, swift judgment. Vermont soon after called him to take command of the 16th Vermont, and at Gettysburg he fully justified the opinion that all entertained of him who saw him in this first trifling affair on the Chickahominy.—*St. Albans Advertiser.*

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS INSTITUTION AND TRUST COMPANY.—In our list of Vermont Savings Banks, as given in our paper a few issues since, we inadvertently omitted the above named incorporated institution, located in Burlington, of which Henry P. Hickok is President, and Charles W. Woodhouse, Treasurer. A peculiarity in this Savings Bank is that it starts with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars as security to depositors, aside from the depositors' own money, which usually constitutes the only security of savings banks. This institution has been in operation less than five months, and has already, as we learn, about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on deposit, in addition to its capital.—*Rutland Globe.*

SETTLED.—The National Life Insurance Company of this village has settled their loss occasioned by the death of Capt. Colvocoresses, of the United States Navy, by the payment of fifty cents on the dollar of his policy, which was for $5,000. It will be remembered that he died in Bridgeport, Conn., some time since, under circumstances which led to a suspicion of suicide. This suspicion has become strengthened by subsequent evidence procured; but this company, following the example of other companies having insurance on his life, have finally concluded to settle on the above basis.—*Montpelier Watchman.*

A man went into a butcher's shop, and finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said, "Madam, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added, "James, give that gentleman three pig's feet!"

It is impossible to make a frontiersman believe that any good use can be made of an Indian except to kill him. The following verses illustrate Western opinion on the Indian question:

The Peace Commission.

A PI-UTE PASTORAL.

It was a Peace Commissioner,
And his garb was sober drab;
His hair was long and white, and he
Economized his gab;
In short, he was a reticent
And inoffensive slab.

His style was philanthropic,
And he bore a carpet-bag,
In which he stored his tracts and soap,
And other peaceful swag,
Which Indians patronize when war
And cattle stealing lag.

Long they sat in solemn council,
The agent and the red,
Mildly talking flabby virtue,
Till the sachem shook his head,
As with doubt and grim suspicion;
Then he grunted low and said—

Not with eloquence of nature,
Not in metaphoric style,
But in simple frontier lingo,
Mingled slang and grammar vile—
"Na-tee-trow zis; want some whiskey;
Injun empty; drink a pile."

Then that meek and lowly Quaker
Remonstrated with a tear;
Spoke of fire-water and ruin
With eloquence severe—
Said, quite feelingly, that whiskey
Was a foe most insincere.

Spake once more the child of nature,
Keeping down the growing bile
"Has my brother brought tobacco?
Is there powder in his pile?"
But the honest agent answered
With an unsuspecting smile:

"Had my variegated brother
Ever studied Mr. Trask,
He would never, I am certain,
Such a foolish question ask.
Read these pamphlets: they will teach you
In the light of truth to bask.

Powder I have none—nor whisky,
Nor the brain destroying leaf;
But of moral tracts and stories
I have many for the chief."
Then the Indian, seeming sadly,
Said it caused him bitter grief;

That his moral sense compelled him
To extract his brother's hair,
Which he did with neat precision
And a sudden-stricken air;
And the hopeful Peace Commission
Terminated then and there.

The Siamese Twins.

DR. HOLLINGSWORTH'S REMINISCENCES.—INCIDENTS OF A STRANGE LIFE.

Dr. Hollingsworth of Mount Airy, N. C., who attended the Siamese twins, says concerning them:

The twins moved to our neighborhood in 1846. Before the war they did not agree as brothers so indissolubly bound ought to do, and they came to me once, and Eng, who had the better disposition of the two, said in presence of their business agent that he could not live with his brother amicably and wanted to have a separation. I replied that the most eminent surgeons of Europe had given their opinion adverse to such an operation, and that I would not do it, adding that I would as soon cut their throats. This startling view, together with the agent's persuasions, caused the matter to drop. They were born face to face, and could not have been at any time during their lives back to back, as some accounts represent. The connection was by an extension of the sternum, at the time of their death almost osseous in its hardness, and nearest in appearance and size to a man's hand, with the fingers stretched out and squeezed together, and with the thumb underneath, making a convex and a concave surface respectively above and below. In the exact centre of this band was the mark of a single umbilical cord. The absence of doubleness in this regard is confirmed by the statement of the mother to her son Eng, who repeated it to me. This band I examined after death. It had but one umbilical mark precisely in the centre of the connection and underneath. Eng, the strong and healthy one, understood his intimate relation to his weak and sickly brother, and remarked, on several occasions, "We can't live long." Chang never said anything but "I feel bad." I told them at the time of the interview on the subject that possibly the severance might have been performed successfully when young. If I had been in time, before the death of Eng, I would certainly have attempted the operation. The common error concerning a supposed artery passing through the band would not have deterred me, but my only fear was that peritonitis would set in, as this band connected itself directly with the peritoneum. The band is the ensiform cartilage apparently ossified as hard as the thigh bone, and it had no motion in it and had very little sensation, and that only at a particular point in the centre. The danger of peritonitis alone prevented the operation. Their wives are white sisters, born Yates, raised in North Carolina, uneducated but naturally intelligent, about 50 years old, weighing 200 and 275 pounds respectively, and children of a mother who now weighs nearly 400 pounds. The twins were fond of playing draughts, but never against each other, saying it would be no amusement.

They were not members of any church, but went occasionally with their wives. Their brains were distinct. They were good business men, and often in driving a bargain they would walk aside and consult together as to what was best. They had only two deaf and dumb children. The deaf girl recently married in Raleigh. No two men were more honest in their dealings nor more pertinacious in habits.

Dr. Hollingsworth is further of the opinion that the death of Eng was not caused by an artery or vital connection through the ligament that united them, and believes this there was no such vital connection, because he has attended them when one was sick and the other in good health, and when there was as many as 20 beats difference to the minute in their pulsations. The doctor does not believe that if the ligament had been severed Eng's life could have been saved, but thinks any operation unless performed immediately upon the discovery of Chang's death would have hastened that of Eng. The bodies at present lie embalmed in a large air-tight tin box, which was placed in a large wooden box, made securely tight and placed in the cellar of the house.

THE SUPREME COURT.—Colonel John W. Forney, in the Philadelphia *Press*, thus refers to the justices of the Supreme Court:

Those judges or justices of the Supreme Court are rather jovial, with all their gravity. They have exceptional social advantages. They are asked everywhere, and they go everywhere that is proper. A sort of dignity hedges them round about. They are first at every state occasion, or nearly first. They are welcome figureheads at great weddings. They dominate great dinners. They decorate receptions and balls. A justice or a Chief-Justice at a party in Washington is like a prince at a drawing-room in London, or a cardinal in Rome. They flatter in and out of the Senate, with a sage and solemn air of possession. I think it is in evidence that they often condescend to sherry and champagne, and I fear that Grier and Nelson exceptionally descended to old rye whiskey. The wholesome affect the drama. John Marshall undoubtedly shed tears over Fanny Kemble, just as the eminent Pennsylvania Chief-Justice, John Bannister Gibson, idolized old Jefferson. Davis, of Illinois, and Swayne, of Ohio, Miller, of Iowa and Clifford, of Maine, do not deny their weakness for a good opera or ballet, and Joseph Story, like Caleb Cushing, enjoyed a good novel and wrote some very fair poetry when he was a young man. So that there are many reasons why a statesman who has got through with other offices should aspire to round his career by a seat on the velvet cushions of the Supreme Bench. It is for life. It is a social power. It is a cosy lookout on politics. It is not an exhaustive labor. The salary is good, and never touched except to be raised. As the law is the royal profession in this country, so a place in the Supreme Court is the only royal laurel that can be placed on an American lawyer's brow.

James Bell, of Barnard, Vt., met "the well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing man," the story of whose exploits exhaust so many type fonts each year, on Tremont street, Saturday afternoon. The man he owed $15 was just around the corner. "Mr. Bell," said the nice gentleman, "I want to pay this fellow $15, but I have no small bills; only this gold." So Mr. Bell lends him $15, they go up to the bank to get the gold changed. Sold again.—*Boston Globe.*

Having to preach in the pulpit of the town in which he found his wife, on the Sabbath after his marriage, one maladroit minister—who had grown iron gray as a bachelor—in his simplicity so far forgot all suggestions possible to the occasion, as to announce as his text, Job xxix. 2, and read amid the painful titters of the people: "O that I were as in months past; as in the days when God preserved me!"

Some envious correspondent in the Westfield *Times* asks that the School Committee visit one of the town schools in the outer districts where the lady teacher allows her young man to sit beside her during school hours, with his arm around her waist, occasionally taking a kiss. In this State the inspection committee does all that sort of work himself.—*Rutland Herald.*

Alexis has written a book about America, in which he sensibly commends the national dish of pork and beans. He thinks it would bear transplanting to Russia.

The *Church Union* styles "hot and hotter" the fact that the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore has had for its pastor, in the order named, the Rev. Messrs. Furniss, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup and Burnop.

Mr. Knee and Miss Crawl were married in Des Moines recently. The registrar must have entered the event under the head of Knee-Crawlogy.

And now somebody has spent seven years preparing to prove that Christopher Colum bus didn't discover America after all. Perhaps Chris didn't cross.—*Graphic.*

It is said that the Vermont Board of Agriculture have started the conundrum, "shall Vermont grow her own fruit trees?" Certainly, by all means. Who's a hindering her?—*Rutland Globe.*