JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.
Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every FRIDAY MORNING, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required. No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1870. NO. 36.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (!!), and charged for accordingly.

JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.
Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

Carlton Shafer.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july8 6m pd

John B. Tyler.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

I. Thomas Jones.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—Old Postoffice, next door to Citizen Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. No. 50 Wall Street, NEW YORK.
June 22

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

Chas. H. Maulsby,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Can be found at his OFFICE, on Second street, near Market, FREDERICK CITY, MD., from 7 o'clock, A. M., until 8 o'clock at night. Advances made on all well guaranteed claims placed in my hands for collection. Particular attention paid to the settlement and after-management of Estates. All legal instruments correctly drawn in plain hand-writing. Letters from any part of the County on business will be promptly answered, and to secure my personal attendance, must contain a fee. Charges moderate. [oct21 6m

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

G. E. Chandler, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, North Market St., opposite the Frederick-Town Savings' Institution, Frederick City Md.
☞ Residence—At the Office.
Oct21 1y

DR. L. T. MACCILL,
DENTIST.
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity.
OFFICE—East Church street, opposite the residence of Charles E. Trail, Esq.
oct7 6m

Dr. J. A. Webb,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—No. 5 South Market St., Frederick city, Md.
Charges moderate.
Can be seen at all hours.
sep30 6m E

Dentistry.
T. H. Schaeffer, D. D. S.] [J. N. Rentch, M D., D. D. S.
DRS. SCHAEFFER & RENTCH.
Having entered into co-partnership for the purpose of practicing the Dental Profession, respectfully offer their professional services to the people of Frederick city and vicinity. Those who will favor us with their confidence may expect our first endeavors to please. Charges moderate.
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Frederick Savings Institution. [sep16 tf

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

HORSEY'S
"Golden Gate Whiskey!"
THIS celebrated Pure Rye Whiskey was shipped in 1863, by Ship "Celestial Empire," to San Francisco, and arrived back in the "James R. Keeler," at New York in, August, 1870, having thus had the benefit of passing four times through the Tropics, with 40,000 miles of Sea voyage. For sale by M. N. ROHRBACK.
sep30

Miscellaneous.

MARYLAND INSTITUTE FOR THE
Deaf and Dumb,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
The Scholastic Exercises of this Institution for the ensuing year, under the revised organization, will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1870.
Parents, guardians and others interested will please encourage punctual attendance of pupils to facilitate the proper classification. CHARLES W. ELY,
sep9 tf Principal.

Roanoke College,
Located at SALEM, Va., will open its next session, SEPTEMBER 5th The entire expenses for a ten months session $210, including board, tuition and incidental expenses. Discretionary deduction made for indigent young men. A small advance for board in private families.
D. F. BITTLE, President.
aug5

CHILDREN'S HATS.
I have a large and beautiful assortment of Childrens' Fancy and Plain HATS AND CAPS, all of which I am selling at reduced prices. A. J. DELASHMUTT.
sep30

BOOTS AND SHOES.
I AM now receiving all the latest styles of Boots and Shoes, all of which I am selling at lower prices than they have been since before the war. Call and examine the great Bargains I have. "Sign Big Boot."
apr15 A. J. DELASHMUTT.

TRUNKS AND TRAVELLING BAGS.
I HAVE a splendid assortment of Saratoga, French, English, Follo and Packing Trunks, of every style and variety. Also, Travelling Bags, Valises, Toy Trunks and Ladies' Satchels, very cheap, at
apr15 A. J. DELASHMUTT'S.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!
A FRESH invoice of Wribgt & Brother's best Goods; Alpacas, Scotch Gingham, American Gingham, warranted not to fade, for sale low by
Z. J. GITTINGER,
mar25 28 N. Market street.

CITY HOTEL,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.,
F. B. CARLIN, Proprietor,
THIS popular and well-known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated offers many advantages to the traveling public.—The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.
The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.
There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.
Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.
Respectfully, FRANK B. CARLIN,
sep17 tf Proprietor.

FARMERS, READ!
Prices Decline with Gold!
YOU CAN USE FERTILIZERS YET!
PRICES ARE DOWN WITH PRODUCE!
The undersigned are now grinding a Soft Windsor
PLASTER,
which they will sell at
9.50 PER TON.
They will all also sell their
SUPER-PHOSPHATE AT $46
per ton; RAW BONE, ground at their Works, at $55 per ton. Also, keep all the ingredients by which Farmers can manufacture for themselves. Also, for sale
Moro Phillips' Super-phosphate,
WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,
AND
PACIFIC GUANO,
as low as they can be had from the Manufacturer's Agent in Baltimore.
Also, for sale, SALT by the sack, and the trade furnished.
All articles warranted as represented.—Call and be convinced.
Occupy the Warehouse formerly kept by Messrs. CASTLE & MAUGHT, Rail Road Depot, Frederick city, Md.
RAMSBURG, MILLER & CO.
apr1

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
GOODS SOLD VERY LOW!
Best quality Government Axes, Chisels of best quality and all sizes; Augers best quality and all sizes, at from 10 to 15 cents per quarter; a large quantity of Centre and Auger Brace Bitts and Braces, very cheap; best kind of Shingling and other Hatchets, from 60 to 80 cents; Hand Axes from $1 to $1.25; best kind Drawing Knives from 40 to 75 cents; Butcher Knives, all sizes and very cheap; a large quantity of Planes, Jack, Smoothing and Fore Planes; Knives and Forks, at 75 cents per set; Trace Chains, from 80 cents to $1.25, Fifth Chains, Halter Chains, Cow Chains,
NEW BLACKSMITH BELLOWS, from 32 to 40 inches; Saddler's Tools; all kinds of
GOVERNMENT GOODS,
Over Coats, Infantry Coats, Cavalry Jackets, Veteran Reserve Jackets, Blouses, lined and unlined; Pants, best kind of Yarn Socks, Linen Sheets, Linen Table Cloths, Bed Sacks, Towels, Government Blankets, Grey, Red and Blue; Horse Blankets, Mess Pans, Camp Kettles, Wash Basins, Tin Dippers, Ladles, very cheap; Frying Pans, Butcher Cleavers, large and small; also, a large lot of best quality Meat Saws, very cheap; Picks, Grubbing Hoes, Mattocks, best Horse Rasps, 15 inches, at 75 cents; Curry Combs and Cards, Brushes, Horse and Blacking; a splendid assortment of Carpenter's Hand Saws, very cheap, best quality of Monkey Wrenches, from 50 cents to $1; Boots from $2.50 to $3; Shoes, from $1.25 to $1.75; also,
2 SETS OF MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS cost $220, will be sold for $20, two feet Steel Squares, Screw Drivers, and many other articles too numerous to mention.
Country Merchants can be supplied at Auction prices. JOHN T. SINN,
Market St., opposite Frederick Co. National Bank. [oct21 3m

SKIN-DRESSER AND GLOVER.
VALERIUS EBERT,
(Successor to John Ebert & Sons,)
WOULD beg to inform his friends and the public that the old firm of JOHN EBERT & SONS has been dissolved, and that the business heretofore conducted by them is now carried on by the undersigned in all its branches and varieties, at the old stand, one door West of the Bentztown Bridge, Patrick Street, Frederick city, Md., where can always be found a full assortment of the very best BUCK GOODS in the market, of domestic manufacture, and sold (wholesale and retail,) as low as the lowest, and full satisfaction guaranteed.
Give me a call; see and judge for yourselves. I have determined that in this respect, as well as in the cut, make and material of my
BUCK GLOVES AND GAUNTLETS,
they shall not be surpassed. To test the matter practically, see and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.
SHEEP-SKIN GOODS,
gotten up in the best style of imitation, always on hand, and sold as low as the lowest.
COUNTRY WOOL & SHEEP SKINS.
CASH and the HIGHEST market prices paid for Wool, washed or unwashed. The very best prices given for country Sheep Skins.
Respectfully, VALERIUS EBERT,
sep23

DEAD ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."
[*Special Correspondence.*

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead—
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves;
So this man's eye is dim—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There at his side?
Paper his hand has clutched,
Tight ere he died;
Message or wish may be—
Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child.
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruby drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet—
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered in pain!
Ah, if the hearts that fled
Slept with the slain!
In the grief died! but no—
Death will not have it so.

MY BREACH OF PROMISE.

I.

"WANTED, an experienced editor of liberal views to conduct a journal in the provinces."

Such was the announcement that struck my eye, as I glanced on the first page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and I thought this post would just suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with reviews and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I doubt if the place will suit you. The salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no further when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are from your agency in the matter?"

"I can scarce tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The Castletown Eagle—the name rather tickeled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the desk of the Eagle was offered.

"You can write," I said as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like, but, on second thought, perhaps you had better state that you believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after I had taken my seat in the train bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boyish delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distracted state with their baggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a surly and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shoved far back under the seat, when the surly porter condescended to look for it. One of the ladies while directing the man, had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and wrap her in the shawl. "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage."

"I am glad of that for my companions' sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill? There is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour."

"O, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be as interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful dawn it was—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I ought rather to say I had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland."

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman"

"Indeed! It was a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How odd it would turn out if she were a widow and you were to marry her! There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland, Irish ladies, I understand——"

A little nod of the head, half satirical and half coquettish, warned me of the blunder I was about to make.

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologize for the tone in the best good humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I can at this moment call to mind the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea; the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance; the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and seeming to dissolve in it to the size of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay grows nigh, and one by one the passengers appeared.

"I thing I had better say good-bye now." And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I anderstood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Wentworth, Nountjoy square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

II.

Late at night I arrived at the Castletown Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on a stage-coach. My first impressions of Castletown were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Boswell told him "Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a garrulous waiter, I found my way to a river which promised glorious angling. On retuning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the Castletown Eagle, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and influence.

"Have I an *Aigle*, is it? Be gor I have, bad luck to them for *Aigles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork thin?" replied the fellow, with that sort of indescribable grin which comes over an Irishman's when he is enjoying the foretaste of a joke; they calls the *Aigle* the *Goose*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited association up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repast, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentlemen whom I was to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take in my card," I heard a deep growl from the hall outside the office-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of paste-board on which was engraved, "Mr. Joseph O'Brien, Castletown Eagle."

"I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the Eagle; and as the door opened, a very tall powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sporting costume, and with a brace of red-setters at his heels, stood before me.

"How d'ye do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien heartily, and with an honest ring in his voice that took my fancy at once. ("To hale, ye divils!"—this to the setters; who were sniffing curiously now at my legs.) "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The Eagle, as I learned, was the sole property of a Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid, Mrs. Brady called them "laders,") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who "did" the petty sessions, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticism as arose out of the occasional visit of a traveling theatrical company, or a concert of Castletown amateurs.

"Mrs. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but very little of her. We've both to dine there to day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was that he was a clever idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mrs. Brady resided outside the town, which contained I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn running down to the river. As we were walking up to the house, Mr. O'Brien (who wore a string of artificial flies around his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four pound trout on the grass quite close to us.

Mrs. Brady was picking up some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Staunton. I trust we can make your stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke with a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast Mr. O'Brien intimated that the boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and "my rod, too," the ex-editor continued. "I thought you wouldn't mind me making a few casts in the garden;" this half-apologetically to Mrs. Brady.

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to chat with you, Mr. Staunton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the Eagle. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be desposed.

"I think I may tell you Mr. Staunton, although the reason is of rather a private nature. I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is at present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, with whom, in a business way, I have no particular fault to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his "Poet's Corner." When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and so good-humoredly, that we remain as you perceive, on the friendliest terms.

"Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the Eagle?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think him rather glad than other-wise at being released from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Staunton there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milk-maid complexion and a few boarding school graces.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring. I am not a marrying man"

"I only wish to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could never prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would show both Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the Eagle into hand. Our politics were rather parochial than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to warn Prussia, or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Asia. Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develop the mining resources of Castletown had to be looked after; so had Mr. Disraeli and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed an "Ouvrier." By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget a scene at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. The banquet was given in connection with an agricultural society which had been started by a new English proprietor.—Mr. O'Brien sat next to me during the banquet, which was of the most substantial description. He seemed most anxious that the dignity of the press should be duly asserted, although his mode of expressing his sentiments on the matter did not appear to me to be of the most impressive kind. For instance—as it happened more than once if we required anything, Mr. O'Brien announced his wants in this fashion.—"Waiter, a fork for the press! Potatoes for the presss, waiter! Waiter, salt for the press!" and so on.

There was a stout farmer opposite me, whose performances on the beef and mutton were simply wonderful.—This gentleman, appeared, however, infinitely perplexed and disturbed by the tunes of a German band, which was hired to play during the progress of the festival. If he had an ear for music I don't wonder at it, for I seldom heard anything more villanous; but I think his dislike rose from a less fanciful cause. He was, at the eigth repetition of a waltz, driven beyond endurance, and roared out "Stop!" in so commanding a tone that every one looked round. There was a dead silence for a moment, and the hideous orchestra was struck dumb; a shout of laughter from the company, however, set it on again in full swing. Some ladies came in to look at us and hear the speeches. When I took a note of their dowdinesses, I was more than ever tickled at the idea of being warned against the fascinations of a Castletown belle.

It was a fortnight after this (the winter was fast coming on and the river was loaded with brown leaves) that I spent an evening with Mrs. Brady; and, on the arrival of the post, she told me her daughter was returning the next day. "I have a bad cold, and perhaps you would meet Kate at the post-office for me," she said. Of course I assented, and accordingly I found myself in due time waiting outside the inn at which the ramshackle coach was expected. I was a little early and spent the spare minutes smoking and speculating with some interest on the kind of girl she might be with whom I was not to fall in love on my account. In a quarter of an hour I heard the old-fashioned guard's horn, and a minute afterwards I was opening the door for a young lady whose face and head were so enveloped in a warm cloak that I could not distinguish her features. I simply introduced myself by saying, "Miss Brady?" and received a nod in reply. I handed my charge out, and then got her boxes off the roof. When this was done I turned round, and saw standing next to me my fair companion of the Holyhead steamboat. She was laughing heartily, and putting out her hand, said—"I hope you and the "old woman" are getting on well, Mr. Staunton. You see I have waited all this while to surprise you."

I scarce knew what to say. The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Instead of pointing to one of her own boxes to direct me to an address, she had shown me a trunk which did not belong to her at all.

"And then you know, when you told me what you were going to do, I knew all about it, and wanted to have some fun with you when I came home."

Upon reaching the house, I was still confused and felt an odd feeling of regret and pleasure. Mrs. Brady kissed her daughter affectionately, and I took my leave. I passed over the little bridge leading into the town on the way to my lodgings. Without being much of a poet or a mooner, I have a constant hankering after scenery. I could not help lingering on the bridge of planks to look at a shining stream passing off into the dark under a curve of low hills, and I began to regret my promise to Mrs. Brady.

IV.

I hung up at the commencement of this chapter an announcement similar to the proclamations made touching the unities of a melodrama as to the flight of time. It was now November. Mrs. Brady was good enough to express the greatest satisfaction with my management of her Eagle; and, in truth, that bird was soaring high in the estimation of the subscribers, who had begun to increase in numbers. I had gone into whatever society there was in the place, but had dropped it on the shortest trial. I still kept Mr. O'Brien with me. I did so because, as I did not seriously contemplate living for any length of time in Castletown, it would be as well that Mr. O'Brien should be prepared to take up the running, as, far as I could see, time had removed the objection Mrs. Brady had to him. I was heartily fond of snipe-shooting, and, with O'Brien's aid and companionship, I managed to pass——

There is no use in beating about the bush in this manner; I feel ignominiously over head and ears in love with Kate Brady. I have a suspicion that O'Brien knew my secret, and felt a grim satisfaction at my sufferings. I think he was waiting with a prophetic grin for the time when I should also break out in the "Poet Corner" of the Eagle. But I remembered my resolution and pledge, and the rather insidious way in which it was drawn from me. Meanwhile Kate and I became the best of friends. I was accustomed, when the paper was out, to spend the next day in the moors, and in the evening went to Mrs. Brady's, who always expressed herself happy to see me. Kate played charmingly, and I introduced her to my favorite Chopin. It was pleasant in the turf-glow to listen to the weird and intricate skeins of notes lit with poetry, like some one's brown hair with threads of gold. I sat as far away from the piano as I could; at least I generally did, except once, and then I couldn't help it. I remember it was during that delicious "Invitation" waltz. I sat in a chair by my darling's side, and, as she bowed her head over the notes, my face was very close to hers. There was only one thought in our minds, and we both knew it. We gazed fearlessly and long, until with an impulse I could no more help than I could help breathing, I touched her lips with mine. It was only for an instant. On went the ripple of the waltz as though nothing had happened; on it went, but the notes were freighted now, not with the mere fancies of the artist, but with the burden of our own hope for the future.—When the waltz was over, Kate went from the room. I did not see her again that evening, and I had to wake Mrs. Brady to wish her good-night.

V

Next morning I called on Mrs. Brady. I was resolved, at least, to tell as straightforward a story as I could, and if she determined to keep me to my word, why, at the worst, I should have to do so. She looked very grave when I met her. She heard me out with a cold politeness, and then asked me how soon I could complete my arrangements for leaving Castletown. There was a hard, cold, inexorable tone in her voice, and a contempt in it that stung me to the quick. I was ready to leave at once, but——

"You have broken your promise, Mr. Staunton; I permitted your visits here, trusting to it. The sooner we part the better. I think I can manage to reconcile my daughter to the loss she will sustain in your departure."

"Can I see her before I leave?"

"Certainly not." And the old lady opened the library door with a gesture that, taken with her white set face, was not encouraging to me.

I went down to the office of the Eagle, and without hesitation related the circumstances to Mr. O'Brien.

"Bedad, it's an ugly business," said that gentleman. "Does Kate like you?"

"She does," I answered, and was almost sorry for speaking so abruptly, the good fellow's face showed so much gennine sadness.

"Well, she's a sweet girl," he remarked, after a pause. "Look here! when are you to leave?"

"To-morrow, if you will resume your old post."

"I'll do anything for you, my boy, said this thoroughly loyal-hearted Irishman, "anything for you—and Miss Kate," he added with a slight effort; "but I see nothing for it, except for you to run away with her."

"That won't do. I deceived her mother already; I'll not take her daughter from her in a sneaking fashion now."

"Then let me think over it. I can always consider best with the gun under my arm; and I'm going out for a crack at the plover now. In the evening I'll tell you all my plans."

I spent the day packing up; and when that task was over, I walked through the little room, and down to my favorite lounge on the bridge, from which I could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brady's house. How sick and miserable I felt!

I returned, and wrote a letter to Kate. I did not know whether it would be delivered to her or not; but it was a relief to write it. Just as Mr. O'Brien made his appearance with a well-filled bag, I had in reply a short note from Kate. She was as miserable as I was. I would not forget her, would I? And she would so like to see me once more, if possible, before I went. If Mr. O'Brien spoke to mamma, something might be done. I handed the note to O'Brien. He read it without a word.

"It is rather cruel of Miss Kate to make me an ambassador in this case," he said; "but I'll stand to you."

And off he started for Mrs. Brady's house at once.

I walked down to the bridge again. It was the time of the November sunset; but I was in no mood to sentimentalize over landscape. I watched the river with a half-vacant, half-stupid stare. I suddenly felt some one next to me. It was Kate.

"I would see you—before you—you—you——"

"Dearest, I will write to you constantly, and I hope to have a home to offer you shortly. If your mother persists——"

"Why did you make such a silly promise to her?"

This was said with an air of melancholy coquettishness.

"Because I didn't know who you were."

We almost forgot for a while that we were to part. I walked with her to the gate of the house. Kate turned pale when we came in view of the modest mansion; and I was trembling all over. We halted on the steps of the entrance porch. We could not, I believe, to save our lives have spoken a word at that moment. Both Kate's hands were in mine; and they seemed to cling and linger there, as if they would never leave their resting-place.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" calls aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden

The sentence was like the reading of a reprieve to a condemned criminal.—We understood at once that Mr. O'Brien had been successful in his mission; and Kate turned around and gave him a hearty kiss.

"I pitched into your mother, Miss Kate, said the noble creature. "I told her the Aigle might go the divil if she acted harshly to you."

And so we went into tea; and Mrs. Brady saluted me on the cheek, and silently ratified negotiations that had been so fortunately conducted by Mr. O'Brien.

Reoder, this is a very plain and simple story, and I have a little more to add to it. In a month Kate and I once more traveled together in a steamer, and took up our residence in town. We sometimes, however, run over to Ireland, where the Eagle still flourishes under the able editorship of our friend. I have never, as you may suspect, regretted my short connection with that influential journal; and I take a peculiar interest in still reading it, for Mr. O'Brien sends it to us regularly. Mrs. Brady has been entirely reconciled to me for my breach of promise, and occasionally descends to visit us, without remaining longer than a well regulated mother-in-law should.

ELEVATION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him; on the contrary, as the rarefied air of mountains makes distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

A Dutchman at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You dinks I ride out mit another woman in so soon after the death of mine frau?"

Rare Instance of Indian Fidelity.

Yesterday afternoon we were attracted by a small group collected around a wagon upon the square. Proceeding to the wagon we found one of those long-haired, white wanderers, so often to be met with in the secluded valleys of the Rocky Mountains. His wagon bore evidence of a long journey, and contained a store of Indian trinkets, Indian dogs, bows and arrows, buffalo robes, moccasins, and numerous other curious articles of Commanche and Kiowa manufacture. In the wagon, in the midst of a pile of bear skins and robes, was seated a beautiful child, with dark blue eyes and long, curly rinklets hanging over his sun-burned neck and face, who was pratling in the Indian language to his pet dogs. The wagon and child belonged to the long-haired mountaineer and hunter, whose name is given as H. C. Callender, formerly a resident of Michigan. From him we heard the following:

He was a soldier in General Bank's army, and belonged to a Michigan regiment, and was taken prisoner in the disasterous retreat of Bank's down Red River. In 1864 he made his escape to the Cherokee nation, and afterward settled down as a hunter and trapper in the Wichita Mountains, where he soon became acquainted with the Kiowas and Comanches, who treated him with unexceptionable kindness. About two years ago he was joined in his lone life by his lovely wife and who left the comforts of civilization to join her husband in his chosen life of perils and solitude.

He says from the time his wife and child arrived at his wigwam or tepee, the Indians became more sociable, and visited him often, the two Comanche Chiefs, Tumbling Bear and Tush-a-wah, both taking an almost insane liking for the little, fair, curly-headed, child, the former chief offering no less than forty ponies for the little papose. For hours these old, leather skinned warriors sat and fondled the little pale-face, and on one occasion they carried the child away to their village but its wailings had such an effect upon them that they brought it home to its mother. By close study of the Indian character, Mr. Callender was enabled to ward off frequent danger to himself and family, and continue to live, year after year, the life of a wild nomad of the desert.

Last June, in conversation with Tumbling Bear, Callender learned enough to satisfy himself that all was not right among the Kiowas and Comanches, and became somewhat alarmed about his safety, but received a promise from Tumbling Bear and Tush a-wah that they would give notification of danger. Accordingly he prepared a wagon and heard and made ready for flight. Not many days afterward the two brave old chiefs visited him and took and affectionate farewell of the favorite papoose and assisted Callender to start out of the mountains. The redskins started out on the war path the following day. We conversed with the engaging little child, who sat playing with two Indian dogs, presented him by Tush a-wah, the Comanche chief. Mr. Callender sent his wife by rail to Michigan, while he starts through (by wagon) to-day. His team consists of a pair of Comanche horses, of which he is very proud.—*Kansas City Bulletin.*

The Elephant as a Walker.

We have found two curious points overlooked or ignored by writers—one is the rapid and noiseless movement of the animal in the thickest cover; the other, his capabilities of passing over ground for him apparently unfeasible. The elastic, noiseless footfall of the elephant has been frequently referred to by writers on Indian subjects, and has been rightly asserted to be the most agreeable feature in journeying on elephant back. This peculiarity may be easily explained by an examination of the structure of the animal's foot; but the silent, stealthy way in which he will pass through the desert thicket, literally "slipping away," when his acute smell or hearing warns him of danger, has been overlooked, and appear to us somewhat difficult of explanation. Let any one unskilled in the mysteries of "bush ranging," attempt even to move a few paces in an ordinary fox covert without noise, and he will form some idea of the difficulties presented to the passage of so huge an animal as the elephant through the dense, tangled undergrowth of a South African "bush." Yet that the animal, despite his enormous bulk, will "draw off," when within a view yards of his pursuer, without the slightest noise, and the greatest rapidity, even in the thickest cover, is undeniable. Again, his powers of passing over difficult ground are often underrated even by hunters. When experiments were first made in India in training elephants to draw the gun, it was observed with surprise that the animal's power of ascending steep and rugged ground was far greater than had been anticipated. The gun, a light six-