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Betsey and I are Out.

A NEW VERSION.

Go 'tend the door, there, Bridget, and mind what you're about,
For Betsy's mother's comin', and Betsy and I are out;
I've stood the dear old lady as long as ever I can,
And the more I've tried to stan' it, the more I've had to stan'.

Since first we two got married, and came down here to live,
She's had no end of orders and free advice to give;
There's nothin' a hand is put to, outside of the house or in,
But she has a say about it that's always sure to win.

From nursin' babies to cleanin', from hayin' to milkin' cows,
We've give her her way entirely, as much as the law allows;
There's hardly a child or critter, a field, or a fence, or stone,
She hasn't a fault to find with, or even can leave alone.

Perhaps I might stan' *that* much, if Betsy so should bid,
And let the old lady boss it the same as she always did;
But now that her tongue has taken to waggin' another course,
I've got to be up an' doin', or look for a cheap divorce.

If I but say she's a-meddlin', she tells my wife I drink;
If ever I look at a woman, she gives my wife the wink;
And comin' from meetin', Sunday, when Betsy was taken ill,
She said, that, for half the symptoms, a woman could file a Bill!

So, 'tend the door, there, Bridget, and keep your wits about,
And tell the dear old lady that Betsey and I are Out;
And then—in case she threatens to come some o her day—
Just add to the statement, Bridget, that Out we intend to stay!

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

The door had just closed upon his retiring figure, and I haste to gather into a sheaf the stalks of ripened grain he has scattered around me during the last hour. An American gentleman of unblemished reputation and strict integrity is an honored guest at any fireside; but when to these noble graces is added the dignity of eighty years' varied experiences, and a memory as clear and sharp as the blue-black eyes which sparkle under his gray, shaggy brows, he is a gem of a visitor, as rare as valuable.

Such was mine. And his talk—like the mirage of the desert, which reflects from the beautifully tinted sky back again to one's eye the pomp, circumstance, and host of the caravan gone beyond the horizon of vision—brought up almost into active life some of the scenes and incidents of near a century ago through the clear lens of his unclouded recollections. It seems a long time since Charles Carroll of Carrollton died; and still longer since, with one bold stroke of his pen, he affixed his signature and the name of his estate to that great document which, had England conquered, would have been the recorded evidence of his treason, and the cause of the loss of millions.

"Yet I knew him well," said my visitor, Mr. Hendon. "In my native town of Frederick, Maryland, many times, when I was a boy, I have seen him—an old man, with hair white as the silver knob of his cane, walking slowly. We boys would step aside when he approached us, with the deference due a king. He was a little man, his figure bent, his frame slight and muscular, and his manner the gentlest and most courteous—well, child, there are no such gentlemen as when I was a boy." And the old man's gaze seemed introverted as, with the end of his cane, he traced cabalistic figures upon the carpet, to the meaning of which his memory alone had the key.

"Does that time seem very far off, Sir?" I ventured, by way of bringing his thoughts back.

"No; it scarcely seems longer than last Christmas since a parcel of us boys were playing before Medtard's tavern, when we saw a procession coming up town. Some men were on horseback, and their knee-buckles shone like glass; others, in their best new leather breeches and blue coats, marched behind; the drum and fife were playing; and everybody looked excited but old Medtard, who stood on the door-sill, smoking his pipe, and looking monstrous contemptuous.

"'What's coming, Mr. Medtard?' we asked.

"'Only a green man, down the Lancaster Road.'

"Away we went, like a pack of hounds, in that direction, to meet a coach drawn by four black horses, with liveried footmen hanging on to the tassels behind, and surrounded by a large troop of military as an escort. Inside the coach sat President John Adams—a portly gentleman, dressed in pearl-colored broadcloth and large powdered wig, who, with his suit was traveling from Philadelphia to Washington, on the occasion of the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to that place. We followed the procession until the President alighted at Mrs. Kimball's tavern—the sign of the Golden Fleece—where Major-General Henry Lee received him."

"And why was Mr. Medtard so indifferent to the approach of his President?"

"Umph! Politics change, but human nature never. John Adams was a Federalist, and poor Medtard a Republican, which made a big difference those days. Yes, that happened seventy years ago this very month, but it don't seem longer than the span of my hand."

"Yet you have lived to see great changes."

"Yes, in degree, but not much in quality. Folks worked and suffered and died for ideas then, same as now. As poor Frank Key used to say,

"'No new fetters ever to run,
There is nothing that's new beneath the sun.'"

"And you knew Francis Key?" I eagerly asked, fired to know something of a *real* poet who dared appropriate such an old-fashioned quotation.

"Knew him! Why he lived but a few doors above my father's house. There were once two brothers, John Ross and Philip Barton Key. Philip was an officer in the British army during the Revolutionary war, while John was in that of the United States. John lived on Pipe's Creek, near Taneytown, Frederic County, Maryland, where Francis and his sister Anna, John's only children, were born. There was an exiled Scotchman, Mr. Bruce—said to have been heir to the throne of Scotland—who had built a mill on Pipe's Creek, and there, in the company of this noble old aristocrat, Frank spent his very early boyhood. The brothers, Philip and John, were large, manly looking fellows, but Frank and Anna were of much smaller mould. Anna Key was a beautiful little girl, with the cheerfulest face and most pleasant smile I ever saw. When they moved into town, near my father's, Frank was half grown, and ready to enter as a law student with Roger B. Taney, then at the head of the Frederick bar. Roger was a tall, gaunt fellow, as lean, they used to say, as a Potomac herring, and as shrewd as the shrewdest. He married bright little Anna. It was like the union of a hawk with a sky-lark; but she lived to be the wife of a Chief Justice of the United States, and I never heard that either repented of their marriage. Mr. Taney was a strict Catholic, and Frank an Episcopalian, not considered very zealous and sharp in his profession, and much given to dreaming. He went to Virginia, and brought home a wife much larger and taller than himself, went to housekeeping on Market Street, and had a couple of little children when I left home in 1809 to seek my fortune in Lancaster, Pennsylvania."

"Then you little thought you had been daily seeing the man whose inspired song would become the national anthem of America?" I asked.

"No more than Abraham was aware that he was entertaining angels. Yet the war cloud, through which the light of his genius was to burst upon us, was even then gathering. You have read about the embargo which was declared in 1806 when England, jealous of the naval power of the States, fired into the United States ship *Chesapeake*, and behaved otherwise so rudely we were compelled to close our ports against her vessels and imports. Those were the days"—and here the old gentleman involuntarily drew up his bowed form—"when even the proudest city belles were wooed and won in homespun rather than be dependent on foreign finery. I have danced with many an elegant woman in linsey-woolsey and tow frock those times, and well remember that Governor Simon Snyder, at his inauguration in 18 8, wore a suit of broadcloth manufactured in a loom in the borough of Lancaster. Patriotism was strong when it could conquer even woman's vanity."

I forgave the malicious twinkle of his eyes at that last "hit" out of honest reverence to our grandmothers, who inspired it.

"Well," he continued, "England kept growing more insulting, the whole country was clamorous to punish her, and war was declared on the 18th of July, 1812. I had gone down in the stage to Baltimore to buy some type-metal for my father, who was an astronomical-instrument maker, and witnessed one of those outbreaks of popular feeling, growing out of the state of the times, which gave that patriotic but impulsive city the temporary title of 'Mob Town.'

"A newspaper called the *Federal Republican*, which had been published in Georgetown by a party of rebels to the administration, was removed to Baltimore, where its issues contained violent articles in opposition to the war, the government, and loyal citizens of Baltimore. The people determined they would not stand it. So they hurriedly got up a procession, in which they were joined by a number of sailors from off the Bay, who, drawing after them a huge cable, encircled the printing-office, and pulled it down. The rebel party procured new material, and, removing into a large brick building, defied the mob, and continued their publication. Anticipating another attack, they wrote to Roger B. Taney, at Fredericktown—who belonged to their party—to come down to their assistance, bringing with him lathing-hatchets, pitchforks, and any other implements of warfare he could obtain. Roger was a sober citizen, who thought discretion was the better part of valor, and staid at home. The Baltimoreans renewed their attack upon the building, from which many of them were fired on and killed. Governor Winder then ordered the military to rout the mob, which they did; and the sheriff entering the house, the offenders surrendered to him, and were put in the jail for their protection. All seemed quiet until the following night, when the populace re-assembled, broke into the jail, killed a General Lingan, in the door-way, and cruelly beat and wounded many others. They then threatened the post-office, in which several of the obnoxious papers were said to be deposited, but the civil and military authorities again interfering, they were finally quelled. Thus you see how history reproduces itself.

"You have heard of Admiral Cockburn, who commanded the British fleet? The attrocious scoundrel! Words can never paint the miserable coward and boaster in his true colors. After his depredations along the Eastern Shore of Maryland, there followed the sacking of Washington, the battle of North Point, and the attempt of the enemy to take the city of Baltimore by water, as they had failed to do it by land. You know all about the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814. I have gone over it again, in fancy, hundreds of times, and I'll tell you Frank Key, patriotic as he was to his heart's core, could not help composing that poem. It was *forced* out of him. Just think. He was a prisoner on the fleet, which was anchored two miles from Fort McHenry, the city's main defense. He could watch all the enemy's preparations, and he knew the danger they foreboded. Through the terrific cannonading of that midnight fight, while the sky was lit up with the fiery courses of the flying bombs, do you think he could sleep? As the struggle ceased upon the coming morning, and he looked through the dim twilight for the flag of his country, his heart sick with fear and doubt, could he help the grand outburst of that first verse? And then, as through 'the mists of the deep' the banner loomed dimly in the morning sun's first rays, and he exclaimed,

"'Tis the star-spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

it was prayer and praise all in one; and there has never been anything like it since."

Mr. Hendon stopped to wipe his sweating face with his red bandana handkerchief, and take a few rapid strides across the floor. He had forgotten his cane and the weight of his eighty years in this reminiscence of his strong young manhood; and if Admiral Cockburn had that moment stood before him, in the flesh-and-blood insolence of his real self, I would have been the chronicler of his fate.

"Where were you during all that excitement, Sir?" I asked, to waken him out of his reverie.

"Chafing like a caged tiger because I was not in it. The first day of August, that same year, I, with a hundred and thirteen others, volunteer militia, were the first to leave Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in defense of Baltimore. Our rendezvous was York Pennsylvania, where we expected to meet General Watson, of Lancaster, commander of our division."

"How were you uniformed, Sir?"

"In blue cloth coats turned up with red, blue pants, white vests, shoes with cloth gaiters over them, fur hats, and high leather stocks with the United States coat of arms stamped upon them. I engraved the impression for those stocks in type-metal for our company, and a proud day's work it was. Every man found his own uniform; and of the many thousand Pennsylvanians I have seen march from Camp Curtin within these last ten years, none felt bolder to protect our country than we. When we reached York, where General Watson was to meet us with new Harper's Ferry muskets and tents, he was not on hand, so we were quartered at first in the court-house. Hearing our camp equipage was at the Carlisle Barracks, a squad of us got wagons, went after it, and brought it to the York jail, whence each man drew his musket, cross-belt, and cartridge-box. We were on duty there several weeks before the division of five thousand men was organized. We grew dreadfully impatient. Telegrams were not dreamed of those days, and daily newspapers were almost as scarce as roses in winter. One morning some of our guard went out to gather wood, and hearing a dull, rumbling noise, they laid their ears to the ground and listened. The sound of cannon was distinctly heard, and they hurried to camp with the news. Soon wagons outwardly filled with hay, but containing the specie from the banks in Baltimore, came in for protection, followed by every kind of vehicle, packed with flying Baltimoreans. Then, in tremendous haste, we were filed into ranks and marched to the seat of war, three days after the battle had been fought. General Armstrong had an Irish brother-in-law, Kennedy, who was appointed colonel of our regiment. He knew as much about military tactics as a bear does of mathematics. An old-fashioned country schoolmaster, with scarcely an idea above the common spelling-book of that period, and vain and tyrannical in proportion as he was ignorant, he was illy fitted to control as spirited and independent a set of Pennsylvania Dutchmen as ever trod American soil. He rode an immense fat black horse, with a back nearly as broad as an elephant's; and the only change he had made for the occasion from his usual citizen's dress was a cockade stuck in his hat, and a short sword buckled around his thick waist.

"The captain of our company, Mr. Walker, who was every inch a man, and who, by reason of his superiority, should have been our colonel, needed to exercise all his influence with the regiment to preserve any kind of discipline. It was a long three days' march to Baltimore. We were fourteen thousand strong, and eager to meet and punish our British invaders; but a succession of heavy thunder-storms and the fatigue of long marches through the mud almost exhausted us. 'Push along, men; ye're walkin' dreadful slow,' was the colonel's command, issued every fifteen minutes. The second day some of the men fainted from the heat and fatigue. Nearing a pump along the road-side, we halted to drink, but the colonel angrily urged us forward. An orchard near by hanging full of harvest apples, tempted some of the thirstier ones, who broke ranks and rushed for the fruit. This excited the colonel greatly. Riding up to the rails and banishing his sword, he shouted 'Ye blackguards! would ye be aither laving the ranks for the paltry sum of an apple?'

"This expression of his indignation grew into a by-word, thanks to the powers of mimicry of two of our company, Charles and Ferdinand Durang. They, with their father, were strolling play-actors (natives of Lancaster, I think), who, when their winter engagements in city theatres were over, would entertain us in town and country with their varied accomplishments. The brothers were such genial, brave fellows, and mirthful, so full of rollicking fun, they kept us alive, soul and body, by compelling us to laugh. Well, when we reached an old encampment near Baltimore, on the York Road, just alongside what was known as Howard's Woods, the citizens came to meet us, hauling drays on which were hogsheads of hot coffee, most delicious. I can never forget that coffee, nor how it revived us. The city was in a blaze of excitement still, and news came that the British were hovering about, and we must go to Elkridge's Landing to oppose them. As we marched through the streets they were crowded with women, weeping, and crying, "Oh, those poor fellows will never all come back again!" But we did; for the very next day, as we were drawn into line ready to march into Bladensburg, an officer came dashing up, his horse covered with foam, with the order for our immediate return to the city, as an hourly attack was expected from the fleet, still lying in the bay. We were not sorry; for Colonel Kennedy having failed to furnish us provision, and the Elkridge people all being Quakers, who would neither sell nor give us food to eat nor straw to lie upon, we were compelled to do without either, or buy for ourselves from the only one little grocery in the place.

"The occasion of our return was also that of the colonel's first compliment to us. 'Boys,' he said, brandishing his little sword, 'ye behaved like *veterans*!'

"We got back that evening, and encamped upon Gallows Hill, near a rope-walk, where three months we remained, daily waiting for an enemy that never came. Then, for the first since leaving York, we took breathing-time, and looked about for amusement.

"'Have you heard Francis Key's poem?' said one of our mess, coming in one evening, as we lay scattered over the green hill near the captain's marquee. It was a rude copy, and written in a scrawl which Horace Greely might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud, once, twice, three times, until the entire division seemed electrified by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Ferd Durang. Hunting up a volume of old flute music, which was in somebody's tent, he impatiently whistled snatches of tune after tune, just as they caught his quick eye. One, called 'Anacreon in Heaven' (I have played it often, for it was in my book that he found it), struck his fancy and riveted his attention. Note after note fell from his puckered lips until, with a leap and shout, he exclaimed, 'Boys, I've hit it!' and fitting the tune to the words, there rang out for the *first time* the song of the 'Star-spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a wedding of poetry to music made under such inspiring influences! Getting a brief furlough, the brothers sang it on the stage of Holliday Street Theatre soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sang around our bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets, and, when peace was declared, and we scattered to our homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812. Ferdinand Durang died—I do not know where—and Frank Key's bones lie in the cemetery at Fredericktown; but I guess that song will live as long as there is an American boy to sing it."

"Was that the only incident of the campaign, Mr. Hendon?" He was getting restless as a child, and I only the more eager for his stories of old times.

"Very little beside. Our principal hardship was a want of good bread. That furnished us was so old and sour it contained worms an inch long. Our rations of beef and rum were abundant. Of rum there was enough served daily for us to swim if we had wanted. General Watson was appealed to; but there was bad management somewhere, and things grew no better. 'All rum and no bread' became the sullen motto of the entire camp. The Maryland encampment, a mile from ours, held a mock court-martial, and made of theirs a daily bonfire. I remember one day that General Watson with his negro servant riding behind him, was about entering the city. The guard, instead of presenting arms, saluted him with 'All rum and no bread!' 'At him, Pomp!' shouted the indignant officer. The guard fled, the negro pursuing in vain; and it was said he never stopped running until he reached his home in Berks County."

The Sardine Fishery.

The sardine fishery, which begins in June and goes on to the end almost of November, is, as may be imagined, a very important industry, occupying as it does the greater part of all Brittany; that is to say, sardines are taken at Roscoff, the most northerly point which they frequent, and thence southwards as far as the coast of Spain. The great depots, however, are Douarnenez and Concarneau, which places take about one-third of the whole catch, which is estimated at six hundred millions of fish annually, and gives rise to large transactions in olive oil, which is used in enormous quantities in what is called the "fabrication de sardines a l'huile." There is another branch of the trade called "la sardine pressee," which consists in placing the fish (after salting) in large barrels and preserving them down; these cannot be kept long, and consequently are not exported. This trade is comparatively unimportant.—The fishery for sardines is one of the prettiest sights which can possibly be seen; the boats go out twice a day, and the return of the fleet of eight or nine hundred boats at sunset from the mouth of the bay or Douarnenez (a distance of some twelve miles) is a sight on a fine evening in autumn to dwell upon the memory. The boats engaged in fishing number nearly a thousand; they are of about six tons burden, and manned by five fishermen each; they sail very fast, carry a deal of canvas, masts rake a good deal, and they are not decked. The fishing is carried on in the following manner. Arrived at the point where they expect to find the fish, the captain spreads his net from the stern of the boat; they have corks at the upper edge and lead at the lower, and are arranged so as to fall and dip in a vertical position; he then throws into the sea, on each side of the net, the bait, cod-fish roe from Norway, of which the sardine is excessively fond; trying to pass through the nets to get at it, they are caught. When one net is full another is joined on, and this is continued to the end of fishing. The preparation of the fish is also very curious in its details. As soon as the boat comes ashore, the men land their fish in baskets, one in each hand; two hundred fish in each basket; they wash them, and then turn them out on large tables, where women, ranged around, salt them in heaps, and cut their heads off. This first operation done, they are again washed, and placed to dry on gridirons; when thoroughly dry they are cooked in the ovens, women then arrange them in boxes of various sizes, and fill with finest olive oil, after which the boxes are closed by soldering, and lastly, placed in a large iron basket and plunged into boiling water, where they remain two hours. This completes the "fabrication." The boxes are then polished by children provided with brushes, and they are packed in wooden cases of one, two hundred boxes, and so on.

Newspaper Advertisements.

Why is anything made public, but in the belief that it will be of interest to others? Why is it announced that Isaac and Rebecca were married on a certain day last week, but on the supposition that it will give you pleasure to know it? And then, lower down on the sheet, under the standing head of deaths, your eye runs along always with apprehension lest it fall on some well-known name, and reads that the aged father, the young child, the beloved wife, the rich, the poor, the admired, the honored, the beautiful are gone; for is it not taken for granted that the world will respond in sympathy to the incursions of a common foe? Read in this light, the commonest advertisements which crowd our papers have a kindly order about them. Say not with a cynic sneer—as though you were doubtful whether there was anything honest in the world—when a storekeeper advertises his wares, that it is all sheer selfishness; for if it is pleasant for one to announce a fresh supply of tallow and wool, hardware, or muslins, is it not just as pleasant for one who wishes to know it? Business advertisements? Waste paper? You know not what you say. Those ships which are to sail for every harbor in the world; those fabrics which have carried from every commercial mart of the earth; this iron from Russia, tea from China, cotton from Georgia, sugar from Louisiana—do they not preach to us at the corners of the streets, at the entering of the gates, in our docks, and in custom-houses and exchanges, sermons on the mutual dependence of mankind.

COULDN'T SEE IT.—"Old Trotter" is an eccentric genius, who drives the first stage out of Fork Kearney westward. The following is related of him: "One day he stopped a man on the road who drove a miserable team of sick and aged little mules, and with the ejaculation, 'Look a here, pilgrim; I know a man that would give you eight hundred dollars if he could see them mules.' 'Why,' exclaimed the man, startled by such an unexpected prospect of luck, 'you don't say so. Who is he?' 'He's a blind man,' said Trotter; 'g'lang.'"

The Fall of the Commune.

An English medical student, who from motives of humanity, joined as physician one of the battalions of the Paris National Guard, and served during the rise and fall of the Commune, gives in *The London Daily News* interesting details of the scene prior to the overthrow of the Paris revolutionists. His position gave him peculiar facilities for observing and narrating dramatic incidents which otherwise would have remained long untold. He says:

I saw many proofs of the dogged adherence of these people to the cause they had espoused. A fellow of about 40 years of age was brought to me with a bullet through his lungs. He had not above half an hour to live, and having been bandaged in a somewhat careless manner by the barber, he was put into a corner of the room on the dirty floor. I proceeded with my work, when I suddenly heard a loud cry behind me. It came from the wounded man, who was trying to raise himself on his hands and knees. I ran to ask him what he wanted, and, after some struggles, he said: "Citizen, I am a soldier of the Universal Republic, and have fought in '48, and now I am dying in '71. Tell my friends that I died crying out "Vive la Commune!" A few more struggles, and he was dead. A young fellow, a Pole on Dombrowski's staff, received a bullet in the abdomen, and was brought in breathing his last. He was, however, attended to, and his brother sent for. When he arrived—a tall, handsome fellow—I took him to see his younger brother, who received him saying, "I shall join my regiment in half an hour; tell Dombrowski that I want a little rest, and that it is not from cowardice that I am here." The elder man looked at him for one minute in a manner I cannot describe, took his hand, wrung it in great agony, and saying, "Yes, come then," left the room. I heard his spurs clanking on the floor of the hall, and before his last foot-steps died away, his poor brother was dead. A body of men like these Guards, if only properly commanded, might have done wonders. Dombrowski came to see me in the evening, and was delighted to find that our men fought so well. He was a very pleasant fellow, and talked with a great deal of sense. He deplored the want of discipline and management, but hoped that the Commune would be finally victorious.

Thus we continued day after day the final struggle. Then the confusion was totally indescribable. We had heard of the disaster at Issy—the men were demoralized. Not knowing what to do, and finding myself the only officer for whom the men had any respect, I gave orders to retreat on Paris to the last barricade, and telegraphed to Dombrowski for re-enforcements, as our battalion was now reduced to little more than 720 men. We received orders to retreat into Paris, which we accordingly did, and took up our positions at the Porte de Passy, doomed in a few days to be the gate by which the Versailles troops were to enter. There I saw for the first time the troops called Volunteers of the Republic. They were splendid fellows, full of pluck, thoroughly convinced that the Republic was the only thing worth living for, and resolved to fight for it like demons. There were two regiments of them, and they numbered about 2,000 men. Out of all these men, 500 only survived the battle, and they were taken prisoners, and were shot in the Champ de Mars. The Versailles troops were let into Paris by remnants of the 64th battalion. This I know to be a fact. The traitors immediately constituted themselves prisoners, and were shot for their pains in the Chaussee de la Muette. I had on the previous evening gone to Paris to give orders at the Intendance for bands, lint, &c., and had slept at my hotel in the heart of the city. I can scarcely describe my surprise when told by the concierge, with a terrified look, not to go out, but to hide in the cellars—for the troops were in Paris, and would be probably in our quarter in an hour from that time.

I quickly took my decision. I knew at once that to think of joining my comrades was madness, as they were entirely surrounded by the troops, and were probably long ago shot. I therefore sallied forth, armed with my commission, as a safe-guard against the press-gang for making barricades, and forced my way with the best possible speed to the Hotel de Ville. Horrible confusion still prevailed, and I was not even asked by the drunken sentries what my business was. I mounted the grand staircase to the first floor. The place was crammed. No one knew where the officers were. When I entered, a Deputy, whom it is prudent not to name, was telling his hearers with great eloquence that the time had come for the last struggle of the "glorious Commune." The speech was listened to with great attention. When he had finished Delescluze was sent for. He told them in a few short sentences that the cause was utterly lost unless the Versailles troops refused to march, and that the only thing the Commune had to do was to show by example that the men who had urged them to fight and die were not the last to die themselves when the time had come for them to do so. "For me," he said, "I feel that my last political struggle against Monarchy and Imperialism has come to an end. I shall die myself I know; but, gentlemen, I feel convinced that for every drop of mine and of the Commune's blood five men will one day spring forward and avenge us and to establish in future years that which, owing to our backward education, we have failed to establish now." He finished his speech amid dead silence.

WHAT CAUSED A WAR.—The "Grasshopper War," which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England in the Mayflower, between two Indian tribes, was brought about in this way: An Indian woman, with her little son, went to visit a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow caught a large grasshopper on the road and carried it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up. A quarrel ensued, which soon drew the fathers and mothers into the dispute, and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one tribe.

THE Gentiles of Utah, of all political parties, have united in the effort to elect members of the Territorial Legislature opposed to the Mormons.

Society and Fashion.

Afternoon tea-parties are very much in vogue.

Dark brown kids wear better than any other color.

Blonde hair and a black moustache is the latest rage.

The surest badge of vulgarity is a ring outside the glove.

Ladies are beginning to wear Tyrolese felt hats for riding.

Pale straw color is the last fashionable tint for note paper.

All the belles have reefed their long promenade dresses.

Painting is getting to be *the* fashionable lady's accomplishment.

Everybody is wearing blue now, no matter what the complexion.

The latest shoes for ladies have the wearer's monogram on the instep.

Chatelaine braids are disappearing, and ladies' hair is getting high again.

The "Boston Dip" being declared vulgar, has been rebaptized as the Glide waltz.

The very latest thing is to send with invitations a card intimating that the affair begins at such at hour, and a request to the invitee to come early.

Round hats for white muslin are much affected by ladies for country wear, being cool and large, and with the addition of a flower or ribbon can be made to look very dressy.

The new style of bonnets for next Fall is said to be something really new, and many milliners think they will have to hire a few people to wear them, so as to get people used to their decidedly unique appearance.

Young ladies are adopting very generally for use in their country rambles long, handsome, and substantial walking sticks. The cane-parasols are a bore and a failure if you try to put them to practical use.

Carpets are now completely banished from all our country houses. Pure white matting, or else the natural wood, is now the proper thing. Warmth and color are given by means of numerous brilliant rugs.

Switches and Chignons.

Few persons, says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, probably realize the magnitude which the articles of switches and chignons have reached. The first switches were made in Central Falls, R. I., by a workman in one of the flax mills. For a long time all that were used—the number of which at first were quite small—were made there. Afterward a firm in Providence commenced the manufacture. The price then was $7.00 to $9.00, realizing a large profit to the manufacturer. Switches then retailed at $1.50 to $2 00, are now sold at 25 to 37 cents. Several parties started in this city employ from ten to forty men each. Some idea of the amount manufactured can be found from the experience of the largest of Boston manufacturers, employing forty men hacking and finishing the jute, and fifty to sixty girls in the manufacture of chignons, using ten bales of 300 pounds each and 3,000 pounds of hair per day. This firm used over 600 bales (180,000 pounds) in less than three months, at times producing 350 dozen per day of switches alone. Much has been said of the presence of insects in the jute, but it was probably without truth. In the large amount used by this firm, no sign of one was ever seen, and the article of jute is as clean, or more so, than human hair in the course of manufacture; at least one half the weight is combed out at one time. The prejudice was so strong against them, particularly in the State of Maine, that they could not be sold at all.

There are also many switches made of fine glazed cotton thread, also of silk dyed without washing out the gum, which gives it the nearest resemblance to hair, of any article used. Much of this hair silk is woven the same as ribbons, and afterwards braided like wool into chignons. Jute in a great measure superseded this article, owing to its extreme cheapness. At one time during last Summer the stock in market was almost entirely used up, from immense quantities used for this purpose, causing it to advance nearly 50 per cent. in price.

A Good Dog Story.

Mr. Beecher, in his *Christian Union*, vouches for the truth of this story:

A narrow log lay as a bridge over a ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland and a little Italian greyhound. Of course they met in the middle; of course there was not room for them to pass; neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shore the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight; and the Newfoundland after the more sedate fashion expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do!

SAVING GOLD.—A correspondent who who visited an U. S. Assay office, says: Even the cracks of the floor and the clothes of the workmen were filled with the auriferous but almost impalpable grains. Lest any should be carried off unwittingly by the feet, the apartment is paved with a kind of movable grating, or "universal scraper." The garments used by workmen, when worn out, are reduced to ashes for the assayer, and old crucibles, chimney flues, wooden implements, old boots, all things, in short, having contact with gold go to the common receptacle, whence the precious atoms may be extracted. Even where the workmen wash their faces, a little strap is arranged to stop the golden sediment.

A Summer Day.

Sunshine over the meadow lands,
Kissing the crimson clover,
And sunshine haunting the lily cups
That the yellow bees hung over
And sunshine over the hazy hills
And over the dimpling river
And I wished that the sun and the Summer
Might shine and last forever.

We walked down by the meadow path,
The broad highway forsaking,
For the quiet of that lovely spot
Seemed better for our love-making.
And I was silent and she was shy,
And we walked down through the clover;
But we thought it the sweetest Summer day
That ever the sun shone over.

We heard the birds in the waving grass,
As they twittered to each other
About the nests they had hidden away—
And the coo of each glad bird mother.
And we thought, as we walked that Summer day
Through the clover blooms together,
That at last the world was in perfect tune,
In the glad, bright Summer weather.

I cannot tell what I said to her,
As we walked knee-deep in clover;
But I know that the robins merrily sang
Their sweetest of sweet songs over.
And down in my heart love's own bird sang
A song that was gladder, sweeter,
And its echo joined with the world's sweet hymn,
And made the day completer.

And when we came up the meadow path,
Our hearts sang over and over;
"O sweet, glad day for blossom and bird.
And for every blythe young lover!"
And yet I know not the words she said,
Or whether she spoke at all;
But of all sweet days, that Summer day
I count as the best of all.

Facts and Fancies.

A man in the *write* place—an editor.

Maids of honor—Those who do not jilt suitors.

Paper is now used for the lining of ice-coolers.

Cincinnati's street lamps cost $49.55 each per year.

London has a population of 27,000 to the square mile.

There are 368 collegiate institutions in the United States.

Two cents a pint is charged for water in some Colorado towns.

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon ball.

Insurance on the lives of editors is rated extra hazardous in Memphis.

A Polish noble is engaged to polish bottles in San Francisco for $6 a week.

A postmaster by the name of Goodale when he is in a hurry signs himself XX.

The reason that a carpenter is seldom so handsome as another man is because he is a *deal-plainer*.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

The way to command respect and plenty of room in a crowd—Carry a pot of paint in each hand.

Why is an elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eyes off his trunk.

The reason why editors have their manners spoiled is because they receive so many evil communications.

The new masonic temple in Philadelphia is going up rapidly. It will cost, when completed, about 1,500,000.

A New York man makes a fine income yearly by dressing salads and preparing the tables for private dinner parties.

The penalty of selling a prize package of any kind to a minor in Connecicut is a fine of $100 or six months' imprisonment.

It has been discovered that New Hampshire has 1,440 flowering plants and 410 of the lower orders—in all 1,850.

White kid gloves are no longer worn with full evening dress, the preference being given to lavender, light gray or yellow.

A Wyoming woman complains that hundreds of her sex in that territory refuse to vote unless coaxed by good-looking men.

The enterprising thieves of Council Bluffs steal all the bedclothes off married people by putting hooked sticks in at the windows.

"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's mother."

A private in the army recently sent a letter to his sweetheart closing with, "May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

A squire in Indianapolis married a couple last week, adapting the service to modern times by pronouncing them man and wife, "until separated by law."

The Indiana Legislature reduced the allowance per "square" for legal advertisements, which one ingenious paper gets around by reducing its "square" to three lines.

A shopkeeper having advertised his stock to be sold under prime cost, a neighbor observed that it was impossible for him to do so, as he had never paid anything for it himself!

As I grow older, I become more lenient to the sins of frail humanity. The man who loudly denounces another I always suspect. A right-thinking man knows too much of crime to denounce fellow-creature unheard.—*Goethe.*

Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.

A plucky Springfield man going home the other evening through one of the worst sections of the city, was attacked by two roughs who asked if he had any money. He replied, "Yes, lots of it," and forthwith gave them both a thrashing, throwing one of them down and stamping on him.

A mule attached to an express wagon in Louisville ran away and upset a barrel of garbage just sent ashore by the steward of a steamboat, and 2 dozen eggs 10 lbs. of coffee, 20 lbs. sugar, 5 lbs. rice and a small crock of butter emerged into daylight. There was a vacancy created in the stewardship of that boat forthwith.

A lady, in a philosophical mood, asked a male friend how it happened that boys got all their bad traits from their fathers. "I don't know," was the reply; "but perhaps it would help us to answer if we could find out where the girls get their blemishes from." "Oh," replied the fair metaphysician, "they all come from their grandfathers!"

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