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TOUCHING BLAINE.

Showing the Uses of the Modern Statesman—Our Bull Sees His Way Clear in a Choice Between Two Frauds.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 8.

I have seen a great light, as they say at Methodist camp-meetings. As Grant wrote to "Newcomb, Easton and Smith," of St. Louis, during the Gratz Brown campaign in 1870, I have been "enabled to see my way clear." I shall support the administration of the fraudulent President. I shall acquiesce in the verdict of Bradley. I shall hail J. Madison Wells and Eliza Pinkston as martyrs and canonize them as saints. For nine eyes have seen and mine ears have heard the glory of the opposition of Blaine. Up to yesterday and to-day I had been full of the gall of bitterness toward the men who had stolen our Presidency; full of the fierceness of resentment against the man who had accepted the stolen property at their hands; and full of the *agua fortis* of contempt for the pusillanimity of those rightful owners, the Democrats, who had stood quietly and allowed their pockets to be rifled without even so much as an able bodied remonstrance. But now I am at rest. Having learned that Blaine was really, actually and in fact at war with Mr. Hayes, I hasten to assure the latter of my distinguished consideration, and to congratulate him upon his great luck. No other possible conjuncture could have made his tenure of the Presidency even tolerable in the eyes of respectable people. I have heretofore remarked that Hayes was a lucky dog. That he seemed in truth—

"A favorite of Fate, in Fortune's lap caressed."

That honors and emoluments have fallen upon him like ripe apples from the tree.—That he seemed to have been singled out by God Almighty as a living testimony unto all men of the omnipotence of Good Luck! And all that sort of thing. But no stroke of luck that ever descended upon his head bears any comparison—not even the remotest or the far-fetchedest—to that stroke which fell in the Senate yesterday when Blaine declared war on the new Southern policy of Hayes. All the other pieces of good luck which have befallen Hayes bear the same relation to this one that the sputter of a tallow candle bears to a bolt of chain lightning. Blaine has his uses. The State of Maine has its uses also. The State of Maine exists on the map in order that Blaine may sit in Congress. And Blaine sits in Congress in order that decent men may know what course to take on occasions of dilemma. He sometimes hesitates about taking a

"memoranda" and the like—but he does sometimes hesitate about taking a position; and on these occasions all men who have at heart the interests of the country and who want to be right hesitate also; the suspense is painful. But no sooner does Blaine rear up on his hind legs and begin to paw the air with his forepaws, bellowing the while like a four-year old bull with a stone wall between himself and the object of his desires, than all good men complacently bask themselves to the other side and put their trust in God.

Blaine is not like Daniel Webster. Blaine would rather be wrong than be President; but he would like to be both. When our Proctor Knott remarked that Blaine was "the d—dest scoundrel on the American continent," he did very wrong. Knott should have said, "Blaine is the most useful man on the American or any other continent." Blaine is to politics what the light-house is to navigation; his light shows where those places are which must be kept away from. He is the red flag of politics, for whenever you see him you know there is small-pox in the neighborhood. He reminds me of the fellow who used to go about the country as an advance agent of a noted temperance lecturer. He always traveled forty-eight hours ahead of the lecturer, giving a fearful example of the effects of intemperance!

But one earthly consideration could have induced patriotic people—people who value manhood, honesty, honor, law, peace, charity and other benisons, benefices and amenities of life—to tolerate a President not elected by the people, but counted in by Bradley, Stroug, Miller, Garfield, Hoar, Edmunds et al. That one thing was that Blaine should oppose his administration. That left the situation in the nature of a choice between two frauds; and, as friend McCullagh once said of Bill Groves—who, by the way, is the *fides Achates* of Carl Schurz—"Hell could not produce nor Omnipotence duplicate" a fraud which would not instantly be chosen as the lesser of the two if the other happened to be Blaine.

I am told that Blaine opposes Hayes because Hayes refused to give him the patronage he demanded. That Blaine went up to the White House and commanded Hayes to stand and deliver two or three Cabinet places and no end of other valuables, and that Hayes in response kicked Blaine down the front steps, whereby a soreness was produced in the seat of Blaine's intellect.—But Blaine is taking the wrong way to get even. It is just like him. He never does the right thing. He is so smart Blaine is—so damned smart, if I may be allowed the term—that he can't get out of his own way; therefore most of the blows which he designs for others hit himself. Now, when he came away from the White House the other day, rubbing the inflamed seat of his intellect, and vowing vengeance, if he had any sense it would at once have occurred to him that the only way he could injure Hayes was by supporting his administration. And by the time he had supported Hayes six weeks the latter would have been glad to give him all seven of the Cabinet places in consideration of his distinguished and invaluable omity for the balance of his term. But no; Blaine lacked sense, and consequently he did not perceive the fine point of strategy that lay within his

grasp. On the other hand, he espoused the cause of Kellogg—whom Jim Nye used to call Brindle Bill. Now, Kellogg is a carpet-bagger, and the carpet-bagger having become, as honest old Tom Robertson says, "hated at the North, execrated at the South and despised by the nigger," Blaine finds congenial fellowship in Kellogg. Therefore Blaine seizes the coat-tails of Kellogg and expects Kellogg to pull him into the Presidency four years from now. I once knew a fellow whose ideas of locomotion were similar to Blaine's theory of political progress. This fellow, having partaken largely of the peculiar constitutional law of a late administration, walked solemnly into a water closet at one end of a railway station platform, took a seat and inquired, "Why in h—l don't this train start?" It is fortunate for Kellogg that his reputation is as bad as a reputation can be; otherwise Blaine's advocacy of him might be injurious.

And yet Blaine represents his constituency with fidelity. Perhaps you are not acquainted with the constituency of Blaine.—Blaine's constituents are those natives of Maine who neglect to emigrate precipitately as soon as they are old enough to realize what kind of a State they have been born in. Providence keeps a few people in Maine, who are carefully selected with a view to influencing all respectable folks to emigrate at once. Well, these are Blaine's constituents—the few persons retained as moral scarecrows by Divine Providence.—After this explanation you will understand the secret of Blaine's wonderful hold upon the people of Maine. No hold has ever been seen like it, unless—except that hold which Blaine got on the Mulligan letters. And no hold like it will ever be seen until the devil gets Blaine, constituents, Mulligan letters and all.

But, to be serious, Blaine is becoming the most colossal nuisance of the century. He is not only deluging the name of the American people with disrepute, but he is becoming a disturber of the peace, and an inveterate peddler of noxious notions which are designed to bedevil the feeble-minded. Never accomplishing anything and proposing nothing, he hangs on the verge of politics like a Bedouin upon the flanks of a caravan, watching for some pilgrim with a sick camel to drop out of the procession.

If the fools were all dead, Blaine could do no harm. But some of them still live, and, as a consequence, Blaine always has just enough of following to keep his own name in the intolerable point, and to infect the political atmosphere with his noxious influence.

no success in him; but he always comes near enough to success to nerve his misguided followers for another effort in his behalf. His followers are of two classes: First, played-out and used-up old hacks and frauds, who have been kicked out of all other fellowship, and, second, credulous and enthusiastic boys, who are led to believe that iron cheeks and leather lungs constitute the true statesmanship, and that Blaine's system of ten-cent thimble-rigging is the true game of politics.

As a Kennebec town councilman, Blaine would have been a success. But in the arena of national politics he figures as ridiculously as a cockroach turned out to pasture in a ten-acre lot. It is only when he becomes the boss cockroach of a horde of grasshoppers that he ceases to be ridiculous, and he only ceases to be ridiculous when he becomes pestiferous. He may not be able to accomplish anything of great detriment, but he sometimes has power to delay the accomplishment of that which is beneficial—as in the present instance he obstructs the pacification of Louisiana and South Carolina.

When Stanley Matthews and Mr. Evarts, on behalf of Hayes, advised that poor shivering upstart, Chamberlain, that the good of the country required his withdrawal from the position to which he pretends, Matthews and Evarts simply tried to do by mild persuasion, out of pity, what simple justice would have dictated should be done by the hair of his head, too, if, at Blaine's instigation, he should stick there thirty days longer. But Blaine thinks he sees an opportunity, and grasps it.

Now, if a little nigger should see a mule's tail, and, imagining that it afforded him a good opportunity to steal a ride, should grasp the tail, with the consequence traditional in such cases, everybody would laugh and express wonderment that, after two centuries of uniformly disastrous experiment, the Ethiopian should still be so infatuated as to grasp a mule by the tail. But the nigger in this case would not be one whit more absurd than Blaine is when he embraces the carpet-bagger and tries to make political capital out of him. He might as well go out into the fields and bestride the decomposing carcass of a dead horse with the design of taking a ride! Poor Blaine! When that great big Presidential maggot gets into a small head it produces rickets. Blaine "hoped his tongue would cleave to the roof of his mouth."

That was the most discreet wish I ever knew him to avow. If it only would, he might possibly obtain a reputation for good sense in the course of time—unless he should learn the deaf and dumb art of talking with his fingers; and even if he did that it might serve to keep his fingers busy in conversation and thus improve his reputation as a respecter of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

Meanwhile I have my little laugh on the boys who, ten days ago, were supplying lung power to produce the Blaine yell and—why, three Cabinet places were the merest bagatelle, you know! Blaine was going to be President in fact! But he would allow Mr. and Mrs. Hayes to occupy the White House, you know, just to humor the children and keep peace in the family!

But, if we turn to the President in fact, it is somebody else!

And now Morton, Simon Cameron and those other sly old fellows have quietly gone and made their peace with Hayes, leaving Blaine, all unconscious, tearing away with his great speech at the empty air. As I said before, Blaine is very smart. None of those sly old fellows are so smart as Blaine. He is not only so smart that he can't keep out of his own way, but he runs so fast that he stabs his toe against himself and tumbles down. He opens his mouth and puts his foot in it. He raises his hand to strike Hayes and smites his own cheek—which is protuberant. It was funny to see Blaine prancing up and down the Fog-bank, and nobody paying any attention to him except John Patterson and Spencer, together with a few triggers and some immature females in the gallery. How he brandished that telegram! Blaine knows how to brandish private papers. He knows how to get them, also. "Howdy Christ!" said Mulligan, "he's got me memoranda, too!" With what fine frenzy he walked around there in a small open space, with John Patterson on one side and old Hamlin on the other, and threw down the gage of battle.

Would any solemn old senatorial pump stand sponsor for Stanley Matthews' dispatch? Show him the son of a gun! But none of the old pumps responded. They were past the time of life when it is considered necessary to knock chips off the shoulders of small boys. Poor Blaine! He couldn't even find a windmill to tilt against; for he was the only one in the Senate, and it is written that no windmill can tilt against itself. Suppose some Tipperary Irishman should wait in the Vatican some morning with about six inches of his coat tails dragging on the floor, and invite any spalpeen in the august college of cardinals to tread on them—"jist trid on the tip and av was av thim!" Or imagine a robust Wm. goat trying to provoke a hitching-post to mortal combat. It is a long time since anything has been seen so utterly absurd as Blaine's effort to make a Donnybrook of the Fog-bank.

I am sorry for Jim. He is out of his line of business. He should immediately resign from the Senate and get back to the House, where the boys will always be found ready to whoop it up for him. They never have any rows in the Senate—except in executive session; and what would Blaine give for a row when there are no boys or niggers in the gallery and where no report of his great speech could be printed in the newspapers? A row of that kind is of no more value to Blaine than a hand-organ would be to an audience of small boys to toss him pennies for his antics.

The only affecting part of the transaction is the cool desertion of Blaine by Simon Cameron, Morton, Sargent and the other sly fellows, leaving him to the tender mercies of Stanley Matthews, who, as Blaine will presently find out, knows no such thing as mercy for him. The situation recalls an incident of boyhood: A neighbor of our's had a fine plum orchard, which was surrounded by a high board fence, and in which by way of additional security against the depredations of small boys, the owner was wont to pasture an old Merino ram with enormous horns and a disposition similar to that of Holman. One day half a dozen of us small boys held a consultation about those plums. We agreed to capture them. We all climbed the fence. I was detailed to look after the Merino ram, and, in discharge of this delicate responsibility, was soon involved in what a Southern gentleman would call "a difficulty." I got a good hold on the old fellow—by the horns—and immediately my philosophical mind was beset by the perplexing question as to whether I had the ram or the ram had me. But no sooner was the dead-lock perfect than all the other small boys ran away to the owner of the orchard and told him there was a wicked urchin out there trying to steal his plums.—Then the owner came out and lifted me over that high board fence, partly by the tip of my cast ear and partly upon the tip of his boot. What hurt my feelings the worst was that, after having dismissed me in this feeling manner, he praised the other small boys for their honesty, and gave them all the plums they could stuff into their pockets! That episode destroyed my faith in human nature. Blaine will soon be a skeptic also.

"FRAUD—ONLY FRAUD."—Senator Norwood, whose term of service has just expired, has been in the city during the past three or four days, a visitor.

"Well, Senator," said the reporter, after the usual preliminaries had been exhausted, "what do you think about the result of the Presidential election?"

"You mean, what do I think about the result of the Electoral Commission. Well, it was a fraud!"

"Oh, of course. What do you think will be the end of this Hayes business?"

"Fraud—only fraud."

Mr. Hayes is a very pious patriot. He asked some of the churches to pray for his Administration, and then invited B. B. Ingersoll, the boasting infidel, to dine with him on Sunday, that they might make merry over the credulity of the poor brethren who had wasted their benedictions upon his "Southern policy" of deception and imposture.

The standard of drunkenness varies between London and Edinburgh. A witness in a London court recently testified that "a man is properly drunk when he cannot walk;" in Edinburgh, at about the same time, a witness gave it as his opinion that "a man hasn't enough till he canna speak."

"Can animals communicate ideas?" asks an exchange. If they cannot there is a vast amount of wasted conversation o' moonlight nights around fences and back sheds.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

—TO—

THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

I am sitting on the train to-night,
With carpet-bag by my side,
Which I with plunder well have filled
Since the "Sunny South" I tried.

The scene is greatly changed. I feel
I'm bluer now than then;
And I still keep list'ning for the shout
Of those fierce, red-shirt men.

Farewell, ye yelling rebel crew
Of "cavalier" descent;
Most cavalierly did ye act
When I to Edgefield went.

I played "reform" to win your votes;
My purpose ye unmasked;
The bayonet pointed at your throats
Is the revenge I've asked.

The sentry walks his daily round
Within your State House walls;
Where civil rule once sat enthroned
The drummer beats his calls.

Who steals my good name steals but trash;
My wealth is in this bag;
Where blue Penobscot's waters dash
I go to save my "swag."

Shameless first and Governor last;
My pride has had a fall;
In politics I have pecked out,
And I may lose my awl.

The State I ruled is now redeemed,
The people at me scoff,
And, having taken all things else,
Myself I'll now take off.

*Gov. C. frequently flattered the South Carolinians by referring in his letters and speeches to their "cavalier stock."

*Chamberlain served an apprenticeship at the shoe-makers' trade, but his recent conduct has brought great discredit on the order of St. Crispin.

ANSWER OF THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

—TO—

DANIEL H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Go, traitor! Go! Thy broken trust
Is monumental crime;
We avenge thy life, for God is just,
And we will bide His time.

The rifles in yon granite pile
But symbol thy career—
Through all the years thy party ruled
The State was reft of thee.

The jarring drum-beat's signal note,
That draws our church-bells' chimes,
Shall be forgot; but history keeps
The record of thy crimes.

Thy legislative bayonets gleam
Above our broken laws;
Thy "cavalier" constitution pierced
The people's sacred cause.

Though we have quaffed the bitter cup
Held by thy stanger hand,
The law inviolate we keep,
And spurn thee from the land.

We stand beneath the Union flag,
Still trusting in our right;
But press us not; a people wronged
May show a people's might.

No "State rights heresy" now clouds
The justice of our cause;
No shade of slavery now dims
The lustre of our laws.

Go back to thy far Northern home,
Thou thing that freemen hate!
Go live, the scorn of honest men,
Debaucher of the State!

The clouds that on our hopes you cast
Time soon shall drift away;
The morning light is breaking fast
On a new and brighter day.

Here where you sowed the seeds of strife
Two races blessed shall stand;
Their rights inviolate maintained;
While justice rules the land.

The law supreme in peace shall sway
The soldier and his sword;
And all shall bless the happy day
They trusted Hampton's word.

A few weeks ago the children attending a school kept by a priest at Capua, Italy, were left to themselves a few minutes, and one of them allowed a favorite canary of the master's to escape from its cage. When the latter returned he demanded the name of the culprit, and, on dismissing the other children to their dinner, desired him to stay behind, and go down on his knees as a further punishment. The other children, as they passed the butcher's shop of their schoolfellow's father, explained why he wouldn't be home to dinner, and presently his mother went to intercede for him.—When she made her way into the room she found the poor little fellow lying dead, crucified on a table, his feet being cut off because the table was not long enough.—When her husband came, he discovered the priest in an adjoining room, and plunged a poignard into his heart, killing him at once.

To DESTROY STUMPS.—We find in an exchange the following directions for effectually destroying stumps, which is worthy of a trial:

"In autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the centre of the latter, about eight inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre, fill the hole with water and plug up tight. In the ensuing spring take out the plug, pour in about one-half gill of kerosene and then ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes."

A Long Island Judge thus settles the question of scholastic corporal discipline, not forgetting that he was once a boy:—"No hard instrument, such as a ruler or ferrule, should ever be used in punishing a pupil. A tough whip should be used, but not on the hands, nor feet, nor head, and if common sense, natural instinct, or some dim recollection of the past does not call to mind the suitable place of application the teacher should study anatomy and find out."

WHO MADE HAYES PRESIDENT?

The number of parties who can rightfully claim to have made Hayes President, is quite as great as the number of those who killed cock robin.

Here, for instance, is Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, to whose high character and remarkable capacity as Secretary of the Interior Carl Schurz the other day gave such emphatic testimony. Zach says that he made Hayes President; or, to put it in his own classical language, The d—d fool would not have been President at all but for me; it was I that gave him the votes of South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. No doubt this is so, and the only point which can be doubted in Chandler's statement is his description of Mr. Hayes as a d—d fool. That question is still undecided.

Next comes the celebrated Mr. Jay Gould, who put up money for the campaign, and after the election, when all was lost, started the scheme of counting in the Hayes electors by the combined use of troops and of cash in Florida. He made Hayes President.

The Returning Board of Florida can put in an equal claim with equal justice. Hayes is their creature also, and if, for want of Gould's inspiration or for other cause, they had failed him, he would not now be in the White House.

Then there is Madison Wells and the other gentlemen of the Louisiana Returning Board. They have the best right in the world to say that they made Hayes President, and that without them he would still be Governor of Ohio.

Judge Joe Bradley is another maker of Hayes. Without his steady perseverance in voting in the Electoral Commission every time in favor of fraud, the conspiracy never could have been carried through.

John Sherman, Stanley Matthews, Charles Foster, and William M. Evarts likewise made Hayes. But for the strenuous promises and assurances they gave in his behalf to the Southern Democrats in the House of Representatives, the electoral count would not have been completed, and the President of the Senate would now be bearing sway as the provisional President of the United States.

The Democrats in the House of Representatives, who, getting frightened almost to death, threw away their authority and their duty, and voted for the unconstitutional tribunal, also have a right to be classed in the array of those who were indispensable to the creation of the Fraudulent President.

These are, all of them, authors and creators of the present Administration. If either one of these varied elements had been wanting, Mr. Hayes would not now be considering how he can evade the promises and pledges given for him to the Southerners by Evarts, Matthews, Foster, and Sherman. But among those who are responsible for Mr. Hayes, the American people are not to be counted. By a majority of one million white men, and a majority of 250,000 of all colors, they voted that they would have Samuel J. Tilden for President. They had nothing to do with putting Hayes where he is.—N. Y. Sun.

"THE HIGH COLLARE."—It is a well known fact that the present style of men's collars are high—very high—behind, which gives them the appearance of possessing an ambitious desire to crawl over on a man's head and convert themselves into a sort of hood or bonnet. Well, a young man who was guilty of wearing one of these ambitious and restless looking articles, went into a barber shop to have his hair trimmed. The barber seated him, and stepped back for a view of his subject. Unfortunately the head had almost completely disappeared beneath the barricade of white linen. The knight of the shears put him in a half a dozen positions, but to no purpose. A last, with a sigh, and in the most beseeching manner, he said, "Mister ain't there some way to get that collar off?" The youth took the hint and removed the linen.—Charlotte Observer.

A number of years ago attention was attracted to a theory which insisted that the last effort of vision materialized itself and remained as an object imprinted on the retina of the eye after death. This has been proved a fact by an experiment tried in the presence of Dr. Gangee, F. R. S., of Birmingham, England, and Prof. Bunsen, the subject being a living rabbit. The means taken to prove the merits of the question were most simple, the eyes being placed near an opening in a shutter, and retaining the shape of the same after the animal had been deprived of life.

A want long felt," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "has at length been filled by the opening of a new drinking saloon on Montgomery avenue, at a point where five roads intervened without such an indispensable convenience."

"What would you do if mamma should die?" she pathetically asked of her little three-year old daughter. "I don't know," remarked the infant with downcast eyes and melancholy face, "thaspose I should have to thpauk myself!"

An honest blacksmith, when urged to start a libel suit, answered: "I can hammer out a better reputation on my anvil than all the lawyers in Christendom can give me."

BEATEN BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

The Detroit Free Press says: A boy aged twelve, whose uncle is a member of the Legislature, was permitted to make a trip to Lansing a few days ago in order to visit the State House. He came home chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate William coldly waved him back and said:

"I refer you to the committee on fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?"

His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked him if he had enjoyed himself, he replied:

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now move to strike out all after the enacting clause." "What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in great surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pan-cakes."

The hired girl came in with the dinner and wanted to know how he liked Lansing. He looked at her with great dignity and replied:

"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration."

She got mad about it, and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill.

He went out to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked him where No. 657 was.

"We'll have a call of the House and see," replied the boy, as he looked around.

"Whose house?" asked the painter.

"Or you can rise to a question of privilege," continued the lad.

"I don't want no sass," said the painter, who thought the boy was making fun of his red nose.

"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to a third reading, or else go into committee of the whole and debate it."

"I think you need dressing down!" growled the painter and he banged William into a snow ball and pushed a heap of snow down behind his collar.

"Have the minority no rights?" yelled the boy, as he kicked the painter on the shin.

He would have been welloped had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at sight of her, but called out:

"I'll see you again, boy."

"I refer the whole subject to farther with instructions to report a bill to walk you into a police court," replied the representative, and he went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules and rushing a bill, or referring it to the committee on cornfields until some one came around with the cigars.

DR. MARY WALKER BOUNCED.—Washington, March 22.—The Treasury Department has another sensation. Dr. Mary Walker is standing office secker. For years her bloomers have hovered about ante-rooms of different Secretaries, until she has become such a bother that Secretary Sherman made an order to the doorkeeper that she be no longer admitted to any part of the department. To-day she slipped by, and had reached the ante-chamber of the Secretary. Word was at once passed to the venerable gray-bearded man who guards the main door in Fifteenth street. He walked up to the second floor, and at once told Dr. Mary she must go away. "You go to hell," answered Dr. Mary, vigorously; "I shall do nothing of the sort." At this the doorkeeper made a feeble pass at her, as he said, "Come now, you come out of that." At this suggestion of violence Dr. Mary jumped and clacked her heels together twice as she dropped her hand upon a hip pocket, saying "You lay a hand on me and I will shoot you." The doorkeeper saw a chance for a flank movement. He seized Dr. Mary's right wrist and then passed his venerable arm about her waist. He then began to propel her toward the street. Dr. Mary kicked his shins all the way and yelled murder, greatly to the amusement of persons in the hallways.—After he had piloted her to the street he apologized for his forced rough treatment, and said that her importunity had brought it about. He asked her to pardon him, but Dr. Mary refused, bitterly saying that the country should yet wring with this outrage committed upon a free-born American citizen.

A witty writer has observed, with much truth, that every man is, in a sense, three different men. In the first place, he is the man he thinks himself to be; in the second place he is the man other persons think him to be; and, finally, he is the man that he really is.

A remarkable fondness for canned oysters having been noticed among the inmates of the Albany jail, one of the keepers made an examination and found that the cans supposed to contain oysters contained whiskey.

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