

### Squatter Meeting in Kansas.

The squatters of Kansas held a meeting on the 1st instant, about three miles from Fort Leavenworth. The committee appointed to give expression to the views of the meeting reported two sets of resolutions. The report of the majority was rejected, after a long debate, and that of the minority adopted. The account from which this copy goes on to say: "There being a desire on the part of some persons present to ascertain how many Abolitionists or Freesoilers were present a sense of the meeting was taken as to whether Kansas should be slave or free territory. All those present who were favorable to Kansas being made a slave State were requested to rise in response to this call: All those present who were favorable to Kansas being made a free State were requested to make it manifest by a similar sign. But four persons in that vast assembly were favorable to that motion."

The meeting adopted a preamble and resolutions approving and pledging themselves to support the present organization of the "Kansas Squatter Society," and their law, and regulations, until altered or annulled by the citizens of the Territory. The prominent regulations and principles thus endorsed are the following:

That Kansas territory (and as a consequence the State of Kansas) of right should be and therefore shall be slave territory.

That every free white citizen of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years or the head of a family, is entitled to a pre-emption upon any unoccupied government land within the territory.

That we do not recognize the right of any settler to select more than one claim of a quarter section, either in his own name or in the name of other persons.

That the individual who shall blaze the lines of his claim and put up a tent, or commence the erection of a cabin by laying a foundation, and shall show by his actions his intention of prosecuting his claim, shall be deemed the first actual settler.

That, to entitle any person to the protection of the society, he shall register his claim with the nearest register of this society, sign the constitution of the association, and conform to the regulations of the Kansas Squatter Society.

That, as this society embraces nine-tenths of the present settlers of this territory, we are entitled to and will exercise the right of expelling from the territory, or otherwise punishing, any individual or individuals who may come among us, and by act, conspiracy, or other illegal means, entice away our slaves, or clandestinely attempt in any way or form to affect our rights of property in the same.

### Professors.

Never was there such a dragging down of lofty titles as in this country. Every little petty school, dignified with a college charter by the Legislature of the State—and such colleges spring up like weeds in the West—shows its titles annually upon men who don't know the Latin words they represent. Crops of D. D., LL. D., come with every annual commencement, until the whole thing has become ridiculous, and but few worthy men accept the proffered distinction. This whole matter of conferring degrees has been "run into the ground" so far—if the expression is a pardonable one—that it is more a mark of distinction not to be written D. D., or LL. D., than to have the common handle thereof. Bungtown College and Snuggleton University, out in Iowa, or near Oregon, make Rev. Mr. Puggins, or Rev. Mr. Whinger, in Hardscrab, D. D.'s and old Givemits, the member of Assembly, and Putemthrough, the inventor of a new cider mill, become suddenly wiser and greater with an LL. D. A man will have to be very obscure to avoid these degrees, but they come, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. The most abused term, however, is that of professor, once honored in academic halls, and meaning an instructor, occupying a professional chair in a college or university.

Now-a-days the public are informed that professor this or professor that is ready to give lessons in writing, phrenology, or slight o'hand tricks, in necromancy, or cards. The whole rabble of travelling showmen, vagrant vendors of universal panaceas, itinerant lecturers on phrenology, spiritualism, biology, and mendicants generally, are all professors; an illustrious crew, certainly, and though professing much, poor specimens of mankind, taken in the aggregate. As for generals, colonels, and the lower military dignitaries, the militia furnishes an abundance of such titles, and you may find generals in men of the most unimpressive occupation, and perhaps a colonel, certainly a major or captain, to mix a cobbler or mix 'n' jup at the next restaurant republicans as we are, proud of talking of our democracy, titles don't come amiss; and if we don't say "your lordship" and "your grace"—Bishop Hughes being the only man in our State so called—we show our innate love for titles in the more republican form of reverend, right reverend, doctor, general, captain and squire.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOME LIFE.—I rather think this way of relatives living together is more common here, in England, than it is in America; and there is more idea of home permanence connected with the family dwelling place than with us, where the country is so wide, and causes of change and removal so frequent. A man builds a house in England with the expectation of living in it and leaving it to his children; while we shed our house in America as easily as a snail does his shell. We live awhile in Boston, and then awhile in New York, and then perhaps, turn up at Cincinnati.—Scarcely anybody with us is living where they expect to live and die. The man that dies in the house he was born in is a wonder. There is something pleasant in the permanence and repose of the English family estate, which we, in America, know very little of.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

SPIRIT RAPPING.—Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home late at night.

## The Enterprise.

GREENVILLE, S. C.  
Friday Morning, Sept. 29, 1854.

AGENTS.  
E. W. CARR, N. W. cor. of Walnut and Third-st., Philadelphia, is our authorized Agent.  
A. M. PEDEN, Fairview P. O., Greenville Dist.  
W. M. C. BAILEY, Wallace's Factory, Spartanburg.  
W. W. SMITH, Merrittville, Greenville District.  
O. P. M'KINNEY, Slatkown, P. O., Anderson Dist.

RESIGNATION.  
L. M. McBEZ, Esq., has resigned the office of Ordinary for this District, and an election will be ordered by the Clerk to be held on the first Monday in November next.

PICKENS DISTRICT.  
His excellency Governor Manning has appointed Robert A. Thompson Commissioner in Equity for Pickens district, in place of Joseph W. Ross, deceased.

MISS BRENNAN.  
We learn from the Patriot, of yesterday, that this talented and much admired vocalist intends giving one more concert in Greenville, before she leaves for Europe.

EXECUTED.  
The unfortunate KIMMAN, sentenced to death for stealing negroes, was executed at Laurens C. H., on Friday last. We did not learn that he made any confession.

NORTH CAROLINA.  
The Western Baptist Convention, recently held in Macon County, strongly recommended the Maine Liquor Law, or its equivalent in the shape of a Prohibitory Law. All ministers of any note, within the jurisdiction of the Convention, have declared themselves in favor of the reform movement.—Temperance and the temperance principles are fast gaining the favor of the people of this State. May it continue!

DR. GUNTER ARRESTED.  
The Winnsboro Register says that Dr. E. L. GUNTER, the murderer of JESSE E. SCURRY, was captured in the town of Ashboro, Randolph county, North Carolina, and lodged in the county jail. Mr. Fowler and Mr. Brown Lewis, were his capturers.

There was a reward of \$2,000 offered by the brothers of Mr. Scurry: 1,000 for Dr. E. L. Gunter, the immediate murderer, and \$1,000 for his brother, E. Gunter, an accomplice. Messrs. Fowler and Lewis make the fine little sum of \$500 each by their energy and firmness displayed in the pursuit.

THE FEVER IN SAVANNAH.  
We have been permitted to make the following extract from a private letter received by a gentleman in this place: "Savannah is still scourged with the Yellow Fever. The city is almost depopulated, for all who could get away have left. The forests for miles around are full of the poorer part of the population, who are in camps.—Every baker is dead—the market deserted, and those who are left are in a state of starvation. Augusta, Macon and Atlanta are sending them bread daily. Most of the Physicians are dead, five died last week, but several humane physicians from the country have voluntarily gone down to minister to the suffering. . . . Sixty bodies were carried to the grave-yard in one day last week and ten of them could not be interred until next day, for want of laborers to do it. Many of the most respectable citizens are buried in a shroud only, for coffins cannot be procured."

Dollar Weekly Times.—Cincinnati.  
We have received a copy of this excellent paper, published in Cincinnati, Ohio. It is well conducted, contains no advertisements, and more reading than any dollar paper we have seen, as well as one of the largest papers in the country. We take much pleasure in performing the request of its editor to "X." All who wish to be on the right side Know Nothingism would do well to subscribe for the Times.

The Edisto Clarion.  
We have received a prospectus for the publication of the above paper at Orangeburg C. H., by P. H. LARREY. The Clarion proposes to advocate the principles of States' Rights. We wish the editor all success, and long may his Clarion notes be heard and felt by the sturdy sons of old Orangeburg.

RETURNS FROM remote towns in the State of Maine, have been gradually reducing MORRILL'S supposed majority for the Governorship, and it is now thought that he will lack about a thousand votes of election by the people.

THE Clarke County (Ohio) Agricultural Society, intends giving three prizes, worth five hundred dollars, as premiums for the three finest babies, not over two years of age, they may be entered for competition at their fair on the 5th proximo.

### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of Recovery Lodge, No. 51, A. F. M., held on the 10th ult., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it hath pleased the great Architect of the Universe, in whose hands is the destiny of men and of Nations, to call even before the high twelve of his life, our beloved brother, LEWIS S. THRUSTON, from the labor and care of this mortal existence, to the unbroken refreshment of immortality above; and the brethren of Recovery Lodge, Ancient Free Masons, sharing with peculiar bitterness in the general sorrow which this melancholy event must produce, are desirous of expressing their sensibility on the occasion. Therefore

Resolved, That while we recognize and bear with humble submission to the will of the Almighty, gratefully acknowledging his manifold mercies, and constant forbearance towards all his creatures, when we remember all the virtues which strengthened, and all the graces which adorned his character, but deplore with full and unchanging hearts the eternal absence of our Brother.

Resolved, That while we would not intrude ourselves within that sacred circle which grief has made doubly holy, nor offer them the hollow mockeries of consolation, we yet deeply sympathize with his afflicted family and in the midst of our sadness rejoice that they do not weep with all the bitterness of those who mourn without hope, remembering, as they must, that the chain which has here been so painfully broken, will be reunited beyond the clouds, and that again they shall dwell with him in that bright and beautiful land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

Resolved, That the brethren of Recovery Lodge wear for thirty days the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to record these resolutions on a page to be set apart for that purpose in the records of Recovery Lodge.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Town papers.

### TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a regular meeting of Mountain Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F., held on Friday, September 22d inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty Disposer of events, in the dispensation of his Providence, to take from our midst, our beloved Brother LEWIS S. THRUSTON, with whom we have been intimately associated in all the relations of Brother, friend and citizen, we do sincerely mourn his loss, and his absence from his midst causes universal gloom among us, who have only known him but to love him for his many virtues. He was devotedly attached to the Order. He was among those that organized this Lodge, over which he was soon called to preside.—It affords us, on this occasion, a mournful satisfaction to add to the general grief which fills the community, our testimonial of his merits, and our respect to declare that in life he honored him and in death lamented him. To those bereaved ones who loved him more dearly than their life, we dare not offer consolation, we can but request the privilege of mingling our tears with theirs, and with them bow in humble submission to the will of that Almighty Being, to whose decree we must all yield with humble resignation, and before whose footstool we must all seek for comfort and protection.—Be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy Brother, LEWIS S. THRUSTON; we have sustained a loss of no ordinary magnitude, and we cherish his memory with respect and affection.

Resolved, That the Lodge Room be clothed in mourning for six months, and that we will in testimony of our respect and esteem, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that a blank page in our record book be inscribed with his name and dedicated to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the Minutes of our Lodge, and a copy be sent to each of the papers in this village for publication.

J. B. SHERMAN, Secretary

QUEER STATISTICS.—For hardening the heart politics are nearly as bad as law. We saw the other day a member of the General Committee figuring up the effect of the cholera on the fall elections. He struck a large balance in favor of the whigs thus:—On every hundred who die of the cholera, 85 are Irish. Now, eight-tenths of the Irish are democrats—ergo every time 100 men die of the cholera, the whig party make a clear gain of 72 votes. Who but a politician would ever have entered into such a calculation!

In Savannah lately the last blood kin of Geo. Whitfield, the eminent divine, who came out with Oglethorpe, "was followed from a garret to the grave."

### Correspondence of the Enterprise.

Mr. Editor.—We desire to warn the readers of your valuable paper, against believing the many rumors which are now circulating extensively in the country, as regards the prevalence of the yellow fever in Columbia. Without wishing to detract from the merits of other cities, we state as a positive fact, that a healthier place than Columbia cannot be found in the Union.—During the summer just ended, we were exempt from the various diseases which proved fatal to so many in other sections of the country, and now cases of sickness very rarely occur. Three persons have died of Yellow Fever during the month, but each one of them contracted the disease in Charleston. Others are sick, and cases of the epidemic, which is now ravaging Charleston, Savannah and Augusta, is stayed.—Hundreds have fled from those sickly cities and sought refuge abroad.

Me. J. J. WITTS, who served in Capt. DeSauter's company during the Mexican War, died here on Sunday last, after a long and severe illness. His remains were attended to the Presbyterian Church by the surviving members of "Company H," and after appropriate discourse by Rev. B. M. PALMER, D. D., were committed to the Tomb. The Odd-Fellows, Richland Volunteer Rifle Company and the Governor's Guards, also took part in the mournful proceedings, and buried him "not only as a soldier, but as a brother." Requiescat in pace!

September has almost gone, and nature no longer is arrayed in green. Flowers are withering and dying, and the sun looks down in pity on the forests and fields, which no longer glistens with buds and flowers, or with the golden grain. 'Tis sad thus to notice the old year hurrying to a close—to know that seasons which can never return are going by. A truce to these musings.—Now for a few plain matter-of-fact details.

The Exercises of the South Carolina College, and every school in Columbia, begin on Monday next, October 1st. The Court of Common Pleas for Richland District, also, begins on that day; so we will have between Schools and Court, a busy time. Monday week being the period of Election for Senator and Representatives to the Legislature, all the Candidates and their friends are "flying round" at a hurried rate. It is really gratifying to notice how little drunkenness there has been during the progress of the Campaign in Richland this summer—one of the most exciting probably ever known in her borders. And we wish the sentiment of one Candidate in our District would be echoed by every other throughout the State, viz: "If I cannot be elected by sober men, I care not to be elected at all!"

It is proper to state, that by quoting the words of one candidate, we mean not to designate him alone, particularly, as opposed to "treating" but to show what opinions leading men in "Old Richland" now openly proclaim. Print this if you can decipher its mystical letters, and you have a corner to "fill out."

### Patrick Henry's Eloquence.

THE power of Henry's eloquence was due, first, to the greatness of his emotion and passion, accompanied with a versatility which enabled him to assume at once any emotion or passion that was suited to his ends. Not less indispensable, secondly, was his matchless perfection of the organs of expression, including the entire apparatus of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance. In no instance did he ever indulge in an expression that was not instantly recognized as nature itself. Yet some of his penetrating and subduing tones were absolutely peculiar, as inimitable as they were indescribable. These were felt by every hearer, in all their force. His mightiest feelings were sometimes indicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his fingers. The sympathy between mind and mind is inexplicable. Where the channels of communication are open, the faculty of revealing inward passions great, and the expression of it sudden and visible, the effects are extraordinary. Let these shocks of influence be repeated again and again, and all other ideas are for the moment absorbed or excluded: the whole mind is brought into union with that of the speaker; and the spell-bound listener, till the cause ceases, is under an entire fascination. Then perhaps the charm ceases upon reflection, and the infatuated hearer resumes his ordinary state.

### A COLLISION.

A COLLISION occurred on the Georgia Rail Road on Thursday night, below Camak, between the up passenger train and a down freight train, by which the engineer on the up train, ROBERT SPENCER, and a fireman named CHARLES MARSH were instantly killed, and HARRY DOHREY, engineer, and THOMAS GIBSON, fireman on the down train, was seriously injured. JOHN BALDWIN, machinist, was badly scalded; a negro, belonging to one of the trains, was also slightly injured. Some others received some injury.—None of the passengers sustained any damage. The accident is said to have been caused by the freight train being out of time.

### A Pleasant Journey to you; remembered me to those at home!

"A pleasant journey to you; remembered me to those at home!" So says a young man in our hearing to a friend who was about to start for his native town. As he turned away, we could perceive the workings of the remembrance of home, and the enjoyment of early life, rising up in his memory, and in rapid and brilliant panorama, passing before his recollection. "Home!" Were his parents there, with whose images were entwined the earliest, fondest memories? Did they not rise before him with their silver locks waving in the wind as he saw them watching his last departure? That sister—the earliest playmate of his childhood and the dearest and nearest friend of his boyhood—was not her bright but tearful face before him like a rose waned in dew? "Home!"

How swift the mind flew from the dusty, noisy, busy streets, back to the shadowing trees of the old homestead—to the clear brook bubbling through the green meadows—to the lowing of the distant cows in the sunny morning as they moved lazily along to their pasture on the hill side—to the twittering of the martins in the box which he had made himself for them by his chamber window—to all those images of a country home which he had relinquished in all its health and invigoration, for the contract of the fevory city, the life struggle which can only be terminated by the grave. "Remember me to those at home!" Did he think then of that blushing face, and that sweet voice, pouring forth that gush of fresh music, in the little gallery of the humble church or of those moonlight walks by the silver streamlet when young love first beat? Was she included in this memory of blessedness?

Young man! cherish these memories, if you would escape the contaminations around you. Let the feeling—"remember me to those at home!" come into your heart, when tempted to join the drunken orgies of the midnight revel. Let you conduct be so blameless and useful that you can never feel your cheek tingle with the shame that would prevent you from saying, "remember me to those at home!"—*Hartford Courier.*

### The Sagacity of a Shetland Pony.

The newspapers tell us of a farmer in Canada who had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age—the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return till it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse which ran swiftly homeward.

Meanwhile his terrified parents sat trembling by the fireside, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him, when they heard the clattering of hoofs, and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and seizing the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back, and neighing to urge them onward. After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree stripped of his money and clothes, and and half dead with fear and cold.

We do not know that there is any thing incredible in this story, nor is it a more wonderful evidence of instinctive power than has often been given by brutes.

### Why Should any Man Swear?

- I CONSIDER of no reason why he should, but of ten reasons why he should not.
1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
  2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.
  3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.
  4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear, than go into the street to throw mud with a clod hopper.
  5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
  6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—Pope.
  7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.
  8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.
  9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.
  10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

### A DOCTOR KILLED BY HIS OWN MEDICINE.

—Dr. George Buchanan, of Hillsdale, Ohio, killed himself the other day by an over-dose of morphia while suffering from an attack of cholera morbus. It would seem that he was a little inclined to give large doses of that medicine, as he had a short time before been arrested for mal-practice in causing the death of a child by it.

Grace Greenwood has taken to swearing. She said of an old mill which had gone to decay, the water having dried away in the stream, "it wasn't worth a dam."

"GRAMMA, what'll be the last card playing?"  
"Tam sure I don't know what dear?"  
"Why when the angel Gabriel plays the last trump."

### The Triad.

The Chinese secret order, called the "Triad," has been so frequently mentioned of late years in our accounts from California and the East, that no doubt many of our readers will be glad to know something of its character. From a recent essay published in a Paris paper, called "La Patrie," it seems that the Chinese name of this order is "the Society of the United Three" or of the Triad, that is to say, of heaven, earth and man. There is a distinctive badge to be worn by the members, when they dare do so. It is a blue silk scarf tipped with thread lace, but as they are always opposed to the Tartar government of China, it is rather a dangerous badge to wear. In some provinces, however, they are sufficiently numerous to brave the government and wear it publicly. The Triad like all the other secret societies of China, constitutes a great political conspiracy against the Tartar Dynasty, and they are now the active and vigorous propagators of the insurrection. The number three is the mystic one of the Triad. Their supreme directors are three chiefs, and a Triad member displays the member wherever he can in his actions. Thus he takes his cup of tea with three invitations to be attended, etc. The Triad dates from the usurpation of the foreign emperors, and the Tartar government is more severe towards its members than those of any other society, because of the wider ramifications of the order, and their avowed and uncoincided hatred of the Tartar race.—They have their meetings in California, and wherever else Chinese may be found. Their statutes are written upon scrolls of linen; which at the least alarm of danger are sunk in the bottom of deep wells. The details of their organization and working are unknown but the ceremonies of initiation have been ascertained.

DENTISTRY is now a science; but there are travelling operators "on the frontiers," who set teeth on edge without any scientific knowledge whatever. A certain notable of this questionable kind, who was known among the "masses" as a "tooth carpenter," was fortunate in receiving an order from an old lady for the manufacture and placing of an "entire set." He went to work with commendable zeal, and in due time—much to the momentary satisfaction of his patient—lightened up her smile with the "counterfeit presentment" of pearly rows. In a few days, however, matters changed, for one tooth after another dropped from their golden encasements, and were ejected from the mouth with almost the plentifulness of cherry stones. The dentist was sent for, and charged with unprofessional skill; he stoutly denied any want of merit in his work, and ascribed the mishap to some constitutional peculiarity of his patient. After much speculation, he asked his victim if she had not, in the course of her long life taken a great deal of calomel? Upon being answered in the affirmative, he gravely told her that this calomel had so entirely entered into her system as to make it impossible even for false teeth to stay in her head; and, with an expression of injured innocence and real professional sagacity, he bowed himself out of the presence of his astonished patron.

A REMARKABLE COLORED MAN.—Samuel Williams, a colored man, has one of the finest farms in Washington county, Md. The Haggartown Herald states that, at the age of 33 years, he was a slave in Stafford county, Va., but subsequently purchased his freedom from his own earnings. He then bought himself two years of servitude until he could purchase his wife and children, which he accomplished when he was 40 years of age.—Now he owns a farm worth \$10,000, and personal property amounting to several thousand more, all earned by his own labor. He is now 73 years of age.

THE editor of the Louisville Democrat says that if the ladies knew that wearing light colored garters add at least one-fifth to the apparent diameter of the foot, we are sure they would discard the ugly things, and put their pretty feet back again into the dainty black and brown gaiters, which alone are proper for the street. The prettiest gaiter or shoe of any kind is black. Unless a woman has a remarkably neat foot and ankle, and desires to show it by light colors, let her cling to the black.

RETURN OF THE MORMONS.—A western paper says that a few days since a train composed of nine wagons and fifty persons crossed the Missouri eadway in search of a new home. They had left Salt Lake City on account of the oppression and immorality of their church.

POETICAL MODESTY.—Joid G. Saxe, in corresponding with his own paper, noticing the celebration at Yale, says: "Of the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa I say nothing, as the author is the husband of my wife, and is not entitled to an opinion of his own verses."

A WOMAN'S MAGNIMITY.—A miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered the maid servant to tie him up again; she was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the yard door; "the dog is mad; I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber and with the noblest resignation prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out, and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

PIRON, a French author, having been taken up by the watchman of the night in Paris, was carried on the following morning before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. "Oh! oh! a poet are you?" said the magistrate, "I have a brother who is a poet." "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool."