

# The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1869.

VOLUME XVII--NO. 20.

### ALL IS WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Her window opens to the day,  
On glancing light or misty gray;  
And there, at dawn and dusk of day,  
At prayer she kneels—  
"Dear Lord," she says, "to laggy a house  
From wind and wave the wanderer come;  
I only see the loading foam  
W'ist'ring gear keels."

"Blown out and in by Summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er the rails,  
Before me glide;  
They come, they go, but nevertheless,  
Spice laden from the Indian shore,  
I see her with winged Isalov,  
The wave divide."

"Oh! Thou! with whom the light is day,  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on your gray waste and say,  
Where locusts lie;  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirty fathoms beyond the reach  
Of man, he leaves the mounding sea  
Of wind and wave."

"O! dead and cruel deed, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And ye will sea birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tessel his raven hair—  
A message from my lost one bear—  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail!"

"Come, with your dearest-truth abut  
The tears that bound me round about;  
O, God! I can not bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the deed,  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead,  
Asleep in hope, and trust instead  
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees;  
It might have been the sound of sea  
That rose and fell;  
But with her heart, if she heard,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:  
"I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,  
For all is well!"

### THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

Abstract of a Speech of Claiborne Stores, Colored Democrat.

GENTLEMEN:—I am not a speaker, because I am not a man of education, but I am a Southerner man, and have the interest of my people at heart, and I desire to talk to them, and I will continue by telling them an anecdote. (We omit the anecdote to abbreviate—Reg.) The Indian once owned this country, and for a while he and the white man lived together, they fell out, as you are trying to fall out with the white man; and where is the Indian today? See him on the streets as he comes from his pine bark shanty, to sell light-wood at ten cents a load for bread. This is what you are coming to if you follow the miserable teachings of Radicalism.

I came near going the way of the Indian over a year ago. At that time I was working on Dauphin street railroad, and getting ninety dollars a month in their shops. It was a fat place for me. I was growing rich and happy, my wife and children were happy, for we were laying by a good sum every month, was working with my old owners and friends, and some of these Radicals came and put their arms about my neck and said: "Brother come with me to the League; it is the place for you, the place to help you." I am sorry to say so, but I went; I listened to the lying promises and pledges of the men I met there. In a few days the President of the road; who paid me ninety dollars a month, came to me and said, "Clay, you are forsaking your people and helping these carpet-baggers stuff their pockets and ruin us with taxation. If you go and vote with these people you must leave this shop." I stated this fact to the League the night before the election, and three hundred men got up and said, "Go and vote, and we will stand up for you; this is what the League is for." I did go and vote and the next day I was walked out of the shop. In two weeks my family had no home, and I was nearly twelve in a shanty without any roof; out of town and hardly a piece of bread to eat. Where were my League friends then? I went to them, and they turned away and did not have time talk to talk to me, and if some of the gentlemen had not come and taken me up again, I would have starved for bread.

One other of my League friends got in the guard-house, a short time after the election, and sent for some of the League lawyers to get him out. The lawyers would not go near him, because he could not raise fifteen dollars. The man finally sent for a his old master, Isaac Donovan, and he paid him out without a word.

Why is it that wages are now reduced for you and your wives to eight and ten dollars a month? It is because the Radical villains have got the taxes so high on the white people already that they cannot pay any more.

I am very sorry to say that some of my race have not as much sense in this as a brute. The simplest man in a lunatic asylum has more sense than a four-footed brute, and yet if a dog or a horse comes to your door, and you feed him, he will come back, and if you keep feeding him he will keep coming back. But not so with some of the colored people in this thing of politics. They get their bread from the white people of the South, and have been getting it from them all their lives, and yet they are quitting their doors to run after carpet-baggers, who are honeying them only to rob and to starve them.

I was raised with the white men of this country—the gentlemen of the South. Me and my young masters used to fight when we were boys. The big ones used to whip me, and I would whip the little, and old master would whip us all, and he never knew any difference if we would behave ourselves, and not be led astray by those lying dogs who come here and say, "Brother, I left my wife and children to fight for your freedom; I slept in ditches for you; now come and help me." It is a lie. Those that are here that did fight—and they are very few—went in for the bounty, and they came down here for the bounty, and they are lugging the darkey for the bounty and nothing else, and you, my colored brothers, may see it too late to do you any good.

For the little that I run with the carpet-baggers, I took up with the most respectable looking one in the—a preacher called Brother Branch. Brother Branch taught school in the city, and would preach in the Baptist church in the morning, in the Methodist in the afternoon, and anywhere he could get crowd enough to take up a collection from in the evening.

I generally went with him because I felt sorry for him—he was so meek and so mighty good. The sisters would always crowd around him and ask, "Brother, how is my child learning at school?" His answer would be, "Oh, my darling little Mary will go on in the reader next week" when little had never been out of her A, B, C's.

Brother Branch always wore big holes in his shoes and clothes, and would tell how poor he was, and we took up collections for him two or three times a Sunday, until we got his pockets full, and soon after we had made one or two big collections which went into Brother Branch's hands, that branch was dry; he run some other way, and no body has seen him since. And this is what the last one of them is going to do as soon as they get something to go on. And where will you be, my colored friends, after you have done all the damage to the race of this kind which you can do? Will it not be too late for you to ask favor of them then? They need your help now; they will not need it after awhile, and now is the time to help them.

Some poor folks talk to me about being ashamed of a colored Democrat. I am ashamed of a carpet-bagger or a sealawag thief. And if I were rained in a cannon to be blown up, my last and proudest words would be Democrat; for I know Democracy to mean right for me, and right and salvation for my people.

In conclusion, I will repeat you a little piece of rhyme I fixed up in my head while eating dinner, and it will show you what Radicalism means, for you all know something about it:

This piece of poetry I compose,  
I am the man called Claiborne Stores.  
The Radical party is never at rest,  
For here so little they possess.  
They pick our pockets—rob our purse,  
And leave us all ten times worse.  
They shipped for Texas some time ago;  
It made the crew quite glad you know;  
They sang their songs, they put their jobs,  
They fell asleep and woke in Cuba.

### CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

The Northern Radical journals now proclaim that the time has come for the Administration to enter into negotiations with Spain, looking to the purchase of the island of Cuba from that country, and, with charming unanimity, urge upon President Grant and the Secretary of State the importance of commencing operations at once, and making an offer to Spain for her valuable West Indian colony while the former seems to be in the humor of selling. A cable dispatch, received a few days since from Madrid, stated, on reliable authority, that the preliminaries of a treaty for the cession of Cuba to the United States had already been signed; and while, it is true, the dispatch has not been believed by the Northern Radical papers, yet they have evidently accepted it as a favorable omen of what the action of the Spanish revolutionary government will be in the event that such a cession is proposed, and they earnestly advise that the Administration shall proceed at once in the matter.

That General Grant and his Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, intend to heed this appeal we can have no doubt; for since the first breaking out of the insurrection in Cuba it has been no secret that the eyes of the President have been wistfully turned in the direction of the "Queen of the Antilles," and that his warmest sympathies have been with her rebellious inhabitants—believing, as he did, that if they could succeed in breaking the chains which bound them to the Spanish crown, they would eagerly favor annexation to this country, and make the "ever-faithful Isle" a State in the American Union. Now, that the successes of General Jordan, the American commander-in-chief of the Cuban armies—and whom it is said went to the Island with the President's knowledge and consent—and of Céspedes, the provisional President of the revolutionists, have baffled the efforts of Do Rodas and his Spanish forces and reconciled the Mother country, somewhat to the idea of losing her province, the Administration will hardly neglect this opportunity for driving a bargain with Prim and the Spanish Junta.

Strange to say, too, within the past few weeks a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the opinions of the leading European journals on this subject, and they now favor the scheme of sale and annexation. The most prominent leaders of public sentiment among the press of France and Great Britain, in speaking of the condition of the two countries, now declare that the best course which Spain can pursue is to relinquish her vain attempts to compel the Cubans by force of arms to return to their former allegiance, and sell her disaffected subjects to the United States for a good, round number of American dollars. They assert that it is now several months since the flag of insurrection was hoisted on the island; that during this time Spain has put forth every effort, sent her best officers and soldiers to crush the rebellion, and yet, despite these exertions, the insurgents still hold out and are, apparently, as strong and determined as ever. Under these circumstances they think that Spain should exercise what little authority she still possesses over her disaffected province and cede Cuba to the United States.

The price, which it is said, will be demanded for the island is £20,000,000, or about one hundred millions of American gold dollars—amounting in currency to the snug little sum of more than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars. We suppose, however, that if Spain be disposed to sell, a mere trifle like this will not stand in the way of the purchase of Cuba by the Government. Are not our taxes already too light, and are there not many superfluous millions in the National Treasury which can be used by the Government in its real estate speculations? Most assuredly so; and if our moral Minister at the capital of Spain, Daniel Sickles, can succeed in buying at the small figure above mentioned, we suppose that a Radical Senate will not hesitate to confirm the purchase.

There yet seems to remain, however, one little obstacle in the way of the proposed annexation, viz: the consent of the Cubans themselves to the measure. On this subject the Government of Céspedes has preserved a most ominous silence. No where in any of the proclamations or appeals of the revolutionary Junta, has it been the most remotely mentioned. The leaders of the insurgents have often asked for assistance in men and money from this country; have often begged a recognition of their belligerent rights from the Administration, but at no time have they demanded annexation. They are anxious to free themselves from the hated yoke of the Mother country, and they wish

the United States government to help them achieve this freedom, but it by no means follows that they will give up their liberty as soon as it is obtained, for the purpose of transforming their country into a province of the United States. If the President does not mind he will find more difficulty in the way of his pet scheme of annexation than he has heretofore anticipated—and the opposition will come from a most unexpected quarter. What the Cuban people seem to desire, is liberty and independence, and not the mere change of a Spanish for an American master.—*Chronicle & Sentinel.*

### MARK TWAIN'S EDITORIAL SALUTATORY.

"Mark Twain" has become one of the proprietors of the *Buffalo Express*, and publishes his "salutatory" in the issue of that paper of Saturday last. We quote:

Being a stranger, it would be immodest and unbecoming in me to suddenly and violently assume the associate editorship of the *Buffalo Express* without a single explanatory word of comfort or encouragement to the offending patrons of the paper who are about to be exposed to constant attacks of my wisdom and learning. That this explanatory word shall be as brief as possible. I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of the journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reforms, or in any way attempt to make trouble. I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty, when I cannot get out of it; I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions, when privation and want shall compel me to do it; in writing I shall always confine myself strictly to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience; I shall wittingly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vein; I shall not make use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or under any circumstances, and never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even use it then, for it is unchristian, inelegant and degrading—though to speak truly I do not see how house rent and taxes are going to be discussed without it. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent, and only needs to serve a term in the penitentiary in order to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry, unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers.

Such is my platform. I do not see any earthly use in it; but custom is law, and custom must be obeyed, no matter how much violence it may do to one's feelings. And this custom which I am slavishly following now is surely one of the least necessary that ever came into vogue. In private life a man does not go and trumpet his crime before he commits it, but your new editor is such an important personage that he feels called upon to write a "salutatory" at once, and he puts into it all that he knows, and all that he doesn't know, and some things he thinks he knows but isn't certain of. And he parades his list of wonders which he is going to perform; of reforms which he is going to introduce, and public evils which he is going to exterminate; and public blessings which he is going to create; and public nuisances which he is going to abate. He spreads this all out with oppressive solemnity over a column and a half of large print, and feels that the country is saved. His satisfaction over it is enormous. He then settles down to his miracles and inflicts profound platitudes and impenetrable wisdom upon a helpless public as long as they can stand it, and then they can send him off Consul to some savage island in the Pacific in the vague hope that the cannibals will like him well enough to eat him. And with an inhumanity which is but a fitting climax to his career of persorption, instead of packing his trunk at once, he lingers to inflict upon his benefactors a "valudictory." If there is anything more uncalculated for than a "salutatory," it is one of those foolish, blubbery, long-winded "valudictorys"—wherein a man who has been annoying the public for ten years cannot take leave of them without sitting down to cry a column and a half. Still, it is the custom to write valudictorys, and custom should be respected. In my heart I admire my predecessor for declining to print a valudictory, though in public I say, and shall continue to say sternly, it is custom, and he ought to have printed one. People never read them any more than they do the "salutatories,"

but nevertheless he ought to have honored the old fossil—he ought to have printed a valudictory. I said as much to him, and he replied: "I have resigned my place—I have departed this life—I am journalistically dead, at present, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, wouldn't you consider it disgraceful in a corpse to sit up and comment on the funeral?"

I record it here, and preserve it from oblivion, as the briefest and best "valudictory" that has yet come under my notice.

### On Going Surety.

Ought a man ever to go surety for another? Why not? It is a most friendly act. If prudently done, it may be of the most eminent benefit to a neighbor. It gives him the benefit of your good reputation when he is not known. It lends him your credit where his own is not sufficient. It puts him in funds which otherwise he could not command. Such service to a friend is generous, and sometimes even noble. No better use can be made of one's money than to help a true friend. We are commanded to "remember those in bonds as bound with them." To be sure, this was originally applied to bonds of a different kind, but with not a whit more propriety than to pecuniary bonds. A man who by a few thousand dollars, can save his friend, and perhaps his family, from bankruptcy and want, could hardly spend his money in a manner which all his life long, he would remember with more satisfaction.

But there are certain moral and potential considerations which should always be borne in mind in going surety for a friend. You should make up your mind how much property you have, and how much you are willing to give away, absolutely for a friend whom you endorse. Never endorse without saying to yourself, "This may come round upon me. I may have to pay it; and if it comes to that, I am able and willing." Nine out of ten of the fatal mistakes make by bondsmen arise from taking the opposite course to this. They consider the act of endorsing a friend's paper as a mere commercial form. "There is no risk, I shall not have it to pay. He is abundantly able to care of his paper. I shall help him without harming myself, and he is a stingy man who will not do that."

This is the calculation on which a man binds himself to pay a friend's debts in case the friend cannot pay them himself. But how does this things turn out? One need not go far to ascertain? Every village has an illustration. The borrower was more involved than you supposed, or perhaps, than he himself knew and his creditors closed on him and wound him up, and were overjoyed to find such a good name as yours on his paper. Or the sanguine scheme on which which he had ventured, which seemed sure of success, almost without possibility of failure, suddenly, like a loaded wagon, slipped off a wheel and upset into the dirt!

Or, just as every thing was at the point of success, your friend sickened and could not look after his affairs, some critical matter was neglected, or some dishonest person stepped in and crooked matters; your friend died, the estate went into executors' hands for settlement, was badly managed, warped and crooked, and finally turned out insolvent.

And what became of you? Why, you were surety for the full amount of what you are worth! In an hour you find yourself confronted with a debt that sweeps away your house, your farm, your little sun in bank, and where you began twenty-five years ago, with this difference, that then you had only yourself to provide for, now you have a wife and eight children. Then you were twenty-five years old and life was all before you, and now you are fifty years old, and life pretty much all behind you! You have given away your children's bread. You have not saved your friend, but you have ruined yourself! Perhaps your friend had settled on his wife a small property. So much the better for her if he had. Of course she will divide with you, since it was to save her husband, that you were ruined. But, if she will not, (and human nature is made up of shaky stuff,) and her

children go to school, while yours stay at home; and if they live in a comfortable house, pleasantly furnished, while you are hiring a few rooms in the cheapest quarter of the town, then I suspect that you will chew the cud of a great many bitter reflections. When it is too late, you will be very wise. You will say to yourself, it may be, "A man is a fool who signs for any larger sum than he can conveniently pay." Amen, say I!

"Before a man puts his name down on another man's paper, he should ask himself, am I willing to give this person as much money as I sign for?" Amen, say I!

"To sign a bond on the supposition that it is a mere form; and that you will have nothing to pay, is to put one's head into a fool's noose. Amen, again, say I!"

There is no harm in signing for a neighbor or if you have got the property; if you are able to pay the amount without harming your own household; and if you love the man for whom you sign enough to be willing to give him outright the sum covered by your endorsement. Otherwise, to go surety for a neighbor is a folly, a sin and a shame.—*H. W. Beecher.*

### Shooting a Minister in his Pulpit.

BERLIN, August 11.—"I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

"You lie!"

A shot, a cry, general commotion. On Sunday, August 8, in the presence of a numerous congregation, this sacrilegious scene was enacted in the Cathedral Church of Berlin. The Rev. H. Heinrich was standing before the altar, reciting the Belief, when a young man, rising from a front seat interrupting the clergyman, gave him the lie, and at once discharged a pistol at his breast. The next moment he was in the hands of the sexton and quietly suffered himself to be led away to the vestry. A portion of the congregation seated at a distance, having only the report and seeing the curling smoke, without any definite notion of what was going on, immediately began to move toward the door, and created considerable tumult but those near the altar, who had been witnesses of the daring attempt, retained their seats. In preserving their composure, they but imitated the noble example of the clergyman whose life had just been placed in such jeopardy.

The Rev. H. Heinrich was unhurt; nor had the moral firmness of the man whose body the ball had missed been shaken. No sooner had the trying interlude, the details of which seem to have been observed with terrible distinctness by those near, come to an end, than the intended victim calmly resumed reading the creed, and with redoubled fervor proclaimed that belief the utterance of which had imperiled his life. After this, the services were continued in accordance with the prescribed ritual. The Rev. H. Heinrich left the altar, when he introduced a passage expressive of his thanks to God for the miraculous escape of his clerical brother. Quiet had been speedily restored, and the greater portion of the congregation, agitated as they were by the most powerful emotions, left the church only after the final benediction.

In the meantime, the criminal had been conducted by a policeman to the nearest station, and examined by a superior officer. To all the questions put to him he replied with the utmost frankness and composure. He said: "My name is Biland. I am nineteen years of age, a Protestant, and the son of a blacksmith, in the village of Lank, County of Lower Barnin, a few miles from Berlin. My parents sent me to a grammar school, wishing me to become a candidate for the ministry in the Established Church. But my eyes were soon opened to the creed I was expected some day to teach, and my dislike was increased that many of those professing to believe it were liars at heart. I refused to pursue a career which had become so hateful to me, and resisted all attempts of my parents to force me to persevere.

"Byventually, I saw myself left by them to my own devices, and began to study art—the dramatic art—I mean I wished to become an actor, and to preach to the public in my own way; but the religious mendacity rampant around me gave me no rest. Some I saw uttering deliberate untruths; while others, knowing them to be such, listened with contemptuous indifference. Gradually I taught myself that some striking deed was in-

dispensable to rouse the public mind from its apathy, and chase away the mists of superstition.

I therefore determined to seize the first favorable opportunity that offered for shooting a clergyman while in the act of uttering his accursed perjuries. I have done it. I have myself cast the ball and done the best to render the shot fatal. I am sound in body and mind, and scorn the suggestion that I have acted under the disturbing influence of temporary insanity. I perfectly knew what I was about, and am convinced there are many able to comprehend the distinctness of my purpose, though they may, perhaps, not approve the method chosen to compass it. My design was to shoot Mr. Heinrich, and I was prepared to pay the penalty of the deed."

Such, in substance, was the statement of the reckless, misguided young man. Inquiries seem fully to confirm his words. He having missed at a distance of three paces, at first gave rise to the surmise that he had fired with blank cartridge; but it is only too true that there was a ball in the barrel. The course of the ball has been exactly traced. Passing within an inch of the clergyman's head, it penetrated the open ballustrade of the gallery, in which the *Dom Chor*—celebrated for its vocal performances—was stationed, and grazed the cheek of one of the choristers, a boy of twelve. The little fellow, although his cheek instantly began to swell, did not leave the church, but sang his allotted part to the end. The Prince Adalbert, the only member of the royal family present, when the service was over hastened to express his sympathy to the clergyman and the little chorister boy.—*Correspondence London Times.*

Making a Tam Voel mit Himself.

An excited individual of the Dutch persuasion rushed one day into the Mayor's office in a city not over a thousand miles in a direct line south of Communipaw, and determined on an interview with that worthy functionary. He was told by Tom Brown that the mayor was subjected to eating something, and had therefore gone to dinner.

"What do you want with him?" inquired that impassive officer.

"I wants Mister Heelman to get me da baper to kill a tog vot pites me on the leg," answered the Dutchman.

"Ah! you want an order of execution issued against the vicious canine," said Tom, who has a smattering of legal requirements.

"No, I tussant vant no such ding, I vant one paper to tell me to kill the pub. He pites my leg so bad you nebber see. I kits to bytorfobia by tam nut I wants to kill him or I gits mad too.

"Oh, now I see," said Tom; "you want authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal."

"Mein Got, no! dat is not vat I vant. I vant to mare to git me vone license to kill to tam dog. I wants him to make me one baper, so ven I kits the dog he can nicht go into to court and swear against me."

"The dog swear against you?"

"Nein not to tog; to man vot owns to tog. You see, if I kills him—"

"What kill the man?"

"Nein not to tog, und to Man shues me for the price of to tog, den I wants to law on my side, you see!"

"Ah! now I understand you," said Tom, greatly amused at the Dutchman, and humorously intent on exhausting his patience; "you want to arrest the man who owns the dog, so that the animal may not bite you again?"

"No, no! Got in himmell! No; you kits everyding by to tall!" cried the Dutchman, who began to chide Tom was making fun of him. "I dinks you vant to make choke mit me. Do tuyval—I vant shustice, not choices. I vant to dock to mark to tom's brains out; and if do mek to gif me one baper for to do um, I knock his brains out anyhow!"

"The mayor's brains?"

"Nein, to tog!" roars the excited Toulon, and turning to leave the office met at the door the mayor, who had just returned from his dinner. The officer promptly gave him an order to execute the vicious animal.

As he was leaving the office, he encountered the impressive Tom.

"All right now?" inquired he.

"Yah, all right! I coes right off to the owner of to tog," and kills 'em."

"What, the owner?"

"No to tog! Look here, Mister Tom, you make a tam voel mit yourself by saying tog ven I means tam, and saying man ven I means tog—Now you kin shust to to tuyval!" and the Dutchman departed.

A Paris landress scoured the pavement of her bill by carrying off the wooden leg of a refractory customer.

### DIAMONDS.

The number of pictures sent this year to the Annual Exhibition of Living Painters, in Paris, is over 5,500, against 5,000 last year.

At the Hippodrome in Paris M. Euphrosino Brantz has driven a velocipede over a rope suspended a hundred feet above the ground.

Parisian hippophagists ate 605 horses in June.

Fashionable preachers in Paris hire their audiences at three cents a head.

The split among the Cincinnati Quakers has given their meeting-house to be made a beer saloon, and their grave-yard a beer-garden.

A Minnesota editor has in his office a cucumber vine, upon one branch of which are growing a cucumber and a tomato.

The remnant of the Seminole Indians in Florida complain of outrageous treatment from their white neighbors.

If you want your neighbors to "know all about you," give a party and don't invite the folks "who live next door."

The talk is revived of bringing to France, with great pomp, the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt the son of the first Napoleon.

Railroads are projected in Switzerland across the St. Gothard Mountain and across the Splügen.

The Russian Minister of War lately tried to commit suicide because his only daughter had eloped with a French actor.

Mrs. Euphrosino Brantz rides the velocipede on a tight rope nearly eighty feet from the floor in the Paris Hippodrome.

Baron Leibig states that the land of Hesse has risen 300 per cent in value during fifteen years, simply in consequence of scientific agriculture.

Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin, recently held a confirmation among the Oneida Indians at Green Bay. The service was in the Mohawk language, and several persons were confirmed.

A Newark hackman hung his canvas foot-bag on a lamp-post, and on his return from dinner found it full of letters.

A Pittsburg Barber almost killed a customer by wiping arsenic in his eye. It he don't die, it will be a close shave.

A musician of Hamilton, Canada, has suddenly lost his beard and hair and become a smooth-faced boy, much to his disgust and natural astonishment.

An call has been published for a State Woman's Suffrage Convention of Ohio to meet at Cincinnati September 15.

Grashoppers are at last utilized. "Iowa is teeming" with grashoppers, says a paper of that State.

A Utica minister thinks that the principle use of Good Templar meetings is to afford an opportunity for flirtation.

The virtues of soft soap recently received new exemplification at the Chicago jail, where a young scamp covered himself with the article and slipped through the window bars.

Only one American paper was represented at the great convention of German journalists at Vienna, by a German correspondent of the *Cincinnati Volksblatt*.

A sensitive young lady remarked the other day that she did not like French, because whenever she wished to say "lady" she had to say *dame* (dame).

It has been solemnly decided in a court in Morgan County, Ill., that a citizen of Chicago is a competent witness, notwithstanding the people of that city are of such notoriously bad repute all over the country.

A Mrs. Levi, who died in Patterson N. J., last Saturday, before breathing her last, called her family (among whom are grown-up children) to her bedside, and said that in all her married life of twenty-five years, neither a cross word nor look had ever passed between herself and husband.

A "lady" in New Bedford, Mass., recently bought a pair of white gloves to be returned in case they did not suit. They were returned as not suited, when it was discovered that they had been used to decorate the hands of a corpse, and removed before the lid of the coffin was screwed down.

The Marquis of Hertford, the owner of the park of Bagatelle, near Paris, is constantly beset by duellists requesting the use of his ground. The Marquis, though on the point "death from cancer," never relaxes his courtesy to those applicants, but their number is so great, that he has delicately intimated to them the propriety of purchasing, digging ground of their own.