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## Auf der Bodensee.

(From the German of G. Schwab.)

Der Bodensee, the Lake of Constance, situated upon the border of Germany and Switzerland, is the largest lake in those two countries, being sixteen leagues in length, four in width, and three hundred and fifty fathoms in depth. It is very seldom entirely frozen over. The incident which forms the subject of this ballad is said to have occurred in the year 1695.

A rider rode through a rugged glade,  
A field of snow in the sunshine laid;  
His dripping steed through the cold snow hies;  
He must reach ere night where Lake Constance lies.

Rider and horse, ere the night comes down,  
Should be lodged in the safe little lakeside town.

Rough was the treacherous snow-covered way,  
Yet the steed sped on through the sinking day;

Dale and mountain and hill were passed,  
And they came to the open land at last.  
To an open plain where the snow expands,  
Level and smooth as the desert sands;  
Behind him vanishes town and wood,  
And his road grows even, his footing good.

In the wide expanse nor horse nor hill  
Nor tree appear; all is cold and still.  
Yet on sped the rider, mile after mile,  
Hearing the seabird's cry the while;  
And the water duck's fluttering wings of fear;  
No other sound greets his listening ear.  
No traveler came on his anxious sight,  
To say if the way he rode was right,  
As on velvet, so on through the snow rode he.

"Where dashes the water? Where rolls the sea?"  
The evening fell, and then from far  
Lights faintly glimmered, like distant stars,  
Up rose through the night mist hill and tree,  
But naught of the lake could the traveler see.  
Stormy and rough once more his course,  
Yet onward and onward he spurred his horse;

On, on till he heard the watch dog's bay,  
And a fishing village before him lay.  
"Welcome, young maid at the window," cried  
He;

"Can you tell me how far to Constance sea?"  
And his heart grows chill as the maid replies:  
"Good traveler, Lake Constance behind thee lies,

And were not the water too frozen for oar,  
I'd say you had landed and come to the shore."  
The rider trembled and paled with fear—  
"On the plain behind me rode I here—

Then answer wild did the maiden make:  
"Great God! you have ridden, sir, over the lake!

On the treacherous floor, o'er the bottomless deep,  
Did thy horse's mad hoofs safe footing keep?  
And crushed not beneath thee the covering  
thine,  
Nor the sweltering waters to death drag thee  
in?"

And thou art not devoured by the fishy  
brood—  
The cold dumb pike in the colder flood?"

Then the maiden called, and the village came,  
The listening children, the wondering dames.  
Old men and maidens questioning round,  
Cry, "Thank your lucky star that you were not  
drowned!

But come, for our evening board is spread,  
Eat with us fish, break with us bread."  
But the rider answered never a word;  
Since the maiden spoke he had nothing heard.  
His heart ceased beating, gray grew his hair,  
The ghost of the danger past presses him  
there.

He sees around him the roaring deep,  
And the ghastrly waters over him sweep;  
He hears the ice crushing, and check and  
brow  
Grow damp and pale with the mortal throes;  
Then he sighed and he sank to the earth and  
died,  
And a dry grave found by the water side!

## THE BAVARIAN ROBBER.

Wiesbauer Franzl was the son of a pauper peasant of the Miesbach parish, and had early given proof of his laudable abilities. Constantly in disgrace for poaching, he gradually sank from poetic to prosaic theft, and from petty stealing to highway robbery. Fear is generally unknown to the Bavarian highlanders, but a kind of mysterious horror became associated with his name. He never remained long in one place—he was here, there and everywhere. His haunts were known to none, but he was the dread of every one, far and near, and he at last created a positive terrorism. In the middle of the night Franzl would appear at some house, knock at the door, and arouse the inmates. The mistress must get up, light the fire, and cook a meal for the intruder, while he sat on the hearth and chatted pleasantly to her. He did not steal for the sake of stealing; he merely asked for what he wanted when he required it. His demands were complied with readily enough, for people were intimidated by the boldness of his manner. If he was well received, he behaved like a guest, and made himself at home. He never took from those who could not afford to give; but if rich people showed any hesitation, he would vow, with awful curses, to set fire to their houses and burn down the whole village. He was a genuine freebooter of the old type, generous or revengeful, as it happened to suit him.

After a great deal of trouble, he was at last captured and lodged in the jail of the principal town; but, with desperate courage, he managed to escape by letting himself down outside the prison from a height of several stories. Once on firm ground, he was soon off to the mountains; and again the name of Wiesbauer Franzl was in every mouth, while the old horror returned with redoubled force. It was unfortunate for me that I was now numbered among his acquaintances, for I feared that he would avail himself of the privilege to invite himself to supper some fine night.

Very soon he gave me fresh un-  
-easiness. I was alone at home one evening, sitting at work near the lamp, when my old maid-servant ran in, and said, in a frightened whisper: "Only think! there's been some one sitting on the doorstep for the last quarter of an hour! I've watched him from the kitchen window, and I'm afraid it's Wiesbauer Franzl. Jesus, Maria, Joseph!" she added, "he's sure to knock presently, and want to come in!"

Annoyed and curious, I hurried up stairs in the dark, meaning to open the window softly and reconnoiter my visitor, as it might be only a harmless journeyman availing himself of a convenient resting-place; but, in spite of my caution, the stranger heard me open the window, and looked up without changing his position or uttering a word.

It was Wiesbauer Franzl. To propitiate him, I spoke first, saying, with assumed friendliness: "Do you want anything, Franzl? Are you hungry? Shall I bring you some food?" But the rogue replied, with a stoical shake of the head: "You needn't trouble to do that, Karl; I've had my supper, and I've got further to go to-night. I'm only resting a bit." Soon afterward he got up and went his way.

When the first snow fell I left my summer residence and went back to the town, but my friend Franzl remained in the mountains and continued his requisitions. I did not learn his further adventures until my return the next year.

One day, after an afternoon nap, he fell into the hands of the bailiffs. He was triumphantly lodged in the county jail, and every one breathed more freely, although no one felt perfectly safe then, so indomitable was his bearing.

Fresh alarm was soon created on his account. The very next morning had scarcely dawned before the jailer was at the doctor's door, tugging at the bell like a madman. "Make haste, doctor, make haste!" he cried. "Franzl has hung himself in the night. I was on my rounds, and I've just found him hanging from one of the window-bars. He was stone cold, so I didn't cut him down." The doctor rushed to the prison and found everything exactly as he had been told. In a fit of wild despair which comes over energetic natures when all escape seems cut off, the bold robber had determined to make an end of himself. The doctor at once cut the linen noose, cold water was thrown into the poor fellow's face; but it was all in vain; he gave no signs of returning animation. The news spread like wild-fire from place to place, and people said it was Franzl's first useful action.

"If he's really gone," croaked some, "the wretch is not to be trusted until he is actually in his grave."  
Meanwhile, preparations were made for the dissection, and the attendants were about to undress the corpse, when, behold! the eyelids trembled, the muscles quivered, and the dead was restored to life. It was high time, for the dissecting knife lay ready upon the table. And so the vital force of the young criminal had triumphed over his will, and, in spite of all his efforts, he found himself still on this side the grave.

He was restored to consciousness with every care, and taken back to his cell, to be forwarded the next day to Munich, as none of the authorities cared to have the responsibility of him; the prison itself seemed unsafe so long as he was in it. He himself was doggedly submissive, and seemed to be in very low spirits. Instead of rejoicing in his restoration to life, he was evidently meditating some other desperate scheme.

The next day a farmer's cart was hired, and Franz, bound hand and foot, was placed in it. The people stared inquisitively at the notorious prisoner, and the equipage slowly ascended the precipitous road above the lake. Suddenly a slight snap was heard, the fetters were broken, the cart jerked violently, and the culprit was gone! Head foremost he plunged into the lake; for a moment the waves closed over him, the next he was swimming rapidly away. As none of his escort could follow, or rather as all shrank from a hand-to-hand struggle in the water, a boat was got ready for the pursuit.

In spite of the start he had had, the sturdy rowers soon caught up with the fugitive. But what then? At first he dived to baffle his enemies, but, his breath being soon exhausted, a fearful conflict ensued. As it was impossible to reach him by other means, some of the men struck him on the head with their oars whenever he came to the surface of the water, hoping by this means to stun him. But his iron skull was not to be cracked, and as for seizing him and dragging him into the boat, that was quite out of the question, for he presently flung himself upon it like a maniac and tried to capsize it. The danger was now all on the side of the pursuers. A storm was rising, and it was found advisable to relinquish the pursuit for the time. With considerable difficulty the little boat regained the shore, while the fugitive found a safe place of concealment among the tall rushes on the banks of the lake. When it was quite dark he crept out, and decided that it would be good policy to disappear for a time. For weeks nothing further was heard of him, and it was thought by many that he had perished in the storm. But suddenly he reappeared as though he had risen from the ground. He was not improved. Indeed, his hatred of all legal and peaceable occupations seemed to have been intensified by his late adventures. He took up the feud with society with greater ferocity than ever, and he was now accompanied by a four-footed friend—a huge yellow wolf-hound, who followed close at his heels. He would lick the robber's hand lovingly,

and look inquiringly up into his face; but he was as misanthropically disposed toward all the rest of the world as his master. The devotion was mutual. Franzl always gave the first mouthful of the food he "requisitioned" for himself to Wolf, and Wolf showed his teeth, without any sign from his master, if any one hesitated to comply with his demands.

The dog was the only creature for whom the reckless criminal retained any affection, and it was evident that neither of the friends would care to survive the other. Franzl became more and more overbearing and exacting, and the terror among the people increased in proportion. One night he again aroused the wife of a peasant, and ordered her to cook him some food. Trembling, she complied with the extraordinary request. He was standing below the balcony, and as she spoke he flung his great knife into the house with such force that it went through the wall. "You saw it, didn't you?" he shouted, in a menacing voice. "Next time it will go through your body!" and with that he turned on his heel, followed by his dog, snarling and foaming at the mouth.

All search for him was in vain; in fact, it is but labor lost to endeavor to track a rogue in his own mountains. He had long been an outlaw in public opinion, and at last, as all other means failed, a price was set on his head. There was nothing else left to be done. At a certain spot where two roads meet stands a large, lonely inn, conducted in quite the old style, with oaken tables and earthenware drinking vessels. On the wall of the public room hang the carriers' notices, beneath the stove smokes the watchdog, and the host is the despotic sovereign whose authority is never questioned.

One evening a few travelers were assembled in this room, wearing their picturesque hats with the jaunty feather pulled forward. Suddenly the door opened, and a sturdy looking fellow walked in and sat down with the rest. They all knew who it was as well as we do.

It was the very day on which the writ against him had been issued. "Franzl!" cried one, "do you know that a price is set upon your head?" "Whoever takes you will get fifty gulden," added another. "I should think you were glad of that, for folks say you're worth nothing!" Everybody laughed. Franzl, however, did not move a muscle; but stood with arms akimbo, and cried scornfully: "Well, here I am; any one with a knife and no money is welcome to me."

Every one remained seated, but the wolf-dog growled from beneath the table as if he understood what was going on. Without another word, Franzl resumed his seat, and went on drinking and chatting pleasantly as had been his wont of old. He was, however, rather more subdued than formerly, and in about half an hour he laid a kreuzer on the table, and went out into the darkness without a word of farewell, but the dog turned at the door to snarl and show his great fangs.

"He took no pleasure in cards to-day," observed one who had proposed an interdicted game of chance to him. "It isn't likely," replied his neighbor, "that a fellow whose own game is up is likely to care much for any other." And they drew their chairs more closely together, and whispered: "He won't pull through this time." "Dead or alive," says the writ, muttered one under his breath.

Two days later Franzl once more knocked at the door of a peasant's house. It was in the neighborhood of Gmunden, on that lofty pass which encircles the mountain like a chain, and stretches from Tegernsee toward Miesbach. When the housewife came to the door she recognized the outlaw at once, but, concealed her alarm, she treated him as a poor traveler, and asked him into the house. Meanwhile her husband called in the neighbors to his assistance. Silently they crept through the back door into the stable, and consulted how best to overpower the unfortunate Franzl. No one had courage enough to volunteer, and murmurs arose of "Dead or alive," says the writ; how would it do to shoot him down?"

Among those assembled was a young soldier, a capital shot, who had left his regiment but a few days before. He judged the case according to martial law, and was of opinion that the reward would be paid for killing, not capturing, the accused. "He's sure to kill some one else if he lives any longer," thought the young warrior to himself, "so I'd better put him out of the way at once."

"My double-barreled gun hangs behind the stove," whispered the master of the house, and a breathless silence ensued. "Meanwhile Franzl had finished his dinner, and prepared to take leave. "God bless you!" he exclaimed to his hostess; "and, if you are asked who your guest was, you can say it was the Wiesbauer rogue!"

With these words he left the house, but a slight figure slipped in from the other door, wearing the blue soldier's cap. Noiselessly he took down the weapon, and hid it beneath the window sill. Then the little lattice opened softly, and a voice cried: "Not so fast, Franzl; stop, or I fire!"

Franzl turned round with a scornful laugh: "Any one who wants me had better come out to me; I dance attendance upon no one!"

Another step; a whizzing report; and he fell to the ground like a tree smitten by an ax, the blood gushing from his mouth, and his hands tearing up the earth.

"At him, Wolf!" he cried, with his last breath; and the poor dog dashed at the open window, foaming with rage.

Another crack, and the second discharge was lodged in the faithful creature's body. With the death-rattle in his throat, he managed to drag himself to his master's side, and after a few convulsive struggles he expired.

## Treatment of the Sick.

Proper clothing, says *Science of Health*, is of the utmost importance to every invalid; and the best clothing is that which is best adapted for this purpose. For this reason woolen or silk is superior to cotton or linen in cold seasons. Yet we do not advise woolen to be worn next the skin, because of its irritating qualities. Cotton flannel drawers and undershirts are superior in this respect; but woolen outer garments, and even woolen socks are better than cotton or linen.

The color of clothing has much to do with its healthfulness. No invalid is justified in wearing colored clothing next the skin. The dye is usually more or less absorbed, and is always injurious, frequently poisonous. Indeed, we question its propriety, on the score of health, at any time or in any place. True, black absorbs and retains heat, while white reflects it, giving to white a less heat-retaining quality than black; yet nevertheless, white or light-colored clothing we consider superior to dark color. For summer weather there is no question as to its superiority, nor for inner garments.

The limbs and extremities claim from every invalid and physician special attention. Not one invalid in a thousand succeeds in having his feet, legs, hands and arms well clad. Among women the dress usually worn is outrageous, considered from the standpoint of health, and among men it is only a little less so. The central portions of the body are overburdened often with clothing, while the limbs are almost always insufficiently clad. The shoes are thin, stockings delicate, pants fine and only lined around the waist, while over abdomen and loins the clothing doubled or trebled. How can any one expect to regain health under such circumstances? Health depends upon a balanced circulation, and the blood circulates from within. As power begins to diminish, the circulation fails in the extremities and the blood is retained in and about the central organs. Clothing retains heat, and heat retains blood; so where most clothing is, there, other things being equal, the most blood will be found. To call blood into the extremities and external capillaries is one of the important objects of all good treatment, and proper clothing is a necessary adjunct.

## A Sailor's Life.

A New York paper says: The arrival of the brig Lady Louisa, bound from Shanghai to this port, with a cargo of tea, solves a mystery of the sea, and restores to a family one of its members who has been given up as dead. The commander of the Lady Louisa, Capt. John Fletcher Kimball, went to sea in a whaling vessel from this port twenty-three years ago, and was reported and believed to have been lost, with a boat's crew, while in pursuit of a whale, and was never heard from afterward. Capt. Kimball's father, J. W. Kimball, lived at that time in Hudson, N. Y. Hoping to cure his son of his desire to follow a seafaring life, he had procured him a place in the whaler. When the vessel returned the news of young Kimball's supposed death was conveyed to his family, and they gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. Several years ago they removed to Elizabeth, N. J., where they now reside. A short time ago a letter was received at Hudson, N. Y., addressed "To the first Methodist clergyman of Hudson." This letter, which was signed by "Capt. John Fletcher Kimball," stated that its author commanded a brig trading between Cardiff, Wales, and Shanghai, China; that he was the son of J. W. Kimball; that he had repeatedly written to his family but received no reply, and that he now took this indirect method to ascertain whether any member of it still lived. He had suffered great hardships, and expecting soon to receive a cargo of tea consigned to New York, he had made up his mind to take the vessel into British waters, dispose of his interest in it, and abandon the sea forever. This letter was sent to Capt. Kimball's family at Elizabeth, where all its members are still living, and for the first time they thus learned that he was alive. A recent telegram from London reported that the Lady Louisa had stopped at St. Helena for water, on her way to America.

## A New Jersey Relic.

A cannon ball is preserved in the Treasury department in Washington, which deserves to become historic—if cold iron can be said to deserve anything. It weighs twenty pounds, if our recollection is correct, and is a plain, rough shot, with an iron ring attached to it. In a storm which occurred on the coast of New Jersey, many years ago, it was thrown from a mortar, with a line fastened to the ring, and passing over, fell beyond a ship which was stranded and in danger of going to pieces. The line was tied to a cable on the shore, and the shipwrecked people drew this in and fastened it to the vessel. On this cable a life-car was passed backward and forward from the ship to the shore, by which means two hundred lives were saved. The ball was hauled in and retained. It was subsequently sent to the headquarters of the Revenue Marine department, where it has since been carefully preserved, and where it is always regarded with much interest by people who are informed of its history. It might have sunk a "seventy-four" and never been heard from.

## SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

A Lively Description of a Primitive Society.

In May, 1849, there were less than one hundred and fifty wooden houses built, including all shanties scattered over the seven hills; for San Francisco had, at that time, seven hills. Thousands of tents were everywhere erected, and in these people dwelt. The plaza, or public square, had, at one time, one decent wooden house, called the Parker House, which, of course, was a gambling house; while the more pretentious tents were one and all gambling shops. The busiest man in that city, at that time, was one Sam Brannan, a retired or reformed Mormon, perhaps still alive. The nominal ruler of the city was a Mr. Smith, styled "The Alcalde." The real rulers were twenty ruffians, known as "The Hounds," whose chief was one Roberts. They were one and all ex-soldiers in the Mexican war, robbers, cut-throats and cowards; yet the floating mass of inhabitants, numbering no less than fifty thousand, were actually tyrannized over, robbed by and afraid of those twenty thieves. It may seem strange that such a state of affairs could possibly exist for a single day, yet it is nevertheless true that it did exist for months.

There were hotels. One man, whose name was Merritt, had a large wooden house toward the north beach, where his lodgers herded. They slept everywhere—on the tables, under the tables, in every available space; bedding, if the bloated and luxurious guest wanted such a thing, had to be provided by himself. It is, however, but fair to relate that Merritt always exacted \$2 a night for lodging, from anybody that sheltered in the house. As for the living, it is almost too ridiculous to be related. A French restaurant, for instance, furnished the best bottle of port wine for \$2—some thousand dozen sent from the London docks and sold for the freight in San Francisco, as no owner turned up. The Frenchman charged the following prices for a breakfast:

Beef steak	.....	\$1.00
Two potatoes	.....	2.00
One onion	.....	2.00
Coffee	.....	.50
Bread	.....	.50
Total	.....	\$6.00

The price of washing a shirt was \$1. This was done at the Presidio by some American soldiers who owned (happy mortals) wives. The price of lumber was enormous—\$350 per 1,000 running feet measurement. A pair of blankets sold for \$40; a pair of long boots cost six ounces of gold. A common rough jacket cost \$25. Yet luxuries were cheap. There were plenty of cigars, and good ones, to be had; plenty of the best wines and brandy. Raisins, almonds and nuts were literally found in the streets—somewhat damaged, perhaps. The climate, at that time at least, was not very inviting. At sunrise the weather was mild and serene, as at Naples; by eleven o'clock the eastern winds began to blow—not only dust, but gravel of respectable size flew about like hail; by two P. M. it became bitter cold, and by six P. M. the wind had entirely vanished.

Hundreds and thousands of white rats, with fiery red eyes, ran about in the streets and disputed the right of inhabiting each tent or house. What flies are to Egypt, fleas were at that time to San Francisco. There was no use of seeking a remedy. No sleep could be got until the million fleas got literally drunk on the blood of the restless sleeper, which was generally by five in the morning. Then the little vampires took a rest themselves. The city boasted of but few horses; as for carriages, there were none worthy the name. Such was the city of San Francisco in 1849; yet everybody was busy, everything was sold and bought for gold dust. Everybody had scales and weights, and everybody seemed somehow to have gold.

## Parlor Games.

Two new parlor amusements are thus described: Two players are closely blinded with a bandage made of their pocket-handkerchiefs. Each one is provided with a saucer full of cake or cracker crumbs, which is held in the left hand, and a spoon, which is held in the right hand. A sheet is spread upon the floor, upon which the players sit, and at a given signal they begin to feed each other. Their efforts to find each other months with their spoons never fail to afford much sport. Another amusing experiment is to try to blow out a candle blindfolded. The candle is placed upon a table, up to which a player is first led; he then walks back six steps, turns around three times, and walks forward as nearly in the direction of the candle as possible, and tries to blow it out. If he happens to wander to the wrong part of the room, the effect of the blowing is very funny.

## Captain Boynton's Dress.

The inventor of the life-saving dress recently so successfully tested by Captain Paul Boynton is Mr. C. S. Merriman, of New York city. It is of solid vulcanized rubber, made in two parts—a tunic with hood and gloves attached, and pantaloons with boots attached. The dress is secured by a water-tight joint at the waist, and only the eyes, mouth and nose are exposed. It is inflated by means of five small tubes, which can be reached conveniently. When the upper chamber is inflated it makes a complete air pillow, upon which the head can rest. The wearer is kept dry and comfortable. Swimming is impossible; but he lies easily upon his back, and propels himself in any direction by means of a double-blade paddle. A small India rubber bag contains provisions and a few needful articles.

## Items of Interest.

Last Christmas there were 750,415 paupers in England and Wales.

A Vermont gentleman has recovered \$200 for being hanged in effigy.

A dentist of Hempstead, Tex., dropped dead while extracting the teeth of a patient.

A Bangor editor boasts of having suckers in that city from five to six feet in length.

It will require seven years of steady work to construct the tunnel between England and France.

"Borrowed clothes never fit." If they would fit, the chances are that you couldn't borrow them.

He who eats strawberries and cream with his sweetheart at this season has the dear things all together.

A grand jury in Ohio has undertaken to suppress church fair raffles, as well as other raffles not considered fair.

A politician who accidentally drank from the wrong bottle with a friend is one of the few men in America who knows how horse liniment tastes.

"Dr. Mary Walker," a Washington correspondent says, "looks like a missionary's wife." Then we are mighty sorry for the missionary.

There are signs that the great deadlock in the South Wales coal fields is approaching a termination. Both sides are evidently weary of the struggle.

In China a man's friends congratulate him on the birth of a son, and condole with him on the birth of a daughter. They are very emphatic opponents of "women's rights."

"Why are women so much more courageous than men?" asked a lady the other day, after talking of politics and war. "Because it is not they who have to fight," he replied.

A bad little boy, upon being promised five cents by his mother if he would take a dose of castor oil, obtained the money, and then told his parent that she might castor oil in the street.

A pronouncing match took place on Cincinnati. Twenty married persons on one side pronounced against twenty unmarried on the other. The rules of the spelling ring governed the exercises.

A man in London earns a living by going round waking people whose business requires them to get up very early in the morning. Many policemen also increase their incomes in the same way.

There is a man in Guilford, Conn., who has predicted all the bad weather the past winter. He says there will be another snow storm, but some of the people down there say that if it comes they will have that man's head.

Benjamin Franklin said: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." This great truth is robbed of its sadness when we know that there is no necessity for a bag or any thing else to stand up when it would look better lying down.

The experiment of transfusing blood has just been applied to Gen. Frank Blair, who has long been prostrated with paralysis at his home in St. Louis. Six ounces of blood were injected into his veins, and the result is said to be favorable.

A canal boat with the captain, his wife, a little child, a colored man and two mules on board, was carried over the dam in the Potomac at Cumberland by the wind, and strange to say no damage was done to either the passengers or the boat.

The latest discovery in France is that the numerous gypsy bands scouring that country are entirely under marching orders and military discipline from Berlin. They are wont to pick out their camping grounds fifty miles ahead, and know in advance the name of the man owning that ground as well as he knows it himself.

According to the last census in England and Wales, the females of the population outnumber the males by 500,000; but above the age of twenty-five the males exceed the females in number. While there were 400,000 widowers, there were 873,000 widows. Above the age of ninety, females number two to every male.

## The New U. S. Attorney-General.

Mr. Edwards Pierpont, who succeeds Mr. Williams in the Attorney-Generalship of the United States, was born at New Haven, Conn., in 1817, educated at the once famous "Old Grammar School" of that city, then under president Noah Porter, and entered Yale in 1833, graduating in 1837 in the same class with Mr. Evarts and Chief-Justice Waite, taking high honors. His legal studies were prosecuted at the law school under Judge Daggett, and in 1840 he was admitted to practice, removing to Columbus, O. In 1846 he went to New York city, where he has since remained. In 1857 he was elected to fill the vacancy in the Superior Court created by the death of Chief-Justice Oakley, a position which he held for three years, then resigning. When the war broke out he arrayed himself on the side of Mr. Lincoln, nominally a War Democrat; was a member of the Union Defense committee of New York city; a member, in 1862, of the commission for examining into the cases of prisoners of State, and one of the counsel for the government in the Surratt trial. Shortly after the nomination of Mr. Seymour he declared for Grant, and on the election of the latter was made District-Attorney, holding the office somewhat over a year. In 1873 he was offered and declined the Russian mission. Mr. Pierpont was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1867, when he served on the Judiciary committee. He was also a member of the Committee of Seventy.