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## If You Love Me, Tell Me So.

If you love me, tell me so,  
Wait not till the summer glow  
Fades in autumn's changeable light  
Amber on its and purple night;  
Wait not till the winter hours  
Heap with snow drift all the flowers,  
Till the tide of life runs low—  
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,  
While the river's dreamy flow  
Holds the love enchanted hours  
Stepped in music, crowned with flowers;  
Ere the summer's dreamy days  
Fades in mystic, purple haze—  
Ere is hushed the music flow—  
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,  
Let me hear the sweet words low,  
Let me, in life's morning fair,  
Feel your kisses on my hair,  
While in womanhood's first bloom,  
Ere shall come dark days of gloom;  
In the first free morning glow—  
If you love me, tell me so.

## Louise Lenormand's Prophecy.

### ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

On the fourth of December, 1804, a small, stout man, in a long gray overcoat, ascended the doorsteps of a large marble building in Paris.

The man rang the bell, and a tall, slender brunette opened the door to him. He kissed her, despite the resistance she offered to his embrace.

"Sire! sire!" she exclaimed, protesting.

"Oh, don't call me so, my beauty," he replied, still keeping his arms around her. "You shall tell me my fortune again to-day."

The handsome brunette disengaged herself from his arms. Her countenance assumed a somber air.

"Sire," she said, gravely, "do not ask me to do that any more."

"Why not?"

"Napoleon Bonaparte," she said, almost solemnly, "I have bad news for you."

"Bad news for me, Louise? You are joking. Who can harm me? Am I not all-powerful?"

"Oh, yes, now—now!"

"And what is in store for me?"

"Sire, do you want to hear it?"

"I do."

She led him into her boudoir. There she took from her desk a pack of curious cards. She laid four of them on the table.

"These cards," she said, "signify a name."

"What name?" he asked.

"B—L—U—C—H—E—R."

"Blucher! Who is he?"

"He is a Prussian general."

"I never heard of him."

She put four more cards on the table.

"This Gen. Blucher, sir, will bring about your ruin."

Napoleon burst into laughter.

"A Prussian general should be able to ruin me, Louise? You are mistaken, my beauty."

"Ah, sire, no! I love, I revere you!"

"I know it."

She approached him with a tender, though sad glance.

"Then let me warn you. Before me I see a field of battle, on which Gen. Blucher will rout your troops, and then"—

"She hesitated."

"And then?" asked Napoleon, smilingly.

"Then you will be transported to an island in mid ocean."

The emperor laughed uproariously.

"What has got into you, Louise?" he asked, merrily. "A Prussian general will rout my troops, and then bring about my transportation to an island in mid-ocean? I never heard such nonsense. The Prussian army will be annihilated by my veterans; it has nothing but blockheads for generals, and I"—

"You, sire," she said, "are the greatest man that ever lived, but you know my supernatural powers."

"Ah!" interrupted Napoleon, "no one can frighten me with Prussia. Yes, if you had talked about Austria, Russia or England."

"Austria and Russia," she said, gravely, "your majesty will bring to the verge of ruin next year."

"Is that true, Louise?" cried the emperor, joyfully.

"Perfectly true, your majesty."

He embraced her fervently.

"If that is true, Louise, your other prophecy will fall to the ground. What will Prussia do alone against me?"

She shook her head gloomily.

"The cards say to the contrary, sire," she rejoined.

Napoleon laughed again at her.

It is a well known fact that, like all Corsicans, he was very superstitious, and the wonderful predictions of the charming fortune teller, Louise Lenormand, which had proved true in every respect, had made a deep impression upon him.

Her beauty had caused him to fall in love with her, and she, like most of the beautiful women of the French capital at that time, had only been too glad to receive his homage.

He left her with the name of Blucher firmly impressed upon his mind. His wonderful memory never forgot anything which concerned him personally.

Two years elapsed.

The emperor of the French had artfully managed to cause the foolish King Frederick William III. of Prussia, and his equally foolish advisers, to declare war against him.

Everybody knows the disastrous consequences of this rash act of folly.

The terrible battles of Jena and Austerlitz were fought. Almost in a single day the Prussian army was routed, and the humiliating defeat at Rossbach was more than avenged.

Only Blucher's division, which had performed prodigies of valor in the great battle, made an orderly retreat in a northwesterly direction. But the French corps under Marshal Victor, flushed with victory, pursued him with the utmost vigor.

The Prussian soldiers were half starved and utterly exhausted when they reached the ancient city of Lubeck. There, after a brief struggle, destitute of ammunition and provisions, they were compelled to surrender.

Blucher and most of his officers broke their swords rather than give them up to their hated adversaries.

The vanquished general was treated in an almost barbarous manner. Having refused to give his parole to the effect that he would never again bear arms against the emperor of the French, he was confined in a dungeon in the basement of the city hall.

Four days after Marshal Victor received from the Emperor Napoleon the following laconic letter:

"Cause Blucher to make an attempt to escape. Then have him court-martialed and shot."

Gen. Blucher, who was then already sixty-four years old, was smoking his pipe gloomily in his cell. Suddenly a handsome young woman stepped in. Now the grim old Prussian general was anything but a hater of women. His enemies asserted that he fell in love with every pretty face he saw, and when his fair young visitor entered his cell his face brightened at once. He rose politely from his stool and offered it to her.

"Fair lady," he said, in his most courteous manner, "what brings you to this dismal place?"

She answered him in French, telling him that she was the daughter of Massillon, the celebrated pulpit orator of Berlin, and that she had risked her life in order to free him from captivity.

Her bearing toward the grim old soldier was so seductive that he fell an easy victim to her charms.

"We must flee from here to-night," she whispered to him, as he held her in his arms.

"I am ready," he replied. "But how am I to get out of this infernal hole?"

"I will be here again at setting in of dusk," she said. "I have procured keys for every cell here and a French uniform for you."

"A French uniform!" he exclaimed, in dismay. "I shall not don a French uniform. Never! never!"

"But, general, is it not better for you to do that than languish here any more?" she asked, fondling his gray mustache.

"Yes, my darling," he replied, "and, besides, it will only be for a few hours—won't it?"

"Only for a few minutes, general. As soon as our carriage is out of the city you may throw off the uniform of the hated invaders," she replied.

She led him after a fervent embrace, and a few minutes later the keeper of the jail, a white-headed German, with an honest, open face, entered Blucher's cell.

He bowed respectfully before the grim old warrior, and then said:

"General, may I ask you one question?"

"Why not, my friend?"

"General, I don't like to speak about it, and I hope you will not communicate to any one what I am going to tell you."

"What an idea! I never betray my friends!"

"General, let me ask you, then, do you know the woman that came to see you to-day?"

"No. She said her name was Madeline Massillon, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Massillon, of Berlin. Is she not what she pretends to be?"

The old keeper shook his head.

"General," he replied, "her true name is Adele Broisson. She is a bad woman—she is Marshal Victor's mistress."

Blucher sprang to his feet.

"What does the fraud she has practiced on me mean?" he exclaimed.

"I do not know, general, but I saw the marshal himself help her into his carriage after she had left your cell."

The general thanked the old keeper, who went out.

He became very thoughtful.

At setting in of dark, true to her promise, the fascinating creature entered Blucher's cell again.

"Everything is in readiness," she said.

"Is it, Mlle. Broisson?" he asked, dryly.

"Yes; make haste—the carriage is waiting for us. But why do you call me Broisson?"

"Because I know you. Get out of here! I don't know what you are bent upon, but I know that it is mischief you are putting on foot. Begone!"

She bit her lips, and hurried from the cell.

Next day a French general fell into the hands of a Prussian regiment. Blucher was exchanged for him.

Nine years later the prophecy of Louise Lenormand, the great Parisian fortune teller, proved true.

When the first newspaper was started in Japan the editor asked a Japanese gentleman if he wished to have the paper sent regularly. "No, I thank you; I have a copy," he replied. The gentleman of the old school had no idea that a newspaper contained fresh matter with every issue.

## ROMANCE IN NAPLES.

An Heiress Abducted and Shut up in an Asylum for Lunatics.

A correspondent at Rome writes: Miss Vernieri, still in her teens, has lost her father, and lives with her mother in Salerno. She is beautiful, clever, and accomplished, and inherits 120,000 ducats, or about half a million lire. Her mother is completely under the power of the family physician, Dr. Cosimati, who poses as protector of the widow and orphan. Eligible offers of marriage are made to Miss Vernieri, but are skillfully staved off by the doctor and his dupe, the mother, their object being to enjoy the administration of the young lady's means, of which the mother was simply the depository, and of which the prospective son-in-law would become absolute master. At last Miss Vernieri attained her majority, and her guardians anticipated her intentions of matrimony by proposing to her as her fiancé her first cousin. This young gentleman resided in Naples, and thither the mother, daughter and family doctor repaired to arrange the nuptials. The youth, however, found no favor in the eyes of Miss Vernieri, who, on the contrary, became desperately enamored of a young advocate whom she met under the roof of an aunt in Naples. Her passion was reciprocated, and the mother's opposition made the daughter only more resolute in her determination to marry the young advocate. So doctor and mother together changed their tactics. One morning Madame Vernieri said to her daughter: "Are you really determined to marry him?" "Yes," "Then, as I can't bear to see you unhappy, I give my consent." The young lady fell on her mother's neck, and wept with joy, till, gently disengaging herself, Madame Vernieri said: "Now, as your lover and his family live at Naples, it is better that we should go there to fix the day of marriage, and get your trousseau ready." They started accordingly, and took apartments at the Hotel Fiori, near the Fiorentini theater, intending to take a house in the country for the ensuing summer, the marriage having been arranged for the end of autumn. They had been only two days in the hotel when Dr. Cosimati came in with a Signor Miraglia, whom he represented as a cousin of his, and as desirous of forming Miss Vernieri's acquaintance. The visit seemed one of pure courtesy. The young lady chatted pleasantly enough on current topics with the newcomer till he took his leave, and she thought no more about him. Forty-eight hours afterward, the doctor proposed a drive into the country, at which the ladies were delighted, and all three were soon in a carriage bowling along the Via del Camp.

Miss Vernieri asked many questions as to the palazzo and villas they passed, till they approached a grand edifice whose magnificent site awoke her admiration. Whose was it? The doctor, as if suddenly struck by an idea, ordered the driver to stop. "Here," he said, "is precisely what you want, a country residence till the close of November. This palace is divided into suites of apartments. Come in and let us see how you like them." They alighted and entered, and the doctor asked for Madame Flourens. An iron gate was then opened, admitting to a courtyard, from which they mounted two flights of stairs, and then they were ushered into a drawing-room where they were politely received by that lady. Dr. Cosimati then intimated that Miss Vernieri wished to take apartments for the summer in the palazzo, and would like to be shown through the various suites. Madame Flourens was only too delighted, and offered her arm to the young lady, who mechanically took it. Then the mother said, languidly: "You can go alone, my dear, and make your choice, which is sure to satisfy me. I am tired, and will wait here with the doctor till you come back." Madame Flourens and Miss Vernieri then moved off, and the moment the door closed behind them the mother and doctor slipped stealthily through a private passage, gained the staircase, and were soon in the courtyard. Meanwhile Miss Vernieri was making the tour of the apartments, and it was not long before Miss Vernieri learned that she had been left in an asylum for lunatics.

After her discovery, Miss Vernieri asked Madame Flourens, the lady superintendent, how she could have consented to become an instrument in such a base conspiracy. The lady smiled sadly.

"Figlia mia! were I to believe all those who say they have been brought here as the victims of a conspiracy, I should have few patients on my hands!"

"But," remonstrated Miss Vernieri, "what legal proof have you that I am a fit subject for an asylum?"

"The doctor who came here with you," replied Madame Flourens, "applied to me for the admission of a patient. I told him he must first have a certificate of the patient's madness, signed by the director of the establishment, who is the first alienist in Naples, Dr. Miraglia."

"Ah," broke in Miss Vernieri, to whom this name was a revelation, "the perfidious plotters! That cousin of his, whom Dr. Cosimati presented to me, was Dr. Miraglia, then? But how could the doctor certify my lunacy? I talk rationally enough. Oh! the monsters!"

"Figlia mia!" beheld my justification, and Madame Flourens produced the certificate of the alienist, Dr. Miraglia, the director of the asylum.

Thereupon Miss Vernieri addressed herself to the task of devising her extrication from the Flourens asylum. Vigilantly watched, she yet succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to her lover, and he went straight to work to rescue her and bring her persecutors to justice.

He got the procurator of the king to send forthwith to the asylum an instructing judge and a notary. These gentlemen obtained immediate access to the young lady, and examined her, with the most painstaking minuteness, putting questions of every kind, laying traps for her, and taking down her answers. She came out of the ordeal triumphantly, and the result was the immediate order for her release, and criminal proceedings were at once taken against Dr. Cosimati, the widow Vernieri, and Dr. Miraglia. No sooner set at liberty, than Miss Vernieri fled to the aunt at whose house she had met her fiancé. Their marriage took place immediately.

Meanwhile the conspirators, whose object it had been to prevent the marriage, and to invalidate Miss Vernieri's right to the control of her fortune by making her out mad, were put upon their trial at Salerno. They had already taken legal steps to complete their nefarious design, when the young lady's release upset everything, and turned them from appellants into defendants. The section of accusation (as the Italian phrase goes) acquitted the mother as the dupe of Cosimati. Miraglia was admitted to have acted with bona fides, and he, too, was declared guiltless before the law. The doctor was fully convicted. The public minister demanded, as his sentence, three years' imprisonment—a year for each day during which his victim was immured in the asylum, and that sentence was pronounced by the judges. Dr. Cosimati appealed, and the term of imprisonment was reduced to one year. Not content with this remission of the sentence, the doctor—always, be it remarked, enjoying provisional liberty, that is, not imprisoned at all—applied to the court of cassation; but his plea was rejected. Then he solicited the king's mercy; but Signor Vigniani, late minister of justice, refused him that also. The eighteenth of March came, and with it, the left to march. The appeal to the king's mercy was renewed, and his majesty was advised to grant it. Sentence was commuted to internment in a prescribed locality from May to November.

## Fun that Ended in Death.

The persistency of Jennie Bonnett, of San Francisco, in wearing male attire, after making her whim for several years a diversion for herself and her acquaintances, has ended in her dreadful death. She was born in Paris, twenty-seven years ago, and her father and mother were actors. The family went to San Francisco in 1852, and Mr. Bonnett, being able to speak English with sufficient accuracy, was employed during the next dozen years or so in the poorer theaters. After that he was employed in a mercantile establishment. Jennie grew up about as she would, and her ways were wild. One of her fancies was the wearing of male attire, and she wore her hair short to assist in the disguise. A companion of hers was Blanche Buneau, and a few days ago they were out for a ride, and something occurring to prevent their return to the city they stopped at a hotel, the landlord of whom knew Jennie and her whims. Blanche knew an accepted lover, William Deneve, whom she was engaged to marry. He was a Frenchman, and extremely jealous. Once he saw her with Jennie, who was unknown to him, and whom he regarded as an interloping young man, Deneve at that time upbraided Blanche, but she did not undecieve him as to Jennie's identity. It is believed that he saw or in some way learned of her departure from the city, and was furiously excited by her apparent fickleness. He followed them, and watched their movements until the terrible end of the adventure.

The room in which Jennie and Blanche were to sleep was in the first story, adjoining a balcony. They retired late. Blanche got into bed first, and Jennie was preparing to do so. Suddenly, without previous warning, there was a gunshot and a report at the window, and a heavy charge of buckshot entered Jennie's side, killing her instantly. Blanche ran screaming to the door, arousing the household with her cries. The frightened landlord hesitated to go to the balcony, and before he braced his courage sufficiently to make a search the murderer had escaped. A jury gave a verdict against Deneve.

## A Curious Apple Tree

There is growing in Pochuck, N. J., an apple tree which bears both sweet and sour apples. Not only this, but sweet and sour apples grow on the same limbs, and some of the apples are both sweet and sour. One can pick an apple and find it intensely sour, then pick another from next to it and find it exceedingly sweet; still another can be picked from the same limb and it will be both sweet and sour—one half sweet, the other sour. Over a quarter of a century ago, one William Babb, now deceased, in experimenting, took a bud from an apple tree which bore greenings and another from a tree which bore sweet apples. Cutting them in half, he placed the sour and sweet halves together, and, budding them to the tree, the above has been the result. Some of the apples are entirely green in color, while others have a yellowish cast.

Good farming—"Sambo, is you master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, first-rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sells all his hay in the fall, and makes money once; then in the spring he sells the hides of the cattle that die for want of the hay, and makes money twice."

## Eccentricities of Genius.

A Cork manager tells how he engaged Geo. Francis Train to spout in his theater. After the engagement had been duly heralded, the opening night came. Says the manager:

The night came! The street was blocked with people. The house was full to overflowing, and I was informed by the call boy that, although it was ten minutes to eight, and the music had been "rung in," Mr. Train had not put in an appearance.

Here was a dilemma! I knew the man too well to hope. I hastened to a hotel, and found him seated, slippers and gown, reading a paper. "Mr. Train," I cried, "do you know what time it is? The theater is jammed with people, and the music is already."

"Never get excited," interrupted he; "take things quietly." I have decided not to speak to-night."

The coolness of his reply angered me, and I said:

"You shall go to the theater if I carry you there." I then rushed around the corner to the theater, and ordered the brass band from the balcony to the hotel at once.

"There's one condition," said Train, meeting me at the door of his room, "upon which I will accompany you."

"There's no condition, sir," I angrily replied. "I have ordered the band here, and you must follow them, or prove your superiority in strength over mine."

Apparently in a delighted mood at the joke, he followed me to the hotel entrance, followed by the band playing "The Rognie's March." At eight o'clock precisely he walked upon the stage, leisurely removed a handsome light overcoat and a pair of gorgeous kids, and amid thunders of applause bowed to the immense assembly before him.

"Two years ago," said he, beginning in that oratorical manner as few, having once heard, can ever forget, "when I came here, you desired to crown me king of Ireland, but you made another stupid blunder! You placed a twenty-two inch crown upon me, when you knew my head measured twenty-four."

His discourse was one of his noted megalomaniacs, jumping, as the Cork Herald termed it, "from Halifax to Jerusalem, and returning by way of Hong Kong."

His voice was in perfect tune, and his wonderful gestures were carrying his hearers by storm, when a voice from the gallery sang out: "How about that case you have against the English government for damages, George?"

He rushed to the floats, and in a voice of thunder shouted:

"Twenty-four hours after I'm President of the United States, I'll collect that hundred thousand pounds, or I'll hang the British minister to a lamppost in front of the White House!"

The next minute I saw Mr. Train walked off the stage by two policemen, and only by the most strenuous effort did I get the house pacified and the speaker released.

## He Went and Married.

Joseph Hammerschmidt, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who recently spent seven hours at the bungalow of a cask of precious wine to prevent the escape of the liquor, was married. Hammerschmidt's custom has been, when a cask of wine arrived from Germany, to shut himself in his cellar with his favorite dog and a bunch of bologna sausage and cheese, and spend the day bottling the wine. On this bottling day he refused to allow any one to remain in the house except himself. His housekeeper spread his lunch in the cellar, put his dog there, too, and went away. When Hammerschmidt went below he found the dog was eating his lunch. He angrily took hold of the animal, tied one end of a rope to its neck and the other to the spigot of the cask, and raised a club to beat him. The dog jumped the full length of the rope, and took the spigot with him. The wine spurted out in a stream, and Hammerschmidt, dropping the club, ran to the bungalow, clapped his hand over it, and soon stopped the flow. He then began to cry for help, but as no one was in the house to heed him, the echoes of his voice died inside of the cellar. For seven hours he called for help, and held back the wine. At length, late in the afternoon, his cries were heard, and he was relieved when he was well nigh exhausted. The dog and the spigot were going around the cellar together out of the man's reach. Hammerschmidt made up his mind to run no more risks, and offered himself to a widow, who accepted him.

## A Born Trader.

The Chinaman is such a born trader that he has been known to attempt to take the advantage of the missionary who sells him portions of the Bible. A reporter writes from China: You offer Matthew for ten cash. A man buys and turns to go. No man should become a missionary to the Heathen Chinese who cannot count ten. You count, and find eight cash. You call after the man and repeat the price that you have repeated fifty times—mayhap it is all you can repeat. He looks dazed. You hand back the money with an emphatic "don't want!" With the air of a bankrupt he at length produces one more cash. You again kindly but firmly illustrate, on your fingers or otherwise, the theoretical distinction between nine and ten. He overwhelms you with violent demonstrations that he has not another cash in the world. You repeat. He repeats. At last, with a smile that is "childlike and bland," he calmly extracts the other cash from his ear, where it has been all the while, as everybody but you knew, takes his book and departs.

## Not All a Bed of Flowers.

Managers of theaters, says the Sun, in an article on the subject, tell me that it's rare event when a lady calls to ask an humble place, and when she does, it requires no over quick eye to detect the printed copy of Romeo and Juliet she carries in her hand half covered by her veil.

Injudicious friends and hired teachers inflame the little head with inordinate self-esteem, and ruin the girl before she makes her first step forward.

And if teachers cannot make an artist, still less can friends. Every year some woman is puffing in the press, heralded in "society," and swung about the circle of amateurdom as an artist and a genius. Occasionally a manager is hired to give her an opportunity, but usually her backers secure a matinee at a theater. The play is cast, the debutante in the leading part, of course. The house is packed with friends. The curtain rolls up. All is expectancy. On she comes; \$1,000 in flowers are thrown to her. The play proceeds. Dresses costing \$750 to \$1,600 are exhibited, act after act. The debutante is called before the curtain. A grand dinner follows—and that's all. Why? Because the cool-headed manager sees that bad reading, faulty elocution, awkward gestures, and inordinate conceit can be cured or eradicated only by long experience on the stage in minor parts by a patient, willing, ambitious member of a stock company, whereas the gorgeous creature who has dazzled her friends, believes herself above criticism, and far beyond the necessity of the stage training. That ends her.

Girls come here from the interior to study for the stage. It costs them:

For board per week..... \$8  
For washing, etc..... 2  
For three lessons..... 15  
For car fare and incidentals..... 8

Total..... \$38

Perhaps \$25 can be made to cover all expenses, but if so the pupil must live on wind pudding. After she has had three months' schooling, she begins to seek a position. The theaters are overstocked already. The streets are lined with real actors, who can get no employment. She goes to the manager's office day after day—her board still running on. After a few weeks' trial she seeks "influence"—and nine times in ten "influence" condemns her with the manager.

Let us suppose, however, that she succeeds. What does she get?

Mr. Daly told me that he was over-run with people who want to play for nothing. To some debutantes he pays \$7 a week, some \$10, and if they show merit, he gives toward the close of the season as high as \$15 a week.

But no Juliet, nary a Juliet, not a sign of a Constance—nothing but walkee on and walkee off for the sake of practice and familiarization with the stage.

On the whole, is it not a discouraging outlook for the sighing Romeos and the emotional Juliets? The best and greatest of them are restless, unhappy, and full of a thousand disappointments we know little of, and the inconspicuous lead lives of self-denial, privation, and physical discomfort.

## A Servant of the Sultan.

Signor Donisetti, a nephew of the famous composer and pianist to the late unfortunate sultan, Abdul Aziz, describes his experience thus: You are summoned at eight o'clock in the morning to play for three hours. You must be in full uniform; you wait for seven hours in a elegant gallery, where you are forbidden to sit down. From time to time they come to tell you what is occurring in his majesty's apartment. "His highness is going to arise." The moment you hear this you must prostrate yourself. "His highness is going to the bath." Again you prostrate yourself. "His highness is dressing." You prostrate yourself lower than ever. And so the intelligence continues, until you are wearied beyond endurance and the sultan is finally ready. Then an immense grand piano is brought in without its legs, for the floor of the gallery is a precious mosaic of the rarest woods, and must not bear the weight of a piano even. The immense instrument is laid on the backs of five wretched Turks, suitably placed on their hands and knees. "But," say you, "I cannot play on a five-Turk piano." Suppose you complain that the instrument is not level, they carefully put a cushion under the knees of the smallest Turk and tell you to proceed, without suspecting the sentiment of humanity that has occasioned the delay. The sultan appears, and, after all manner of prostrations, you ask for a chair. There is none; no one ever sits in the presence of the sultan. You protest you cannot play unless you sit, and the sultan finally orders a chair to be produced. You play for an hour or so, and after the sultan has watched the effect on his followers until he is weary, he rudely thrusts you aside and takes your place. The eunuchs and the rest awake and applaud his discords with rapturous exclamations, and after he has amused himself thus until he is satisfied of the superiority of his music over yours, you are dismissed.

A PLAGUE STRICKEN CITY.—Savannah suffers from yellow fever as if it were the plague. A member of a relief association thus describes their work: We are feeding 15,000 persons and nursing about 7,000. The supplies of provisions and money sent us have enabled us to meet immediate wants, but we shall need all the aid you can give us until frost comes, to keep people from absolutely rotting in their houses or on the streets.