MOONSHINE.

BY G. L. RAYMOND.

The hills rang back our parting jest:
The dear, dear day was over:
The sun was low beyond the west:
We walked home through the clover.
Our words were gay; but thought astray
The parting kept regretting.—
"The old, old way," it seemed to say,
"The suns are always setting!"
Then gazing back with longing soon,
As once my step grew bolder,
For, bright and new, I spied the moon,
Just over my right shoulder.

turned about, and bade her look:
We were not superstitious:
We joked about that shining hook,
Bright bait, and skies suspicious.
We joked: but oh! I thought with woe,
The bright bait lures me only,
And like the rest is doomed to go,
And leave life dark and lonely.
"Past yon horizon, earth is strewn
With broken moons," I told her;
"Each bore a bright hope too, each moon,
When over my right shoulder."

"Alas! to trust in each new light
A man were moonstruck surely,
A lunatic!" We laughed outright,
And then walked on demurely.
But soon I spied, my moon beside,
The old round out the new one!
I thought, "Would hope fulfilled abide,
Spite every change, a true one?
What would she say?"—I asked her soon,
And took her hand to hold her:
"Ah, love!" she sighed, "to-night the moon
Is over my right shoulder."

—*From Old and New for May.*

MY EARTHLY LOVE.

No dim and dreamy ghost I sing,
Nor phantom floating in the air;
To one who treads the solid earth,
I send alike my song and prayer.
To perfect matter strong and sweet,
The face and form of her I love;
The matchless speech and subtile breath,
An eyelid trembling like a dove,—
A dove within an earthly nest,
Who hears the coming of her mate,
Or feels his kiss upon her breast,
And chides him that he comes so late.

The matchless joy of sense I sing!—
The earthly joy of here and now:
Before no fading ghost I kneel—
Before no distant future bow.
Go, little song, and seek the lips
Of her who waits thee with a kiss;
And tell her, only in her arms
Thy poet-master dreams of bliss.
No angel seen by prophet eye,
Nor shaped by art with peerless grace,
With feet that tread the azure sky,
And roam the boundless field of space,
Is half so true or sweetly fair
As one who walks with me apart:
I lose me in her shining hair,—
She is the goddess of my heart.

O Death so like a stormy cloud
Within a gentle summer sky,
Thou lonely phantom sad to see,
I will not fear thee though I die!
Go, little song, to her I love,
And tell her Death is in the air;
It is his shadow on the world
That makes the present moment fair.
We have one hour of life and love
And ages filled with silent sleep—
There is no time for faith to pray,
Nor time for sullen grief to weep,
Go, tell her if we love not now,
The life we live is only death
And dust that have no joy in time,
And only feed on bitter breath.

—*From the Aldine for May.*

ELSWITHA.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

Elswitha knitteth the stocking blue,
In the flickering firelight's glow;
Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
And it glints on the shining needle too,
And flushes her cap of snow.

II.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
As busy her fingers ply;
And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
For the world seems now as it used to seem,
And the things far off are nigh!

III.

The things far off in the lapse of years,
Dead faces and loves outgrown;
Oh, many a form at her side appears,
And many a voice in her soul she hears,
And many a long hushed tone.

IV.

For Memory walks through her halls to-night,
A torch in her lifted hand;
And lo! at the sound of her footsteps light,
They shake them free from the dust and blight,
And trooping around her stand.

V.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
With the sunlight sifted through,
And foreheads white as the hawthorn's crown,
And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
Ay, fresher in scent and hue!

VI.

They come from aisles of the buried past,
From the faded long ago,
From sepulchres old and dim and vast,
They come, with their grave-clothes from them cast,
To stand in the firelight glow.

VII.

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow—
Elswitha is young and fair,
Gone are the furrows and tear-stains now,
Gone are the wrinkles from hand and brow,
The silver from shining hair.

VIII.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight,
(And heavy the years had grown)
For Love hath entered the lists with Fate,
And Memory needeth not name nor date,
For Memory knoweth her own!

IX.

"Now haste thee, Dame, for the fire is low,
And the good man waits his tea;"
Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
But Elswitha smileth—her dream to know,
NOT A DREAM—BUT A PROPHECY.

St. John, N. B.

—*From the Maritime Monthly.*

Cremationisms.

A family of original cremationists—Burn'ems.

Quiz believes in cremation, for the benefit of the soap trade. He knows lots of people whose ashes would make splendid lye.

If cremation is undertaken to any considerable extent, it's rather curious to reflect that its principal opponents will be the undertakers.

The Pittsburg *Commercial* objects to cremation. "We have to earn our living," says that journal, "and we don't want to be compelled to urn our dead."

One of the arguments against cremation is that, in cases of suspected poisoning, it will be impossible to detect the presence of poison by chemical analysis.

The Chicago *Times* remarks that if the servant girl of the period wishes to cremate with trifling expense to herself, she should continue the use of kerosene as a kindler.

If the cremationists want to do the whole practical thing, let them resolve that after they have been cremated their ashes shall be sold for tooth powder.

The West Chester (Pa.) *News* takes a practical view of the cremation question. It says: With some people cremation is only a question of time. If it don't come in this world, it is sure to come in the next.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Nevada has authorized a lottery for the benefit of a Lunatic Asylum. Very appropriate.

Thirty thousand maple trees have been tapped in Bethel, Me., during the last few weeks.

A New Orleans woman, simply by shooting at her milliner, got her bill reduced from $100 to $90.

"The Roving Wild Cats of Tiger Valley" is the impressive name of a military company in Nebraska.

Imbibing the blood of newly-slain oxen is becoming quite a common treatment for consumptive patients in Massachusetts.

The experiment of cultivating the almond-tree in California has caused some wretch to say that it will be nuts to those who succeed.

The San Francisco sea captain who traded the ship's Bible for 13 plugs of tobacco is spoken of very severely by the religious press of that city.

The Portland (Me.) Mercantile Library Association has judiciously voted to admit ladies to full membership upon the same terms with gentlemen.

The burglars who lately explored the vault of the Piper City (Ill.) Bank ruined $10 worth of tools, burned $2 worth of powder, and got $4.20 in currency.

Mrs. Mary C. Lathrop is another rising pulpit star in the Methodist Episcopal church. She recently preached to a large audience in Baltimore, Md.

The long and often searched for old Mexican silver mines in Texas have just been discovered, and men are engaged in reopening the old shaft.

Here is the obituary notice of an office-holder in Iowa: "Harvey Jackson, County Treasurer, is dead. He was lenient with the widow, and his books always balanced."

A bedquilt containing 10,922 pieces has just been achieved by Mrs. Abner Coe of Island Pond, Vt.; and the lady would like to hear of a more numerous quilt than that.

A man in Vermont who is worth his thousands is now spoken of severely by his neighbors for charging $1 for going after the doctor for his son, who was not expected to live till morning.

It seems that puppy-love is not limited to any locality. Away out in Iowa, a girl of 14 brings suit against a boy of 16 for breach of promise. A clear case of Little Breeches, that!

Of their local crusaders the Leavenworth *Times* feelingly paraphrases:—"They drink not neither do they sin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these."

"Tweedism" they call it, and the hero this time is a black man—J. L. Humbert—Treasurer of Orangeburg, S. C. He Tweeded the county out of $30,000, and, like the "Boss," is in jail.

Six pigeons and seven chickens were the net result of a raid made by John Helnes on the widow Sturenfeld's dovecot in New York, the other night. And now the fowl fiend languishes in jail for lack of $1,000 bail.

It was a brilliant Fond du Lac boy who, seeing a dog with a muzzle on for the first time, exclaimed: "Mamma, mamma, I bet five cents the dogs are going to wear hoopskirts; there goes a dog with one on his nose."

Her name was Belle Bliss. Let us hope that the name has proved prophetic. She lived at Lincoln, R. I., until Monday, when her brother pointed a gun at her, pulled the trigger, and—well, he didn't think it was loaded.

A man in the Philadelphia insane asylum imagines himself a woman. He dresses in female attire and parts his hair in the middle. During the day he associates with the females and does sewing and embroidery of the finest kind.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that first-class carpenters in that city, who were employed a year ago at $3 per day, are now glad to get $1.50 per day, and that this decline in the cost of labor runs through the whole scale of employment.

If three moves are as bad as a fire, a man in Brighton, Me., must be proof even against cremation; for he has moved 107 times during thirty years of married life. Manifestly, he has been much on the move. He ought to try the movement cure.

Ah-Kow's way of thieving in San Francisco is to wear a broad brimmed hat when he steals, and change it for a small cap when he gets around the corner. Then he walks off with blank innocence of face which is impossible to anybody but a Chinaman.

How flat a fellow must feel who attempts suicide and makes a fizzle of it. Think of a man putting a pistol to his forehead, blowing away both eyes and a good share of his upper story, and yet coming short of killing himself. But that's just what a German did in New York the other night.

The Superintendent of the Wisconsin Blind Asylum, who has been on a visit to Europe, says that careful inquiry in British institutions proves that the number of the blind who became self-supporting is very small. A gentleman, himself blind, is of the opinion that not more than five per cent. of the graduates of English institutions can live by the practice of anything learned therein. Scotch institutions give the same percentage. The fifty-six pupils of the Wisconsin Asylum, some of whom have been there for several years, earned only $603.41 last year.

The *Leader* newspaper of Dexter, Mich., condemns the attacks of the Detroit *Free Press* upon Senator Chandler's drunken habits. "To charge Mr. Chandler with having been drunk," says the *Leader*, "would only give him a stronger hold upon the affections of the masses." No doubt there is reason for this view of the case. The Democrats made Gen. Pierce President, although he was known to be a hard drinker; and the greatest leaders of the Temperance party supported Gen. Grant for re-election, although it was notorious that every two or three months he has a drunken spree. The practice of drunkenness is injurious to the health and the mind of its victim; but to a politician it works no diminution of popularity. Why does not the gentleman who is accused of libelling Chandler set up in his answer that it does a statesman no harm in public estimation to report that he is a drunkard?—*N. Y. Sun.*

Twelve street cars for Bombay have just been finished in Troy.

Australia, which produces black swans, is now yielding white coal, which burns readily and brilliantly.

Prince Arthur is to be dubbed Duke of Dublin, for the purpose, doubtless, of doublin' his pocket money.

Mrs. Arnott, the widow of the late Dr. Neill Arnott, has offered to give $5,000 for the purpose of promoting the study of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

The Countess Della Torre, descendent of an old Florentine family and widow of a distinguished diplomat, has been sentenced in Paris to a year's imprisonment and a fine, for common swindling.

The Western papers claim Nebuchadnezzar as the father of the Grangers. This is hardly so. Adam cultivated Eden, and Eve early went into the apple business as a patron of husbandry.

It is said that the largest Baptist church in the world is Mr. Spurgeon's, which returns a membership of 4,366. The second largest church is the old First African, in Richmond, Va.

An original and novel idea of the Anchor line is to give a series of concerts on board their vessels while in port. This has been done recently in New York. Scammell Bros., where's your band?

The ladies continue to encroach upon styles once considered exclusively masculine. Walking coats, vests, jackets, etc., are more popular than ever, and it is strongly hinted that the ladies pant for the nether garment also.

Mr. William Webb, of London, so belittles great things that he offers to put the whole of the Bible, 3,566,480 letters, on a surface of one-eighth of a square inch. He can put the Lord's Prayer into invisible space by the same process.

The Marquis of Westminster, whom Mr. Gladstone made a Duke, is the richest man in England. He is so immensely rich that on one occasion he let a train go off without him because a newsboy could not make change for a three-penny piece.

Alice Mason Sumner, the divorced wife of the late lamented Senator, has filed a petition in the Probate Court, asking that her name may be changed to that of Alice Mason, for the reason that "she has been divorced from her late husband, who has since deceased, and desires to resume her maiden name."

"Dear little tootsy-pootsy! Such a sweet darling," observed a gentleman who dropped in after breakfast to dandle Mr. Marrowfat's latest born on his knee. "Such a boo'ful pootsy tootsy so it is!" Then he looked up with a surprised expression on his face, passed the precious pootsy-tootsy to the nurse, and left without saying a word.

A newspaper announcement is made, over the signature of a number of college graduates, to the effect that "the Allumni of Columbia College will hold a dinner at Delmonico's on Wednesday evening." Now, we like that; for what could be better than the word "hold," even if it does come short of elegance.

Here is a chance for persons who stutter. There is to be a Welsh gathering at Blossburg, Pa., next Fourth of July—in Elsteddfod Gadeiriol, so to speak, and whoever best recites that lovely ode, "Dynystr Chicago gan (ap Tegid) i ymd dangos yn y Faner," will win a prize of three dollars.

A German saloon keeper in Millersburg says: "Ven I goes to mine bet I sleeps not goot. I dreams in mine head dat I hears dem vemens brayin' and singing in mine ears dot Jesus loves me. Dot bothers me so I got right straight up and valk on de floor and take anudder glass of beer."

Blowers always come to grief. A little girl, about seven years old, daughter of Nathan Stout, a farmer living seven miles north of Sydney, O., was instantly killed on Saturday night, while blowing in the muzzle of a gun in the hands of a brother, supposing it not to be loaded. The gun had not been used for four years.

The galleries of the Commons are deserted, the debates are uninteresting, and politics very quiet. No moves of any moment even rumored, except that an attempt is being made to incapacitate the members who are to bring up the New Brunswick School Act question from doing anything with it while this session lasts.—*Ottawa Letter.*

Somebody tells a rather amusing conversation of three men which he heard on one of the New York ferryboats just after Sumner's death. One inquired why the flags were at half-mast; one of his companions didn't know; the third, however, said, "Sumner's dead." "But who is he?" asked the first two. "Oh!" replied the other, "he was a rich man; I believe he was a rich editor!"

The Detroit *Free Press* relates the following curious coincidence: "I dreamed the other night," said Bijah, as he helped his honor into his overcoat, "that I asked to borrow fifty cents of you, and you handed it out." "Curious coincidence," replied his honor, as he buttoned his coat; "I had the same dream, except that I told you I would see you hanged first."

Samuel W. Hildreth, who killed Oliver A. Doland, a fellow inmate of the Westford, Mass., poor house last December, by first striking him with a chair and then cutting his throat with a razor, has pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree. Judge Devens sentenced him to imprisonment for life. Doland was 72 years old and Hildreth is over 79, and too badly paralyzed to walk.

Without discussing the merits or demerits of the case otherwise, isn't it a travesty on the administration of justice that a man can be accused of grand larceny and indicted for that crime, and then kept in the tombs nearly a year, only to be finally discharged without trial, and on the simple ground that there was not sufficient evidence to sustain the charge? An instance of this sort of thing has occurred in New York.

Englishmen are in high spirits over the wondrous change that seems to have come over the Queen. Ordinarily very solemn, not to say severe, she seems of late to have recovered her former elasticity of spirits, and at the Windsor review, as on one or two other recent occasions, was smiling and bowing in the most affable manner. Some say that this change has been occasioned by the Duchess of Edinburgh, who, besides being bright and lively, has no fear of her stately mother-in-law.

Mr. Rowcliffe, the Chartist butcher, who was once the opponent of Lord Palmerston at Romsey, England, recently died, at the age of seventy-one.

A little girl asked her sister what was chaos that her papa read about. The elder replied, "It was a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in."

A Waterbury boy urged as a reason for being late at school that the boy in the next house was going to have a dressing down with a bed-cord, and he wanted to hear him howl.

Teacher to little boy—Well, my boy, do you know your tables? Pupil—Yes, ma'am. Breakfast table, dinner table and supper table. The boy goes to the head of the holiday class.

"So you are taking lessons in drawing, Sallie?" "Yes, and the teacher says I am an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, admirers and allowance than any girl in the academy."

Ferdinand I., the ex-Emperor of Austria, is now eighty-one years old. Some members of the Imperial family stay at Prague, where he resides, in almost daily expectation of his death.

Two lady students at Girton College, Cambridge, England, have given evidence that their attainments would entitle them to first class standing were they not disbarred from the regular examinations of the college.

In a report on the enamels employed to coat the interior of cast-iron cooking utensils, M. Poggiale states that many of these enamels contain lead, and dilute acids at the boiling point of water extract the lead in a majority of cases.

The Countess de Civry, who was lately convicted in London of obtaining goods on false pretences, has been pardoned by the Queen. The London tradesmen are greatly exercised in mind by the matter, as they consider the Countess of account as a swindler.

An extension of the Edinburgh University buildings is contemplated, at an estimated cost of £100,000. Half of this sum has already been collected, and an appeal to the public is about to be made, which, with an expected government grant, will, it is believed, make up the desired sum.

Mr. Welford writes in the *Bookbuyer*:—"Bibliomania seems dying out as a pursuit, for want of the material to gratify it, and the multiplicity of permanent libraries every year renders the quantity of books within reach of ordinary buyers less and less. Engravings rise in the same proportion."

The name of M. Ballue, a radical editor in Lyons, France, has been erased from the register of the Legion of Honor. His "advanced" opinions are the cause of this expurgation. M. Ballue was formerly an officer in the army, and was decorated for bravery in the Crimea and Mexico.

During the last twenty-five years Belgium has almost entirely relinquished the infliction of capital punishment, and now it is officially stated that "The commission of grave crimes is everywhere diminishing in Belgium, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that for nearly ten years no execution has taken place in the country."

The newest thing in glove boxes is a miniature trunk, divided into compartments for morning, afternoon, and evening gloves. It is of Russia leather, bound with fire-gilt, and will do in country houses for a mantle ornament. Empty, the boxes cost fifty dollars; filled, the whole affair will demoralize a hundred dollar bill!

Madison Avenue is now called "Lovers' lane," because all the engaged and newly-married couples are prone to meander there of an afternoon. The amount of out-door spooning done between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets on this thoroughfare is simply disgusting.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Toledo, Ohio, has a very sharp and shrewd business man who buys car tickets for four dollars per hundred, and sits in the corner nearest the box where the fare is put, and obligingly places the five cent nickles of the passengers in his pocket and one of his tickets in the box, thereby making a clear profit of one cent each.

An awful warning against pew-slumbers is afforded by the case of the lady who lately slept in her pew in Pottsville, Penn., so soundly that she didn't go out with the rest after the benediction. During the night able-bodied howls were heard proceeding from the temple. The old lady had waked up then and no mistake.

Four years ago John Larch of Alabama disappeared from home, leaving the following note on the river's brink: "Farewell, Susan! you have driven me to the grave!" by which he meant that he was going to Cincinnati to live with another young woman. All of which being proved, John now resides in a place much drier than the river.

The Bey of Tunis recently bought the dwelling of the Christian Brothers, who are conducting schools in Tunis, and presented it to them. The house has been occupied for sixteen years by the Brothers. It belonged to a wealthy Jew, who had generously refused to take any rent. He died a short time ago, however, and his heirs pressed upon the Brothers for rent for the past years as well as for the current one. The Bey's kind action has relieved them of all the trouble.

A new way of proposing marriage is reported, and we give the facts for the benefit of those interested. A gentleman attended a fair held in New York city recently and fell in love (as gentlemen sometimes do) with a *demoiselle* in the floral temple. He bought a ten-dollar basket of flowers, and handing her a fifty-dollar bill, said: "If you don't give me the exact change I'll marry you." The blushing maiden handed him back thirty dollars (she was probably confused) and he remarked: "I thought so!" Cards will be out early next week!

The Portland (Me.) *Press* says that five years ago a gentleman in that city scratched his name on a nickel coin and sent it on its travels. Eighteen months after this piece came into the possession of a Lowell acquaintance, who marked his name upon it. Two years later it turned up in Pennsylvania, and came into the hands of a former chum of the Portlander. Recognizing the name, he inscribed his also on the coin. One day recently the man who started this piece of money on its travels was making a purchase in a Lowell store when the identical nickel which left his pocket five years before was handed to him in change.

"Telling an unveracity," is a new and elegant phrase.

A matter of fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base ball that can be caught on a fly.

She tied the halter to her wrist, and led the cow to water; the brute took fright and gave a twist—"My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

One hundred and twenty newspapers and periodicals have been suppressed in France since MacMahon became President.

There is nothing like having a genteel gospel. An Episcopal journal has published an article on "the Etiquette of the Lord's Table."

If castor-oil is mixed with glycerine and a few drops of oil of cinnamon added, the taste of the castor-oil can scarcely be recognized.

Young wife—"George, dear, you have taken a single ticket for mamma, have you not?" "Of course, my dear, who ever heard of taking a return ticket for a mother-in-law?"

The *Garden* relates that cuttings have been taken from England to Victoria, and worked with success nine months after they were separated from the parent plant.

Silks are by some manufacturers treated with a solution of acetate of lead to increase their weight, and poisonous properties are thus at times imparted to the tissue in question.

Miss Hock, of Brooklyn, sues John Bower for breach of promise. John was tipsy when he made the contract, and didn't know whether she was (hic!) Hac or Hock.

There are now in the course of construction or contracted for in East Boston nine ships and barks and about ten three-masted schooners, all to be completed before November.

At Galway, N. Y., the other day, Mr. Edward Vines, aged 65 was married to Miss Della Shehan, aged 15. It must be a pleasing thing to Mr. Vines that when he comes to die of old age he will leave a widow nearly old enough to marry.

Rattan-made furniture is rapidly superseding that made wholly of wood. For chairs, lounges and settees it is in great favor, especially in watering places, as it is much lighter and healthier than other kinds.

Landlady—(fiercely)—You mustn't occupy that bed with your boots on. Boarder—Never mind, they're an old pair. I guess the bed bugs can't hurt 'em. I'll risk it anyhow.

Lord Charles Russell, the Sergeant-at Arms of the British House of Commons, decides that the London newspapers may each send a leader-writer to the gallery, but no correspondent will be allowed in that part of the House.

Queen Victoria will be formally invited by the corporation of the city of London to participate in the entertainment to be given by the city to the Czar, and it is possible that the Queen will take this opportunity to emerge from her long seclusion.

Waltz, the Albany murderer, will get a good deal of sympathy when he ascends the scaffold next week. He confesses to having killed an organ grinder. Who knows that he didn't provoke vengeance by playing "Old Dog Tray" right under Waltz's windows?

A country lad, 11 years old, lately visited Dubuque, bringing with him the scalps of nine timber wolves—a mother and eight young ones—all slain by his juvenile but potent hand. He received $45 bounty from the county, and went home rich and happy.

There is a negro in Detroit who pretends to know where the British buried a large amount of gold in 1813. He gets treated to whiskey and boarded by enterprising persons on the strength of his secret, but thus far he has failed to designate the much desired spot.

The Board of Education of St. Paul has engaged a certain Prof. Fanning to "teach etiquette" in the public school; whereupon a "School Boy" suggests in *The Pioneer* that somebody should be employed to teach the same mystery to the Board of Education.

The secret of the Massachusetts disgust for liquor sellers is out. The compound sold there is worse than Jersey lightning. It is flavored with onions, tobacco, raisins, and, most harmless of all, water. No wonder that legislators who have been imposed upon by this sort of stuff want it prohibited.

Judge Madill, of St. Louis, is putting the lawyers who practise in his court under discipline. In one day he fined six of them five dollars each for violating the rules of pleading. One lawyer had his case dismissed because he wrote such an illegible hand that the Judge could not read it.

Templeton, of New York, who was so devoted a husband as to tend baby and sew on his wife's shoe buttons, not to mention the slight diversion of trying to make himself a widower with the help of a pistol, has been sent to State Prison for seven and a half years. Thus "affection runs to waste or waters but the desert," as Byron puts it.

An ex-trustee of the city of Sacramento, Cal., was substantially charged with malfeasance in the published report of the recent Grand Jury, and at once began a suit for libel against the several citizens of whom the jury had been composed. The verdict on the trial was for the defendants. Suing a jury for libel is a decidedly novel proceeding.

Political murders are the latest features in the criminal calendar. A policeman was shot in New York on Saturday night by a private watchman with whom he had a dispute, and about the same time a young man was killed in Norfolk, Va., in a street fight. The pistol is a very illogical argument in case of difference of opinion on politics or any other subject.

A Mississippi horse thief, on his trial, put in by his counsel a plea of insanity, whereupon the District Attorney argued that, if insane the fellow should be sent to Jackson to the Asylum; if he was a thief he should be sent there to the Penitentiary; but, if both a thief and a lunatic, he should still go to the same city to serve as a member of the State Legislature. Now, that was rough.

A lad in Detroit, kept in the house by a lame leg, has trained a rat to come forth at his whistle, stand on its hind feet, roll over, leap through a hoop, and execute other feats. This, however, is nothing to the training of the family cat. Though she is the inexorable foe of all the other rats, she will stretch herself out and permit the educated rat to jump over her. Twice a week the boy has an exhibition. Admission, five cents.

It is very nice to be a beggar and live in Rome. There they have kitchens for the poor all the year round, and the lovely, elegant and gifted woman, Princess Marie Hohenlohe, is at the head of them. The Princess goes every morning to the great hall with her aids. She ties a broad apron around her waist, and for two hours ladles out good broth, cuts portions of healthy meat and slices of bread. She tastes of the food and knows that it is good.

The peculiar management of the French line of steamers has given rise to the suggestion that a Salvage Company be organized with capital sufficient to put afloat a fleet of steamers to follow the regular steamships of the French line and bring them into port after the officers and crew and passengers have been transferred in mid-ocean. Another suggestion is that the advertisements of the line be changed to read, "Through from New York to Brest with only one change."

High duties have proved an obstacle to trade in China, and the merchants of the Celestial Kingdom have had such an unfortunate season that some sixty-two of them have failed, with liabilities amounting to 2,000,000 taels, or $3,000,000. This is very hard for the shrewd Chinamen, and so they ask for relief through the Pekin *Gazette*. The Celestial Board of Trade may listen to the prayers of the merchants, if the comprehension of the members can reach the case.

Out in Oregon they tried to crush the female crusaders by arresting and putting them in jail. But stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage; and the ladies wouldn't buy freedom with a compromise. So there was a trial, and as nothing disorderly was proved, the court decided that it was everybody's constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of his or her conscience, and the ladies were let go, and now the Portland saloon keepers are at their mercy.

Chewing tobacco is like dress and vegetables, in that it has its vicissitudes. The prevailing brand now is "Charm of the West," it being a moist, fresh, pure and finely flavored tobacco; and if one is to be addicted to the weed this is the boss weed to hitch to. There is a striking improvement in the manufacture of tobacco in the past twenty-five years, and the boys of to-day can have no idea of the hardship it was to learn to chew a quarter of a century ago. How grateful the boys of to-day should be for their advantages.—*Danbury News.*

A Pond in Louisdale, R. I., has a floating island like those found in Georgia lakes. It is a quarter of an acre in extent, and, to put it nautically, draws six feet of water. It has been accumulating for twenty years, and its soul is so solid that it maintains a thick growth of trees twenty-five feet high. Pic nics are held on this island, and romantic lovers go there. The wind blows it from point to point in the pond, sometimes moving it with considerable velocity. In the neighborhood it is the subject of many superstitions, one of them being that sweethearts who vow fidelity upon it will never be faithless.

The County Court.

April 28.

The County Court opened at 11 o'clock this forenoon. The following answered to their names as Grand Jurors and were duly sworn: Thos. Dale, *Foreman*, John Chaloner, James Duffy, Peter Cormack, Robt. Culbert, E. J. Everitt, Robert Hunter, T. C. Earle, Alex. Duff, Robert Thompson, John Mullin, William Emery, Edward Moore, W. C. Gibson, Thomas Likely, W. H. Smith, W. W. McFetters, Solomon Allingham. His Honor Judge Watters made a few remarks, calling the attention of the Grand Jury to the criminal cases before the Court. There were four of them: First, the Queen vs. Brown, charged with committing an assault with intent to do greivous bodily harm. It was for the jury to consider the circumstances attending the assault, the instrument used, and the degree of violence, as well as the parts of the body that were wounded. This offence was formerly one of the highest in the criminal code, ranking next to homicide, but now it has been reduced so that it is merely a misdemeanor. The next case was the Queen vs. Euphemia H. Brown, who is charged with concealing the body of a dead child, in order to hide its birth. The law provides that any person who conceals a birth, whether the mother or not, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and if they found that the woman had hid the body with a view to conceal the birth they must bring in a bill against her.

The next case was one of larceny. A man is charged with breaking and entering a building, and stealing therefrom certain property. The case was one in which they required no direction.

The last case is that of Thomas Hunter, charged with perjury in the Town of Portland on election day.

The jury retired and the witnesses in the several cases were sent before them. The following is the docket entered before the court:

CRIMINAL.

The Queen vs. Isaiah Brown.
" " Euphemia Brown.
" " Wm. Flemming.
" " Thomas Hunter.

REMANET.

C. W. Wetmore vs. Mills—C. A. Stockton.

NEW DOCKET.

1. W. Alden Trueman vs. W. V. Wilbur et al—B. Moore.
2. Henry Osburn vs. George McAfee et al—S. R. Thomson.
3. Peter Graham—The same.
4. Abraham McMillan—The same.
5. Robert Ennis vs. Mary Power—C. Doherty.
6. T. C. Carle et al vs. John Keenan—A. W. Baird.
7. C. T. Voto vs. W. Quinsler—E. R. Gregory.
8. William Colwell vs. T. W. McLauchlan et al—Silas Alward.
9. Geo. N. Cliff vs. E. S. Godfrey—H.C. Macmonagle.
10. Mackenzie et al vs. McCluskey—J. Kerr.
11. Chris. Spencer vs. A. A. Lockery—Pugsley, Crawford & Pugsley.
12. Michael Dalton vs. Jeremiah Ells—the same.
13. John Jones et al vs. Charles Norman—Chas. Doherty.
14. F. T. C. Burpee vs. John Collins—Harrison & Burbidge.
15. L. H. Young vs. Henry W. Beckwith—C. A. Stockton.

George Blatch, Esq., filed the papers and certificates of Ernest Ronea Kersten, a native of Sweden, who has taken the oath of allegiance and asks for naturalization papers. The papers will remain until the last day of the Court, when Mr. Blatch will move that they be recorded under 31st Victoria chap. 66.

F. P. Robinson, Esq., moved that in the suit, Crowe & White vs. John Goddard, a rule absolute be entered for the defendant. It was opposed by Silas Alward, Esq., and the Judge reserved his decision until to-morrow.

In the cases Nos. 2, 3 and 4, S. R. Thomson, Esq., moved to strike out the notice of defence. These are cases in which the plaintiffs bring an action for trespass against the defendants, who are the trustees of schools for the Parish of Simonds. The trustees issued warrants and levied on the goods of the plaintiffs. They bring this action of trespass. Mr Thomson claimed that the notice of defence was insufficient; that said notice did not state who authorized the assessment; that there is no notice of an assessment; and that there was not one single defence. The mere fact that two of the defendants were trustees was not enough to warrant the same.

The Attorney General opposed the motion, and cited authority to show that the notice was sufficient and that the statutes gave him power to amend or add to such notice. He asked, therefore, the privilege of amending the notice.

Mr. Thomson again urged his point and said that the last session of the Legislature had passed an Act having this case in view.

Mr. King denied this.

Mr. Thomson said he knew what law meant when it was passed it he did not know how they make them.

Mr. King retorted that he tried to get his finger in the pie and learn how to make laws.

Mr. Thomson said he only wanted to get to the Legislature to watch others make laws.

Mr. King did not see why that, every time the Legislature was spoken of, so much bile came out of Mr. Thomson. It must have been because he tried so often to get there and failed. He would advise him to go through a course of medicine—purging medicine.

After some arguing the notices were withdrawn and the date of place changed so that the suit is brought under the new Act.

An information in Bastardy was read by the Clerk of the Peace, on complaint of Emma Sprague against John McAnealy. The defendant appeared and denied the charge. It was stated that the complainant had died in childbirth. The case will come up to-morrow.

The case of W. Alden Trueman vs. W. Wilber et al then came up. The court was largely attended by legal gentlemen, and a large number of citizens were present.

April 29.

In the case of the Queen vs. Isaiah Brown application was made by the counsel for the defence to have the hearing postponed until Friday the 8th day of May, which was allowed.

The case of the Queen vs. Thomas Hunter for perjury was then taken up. There were several witnesses for the prosecution. Mr. Stocken raised several points for the discharge of the prisoner, and then closed to the jury, after which Mr. Tuck, for the prosecutling officer, replied. His Honer, after carefully revising the evidence, said he thought there was not sufficient evidence to allow the case to go to the jury, the principal point being that the rigistry should have been produced. Hunter was discharged.

The charge of the Queen vs. Euphemia Brown, for the concealment of the birth of a child, was then taken up. W. H. Tuck, Q. C., for the Crown, and A. A. Stockton for the prisoner.

April 30.

The Queen vs. Euphemia R. Brown for concealing the birth of her child was finished yesterday afternoon. The evidence was the same as that taken before the Portland Police Magistrate. A. A. Stockton, Esq., appeared for the defence and called no witnesses. He made a very able appeal for his client, claiming that there had not been that concealment necessary to make the action of the young woman a misdemeanor. His Honor charged the jury that, if they considered the place of concealment one that would be selected supposing entire concealment was intended, they must bring in a verdict of guilty. If, on the other hand, they did not consider the place one that would be selected if there was a disposition on the woman's part to entirely hide the birth, they must acquit the prisoner. After a short absence the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

This morning the Queen vs. John Fleming for burglary was before the Court. The case for the Crown was conducted by W. H. Tuck, Esq., and the prisoner was defended by R. J. Ritchie, Esq. The prisoner was charged on two counts: first, burglary, and second, larceny. The evidence was a recapitulation of that given at the preliminary. He had worked for Mr. Foxwell and, the day before the robbery was committed, had been at the house, and Mr. Foxwell had promised him more work on the following Monday. It is alleged that during the night he went to the house, broke open the door, and stole a number of articles which were afterwards found in his possession. There was no evidence to prove that it was the prisoner who had burglariously entered the house, and the jury, after a few minutes absence, returned a verdict of larceny against the prisoner. In pronouncing sentence His Honor referred to the serious charge he had escaped. Had any person seen him around the house that night the highest count in the indictment could have been proved. There was do doubt in the minds of any one who heard the evidence but that he was guilty of burglary, the penalty for which was the penitentiary for life, but the legal proof was not sufficient to convict him. The man he had so basely robbed was his friend, and the very day of the robbery had engaged to provide work for him whereby he might earn an honest livelihood. To the crime of larceny he had added the sin of ingratitude, and the sentence of the court was the highest that could be imposed, viz: three years confinement in the penitentiary with hard labor.

J. M. Grover vs. E. G. Godfrey was the next case. It was an action on a promissory note and undefended. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of $100.53, the full amount claimed.

C. H. Wetmore vs. Charles Mills was the next case,—C. A. Stockton, Esq., for plaintiff and A. W. Baird, Esq., for defendant. The jury was empanneled, after which the Court adjourned at 1 o'clock.

Shipping Notes.

The Viking, McAulay, from Campana for Bahia, which put into Buenos Ayres Jan. 29, leaky, has since discharged, and the cargo has been forwarded by the Isabel, Argentine brigantine; the master of the Viking was, March 3, endeavoring to raise $3,000 in gold on bottomry.

The schr. Thetis, of this port, at Arichat, C. B., 23rd inst., from Philadelphia for Charlottetown, P. E. I., with locomotives and machinery, put into Lennox passage on Sunday last with loss of mainboom, mainsail and jib, having collided with ice off Canso. Her planks are stove and chafed, and she is leaking considerably. A survey recommends refitting here with sails, etc., and afterwards proceeding to Marine Slip for repairs to hull. John Johnston, a seaman on board, sustained serious injuries by being jammed against the rail, one of his hands being dreadfully lacerated. He has been placed under medical treatment.

PRINTED BY
GEO. W. DAY.
Book, Card and Job Printer
CHARLOTTE STREET.