

POOR DOCUMENT

A ROARING COMEDY.

It seems to be very funny indeed. The Americans are a fun-loving, mirthful people. We must have our little jokes. We must laugh, and the more solemn the occasion, the more necessary that we should indulge in the relaxation of laughter and merriment.

We have suffered so much from the death of President Garfield, that it is but natural the reaction from our measureless grief should set in. Oh, very natural indeed. We suffered in sympathy with the stricken martyr through all the long, hopeless summer of voiceless agony and patient endurance. The shattered bones and the festering track of the fatal bullet; the cruel knives of the anxious, perplexed surgeons; the burrowing puss; the burning fever; the chills like the hand of death; the longing cry from the homesick heart for the old home at Mentor; the weary nights of wakefulness; the long hot days; the pain that never slept, and the agony that never ceased; the long hungry look at the billowy sea, stretching away, wide and shoreless as eternity; the strong, good life, so full of hope and love and strength for God and man, stricken down in the hour of its innocence and honor by the hand of the vilest assassin that ever cursed the earth by living in its peace that only came with death; the hand pallid in the gloom of starless night from sea to sea; a sobbing world kneeling about an open coffin; nations beyond the seas calling out their sympathy to the stricken republic, and washing our tears away with their own—was ever sorrow like this? Was ever agony like his or grief like ours?

And now—you will kindly excuse the hilarity of a Washington audience, but it seems so funny, they cannot help it. It is the man who caused all this long day of agony and night of sorrow, who is on trial; that is all. Over there, just a little way, the shot was fired; just there, maybe you can see the stains on the floor yet, if you look closely—the president sank down, crying, "My God, what is this?" Over yonder, in the capitol, his dead body, worn and emaciated and drawn with suffering, lay in state. Here—drawn with missing something good; the room is ringing with laughter over something the assassin said. Something funny, he is a very droll man. He says so many funny things. Ah, these are "great laughter" in the court room again. Out west, or down in Texas, a police magistrate would promptly check such laughter in his court during the trial of a man who stole a mule, but this is a Washington court room, and it is the trial of the wretch who killed the president. They do things differently in the district of Columbia courts, you see. And now the audience breaks into enthusiastic applause. They are cheering a good telling point made by the counsel for the assassin. It is a Washington crowd that is enjoying this trial; the trial that seems to be full of merriment and enthusiasm. We who live far away from the capital of our country, and can only glean the funny things of this amusing trial from the first dispatches of the Associated Press, no doubt lose a great deal of the rich humor of the court room.

Ah, it makes one heart-sick to even read it. They may enjoy that sort of thing in Washington—God knows what they wouldn't enjoy there, but the rest of the country, which is nearly twice as large as the District of Columbia, takes no pleasure in it. Had Guitau committed his crime in Texas, he would have been hanged so long ago that he would now be forgotten. If the state of Mississippi had jurisdiction in the case, the trial and execution would be conducted without any expense to the state. Had the trial been set for any district in Iowa, we believe it would have been concluded without any burst of merriment or ripple of humor, and it does seem to us that the case might be conducted even in a District of Columbia court, with at least a decent show of dignity, and some appreciation of the magnitude of the case. It may seem to be a very funny trial, in the court room, but the fun dies out in the cold type of the published dispatches. It may all be very funny, but there has been enough of it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Mrs. Langtry on the stage.—Mrs. Langtry came forward arrayed in an unpretending pink dress, and with her arms full of flowers, she sat down at a table and then proceeded to act as though, instead of this being the first time she had ever essayed her skill on the stage, she had been playing lively young widows and other such parts to critical audiences from her earliest childhood. Whether she was nervous or not I do not know, but there was not a trace of nervousness to be perceived. Her elocution was singularly clear, and her gestures and play perfect. I was not more surprised in my life. It is difficult to judge of any one from a single performance, but if Mrs. Langtry can play other parts as well as she does "Lively young widows," she would, were she to adopt the stage as a profession, be a fortune to any theatre if she were brought out by a manager to fill a great want—according to the well-known phraseology of prospectuses. It is far more easy to find actresses who can rampage in tragedy than who are able to act in comedy as though to the manner born. This Mrs. Langtry, to judge by her debut at Twickenham, seems exceedingly well able to do.—*London Truth, Nov. 29.*

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

In ante-bellum days, says Harper's for January, it was the custom of a good many gentlemen of Danville, Ky., to wait "for the mail to open," and while away the waiting by loafing in the bank of Mr. Rice, which adjoined the postoffice. Here Rev. Dr. Robert J. Beckwith, E. P. Humphrey and John C. Young and such citizens as Gen. Boyle, Josh Bell (who was so personally popular in Kentucky that a county was named Josh Bell, so that there might be no mistake as to which Bell it was named after), Gen. Fry, Will Anderson and others congregated, and talked theology, politics, farming, finance and gossip, and many a rare jest and sparkling repartee was made. Among others who gathered there was a farmer, who was a great Methodist, and from whom Dr. Beckwith bought hay, oats, corn and meat, and whose weights the old doctor sometimes thought were larger than his loads. One day, in the bank, when there was quite a party present, this farmer presented his bill for a late and rather unusually small load of hay, and the doctor turned to a clerk to write a check for the amount, but was hesitating, holding his pen in his hand. The conversation somehow had drifted on to David and the wife of Uriah, and on the subject of falling from grace. And as the doctor held his pen, and seemed to inspect the account, the farmer said: "You know, doctor, I believe in falling from grace."

"Yes," said the doctor, with one of those sudden upliftings of his eyebrows and flashes from his eyes which those who knew him will so long remember, "and you live up to your privileges as well as any man I know."

ROMANTIC MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES.

When Mr. Elijah Walraven enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862, he left behind him a beautiful young wife and three children. When he returned home at the close of the war, his wife and three children were not to be found. He learned that she had been persuaded, when the Federals occupied the country, that her safety was in going North. For years no tidings came of her whereabouts, and not knowing whether she was alive or dead, he instituted proceedings for divorce, which was granted. Mr. Walraven married a worthy lady in this county, who bore him one child, and she died. In the mean time his first wife, bearing of the divorce and marriage of her husband in Georgia, married a Northern man, who after a brief married life died. She married the third husband, a Mr. Beckner. He sickened and died. One child, as the result of this union, was left her. Her three children by her first husband grew up and married well off, and they opened correspondence with their father. Last February their father paid them a visit to their home in Indiana. While there he met the wife of his first love. The meeting was a joyous one, and old times were talked over and mutual explanations made. The result was they became re-engaged. Mr. Walraven returned to his home at Kennesaw in this county, and according to agreement, Mrs. Beckner arrived at Kennesaw last Thursday. There she was met by Mr. Walraven, who had the license ready, and forthwith the happy couple were reunited after a separation of eighteen years.—*Marietta Journal.*

It is an open secret that Mr. George Errington, M. P. for Longford County, Ireland, is now in Rome, endeavoring, with the sanction of Lord Granville, the English Foreign Minister, to establish direct diplomatic intercourse between the British Government and the Holy See and place a gentleman in the post formerly filled by Mr. Clarke Jervoise, and before him by Lord Odo Russell, now Lord Ampthill. When Russia and Germany shall have reestablished diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican, England will probably do the same. Not long ago the British Government made an attempt to communicate with the Vatican through Sir Augustus Paget, the British Minister to King Humbert, but Leo XIII positively refused to allow any negotiations through an ambassador to the King, and Sir Augustus, besides, gave several times deep offense by his words and acts to the Holy See, so that neither as a private individual nor as an official personage could he be regarded as a *persona grata* at the Papal court. Mr. Errington, on the other hand, is popular at Rome. He was for some time in this country in 1876, and purchased considerable South Carolina property.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE GIBRALTAR QUESTION.—MADRID, Nov. 26.—In the Senate, to-day, Guelly-Rente, a Cuban Senator, asked the Government whether it was disposed to open negotiations with England for the restitution of Gibraltar. The Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that the Government would act in accordance with the best interests of the country and the maintenance of good relations with the friendly powers. Replying to another question, he said the French occupied a point in Africa, as to which it was impossible to say whether it belonged to Algeria or Morocco. He would closely watch Spanish interests in that direction. The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Saturday, said he regretted the question of the restitution of Gibraltar had been raised. Spanish resources, and the country's position in Europe, did not justify any member in touching on so delicate a matter.

AN EMPRESS AT BAY.—Temple Bar,

recalling the fruitless visit of the Empress Carlotta to get help for her husband Maximilian to support his empire in Mexico, says:—The court was at St. Cloud, and on demanding an interview of the Emperor, she was informed that his majesty was ill and could not see her. The two Emperresses, however, exchanged visits; and, arrived at St. Cloud, the Empress Carlotta insisted on being received into the Imperial closet. Then ensued, we are told, a scene which must have haunted Louis Napoleon to his dying day. When to prayers, tears and agonized supplications on her part, his only reply was a coldly retorted, "It is useless to insist, Madam, not a crown, not a soldier; the princess whom such cruel anxieties had already brought to the verge of madness, gave way to frenzied utterances, recalling the piece 'Trojan Cassandra.' Rising from her abject position as suppliant, she drew herself up to her full height, and with a kind of inspiration prophesied the tyrant the destruction of his dynasty, and our country is in their possession. 'May the curse of God rest on you as on Cain!' and then quitted the palace. Four years later, on the declaration of war with Prussia, Napoleon III. departed from the palace of St. Cloud, wherein this interview with the Empress Carlotta had taken place.

One of the ten Arabic papers published in Egypt said lately:—All our revenues are absorbed by foreigners. All our merchants, all our high officers of State, are foreigners. They are the lords, and we are the donkey boys. They live happily, and we live a life of degradation. They are paid well, and we are paid badly. We hope the Chamber of Deputies will take all this into consideration." Again, another writes: "We were once the kings of the universe. We were 500,000,000, and now we are 30,000,000, and this is caused by our indifference to religion, our hearty reception of foreigners, our confidence in foreign journals. Our sons and our daughters are at the mercy of foreigners, and our country is in their possession. We must go back to our religion, and not listen to those who say fanaticism is dangerous."

A WOMAN FREEMASON.—The only lady Freemason there ever was, was a cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, a governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatre, in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Asylum, she walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland. Her example shows that a woman can keep a secret.

When the Queen refused to sanction the mutual attachment between Prince Leopold and the now Lady Brooke, the Prince turned once more into the realms of art for an object on which to fix his fancy. This time there was no lack of birth, wealth, or beauty; but, to the astonishment of royalty, an obstacle came from the young lady herself, which even the concession of being allowed to assume the title of Royal Highness could not overcome. The present marriage of the Prince is entirely one of convenience. The bride is described as being "German all over," large-footed, flat-nosed, close-fisted, and leamed. But she is passionately fond of music, and perhaps later on may be brought to love "hoedry and banding."

HOBSON'S CHOICE.—Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was left into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door, so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be a matter of election was forced upon an individual to say "Hobson's choice."

It has taken seven years to edit the correspondence of Peter the Great, the first volume of which will shortly appear in St. Petersburg. And yet we don't believe it will have as large a sale in this country as "Mad Joe" or the Good Little boy who Murdered his Kind Grandmother," which was written in four hours and a half.—*Norristown Herald.*

John V. L. Groesbeck. "Why do editors lie so badly?" John, you think it smart to ask that cruel question, but we will answer it, although such questions do not deserve an answer. Editors lie so badly because they are not used to it.—*Texas Siftings.*

I don't think that fortune has got any favorites; she was born blind; and I don't think those who win the oftenest get it blind too.

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