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How the Injun Caught the New-Fashioned Buffa'o.

There ain't much fun in an Injun:
If there is it's deepish down,
And don't crop out at oncommon times,
As it does in a mule, or clown,
Or a Dutchman, or a Yankee,
Or any of them 'ere chaps
That always are gay at the gravest of times,
And never give heed to mishaps.

No, Sir! them red-skinned pirates
Mean blood, and a good deal more;
And when you are least expecting the critter
They're jist outside o' yer door,
With a torch and a knife an arrow,
And a whoop of domoniac mirth—
And away they ride by the glaring light
Of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I hain't much luv for an Injun;
And when there's a joke worth while
Played off on the sneaking varmint,
I can't keep back a smile—
No more than I can a bullet,
When I see them prowlin' about
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chestnut Gulch"—
I'd been huntin' for 'buv a week;
And of all the luck I ever had,
That was about the poorest streak.
I was feelin' blue and tired
As I lay thar on the ground,
But mighty quick, you bet! I was roused
By a most uncommon sound.

I's cause I soon diskivered;
For the great Pacific line
Run close along, and thar was the cars—
I tell you, the sight was fine!
On lookin' down on the track,
An Injun with stout lasso
Fastened around the waist, I saw,
Was watchin' the iron gine too.

I jist laid low for music,
For I knew there'd be a tune,
With the injine's shriek, and the Injun's whoop,
Like a thunder storm in June.
On, on like the wind it came!
Firm stood that cussed 'Red;'
And when it got within easy range,
His lasso caught its head!

"Sold! sold!" cried I, while the Injun
And the cars went out of sight;
But never shall I till my dying day
Forget his look of fright.
I hain't much love for an Injun,
But I almost pitied him
For bein' jerked to the Sperit Land
In such a mode so grim.

—[Harper's Magazine

THE GHOST OF THE MANOR.

The property which I recently inherited, is a tract of land situated about fifty miles from Albany, in the direction, and but a short distance from Sharon Springs. The land was a grant from Queen Anne to my grandmother, who at the time, was about fifty years of age.

In time this property became the most profitable in New York State, for my grandfather spent a fortune upon it. He built a house equal to a palace. It stands in the centre of the grounds, and covers a space of one hundred feet square. Three storeys high, with a very small room up in the attic, which had but one large pane of glass, cut oval shape, and placed just above the main entrance. A terrace embraces the front of the house; six steps leading from it bring you to the ground, which is covered with the finest specimen of turf to be found in any part of the continent of America.

To the right, and some forty or fifty rods from this magnificent mansion, which is called the 'Manor,' is a small plot of ground, consecrated as a place of burial for the family. A very elegant tomb was erected. Several feet below the ground is a passage running from this tomb to the house, connecting with the wine vaults by a large, heavy iron door There are three iron doors—the one I have just mentioned, one just in the middle of the passage, and the other heading to the tomb.

The furniture of the dwelling is the same which my grandfather placed there when he first made it his residence, so you can form some idea of what antique style it must be.

Adjoining our land is another tract, belonging to a gentleman named Campbell, who at one time was the bosom friend of my grandfather; but a quarrel arose a challenge was sent—accepted—a duel was fought, and my ancestor fell by his opponent's bullet.

My father then became heir to the estate. He soon after married, and there I was born.

When I reached the age of ten years my father put the place in the hands of an honest old couple, and we came to England, where we have lived ever since. My visit last winter is the first that has been made to the dear old home since we abandoned it, or at least, retired for a time from it, some twenty years ago.

Since the time of the duel up to last winter, the different generations of both families have entertained the strongest hatred for each other.

The present owner of the adjoining property is a grandnephew of the one who fought with my grandfather. He is a gentleman of about forty years of age; his wife a very elegant lady of thirty five. They have five lovely children. An accident to the elder daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, brought us together again, and we have become just as firm friends as ever our ancestors were.

It was in this wise:—

One day in November, 1869, while I was visiting at the Manor, Ella Campbell was out riding on horseback, unattended. The report of a gun near the roadside frightened the animal she was riding; he became unmanageable, and made a bold rush for the lake, which lay just before him. Fortunately at that hour I, with some friends, had resolved to have a sail on the waters of this lake.

We had just loosened our boat from the shore, when the sound of a horse's hoofs attracted our attention, and the next moment we saw that the life of a lady would be launched into eternity without we would prevent it. My companions started up the road, hoping to stop the impetuosity of the animal's course, while I stood by the side of the lake, with the firm determination that should the horse carry his rider into the water I would plunge in and rescue her, if possible.

Seconds seemed hours while thus I stood. I could see the horse come nearer, nearer. At last, he stood abreast with me. I called to the lady, whose face was as white as marble, to take her foot from the stirrup. At that moment the horse gave the fatal leap. The saddle turned, and the fainting beautiful one fell into my arms!

On the instant I recognized her as the daughter of my enemy and neighbor, Judge Campbell; for I had noticed her at the little church of the village which we both attended. We immediately conveyed her to my house, while one of my party hurried to the residence of Judge Campbell, to announce to him the accident which had befallen his daughter.

Miss Campbell was taken into the parlor, which was a room on the first floor, and to the right of the front door She was the first of that family who had ever entered our house since the lamentable quarrel in which the old gentleman lost his life; and strange as it may appear, the instant she crossed the threshhold of the parlor door the portrait of my grandfather, hanging over the mantel, fell with a heavy crash on the floor.

Half an hour later, Judge Campbell and his wife stood by the side of their daughter. There we shook hands, and swore eternal friendship.

After the incident I have just mentioned, I often called at their house, and sometimes Judge Campbell and his wife would come over and spend the evening at the Manor.

One evening I shall ever remember. A heavy snow had fallen during the day, but towards evening it cleared off, and promised a pleasant evening. The Judge and Mrs Campbell came over to have a chat with me. They sat until ten o'clock when they arose to leave. To our great surprise, in opening the front door, we saw the snow falling so thick that it was almost impossible for any one to venture out. I insisted upon their staying with me for the night, or at least to remain until there would be a cessation of the fall. The judge declared he must go, as there was no one in his house but the children and the servants, and he could not think of being absent for the night; but at the same time he begged his wife to stay. At last she consented to remain.

We bade the Judge Good night, and, after watching him out of the grounds, returned to the parlor. I immediately rang for the house maid, and requested her to put my grandfather's room in order for my guest, telling her also to sit up and act as waiting maid for the lady.

I knew that it would occupy some time to get the room in readiness; so I attempted to entertain Mrs. Campbell by reading from a novel of which we had been discussing. The servant however, announced the room prepared earlier than I had, expected, and I discontinued my reading that Mrs. Campbell might retire; but she had become so interested in the book that she requested me to read on for some time longer, so it was near twelve o'clock before we concluded to betake ourselves to our apartments.

Before retiring, however I proposed to the lady to take a glass of champagne with me, as I considered she needed it after sitting up so late. The wines were all in the dining room on the other side of the house. I was about to ring for the footman, not thinking all the servants had retired, when we both heard distinctly heavy, regular stepping in the hall, coming towards the staircase leading to the chambers on the upper storeys

The house is so old that time has worn large crevices around the doors; and through the crevice of the parlor door Mrs. Campbell drew my notice to a light, which I saw as plainly as she said she did. Supposing it was one of the servants going up to bed, I hurried to the door in time, as I supposed, to detain him, intending to send him for the wine. What was my surprise to find the hall, in which I had distinctly seen light but a moment before, as dark and silent as the grave.

Mrs Campbell, seeing my disappointed and half bewildered look, taking up the candle—proposed we should go to dining room ourselves I acted as pilot, going ahead of her about three feet. When about half way down the hall, I felt something catch hold of my coat sleeve and firmly draw me from the direction we were taking. At the same time I heard Mrs. Campbell scream out 'Dont!' as the candle fell from her hands to the floor

We were then in complete darkness—While I was feeling in my pockets for a match I enquired of her why she spoke to. She replied that something or some one drew the candle from her hands.

Procuring another light from the parlor, I conducted her to the room that had been prepared for her, and made no further attempt to procure the wine.

We found the maid sitting up waiting. To our enquiries if she had heard anything strange, or had seen anyone, she said. "No, except madam's scream, and that startled me.

The room the lady was to occupy was the one my grandfather had always used as his own.

Leaving my guest for the night, I went to the servants rooms, and made the coachman get up and start with me for a search about the house. We made a thorough investigation of every room, closet and corner that we could think of, except the attic with the one pane of glass of which I have spoken.

Having seen nothing indoors unusual, I next went out on the terrace. The snow had stopped falling, and the moon was shining clear and bright. Thinking I might find some footprints in the snow, I stationed the servant a few yards from the house, and told him to keep a close look out till I returned.—I then commenced and walked around the house, carefully examining the snow, but there was not a footstep to be seen.

Returning to the coachman, I enquired of him if he had seen anything. He replied.—'Yes, that at the oval pane of glass at the attick but saw a man very distinctly come to the window and look out all the time I was gone, and that he had a large cloak wrapped around him.

I took the servant with me, and went up to this little room; but all we could discover was some old broken furniture, and waste papers. While we stood in the room the candle, which was held by the coachman, was blown out. We felt that there was something more than natural cause for this quenching of the candle, but without making any remark I proceeded to search my pocket for a match—While doing so I walked to the window, and upon looking out I saw a figure go straight from the front door down to the tomb and enter it This sight, I must admit, added to my confusion, for I knew that the tomb was securely fastened.

After such excitement as I had undergone, I feared brain fever might set in, and that while I retained my senses I would write down all I had seen. Going to the library for that purpose, I sent the servant to the dining room for some wine I sat at the desk writing; when I finished I threw down the pen, and looking around, Oh dear! there stood my grandfather with his arms folded, and his cloak around him He was looking at what I had written Just then the man came in with the wine, and the figure of my ancestor vanished from view.

I poured out a glass of the wine, without mentioning anything to the servant about my strange visitor during his absence, and drank it. While replenishing the glass, I sent the servant again to the dining room for another wine glass, intending to send it to Mrs. Campbell. He had not been gone over five minutes, when the house resounded with a most unearthly scream I picked up the candle and rushed to the dining room There sat the coachman as pale as death, and the candle he had held in his hand lying on the floor He told me that, just as he started for the glass closet, the figure he had seen in the attic appeared again before him, and prevented him from moving a step forward at the same time knocking the candlestick clean out of his hand

It was then three o'clock in the morning.—I sent the affrighted coachman to his room—and I left for my own apartment likewise I got to bed as quick as I could undress, feeling quite overcome by the excitement of the previous few hours, and soon fell asleep, wondering if my ancestor could have carried his hatred for this family down to his grave with him, and if his spirit could be troubled because this lady, the wife of one of the descendants of the man who sent him to a premature grave, was resting beneath his roof. A question I suppose which will never be resolved, except, perhaps, in this way. The next morning Mrs Campbell returned home, and never entered since; nor have we heard anything more of the ghost.

But ere laying down my pen, I may as well observe, that I have been married for some months—that I am residing in London with my beloved wife—and that her christian name is Ella.

CUSTOM HOUSE SMUGGLERS.—Very young infants and small children are used as instruments for smuggling. On one occasion an immigrant family, man and wife and two nearly grown-up daughters, presented themselves. They were very affable and easy in their manners, and, without much trouble to them, were pronounced "all right;" and while the proper proceedings were in progress for their dismissal one of the officers saw a handsome little boy standing alone, and, struck by his attractive appearance, and not knowing to whom he belonged, he spoke to the child, and attempted to "skylark" with him. The officer was surprised to find the child could not bend his body; on examination it was found that his clothing was quilted with valuable articles of silk manufacture and silver spoons. The little fellow belonged to the family the members of which had just been pronounced "all right."

A gentlemanly looking but poorly clad passenger, from his intelligent expression of face and agreeable manners, was treated with marked attention. The officers were so easily satisfied that he was honest that they took no special notice of a small "lap-cloth," much worn, which was hanging on his arm. A detective, at the time "off duty," noticed a carriage waiting for some person, and asked the driver for whom it was intended, and John pointed to the passenger who was approaching with the lap-cloth, as usual, on his arm. There was something apparently inconsistent in having a carriage for such a man. A suspicion being excited, the officer seized the lap-cloth. On a critical search it was found to be lined or padded with Brussels lace, that sold at public auction for eleven thousand dollars.

The fool smuggler is illustrated by a man, said to be from the western part of the State of New York, who got a diamond worth sixteen thousand dollars safely throught without paying the duties. This gem he sold for its full value, and subsequently "bragged of his smartness". The fact came to the knowledge of the Government, and the proceeds of the sale were confiscated.

As smugglers, women are more successful than men. The complications of their dress favor the business. The modern "chignon" was for a time a most excellent depository for smuggled goods A woman is remembered who was so successful that she was constantly crossing the ocean for the purpose, and in a few years acquired a handsome competency. It is a strange metamorphosis that these adventurers sometimes undergo when caught in their work. Some years since a very pretty woman, remarkable for a full bust, broad hips, and plethoric person generally, presented herself for examination. She was very polite and affable, and came very near escaping detection. But the female detective then employed at Castle Garden no sooner put her eyes on the rounded figure of the "object" under inspection, than she invited the "party" to a private interview. It was incredible what a change was soon effected. Suffice it to say that the apparently well fed and portly dame of a few moments before, stripped of innumerable dry-goods, stepped into public gaze reduced to a wonderfully thin and rather skeletonized individual. As there is no penalty for smuggling on the person except forfeiture, she went sorrowfully away. Our laws are even more merciful than this; for all goods thus seized can be redeemed, though confiscated, by the payment of an honestly made appraisement.—[From "The New York Custom-House," in Harper's Magazine.

EN ENORMOUS CABLE.—An account of the largest rope in the world as described in one of the daily papers of Birmingham, England—the place of its manufacture—will prove interesting to the American reader. According to the details given the rope is 11,000 yards long, measures five and one-fourth inches in circumfience, and weighs over sixty tons. Made of patent charcoal wire, laid round a hemp centre, the rope consists of six strands, with ten wires in each strand. Each wire measures 12,160 yards, so that the entire length of the wire reaches the enormous total of more than four hundred and twelve miles. To this is to be added the length of yarn used for the centre, namely, twenty-seven threads, each thread measuring 15,000 yards, and giving a total length of about two hundred and thirty miles Adding together the wire and yarn, there is a grand total of six hundred and thirty-five miles of material—all going to make up a monster wire and hemp rope a little under six miles long.

France, Past and Present.

The apparent daily disintegration of a nation is the saddest of spectacles; and as yet there is no sign of any man nor of any power to control the anarchy. To many thoughtful Germans, of course, the events of to day seem only a sure revenge; and seldom has the whirligig of time turned so swiftly Our fellow citizen, Dr Lieber, for instance, who, as a little child, was dismissed from school in Berlin in the year 1806, after the great defeat of Jena, "because the French were coming," has read, with the rest of us, in these latter days, the amazing story of the surrender of the nephew of the conqueror of Jena to the Prussian king upon French soil, of the coronation of the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany in Louis the Fourteenth's palace in Versailles, and of the victorious entry of the Germans into Paris. Is this, then, the "grande nation," whose troops at Fontenoy gallantly begged the enemy to fire first? Is this the people of whom Thackeray said that well educated Frenchmen do not believe that the English have ever beaten them, and that a gentleman in Paris was once ready to call him to the field of honor because he said that the English had whipped the French in Spain? And if you have a friend who was educated in France among the French, not among the English French and French English in Paris, ask him what the native histories say about the French fighting. Thackeray said, again, that he had read a French history which calls the battle of Salamanca a French victory.

So glorious was France in its own fancy!—Who does not recall it? Who has not seen upon his travels that smiling air of superiority in the gay city? Who has not been asked of his own country by his French master as if it were a land of ice and barbarians? There was a certain Frenchman whom the Easy Chair remembers, who could not believe that the Czar would ever return to its own, its savage land. "But you are in France! But you have seen Paris! And you will go back over the sea to America! Just Heavens, how inscrutable is man!" The travels and explorations of the worthy Parisian had extended to Rouen; and Rouen was well enough because it was in France: but the traveller was evidently uncomfortable until he was again in Paris "In Paris, indeed," he said with exquisitely French simplicity—"in Paris a man of the world is at home!" And is anything more touching than a Parisian in London?—How perfect are the familiar international gibe and counter gibe! The French play represents London. It is a scene of gloom and rigidity and despair The "man of the world" accosts his neighbors, but their language is foreign and their aspect is forbidding; and at length the lankiest visaged caricature of a Briton holds up his lean finger and shakes a solemn warning; "C'est Sunday!"—"It Sunday! and the French spectator is left to imagine that suicide immediate follows. But "Punch" gave the counter gibe during the Great Exhibition, when it represented a party of Frenchmen, with shaved round heads and long mustaches and hands buried in peg top trowsers, standing confounded before a washstand, one speculatively saying to the other, "What is that machine?"

And this is the nation which believed itself a year ago to be the strongest in the world! "Why e'en so: and now my lady Wolgas; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade." Here's fine revolution as we had the trick to see it." Yes, and about a year ago we all thought it to be the greatest of military nations. Are our estimates of other nations as foolishly wrong? The story is as fruitful for the moralist as for the military critic; and the dullest student may begin to wonder whether the strength of the strong battalions which compel victory is in the numbers or in the spirit. Where lies the difference between Thermopylæ and Sedan?—Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for June.

A New York paper says: There is a story going around about a New Orleans printer who declined to go out and drink when asked, but placed the money he would have spent had he gone out with the boys in a savings bank, and how in five years it had amounted to untold millions But then he didn't have a wife. We tried that once for a year, quitting smoking, and placing money that would have been used in a bu can drawer. One day we wanted to go out with the boys, and went for the money, and it was gone; and in its place was some new dress patters, and bonnets and things She looked calm enough, but we began to smoke again.

The "Mountain Home, of Ala, has the following about typographical vagaries:—In Professor Phelps's book, entitled, "The still Hour," occurs the following sentence: "The stillness of the hour is stillness of a dead calm at sea." Imagine the reverend author's horror when he found, after several hundred copies had been printed, that "calm" was made by the types to read "clam."

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