The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LIV. EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MARYLAND, JUNE 3, 1871. NO. 22.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. H. GIBSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the M. P. Church. [mar 16 ly

SAMUEL T. HOPKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE in the New Town Hall Building,
UP STAIRS, (*right hand door:*)
feb 18-ly S J C

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER ST.
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties.
feb 11-ly

JOSEPH B. SETH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
apr 1-ly

WM. G. ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church—the one formerly occupied by Judge Goldsborough.
Special attention paid to the collection of Claims. (apr 8-ly

ALLEN E. FORRESTER. ALPHEUS A. TOWNSEND,
(Formerly of Easton Bar.)
Forrester & Townsend
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Law Buildings,
Cor. *LEXINGTON & ST. PAUL STS.,*
(Entrance on Lexington St.,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
oct 15-ly

ED. B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
EASTON, MD.
CLAIMS promptly collected, and REAL ESTATE sold,
Office on Dover street, two doors from the Journal Office. [dec 17

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
EASTON, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Al Surveying in all it branches.
Office on Washington St., two doors South of the M. E. Church. jan 8

Auctioneering.
JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales whenever called on. [mar 9-ly

CONSTABLE
AND
AUCTIONEER.
JAMES B. RAT ELL, having been appointed Constable in Trappe District, he also offers his services as Auctioneer. Business entrusted to him in either capacity, will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. He will be in Easton every Tuesday
mar 19 ly

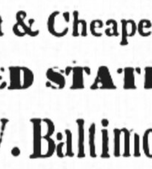
Furniture!
Furniture!!
House Furnishing Goods,
CABINET MAKING
AND
UNDERTAKING.
SAMUEL PATCHETT
HAS removed to the store room and shed formerly occupied as a Hardware store by Nicols & Taylor, and respectfully announces that he intends to conduct the above business, and keep a full line of the following named goods:
BUREAUX,
WARDROBES,
TABLES,
SIDEBOARDS,
STANDS, CHAIRS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
BEDSTEADS, MATTRA

Woodenware Brooms, Oil Cloth, Carpeting, Table Oil Cloth, & many articles too tedious to mention.
A nice lot of Gilt, Walnut and Rosewood Moulding.
PICTURE FRAMES, all sizes, made to order.
PICTURES FOR SALE.
Looking Glass Plates put in old frames
All kinds of Furniture made to order
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
UPHOLSTERING DONE.
Such as repairing Sofas, Lounges, and Spring Chairs, Window Cornices and Curtains made and put up.
UNDERTAKING.
I most respectfully announce to the public that I have fitted up for the above business, which has long been needed in Easton, and have purchased a handsome HEARSE, employed a competent workman, and intend to furnish Caskets and Coffins in the best and handsomest manner, and at prices suited to the means of all. Hearse furnished and funerals attended at all times, when desired.
While I am thankful for past favors, I do not propose to sell my goods at cost to break down any opposition that may please to commence the same business, but to sell my goods at fair prices. The public is respectfully invited to give me a call. SAM'L PATCHETT.
jan 14

MISCELLANEOUS.

Agents Wanted for
"Wonders of the World."
Over one thousand Illustrations. The largest best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. One agent in Denver, Colorado. sold 100 copies in 4 days. One agent in Milwaukie sold 30 copies in ½ day, and a large number from 20 to 30 copies per day. Send for circulars, with terms at once. Address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 Broome St., N. Y.
apr 1-4w

HARDWARE!
HARDWARE!!
Hardware!!
WE would respectfully announce to the public that we have opened a Hardware store in Easton, in the room under Odd Fellows' Hall, under the name and style of the
'Easton Hardware Store,'
and intend keeping on hand a general assortment of Goods suitable to the wants of Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, and citizens generally of this and adjoining counties. Our stock will consist in part of
Farmers' Implements,
CASTINGS, CARRIAGE MAKERS MATERIALS, BUILDER'S MATERIALS, CARPENTERS' TOOLS, BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS, IRON, &c., &c.,
HOUSEHOLD articles of every description, and a general assortment of goods usually found in a first-class hardware establishment.
apr 22-3m FORD & DAWSON.

ESTABLISHED 1860.
Weinberger's

Boot and Shoe Houses,
The Largest & Cheapest in the
UNITED STATES.
No. 103 W. Baltimore St.,
NEAR HOLLIDAY ST.,
AND
Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Gents' Fine Sewed Calf Gaiters,	$2,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Gaiters,	3,50
Gents' Fine Stitched Box Toe Gaiters,	3,75
Gents' Fine Stitched Calf Boots,	5,50
Gents' Fine Sewed Congress Gaiters,	2,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Congress Gaiters,	1,50
Gents' Fine Pegged Boots,	2,75
Gents' Fine Pegged Balmorals,	1,50
Gents' Heavy Balmorals,	1,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,25
Gents' Heavy Kip Boots,	3,00
Gents' Heavy Split Boots,	2,50
Gents' Waterproof Boots,	4,00
Gents' Sporting Boots,	4,50
Gents' Cloth Top Gaiters,	2,75
Gents' Sewed Box Toe Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	2,00
Gents' Low Cut Shoes, Sewed,	1,50
Mens' Heavy Brogans,	1,25
Mens' Plow Shoes,	1,75
Mens' Heavy Balmorals,	1,50
Mens' Gum Shoes,	75
Mens' Gum Boots,	4,50
Boys' Heavy Balmorals,	1,50
Boys' School Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Heavy Kip Boots,	2,00
Boys' Waterproof Boots,	2,50
Boys' Calf Boots,	1,75
Boys' Box Toe Gaiters,	2.25
Boys' Sewed Plain Gaiters,	1,75
Boys' Pegged Gaiters,	1,60
Boys' Low Quarter Shoes,	1,25
Boys' Gum Boots,	2,50
Boys' Gum Shoes,	50
Ladies' Fine Lasting Button Boots.	2,50
Ladies' Kid Vamp Button Boots,	2,70
Ladies' Patent L'thr Vamp Button Boots	3,05
Ladies' French L'thr " "	2,50
Ladies' Bronze Button Boots,	3,75
Ladies' High Cut Lasting Gaiters,	2,00
Ladies' High Cut Side Lace Gaiters,	1,50
Ladies' Lasting Balmorals,	1,75
Ladies' Lasting Congress Gaiters,	1,25
Ladies' High Cut Morocco Boots,	1,75
Ladies' High Cut Calf Shoes,	1,50
Ladies' Pegged Calf Shoes,	1,25
Ladies' Kid Balmorals,	2,25
Ladies' Kid Button Boots,	3,50
Ladies' French Leather Button Boots,	3,00
Ladies' French Leather Balmorals,	2,00
Ladies' Medium height Lasting "	1,25
Ladies' " " Side Lace Gaiters,	1,00
Ladies' White Kid Slippers,	2,75
Ladies' Bronze Slippers,	2,50
Ladies' Morocco Slippers,	1,50
Ladies' Kid Heeled Slippers,	1,25
Ladies' Heeled Slippers,	75
Ladies' Maria Antoinette Slippers,	1,75
Ladies' Slippers without Heels,	50 to 75
Misses' Morocco Shoes,	1,50
Misses' Lasting Gaiters,	1,25
Misses' Kid Balmorals,	1,75
Misses' Calf Shoes,	1,10
Misses' Heeled Slippers,	75 to 1,00
Misses' Slippers without Heels,	25 to 50
Misses' Gum Shoes,	50
Misses' Gum Boots,	2,00

Be sure to send your orders early, which will be attended to the same as if you would call and select yourself, as we have a department exclusive for orders. In ordering from this establishment parties will please notice terms invariably cash at stated prices.—The safest way to order is Post Office Money Orders, Registered Money Letters, or by Express, C. O. D. Parties will please give full directions in regard to the shipment of their goods. All parties ordering goods from us have the privelege of exchanging them within twelve months.
L. WEINBERGER'S
Boot and Shoe Houses,
103 W. Baltimore St., near Holliday,
And Cor. Eutaw & Saratoga Sts.,
mar 4-ly Baltimore, Md.

PRETTIEST CALLICOES in Easton, at JUMP & Co's

MORE of the **Hurrican Lanterns** received and for sale at the Drug Store of
HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR for restoring gray hairs to their original color, for sale by Henry & Goldsborough.

ANOTHER supply of English, French and American TOOTH & HAIR BRUSHES for sale by
Henry & Goldsborough,

JUST received a large supply of sweet Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Prunes, also canned Fruits, &c., all cheap for cash at Henry & Goldsborough's.
apr 8

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE.
A VALUABLE LOT, on Easton Point Road, containing **15 1-8 Acres of Land.** This Lot is in a high state of cultivation and well set in grass at the present time. Terms easy. Apply to
apr 15 THOS. HUGHLETT.

WM. PENROSE. WM. PORTER. WM. HEMSLEY
Penrose, Porter & Hemsley,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Brandies, Whiskies,
WINES, GINS, &c.,
No. 240 Arch St. below Third,
PHILADELPHIA.
All Goods delivered to Baltimore Steamer FREE of charge—after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [oct 1-ly

$1,000 REWARD!
I will give ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS reward for any case of the following diseases, which the Medical Faculty have pronounced incurable, that Dr. Richau's Golden Remedies will not cure. Dr. Richau's Golden Balsam No. 1, will cure Syphilis in its primary and secondary stages, such as Old Ulcers, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Skin Eruptions and Soreness of the Scalp, eradicating disease and mercury thoroughly. Dr. Richau's Golden Balsam No. 2, will cure the third stages, Syphilitic and Mercurial Rheumatism; and I defy those who suffer from such diseases to obtain a radical cure without the aid of this medicine, which does not prevent the patient from eating and drinking what they like. Price of either No. 1 or 2, $5 per bottle, or two bottles $9.
DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN ANTIDOTE—a safe and radical cure for Gonorrhea, Gravel and all Urinary Derangements, accompanied with full directions. Warranted to cure. Price $3 per bottle.
DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN ELIXIR D'AMOUR—a radical cure for General Debility in old or young, imparting energy to those who have led a life of sensuality. Price $4 per bottle, or two bottles for $9.
On receipt of price, by mail or Express, these remedies will be shipped to any place. Prompt attention paid to all correspondents. None genuine without the name of "DR. RICHAU'S GOLDEN REMEDIES, D. B. RICHARDS, sole Proprietor," blown in glass of bottles. Address
Dr. D. B. RICHARDS,
228 Varick st., New York.

Photographic Gallery,
THE subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has opened in Easton a permanent
Photographic Art Gallery,
and is now prepared to furnish First-class pictures, in the LATEST and most approved style of art, such as
Carte De Visites,
VIGNETTES, IMPERIALS, REMBRANTS, CABINETS, PORCELAIN, RUSTICS, AMBROTYPES, &c.,
FROM THE SMALLEST TO LIFE SIZE.
The public are most respectfully invited to call and examine specimens.
jy 16-tf J. N. BAIRD.

SPRING.
INCREASED ATTRACTIONS
AT
JUMP & CO'S.
ATTRACTIVE ESTABLISHMENT
JUST returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a new stock of Goods; which are of new and tasty designs, and very cheap.
Ladies' Department.
Striped Grenadines. Striped Lenos,
Melarge Mohairs, Plaid do.,
Mohair Challies, Silk Stp'd Challies,
Glacies Poplins, Granite Cloths.
Silk and Wool Poplins,
Baden Suit Cloths, Vitry Poplins.
Tonge Chene Poplins.
6-4 Black French Mouselins,
Black Canton Cloths,
Black Wool Poplins,
Pure Mohair Black Alpacas,
and so many other styles, that if we should include them all, our printer would think we intended to monopolize his entire paper. We have also the newest style SACKINGS—White Corduroy, White Honey Comb CLOAKINGS, and others.
Spring Shawls—perfect beauties.
Gentlemen's Department
FRENCH GRANITE COATINGS,
in Blue, Dahlia and other shades.
ENGLISH DIAGONAL COATINGS,
French Drap D'ete Coatings,
Serge Coatings, Scotch Suiting,
all shades and qualities of Pantaloonerles, of English, French, Scotch and American makes.
Black French Cloths and Doeskins as cheap and of as nice quality as are sold in the United States.
SCARFS,
Butterflies and Ties,
new designs and cheap.
We offer the above goods at cash prices, it is true, and even if there has sprung in existence so many *New Cash Stores,* they can't come it in prices.
We ask to show our goods, and let them stand on their own merits.
You will find us pleasant if we fail to suit you, as if you had purchased.
Our stock is more complete than we have ever had, and we honestly believe as low as they can be bought in this county.
J. J. JUMP & CO.
Particular attention to orders. [apr 1

SEED POTATOES.
25 Bushels just received and for sale at
apr 22 THARP'S.

E. & M. BOLLMAN'S IMPERIAL FRENCH WINE VINEGAR
Directions—Add to one gallon of this vinegar two gallons of clear cold water, which will make a superior article for table use. For sale by
H. A. Bateman,
Sole Agent for Talbot county.

LEMON SUGAR.—Gantz's Sicily Lemon Sugar for making Lemonade, a cheap and convenient article for Picnics, Parties, &c. One can making about 30 tumblersful. Price 50c.
apr 22 DAWSON & BRO.

$2000 A Year and Expenses.
To Agents to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world Stitch alike on both sides. One Machine without money. For further particulars, address 25 N. 9th St. Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE
WANTED—500,000 people to subscribe to the PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, only 75 cents a year and a handsome Engraving free to each new subscriber. Specimen for stamp.—Address, C. M. JONES,
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$5 TO $10 EPR DAY.
Men and Women, Boys and Girls, who engage in our new business make from five to ten dollars per day in their localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
feb 4 ly g. p. r. & co

SELECT POETRY.

'Tis But a Drop.

"Tis but a drop," the father said,
And gave it to his son;
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun.
The drop that lured him when a babe,
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Planted a fatal appetite
Deep in the infant frame.

"Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone;
"It did not hurt us in our robes,
It will not now we're grown."
And so they drank the mixture up,
That reeling youthful hand;
For each had learned to love the taste
From his own father's hand.

"Tis but a drop—I need it now,"
The staggering drunkard said;
"It was my food in infancy—
My meat, and drink, and bread.
A drop—a drop—oh, let me have,
'Twill so refresh my soul!
He took it—trembled—drank and died,
Grasping that fatal bowl.

SELECT READING.

Smith's Good Luck.

—x—

I WAS always a lucky fellow, and the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me was being born a Smith. Listen:

Three years ago I had just been jilted, and was out of money. That dosen't sound lucky but it was the prelude to the best of luck. I concluded to go into the country, down at Plymouth, to my uncle's home—partially that the murmurs of the sea might soothe my inward perturbation, partially to save a month's board.

I stepped on board the early down train. It was full of silly six o'clock passengers, mostly men. The sun was shining on the water, but the fog was hugging the banks, and clinging to the burnished surface of the tide. I suppose a poet could have made something pretty out of the sight, but I only wrapped myself closer in my overcoat, and looked at it sulkily. After a while I got listening to two men who sat behind me.

'A pretty girl with a fortune isn't always to be had for the asking.'

'Oh, but the girl isn't asked, I take it. Its' all arranged by her aunts, and she'll acquiesce. She's *shining* pretty, but a mere child—not sixteen, I believe. They had another fellow booked for her, but he died down in New Orleans of the yellow fever last fall.'

'And she's never seen Smith?'

'No, nor they either. The aunts plotted with Mr. Dunbar, the guardian, and he picked Smith up for them, opened a correspondence, and got Rose to write a letter or two. Smith professes to be in love with her letters, and her picture; but of course it's her money—forty thousand if she marries before she's seventeen.'

'If the girl amounts to anything it's a deuced shame.'

'She does amount to something. She has the making of a splendid women in her; but nobody knows it, or cares. They were bent only on seeing the money for her. If she forfeits it, it goes to some pet charity of her crazy old grandfather's.'

'He was always an old tyrant, and as eccentric as the deuce.'

'You know Smith?'

'Only by sight, but I know a chum of his, Burton, and got the story, with a copy of a letter of the girl's. I've seen her many a time down on the shore, always with her dragon aunts.'

'Where's the letter?'

'I've got it here in my wallet. Now, you know the right sort of a man won't have his girl's letters hawked about among his associates. He let Burton take a copy and Burton gave it to me. Let me see—this is it. Listen:

"DEAR MR. SMITH—My aunts wish me to reply to your kind letter. I do not know what to say. I am not accustomed to writing to gentlemen; but I must, tell you that I was sorry to have aunty Sophy send you that picture of me, I am not near so pretty; it flatters me very much. You are so handsome that you will want a beautiful wife, so I don't think you ought to be deceived. I don't want to be married; but my aunts say I must on account of the money, and perhaps it may turn out right. I am very lonely here; I would like to live in a large city, and aunt Sophy says you would do everything to please me.

Have you any sisters? Will your mother like me? I always wanted sisters, and a mother of my own. I don't know what else to tell you, except that if you love me, I will do whatever you want me to do. Very truly yours, ROSE ROGERS."

There were comments upon, and a laughing discussion of the letter, which was certainly very unique. But as we rattled along there was a bump, a shock, the cars stood still, and everybody was in consternation.

'We are off the track; be patient a little while,' said the conductor, passing through.

But in consequence of this little accident it was two o'clock before we got down to Plymouth. As we swarmed out upon the platform I noticed a very pale young man not unlike myself in looks, emerge from the foremost car—his coat sleeve torn out and a violent purple bruise on his forehead.

'If that should be the lover Smith, now,' said I to myself, 'what a plight he is in!'

He seemed very much out of humor and beckoning angrily to a hackman, jumped into a carriage, and desired to be taken to the best hotel. After that I saw several other persons, more or less disordered and bruised by the railroad accident.

I was leaving the depot when a colored coachman bowed before me.

'Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Smith?'

'Yes.'

'Carriage in waiting. Step this way, sir, if you please, sir,'

I followed him, wondering if indeed my uncle had sent up a carriage. It used to be my aunt's pet hobby—a barouche, with the old English coat-of-arms which had, indeed, belonged to us, but had been in disuse since the impoverishment of Raleigh Smith, of England. I wasn't quite sure what they were, but believed it was a sword and a helmet upon a piece of parchment; but it proved to be a pen and a sword against a palette which was very appropriate, as there had been scholars, artists, and military men amoung our ancestors.

'All well?' I asked good humoredly.

'All well,' answered Sambo, with a grin, shutting the door. Think he looked back to say with another grin:

'Ladies very fine this mornin'.'

If my stately aunt and cousin were gay it was certainly worth remarking; so I laughed a little, and Sambo chuckled again, and jumped upon his seat.

We rattled through the streets, under an arch, up an avenue. Things began to look strange.

'Where are we?' I asked as Sambo opened the carriage door. 'Do they live here?'

'Yes, sir. Here's Mr. Dunbar, sir.'

At the same moment an elderly gentleman rushed out in the terrace to meet me.

'Why, Smith, you are wonderful late,' he exclaimed, shaking hands with me.

'The cars run off the track,' answered I, before I could say anything else he hustled me into the house.

'Everything ready. Hurry with your toilet and come down. Pitty you trimmed your whiskers so close, it alters your appearance very much. Robert, help Mr Smith dress. Right in here, Smith. Hurry now, the ladies are waiting.'

I found myself in a luxurious dressing room, and a mulatto was respectfully in attendance. I sat down and looked at him.

'What is your name?'

'Robert, sir. Will you be so kind as to hurry, sir? They are waiting for you,'

I gave him the key to my portmanteau; and resigned myself to my fate, whatever it might be. But things were very strange.

'Where is my uncle?' asked I, as Robert dexterously arranged my garnet sleeve-buttons.

'Your uncle? Oh, yes, sir,' with a bad attempt at smiling, 'he's with the ladies, sir.'

'How long have they lived here?'

'Don't know, sir. I've only been here a day or two. There, sir, do you want anything more?'

No; I was arrayed in my best apparel, and looked well, though my whiskers, instead of being trimmed, were of early growth, and had never been of any length.

I was met at the foot of the stairs by the irrepressible Mr. Dunbar.

'It's all fixed,' said he. 'You'll be married at once. I had different arrangements made; I was going to give you and Rose a chance to get a little acquainted; but that railroad delay spoiled that. The Rev. Mr. Mayson is here. Come right along. A stiff upper lip, now.'

He led me into a long reception room. Some ladies shook hands with me. A tiny, golden haired creature was put at my side. The clergyman married us.—Then there was a clatter of congratulations.

One woman with a horrible scarlet head-dress, put her hand upon my arm and drew me aside.

'What arrangements have you made for the trip?' asked she.

'None,' I answered truthfully.

'But you are going to New York for a week or two?'

I thought New York as good a place to go to as any, if I was expected to go somewhere, and answered 'yes.'

'Aunt Sophy,' said a trembling little voice at our elbows, 'what must I do now?'

'Run up stairs and put on your traveling dress, child. Your Aunt Margaret will assist you.'

It was my wife. She never looked at me, but ran away again

Refreshments were circulating. I tried very hard not to go crazy.

At last Dunbar came to me again.

'All ready, Smith. Carriage is waiting; you'll catch the evening train with smart driving.'

They hustled me out again, kissed Rose, and shook hands with me, and we two alone were driving pell-mell to the depot.

I bought tickets for New York, gave Sambo five dollars, and we were off.

Well, we got into New York at daylight. I took a carriage to the St. Nicholas, took rooms, locked the doors, and told my wife all about it.

She looked at me awhile with her great blue eyes, and then said innocently.

'Well, I don't know as it makes any difference.'

After all, what difference did it make? The disheveled young man with the bumped forehead proved to be the expected Smith, but he didn't arrive until half an hour after our departure.

Dunbar came after us, raving, but there was nothing to be done!

Rose was satisfied. The other man wasn't, but I imagine he was a fellow of bad luck.

NOT A RAM.—Not long since, our friend Brown was on a visit to Lookout Mountain, Georgia, and was much struck with a fine jet of water which was thrown above the top of the eminence on which the hotel stands. Walking around the jet admiringly, he accosted a plain countryman with—

'My friend, is this water forced up by a ram?' meaning, of course, a hydraulic contrivance so named.

'A ram!' exclaimed the countryman.

'Yes, a ram,' I said.

'What on earth—no sir. It's a big mule! and it's tremendous hard work for him. Come here, and I will show him to you.'

Brown saw the mule and left.

J. P., of Peekskill, writes the editor of the local sheet that "youl git your head punched if you print in your paper that my yl had twins."

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if when I was far away she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosey lips she said, "Oh, the you're such a fool!"

An Irish editor congratulates himself that "hall the lies told about him ain't true."

THE SEIGE OF PARIS.

On the Lines During an Armistice—Ruin, Desolation and Death.

The correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes from Paris the following graphic description of a visit to the hostile lines around Paris under date of April 28th.

Two hundred and seventeen victims were carried out of the avenue which leads to the gate of Les Ternes, the other day, and since then the slaughter had been none the less fearful. The armistice appointed for yesterday was postponed because the Commune has not succeeded in declining its future war measures, and the Versailles had not a sufficient number of line of soldiers to put to the front. All Paris was on foot early this morning for a pilgrimage to Neuilly, since it was decided that the cessation of hostiles should occur, and the way from the Arch to the ground held by the servents of Thires and his assembly was black with men, women and children. Hundreds who had fled inside of the walls before the fatal struggle began, returned from nine to five today to seek and convey away their household goods. Every one who could leave his or her post—concierge, shopman or woman, property holder, *et al*—fled up the Champs Elysees, and took the way to the deadly bearier where the National Guards have so long and valiantly disputed the entrance to Paris against the Assembly troops. The arch is scared and burned in many a spot.—The groups of statuary on the side fronting Neuilly are marked with contact of shell, and the stone everywhere shows great indentions and scorches. In the middle driveway lies a tremendous barricade, on which hundreds of the curious have been mounted all day. In the middle of the grand group which represents the warrior defending his fireside is the scar of a shell, which has struck deeply in, and nearly severed the head of the recumbent child from its body. Fitting type of the destruction round about! For many a child, and many a defenceless woman, have gone death's way's since the wild work of bombardment began. The relentless shells respect neither the ambassador's carriage nor the hearse which conveys the latest victim to the cemetery.

We arrive at the Porte Maillot, and we find the ruin greater than we had imagined. Everywhere elegant mansions are windowless, and the roofs are filled with gaping rents through which the disconsolate heads of the proprietors appear. Thousands of wagons; crammed with the furniture which has escaped bombardment, choke the entrance where the ruined gates lies, and where the loose stones seem about to tumble on the women and children who carry packs on their backs. The National Guards have their tents established near the bomb-proofs on the ramparts, and are cooking coffee for the first time in comfort. A small and ragged sentinel attempts to keep back the torrent of outgoers, but fails miserably and sinks into wretched oblivion. Now and then a panic ripples the surface tranquily, when Valerien, who has by no means stopped firing on any point save Neuilly, sends an unusual large shell in the direction of Point du Jour.—We succeeded in getting out by the Port Binaud, and are soon in a wilderness of semi-mined streets, where, nevertheless, the blossoms of some fruit trees, in neighboring gardens make the air perfumed. Emerging from said wilderness after half an hour's riding, we enter Neuilly, and the Maine, which has been transformed into an abundance, shows its riddled walls with the red cross flag valiantly waving above them. Looking back to the gate of Maillot, we see the flames slowly rising from a burning house, and a procession of a stupefied people is slowly wandering in the direction of Asnieres. In this ghastly company are many aged women, who, to save their lives, have been lying so long *perdu* in the cellars that they cannot see in the daylight, and they stagger at the smallest obstacle, tremble at the least noise. The members of the Republican League, so largely instrumental in making the armistice, wander about everywhere, affording succor. All the omnibus ambulances of Paris are serving as furniture wagons, and conveying carpets and mirrors, for once, instead of bleeding maimed men. At one house where we stop to wonder at the destruction, we hear a story which thrills our blood.—The mistress of the mansion, owing to the horrors of the bombardment, became insane, and she was confined in the cellar for ten days, no one daring to approach her save occasionally to throw her some food. In the adjoining house a woman died on the fourth day of the fight, and it was not until the tenth that the little funeral procession could fearfully pick its way a long to the cemetry.—In one place between two houses, lies an artilery horse in putrification; and as we return there passes us in a cab all that is mortal of a man who died in a cellar for lack of food some days ago. An American, who with the correspondent of the London *Times*, has been so far to the front, and so early that the Versailles troops came very near to slaughtering them—not knowing an armistice was on the boards—reports that in one house he visited there were eight dead bodies putrefied so that it was impossible to remove them. All the trees are cut down by shells; children are disdaining fragments; they only pick up, at imminent risk of their lives, the unexploded shells. On the Avenue du Roule, at a point whence stretch out two streets, there was a terrible combat to few days since. Entering the house on the corner, a horrible spectacle meets the eye. Four National Guards lie dead in a confused mass, their hands tightly clinched and their faces blackened. One has lost two legs, another is minus an arm. The court yard of the house is strewn with ruins of its ceiling, yet one cannot find any mark of the entrance of a shell. In the next house every window is broken, and the long black traces of the shells are everywhere visible. A woman finds a collar of pearls in a small saloon where lies a dead man, with his musket still loaded, and his eyes turned toward the window whence doubtless came the shot that killed him. The Communist soldiers here, in giving us little details of the fighting, says that the liners do not fight ferocuciously, but say that the gens d'armes and the ancient imperial police of Paris go into their deadly work with an interest which cannot be signed.

Arriving at the lines of our beseigers we find the regular uniforms of the French armery numerous, very little grace or courtesy prevails, and we narrowly escape arrest and confinement in some cell at the extreme capital. The barricade half way up the avenue is flanked with a good stock of cannon, and the artillerymen are at their posts. Two women arrive at the line and demand to pass. Their house, from which they fled some days ago, is only a short distance away. The sentinel refuses passage. They discuss and he expostulates. An officer steps forward, takes the gun from the sentinel's hands, forces the women back at point of the bayonet, and says: "That's the way we must talk to them!" This causes great indignation, and similar cases are so numerous that the people of the barrier cherish but little love for the attacking troops. A physician who comes to attend to ambulance duties is arrested and sent in a carriage to Versailles. A similar attempt is made on the liberty of an American doctor, who rebels, and enlists all sympathy on the Paris side in his favor. Once the comanddent of the post orders the crowd to retire instantly, or stand a fusilade.—This time the howls of the crowd are frantic, and the line soldiers, although amply protected by the guns of their own batteries, turn a little pale.

One touching incident occurs during the day at Neuilly-les Fernes. Under the lailac bush there, where the blossoms hung luxurantly fragrant, are the humble roofs of the institution of the Holly Cross and hospital of Our lady of the Seven Sorrows. Here for fifteen days in the damp cellars, weak, and in one or two cases dying children have been confined because the shells have rained upon the upper stories. The good Sisters of Charity came out, blinking in the unaccustomed light, and hasten to remove the invalids to safer rest. Idiot and scrofulous infants blind and infirm dwarfs, palsied and half frenzied wretches of uncertain age, are tenderly hastened into the vast furniture vans from the Paris markets, and their moans bring tears to many an eye. More than one beclouded intelect, dimmed by suffering fancies some dire misfortune in this removal, and feebly protests against it. Just as the wagons are about to depart a Sister comes running breathless to announce that the aged director of the hospital will not leave his post. He fancies that it would be desertion. He is eighty-four years old, and semi-paralytic, and faintly murmurs in his doting tones that he will die in the house he has founded. For him no civil war—no shells consummate honor—no effervescence of political hatred exists; nothing but his sublime mission of duty faith and patience has reality for him; and the benevolent are obliged to carry him away almost *vi et armis*.—Some of the Sisters insist on remaining for a few days, in hopes that they may be of service to the wounded and dying; and some few, ultra religious object entering the capital because they do not wish to countenance the communal movement which has dared to offend their holy Church.

The batteries of the Versailles troops are only two hundred yards distant from those of the Commune, and 115 and 45th line regiments have the dubiously pleasant task of defending the Thires side of the question. The armistic, it is announced, will terminate promptly at five o'clock, as it is already half past four, ere we have finished our tour of inspection in Neuilly we are obliged to spur our horses merrily to regain the gates. The long, low dark gray walls of Paris, surrounding by their deep ditches, and the high standing gates with their difficult approaches gave us a thrilling idea of the slaughter yet to come.

As we return we notice an exclusively Gallic scene. A young man in the uniform of the National Guard is playing *Mourin pour la patrie* upon a piano which a frightened owner had just moved into the street and desires forthwith to hasten into Paris. Around him stand a chorus of soldiers singing, with stentorian voices, the lugubriens refrain. The panic begins again suddenly, however, and it seems very much as if the Versaillists were firing blank discharges from their batteries to frighten away the crowds. Neuilly will in a few hours be as deserted as the gardens round about it, and the thunders of artillery and the piano resounding peloton fire will make the listener on the pavement of the Boulevards turn pale, and curse this disastrous civil war. We can hear firing from Valerien as we re-enter Paris.

Anecdote of Beecher and Chapin.

During the summer vacation, Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Chapin were travelling a short stage route together, and according to their wont, rode upon the outside, passing the time most agreeably in genial conversation and in admiring the scenery. At one of the stopping places on the route, a countryman asked them 'could they make room for him up there?' which they cheerfully did.—Soon after taking his seat Mr. Beecher entered into conversation with him, and finding that he had recently returned from a visit to New York, and to use his own expression, had seen enough of it, asked him if he had stopped over Sunday and went to meeting there. He said he had, and went over to Brooklyn to hear a fellow preach; he did not recollect his name.

'Henry Ward Beecher?' suggested Dr. Chapin.

'How did you like him?' asked Dr. Chapin, winking at Beecher.

'Oh, tolerably well,' said the countryman.

'Did you go to hear him in the afternoon?' asked Mr. Beecher.

'No, I went up town to hear another big fellow.'

'Dr. Chapin?' suggested Mr. Beecher.

'Yes, that was his name.'

'And which did you like best?' asked Beecher, winking at Chapin.

'Oh, thunder,' said the countryman, 'Dr. Chapin can preach Beecher right out of his boots.'

You had better believe there was a pretty loud shout went from the coach for a little while—a shout that astonished the countryman who failed to recognize his jovial fellow travellers.