

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

Advertising rates on first page. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free of charge.

Weather Meteorological Observations.

TAKEN AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE, from March 23, to April 3, 1878.

Table with columns for Day, Max., Min., and Wind. Rows for Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

*One inch of melted is considered equivalent to ten of unmelted snow. EXPLANATION.—Thermometer, Max., Min., showing the extreme heat (in the shade) and cold in the 24 hours; Mean, the result of observations made at 7 A. M. and 9 P. M., obtained by dividing the sum by 2; H. R., rainfall, snow, or hail, including during the hours; W. S., wind, graduated between 0 (the lightest) and 4 (a dead calm), taken at 4 P. M.; Direction, the prevalent direction from which it blows. In the Weather column is given the general aspect of the sky during the day.

This proposed reduction in passenger and freight rates on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, between Martinsburg and Baltimore, went into effect on the first of April. This is one good result of the action of the Legislature in passing the compromise bill between the State and the company, and one which will be justly appreciated by the citizens of this county.

Mr. Blair's resolutions which passed the Legislature, just before its adjournment, and which direct the Attorney General of the State to institute proceedings in the United States Supreme Court to test the right of President Hayes to his seat have attracted much attention in Washington, and received comments from nearly all the leading journals in the country.

Is not the country averse to reopening the electoral count? "No, sir," answered Mr. Blair; the people are ahead of the politicians in demanding that their will be expressed at the polls to 1876 shall not be frustrated. But the politicians are not opposed to it. The Republicans do not like Hayes and the Democrats are of course opposed to him, so there can be no real controversy that will lead to any excitement. If the Supreme Court declares that Mr. Hayes is not entitled to his seat there will be no party to support him against the decision, and Mr. Tilden, who was legally elected, can take the oath of office. Mr. Hayes will drop out of sight and there will be no excitement. Confidence will be restored, capital will come from its hiding places and the country regain its prosperity.

There can be no question as to Mr. Blair's sincerity in this movement, and he is undoubtedly acting from a high sense of public justice. Whatever he thinks and whatever he does in this matter, merit the attention and respect of all who are interested in the prosperity of our country, because he has given to the subject much of his thought and time. He is actuated as we believe—and as all must believe—solely by his earnest and patriotic desire to perpetuate our free institutions, and he does not think that these institutions can be perpetuated, if such a gross violation of the constitution, as was what is now generally known as the Electoral Fraud, is allowed to sleep undisturbed—and no one can think otherwise. So far as the expediency of further agitating the question of the late Presidential election is concerned, there may very well be a difference of opinion between honest men; but as far as the real merits of that question are concerned there can be none. No man of common information, whatever may be his politics, now doubts or pretends to deny, that Samuel J. Tilden was honestly, fairly and justly elected President of the United States by the people thereof in 1876. That he is not now exercising the functions of that high office, and that Mr. Hayes, who was not elected is so exercising them, is the fault of the Republican politicians, who successfully conspired together to defeat the will of the people as they had expressed it at the ballot box. The object of Mr. Blair's resolutions, and the proceedings to be taken thereunder, is to remedy the great wrong which was then perpetrated, by an appeal to the highest Court in the land. Should his efforts be successful he will have the gratitude of all who love honest government—but whether they are successful or not he deserves much praise for the purity of his purpose, and the boldness, perseverance, energy and ability with which he is advocating that which is right.

Presidential Electoral Laws.

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1878. MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR: I see it stated in your Baltimore Sun, that no effective action up to date has been had by Congress on the United States Electoral Laws, but that the House Committee has got so far as to agree to report a constitutional amendment, extending the Presidential term to six years, and that it was a tie vote on the proposition to adopt the electoral vote. Neither of these projects touches the sore point. What was it in the recent contest which shook our country from centre to circumference? Simply the opinion that neither Congress nor the Commissioners (electors) which it appointed, had authority under the constitution to go behind the election returns or to punish the guilty offenders. To reach this object therefore and to remove all doubt hereafter, whether the existing constitution provides or not, I propose as an amendment, the following additional clause to the article limiting the powers of Congress, to wit: "That the President and Vice President shall have full power and authority to go behind the returns of elections of all Federal officers, including the President and Vice President of the United States and the electors thereof; to investigate and adjudicate any charges of frauds and irregularities relating thereto, and to enact all necessary laws for the punishment of the offenders and to secure an honest count and the purity and efficiency of the ballot box, independent of State constitutions and laws.

To Sellers and Buyers of Hay.

The irregular and irresponsible system of brokerage, with its well known attendant evil, long prevailing at the several hay yards in Baltimore, and the disadvantage of both producers and consumers, having become so great a burden upon all concerned, the agricultural community, as represented by and acting through Baltimore County Grange, has decided to appoint a competent and responsible agent to represent it, and to concentrate in his hands, as far as possible, the sale of hay, straw, hays, ear corn and other bulky farm products. To this end the cooperation of all farmers of Baltimore and the adjacent counties who send their products to the city is urged, and buyers are asked to give their support to the agent selected. The object of this movement is not to combine sellers as against the buyers, but to bring buyers and sellers closer together and to dispense with the superfluous broker who has so long come between the two classes, to the profit of himself alone. In the plan proposed the agent stands in the place of the producer, and we commend him to the confidence and favor of all who either buy or sell at the scales. The agent chosen is Mr. Joshua F. G. Talbot, who has given ample bond for the faithful performance of the duties imposed upon him, who will always be found in person at the Eastern scales, and by his representatives, T. G. Shipley, at the Western, and Adam Talbot, at the Northern scales. Orders from persons wishing to purchase hay, &c., may be left at the Maryland Grange Agency, S. W. cor. Camden and Sharp Sts., Baltimore, where any further information may be obtained. Mr. Talbot may be addressed at either of the scales or at the Orange Agency as above. DICKSON GONSHUR, C. LYON ROSEN, W. T. ALEXANDER, CHAS. W. SEMMER, THOS. B. TODD, G. M. BOSLEY, BENJ. F. TAYLOR, JACOB M. FRANCE, EDW. P. PHILPOTT, A. W. SWENY.

A French Duel.

Which Continued at Intervals for Fourteen Years.—The Most Remarkable in the Annals of Duelling. Special Correspondence of the Evening Post.

Paris, Feb. 10, 1878.—The French are eminently a dueling people, and I have lately heard of many curious duels. Perhaps the most remarkable one on record is that related of M. Fournier, a captain of Hussars at Strasbourg, in the latter part of the last century. This Captain Fournier was accustomed to wantonly provoke a quarrel with any one whom he might meet, and he was one day provoked to extraordinary threat for blood, which rendered him akin to the tiger species. Upon one occasion he had insulted, fought and killed a young man by the name of Blum, who was a great favorite with the good citizens of Strasbourg, and his sad and cruel death, resulting from a quarrel so utterly unprovoked, excited, exasperated them to the highest degree. The military commander of the place had some time previously announced a ball, which happened to fall upon the night of the burial of the unfortunate Blum. He, knowing the state of excitement into which the bourgeoisie had worked themselves over this legalized murder of one of their class, and fearing the consequences which might ensue should they meet Capt. Fournier at the entertainment, directed one of his officers by the name of Dupont to post himself at the entrance to the ball and prevent the admittance of the doctored duelist. The command was a dangerous one to fulfill; nevertheless it was cheerfully undertaken by the brave Dupont, who was himself no man of an swordsmen, and had long desired an opportunity to meet and punish this much-fested bravo. In due time Fournier presented himself at the door, where Dupont received him with the quiet remark that by his General's orders he could not permit him to pass. Fournier, twisting his moustaches and glaring fiercely at the important duty, exclaimed: "Ah! what a fine fellow you are! the General for his rank; you will, perhaps, have no objection, you, who commit impertinences at second hand?" The challenge was accepted, and the combatants meeting a few days after, Dupont succeeded in inflicting a severe wound upon his antagonist; but in the act of falling, Fournier called out for a second fight. It was granted, and the combatants met again, and this time Dupont was wounded. Being enraged at the rough and vicious manner in which his opponent had thrust him, Dupont claimed another meeting, to which, of course,

THE VICTOR READILY ASCENDED.

The latter likewise desired that the contest should be decided by pistols, feeling certain of success with his weapon, as he had sufficiently recovered their meeting. This time Dupont was wounded. Being enraged at the rough and vicious manner in which his opponent had thrust him, Dupont claimed another meeting, to which, of course,

As often as M. Dupont and Fournier met themselves within thirty leagues of each other, they shall meet halfway between for a duel with swords.

2. If either of the combatants finds himself restrained by the exigencies of the service, the other shall make the entire journey in order to effect a meeting. 3. No excuse, except such as may grow out of the exigencies of the service shall be admissible. This singular compact was executed in good faith, and many curious meetings, strangely brought about, were the result. One writes to the other upon a certain occasion:

"I am invited to breakfast with a party of officers at Augsburg, and hearing that you are in the neighborhood, would be obliged by your affording me the opportunity for another sword thrust. Truly yours, etc."

Again a letter runs in this strain: "Monsieur—I will be passing through Strasbourg on the 21st inst. Will you fight me in the course of your journey or the other way be promoted; this destroyed the equality of rank between them, and according to French etiquette no duel could take place. As soon, however, as the advancement of the inferior restored the balance of rank, the contest was renewed in accordance with the terms of the compact. The duel appeared likely to last for many days, as both were experienced swordsmen and adhered rigidly to the ruling that no thrust should be made after blood had been drawn. It is related that they once met very unexpectedly in a Swiss chalet. The fact of its being night time did not prevent their proceeding immediately to their bloody work. Between the sword thrusts they carried on the following conversation: "Parbleu! I thought you were in the interior."

"No, I am ordered here."

"Don't I should be near by. Are you lately arrived?"

"Very good to think of me."

As he uttered the last words Dupont's sword grazed Fournier's neck, drawing blood, and the fight was over for a while. Thus continued the feud for fourteen long years, when Dupont was about to unite himself in marriage to a fair demoiselle, who, however, made it a condition of their union that the dueling engagement should be positively closed before their nuptials. Thereupon Dupont sought an interview with his enemy, and agreed to finally settle the dispute with pistols. In order, though, to obviate the great advantage which Fournier's skill as a marksman afforded him, Dupont proposed the following:

"A friend of mine has a pleasant cottage, surrounded by a high wall; there are two entrances, one to the north, the other to the south. Let us each enter by a separate gate, pistol in hand, and seek an opportunity to fire."

As it was proposed was it done. Upon the appointed day each repaired to the rendezvous, and in a few moments they espied each other, and each darted quickly behind a tree, and fired as they saw opportunity. Dupont's bullet struck Fournier's arm. A bullet whizzed by, near enough to take the bark off the tree behind which he was sheltered. A moment later Dupont's hat ventured beyond the friendly barricade. Fournier's second bullet pierced his crown, but the head which had planned the ruse remained unharmed. Dupont now stepped boldly and triumphantly from his concealment, while his antagonist, throwing down his now useless pistol, advanced coolly and undauntedly toward him, prepared to meet the fate which he had dealt out to so many others.

Dupont deliberately raised his hand, stopped and said: "I have your life in my hand; I give it you on condition that

if ever you seek a quarrel with me again I shall have the benefit of two balls before you fire." The terms were accepted and the fourteen years of duel were ended.

The Woman's Hotel.

A. T. Stewart's Peculiar Curiosity.—The Purpose of the Millionaire.—An Establishment Intended for Working Women. [Special Corr. of the Paris Times.]

New York, March 31.—Next Wednesday the "Woman's Hotel," will be quietly opened for guests, consistent with the intentions of its late proprietor. Tuesday night it will be thrown open by card for the inspection of three or four thousand ladies and gentlemen, and as many of these will not probably have another chance to walk through it, according to the rigorous privacy laid down in the rules, the demand for tickets has been large. The advantage of a private view of the "Woman's Hotel," will be quietly opened for guests, consistent with the intentions of its late proprietor. Tuesday night it will be thrown open by card for the inspection of three or four thousand ladies and gentlemen, and as many of these will not probably have another chance to walk through it, according to the rigorous privacy laid down in the rules, the demand for tickets has been large. The advantage of a private view of the "Woman's Hotel," will be quietly opened for guests, consistent with the intentions of its late proprietor. Tuesday night it will be thrown open by card for the inspection of three or four thousand ladies and gentlemen, and as many of these will not probably have another chance to walk through it, according to the rigorous privacy laid down in the rules, the demand for tickets has been large.

In New York a building lot is covered by 25 to 30. The Woman's Hotel occupies fourteen lots, in two rows, and to end, and is, therefore, in round numbers, 200 feet square. Beneath it, in the outer shell, are thirty-eight stores, extending around three sides. The fourth side is not upon a street, and is nearly a blank wall of brick. The building is seven stories in height, and is situated on the front making eight stories at that portion. The architecture is Roman Renaissance, the use of the column being general on every facade and in every story to support the arched forms of the windows and to give consequence to the basement or base. The stories are alternately arched and square, the latter being the windows, at the angles in the centre, pavilions of a square form and with ornamental railings above the basement is painted a light greenish fawn color. No ornaments are cast in the iron sides, but the front is more ambitiously decorated with iron work, and is more rich than objects, and it has an elegant pattern in arches divided by columns, the columns painted a close imitation of Aberdeen granite, and the whole ground floor made black, with these red columns in relief. The only sign is over the great walnut door, on the lofty cut-glass transoms, the name of the "Woman's Hotel." The name is certainly full of meaning, dignity and modesty. The clean, regular, lofty, indeed noble structure, matches well with that other equally equal monument to woman, Stewart's retail dry goods store. Where else in the globe are there such palaces to the sex? The Virgins, made holy by her offspring, scarcely has a church or convent named for her to compare with the two mighty mansions reared by Stewart. Fifteen acres of flooring and sales of \$80,000 a day are the suggestions of his dry goods store. The Woman's Hotel has 502 bed chambers, more than 1,700 gas-jets, 14,000 yards of carpet and refined lodgings for more than 1,000 women only. Since the most extravagant periods of conventional devotion no such monastery as this has been erected or patronized. It is the equal, for its purposes, as an institution, of Harvard College. Indeed, it compares with that famous university as second only to that which has seen more than 1,800 students in all its colleges. Oxford supports 557 "fellows," or pensioned graduates. The Woman's Hotel can bed, feed and amuse, while at occupation of any and all sorts, twice as many "fellows" as Oxford nucleus.

Whether this hotel be a success or not, it is a great advance in the progress of woman. It shows that a shrewd, observant man of business believed that there were 1,000 women in New York whose labor supported them so respectably that they could sustain an institution in which two or three million dollars had been invested; that there was so much activity and energy in the woman of the time, that they would replenish the hotel, find their way to it, travel and experiment, and become self-sustaining as a sex. Finally, it was Mr. Stewart's obligation to women. He felt a sense of gratitude to them for long and liberal custom, appreciating his work and enterprise, from the time when he opened a little store near the City Hall Park in 1823, at the age of 21, down to his death, at the age of 72.

Carlyle on the Lord's Prayer.

Thomas Carlyle, though an iconoclast, is as reverent a man as lives. In a letter written in 1850 to the Rev. Mr. Erskine he says: "I was greatly surprised by the sight of your hand writing again, so kind, so welcome! The letters are as firm and honestly distinct as ever—the mind, too, in spite of its frail environments, as clear, plump-up, calmly expectant as in the best days; so be it with us all till we thus dimly recognize, now grown so lonely to us, and our chance come. 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy will be done; what else can we say?'"

"The other night, in my deepest toiling about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis, as if a great angelic presence were present, and I felt myself as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for thirty or forty years had I once more repeated that prayer, and I felt as if I were a poor sinner pleading on the black bosom of night there; when I, as it were, read them word by word—with a sudden check to my imperfect wandering, with a sudden softness of