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He blushed a fiery red,
Her heart went pit-a-pat;
She gently hung her head,
And looked down at the mat.
He trembled in his speech;
He rose from where he sat,
And shouted with a screech,
"You're sitting on my hat!"

From the New Orleans Bulletin.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR THE TIMES.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A stomach full of *Rye*,
A Governor and General
Both told a lie.

*The Governor in his office,
Hiding the people's money,
The General in a bar-room,
Drinking "Peach and Honey."

Humpty Sheridan sat on a wall,
Humpty Sheridan had a great fall
All of Grant's horses, and all of Grant's men,
Cannot put Humpty together again.

Fe-Fi Fo Fum,
I smell the blood of a White League man;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

There was a little General,
No bigger than my thumb,
He traveled in a pint-pot,
And carried a little drum.

He had some little garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief
To wipe his little nose.

Who comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
To make you fear.

Dickery, dickery dare,
Little Phil flew up in the air.
The people up North soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery dare.

Needles and pins, needles and pins'
Little Phil dares and his trouble begins.

THE SONG OF LITTLE PHIL

When I was a little boy I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever ever shall, until when I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

Poor old Billy Pitt Kellogg,
Poor old Billy Pitt Kellogg;
They'll make him a coat,
Of an old Billy Goat;
Won't it be mean to do so?
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Billy Pitt Kellogg.

See, see, what shall I see?
A knavish wag where a *man* should be.

Three wise men of Washington,
Grant, Williams and Morton.
All went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

At a recent meeting of the Biological Society of Paris, Mr. Henry exhibited potographs of hands of the upper classes of the Annamites. These hands were characterized by long finger-nails, which were worn as a mark of nobility. One of the photographs represented nails fifteen to twenty inches in length, and curiously carved in fantastic patterns, like certain of the claws depicted in ancient illuminations. Notwithstanding their excessive length, these nails were hypertrophied.

From the Sunder (Washington City) Herald.

The celebration at Lincoln Hall, on Friday evening, of Andrew Jackson's victory over the British at New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was the largest and most harmonious meeting we have ever seen in the District of Columbia. The hall, at an early hour, was filled to repletion with one of the most respectable audiences ever seen at a public meeting anywhere, and, by the immense enthusiasm manifested, give evidence that the people were thoroughly aroused everywhere over the Administration outrage to Louisiana.

Speeches were made by a number of distinguished gentlemen, among them Hon. Wm. M. Robbins, of N. C. who said:

The call made upon me is a surprise. I came here not to speak, but to listen, and to approve by my presence that I understand to be the purpose of this meeting; namely, to revive the memory of events which shed lustre upon the whole American people; to strengthen our love of liberty and independence by thinking of what they cost. It is well for us to look beyond the sad scenes of the late sectional conflict, and recall the common trials, common dangers, and common triumphs of earlier times that the spirit of the brotherhood may be reawakened in our souls.

I am a Southern man—a North Carolinian. This is the first time I ever stood before a popular assemblage north of the Potomac. It is a fitting time to give utterance to the real sentiments entertained by me and those who sent me to this Capital as their representive. I am here to promore peace, reunion, and revived feelings of fraternity among the American people of all sections. I am not hear to tear open old wounds, but to aid in healing them. As a citizen of the defeated and humiliated section, it might be thought natural for me to cherish bitterness and study revenge. And so, perhaps, I might do if no one's fortunes but my own were at stake. But I cannot forget that in our homes there are innocent little prattlers who are to live after us. In our poverty we can leave them little else, but I want to leave them a happy, peaceful, free, well-governed country to live in. These, my countrymen, are the pledges of my patriotism and the hostages which bind me to my allegiance.

Most heartily, therefore, do I join with you in celebrating this day as a day ever memorable in the annals of our common country. It is pleasant and profitable to recur to an event at the recollection of pride and satisfaction. The history of that event is so well known to you that I shall not dwell upon its details. Will you pardon me for speaking from the heart in true simplicity and saying that while sitting here to night thinking of the event we celebrate—and others too, which have occurred since—one prominent thought has been uppermost, and it is this, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The most striking thing to me about the battle of New Orleans is the arrogant spirit with which the British army marched into it with the impious cry of "booty and beauty" upon their lips, and the utter discomfiture which followed, with scarcely a scratch to the army of "Old Hickory." It reminds one of the destruction of Sennacherib, when

"The Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed."

It is impossible to avoid the thought that there are those who are at this moment seeking to subjugate that same city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, and doing so much of that same proud, reckless, and defiantly impious spirit shown by Packenham and his army. The discomfiture will follow; not bloody like theirs, but a political overthrow awaits the men who are acting thus recklessly which will prove, what as a Democrat I devoutly believe, that the people of America still love liberty in their heart of hearts without respect to section or party.

It is not my purpose to indulge in any bitter language in speaking of these proceedings. If I did I should be misunderstood. I am a son of one of those sister States which have been standing for ten years with hands crossed and bound with fetters waiting for the word of deliverance to be spoken by the omnipotent and triumphant North. Our protests against usurpation are apt to be taken as the mere growlings of justly restrained offenders. So we have been conning the lesson of patient, silent endurance, waiting for the march of events to reveal the true situation. That time seems now at hand. Nothing since the war has so strengthened my hopes for our country's future as the uprising now seen over all the North in condemnation of the recent acts of high-handed usurpation in New Orleans. It proves that the heart of the people is yet sound at the core.

Much as I regret and condemn those acts of the President and the Lieutenant General I have a special reason for avoiding all opprobrious terms in speaking of those distinguished men. I fought against them both on many a bloody day, and I recognize their ability as captains and their bravery as soilders. Let us take broad, manly views, and do justice to every man. General Sheridan is a gallant soldier. I know not how others feel, but for myself I feel an interest in the honest fame of every brave soldier who fought on either side in the late contest. I love my comrades like brothers, and I respect all our gallant adversaries as "foemen worthy of our steel." I would guard the fame of all. And if this is ever to be a happy country again the time must come when Sherman, Thomas, Grant, and Sheridan, and Lee, Jackson, and Johnson, and the heroic men they led, shall all be cherished by America as her beloved sons, and their matchless deeds of daring and devotion be treasured as a common heritage. I sincerely regret that Grant and Sheridan should have tarnished by their sad blunders the laurels they won in other days, just as I mourn over my old commander, Longstreet, as an archangel fallen.

As a Democrat I believe good government can only be restored by the triumph of the principles which "Old Hickory" upheld, and for which our party struggles. And I think our triumph is not far off. Our opponents, by their fatuity, illustrate the maxim that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." All unwittingly Grant and Sheridan are feeling for the heart of the Republican party with a dagger. Let them feel!

I hope I shall not be guilty of moralizing too much if I recur again to the idea I broached awhile ago about the danger of men becoming puffed up with arrogance—in common parlance, "getting too big for their breeches." The Republican Administration is proud and disdainful of popular rights now. They forget that we are all Americans or freemen much more than we are Democrats or Republicans.

We Southern men have learned some things by bitter experience. We were once proud and lifted up, felt able to whip five Yankees apiece, and defied misfortune. We felt and spoke loftily. Mark what has befallen us. A mysterious Providence has brought us low indeed. Our adversaries triumph, and "servants now bear rule over us." Let me say, with due solemnity, to them who mock our sorrows and gloat over our downfall, that the hand which humbled us can reach them.

I can readily conceive how this reckless trampling down of law and right under the iron heel of the military may pave the way to a fearful crisis and appalling convulsions in the near future, destructive to the peace and prosperity of the entire country. If a State Legislature can be dispersed by soldiers, how long will it be before some stout President will drive out Congress? When in our youth we wondered at Cromwell's hardihood in breaking up Parliament, we scarcely expect to witness in our own age and country a scene so much like it. When it becomes fashionable to put down State Legislatures because they differ with the Executive in political opinion, think you that Executive would be likely to submit patiently to impeachment, for instance, by a Congress of opposite political faith, or any Congress whatever, when he was in command of a military so servient to lawless orders as De Trobirand the other day, who only replied to the protests of expiring liberty by saying, "I am a soldier, and have nothing to do but obey orders."

Moreover there is another imminent danger, Our Presidential elections come very often. If States are kept in pupilage and guardianship under Federal control, how long will it be before such an election will turn upon counting out or counting in the votes of some single State whose statehood is questioned by one party or another? Or a State will have two governments, as several have now, two sets of electiors, the recognition of one of which sets will decide a Presidential election. When such a juncture arises, and who can say it may not arise in a few years, what assurance have we that it can be passed over peaceably? Is there not too much reason to fear that there would be an outbusrt of convulsion from the Lakes to the Gulf, neighbor clutching at the throat of neighbor over the whole land; not a sectional war as we lately had, but a true civil war, desolating every township, county, and State? May God avert such a calamity. Having fought through the whole late war, I am able to realize the fearful evils of war, and I trust we may see no more of it in our country. But what I have said shows how easily it might come, and that, after all, as long as we depart, in the slightest degree, from the plain principles of the Constitution we walk upon a volcano.

It is time for us to take reckoning in soberness as to the dangers that environ us, and avert them by recurring to the fundamental doctrines principles of popular liberty which lie at the base of our institutions. It is time for us, also, to banish the spirit of sectional strife and ill feeling, and, recognizing each other's virtues as well as fruits, (for we all have both) learn to forget and forgive, and be brothers again. We of the South are not perfect. Neither are we so bad as our enemies paint us. But I am not going now to enter upon any defence of our people. Permit me to say, however, in behalf of the downtrodden people of Louisiana, that they are not assassins; and the best proof of it is this: Kellogg lives, Longstreet lives, Packard lives, and many others whose crimes have affronted high Heaven and whose oppressions might make even wise men mad."

In conclusion, let me pay a tribute to the horic patience and forbearance of the people of New Orleans. They show that greatness which is superior to all others—the power to rule their own spirits. Such fortitude under sore trial would do honor to any race of men; it is glorious; it must be God-given. I hail it as the inspiration of coming deliverance and the harbinger of Louisiana's redemption. I thank you, gentlemen, for hearing me so patiently.

Stiring and spirited addresses were also made by Senator Bogy, of Missouri, Representatives Parker, of New Hamsphire, Vance, of North Carolina, and Harris, Virginia, and regret our inability to print all of them in full. The Fort Whipple and Dounch's bands rendered good music, and altogether this meeting was one that will be long remembered by those who paricipated.

Large and Small Ears.

Large ears, as has been observed, says the *Phrenological Journal*, hear things in general, and denotes broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in particular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the facts of a case, with the general principles involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of the details, especially all repetition of the most unimportant, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually well fitted to conduct, large enterprises, to receive and and pay out money in large sums; in buying or selling, would prefer to leave a margin rather than reduce the quantity of goods of any sort to the exact dimensions of the measure specified, and in giving would prefer to give with a free hand and without too strict a calculation as to the exact amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story, as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received, People with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.

A Syracuse girl declined to engage herself to the object of her affections until his father had given her a written guarantee that his son was not only sound "in wind and limb," but of good morals, gentle, and warranted to behave both in "single and double harness." That girl did not intend to be seen in a divorce court.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

THE NEW SCRIPTURES.

According to Tyndall, Huxley, Spender and Darwin.

GENESES—CHAPTER 1.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolutions moved upon the fluid mass.

3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat and electricity.

4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combination begat rock, air, and water.

5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and, working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption produced the organic cell.

6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene; and protogene begat eozoon; and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

8. And earthy atom in vegetables protoplasms begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

9. And animalculæ in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and begat articulata and articulata begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generations of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

13. Out of the acidan came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate; from which are simiadae in all their tribes.

14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the platyrine monkey.

15. And the platyrine begat the catarrhine, the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape, begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the what-is-it.

16. And the what is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, anochton, the tarragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

19. and primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heretogeneous for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. and men grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest man caught the most animals,—and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish, and secured the survival of the fittest.

Magistrates' Duties.

We presume but few persons are aware of the following law, to which the Goldsboro *Messenger* calls attention:

Chapter 71 of the laws of 1871-'72 provides that "the Justices of the Peace in the several counties of the State may assemble at the Court House on the first Monday in each and every year, and a majority of them being present, they may elect by ballot three discreet, intelligent tax-paying citizens, to be known as the 'Finance Committee,' whose duty it shall be to inquire into and investigate and report by public advertisement, at the Court House and some public place in each township of the county, or in a newspaper, if one is published in the county, a detailed and itemized account of the condition of the county finance, together with any information appertaing to any fands, or any malfeasance in office by any court officers.

The law further provides that the Committee shall have power to send for persons and papers, and make it a misdemeanor for any to refuse to obey their summons.

As illustrating the danger of leaving small children alone, a Chicago paper tells the sad fate of a little four-year-old boy in that city who was left by his parents alone in the house. Finding some cartridges he placed them on a stove, and added some kerosene. One of the cartridges explored, the bullet entering the little fellow's brain, causing instant death.

Schurz on Sheridanizing States.

One of the most brilliant and masterly of his many able speeches in the Senate, was delivered by Senator Schurz on the Louisiana outrage, a brief synopsis of which has been printed in this journal. The following is a passage in full:

On all sides we hear the question asked: "If this can be done in Louisiana, if such things be sustained by Congress, how long will it be before it can be done in Massachusetts and Ohio? How long before the constitutional rights of all the States, the self government of all the people will be trampled under foot? How long before a general of the army may sit in the chair you occupy to decide contested elections in order to make a majority in the Senate; and before a soldier will stalk into the House of National Representatives, pointing to the Speaker's mallet say, "Take away that bauble!" Wild and exaggerated as these apprehensions may seem, yet these are the feelings you will hear expressed when the voice of the people penetrates to you. And I would ask you, can you risk what is possible and what not? Who is there among us who but three years ago would have expected to be called upon to approve the gross, most unjustifiable usurpation of Judge Durrell and the President's enforcement of it as the lawful origin of a State Government? And who of you, when permitting that to be done, would have expected to see the United States soldiers march into a hall of a State Legislature to decide its organization? Permit that to-day, and who of you can tell me what we shall be called upon—nay, forced to permit to-morrow.

Senators! we have arrived at a crisis. I will not conceal that I cannot contemplate that this crisis without grave apprehension, for what has happened already makes me look forward with anxiety to what may still be in store for us. We are evidently on a downward slope, and the question is where we shall land. It is not the success of Napoleonic ambitions in this country that I fear, for if they existed they would still find in America not a French people to deal with; but what I do have reason to fear, if we continue on in that course, is this: that our time-honored constitutional principles will be gradually obliterated by abuses of power establishing themselves as precedents; that the machinery of administration may become more and more a mere instrument of ring rule, a tool to manufacture majorities and to organize plunder, that in the hollow shell of republican forms the government will become the mere football of rapacious and despotic factions.

WHAT ONE VOTE DID.—A single vote in New York city, says the *Express*, made Jefferson President of the United States, and this one vote moved the policy of the Government not only under Jefferson, but under his successor, James Madison. So a single vote of 100,000 votes made Marcus Morton Governor of Massachusetts. So one vote elected Wm. Allen, in the Chillicothe district, to Congress in 1834, and one vote subsuquently made him United States Senator for six years later. The following case of the kind is still more remarkable: In 1830, Dan Stone, of Cincinnati, was a Candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Main street on the morning of the election, he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls, who intended to vote the opposition ticket. Stone solicited his vote. "We are old friends," said he, "and I know you will show an old friend that mark of kindnes." Party spirit was then comparatively quiet. The voter replied, "Well, Dan, you are a pretty clever fellow. I don't care if I do." That one vote elected Stone, and gave a majority of one in the Legislature, which made Thomas Ewing United States Senator. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of confirming Martin Van Buren as Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain enabled the Vice President to give the casting vote against it, and so made Mr. Van Buren first Vice President and then President, and determined the general policy of the country for four years.

The Baltimore *Gazette*, in reviewing Grant's recent message on Louisiana matters, says:

"It is incarnadined with similar blood splotches. It is not the Message of a President but of a partisan. It is bitter and vindictive. It is another attempt to "fire the hearts of the North" by giving the sanction of the Executive to statements which are intended to cover up the real point at issue, and many of which are refuted by the testimony taken on the spot by the sub-committee sent to New Orleans to investigate and report upon the true condition of affairs."

Ritualism in England has a test case in the courts. Mr. Machonochie has been suspended for "using lighted candles as symbols; holding processions in the the church with a banner bearing a representation of the Virgin Mary; making the sign of the cross to the congregation; wearing the cope, chasuble and alb, and having the 'Agnus Dei' sung after the consecration prayer in the communion service." The case will have a speedy hearing in the higher courts.

No less than thirty Legislatures will be in session this week. Some of them are second and others special sessions, and it has rarely occurred that so many have been simultaneously at work. The Democrats control seventeen of them; the Republicans twelve, and Federal bayonets one. The list include all the States but seven, none of whose Legislatures meet this Winter, namely: California, Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, New Hampshire and Oregon.

Address to Niagara.

This lion accustomed to receive the tribute of the world's admiration, has been taken rather rudely by the beard, and has had some plain talk from a Raleigh bard given in homely and unvarnished phrase.

Ye who go to that lordly cataract with reverential awe, and judgements trained to traditional submission, learn from the following lines, how to speak the truth fearlessly and independently.

Roll on! roll on! thou deep and dark
Niagara!
I wouldn't be surprised if you kept rolling on when I'm away,
you old cuss!
'Taint much after all to roll over a place
like that;
Get up and roll back again, if you want
to gain eclat,
You old cuss!
Neuse River is muddy and red and not
much on the "roll" of fame;
But I bet if she came to a place like that,
She'd tumble over all the same without
so much fuss,
You old cuss!

Another case of recovery from severe wound of the brain is recorded by Dr. Baldwin in the Richmond and Louisville *Medical Journal*. It appears that a lad, 16 years old, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a pistol in the hands of a companion a few feet distant. Upon receiving the shot, the boy fell with violence, but did not lose consciousness. The ball, about the size of a buckshot, entered the right frontal bone an inch above the center of the eye-brow, and, passing through the brain, lodged in the occipital bone near the center of the occipital cross. A silver probe passed by its own weight to the center of the brain, without touching the ball. As a precautionary measure he was bled, and Epsom salts were administered. The wound healed rapidly, without any constitutional disturbance, and in ten days he returned to his home. He is still living in good health, and has never suffered the slightest inconvenience from the accident.

AN AMERICAN BARK LOST AT SEA.—On the night of December 23d two seamen were landed at Queenstown, who are the sole survivors of a crew of twenty, of the American bark Amity, which sailed from Philadelphia for Antwerp on the 19th of November. They give the following account of the loss of the vessel and their mates: After having been three weeks at sea the vessel became water-logged. The boats in which the men attempted to save their lives having capsized, those who escaped being drowned took to the rigging, but one after the other was washed off until only four remained. Of these two became insane and refused to leave the rigging, when a Norwegian bark fortunately appeared on the scene and, by means of lines from the life boat, provided means of safety for the shipwrecked men. The two others got on board the Norwegian, and soon afterwards the water-logged vessel disappeared.

A STARTLING METAMORPHOSIS.—Some one who has been viewing the Siamese jugglers says; "One trick which Minhman preformed was a very superior version of the mango-tree feat of the Indian jugglers. He took an orange, cut it open, and produced a serpent. This he took down into the audience, and borrowing a robe from one, cut the snake's head of and covered it with the robe. When the robe was lifted again a fox was in place of the snake. The fox's head was cut off, two robes borrowed, and when they were raised, there was a wolf, which was killed with a sword. Three robes and a leopard appeared; it was slain with a javelin. Four robes covered a most savage-looking buffalo, that was killed with an axe. Five robes covered in part, but not altogether a lordly elephant, who, when the sword was pointed at him, seized Minhman by the neck and tossed him violently up. He mounted feet foremost, and finally clung by his toes to the capital of one of the columns, Tepada now leaped from the stage, alighting upon the elephants shoulders. With a short sword he goaded the beast on the head, until shrieking, the unwieldy animal reared upon his hind feet, twined his trunk about one of the great columns, and seemed trying to lift himself from the ground and wrap his body around the great pillar. The music clashed out barbarously. Nordam flashed forth a dazling firework of some sort, and the elephant had disappeared, and Tepada lay upon the stage writhing in the folds of a great boa constrictor and holding up Minhman upon his feet."

ALEXIS' PLUCKY AND FAITHFUL BRIDE.—The pretty little maid of honor, whom the Grand Duke Alexis married all unknownst to the old folks appears to be as spunky as she is beautiful. Alexis, it will be remembered, was sent to America that he might forget her, but while that plan cured the Grand Duke, it didn't appease his bride, who was sent out of the Empire by special train. She went to Geneva, and recently it appears that Count Shouvaloff was sent to treat with her. It was proposed that she should renounce all claims to the hand of Alexis, change her name and disappear. In return for this service she would receive 1,000,000 roubles down and and annuity of 75,000 roubles, which would be continued to her child in case the latter survived her; but Mrs. Alexis wouldn't do it. She loved Alexis too much for that, and so matters stand at present.

TWO LADIES DROWNED.—On Saturday last, about three o'clock, two young ladies, daughters of Robert Hodge, of Pymanturing, were drowned in the Shenango, two miles above Sharpeville, Pa., They started to cross on the ice, and when about thirty feet from the shore the ice gave way, letting both into the river. A brother who was a shore a short distance off heard their cry for help, and ran to their assistance. He struggled in the water for nearly half an hour, in a vain effort to get them out, until finally utterly fatigued, and despairing of success, he left them clinging to the ice, and went on shore to get assistance from the neighbors. But the young ladies had become so chilled and exhausted that they were unable to keep above the water, and both sunk before aid could be procured.

Grant says the "Military" are not Lawyers, and Grant is right, and furthermore Grant is himself something of a "military," and like "necessity knows no law." In his message Grant says that Gen. Sheridan never

"Expressed the determinat on to proceed beyond what the law in the future might authorize for the punishment of the atrocities which have been committed, and the commission of which cannot be successfully denied."

Did Grant ever hear of such a document as that called the Constitution of the United States! Did he ever hear of such a thing as an *expost facto* law?—Did he ever hear the 4th clause of the IX section of Article I of the Federal Constitution? It says,

"4. No bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed."

Does he know that any law passed now or in the future affixing new punishment to acts committed in the past would be an *ex post facto* law?

Verily "the military" are not lawyers, and verily, verily, Grant and Sheridan are "military." And yet, great Heaven, the destiny of the country is in their hands!—*Journal.*

An event has takn place in Louisiana which may have the effect of dampening the enthusiasm of Grant for the recognition by Congress of the so-called Kellogg Legislature. It seems that the irrepressible Pinchback has been at his old tricks, and has induced the present Kellogg Legislature to elect him United States Senator, instead of choosing brother-in-law Casey, in accordance with the wishes and expectations of the White House.—This is the second time that Grant has overturned a government in Louisiana for the purpose of having his brother-in-law made a United States Senator, and both times the pestilent Pinchback, by his superior smartness, has carried away the coveted prize. The best thing Grant can do is to issue a proclamation declaring Pinchback a bandit, and then have Sheridan shoot him.—*N Y Sun.*

Rose-bud Parties.

These are the latest demonstrations in society. A letter from New York says:

A rose-bud dinner party is a comparatively novel entertainment here, and was introduced at Newport three summers ago by Madame De Noailles, wife of the French Ambassador at Washington.—The title of the affair is derived from the fact that the dinner is given in honor of two or more young ladies who have not made their debut in society.

It is something of a "coming out party," only instead of the guests dancing they eat. On the occasion of which we write, four demoisells were honored—four of the prettiest in all this great city, according to rumor. Eighteen sat down to dinner—nine ladies (four of them "rose-bud") and nine gentlemen. Delmonico provided the meal.

The Kinston Gazette says: Kinston can boast of the champion walkist in the State, in the person of John Sheppard, col. On a wager he attempted the feat of walking 8 miles in one hour and a quarter, and but for the several impediments would undoubtedly have accomplished the feat. He walked six miles in 64 minutes, when it was seen that he would fail to make his time and he was stopped. The walking was done on our most public street when thronged with people; the sidewalk is very uneaven, and during his walk he ran over a child and stopped to pick it up, stopped to pull off his shoes and had to leave the sidewalk to pass around a cart that was backed upon the pavement. With all these impediments, had he continued, he would have fallen short only 10½ minutes. He avers that he can accomplish the feat and will shortly try it over, and under more favorable circumstances.

The Oxford Children,s Friend says: When Nathaniel Macon, the honest politician, was closing his earthly career, he appointed his friend, Weldon N. Edwards, executor of his will, without requiring a bond, or any responsibility to court. He knew that Mr. Edwards was an honest man and could be trusted in the management of other people's money. Mr. Edwards lived a long time in Warren county, and no breath of suspicion ever soiled his character for pure integrity. His life was a model of honesty for all the children of our land. As some lofty mountain peak rises above its fellows and bathes its face in the golden sunlight, so the name of Weldon N. Edwards looms up on the horizon of history, and shines like a light-house to point out the pathway of safety. One of the last acts of his life was to send the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, by the hands of his esteemed friend, Hon. A. W. Venable, his check for fifty dollars. Yes, the beauty of his life was illustrated in being good.