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THE WEEKLY ERA

WM. M. BROWN, - - - MANAGER.

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IN A LUCID INTERVAL, the other day, *The New York Tribune* said: "We have never agreed with these who regard the President as harboring ideas of usurpation or purposes hostile to the Republican form of government."

The Horse Malady.

The despatches announce the presence of the horse malady in Norfolk, Virginia.

Unless very stringent measures are adopted and the greatest care taken this malady will be in our State and city. The danger is sufficient to alarm our people, and the near approach of this terrible equine epidemic is sufficient to startle them from their seeming apathy and apparent indifference.

Virginia for Grant.

That Virginia will go for Grant we have had not a doubt since the August election in North Carolina. Now *The Richmond Enquirer* comes to us saying:—

Whether they will think it worth the trouble of going to the polls to vote for Mr. Greeley or not, we trust that none of our people will fail to recognize the necessity of voting for their representatives in Congress.

Some are trying to elect Greeley and leave Congress Republican; while others hope to carry Congress, leaving Mr. Greeley to go to the devil. "You pays your money, you takes your choice."

"A Long Pull, a Strong Pull, and a Pull all Together."

Hon. D. M. Barringer, Chairman State Dem. Con. Ex. Com., and W. S. Mason, Esq., Chairman State Lib. Rep. Ex. Com., are out in another long-winded address "to the people of North Carolina,"—the last we shall probably hear of these gentlemen; and as the dying song of the swan is the sweetest she sings, so is this the best of all the addresses yet had from these two contrary sources, running at right angles, like the waters of Cross Creek at Fayetteville.

The North Carolina Penitentiary.

Some ugly stories are afloat regarding the management, discipline and inhuman punishments inflicted at this institution. The bayonet is said to play a conspicuous part there, being the favorite instrument for "gagging" as well as "punching" refractory convicts.

Death from *gagging with the bayonet* is reported to have occurred in these walls, and it is clearly the duty of the Governor to allude to the matter, in his message, by way of bringing up an investigation this winter, which, we venture to say, will result in something more than the investigating farce of the last Legislature; and as it can't "*hurt the party*" now, we predict some healthy changes in the *personnel* of the management of the North Carolina Penitentiary.

BARN BURNERS.—John T. Miller and John F. Miller, (father and son) charged with burning the barn of Peter Z. Baxter, of Lincoln county, have been arrested and are now in jail at Knoxville, Tenn. A requisition has been made upon the Governor of Tennessee, by the Governor of North Carolina, for these parties, but, for some defect in the requisition, we learn from the Sheriff of Lincoln, who has recently been to Knoxville after them, that a writ of *habeas corpus* has been sued out in their behalf, and they will probably be released from custody.—*Hickory Tavern Eagle.*

There was *no* "defect in the requisition" of Gov. Caldwell for these parties. They managed to sue out a writ, and the Sheriff of Lincoln, who had been sent to Tennessee for these men by Governor Caldwell, could not wait for the matter to come up on writ of *habeas corpus*, but had to return home to hold the Court of his county. The intimation of "a defect in the requisition" is a reflection on Governor Caldwell, not intended by *The Eagle*, we feel quite sure.

President Grant's Inhumanity.

We have heard a great deal about the *inhumanity*, despotism and indifference of President Grant. The following letter on the subject of change in the Indian policy of the Government don't read much like the writer was an inhuman wretch, or that he could be indifferent to the sufferings and woes of any portion of the American people. Taking the conduct of General Grant at Appomattox and the sentiments of this letter together, we do not see how any one can regard the President as an enemy and oppressor of the people of the South, unless we are prepared to believe that this man has more love for the Indians than for his own race and kindred. The *italics* are ours:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON, October 26, 1872.

GEO. H. STUART—My dear sir: Your favor of the 24th instant, saying that a change in the Indian policy of the administration is reported to be contemplated, is just received. Such a thing has not been thought of. If the present policy toward the Indians can be improved in any way, I will always be ready to receive suggestions on the subject; but if any change is made it must be on the side of the civilization and Christianization of the Indian. *I do not believe our Creator ever placed the different races of men on this earth with the view of having the stronger exert all its energies in exterminating the weaker.* If any change takes place in the Indian policy of the government while I hold my present office, it will be on the humanitarian side of the question. Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

COMPLIMENTARY.—THE ERA is very complimentary to Judge Merrimon and very severe on Gov. Vance and Gen. Ransom. What does it mean?—*Charlotte Southern Home.*

It means, General Hill, that THE ERA was simply giving shape to the words of a very respectable body of "Democrats" and "Conservatives" of this State, and expression to a prevailing sentiment; for which words and sentiment we don't wish to be understood as at all responsible, except so far as the correctness of our statements as regards the "feeling" are concerned. We know what the "conversation" and "sentiment" of a large body of the "Democrats" and "Conservatives" is, and we took the liberty to embody such conversation and sentiment into an article for the edification of our readers and the benefit of our "Democratic" and "Conservative" friends. As to Messrs. Ransom and Vance, personally, a comparison with most other men we know would be odious and unfair to these gentlemen; while anything *we* might say "*complimentary*" of gentlemen of the "Democratic" and "Conservative" party would be apt to be misunderstood by their political friends. But we have our personal likes and dislikes, which cannot be ascertained or located by the standard of such articles as that of ours on "Fishy Records." We were, in that article, writing the sentiment of a community of political opponents, and employing terms current among gentlemen of the opposition, in numbers and respectability, power and influence, not to be despised by the rivals of their favorites in the approaching Senatorial contest.

A Word to Democrats.

There are thousands of Democrats in the land who will vote for Grant. They have abandoned the party that tried to sell them to Greeley and Brown. They clung to the old party until it sold its honor. Then they left it to join the party of progress. To-day they are among our hard workers, and will receive the honors of the future along with those who have welcomed them to the ranks of the Republican party.

There are thousands of Democrats who have not yet taken a decided stand with us. They oppose Greeley openly; they secretly favor Grant. We appeal to these men to come into our party and help us make the defeat of Greeley a rebuke that will stand as a warning to political tricksters through all time. The Democratic party can have no claim upon you. It tried to deliver you over to raise Greeley to the Presidency. You refused to be delivered; you protested against the corrupt coalition; you have used your influence to defeat its designs. You belong to the great party of progressive ideas; your place is in the ranks of the Republican party—come in, where your influence can be felt and acknowledged. Shake off the dust of a party that has ceased to exist, through the treachery of its leaders, and take your stand along with others who once stood by your side in the Democratic party. The Republican party has a bright future before it. It is the party of universal freedom, and as such must continue to rule the nation through a series of years to come. Let every man who loves his country and desires to see it advance in power and glory enroll himself as a fighting member under the old Republican banner.

The Letter of Captain Shotwell.

We publish on our outside to-day the letter of Captain Shotwell, addressed to *The Charlotte Observer*. We do this to aid the vindication of this gentleman from a charge we never believed, and which we are glad to see he has denounced and refuted.

Certainly no friend of President Grant could have expected to advance his interest by purchasing the support of Captain Shotwell with a pardon, and we never believed that such proposition was made to that gentleman.

Equally loth were we to believe that Shotwell was a man to be thus "bought up."

We are glad that we have done him no injustice in this matter, and we embrace, with pleasure, the opportunity to place him before our readers in his true character.

Of his guilt or innocence—the justice or injustice of his sentence—it is not necessary to here express our opinion; he has been convicted, and is under the pains and penalties of the law; the demands of outraged law are being satisfied in his case; and the editor who gratuitously assaults his name, or asperses his character, now that he is powerless, "*is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call a coward.*"

That Captain Shotwell and his associates will all be released and returned home long before their terms of imprisonment expire, we have never had a doubt, notwithstanding the imprudence of their friends who seem to have systematically determined the prejudice of their cases, but such release will not be obtained on any promises of political support to the Republican party.

But whenever the President and the country is satisfied that the spirit of Ku Kluxism is dead in this State, all who have participated therein will be forgiven, and the punishment of those under conviction be promptly remitted. We confidently look to such consummation, and we earnestly appeal to every citizen of North Carolina to join in bringing about an end and a state of affairs so devoutly to be wished for by every good man and woman of the country.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Peace and Reconciliation.

"You may talk about peace and reconciliation as much as you please, but we see our way to a terrible vengeance upon the Government and upon the negro through the election of Horace Greeley."—*Quitman (Ga.) Review.*

This is Southern sentiment; it is in strict accordance with the declarations of General Hodge, Greeley Elector at large for the State of Kentucky; with the assertions of Congressman Beck, of the same State; with the letter of Attorney General Black, of Pennsylvania; and with the report of the Democratic minority of the Committee on Southern Outrages, appointed by the Forty-second Congress. All these are authoritative expressions of Democratic sentiment, and show as conclusively as language can do, that in becoming the candidate of Cincinnati and of Baltimore Mr. Greeley became the representative of the "lost cause," made "pledges—direct pledges"—to its advocates and exponents, and placed himself in the van of a movement not only violently reactionary in all its tendencies, but having for its object the revival of caste in the South through the persecution and virtual re-enslavement of the negro race.

While Northern men in the Greeley movement denounce the Republican party as the party of proscription and of hate, and demand "reconciliation" through the revival of the ascendancy of the Democratic party, Southern men deride the very idea of reconciliation, and declare that they "*see their way to a terrible vengeance upon the Government and upon the negro through the election of Horace Greeley.*" And these are the men whom, at Appomattox Court House, General Grant sent home covered with the benediction of forgiveness of treason to repair their shattered fortunes and take care of their wives and children. These men who now invoke "vengeance upon the Government and upon the negro" are the same from whose hands, red with the blood of Union soldiers, and from whose heads, forfeited to a nation restored by terrible sacrifices, the Government stayed the arm of justice; the same to whom it granted universal amnesty, and upon whom it reconferred equal political rights. The desolation of war; the lingering sting and chill of poverty; the firm but merciful course of the Government in repressing the horrid crimes of the Ku Klux Klans; the generous efforts of a Republican Administration and Congress to enlighten and educate the colored populations of the lately rebellious States, and render them fit for the intelligent enjoyment of liberty and equal rights—all these have not been able to eradicate the frightful virus, planted and fostered by human slavery, from the hearts of the Southern people. They still sigh for the time when 8,000,000 of men subsisted in idleness off the labor, sweat and toil of 3,000,000 of bondsmen; they pray for the re-erection of the human auction block in the public square of every city; they listen impatiently for the cry of the bloodhound, bounding on the track of fugitive black men. And because the Government, clothed with the majesty of the people, in a spirit of Christian benevolence, has struck down all these bloody crimes against modern civilization, and made the Republic in fact what it was in name, these misguided men of the South seek "a terrible vengeance upon the Government and upon the negro," and they seek it "through the election of Horace Greeley."

[From the Statesville American.]

The "Echo"—A Model Newspaper.

MR. EDITOR:—I accidentally picked up to-day a little sheet called *The Echo*, published monthly by N. D. Fetzer, at Concord, Cabarrus county. The main object of Mr. Fetzer seems to be to advertise his drugs, medicines, &c., but he gives all local and general news. And what strikes me with great force was the brevity, good taste, and fairness with which the editor writes his scraps. If he has anything to say, he says it, and goes on to something else. This is as it should be. People who have work to do, and take up a paper to run over, don't desire, under the news column, to read all sorts of attempts at moralizing, punning, witticisms, &c. Again: when an editor of a *news*-paper undertakes to state *facts*, even political facts, or to report a speech, even a party speech, he is expected to pay some regard to truth and fairness, and state the facts and points just as made, and not distort them for fear they may hurt his party, or weaken their force by injecting in the statement all kinds of comments of his own. This should be done in another place.

A little attention to these rules would make Southern newspapers far more readable, and in due time give them much greater influence. I am happy to add that in all this, I can truthfully commend *The American*.

A CONSTANT READER.

[*Copy of Lyman Trumbull's Bill.*]

The United States
"To L. Trumbull, Dr.

"1869.
April 19—To legal services in the cases of exparte McArdle and the State of Georgia against George G. Meade and others, in the Supreme Court of the U. S. at Dec. terms, 1867 and 1868 $10,000

This is the little bill Mr. Trumbull collected against the United States for two hours' work: $5,000 per hour!—Tax-payers, what think you of "Reform" like this?

A Voice from Albany—A Vile Slander Refuted—Mr. R. A. Shotwell Vindicates Himself.

The Charlotte Observer says: The subjoined letter was received by us from Randolph A. Shotwell, who is now confined in the Albany Penitentiary:

ALBANY PENITENTIARY,
October 14th, 1872.

To the Editor of Charlotte Observer:

My attention has been called to the following article, copied from *The N. Y. Herald*, as I am informed, by a number of the State papers:

"*A Ku Klux Prisoner Wants to Stump for Grant.*—It has transpired that *Richard* Shotwell, one of the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina, now confined in the Albany Penitentiary, proposed to a prominent member of Congress that if the President would pardon him he would cheerfully take the study and labor for the success of the Republican candidates, and denounce the Ku Klux organization.—Finding that he was disposed to plead for pardon, it was proposed to ask if he would give evidence against the principal leaders, such as Ransom, Vance and Merrimon. This Shotwell declined with a defiant air, and said he would die rather than betray anybody. Application for the pardon was refused.—When Gerritt Smith visited Shotwell three months ago he said he found him defiant and unwilling to accept a pardon on any condition."

I presume I am the person alluded to in the above, although the writer, having set to fabricate a falsehood, has not thought it worth while to give even the name correctly. The entire statement is without foundation. I scorn to refute the imputation of having offered to barter my principles for a pardon; but for the sake of my friends I will merely say that I have never applied for pardon, nor made any proposals to a prominent member of Congress, nor any one else. Having been illegally arrested, falsely accused, unfairly tried, and unjustly sentenced to the full severity of an unconstitutional law, I have long hoped (and shall continue to hope) that future developments and the subsidence of bitter passions would lead to the restoration of my liberty as an act of justice rather than one of executive clemency.

The last paragraph of *The Herald's morceau* wrongs me in a two-fold degree by imputing to me a piece of silly and theatrical braggadocio in refusing to accept liberty on any condition, on the one hand; and again affording the President a fair excuse for declining to hear any future application in my behalf.

Mr. Gerritt Smith appears to be the originator of this calumny. It may not be improper therefore to briefly state the facts in the case. Mr. Smith visited the Penitentiary on the 8th of July, and let it be known he came from High Authority. In the interview with me he was very courteous and answered all his inquiries with courtesy and frankness. After acknowledging that I had been a Grand Chief of the Klan, and was well acquainted with its designs, I assured him that it, and our people generally had been greatly misrepresented, not only by the Radical press, and irresponsible correspondents, but also by the circulation of so-called confessions and testimony invented by perjured vagabonds, or exhorted from intimidated witnesses. I emphatically denied that the Klan was a conspiracy against the Government, or against the negroes, or against any class of people on account of their political opinions. Reverting to the Government prosecutions, I called his attention to the fact that there were several gray-haired old men of 60 years and upwards, doomed to years toil in this penitentiary, over a thousand miles from home, for no other offence than having sought to preserve order in their communities, and to shield their wives and daughters from the brutal passions of white and black desperadoes, &c.

Mr. Smith seemed surprised and shocked at my statements, and strongly expressed his intention to intercede with the President in their behalf. I learned that he fulfilled his promise, and recommended three out of four whom he saw, as fit subjects for clemency. But he grossly misrepresents me. Nothing was said of pardon during the interview except a volunteer offer on his part to write to a certain Republican Judge in my favor, for which I thanked him, but thought it hardly worth while for him to be at that trouble, although I should be glad to have his own personal influence. Great was my astonishment, therefore, to hear of his letter to Grant, and I am forced to conclude that it is a part of a scheme to exclude me from the benefits of amnesty. Hence this statement of facts.

Begging the indulgence of the public for so lengthy an intrusion of my private misfortunes, I am, Mr. Editor,

Respectfully,

RANDOLPH A. SHOTWELL.

A Tennessee Belle in Italy.

[Lake Como Letter to the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The Princess Marguerite admires Miss Polk very much. She often says, playfully, if she were a man she should fall in love with her. On Monday last she talked a great deal with our beautiful American belle. The Prince also entered into conversation sometimes, and when he and the Princess regretted Miss Polk's projected visit to America this winter, Prince Humbert said, playfully, he should issue an order prohibiting her from leaving the country.—As the Princess Marguerite admired Miss Polk's toilette, I must give it among the rest of my *chiffons*. The long flounced skirt and overdress were of white mull, with dark blue velvet sash and bows; a blue velvet jacket, trimmed with broad white point lace, hung over her arm; at her side was a rococo chatelaine, set with rock turquoises and garnets, with enameled chains for fan, scent bottle, portemonnaie, parasol, etc., each of which was ornamented in rococo, as the chatelaine. She wore a Spanish hat of blue velvet, with long blue and white ostrich plumes; her splendid chestnut hair, which is all her own, was let down in long, rich lokcs on her neck.

"How pretty your hair is," said the Princess Marguerite, with the naivette of a girl. "I wish I had worn mine so to-day. It is always the most becoming style. But I had it put up high on account of the fashion, and it is not half so nice."

The Princess Marguerite also has beautiful hair of her own, and very naturally likes to show its richness and length.

Revival of Trade with the South.

It is a very gratifying evidence that the people of the South are beginning to bend their energies to the pursuits of peace and the development of their rich resources, that the trade of our merchants with that section of the country has greatly increased this fall. For almost every class of merchandise the orders have been larger and the quality of goods better than for many years past, and there seems to be an unwonted ability and readiness to pay cash or ask for only very short credit. Actual investigation shows that the increase in business with the different Southern States varies from 25 to 50 per cent. of the whole amount for past seasons.

This, of course, contributes to the prosperity of our own city, but that is the smallest of our causes for congratulation. What is of far greater importance, it gives evidence of returning prosperity in the South, and renewed commercial relations, which are always friendly and mutually beneficial, between that section and the North. The goods furnished for the use of the negroes, too, are of a less flimsy and showy, and of a more substantial character, which shows that they are improving in judgment and stability of character.

Not only does the demand for more and better merchandise evince growing prosperity, but the call for agricultural implements and machinery shows that the people are earnestly at work establishing their industries upon a solid basis. Nothing could be more gratifying than these indications that the people of the South are forgetting those things which are behind and pressing forward to take their part in upholding the general interests of the country, and assume their proper place as valuable and valued citizens. It is to be hoped that all breaches will soon be healed, old prejudices and harsh feelings will have passed away, and that the whole people of the Union will be working in harmony to promote the prosperity and greatness of our common country.—*New York Evening Mail.*

Turtles.

Turtles live to a great old age. In a document preserved among the archives of one of the old cathedrals of England there is an account of an old turtle, kept in the Episcopal palace of Westerstoke, rough, that was known to have been about two hundred and twenty years old. He was so tame and so much attached to the gardener that he would run to meet him, and would eat out of his hand. His food in the early part of the season, was lettuce, dandelions, green peas, etc. In the latter part of the season he fed on fruits exclusively, such as currants, raspberries, pears, apples, and peaches; and he was so excessively fond of strawberries and gooseberries that, to restrict his depredations upon those fruits, the gardner punched a hole through his shell, inserted a chain, and kept him part of the time chained up to a tree. He would eat no animal food nor take any liquid. This turtle weighed thirteen pounds, and he would walk across the garden with a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds upon his back! In cloudy weather he would scoop out a cavity in his ground where he would repose, torpid and inactive, until the warmth of the sun roused him from his slumber. About the beginning of October he went into his winter quarters, selecting for many years a particular corner of the garden, where he would dig a hole in an inclined direction, and enter the ground in the manner of a mole. The depth to which he penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet, according as the following winter was mild or severe. For about a month before entering his dormitory he took no food. He came out about the first of April.

[From the New York Telegram.]

Forrester's Wife.

Biographical Sketch of the Beautiful Blonde Who Won the Affections of the Nathan Murderer.

The recent arrest of Billy Forrester, the suspected murderer of Benjamin Nathan, very naturally renders anything relative to him, and those connected with him, of interest. We therefore publish the following sketch of Lizzie Forrester, *nee* Thomas, the wife of the alleged assassin, and his copartner in crime: Lizzie is the eldest of two daughters of old Bill Thomas, of Baltimore, one of the most expert burglars and cracksmen in the United States. She was born on the 25th of September, 1850. Her father, who by his robberies was always in funds, sent his two daughters to school at the convent of Notre Dame des Victoires, where they received a first-class education. At an early age the wife of Thomas died, and he took up his abode in the purlieus of Fell's Point, leaving his daughters at the convent. He conceived the plan, however, of turning his daughters' accomplishments to account, and gave them instruction in the mysteries of his profession. Lizzie proved an apt and willing scholar, and materially aided her father in entrapping the unwary. As a woman, she is what the world would denominate beautiful. She is about five feet two inches high, of petite figure, and very light complexion or blonde, and with a profusion of light flaxen hair. Her face has rather a sad expression. Her feet, hands, and mouth are small. She usually wears her hair hanging down her back, but at times has it done up in a loose waterfall or net. Her style of dress is simple and modest. She was married to the murderer Forrester in Baltimore in July, 1869, and she has had one child.

[From the Cleaveland Herald.]

Good Dog.

He finds a Lost Child at Night, and Keeps Guard Over Him for Many Hours.

On Thursday afternoon and Friday morning *The Herald* chronicled the fact that a little boy seven years old, who had wandered away from his home on Chatham street, West Side, and become lost, was found by a policeman on Thursday morning crouched in the corner of a yard at the corner of Bank and Lake streets, asleep and half frozen, for the weather was quite cold. To this should now be added the fact that the boy, finding himself unable to make his way home, began to cry, and while thus engaged, a large dog, apparently a cross between the hound and shepherd breeds, which the boy had never seen before, came along, and, appreciating the boy's distress, took up a position close to the boy, and remained on guard before him, lending the warmth of his shaggy covering to keep comfortable the feet and limbs of his human ward. He was in downright earnest in his self-imposed guardianship, for when the officer attempted to arouse the little sleeper, and take him to the station for better security, the dog manifested a disposition to resist any interference with his charge, and it required considerable coaxing on the part of the patrolman to induce compliance on the part of the canine constable. He finally conceded the point, however, and suffered the little wanderer to be led to the central station, where he had a chance to get a good nap on a lounge in a warm room. But the dog did not desert him even here, seeming to think the boy might require further attention, and he followed on to the station, stole quietly into the room where he was taken, stretched himself on the floor beside the couch of his little companion, and when the Sergeant went thither at 7 o'clock in the morning, to look after the little fellow, the dog manifested no little anger at the intrusion, and stuck by the boy with a fidelity as devoted as it was wonderful. The little fellow was then taken to the West Side station on Detroit street, the dog still attending him, and taking up a position at his feet as soon as they reached there, and viewing all comers with an eye of jealous and determined guardianship. What became of the two after this, beyond the fact that the boy was restored to his home, we know not, but the peculiar, and wonderful conduct of that dog certainly deserves the mention and commendation we here make of it.

Humors of Frontier Life.

Fun in Arkansas as Described in a Private Letter.

[From the St. Louis Democrat.]

DOVER, Oct. 3, 1872.

MY DEAR BOY: [illegible] that you [illegible] and I was only shot at once while carrying it home. Bill Silvers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two-shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can load with buckshot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see, old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we call him—the black-faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a fuss with Tom, and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double-barrel will prove too much for him.

If you want to see fun come down for a while and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig pen is one of the best hiding places I know of, and it is so handy. A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will take a big lot of books. I am superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without getting measured for them. Her $25 set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth, but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to

Your friend and pard,

———.

P. S.—That sneaking, ornery cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to-day, and will be glad of the chance to try the double-barrel.

An Awkward Compliment.

The Empress Marie Louise had never been popular in Paris, as Josephine was to the last, nor had she the fine instincts which so especially distinguished the first consort of Napoleon, who was, indeed his better angel. For example: one day Napoleon, having been provoked by her father, the Emperor of Austria, declared to Marie Louise that he was "an old *ganache*" (blockhead.) Her majesty asked one of her ladies-in-waiting—as she said the emperor had called her father by that name—the meaning of the word *ganache*, and the lady, not knowing what to say in reference to the empress' own father, answered that it meant "a venerable old man." Marie Louise believed this, and afterward, when Cambaceres came to pay respects to her, she, wishing to be very complimentary to him said, "Sir, I have always regarded you as the chief *ganache* of France."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Countryman Alarmed.

Scene at the Opera.

A New York correspondent says:—Pauline Lucca created a genuine sensation the other evening in "Fra Diavolo." She represents Zerlina in a very natural and piquant way, according to her own notions—not those of any of her lyric predecessors or contemporaries. You remember the scene of the bed-chamber, in which the heroine stands singing before her mirror and disrobes for the night—a scene that the severe Mendlessohn declared he never could have written. Aubur, a Frenchman, must have taken particular delight in it, because there is suggested by it no little ambiguity of what is to come next.

Lucca seemed desirous of making the passage emphatic by transporting her dressing-table to the front of the stage, and coming forward to prepare herself for her couch. In the audience was a plain and honest country gentleman on his first visit to the opera with his wife. He had told her much of the sins and iniquities of the great city; but until he had entered the academy that night he had no idea of an opera, and consequently felt the deepest interest in its progress.

When Zerlina had removed her bracelets, taken down her hair and put off her bodice, the simple-minded rustic, who had watched her eagerly, revealed the liveliest symptoms of apprehension, not to say disgust. He looked around, evidently surprised that the elegantly-dressed ladies still kept their seats.—Then, rising, he said to his consort,—"Well, Mary, we'd better get out of this. This may be all right for city folks, but it's no place for us. I never seen the opery before, and I never want to see it again. I can stand almost anything, but when it comes to a woman undressin' herself before the public, you can count me out. Come along, Mary, we may be green, but, by cracky, we are decent anyhow."

So speaking, and with indignant glances at the high-bred indifferentists around him, he and his spouse departed in anger and confusion.

If he would have tarried but a few minutes longer he would have discovered the scene to be harmless, though I must confess it has always seemed to me a trifle too suggestive; nor do I wonder that a man or woman who had never witnessed an opera should fall into such an error as the plain gentleman from Schoharie.

There is evidently a little rowdyishness in Lucca's composition. She seemed, the other evening, to relish the sensation she created by italicising, so to speak, the bed-chamber scene of Fra Diavolo. She enjoys, I should judge, treading on the edge of decorum, but she does it with a grace and vivacity that make you forget that decorum has anything to do with her charming, though sometimes indelicate, mode of

A Wild Pigeon Roost in Maryland.

Probably the largest pigeon roost ever known in Maryland, says a Baltimore paper, is now existing on the farm of Mr. William Schley, near Oakland, in Alleghany county. The pigeons collect nightly on a tract of ground covered with alder bushes, occupying about six acres. The pigeons first appeared about ten days ago in countless flocks. *The Cumberland News* says: The inflocking pigeons gradually settled down upon the bushes, until they were bent to the ground by the weight of the birds. Still more pigeons came flying in from distant points, and continued to settle down upon the already living mass, until the whole five or six acres were completely covered. So great was the number of birds that they were piled upon each other in places from one to two feet in depth. The pigeons continued flocking in and setting upon and among each other from about 4 o'clock in the afternoon until nightfall, when at last they became still, and prepared for their night's rest. With the early dawn of the morning flock after flock arose and flew away in all directions, which departures were continued until about 9 o'clock, when the place was deserted, and not a living bird to be seen during the remainder of the day, until toward evening, when they again began flocking back to the same roosts, and the scenes of the evening before were again witnessed. All this has occurred daily for the past ten days. It is estimated that all the flocks of pigeons for perhaps fifty or sixty miles around thus gathered at this one spot each evening during their annual migratory visit to the immense forest regions of the Alleghany Mountains in quest of the heavy mass of acorns abounding there. This is the only roost known this season in this or any of the neighboring counties, and is, perhaps, the only one within a circle of several hundred miles. It is a well-established fact that these birds have but one roosting place within a very large territory, and in their transit to warmer latitudes, and during their stoppage by the way, use one place only as a roost at night. At this wonderful roost, on Col. Schley's place, thousands and thousands of pigeons have been nightly captured by men and boys, with guns, clubs and bags. After nightfall a person can go among the birds and scoop them into the mouth of a bag. It is needless to add that thousands of them have been wantonly shot, and allowed to remain upon the ground, where they died.

Meeting of the Forty-Third Congress.

The forty-third Congress will not meet until the first Monday of December, 1872, unless sooner called together in extraordinary session. The impression prevails among many persons that the act of January 22d, 1867, requiring a new Congress to assemble on March 4th, immediately on the adjournment of its predecessors, is still in force, but this law was repealed by the 13th section of the United States statute approved April 20th, 1871, and to be found on page 12 of the laws passed at the first session of the forty-second Congress. The repealing section is contained in a deficiency appropriation act, and the entire statute is well worth examining, as a curious illustration of the incongruous measures that are crowded into one bill during the expiring hours of a session of Congress.