THE NEWS

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BULWER, CARLYLE, AND DICKENS.

In a late German Work, "Weiter und Weiter," we find the following interesting gossip on several literary celebrities o

Bulwer lives in his beautiful villa in Fulham, a quiet, lonely village above London. A tranquility disturbed by nothing, reigns American journalists, represents them as in the house. Notwithstanding the warm turning every incident into a report with spring day, Bulwer sits near the fire-place, a sensation header, so that even when the where a bright coal fire is burning. Out- editor got thrashed for personalities, he at side, the branches of a cherry tree, cover- once brought out a special edition with ed with an exuberance of blossoms, hang the flaming announcement: "The Editor down on the window, and the low, chirp- Cowhided Again." It is not, I think, gening notes of the birds penetrate into the erally known that Mr. Dickens was referroom. The celebrated author-a tall, slen- ring to an actual case, which is tolerably with a strong cord about the waist-sits at ferested. That person is no other than his large empty table, and has before him the notorious James Gordon Bennett, of only a blank book, in which he writes his the New York Herald, and it is thus that new novels. his large, light blue eyes cast the tells his story to his trignds. The Herlonging glances out the window, his au- ald had for some time violently attacked a burn hair flows in ringlets down on his certain actress. One day the lady's hushigh, narrow forehead; the large, slender band, himself an actor, came to the Herald nose hangs over his small grouth, and his office, walked up into Mr. Bennett's room red whiskers fall from his long and narrow and said, "Are you Mr. Bennett?" "I am," chin upon his breast. The whole face looks was the reply, "take a seat." No, sir, I decidedly too long. He has a sickly ap- will not take a seat; you have insulted my pearance, and is abstracted. His family wife." "Who is your wife?" affairs are at the bottom of his melancholy, mentioned. "Never heard of her." which no one can fail to perceive. His lit. your dramatic critic has insulted her.' tle daughter died; his son, heir to the bar- That is his affair." But I hold you reonetey, is estranged from him; and his wife, sponsible,? and thereupon the angry hus-Ludy Bulwer, has long since been separa band took the proprietor of the Herald ted from him, and lives in the city.

from his chair, flung him on the floor, Let us enter her room. She sits at her kicked him in the rear, rolled him over, writing table, for she is likewise at work kicked him again, clutched hold of his upon a novel. Her corpulent form, her throat, and left the office. What did the round face, her radiant, deep blue eyes, her | victim do? He called upon one of his emraven bair, everything, is in striking con- ployees, wrote out an account of the affair, trast with the appearance of her husband. caused sensation cards to be struck off-She contemplates the portrait of her son; Fourth Edition-Atrocious Assault upon charges her husband with being another the Editor." Fifth Edition-Further Lovelace, and refusing to pay his debts. Particulars of the Cowardly Assault upon Her large eyes look at us lauguidly; her the Editor," and soon all New York was full cheeks contain a number of dimples, buying the Herald. "But," said Bennett, such as Rubens liked to paint; her lips are "Indded a little garnish which was not still as swelling, fresh and red as those of strictly true." I said, "We would have Titan's daughters, and yet she is much o- pardoned this unmannerly, cowardly asver forty. On thinking of this our suspic- sault upon an unarmed man, but for one ions are aroused; the crimson on her cheeks circumstance. This despicable wretch is too fragrant; the heavy braids surmount not content with ferecious violence, had ing her forehead are too black; her man- the unspeakable meanness to take up ners are decidedly too kind and polite, and quarter dollar piece which was lying on cannot be sincere-we escape from her, the table, and to pocket it." The next bearing in mind the bleeding heart of her day when the actor appeared upon the melancholy husband, and the mournful stage, he was greeted with cries of "Who tone of his novels.

But let us pass on; we reach another qui- appeared the same cry greeted him, until et village, Chelsea. On the lawn, in one of he and his wife were driven off the stage the small gardens, sits Scotlard's celebra- and ruined. "That," adds Bennett, "was ted author, Thomas Carlyle. He has a my revenge." book on his knee, and gazes thoughtfully into vacancy. His is a dry, gaunt form; he wears a morning gown and cap, and draws clouds of smoke from his short clay pipe; he is the Diogenes of Chelsea. If you played confidence games that was ever perconverse with him he is at first dry and laty sitting room of his wife.

Mrs Carlyle is a lively, pleasant creature, Bros. & Co., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, comes talkative and witty, and displays Of course his offer was refused.

where a numerous party is assembled. The draft on the Grand Rapids house for \$6,000 could commit such a frightful butchery. an extended trip to Switzerland and Genoa, days for the remaining 4,000. The sharp and gives to-night a soiree, such as are the ers got the money on the first draft, and The Eldora (Iowa) Ledger itemizes the on shipboard. order of the day at his hospitable house. He realized handsomely on the other, which digging up in Union township last week of is blonde, his eyes are light blue, his face they sold at a discount, and now enjoy the fossil remains of a human being that must edness. He is conversing with two ladies have taught him better. - Chicago Journal. feet under ground.

Atlantic City Cor. of the Cincinnati Gazette ter. You can tell at once, on looking at link A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

who cannot refrain from bursting into laugh

black eyes, fall form, measured conduct.

were in striking contrast with those of her

husband, and we regret to say that the

quarrel which disturbed their relations and

of many years, has not been settled. They

his cares in his literary activity and in the

HOW TO TAKE A WHIPPING.

The Western Morning News, an English

journal, has the following fresh version of

Mr. Dickens, in one of his books or

stole Bennett's quarter?" and whenever he

A \$10,000 CONFIDENCE GAME.

One of the heaviest and most skillfully

with what he beholds.

noisy bustle of the world.

an old story:

his face which is by no means expressive in A romantic incident occurred here last itself, when Dickens describes, recites or week, which has been thus related to me: satirizes. Dickens is precisely as he writes, A young man from Philadelphia lost his lively, sanguine, a bon vivant, now in a poheart to a pretty girl from that city, whose etical mood, now observing all seemingly superficially, and yet what a deep heart is there, and very wealthy. He was a salaconcealed under this restless surface! If it ried clerk, though of very good family, and is said that the currents of the world are was unwilling, on account of his poverty. injurious to genius, Dickens' example proves to propose marriage, even though he had the contrary; for his creations spring from reason to believe that his passion was rethe observations of life; he would be nothturned. He made this confession, it seems ing without seeing, observing and living to one of his friends, and the story of his modesty and pride reached the ears of the In former times his wife, a stately lady, young lady, and touched her, very naturalwas to be seen on such occasions. Her

A few weeks after, the fair Philadelphian was driving on the beach alone, when her from centre to circumference. The arch horse became trightened at the surf, and despot and unscrupulous man, Richard the ran off at a furious pace. She lost all con- III., was trembling like an aspen lenf upon their happiness after a blissful wedded life trol of the terrified animal, which had run his throne. He had been successful of many years, has not been settled. They at least two miles, when the enamored are not yet recoucited. The husband drowns swain, exactly as it happens in romances, Sir Wm. Donn, in destroying the Orleans chanced to be walking by the bor- Dysentery, but still he trembled! O'Mulder of the sounding main, as Homer ligan, the snake-eater of Ireland, and would put it, thinking of the cheerless fu- Schnappsgoot of Holland, a retired dealer ture without the idol of his soul (for furth- in gin and sardines, had united their forces er sophomorical phraseology see Silvanus -some nineteen men and a brace of bull Cobb. Jr.) In a few moments he held the pups in all-and were overtly at work, horse's head; was dragged a few hundred their object being to oust the tyrant.yards before he could check the animal's O'Mulligan was a young man between course, and then snatched the half fainting fifty-three years of age, and was chiefly girl from the vehicle. Once in his arms she distinguished for being the son of his aunt swooned wholly, of course. He held her on his great grandfather's side. Schnappsin his arms until she recovered. She mur- goot was a man of liberal education, having mured her gratitude; he his passion, and passed three weeks at Oberlin College. they walked to the hotel with rosy blushes He was a man of great hardihood, also, lovely Countess D Smith, and lived to a all over their faces.

his daughter's rescue, and, after talking land Herald without shricking out with with her, discovered that she loved the fel- agony. der form, wrapped in a sky-blue, soft-lined, notorious in America, and is told with low. The following morning he sent for silken morning gown. which is fastened great glee by the person most deeply in- the clerk, and discovered that the fellow loved the girl.

"Why the devil didn't you propose to her? How was she or I to know anything of the state of your heart unless you told her of it? You don't expect a pretty woman with \$200,000 in her own right, to run about with her love in her hand, asking handsome scape-graces like yourself to take il, do you!"

'I knew, sir, that I was very poor, and you very rich; that it was not probable you

"Nonsense! I don't want my daughter to marry a bank account. My own is high enough for her. You are worthy of her; and if you love her, go tell her so, and let me hear no more stull about poverty and

The young man went and I presume the two came to an understanding, as I am informed that they are to be married the first week in November.

The narrative is not a whit new or original, except in the fact that the pater-familias has sense enough to prefer his daughter's happiness to superfluous riches. I would like to give his name for the benefit example. I can't, of course, though I may say if you read the sign No .- Third Street, Philadelphia, you will learn who the wise Crossus is.

THE LATEST HORROR.—The atrocity of the Coriell murder in New Jersey has been surpassed by a horrible affair at the market town of Alton, in Hampshire, England. On the afternoon of the 24th of August, some children were playing in a meadow just cutside the town, when a strange man beckoned to one of them, a child of eight years, name Fanny Adams, and coaxed her by present of half-penny to go with him into a neighboring hop garden. She was never seen again alive. The same evenng a laborer going home from work found in the hop-garden a dissevered head resting upon two hop-poles at the foot of a hedge. He ran with it to the cottage of the Adams family, and it was immediately recognized as the head of the missing girl. The whole petrated has just come to light, the particconic. He conducts you then to the pret- ulars of which, in brief, are us follows: Mr. population now turned out to search the neighboring fields. A leg and foot were William A. Berkley, of the firm of Berkley found in one place, a forearm in another, and a world of thought beams from her was staying at a hotel in this city. One a hand, severed from the wrist, a foot cut dark eyes. She has learned a great deal; day he overheard two men speaking in off at the ankle, the mutilated trunk, full her father gave her a most profound edu- glowing terms of the wondrous value of a of stabs and gashes, a part of an arm, the cation, and she is possessed of a keen, yet lead mine which they owned. He became heart and intestines, and the tattered remmild judgment, of which her husband him- greatly interested, and his curiosity was nants of the clothes were picked up scating with her handsome fingers a new crav. institute inquiries of the two individuals, been gouged out, the ears cut off, and the of this are decidedly thrillinger! Again are looking down upon us. Carly le be- came anxious to purchase an interest in it. were found on his clothes, while in his berto the Rover, disguised as a common diary was found this entry in a bold and sailor. his whole famous eloquence. But he is de- The three then left the hotel, and as they unfaltering hand: "Saturday August 24, "So," said the King, "thou wouldst have cidedly one-sided. You like to listen to reached the street a man came up and said, killed a young girl; fine and hot," A cor- audience with me!" him, but you must beware of interrupting "Will you accept my offer of \$50,000 for oner's jury found him guilty, and he was "Aye, aye, yer 'onor," said the sailor, him and, above all, of contradicting him. the mine?" Their answer was a decided held for trial. So the case rests. Motives "just tip us yer grapplin from and pipe He resembles a clear-sounding bell; you no; it was good property to hold so they for the crime can only be conjectured, and all hands on deck. Reef home yer jib- ment of a king, and engaged in royal work, at ease in Carlyle's presence, for if there is bid, offering them \$90,000, it was to no what degree of violence may have pre- I've seen some salt-water in my time, yer an Englishman who esteems and reveres purpose; they were inflexible in their de- ceded the murder. The circumstantial landlubber, but shiver my timbers if I

ROBERTO THE ROVER A TALE OF SEA AND SHORE

lished history by Artemus Ward of the Republic of rule of the Ottoman Mormons. Roberto the Rover is father was president of a prominent bank supposed to refer to Lord Byron, an Italian who first visited those shores as a dealer in fars, and whose subment hatred of the Duchess of Birmingham extended even to the King. Those noble utterances, there had berlull' and we are governed to much; this is the last of earth! are not, however original with Roberto, having been once expressed by Cardinal Necker in the claring war against Afghanistan :

the art olders Chapten L. France, with annula Our story opens in the early part of the year 17 -. France was rocking wildly and would frequently read an entire col-That night the wealthy father heard of umn of "railway matters" in the Cleave-

> CHAPTER IL -THE KING. He sat moodily for a while, when sud- present it to the caliph himself. denly his sword flashed from its silvern | The poor man traveled a great distance scabbard, and he shouted-

> "Slaves, some wine, ho!" ere a bucket of champagne and a hoe were him with so much trouble. He ordered placed before him.

> lips, a deep voice near by, proceding from | smile, ordered him to be presented with a the mouth of the noble Count Staghisnibs, reward. The courtiers around pressed

"Drink hearty, old feller."

"Reports, traveling on lightning wings, | forbade them to tough a single drop. whisper of strange goings on and cuttings up throughout this kingdom. Knowest royal presence with a light heart, the calip Hellitysplit?" and the king drew from the the motives of his conduct: "During the

But, my liege," and the brave Hellitysplit's receive our poor gifts, otherotes I am eyes flashed fire, "myself and sword are at thy command!"

"Bully for you, Count," said the king. "But seft: methinks report—perchance unjustly—has spoken suspiciously of thee, most Royal d'Sardine? How is this? t a newspaper yarn? What's up?"

D'Sardine meekly approached the throne, knelt at the king's feet, and said, "Most patient, gray and red-hended skirner; my very approved shin-plaster; that I have been asked to drink by the P. Q. R.'s, it is most true; true, I have imbibed sundry mugs of lager with them. The very head and front of my offending hath tins extent,

"Tis well!" said the King, rising and looking hercely around. "Hadst thou proved false I would with my own good sword have cut off 'ver head, and spilled ver ber-lud all over the floor! wouldn't, blow me!"

CHAPTER III. - THE ROVER. Tirilling as the scenes depicted in the self is afraid. But there she sits now, sew- raised to such a pitch as to prompt him to tered over long distances. The eyes had preceding chapter indubitably were, those at for her Diogenes. She wears an ele- concerning the mine in question, and, apol- flesh of the legs and thighs ripped open to are we in the mighty presence of the king, gant morning costume. In these surrounds ogising for his intrusion, asked numerous the bone. A young man named Baker and again is he surrounded by splendor ed on a broad basis of truth. There is one bankruptcy. Not a day was to be lost in ings we begin to feel at case. The portraits questions. He was delighted with the de- a fellow of indifferent character-was ar- and gorgeously-mariled courriers. A seaof Goethe, young and old, and Jean Paul, scription given him of the mine, and be- rested on suspicion, and traces of blood faring man stands before him. It is Ro-

our poets, it is Carlyle.

Let us go now to Charles Dickens.

There are several aristocratic carriages and plain hacks in front of his elegant residence, where a property is a suppose, they were finexible in their determination not to sell. The intended dupe against the prisoner seems strong. The chief point in his favor is the difficulty of imagining how anybody but a raving the owners of the mine to let him purchase a tenth interest for \$10,000. giving a sight wast! Dam my eyes," and Sweet William where a property is a supposed to the fine of the chief point in his favor is the difficulty of imagining how anybody but a raving maniac—and he is certainly not that—wast! Dam my eyes," and Sweet William where a property is a supposed to the fine of the chief point in his favor is the difficulty of imagining how anybody but a raving maniac—and he is certainly not that pawed the marble floor and swung his tarpaulin after the manuer of sailors on the stage, and consequently, not a bit like those

"Mariner," said the king, gravely, wthy language is exceeding lucid, and leads me flushed with wine, neither meagre nor round, proceeds of their villainy. Mr. Berkley is have been a giant. Similar remains have to infer that things is workin bad."

but brimful of good humor and kind-heart- a great capitalist. His experience should been found in Pleasant township, twenty wenty wenty. William, in dulcet strains, reminding the take place to-day.

Alexes Passion | C. 7 %

TAMBLE SELECTION OF THE PARTY O

King of the "voluntuous smell of pl spoken of by the late Mr. Byron. What wouldst thou, seafaring man? asked the King.

"This!" eried the Rover, suddenly taking off his maritime clothing and putting on an expensive suit of silk, bespangled with diamonds. This! I am Roberto the Rover!"

The King was thunder-struck. Cowering back in his chair of State, he said in a tone of mingled fear and amazement Well; may I be goul-darned! Ber-lud! ber-lud! ber-lud!' shrieked the Rover, as he drew a horse-pistol and fired

it at the King, who fell fatally killed, his last words being, "We are governed too much—this is the last of earth!" At this exciting juncture Messrs. O'Mulligan and Schnappsgoot (who had previously entered into a copartmership with the Rover for the purpose of doing a general killing busioning may be resorted to, thus: ness) burst into the room and cut off the heads and let out the inwards of all the noblemen they encountered. They then killed themselves, and died like heroes, wrapped up in the Star Spangled Banner, to slow music.

The Rover fled. He was captured near Marseilles and thrust into prison, where he lay for sixteen weary years, all attempts to escape being futile. One night a lucky thought struck him. He raised the window and got out. But he was unhappy. Remorse and dyspepsia preyed upon his vitals. He tried Borhave's Holland Bit- hints to poets, thus: ters and the Retired Physcian's Sands of Life, and got well. He then married the green old age, being the triumph of virtue and downfall of vice.

Not the Gift. but the Motive.

A poor Arab, traveling in the desert, The tyrant Richard the III. (late Mr. met with a spring of clear, sweet sparkling following dialogue about the vexed ques-Gloster) sat upon his throne in the Palace water. Accustomed as he was to his tion of the weather: St. Cloud. He was dresed in his best bracking wells, to his simple mind it apclothes, and gorgeous trappings surrounded peared that such water as this was worthy him everywhere. Courtiers, in glittering of a monarch; and filling his leather bottle and golden armor, stood ready at his beck. from the spring, he determined to go and

before he reached his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph The words had scarcely escaped his lips' did not despise his little gift brought to some of the water to be poured into a cup, As the king raised the bucket to his drank it, and thanking the Arab with a forward eager to taste of the wonderful water, but to the surprise of all, the caliph

After the poor Arab had quitted the thou aught of these things, most noble turned to his courtiers, and thus explained upper pocket of his gold faced vest a paper | travels of the Arab," said he, "the water of John Anderson's solace and proceeded in the leather bottle had become impure to take a chaw. But it was an offering of Treason stalks monster-like throughout love, and as such I have received it with unhappy France, my liege!" said the noble | pleasure. But I knew well had I suffered Hellitysplit. The ranks of the P. Q. R's another to partake of it, he would not have daily swelling, and the G. R. J. A.'s concealed his disgust; and therefore I forare constantly on the increase. Already bade you to touch the draught, lest the the peasantry scout at cat-fish, and demand | heart of the poor man would have been pickled salmon for their noonday repasts | wounded." In such love will our Lord

> A gentleman recently opened a letter addressed to his son, containing suggestions from a friend to the latter for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and shocked upon reading the following dreadful words:-"Dear Bob:-You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of your Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. certainly think you are giving it to him rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in the mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is far too small a sum. Make it three thousand .--Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book post .- Yours, JACK.

all perhaps to be taken to the letter; but there can be no doubt that they are foundwhich narrates how the Queen, when breaking the bond by which she and her Shakspeare was once acting in her presence, endeavored to put him at pleasant perplexity between the stage discipline and guage, was at once written and poste that of his loyal gallantry. After many a vain attempt, we are told that Elizabeth young lady's friends to contradict and excrossing the stage whereupon the poet- plain his previous statement, which had actor was enacting the counterfeit present touch it, and it resounds, but only to itself. had made up their mind not to sell at any the shockingly mutilated state of the re-Nevertheless, we Germans are always well price, and though the new comer raised his mains makes it impossible to ascertain the jibboom and let fly yer top-gallunts. departing from the character be was itwith words to suit the action of his homage. He paused in a processional move-ment, of which he made a part, exciaim-News since received confirms this impedia

And though now bent on this high embessy, we want to pick up our consin's glove—
and tendering it, to her, with a profound

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

the County Products days North

The conundrum and epigram, says most appropriate dishes in wi up light wit. The effect is about the in each, The methods of the two are ferent. The conundrum states a tion, and requires an answer without modstration. The epigram argues question, and reaches a logical conclusi The Epigram is slow. The conundrum is quick. The latter requires accuracy of statement, the former consisting of argument. In fact the epigram is a laborer conundrum. Both depend generally upon a play upon words. To illustrate: "Win is there no hereafter for chickens?" cause they have their necks twirled in this. Here no one is disposed to question th conclusion. If any one should do so read

Tis plain that chickens have no hope For a world of future bliss. Since fate declares that they should have Their next world (necks twirled) in thi

This gives the exact difference between two popular watering places:

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them."
Said Charley, one morning, to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,
For bother my wig if I know!"

Quoth Joe, "Tis the easiest matter.

At once to distinguish the twoAt the one you go into the water,

At the other it goes into you!"

Mathew Arnold throws out some usefu

What poets feel not when they make asure in creating. The world, in its turn, will not take

What have the women to say to this: Women were born, so fate declares,

To smooth our linen and our cares; And 'tis but just, for by my troth They very often ruffle both. The Boston Post gives publicity to the

"I think," said Isabel, "the tearful sky Is weeping sadly—only hear it sigh." "Do not," said Quilp, "commiserate its It does not weep-it only blows its snows." It were not difficult or altogether un pleasant to solve such problems as this

I'we pieces on the board; George to move and mate in two moves:)

George moves his arm round Maggie's neck, She moves one square and whispers—"Chec He, nothing daunted, moves right straight His lips to hers, and calls out—"Mate!"

Coventry Patmore gives the following: So let no min in desperate mood. Wed a dull girl because she's good

To which we might add:

And let no woman in her plight, Wed a bad man because he's bright

The Post thus embodies Bonner and h rotting horse, Dexter:

"Fifty thousand for Dexter!" a cavalier cries,
"Excuse me—let people believe it who can!"
"Tis nothing surprising," a crony replies,
"For Bonner was always a Dexter-ous man!"

A soldier in the hospital, who had his left leg amputated, addressing the detached part, thus turns the calamity to his a

ange paradox! that in the fight Where I of thee was thus beref And yet the right is the one that's le

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO RINGING OF BELLS,-In London and Paris hotels, the bells are not rung by mechanical force, but by the pressing of a small button in the wall; this connected by an electric wire with a little alarm, which keeps on jingling s long as the button is pressed. Lift the han and the alarm ceases. This principle a French jeweler has adapted to cravat pins. The knob of the pin is of various device It is a hare with a tabor, or a drumme with his drum, or a death's head with loose under jaw, or a dog. Whoever chooses to wear such a pin, has conn it, by a wire, a small electrical battery one of his pockets. He puts his hand his pocket, touches a button there, and o goes the pin. The hare begins to patter on the tabor, the drummer to beat his drum the death's head to clatter and roll its horrid eyes, or the dog to bark and snap .--When the hand is lifted from the button instantly all is quiet.

THE FATAL LETTER .- A tradesman's daughter, who had been for some time en-The legends that so pleasantly connect gaged to a prosperous young draper in a Shakspeare with Queen Elizabeth are not neighboring town, heard from one whom she and her parents considered a creditable authority, that he was on the verge of small fortune were linked to peaury. A letter, strong and conclusive in its lanwhen the same informant called upon the arisen out of some misunderstanding. They rushed at once to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene; the reiteratappeals, the tears, the wringing of bands, the united entreaties of father, mother, and daughter for the restoration of the fatal letter. But the rule admitted of no excep tion, and the young lady had to repent a leisure of her inordinate haste.

And though now bent on this high embessy.

Yet stoop we to pick up our consin's glove—
and tendering it, to her, with a profound bow, proudly strode off the stage.

A new style of bonnets has made its appearance in Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

The elections in Ohio, and Pennslyania

The elections in Ohio, and Pennslyania The elections in Ohio and Pennslvania only done your duty, and there see tle reason for vanity.