MISS EDITH'S MODEST REQUEST.

BY BRET HARTE.

My papa knows you, and he says you're a man who
makes reading for books;
But I never read nothing you wrote, nor did papa—
I know by his looks.
So I guess you're like me when I talk, and I talk,
and I talk all the day,
And they only say, "Do stop that child!" or,
"Nurse! take Miss Edith away."

But papa said if I was good I could ask you—alone
by myself—
If *you* wouldn't write me a book like that little one
up on the shelf.
I don't mean the pictures, of course, for to make
them you've got to be smart;
But the reading that runs all around them you know
—just the easiest part.

You needn't mind what it's about, for no one will
see it but me
And Jane—that's my nurse—and John—that's the
coachman—just only us three.
You're to write of a bad little girl, that was wicked
and bold and all that;
And then you're to write, if you please, something
good—very good—of a cat!

This cat she was virtuous and meek, and kind to her
parents, and mild,
And careful and neat in her ways, though her mistress was such a bad child;
And hurt she would sit and would gaze when her
mistress—that's me—was so bad,
And think, just as if she would say, 'Oh, Edith, you
make my heart sad.'

And yet, you would scarcely believe it, that beautiful, angelic cat
Was blamed by the servants for stealing whatever,
they said, she'd get at.
And when John drank my milk—don't you tell me!
I know just the way it was done—
They said 'twas the cat—and she sitting and washing her face in the sun!

And then there was Dick, my canary. When I left
the cage open one day,
They all made believe that she ate it, though I knew
that the bird flew away.
And why? Just because she was playing with a
feather she found on the floor,
As if cats couldn't play with a feather without people thinking 'twas more.

Why, once we were romping together, when I
knocked down a vase from the shelf,
That cat was as grieved and distressed as if she had
done it herself;
And she walked away sadly and hid herself, and
never came out until tea—
So they say, for they sent *me* to bed, and she never
came even t' me.

No matter whatever happened, it was laid at the door
of that cat.
Why, once when I tore my apron—she was wrapped
in it, and I called "Rat!"—
Why they blamed that on *her*. I shall never—no,
not to my dying day—
Forget the pained look that she gave me when they
slapped *me* and took me away.

Of course you know just what comes next when a
child is as lovely as that.
She wasted quite slowly away—it was goodness was
killing that cat.
I know it was nothing she ate, for her taste was exceedingly fine;
But they said she stole Bobby's ice-cream, and
caught a bad cold from the ice.

And you'll promise to make me a book like that little
one up on the shelf.
And you'll call her "Naomi," because it's a name
that she just gave herself;
For she'd scratch at my door in the morning, and
whenever I'd call out, "Who's there?"
She would answer "Naomi! Naomi!" like a Christian, I vow and declare.

And you'll put me and her in a book. And, mind,
you're to say I was bad;
And I might have been badder than that but for the
example I had.
And you'll say that she was a Maltese, and what's
that you asked? "Is she dead?"
Why, please, sir, *there ain't any cat!* You're to
make one up out of you head.

—*The Independent.*

OLD-TIME SOUTHERN DUELS.

Last spring, in a visit to New Orleans, I was entertained by an old resident with reminiscences of famous duels. Twenty years ago, the St. Louis Hotel, now used as a State House, was the fashionable resort of New Orleans. Its rotunda was frequented nightly by men of wealth, cotton and sugar brokers, lawyers, politicians, slave-dealers and professional duelists. During the winter season, the rich planters of Louisiana and Mississippi brought their families to New Orleans and lived in the St. Louis and St. Charles Hotels. The French Opera House was nightly packed with an audience of beautiful women, resplendent in dress and blazing with diamonds, accompanied by husbands, brothers, fathers and lovers—a gay, giddy throng, intent upon quaffing to the very dregs the cup of pleasure. Three nights in the week, after the opera, an immense swinging floor was swung over the parquet, and dancing followed, sometimes until dawn. From the Opera House, on nights when there were no balls, the young bloods, after the opera was over, congregated in the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, which was then one of the finest public rooms in the United States. A grand dome, beautifully frescoed, surmounted it, lighted during the day from the top by skylights, and at night by a magnificent chandelier and one hundred gas jets around the sides. Small marble-top tables were placed around the sides of the rotunda, where parties of two and three gossiped over their wine. At one side stood the slave block, and nearly every night there was a slave auction. A gallery from the second story enabled the lady guests at the hotel to look upon all that went on below. When the St. Louis Hotel was purchased by the Warmoth State Government, a few years ago, the rotunda was converted into a Senate Chamber. The old slave block stood to the right of the President's desk, and is there yet if it has not been removed since the Nicholls Government came into possession of the State House.

Of course, the code was recognized by everybody. Duels were so common that they scarcely excited curiosity. The large French population of New Orleans, together with an admixture of Spanish, made the rapier the favorite weapon. The famous duelists were practiced swordsmen, as well as expert pistol-shots. It was the custom of those pests of society to frequent the rotunda of the St. Louis Hotel, and, like the Irishman at the Donnybrook Fair, they were spoiling for a fight.

A young gentleman from Mississippi, the son of a wealthy planter, went to New Orleans to spend the gay season. He could not have been a typical young Southerner, because he was quiet, modest and unassuming. His great wealth, fine personal appearance, cultivated mind and engaging manners had marked him as a superior being among the throng of hard-drinking, loud-talking, swaggering young men of that period. He was a favorite with the ladies, and by his general deportment excited the envy and the ire of the bravoes, who, notwithstanding their well-known dissoluteness, were admitted into society. More than one of them had attempted to fasten a quarrel upon him, but had not succeeded. At length one of the most reckless of the famous duelists determined to grossly insult him. Accordingly one evening, while the young Mississippian was sitting at a table in the rotunda, sipping a glass of wine with a friend, the professional cut-throat stepped up to the table, and, seizing the glass of wine, dashed it in his enemy's face. It was supposed that, according to the code, a peremptory challenge must follow. But the Mississippian knew his man, and had perfect control of himself. He said nothing, did nothing; but quietly retired. He was voted a coward, of course, by the throng. The next day passed and he was not seen. It was supposed he had quit the city. That evening the swaggering duelist who had given him a mortal affront was in the rotunda, the lion of the night. Suddenly the Mississippian appeared. He strolled across the rotunda to where the duelist was standing, and, without a word, seized him by the mustache and goatee, jerked his mouth open and spat down his throat. He was challenged on the spot. He accepted, and being the challenged party had the choice of weapons. This was why he had bided his time. He selected Mississippi rifles at forty yards. The meeting took place the following day out on the old Metairie Course, and at the first fire the professional fell dead, with an ounce ball through his brain.

Such was the state of society in New Orleans at that time that it was the universal custom at all balls and receptions, even of a select character, given at either the St. Louis or St. Charles Hotels, to require every gentleman to be searched for concealed weapons in the dressing-room before he was allowed to enter the ball-room. Upon one occasion, at a ball given at the St. Louis Hotel, two men, both reputed gentlemen of wealth and standing in the community, quarreled about an engagement to dance with a lady. High words passed, and it was supposed that a duel must be had on the next day; but one of them, a few minutes later, dropped a note with a $5 gold piece inclosed, by a string, to one of the hackmen on the pavement below. The note contained a request to obtain a Thug knife, and fasten it to the string. This was done, and the murderous weapon a few moments afterward was in the possession of the soon-to-be murderer. A Thug knife is a short, dagger-shaped blade, with a cross-handle of hard wood. It is grasped as a corkscrew is when you are about to pull out a cork, the blade protruding about six or eight inches from the clenched hand, between the two middle fingers. Concealing this weapon, the scoundrel requested the man with whom he had quarreled to step aside for a moment to an ante-room. The request was complied with, and no sooner had the door closed upon them than the unsuspecting man was struck to the heart with the Thug knife and instantly killed. The murderer was arrested and allowed to give bail, but was not tried; and I was told that he is yet living in New Orleans, and, strange as it may seem, is a respected member of society.

Two cotton brokers quarreled one day at the Cotton Exchange. High words passed, but no challenge followed. A few evenings afterward, while they were at a social club, one of them, without a word of warning, drew a revolver. The other threw up his hands, said he was not armed, and begged for his life, which was not granted. He was shot dead. An arrest and trial followed, but the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal.

In those days New Orleans was the gamblers' paradise. Poker-playing on the Mississippi packets was a fashionable amusement. Every body, from the wealthy planter and officers of the boat down to the cabin-boys and deckhands, played poker. Marvelous stories are told of the nerve displayed by gamblers in betting. The game was usually a square one, because the players handled pistols and bowie-knives as deftly as they did the cards. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the desperate gambler, after he had staked all his money, to put up his favorite darkey, whom he carried with him as a valet. P. B. S. Pinchback, it is well known, lost an old master and gained a new one at a card table on a Mississippi steamboat.

Every description of game was in vogue in New Orleans at this time; and to this day, although the population is shorn of its ancient wealth, it is still essentially a gambling community. The Louisiana Lottery Company, a monopoly licensed by the State, brings to its fortunate stockholders a princely revenue. Lottery offices are to be found on every square. Lottery tickets are displayed in the windows of tobacco stores, millinery shops, shoe shops, and in bar-room windows. As a class, however, the professional gamblers of antebellum times have almost disappeared; so have the famous duelists. Almost any old resident of New Orleans can tell you famous stories of rencounters between gamblers in the basement under the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel. A half-octagon shaped bar faces you as you enter this basement from St. Charles street. A free lunch is spread here every day from 11 until 1 o'clock, and, of course, it is the favorite drinking place of New Orleans. A gentleman described to me a fight that occurred in this bar-room just prior to the war.

Two gamblers, who had quarreled about an octoroon girl, met here. One of them was standing at the bar drinking. Looking over his shoulder he saw his enemy approaching. He wheeled, drew a small five-chambered revolver, and as the other advanced fired at him three times, each time the bullet striking him in the breast. Without faltering, or even quickening his pace, the one who had been shot advanced, and, as the fourth barrel of the revolver missed fire, cut down his man with a sweeping blow of his bowie knife. An instant later the man who had been shot swooned, and was carried to the drug-store across St. Charles street, and there he died a few hours afterward. My acquaintance, who related this story, saw him die. While he was stretched on the floor breathing his last, a brother gambler came in, and, after looking at him a few seconds, said, with an oath, "That's the way I like to see a man die—with his boots on, and go straight to hell."

Society in New Orleans is greatly changed, undoubtedly for the better, but still the readiness with which personal difficulties are settled by the pistol or the knife is not calculated to assure the stranger of the peaceful disposition of the people. One day last spring, while standing in front of the telegraph office at Gravier and St. Charles streets, I heard pistol shots half a square below. A crowd quickly gathered. I waited a few moments to be certain that the firing had ceased, and then walked down. A man with a ball through his leg had been carried into a drug-store. I made my way in and asked the wounded man how it had occurred. He said he did not know; he was walking up the street when two fellows began shooting, and one of them shot him through the leg. A few days later two men passed each other in Canal street. One of them looked at the other; they turned, drew their pistols and began firing. Neither of them was touched, but a lady in the neighborhood got a bullet through the calf of her leg. Both of these occurrences were chronicled in a short, facetious article in the morning newspapers.

One of the most famous of the old-time duelists of New Orleans, the champion swordsman and pistol shot, is still living. His name is Papa Llulu. I had heard much of him, for he had been principal and second in sixty-odd duels. One day a friend volunteered to introduce me. We took a street-car, rode down to Old Town, through the French quarter—a part of the city which has not changed for 100 years, except to grow more dilapidated—across Elysian Fields, until we saw a cemetery a few squares away. We left the street-car and walked to the cemetery. It is a beautiful spot, surrounded by a high brick wall. The tombs of the people who can afford it are built above the ground. Across the street from the cemetery was a tombstone shop and a flower garden. In front of the shop stood a little man, not more than five feet seven inches in height, with thin loins, long arms, broad stooping shoulders, and swarthy complexion. I was introduced to the celebrated Papa Llulu as a gentleman from the North, who had a curiosity to see his armory. We were invited to his house. We passed back from the street, through a narrow alley, between the tomb-stone shop and the flower garden, to a neatly-kept plot of ground. As we passed through the gate we came face to face with an iron target, with the outlines of a man painted on it. The body and the head were spotched with bullet marks. I was subsequently informed by Papa Llulu that he regularly kept up his pistol practice. "I always shoot," he said, "in the morning, before breakfast, just to keep my hand in, you know; there's no telling how soon one may be called on." We were shown into his armory, a low frame building, about ten feet square. As we entered, Papa said to me in a whisper, "When does it come off?" I laughingly informed him that it was simply curiosity that brought me there, not business. A ten-pound keg of powder, and bars of lead and sacks of shot lay on one side. Around the walls were hung every description of sword, from a Roman sword down to the regulation cavalry saber. There were fencing foils, with and without buttons. There were the old-fashioned broad swords, and a three-cornered grooved sword they call a *coulisse malade*. A large case, with glass doors, took up one-half of the side of the room. It was filled with guns and pistols—double-barreled shot-guns, double-barreled smooth-bores of celebrated Spanish makers, Mississippi yagers, Kentucky squirrel rifles, one or two Minie muskets, and a Spencer and a Winchester, repeating carbines, and at least a dozen pairs of dueling-pistols, some with flint-locks, others changed from flint to percussion-locks, and still others of more modern make. One pair appeared to be Llulu's pets. I was informed that they were Spanish barrels, which he had picked up for a mere song, only costing him, as he said, $50. They had cost in Spain, years ago, at least $250. In handling them, I noticed several nicks cut on the stock, just behind the pistol-guard. One of the nicks was quite fresh. This excited my curiosity, and I asked what they meant. With apparent surprise at my ignorance, Llulu told me that it was a custom among duelists to cut a nick on the pistol-stock for every man killed. I asked when the freshest one had been made.

"Oh!" said he, with nonchalance, "that was a year or so ago."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," said he, quietly, "you know a few years ago I issued a challenge to all the Cubans who call themselves patriots in this country. It was not accepted for quite a while. Finally a man came here and a meeting was arranged. We were to fight with dueling-pistols at twenty yards—advance and fire, or stand still and fire, after the word was given. We were placed in position."

And here Llulu described how combatants were placed on the field, right side to each other, right foot advanced slightly, pistol gripped firmly and pointed to the ground.

"The word was given," he continued. "I stood still, raised my pistol, took aim and my antagonist made several feints as if he was going to fire, his object being to draw my fire while he was standing with his side to me, thus presenting less surface to aim at. But," said he, with a quick chuckle, "that's an old game, and I was not to be caught. Finally he turned full face to me, took one step, when I let him have it, and he dropped."

"Did you kill him?" I asked.

"Well," said Llulu, in a quiet tone of voice, "he died."

"Have you been out since?" I asked.

"No," said Llulu, "but I've had one or two street fights since."

"How did they occur?"

"I was standing one day," he answered, "in front of my shop out here. It was just after a funeral—that's my cemetery across the street," he interjected—"when two fellows came along. I noticed they looked hard at me. Just as they came near where I was standing, one of them dropped behind, and the other walked by quickly. I had my eye on the one who had stopped. Just then one of the stone-cutters cried out, 'Look, Papa! look!' I turned quick, and saw that the one who had passed was drawing a revolver. Quick as thought I had mine out and let him have it in the leg. He fell, and I turned to see what the other one was about, and he was running. I started after him, and he threw both hands up and said, 'Papa, Papa, don't—don't shoot!'"

"What became of the one you had wounded?" I asked.

"Well, we carried him in the shop. His leg was broken, and he was taken to the hospital. I guess he got well. I have never seen him since."

"What was their object in trying to kill you?" I, with pardonable curiosity, inquired.

"Well, I suppose they were hired to do it; I don't know. I never made any inquiries about it. You know," he went on, "that my challenge to the Cubans created a very bitter feeling toward me."

My companion and myself were invited into Llulu's house, which stood a little way back of his armory, to take a glass of wine with him. In his parlor I was shown a gold medal which was given him by the Captain General of Cuba at the request of the Queen of Spain. Llulu informed me that while a youth he was carried away from Barcelona, Spain, by Mediterranean pirates. He remained with them a year or two; made his escape, and came to this country. He had been a sailor, and subsequently a fencing-master. He was 60 years of age, but did not look to be more than 45. He showed me a queer-looking pistol, which he said he always carried on election days. The barrel of it was about eight inches long, with a bore nearly one inch in diameter. He said it was a Spanish barrel, and would stand a heavy charge. "You can load it up almost to the muzzle with buck-shot, and then," he said, "if you get into a fight you are sure when it goes off to fetch a fellow. And here's another favorite of mine," he said, drawing from his hip-pocket a knife with a carved blade, about ten inches long, heavy back, with an edge like a razor. This blade closed in a handle, not unlike a razor, and is held when used with the index finger along the back of the blade, the shank of the blade being grasped firmly in the hand. It requires an expert to handle it. I was shown through the cemetery, and, before leaving, was presented with a handsome bouquet out by Madame Llulu in the flower garden. As I took my departure Papa said quite patronizingly, "If you should happen to need my services before you leave the city, you know where to find me. I can soon teach you a trick or two with the pistol; or if you prefer the short-sword, broad-sword, or rapier, I can give you a few lessons that won't be amiss."—*A. M. G., in New York Sun.*

The Chinese Question.

Mr. Willis, of Kentucky, in behalf of the House Committee on Education and labor, has made a report to Congress on the Chinese question which says:

"No legislation affecting the Chinese already here is asked or desired. They came to this country under the provisions of a treaty which was the result of the efforts of our own and other nations to open China to foreign commerce. Their claim to be protected in the full enjoyment of all rights and privileges which they have acquired under the treaty and under the law cannot justly be denied. It is contended, however, that the presence of the Chinese has had a tendency to degrade and dishonor labor; that their personal habits, peculiar institutions and low morals render them undesirable members of society, and that they cannot and will not assimilate with our people, but remain unalterably aliens in habits, words, politics and aspirations."

Accompanying the report is the following joint resolution:

WHEREAS, It appears that the great majority of Chinese immigrants are unwilling to conform to our institutions, to become permanent residents of our country and accept the rights and assume the responsibilities of citizenship; and,

WHEREAS, They have indicated no capacity to assimilate with our people; therefore,

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to open correspondence immediately with the Governments of China and Great Britain with a view of securing a change or abrogation of all stipulations in existing treaties which permit the unlimited immigration of Chinese to the United States.

Frozen to Death.

John Buttor and Louisa Felty, attended by friends and relatives, were married at the bride's residence in Washington county, Mo. As customary, a wedding dinner was succeeded by a ball, which lasted all night. At dawn the newly-married couple were missing. After two hours of diligent search, they were found in the woods, two miles off, frozen to death.

CONGRESSIONAL BROILS.

Some Old-Time Personal Rencounters in the House of Representatives.

After the attack upon Mr. Sumner by Brooks, writes a Washington correspondent in the Chicago *Times*, a Massachusetts member named Comyns made a severe speech directed against Brooks and the State of South Carolina. He was thoroughly armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, and made a great sensation. To his offensive utterances Brooks quietly replied that in his country a cock which wore spurs and wouldn't fight was laughed at even by the hens. This was intended to provoke the Massachusetts walking arsenal to a challenge, but he was silent. Then Burlingame sprung to his feet and said there were "sons of Massachusetts who were not afraid to maintain her honor and defend her rights on any field." This was considered the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Brooks sent a challenge, and the whole world knows the rest. Burlingame chose heavy rifles, and selected Canada as the dueling ground. Brooks declined the meeting on the ground that he could not with safety to himself traverse an enemy's country, and so the affair ended.

During the exciting times of the Kansas-Nebraska troubles Lovejoy was making one of his fierce speeches against the pro-slavery men. With sleeves rolled up and eyes aflame with excitement he came down the aisle, but was met on the boundary line between the Republican and Democratic domains by Prior, of Virginia, who struck an attitude, and, in deep, tragic tones, exclaimed, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." Potter, of Wisconsin, a stalwart frontiersman, had followed Lovejoy down the aisle ready to take up his cause in the event of a fracas, and at once took Pryor's threat as personal to himself. A few angry words followed. Potter received a formal challenge, accepted promptly, and chose bowie-knives and the Seventh-street side of the Patent Office as the place of meeting. This barbarous encounter was prevented by the police and the intervention of friends. Of course, in times of very strong political excitement, it requires but a spark to fire the magazine of bad feeling. But some of the fights of those times had the most absurd origin. While Lola Montez was in this country she won the heart and commanded the purse of a member from Tennessee, named Polk. His devotion to the fair frail one was so marked that it became the theme of common talk among Congressmen, from whom ordinary peccadilloes of the sort scarcely elicited any censure. A Mr. Stanley, from North Carolina, made the loves of Mr. Polk the subject of pleasantry in one of his public speeches, which aroused the gentleman from Tennessee. A challenge was the result, but, after much talk and a great deal of ill suppressed excitement, the principals to the affair decided not to kill each other.

The same Mr. Stanley figured in another affair of honor whose origin was quite as unconsequential as the Lola Montez quarrel. In the discussion of the annua. River and Harbor bill, a Mr. Inge, of Alabama, a Democrat, ordinarily opposed to appropriations for purposes of internal improvements, made a strong appeal for aid to improve the harbor of Mobile. This was too much for Stanley, who, as a Whig, had often been made to suffer by the economic objections of Inge. He charged the Alabama member with inconsistency and indecency, and the words "liar and coward" soon passed between them. They agreed that nothing but blood could heal the wounded honor on both sides, and a meeting was arranged to come off at Silver Springs, a few miles out of town on the Maryland side. The weapons were pistols, and two shots were actually fired when Frank Blair arrived on the scene, and by threatening and coaxing persuaded the combatants to desist until after they had partaken of a breakfast, which he at once ordered. A generous breakfast, seconded by the good endeavors of their host, restored harmony, and after a cordial handshaking they returned to their arduous legislative duties.

These instances of what was of almost daily occurrence twenty years ago in both houses of Congress may seem but the idle vaporings of vainglorious Falstaffs. There is no doubt that the men of that time were ever ready to fight.

It was not always that the quarrels among Congressmen ended in the dignified appeal to the code of honor. A duel in those days was considered a highly honorable thing, but especially for the settlement of difficulties between gentlemen. A common hand-to-hand encounter was esteemed disgraceful, even among those quarrelsome, law-breaking law-makers. One of these disgraceful fights took place between a couple of Mississippi members. The quarrel was one of trifling local importance, but the lie passed, when one of them, a Mr. Wilcox, approached his antagonist, whose name was Brown, and asked if he intended that remark for him (Wilcox). Brown replied that he did, when Wilcox struck out from the shoulder. The parties clonched, and in the struggle overturned a chair, and finally fell to the floor, Wilcox on top. The latter then reached for his knife, but at this juncture Dr. Fitch, of Indiana, a giant in physical prowess, took Wilcox by the collar, and, jerking him to his feet, brandished an immense gold-headed cane over his head, with this timely bit of advice: "You put up your knife, or I will beat out your brains with this cane." Then Col. Savage, a member from Tennessee, gravely rose and announced that the difficulty between his friends had been amicably arranged, whereat the whole House joined in a boisterous laugh.

On another occasion, Churchill and Cullom, two Tennessee members, had a difficulty, when the former gave the latter the lie. Cullom, with true Southern spirit, leaped over two desks and was coming at Churchill like a mad bull, when the latter opened the drawer of his desk and took out a revolver. The weapon fell from his hand to the floor, and a member in the interests of peace clapped his foot upon it and held it there. Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, then rose to a question of privilege, namely, that, for the convenience of members, the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to have constructed a rack to be placed in the cloak room upon which gentlemen could deposit their weapons.

Jokes were dangerous things in those days. Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, had a disagreeable habit of popping up on all occasions, a disposition not uncommon among the members of the present Congress. His colleague, Mr. Cullom, became incensed at what Proctor Knott would call the "too previous" conduct of his friend, and suggested to the latter that a large piece of wax affixed to the broadest part of his person might enable him to keep still. This pleasantry touched the pride of Polk, who thirsted for blood. As Mr. Cullom was the father of a family, his friends decided that he should not fight, and a young member from Kentucky took up the quarrel, and a fight was arranged for, but never came off. During the long contest for the Speakership, in which Mr. Banks triumphed, lists of questions were submitted to the different candidates to be answered. These questions involved the leading issues of the day. Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, had prepared a list of these questions, when Mr. Kennett, of Missouri, a Whig, submitted a burlesque series, beginning with "Do you believe in a future state, and if so, will it be a free or a slave state?" The intention on the part of Kennett was one of mere pleasantry, but the irascible Barksdale took it as an affront and angrily inquired whether the gentleman intended any reflection, and if so he hurled it back with scorn. Kennett pleaded his innocence and the affair was accommodated without blood.

IMPORTANT INVESTIGATIONS.

Selling Citizens of Florida into Slavery—Are the Cuban Patriots Pacified?

Several weeks ago, says a Washington telegram, the President received a letter from a reliable source stating that the writer was in possession of facts capable of direct proof to the effect that colored men, citizens of Florida, had been kidnapped and transported across the Gulf of Mexico to Cuba, and there sold into slavery. The writer says members of the families of some of the enslaved citizens had received intelligence from Cuba, from their relatives, stating that they were held in bondage there, and the matter was communicated to the Chief Executive of the United States for such action in the premises as might be deemed best calculated to vindicate American dignity in view of a procedure so grossly in violation of the civilization of the times. The contents of the letter occasioned much surprise to the President. With a view of ascertaining the truth of the statement, he concluded to dispatch a confidential agent to Cuba for that purpose. Such agent was found in Judge Leonard, Republican member from Louisiana in the House of Representatives, a gentleman discreet and courteous, and familiar with the Spanish language. It was thought advisable to pursue this discreet course instead of making the subject the basis of diplomatic correspondence. Judge Leonard, a few days ago, obtained indefinite leave of absence from the House, and left New York for Havana on the steamship Columbus on Wednesday last, carrying with him a letter from President Hayes to the Captain General, and also one from Senor Mantilla, Spanish Minister, addressed to the same officer, to whom Judge Leonard will make known the object of his mission. It is not doubted that the Captain General will afford him every facility for the accomplishment of his mission, besides extending his own investigations in the same direction. Another object of the mission is to ascertain the true condition of the insurgents, official accounts and those from insurrectionary sources being contradictory. While one side represents a decline of the insurrection, the other asserts to the contrary, and agents have been here in behalf of the insurgent Cubans, with a view to the recognition of their independence by the United States. The Captain General will doubtless extend to Judge Leonard the necessary facilities for visiting the insurrectionary district, as Spain uniformly shows a disposition to preserve and strengthen friendly relations between Spain and the United States, which have never been more amicable than they are now.

Should it be found true that negroes are kidnapped in Florida, or any other Southern State, and conveyed to Cuba and sold into slavery, immediate means will be adopted to prevent all such future outrages on persons and violations of international law. The objects of the mission are not publicly known, care having been taken to conceal them, but the above statement is confirmed in quarters which leave no room for doubt.

Bismarck Sued for Libel.

Few public men have more determined enemies than the iron-and-blood Chancellor of Germany. A few months ago one of his stanchest political allies, Baron Diest, turned against him, and accused him of having very questionable dealings with certain financiers. Failing to substantiate his charges in a low court the Baron was imprisoned; but it was not long before he reiterated his accusations in a pamphlet, with evidence which had not been produced at the trial. On an appeal to a higher court the public prosecutor read, in confirmation of the indictment, a letter which he said had emanated from a very high source, and in which various assertions of the accused were denounced as infamous lies. The Baron, incensed at having his honor impugned by a person whose name the prosecutor refused to give, although it could be no other than the Chancellor, arraigned Bismarck for libel.

Premature Burial.

Another lucky escape from burial alive has occurred in Paris in the case of a lawyer named Lelone. His son, summoned to his death-bed, found him, as it was supposed, dead, kissed his brow, and was surprised at its warmth. Some hours later he revived and said: "Ah, doctor, those few moments' sleep have done me a world of good." The French laws require that interment shall follow death within, at most, thirty-six hours, and thus it often happens that burial takes place previous to putrefaction. It was against this limited time imposed by the Burial bill that an eminent prelate so powerfully protested in the French Chamber, relating how he himself had been laid out for burial. Here, too, in summer, burial takes place much too soon. In England at least five days intervene.

Irish Bulls.

Mr. D., an Irish gentleman, was invited to dinner lately, by a well-known Scotch resident, at whose generous table he met quite a number of the host's countrymen. The conversation turned on Irish bulls, of which one and another repeated several, until the whole company was in a roar of laughter. Our Irish friend kept quiet until his patience was exhausted. Then he blurted out: "Stay, Mr. C., an' do ye know what I think?" "Why, indeed, what do you think, Mr. D.?" "Shure, sir, and do ye know that I think, indade, that not more than one-half these *lies* that they tell about the Irish are *true*." This may be said to have "brought down" the table.

One Way of Becoming Wealthy.

John Rhodes, of Hounslow, England, dressed as a tramp, denied himself the necessaries of life, and took to the road. He lately died, and his fortune was found to be over £100,000. The man bequeathed it to various metropolitan charities. A similar instance of eccentricity occurred in Marseilles. The object of the miser was to build an aqueduct to convey water into the city free, and it was done. During the life of the Frenchman he was ridiculed, despised, and, like Stephen of old, came near being stoned on account of his rags and his meanness.

CHARLES NAPIER, an English scientist, prescribed a vegetable diet as a cure for intemperance. The relinquishment of meat for six or seven months, he asserts, will destroy a desire for alcohol in the most aggravated cases.

Renovation, not Prostration.

Did any enfeebled human being ever become strong under the operation of powerful cathartics or salivants? It is sometimes necessary to regulate the bowels, but that cannot be done by active purgation, which exhausts the vital forces and serves no good purpose whatever. The only true way to promote health and vigor, which are essential to regularity of the organic functions, is to invigorate, discipline and purify the system at the same time. The extraordinary efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of debility or irregularity of the organs of digestion, assimilation, secretion and discharge, is universally admitted. Appetite, good digestion, a regular habit of body, active circulation of the blood and purity of all the the animal fluids are induced by this superb tonic and corrective. It has no equals, moreover, as a preventive of chills and fever, and other types of malarial disease. To emigrants and travelers it is particularly serviceable as a medicinal safeguard.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"MATCHLESS"
Wood Tag Plug
TOBACCO.
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston, and Chicago.

Abandoned at Sea.

At all times ships of one kind or another are floating about at sea, abandoned by officers and crew, in what seems a hopeless condition. Some are dismantled and mere hulks, some are swimming keel upward, some are water-logged, but being laden with timber will not sink, but are driven hither and thither as the wind and waves may direct. So people afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis and consumption are abandoned by physicians and friends as incurable, yet thousands of such are annually restored to perfect health by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The Catarrh Remedy is unequaled as a soothing and healing local application, while the Discovery purifies and enriches the blood and imparts tone and vigor to the whole system.

VIDALIA, LA., April 17, 1877.

DR. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—I suffered for twelve years with that most offensive and loathsome of all diseases—catarrh. My taste and smell were completely destroyed. I procured a supply of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and your Golden Medical Discovery, which I used according to directions, and a complete and permanent cure was speedily effected. I take pleasure in recommending them to all afflicted.

Ever thankfully yours
CLARA E. HUNT.

WADING RIVER, Burlington Co., N. J., Feb. 28, 1877.

DR. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—Your Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for coughs, colds and consumption I ever knew. It has saved my life.
Respectfully yours,
HELEN B. MCANNEY.

Practical Generosity.

Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., of Bangor, Maine, will send by mail, postage paid, a one-quarter (¼) pound sample-package of Sheridan's horse and cattle powders, on receipt of twenty (20) cents. These powders are worth their weight in gold to make hens lay, and will prevent all manner of diseases common to hens, hogs and horses, including hog-cholera.

The Extended Popularity

Of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is the best evidence of its worth. Whenever you want a light, white, sweet biscuit, delicious pot-pie, elegant cake, or a choice pudding, DOOLEY'S BAKING POWDER should be used. Perfect purity and absolute full weight are the watchwords of the manufacturers.

A Startling Fact.

Thousands of children have died of diphtheria this winter who might have been saved by a single bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, which costs 35 cents. It is a sure preventive of diphtheria, and will cure nine out of ten. No family should be without it a day.

DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR has sold largely and been universally recommended by druggists as a cure for Heart Disease, and has given satisfaction, as can be seen by reference to a letter received from F. W. Kinsman, druggist, Augusta, Maine.

"Having sold at retail more than a gross of your HEART REGULATOR, I take pleasure in saying that it has given great satisfaction in every case I have heard from. Almost every day I receive testimonials similar to the one inclosed. F. W. KINSMAN."

Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

The HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

MOTHERS! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
194 Penn Street, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 30 years before the public, and warranted to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic and Spasms, taken internally; and Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, and Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, externally. It has never failed, family will ever be without it after once giving it a fair trial. Price, 40 cents. DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in Pint Bottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other, or NO PAY, for the cure of Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores, etc. Sold by all Druggists. Depot—10 Park Place, New York.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$7 50	@10 50
HOGS	4 25	@ 4 75
COTTON	10¾	@ 11
FLOUR—Superfine	4 10	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No 2 Chicago	1 25	@ 1 25
CORN—Western Mixed	42	@ 54
OATS—Mixed	35	@ 36
RYE—Western	71	@ 72
PORK—New Mess	10 75	@10 93
LARD	7⅛	@ 7¼
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 75	@ 5 25
Choice Natives	4 00	@ 4 75
Cows and Heifers	2 25	@ 2 50
Butchers' Steers	3 25	@ 3 50
Medium to Fair	3 60	@ 3 90
HOGS—Live	3 70	@ 4 10
FLOUR—Family White Winter	6 00	@ 6 50
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 00	@ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 10	@ 1 11
No. 3 Spring	1 03	@ 1 05
CORN—No. 2	43	@ 44
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26¼
RYE—No. 2	55	@ 56
BARLEY—No. 2	45	@ 46
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	33	@ 38
EGGS—Fresh	10	@ 11
PORK—Mess	10 20	@10 30
LARD	7	@ 7¼
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 14	@ 1 15½
No. 1	1 10	@ 1 11
CORN—No. 2	40	@ 41
OATS—No. 2	25	@ 26
RYE—No. 1	54	@ 55
BARLEY—No. 2	52	@ 53
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	1 20	@ 1 21
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	42	@ 43
OATS—No. 2	26	@ 27
RYE	55	@ 56
PORK—Mess	10 75	@11 00
LARD	7	@ 7¼
HOGS	3 50	@ 3 90
CATTLE	2 80	@ 5 00
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 10	@ 1 15
CORN—New	39	@ 40
OATS	29	@ 31
RYE	11	@ 62
PORK—Mess	10 50	@10 75
LARD	7¼	@ 8
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 29	@ 1 30
No. 2 Red	1 27	@ 1 28
CORN	45	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	28	@ 29
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice White	5 75	@ 6 25
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 26	@ 1 27
No. 1 Amber	1 23	@ 1 24
CORN—No. 1	43	@ 44