

Valparaiso and West Coast Mail.

VOL. IV. Subscription, \$8 a year, in advance
Single Number, 20 cents.

VALPARAISO, Saturday, August 19, 1871.

Advertisements first insertion, \$1 per inch
25 cents per inch for each subsequent insertion. No. 193

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(Detras de la Intendencia)

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PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY.

SEMI-MONTHLY line of STEAMERS
between
SOUTH AMERICA and EUROPE
(VIA THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.)

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When the dates fall on Sunday, the departures will take
place on the previous day at 4 p.m.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW STEAMER
HECTOR,

Captain Bax,
Will sail from VALPARAISO for BORDEAUX
and LIVERPOOL on Wednesday, 23rd August,
calling at
PUNTA ARENAS,
MONTEVIDEO,
RIO DE JANEIRO, and
LISBON; and the

SALSETTE,
Captain Gordon,
ON WEDNESDAY, 30th AUGUST,
carrying Passengers, Specie and Cargo.
NOTE.—The Hector will not carry passengers.
For further particulars apply to
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PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.



TIME TABLE

OF THE STEAMERS BETWEEN PANAMA, GUAYAQUIL, PAYTA,
CALLAO, VALPARAISO, AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

COMMUNICATION THREE TIMES PER MONTH WITH THE ISTHMUS
OF PANAMA

The Company's fleet consists of the following magnificent steamers.

Net Tonnage.	Horse-Power.	Net Tonnage.	Horse-Power.	Net Tonnage.	Horse-Power.			
ATLAS	100	20	ETEN	2000	350	PAYTA	1800	350
AREQUIPA	1500	350	GARONNE	3500	550	PERU	1400	350
ATACAMA	1800	350	GUAYAQUIL	750	200	PANAMA	2000	400
ARAUCANIA	3000	500	HUACHO	400	50	PACIFIC	2000	400
ACONCAGUA	3500	550	IQUIQUE	450	60	PERUANO	600	150
BOGOTA	1500	350	ILO	2000	350	QUITO	800	150
COLON	300	50	INCA	300	50	TRUXILLO	2000	400
CORDILLERA	3000	500	JOHN ELDER	3500	550	SANTIAGO	2500	400
CHILE	1800	350	LIMENA	2000	350	SAN CARLOS	750	200
CALLAO	1100	250	LUSITANIA	3500	550	SUPE	440	50
CALDERA	1500	350	MORRO	250	50	TALCA	700	150
COQUIMBO	1800	350	MAGELLAN	3000	500	TABOQUILLA	240	30
CUZCO	3500	550	PATAGONIA	3000	500	VALPARAISO	1100	250
CHIMBORAZO	3500	550				VALDIVIA	1800	350

Leaves	Panama	JULY 26	August 1	August 4	August 10	August 16	August 23	August 29	August 31
Arrives at	Guayaquil
Do	Payta
Do	Callao
Leaves	Callao
Arrives at	Tambo de Mora
Do	San Nicolas
Do	Lomas
Do	Chala
Do	Arica
Do	Quilca
Do	Isla
Do	Mollendo
Do	Ilo
Do	Arica
Do	Pisagua
Do	Mejillones
Do	Iquique
Do	Toconilla
Do	Cobija
Leaves	Cobija
Do	Mejillones (Bol.)
Do	Pan de Azucar
Do	Chalchal
Do	Caldera
Do	Carrizal Bajo
Do	Huasco
Do	Coquimbo
Do	Valparaiso
Leaves	Valparaiso
Arrives at	Coquimbo
Do	Huasco
Do	Carrizal Bajo
Do	Caldera
Do	Chalchal
Do	Pan de Azucar
Do	Antiguas
Do	Mejillones (Bol.)
Do	Antiguas
Do	Toconilla
Do	Tucuman
Do	Mejillones
Do	Pisagua
Do	Arica
Do	Ilo
Do	Mollendo
Do	Isla
Do	Quilca
Do	Arica
Do	Lomas
Do	San Nicolas
Do	Pisco
Do	Chimborazo
Do	Tambo de Mora
Do	Callao

On the arrival of the Southern and Northern Boats at Payta, intermediate Steamers leave for Guayaquil
These Steamers leave Valparaiso at 4 p.m. precisely.

STEAMERS ARRIVE AT COLON (ASPENWALL)	STEAMERS LEAVE COLON (ASPENWALL)
From Southampton and Cherbourg the 8 and 23	For Plymouth, Cherbourg and Southampton the 5 or 6 and 21
Do Bremen and Southampton, .. 26	Do Southampton and Bremen .. 2
Do Hamburg, .. 23	Do Bremen, Havre and Hamburg .. 6
Do Liverpool, .. 3 and 18	Do Liverpool .. 10 and 25
Do London and Havre, .. 1	Do Havre and London, .. 4
Do New-York, .. 8 or 9 and 23	Do New-York, .. 2 or 3 and 19
Do Saint Nazaire, .. 23	Do Saint Nazaire, .. 31 or 1

STEAMERS ARRIVE AT PANAMA.	STEAMERS LEAVE PANAMA.
From San Francisco, the 1 or 2 and 13	For San Francisco, .. 9 or 10 and 25

ARRIVAL FROM LIVERPOOL (via Straits.) LEAVES FOR LIVERPOOL (via Straits.)
At Valparaiso.—5th or 6th and 20 or 21 of each month. From Valparaiso.—14th and 30th of each month.

SOUTHWARD.		NORTHWARD.	
Leaves Valparaiso, .. the 13	29	Leaves Puerto Montt, .. the 20	5 or 6
Arrives at San Antonio, .. 13	29	Arrives at Calbuco, .. 20	5 or 6
Do Tomé, .. 14	30	Do Ancud, .. 21	6 or 7
Do Talcahuano, .. 14	30	Leaves Corral, .. 21	6 or 7
Do Coronel, .. 15	31 or 1	Arrives at Lebu, .. 22	7 or 8
Do Lota, .. 16	1 or 2	Do Lota, .. 22	7 or 8
Do Lebu, .. 16	1 or 2	Do Coronel, .. 22	7 or 8
Do Corral, .. 17	2 or 3	Do Talcahuano, .. 23	8 or 9
Do Ancud, .. 18	3 or 4	Do Tomé, .. 23	8 or 9
Do Calbuco, .. 18	3 or 4	Do San Antonio, .. 24	9 or 10
Do Puerto Montt, .. 18	3 or 4	Do Valparaiso, .. 24	9 or 10

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Compra y vende Bonos, Acciones, etc. ect.

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HAVE ALWAYS IN STOCK THE FOLLOWING CLASSES OF

SHERRY:

FINE SHERRY,

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Rich, full-bodied, Golden Sherry, soft and mellow. An excellent Luncheon of
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Golden color. This is a rich Wine, and has a remarkably full and fine flavor.
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A pale high-class Amontillado, of an extremely dry and very delicate flavor.
This class possesses all those characteristics which have rendered
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ROYAL CROWN SHERRY,

An extremely delicate old Wine, possessing the true Sherry flavor. Its
exquisite delicacy and aroma will commend this Wine to connoisseurs.

In boxes of one dozen, each bottle carrying a label with class noted.

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Done on reasonable terms, and at the shortest
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Opposite to the Patria Printing Office. 49

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ONLY GRAINER IN CHILE,
Calls attention to his unequalled fine style of
GRAINING AND MARBLING. 348

COFFEE,
CAREFULLY SELECTED,
Yungas, Ceylon, and Costa Rica,
ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY

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WILLIAM H. NUGENT
DENTIST,
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VALPARAISO. 222

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SANTIAGO,
BY LUIS E. JOHNSON.

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superior accommodation to travellers.
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to the wants of his guests, a good table, and
moderate charges, he will continue to receive a
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Capital.
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have been recently thoroughly renovated, and
refitted with new furniture, carpets, &c.
There is also a beautiful garden with choice
fruit, and fine shade trees, making it in Summer
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All Orders for New Work or Repairs promptly
attended to, and on the most Moderate
Terms.
Plans, Specifications, and detailed Estimates
supplied. 410

"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible (2 Kings iv. 40). "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan (2 Samuel i. 23). "A man after his eye" (Deut. xix. 21). "A still small voice" (1 Kings xix. 12). "Escaped with the skin of my teeth" (Job xix. 20). "That mine adversary had written a book" (Job xxi. 35). "Spreading himself like a green bay tree" (Psalm xxxvi. 35). "Hanged our harps upon the willow" (Psalm cxvii. 2). "Riches certainly make (not take, as it is often quoted) themselves wings" (Proverbs xxiii. 5). "Heap coals of fire upon his head" (Ibid. xxv. 22). "No new thing under the sun" (Ecclesiastes i. 9). "Of making many books there is no end" (Ibid. xii. 12). "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," made famous by Patrick Henry (Jeremiah viii. 11). "My name is Legion" (Mark v. 9). "To kick against the pricks" (Acts ix. 2). "Make a virtue of necessity" (Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona"). "All that glitters is not gold" ("Merchant of Venice"). "Screw up your courage to the sticking place," not *point* ("Macbeth"). "Make assurance doubly sure" (Ibid.). "Hang out your banners upon the outward walls" (Ibid.). "Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, but break it to our hope" (Ibid.). "It's an ill wind turns no good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind blows no one any good" (Thomas Tassier). "Christmas comes but once a year" (Ibid.). "Look before you leap" (Ibid.). "Look before you're yered" (Ibid.). "Hudibras," commonly quoted "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind" (Lord Brook). "What though the field be lost, all is not lost" (Milton). "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen" (Ibid.). "Necessity, the tyrant's plea" (Ibid.). "Peace hath her victories" (Ibid.). "Through this may be play to you, 'tis death to us" (Roger l'Estrange, 1704). "All cry, and no wool"—not "little wool" ("Hudibras"). "Count their chickens ere (not before) they are hatched" (Ibid.). "Through thick and thin" (Dryden). "When Greeks join Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war" (Nathaniel Lee, 1692). "Of two evils, I have chosen the least" (Prior). "Richard is himself again" (Colley Cibber). "Classic Ground" (Addison). "A good hater" (Johnson). "My name is Norval" (John Home, 1808). "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs" (Goldsmith). "Not much the worse for wear"—not "none the worse" (Cowper). "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" (Thomas Morton). "No pent-up Utica contracts our power" (Jonathan Sewell). "Hath given hostage to fortune" (Bacon). "His (God's) image cut in ebony" (Thomas Fuller). "Wise and masterly inactivity" (Mackintosh, in 1791, though generally attributed to John Randolph). "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens"—not "countrymen" (Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, December, 1790, prepared by General Henry Lee). "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute" (Charles C. Pinckney). "Thealmighty dollar" (Washington Irving). "As good as a play" (King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill). "Selling a bargain" is in "Love's Labour Lost." "Fast and Loose," "Go snacks" (Pope's "Prologue to Satires"). "In the wrong box" ("Fox's Martyrs"). "To lam" (in the sense of to beat). "King and no king," by Beaumont and Fletcher. The hackneyed newspaper Latin quotation, "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutantur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was, "Omnia mutantur," &c., and this is found in Borbonius, a German writer of the middle ages. "Smelling of the lamp" is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pythias. "A little bird told me" comes from Ecclesiastes x. 20, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Doubtless it is due, in no small degree, to the unrelenting prosiness and humdrum of modern existence, that most people turn so willing an ear to every relation of the marvellous. Superstition and credulity can scarcely be regarded as salient features of our nineteenth-century civilization, and yet few of us would like to confess how often we have given our faith to the supernatural. And this, not only in such scientific or pseudo-scientific exhibitions as the prophets and jugglers of spiritualism furnish, but in its most direct, most spontaneous, and therefore most vulgar manifestations. Ghost stories have not lost their secret charm for the wisest as well as the simplest, and fearful maidens still tempt the fates on All-Hallow e'en with potent incantations of molten lead and darkened mirrors. Of course, in the light of science and of reason, all these things are but prestidigitations, but it is a nonsense for which we cannot help keeping a soft spot in our hearts. If we are not actually deceived, we are more than willing to be deceived, and, in spite of science and reason, one does not often take a short cut through a midnight graveyard. The ducking-stool and the gibbet that once punished witchcraft in sterner days have long since vanished, but the witch still survives in remote districts, and, no doubt, still journeys, from time to time, on her traditional broomstick steed, to some far-off witches' Sabbath. We have outgrown our childish terrors of mediæval wehrwolf and vampire, but we listen with admiring credence to the story of that western cat detected in an insidious attempt to suck away in true vampire fashion the breath of an unwary sleeper. "I believe because it is impossible" is a philosophic paradox which most people unconsciously adopt, and which lends a curious delight to the subtle, unearthly imaginings of Hawthorne and Poe. And even when we do not go outside the known and visible limits of nature to satisfy our craving for the phenomenal and strange, we are eager to grasp at any variation in the ordinary processes of life which promises a respite from the tyranny of the commonplace. Barnum's bogus mermaid would have been a less successful cheat had its ingenuity not found an efficient ally in the wishes of the spectators. Even the shocking uncertainty of the sea-serpent has not yet entirely alienated its adherents, and the periodical wild man roams at his pleasure all over the Western hemisphere and the columns of newspapers. The Cardiff giant was hardly less delightful as a fraud than as a reality, and the Siamese twins are quite as fascinating as the Corsican brothers. And if, as is probable, one of them should die, the situation would attain an interest positively enchanting. No light reading finds a wider or more appreciative audience than those occasional paragraphs in journals which describe six-legged calves or double-headed babies, and the Dublin lady who was reputed to have carried on her shoulders the proper facial presentment of a pig, is still one of the most agreeable mysteries of the literature of the monstrous.

These are very well in their various ways—mermaids and wild men, sea serpents and pig-headed ladies. But what are these, in point of romantic wonder, to a real dragon, such as has lately been slain by a valiant Welshman, worthy descendant of Cimric heroes, after a fierce combat in the caves of Cefu, on the river Elwy? We call it a dragon, because, from the description, it is evidently that or nothing. It is a creature nearly five feet long, with a coat of mail and web feet. Its head is low and flat, and its mouth is large, and garnished with formidable teeth. Yet, in spite of all these terrors, the modern St. George slew him with a stick, and is now earning both praise and profit by exhibiting his trophy to his grateful countrymen. It is a trite saying that wonders will never cease, and at the present rate of marvels we may expect at any time a new and formidable accession of "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire." Let us pray that we may have Perseuses enough to meet them.

To me it seems that the pinks have never blossomed so beautifully as this year since the time I came, a poor journeyman, to this town, fifty years ago. Perhaps it is a summons from Felix, to prepare for my long journey; so I will wait no longer to write down all I know about a strange occurrence that took place under my own eyes, and is well worth knowing.

It was just such a calm, peaceful evening as this when I entered the city and looked around for the dragon's head, the sign of Master Wehringer, the goldsmith, to whom my master from Frankfurt had given me a letter of recommendation. In the door of the shop bearing the sign, leaned a young man, who said to me, laughing: "Well, my good fellow, what's the matter? It isn't supper-time yet."

He said that because I held my mouth wide open, and was staring at him with all my might. I had never seen so handsome a young fellow in all my days. Then I told him how anxious I was to work in the shop of the celebrated Master Wehringer, and showed him my letter, whereupon he said, soberly: "It is not an easy matter to get into my father's shop. He is in the garden, there; go, and try your luck."

The Master seemed to love flowers as dearly as I did; but he had not many pleasant words for me. For days he tried my skill and patience with all sorts of difficult trials; but I learned a great deal more there during my stay than I could have learned under a less severe Master. For Master Wehringer was celebrated far and wide, and his son, Felix, hardly less so; indeed, I thought that in drawing and designing he rather excelled the old Master, but he had not the patience and perseverance for executing the work.

We led a quiet life in the old house. Besides Felix there were three journeymen, of whom one, Gotthard, was fifty years old, and had been a long while with the Master. Then there were two apprentice boys, and an old servant girl in the kitchen; and the charge of the household was in the hands of Fides, an orphan from her early childhood, and niece to the Master. The Master's wife had died some years ago. Fides discharged her household duties to the satisfaction of every one—even Master Wehringer was pleased; and, truly, a more lovely and lovable specimen of a genuine burgher's child could not well be found among the primped-up, fashionably dressed dolls I see nowadays. Many a one had gazed too deep down into her merry blue eyes; but she seemed to have eyes for only one person in the world, Felix, to whom she was to be married when she reached her twentieth birthday.

"Almost a year from now," old Gotthard said; "I wonder why the Master does not let them make the wedding now, instead of putting it off so long. I should not, if I were in his place; but Master Wehringer has a head of his own."

"Now that is curious," said I. "I never should have suspected that Felix stood in such relationship to her, though Fides does not seem to guard her liking for him so much as a secret."

Gotthard shook his head, and walked away; I looked after him meditatively. Did he mean to say Felix did not love the girl well enough to marry her? Possibly. Or, perhaps, he loved some one else better—perhaps a girl below his own station in life: such things have been, and will be again. I cast about in my own mind what the mystery could be, but no one acted less like a man nursing a secret or unhappy love than Felix: he was good-natured and light-hearted always, and never so happy as when he could carry out some practical joke. It was hard to believe that he could have made a secret of any thing; but it was no business of mine, so I attended to my tasks, and enjoyed my life as best I could. I have already intimated that it was with difficulty I obtained a place with the Master; all my services were really not needed, and the rooms in which the journeymen and apprentices slept were all occupied, so that a little room was given me in the main building, next to Felix's. Many a leisure hour, morning and evening, Felix and I spent together, laughing, talking, and concocting plans for some fresh mischief, some new prank. Such meetings always took place in my room, for there was little space in Felix's room, which was always in a state of wretched confusion and shameful disorder. This was a pity, for the room was pleasant enough: the morning sun greeted it with its earliest rays, and from the window could be seen the garden of a grand house on another street, which garden was filled with large, handsome trees, and beautiful flowers of native and foreign growth. I could have looked at all these splendid things by the hour, but Felix did not seem to care about them at all; indeed, he did not even appear to relish my looking at them. "The neighbors over there are very haughty people," he said on one occasion, in an unusual, cross tone, "and have complained to goodness knows whom about this window. It did not do them any good, to be sure; still these people are among our best customers, and we want to avoid giving them offence." And Gotthard told me that for some time past the widowed Lady Beatrice had lived there; she lived in grand style, he said, and lavished large sums on jewellery and silver; that was all he knew of her and her doings.

"I have already told what a frightful state Felix's room was in: of ornaments and nick-nacks there was nothing to be seen there, so I was all the more surprised to find constantly, on a small table by the window, an antique goblet of magnificent cut-glass, holding a bunch of dark-red pinks, which filled the room with their delicious odor. I had noticed these the first time I ever set foot into his room early in the month of June, when these flowers are rare, except where they are forced in hot-houses; I found them through the month of July, when they blossom everywhere, and they were there late in August, when they are hardly to be seen any more. They were always fresh, and always of the kind which blossom only here in my garden; till then I had never seen this color—a deep, glowing crimson, to be compared only to the heart's blood; and this I had said to Felix when I first saw them. He smiled gaily, nodded his head, and said:

"You are right, Hans; they are like the heart's blood, and just as dear to me. I know of nothing better than this flower—this color—this fragrance."

And he looked at them with a look so loving that I was surprised to find it in his eyes, and he bent down over the flowers so low—so low that I thought he must kiss them. At another time I asked where he got the flowers, and how he kept them always fresh; and he said that a gardener, living not far from town—a friend of his—always kept them for him, and he brought them from there, in his morning walk. Though he spoke all this in his usual half-careless, half-pleasant manner, I thought my questions annoyed him; so I asked no more; nor should I have asked at all, had I not been so inordinately fond of flowers myself. Perhaps I should never have heeded these again, but for an occurrence, one morning, that seemed to throw a new light on some things, and made me feel uncomfortable

enough. I had been sent up-stairs for something in my room, and was told to step also into Felix's, and bring from there a design he had made of a very elegant goblet, ordered by the Lady Beatrice. As I stepped into his room, and looked about for the drawing, by the merest accident I came closer to the window, and, looking up, saw at the window of the grand house across the garden, a tall, dark-dressed female figure, leaning far out, and holding to her face a bunch of flowers. It was not very near to me, but my eyes are of the sharpest, and I could see distinctly that she was looking at Felix's window—perhaps at me, where I stood half concealed by the shadow of the curtain; and the flowers in her hand were of the same kind standing there in the glass by the window. What other flower could show the same deep, flaming red? With a chilly sensation, I drew back, feeling as though I had seen something that was very sad, and very wrong; and I must have shown this in my face, when I re-entered the shop, for Felix said:

"God keep us, Hans—have you seen a ghost?" I shook my head, and laughed; but some time after, when I was again in his room, I said, casually, that those pinks were not so rare after all, for I had seen a cluster of them in the hands of a woman belonging to yonder house. After hastily glancing up at me, when I first began speaking, he stooped over his drawing again, saying, carelessly: "I thought you had seen a ghost, or had had a vision; at least, I have never seen any thing like that, over there. Besides, my gardener gives me none of my pinks."

He got up directly after, pushed back his drawing, and left the room with me; and though he kept his room locked after this, I had another startling encounter a few days later. With a half-finished piece of work, Master Wehringer sent me to the Lady Beatrice, as he had no time himself to go, and Felix was not at home. I was taken to her cabinet, and directly she stepped in from the next apartment: a slender, proud figure, in black dress, with strangely beautiful face, and large, dark eyes. She walked lightly and swiftly, as we approach a dear friend, who has just come to surprise us; but when she saw me, she stopped abruptly, and regarded me with a haughty, searching look. Her voice was cold and proud when she asked me, "What do you want—who are you—why does not the Master come himself?" And though her voice grew milder during our consultation on the piece of jewellery I was carrying, it was far from pleasant, and I left her at the earliest possible moment. Just as I turned to close the door of the room behind me, I saw, on a little table by the window, a magnificent, antique goblet of cut-glass, and in it a bouquet of blood-red pinks! Then, again, on a Sunday morning, I saw the Lady Beatrice going to mass, and in her hand was the breviary and a cluster of dark-red pinks. By the door of the Catholic church stood Felix, the Protestant, and he, too, had a pink fastened in his button-hole. As the Lady passed close by him, her eyes met his with a deep, meaning look, and a flower fell from her hand, which Felix picked from the ground. When I met him, a little later, there were two pinks in his button-hole, and his face was radiant as the sky on a clear, spring day.

That is all. And though I did not comprehend it all at that time, I could well understand that two such beings should be fond of each other; for handsome people than these two, could not be found anywhere. Fides, however, would have lost nothing by a comparison with the Lady, for there was affection in her eye, and gentleness and truth spoke from every feature of her face; while the eye and bearing of Lady Beatrice spoke of pride and self-consciousness, in spite of all her grace and beauty. Her affability was condescension; and for such people I have all proper respect, but no love. But lovely as blue-eyed Fides was, Felix took no more interest in her than a brother might have done; and a stranger, coming into the family, would never have thought that the two were soon to be husband and wife. Even Master Wehringer was one night betrayed into saying: "I should like to know from whom Felix has inherited his fish-blood."

But that could not alter matters, and the person most concerned, Fides, went her way quietly, apparently unconscious that things were not as they should be; although I thought, after a time, that her eye was less bright than it used to be, and her cheek less round. That she had ever been a romping, laughing girl, as Gotthard described her to have been in former days, I could hardly believe; though she never hesitated to enter into joke and laughter even now. Felix, as I said before, took no notice of her; but the old Master had either made good use of his own eyes, or else been roused up by some one to take notice of the true state of affairs. He was naturally gifted with good sense and keen eyes, and after a day or two he was master of the situation, and grasped the lines with firm hand. He spoke sharper and shorter than ever, his looks darted from one to the other, and one morning, as I passed through the house, on my way up-stairs, I heard Fides' trembling voice, and the anxious, frightened words:

"For the love of heaven, father—you must not do so. What if he has no heart for me?" "Nonsense—heart? I could hear the Master's growling voice; 'honesty and decency'—but that was all I heard, for I am not given to listening, and hurried by the door as quickly as possible. What was going on was easily to be guessed; and I knew what it meant when the Master called Felix out of the shop, soon after. Felix seemed to have some curiosity to know what his father wanted; but I had none at all. All remained quiet; and the old Master returned after awhile, but not Felix. Nor did he make his appearance at the dinner-table, though Fides was in her usual place, pale and still, and her eyes red from crying. After dinner, I went back into the shop: I was at work on a piece of jewellery in which I took great interest, and would always hurry away from my meals to get back to my work. Pretty soon Felix came in, looked about him, and said, softly: "Hans, I believe you to be my true friend. Father is sending me to Amsterdam, to buy up gems, and"—he laughed bitterly—"to come to my senses during the three weeks. It came so suddenly that I could make no preparations, and in an hour I must leave. Then I want you to go to my room, and draw in whatever you see hanging from my window; close the window, and let no one see what you are doing. Will you promise?" "I will do it," said I, though I thought it rather a ticklish affair.

"And then"—he continued, as a bright color shot over his pale face, and he hesitated often as he spoke—"and then, when that jewellery for Lady Beatrice is finished, do you try and carry it to her yourself, and let her know that I am gone, and for how long. It will be easy for you to tell her that—she will be sure to ask for me, as I always carry the work there myself. You see, there is some one in that house of whom I think a great deal; I can send no message, but through the Lady it will be made known. Be faithful." He closed abruptly, as steps approached. "Adieu"—and he was gone. When I had heard him ride away, I went up-stairs,

drew in his old tramping-dress and knapsack from the window, and closed it; but the rest of his charge I could not carry into effect, for old Gotthard carried the jewellery to Lady Beatrice, when it was finished. I had a suspicion that the old Master might not trust me, and my suspicion was soon confirmed; for he called me to him in the garden, one day, and commenced catechising me.

"You have always been treated well, and I have always been satisfied with you; but I am master in my own house, and want to know every thing that goes on, when it concerns the welfare of those belonging to me. You know of Felix's stubborn behavior. There must be a reason for it, and I want you to tell me of it, for you have always been his bosom-friend, and I want to know these things for his own good."

He spoke seriously and earnestly, and I thought it was not wrong to tell him of the pinks, of the woman at the window, and of the meeting at the church-door; but of Felix's last charge I told him nothing—it would have seemed like treachery. The Master listened with a wrinkled brow. "Very well; I had thought as much myself, and told him of it, too."

Time passed on; I heard no more, and Felix at last came home again. Either the journey and the satisfactory business-results had brightened him up, or his good sense and good genius had returned to him; for he exhibited such energy and such perseverance as he had never shown before, and his affections seemed suddenly all led back to Fides. From the first day he turned to Fides as never before, and if there was not much of devotion to be found in his attentions to her, there was all the more gaiety, and archness, and gallantry in his manner; and he soon commenced saying that in a year from now he would already be an old, married man.

No word was ever breathed of the past: the goblet was gone from the window, the curtains drawn down and never moved back—and pinks were no longer in blossom. We might all have had our curiosity to know how it had come about; but we were glad that there were once more peace and happiness in the house.

One day, toward the close of February, we were all in the shop, and Felix was talking to this one and that, whistling to the birds at the window out in the garden, and speaking of the snowdrops already peeping out from under the snow. Spring was coming early this year, he said; and he sang snatches of song in sheer joyousness, and flung a merry couplet at Fides, who had put her head in at the door for a moment. The shop was light and bright with his presence, and we had all fallen into his humor—only the old Master was absent.

Pretty soon the door was opened, and a smart little lady's-maid, in boucles and curls, stepped trippingly in. She had been sent to Master Wehringer with a greeting from the Honorable Alderman Rothenstein, to inquire if the work for her master was finished; he wanted it sent home.

"Are you Master Wehringer?" she asked of Felix, archly.

"No, my child," he returned, pleasantly; "but I know enough of my father's business to tell you that we have no work on hand for the Honorable Alderman Rothenstein."

"Why," she exclaimed, apparently quite flurried, and stepping close up to Felix, "is not this Master Wehringer's shop?"

"There is another Master Wehringer, by the market," replied Felix; "but he is a cabinet-maker."

"I was told nothing of his trade," she laughed; "so that must be the man." And away she tripped.

I could not follow her with my eyes as the others did: my eyes were fixed on a blood-red pink that lay where she had been standing, close behind Felix. A cold shudder ran through me, and I could with difficulty steady my voice sufficiently to say:

"Turn around, Felix: see what is lying behind you."

He half turned in his seat, and I shall never forget how his face changed at sight of the flower. That a living being could look so deathly pale, so like a whitewashed wall, I had never before believed, and have never since seen; but he darted a quick look at me, and hid the flower in his bosom. It was the work of a single moment; the others saw nothing of it, and Felix went out soon after, muttering something like an excuse for going. But he did not come back, and when the Master came home and called for him, he was not to be found; night came, and he did not return; morning came, and he had not returned. Day after day passed, weeks went and weeks came, but Felix came not, and no one knew whether he had gone.

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In June, the Master died suddenly, and Gotthard closed the shop, and I wandered away in search of work nearer my native town. Toward the close of August, I left Stuttgart, and traveled in slow day's marches, knapsack on shoulder, toward Esslingen. I had not hardly myself in passing through the lovely country, that the sun was just throwing its last rays on the gilded tips of the church-steeple as I crossed the bridge over the moat surrounding the city. Out of the city-gate there was a man coming toward me, and I dropped my steps when I saw him, and called out:

"Lord of my life, Felix?"

"Who calls me?" he said, stopping short and looking at me. "What—Hans Hanber?"

His eyes grew milder, and his voice pleasantly, but I could see through it all that his face was pale and his features wasted, as though from reckless living, and he had grown years older during the few months I had not seen him.

"Where are you coming from?" he asked, and his voice was so cold again that I grew angry with him as I thought of all the pain and anxiety he had so ruthlessly inflicted on those he had deserted, and I answered just as coldly, "From Stuttgart." "And why did you leave our place?" he asked again.

"The Master was dead—the son gone; Gotthard closed the shop till better times," he said, gloomily. "And Fides?"

"Dead, too, by this time; at least, there was much life left."

He looked at me silently awhile, then turned away and said:

"Let us go home, Hans; I live near here. 'That's no business of mine,' I replied, harshly, 'let me go my own way—I can find it without assistance from you.'

He that fights and runs away, May live to fight another day."

These lines, generally attributed to "Hudibras," are really much older. They may be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet of "Hudibras" is:—

"For those that fly may fight again, Which he can never do that's slain."

"Hell is paved with good intentions," though found in Johnson and Herbert, was obviously in that day a proverbial expression. Walter Scott ascribes it to some "stern old divine." "There is a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," and has doubtless for a long time been a familiar saying in Scotland.

JOSH BILLINGS ON SNAILS.—In some forin parts they are et for food, but it would take a great deal of peppercorn to locate them in mistunk and keep them there. The soft snail is a slippery cuss, free from bones, and so gaited, travelling about six inches in a cool day, and makes its home where, things are damp. They are of a sweet disposition, and don't git mad and tare up the morning paper if things don't happen to be jist so. They ly on what would otherwise be wasted, which speaks well for the economy of the snail. The hard shell-snail seldom leaves home, and when they do, they don't lock up the house and put the key under the door-mat, but take their house with them on their backs. There is no house big enuff for two snails; the snails understand this, and don't take enybody new board with them and kick up musses. Awl animals are sound on this identical gosse; they don't never bild a house that they kant fill."

There is a verdict on record in one of the counties of Minnesota, rendered in a murder trial, in the following words: "Not guilty if he'll quit the State."

A chaplain of the State Prison, an enthusiastic devotee of the temperance reform, had the idea that most of the convicts were inebriated because of the use of whisky. In his round he met a sturdy man of many stripes, and put the usual question to him: "Had whisky anything to do with bringing you here?" "Everything, Sir! everything," exclaimed the man. The chaplain was encouraged, and eagerly inquired how it was. "Well, Sir, I'll tell you how it was; the Judge was drunk, and the lawyers were all drunk, so they fetched me in guilty."

A young lady in Boston Highlands, whose allowance of pocket money had frequently been cut short by the depredations of pickpockets, hit upon the ingenious device of inserting in her portemonnaie a pathetic appeal to the light-fingered gentry, in which the privations and sufferings she would have to endure (in abstaining for the balance of the quarter from gloves, matinee tickets, and French candy) were so feelingly and forcibly set forth, that her purse has been returned to her, intact, on three separate occasions.

The appearance of walnut may be given to white woods, by painting or spunging them with concentrated warm solution of permanganate of potassa. The effect is different on different kinds of timbers, some becoming stained very rapidly, others requiring more time for this result. The permanganate is decomposed by the woody fibre; brown peroxide of manganese is precipitated, which is afterwards removed by washing them with water. The wood, when dry may be varnished, and will be found to resemble, very closely, the naturally dark woods.

A METHODIST paper invites "our friends" who have any sort of patience in listening to the slow, dragging singing in some of the church services, to sing the following stanza, written by the Rev. Alfred Taylor, to the tune "Joyfully"—

"Dismally, dolefully, downward we drag,
Singing the songs of salvation so slow;
Crouching and grunting along as we go;
Painfully poking o'er pious old poem (pome)
Weary, the worshippers want to go home;
Drooping so full they don't know what to do,
Pleased when the plodding performance is through."

"I have already told what a frightful state Felix's room was in: of ornaments and nick-nacks there was nothing to be seen there, so I was all the more surprised to find constantly, on a small table by the window, an antique goblet of magnificent cut-glass, holding a bunch of dark-red pinks, which filled the room with their delicious odor. I had noticed these the first time I ever set foot into his room early in the month of June, when these flowers are rare, except where they are forced in hot-houses; I found them through the month of July, when they blossom everywhere, and they were there late in August, when they are hardly to be seen any more. They were always fresh, and always of the kind which blossom only here in my garden; till then I had never seen this color—a deep, glowing crimson, to be compared only to the heart's blood; and this I had said to Felix when I first saw them. He smiled gaily, nodded his head, and said:

"You are right, Hans; they are like the heart's blood, and just as dear to me. I know of nothing better than this flower—this color—this fragrance."

And he looked at them with a look so loving that I was surprised to find it in his eyes, and he bent down over the flowers so low—so low that I thought he must kiss them. At another time I asked where he got the flowers, and how he kept them always fresh; and he said that a gardener, living not far from town—a friend of his—always kept them for him, and he brought them from there, in his morning walk. Though he spoke all this in his usual half-careless, half-pleasant manner, I thought my questions annoyed him; so I asked no more; nor should I have asked at all, had I not been so inordinately fond of flowers myself. Perhaps I should never have heeded these again, but for an occurrence, one morning, that seemed to throw a new light on some things, and made me feel uncomfortable

enough. I had been sent up-stairs for something in my room, and was told to step also into Felix's, and bring from there a design he had made of a very elegant goblet, ordered by the Lady Beatrice. As I stepped into his room, and looked about for the drawing, by the merest accident I came closer to the window, and, looking up, saw at the window of the grand house across the garden, a tall, dark-dressed female figure, leaning far out, and holding to her face a bunch of flowers. It was not very near to me, but my eyes are of the sharpest, and I could see distinctly that she was looking at Felix's window—perhaps at me, where I stood half concealed by the shadow of the curtain; and the flowers in her hand were of the same kind standing there in the glass by the window. What other flower could show the same deep, flaming red? With a chilly sensation, I drew back, feeling as though I had seen something that was very sad, and very wrong; and I must have shown this in my face, when I re-entered the shop, for Felix said:

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His eyes grew milder, and his voice pleasantly, but I could see through it all that his face was pale and his features wasted, as though from reckless living, and he had grown years older during the few months I had not seen him.

"Where are you coming from?" he asked, and his voice was so cold again that I grew angry with him as I thought of all the pain and anxiety he had so ruth

"Don't be stubborn with me," he persisted, grasping my arm; "surely you are not one of those who judge and condemn from appearances only. Or do you think I left father and betrothed, home and reputation, of my own free will and pleasure?"

Something in his voice and face touched me, and I turned to follow him into the city-gate, and into a house, where he took me to a pleasant-looking room upstairs. On the window-sill stood a flower-pot, and in it grew a bush of pinks, bearing some ten or twelve beautiful, dark-red flowers.

"Take your ease here," he said; "we can get wine and something to eat from the restaurant down stairs." Then he stepped to the window, and spoke nothing more till I said something about finding a place to stay for the night.

"Nonsense!" he said, peremptorily; "you stay here." So I stayed.

At last, when we were seated at the table, the wine before us, he wanted me to tell him about home; and when I spoke of his father's grief for him, and his sudden death, he cast his eyes to the ground, but not before I had caught sight of a tear gathering there. Speaking of Fides, and of all the sorrow he had caused, my voice had grown harsh again, and I made no secret of my harsh thoughts about him. He only looked at me, stepped up to the bush of pinks in the window, and said, gloomily, "Past is past; may they rest in peace." "After you have stolen all peace from me," said I, "the wish is cheap."

He turned slowly from the window and sat down opposite to me; then he spoke, with an absent, meditative air:

"You speak of things just as you understand them. But I do not blame you: I would judge just so of another, or should have done so formerly. I can speak freely now—there is no occasion for secrecy any longer."

"I can not account for it, but from my earliest childhood I have always had a singular passion for the dark-red pinks. Only for this flower, just for this color; and as long as I can think back, I have always had them about me, and have never felt so happy as when inhaling their fragrance. I have never met with anything similar in other people, and have always kept this passion hidden for fear of ridicule. You know I am neither a fantast nor a dreamer, but I never could conquer this feeling. Two years ago my father first sent me to the Baroness Beatrice with an article of jewellery we were making for her; and the first thing I noticed in her room was the fragrance of pinks; and the first thing I saw, after a look at the Lady, was a goblet holding a bouquet of pinks—the same dark-red ones I had at home. Was not that strange? She could not know any thing about me or my pinks, for she had only lived in the city then a week or two; so you may think that I was surprised. She must have seen the start I gave, for she asked, 'Well, what is the matter?' 'The pinks there,' I said, confusedly, 'are just as though they came from my room. I hardly ever see them in other places, and it is the only flower I have ever loved—just this color—always, from my earliest youth.' 'Ah!' she made answer, smilingly, 'that is very strange, for with me it is just so. Well, my friend, I suppose it means that we are suited to each other, since our feelings are the same. I am glad of that, and hope we shall always be pleased with each other.'

"From that time Fides lost her place in my heart—Beatrice left no room in it for any other being; and I have loved her, friend, above all there is on earth or in heaven. And she—yes, she loved me, though you would hardly believe how little she gave in return for my devotion: my lips have never touched hers—seldom her fingers; a kind word, a cheering smile, sometimes a pressure of the hand, was all my heart existed on, and I had not even the certainty that it would ever be otherwise. My love and constancy could be of no avail to her; still, she did not want to let me free, but would seek to bind me closer by all sorts of fantastical threats and warnings. She said to me; 'Be faithful to the end, and your life shall be made full, and rich, and happy; I will be yours before the world, as my heart belongs to you already. But do not try to sever the bond that binds you to me: it would be your death. For in that same hour I will send you a monition of to-day—a blood-red pink—a token that our heart's-blood flows together: when you find it, hasten to me, that you may become one. Should you tarry or resist, we die of each other; and when you receive these flowers from me, it is the sign of your death, and I will call you away at this hour—and she pointed to the clock, which struck eleven. 'That, my friend, will be my dying hour.'

"You know," he continued, in a little while, "that my father learned of my disinclination to marry Fides; what he said in regard to that, left me untouched; but he said something about Beatrice that struck me to the heart. I had believed her to be the purest of the pure: I was to see her in a different light; for though I would not believe what my father said, I found proof of the accusation he had made while on my way to Amsterdam, and only to me had Lady Beatrice kept on the mask. That was enough; and I thought I had done with her."

"When I entered the office of our business associate in Amsterdam, there was lying on the desk beside him a dark-red pink. It was soon explained that the flower came from his own hot-house, for his gardener delighted to bring flowers to blossom in all seasons; nevertheless, a shock went through me, when he laughingly fastened the flower in my button-hole. Had I not just broken Lady Beatrice's shackles? And here was her warning. But what I had learned had broken every tie—no path could lead me back to her. So, I returned home, and tried with all my might to banish her from my life and thoughts; but it was not possible. Toward the close of January she went away; and from that time—it was useless to struggle longer—my thoughts would go out to her, and follow her, do what I might. I no longer loved her—I hated her; but I wanted to cast her from my heart altogether—she should have no place there beside Fides. When she sent me that flower to my father's shop, I knew that I was not yet free from her in spirit; so I fled from home, from all I loved, to find a hiding-place, where I could live out my doomed life without drawing others to destruction with me. I have been here and there since then, and everywhere, trying to forget and to hide myself. I have heard nothing from her; but she—he shook his head—"she knows me. When I had lived here about a week, I came home one evening and found that pink-bush, with just one dark-red pink blossoming on it, in the window. My landlady, a most estimable woman, told me the next morning how she had bought the pink-bush for me, knowing of my love for these flowers. But how did she know it, Hans? I had never told her of it; and it is very queer that this particular kind of flower should be brought, and offered for sale, to the woman in this house. Be it as it may—I am waiting for Beatrice's last summons now; and it will be welcome, for I am tired of life."

"For my part, I did not know whether to laugh, or to cry, or to be angry. Most of all, I wanted to

cry over the man whose life, and youth, and strength, were going to ruin because of a phantom. I went from him no more; but found a place in the same shop, and tried to guard him as much as possible; but he was morose and stubborn, drank and played, and led a reckless life.

Early the next Sunday morning he called me out of bed, to take a stroll with him to a little village in the hills, called Rothenberg, on the heights above which are the ruins of the ancestral castle of Wurtemberg. It was a bright autumnal day; the sun seemed to smile gladness into our hearts, and we walked briskly along, till we reached the walls of the first vineyard on the hill-side. Suddenly we both started back. There, on the stony road before us, lay a dark-red pink. Felix looked at me, and picked up the flower. "Who can have lost it?" I asked. Felix made no answer; but after we had walked perhaps twenty steps farther, there lay another lower on the road, and then another.

"That makes it right," said he, picking up the last one; "the sign is good. I have never found any thing more beautiful; nothing has ever been dearer to me than these flowers."

We went no farther; but turned and went home. Then he spoke to me freely about what I was to do after his death; and the physician I called could not help him, and he never left his bed the next morning.

"She calls me," he said; and when the clock struck eleven he died.

I planted the pinks from his window on his grave, and then left the town. Of the Lady Beatrice I never heard again. What is she to me? But in memory of Felix I nourish and cherish three dark-red pinks to this day.

A satellite received them from me in the anteroom. He carried them to the inner sanctuary. I don't know what passed between the Baron and the satellite. Presently, he (the satellite) returned. He brought back the documents terribly mangled. He said they were not in order. They did not seem torn by the hand. I thought they must have been torn in a passion by a descendant of one of Darwin's favorites, for they had the mark of teeth upon them. I said so to the satellite. He said there was no such thing there. I therefore concluded the Baron had done it. The pill had not been sugared.

By Counsel for the defence.—Have you been giving him pills of late?—Yes! Sugared ones!—No! What kind?—Bitter ones. What were they composed of?—Extract of Paving Stones. What for?—To allay conceit. Mr. Sourkrout was next examined, and deposed.—I live on the Cerro de la Cordillera. I go home very late at night. My business keeps me late down town. On or about the 16th April I was going home late. I was attacked by a roto. My dog pinned him. It is an English bulldog. I got a policeman. He was very slow. We took the roto to the station. We were searched by a servant of the Baron. I had in my pocket the drawings of that day's business. It amounted to \$20. The roto had a false dollarpiece. I was detained all night at the station. Next morning we were examined by another lackey of the Baron. I was fined \$20 for allowing my dog to bite the man.

By Counsel for the prosecution.—Are you a native of the Valley of Paradise? No! I am a German. Don Fulano de Tal deposed.—I am a native of the Valley of Paradise. I am nobody in particular. I painted my house lately. I painted it a dark green. I am partial to green. It stands the sun well and relieves the eye. By order of the Baron I was fined \$10 and ordered to repaint it a bright color.

By Counsel for the prosecution.—Why a bright color?—Such is the Baron's humour. Can you explain the reason? I am not sure. Negroes and all savages are fond of vulgar and gaudy colors. I suppose it must be his descent.

Mr. Harmless deposed.—I reside permanently in the Valley of Paradise. On or about the 14th April I was passing along Calle del Cabo. A bill-poster put a bill into my hand. I glanced at it. It was of Bell's Circus. It was of no use. I crumpled it up and threw it from me. By order of Baron Bully I was fined \$5.

Mr. Carpenter, who was next called, deposed. I am a joiner by trade. On the 17th May I was working at a house in the Calle de Cochrane. The Baron was riding past. There was a shaving lying on the street. He ordered me to pick it up. I refused. He tumbled from his horse and collared me. He threatened me horribly.

Cross examined by Counsel for the defence. Was there only one shaving on the street? There might be two. Were there not more than two?—No! Do you swear there were not more than two shavings in the street? I swear there were not more than two. Did you resist him?—No! Do you mean to say you were attacked by a man and did not resist him? Yes! I thought he was mad. I did not wish to hurt him.

Madam Britannia was next called. She entered the witness box with that modest yet dignified demeanour which sits so well upon her plump and comely shoulders, and in a clear firm voice, deposed. I am Mistress of the Seas. I have many subjects in the Valley of Paradise. They are protected by treaty. That treaty provides that my subjects residing in the Valley of Paradise shall enjoy all the privileges which are enjoyed by citizens of the Valley residing in my kingdom. I possess proofs that since the accession of Baron Bully to power, many of my subjects have been subjected to insults and interferences, unworthy of the cultivated and enlightened Valley. Another clause of that treaty provides that my subjects residing in the Valley shall not have imposed upon them any taxation, in excess of that borne by native citizens. I hold complete proofs that under the culprit at the bar, my subjects were frequently mulcted under specious pretexts. I am prepared to produce those proofs.

Cross-examined by Counsel for the defence. Why do you not interfere in favor of your subjects? They are all peaceable business men. They have no desire to create disturbance. I know they will appeal to me only when the tyranny is unbearable.

Mr. Goodwill was the next witness called. He deposed. I am a Gringo. I was upwards of 30 years of age when I left England. I knew Madam Liberty well. She spends most of her time in England. She was always happy and contented. I have seen her frequently with Madam Britannia. They seemed much attached to each other. About the beginning of July I saw her here. I scarcely knew her again. She was pale and haggard. She wore a thick veil to hide her sorrow. When I accosted her I could see that she wept. She told me that when she heard of Baron Bully's appointment, her heart sank within her. She knew he was her mortal enemy. I counselled her to fly, but she would not. I tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. She said she could not desert her children. Their injuries were her injuries, and their griefs her griefs. Her last words to me were that she would rather die than live by sufferance of a despot. I have never seen her since.

Mr. Truthful deposed.—I am a native of the Valley of Paradise. I know the prisoner at the bar. I have known him for many years. He is a man of violent passions. I believe him capable of the crime laid to his charge. I first met him in Europe. He travelled there to study European politics. His studies were a farce. He had always a Jesuit at his elbow. The Jesuit wiped his spectacles but obscured his eyes. I knew the said Jesuit well. We have often taken champagne together. He sometimes forgot himself. Not often. Once especially. We were drinking Roederer. He said, 'Bully is a donkey; but he suits our purpose. He is very headstrong; just what we want. He is as perverse as a grunter; all the better. He has no judgment; but we will judge for him. He shall be our tool in the Valley. We will make him our scapegoat, and should the worst come to the worst, we shall throw him to the dogs. He is too prejudiced to see through us.' I have resided constantly in the Valley since my return from Europe. I have often met the Viceroy since his appointment. I was in his palace one night about the middle of June. I was present at the black council. I am ashamed of my connection with it. I heard the proposal made by the Baron to destroy Madam Liberty. It was proposed to poison her. The prescription was written by Baron Bully's own hand. It was sent to the Apothecaries Hall in Rome of the Indies to be prepared. The prescription was headed 'Project of Law.'

Mr. Pestle, who was now called, deposed. I am occupied in the Apothecaries Hall in Rome of the Indies. In the latter part of June or the

beginning of July, we received a prescription for preparation from the Valley of Paradise. It was in the handwriting and rubric of Baron Bully. It was an awfully strong dose. It would cause instant death. The prescription showed consummate ignorance of the art of dispensing. We (the dispensers) quarrelled over it. It is not yet made up, nor ever will be.

Mr. Lanchero deposed.—I live in the Valley of Paradise. I am a native thereof. I was on the Mole one day about the middle of July. I saw Baron Bully there. I know him well by sight. I don't know him to speak to. He was moving about in the crowd with a swaggering bullying air. Madam Liberty was also there. I know her well. She was moving about among her children. She seemed to be encouraging them. I heard her say to one—"Go where you please; be always independent." To another she said, "Better a contractor's dollar with freedom, than a hacendado's real with kicks." I saw the Baron sliding up to her. I saw him plunge a dagger into her back. It was a treacherous blow. She fell forward on her face as if dead. It was a very sharp dagger, but badly selected.

By Counsel for the defence.—What do you mean by saying the dagger was badly selected? It cuts two ways.

What did Madam Liberty's children do? What could they do? The Baron was protected by an armed force.

Dr. Ready, who was next called, deposed.—I practise as a physician in the Valley of Paradise. I recollect the day referred to. On that day I was called to see a lady who was said to be dying. I recognised her to be Madam Liberty. She was insensible. She was suffering from a deep incision in the back. It seemed a dagger wound. The blow seemed to have been aimed at the heart. It must have been a left-handed blow. The heart has not been injured. The point of the dagger may have reached the pericardium. It certainly did not penetrate it. She was very weak from loss of blood. She is still very weak. She will recover, if not further molested. She has a magnificent constitution.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

The first witness called for the defence was the Mogul who deposed, I am Great Mogul of Rome of the Indies. I have been on the throne for the last ten years. I know the prisoner at the bar. He has held several high positions under my government. He is a zealous officer. I think the prisoner did not know Madam Liberty. I am confident he did not know her. I have gathered as much from his conversation. I appointed Baron Bully to the Grand Vizierate of the Valley of Paradise with the full consent of my government. His instructions were to watch Madam Liberty very carefully. He was also instructed to watch faithfully the collection of the municipal and imperial taxes. I believe he has done both. I am sure he has done both. He had a legal right to execute Madam Liberty. I had a legal right to appoint Baron Bully. I was not bound to consult the fitness of the individual. I was not bound to consult the interests of the people.

Cross examined by Counsel for the prosecution. Do you know Madam Liberty?—Yes. Do you know her well?—Not very well. Are you interested in her welfare?—Not much. In your instructions to Baron Bully did you mention Madam Liberty?—Her name may have been mentioned.

That is no answer! Did you or did you not mention Madam Liberty?—I did. What did you say about her?—I don't recollect.

Did you say she was to be persecuted?—I may have said that.

Now, remember you are on your oath; if you answer my questions evasively or falsely, I shall ask his honor to commit you. Did you or did you not instruct Baron Bully to persecute Madam Liberty?—I did.

That will do; you may retire.

Commander Chiquito was the next witness called, who deposed.—I am commander of the grand Vizier's body guard. I held the same command under his predecessor. I may say I know my duty well. Part of my duty is to observe the due fulfilment of decrees issued by the Grand Vizier.

Cross-examined.—Do you take charge of the imposition of fines &c?—Yes.

Did you receive instructions from the Vizier to fine every person who came into your clutches, rightly or wrongly?—Yes.

Did you or did you not on one occasion receive a despatch from the Vizier, containing these words, "You will adopt every means of raising money; honestly if possible, but by all means you must raise it?"—Yes.

Dr. Sabio was the next witness called for the defence, who deposed.—I am a Physician in the Valley of Paradise. I have much experience in cases of lunacy. On or about the 5th of this month, I was called to examine Baron Bully. The turnkey showed me to his cell. When I entered he was sitting at a table of alamo. On the table were three or four blocks of wood, also of alamo. Each block had a goosequill stuck in it, and before each, there was a sheet of foolscap, paper, and ink. He paid no attention to my entrance. Immediately after, I heard him say in a firm, stern voice, "Vengo en decretar." He continued talking some gibberish which I could not understand. After a little he took the sheets from before the blocks, and signed them with his own signature and rubrica. He supplied the blocks anew with paper, dipped their pens in ink, took his seat, and again shouted "Vengo en decretar." This was repeated several times before I interrupted him. I could see at a glance that he was mad. He thought he was in his own palace dictating decrees, and these blocks were his secretaries. I interrupted him by asking bowhe was. He answered me, "Considering that some apothecaries of this city absent themselves from their mortars, with notable prejudice to the public health in general, and my health in particular, I decree" &c. I tried him again; I remarked the weather was bad. His answer was "Considering that the bad weather is caused by the low state of the barometer; considering that Mr. Möller, who has charge of it, ought to keep it up; and considering, further, that he continually hangs out two black balls as a constant insult to me, I decree" &c. I examined him carefully; his pulse was bumping, his tongue foul, his skin scaly and clammy, his eyes were restless and glassy; he seems laboring under a disease called *Morbus Despotivus*. It is a very severe disease. *Per se* it is sufficient to cause death. I believe it will ultimately be the cause of his death. It is generally followed by a long train of sympathetic affections. These sympathetic affections are also very dangerous. Two of them particularly, called *punaladas* and *balazos*. Theodore of Abyssinia suffered from *Morbus Despotivus*. It was the immediate cause of his death. Napoleon III. has also suffered much from it, especially from one of its secondary affections. It has case it was called *Orsini*. There is nothing obscure in the symptoms. I have no hesitation in saying the prisoner at the bar is luny.

By the Foreman of the jury.—Will you define the terms Decreto-mania and Multa-mania? Witness.—They are both forms of lunacy.

Decreto-mania is almost self explanatory. It is a very rare form of madness, and perhaps the most dangerous known. It is exclusively confined to men in authority. There is no specific cure for it, and on account of its great danger to the biages, it is necessary to put the patient immediately into a strait-waiscoat. He must be bled and purged freely, and every means used to reduce him to a state of absolute powerlessness. Multa-mania is easily known. The patient suffers from a violent itching of the palm for other people's property. It is exclusively confined to persons who are dressed up in a little brief authority. In ordinary cases the irritation can be allayed by a popular remedy vulgarly called "bribes." The case of the prisoner at the bar is very exceptional. I believe it to be perfectly incurable.

ADDRESSES TO THE JURY.

By Counsel for the prosecution.—My Lords, and Gentlemen of the Jury. The destiny of the individual who now stands before you charged with attempting one of the foulest crimes within the power of a human being to commit, is in your hands. Your duty is imperative, and your responsibility great, but I doubt not you are equal to the occasion. Neither yourselves, gentlemen of the jury, nor I can have pleasure in the death of the wicked; but we must follow where duty points the way. The evidence before you, and upon which you are now called to decide, is clear, pointed, and conclusive. You, Gentlemen, myself, and the public are deeply indebted to those witnesses (both for the prosecution and defence) who have appeared in this court, and unrolled before you as on a map, the purposes and actions of the prisoner at the bar. Those purposes it must be plain to you, have been characterised by an arbitrariness, malice, and ignorance, unequalled in the history of this, or probably any other country. They present to you a man, who has desired in the name of law, to plant his foot on the neck of the people, and subject their persons and property to his unbridled caprice. They have shewn to you that man, or at least one man, can exist, whose soul, if the doctrine of transmigration be true, must ultimately be parcelled out among so many leeches and mosquitos; for in this life it has shewn itself capable of no higher effort than a contemptible pestering and sucking at the resources of peaceful and industrious citizens. They point out to you an individual equal to the worst days of the inquisition; and one too, if his ability and influence were equal to his audacity and ignorance of the rights of people, would even in these times attempt to revive that hoary institution.

Such, Gentlemen, being but an under-drawn statement of this person's purposes and disposition, what must we expect in his actions? Something terribly tragic? Yes, we might think so. But, alas, even the tragic lay requires ability, which our satrap does not by any chance possess, and for which, we, in this Valley of Paradise, ought to be truly thankful. When he steps from purposes to actions, "what a fall is there." From the sublime to the ridiculous. This person like the old Popes, would fain exact obediences, and on refusal hurl the impious to the deepest dungeon in the Vatican, or inflict all the pains and penalties of excommunication. He dresses up a puppet called *respect to authority*, demands submission, and meets with refusal. What a disappointment for him, for he has neither dungeons nor excommunications in his armory. He must needs fall back on abuse, insults, bullying and Billingsgate. This individual would fain ride upon the car of Juggernaut; but, oh! for him, the highest instrument of power or torture within his puny reach is a *paco's* block-tin sabre. Nero fiddling over the burning wreck of Rome, had a touch of maniacal humour in him; but this "*Nero imitacion*," in his attempt to smother a city in calico flags, has only clothed himself in infinite contempt. But, Gentlemen, why should I occupy your attention further. In the evidence for the defence there is no attempt made to disprove the black treason with which the prisoner at the bar stands charged; a cowardly and brutal assault upon a fair and virtuous lady with manifest intent to kill, and for which the extreme penalty of the law ought to fall upon his head, (if he has one). No! There is only a subtle trick, quite worthy of my learned friend Mr. Quibble, to throw dust into your eyes, and to save the prisoner's neck from contact with vile hemp, on the plea that he is an incapable and irresponsible idiot. There is however a "method in his madness," which you, Gentlemen, cannot fail to see.

The learned counsel for the defence then addressed the court as follows:—We are assembled here on a painful mission; a mission which involves nothing less than the life or death of a fellow-being. With you, Gentlemen, lies all the responsibility of the decision upon which hangs the fate of my client, the prisoner at the bar. Without a word and without a fear I would be content to leave his fate entirely in your hands, confiding as I do in your discretion and humanity. But, that it may not be said that I have been tried and found wanting in attention to the interests of my client, I shall occupy your attention for a brief space. I tell you frankly, gentlemen, I will not insult your understandings by trying to prove that my client is innocent of the crime laid to his charge; for you have too much penetration to be imposed upon in that way. The evidence of my learned and esteemed friend Dr. Sabio, must appear to you incontestable. More conclusive it could not be, of the existence in my poor client of several forms of lunacy, quite sufficient in my opinion, and I trust also in yours, to account for all the insane exhibitions of authority, all the grotesque and absurd decrees which he has issued, and all the mountebankish predicaments in which he has placed himself. I do not for a moment mean to imply that any simple form of lunacy should have led him to commit such a dastardly outrage as he is alleged to have done upon Madam Liberty; but from other points in the evidence I hope to shew you that his madness was taken advantage of by a designing person to accomplish that which he was afraid to do himself. Gentlemen of the jury! I leave the case entirely in your care, knowing as I do that you will not sully your humanity by consigning to an ignominious death, a poor idiot, laboring under a multiplicity of insidious diseases as *decreto-mania*, *multa-mania* and *morbus despotivus*; diseases which, in a short time, will themselves carry him to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

THE VERDICT.

The judge having delivered his charge to the jury, they retired for fifteen minutes. On their return the verdict was read, finding the prisoner guilty of all the charges in the indictment, with the extenuating plea of insanity.

THE SENTENCE.

The Judge then pronounced the sentence, which was: That the prisoner be removed from this bar to the common prison, and from thence to a safe Lunatic Asylum, where he shall be confined and guarded for the remaining term of his natural His Lordship remarked on the leniency of the sentence, and thus concluded.—"Should the prisoner by his own exertions, or by the lack of vigilance in the authorities, escape from his confinement, and reappear among us again, may the Lord have mercy upon us all!"

TRIAL OF BARON BULLY, GRAND VIZIER OF THE VALLEY OF PARADISE, FOR THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MADAM LIBERTY.

This exciting case came on for trial yesterday before the Supreme Court. On the Bench were Lord Justice, Lord Fairplay and Lord Wright. Mr. Zealous, Queen's Counsel, conducted the prosecution, and Mr. Quibble, Devil's Attorney, appeared for the defence. There were three counts in the indictment:

- 1st. That Baron Bully did from or about the 1st October 1871, till on or about the 1st August 1871, wilfully and maliciously persecute, betray, conspire against, stab, and otherwise maltreat Madam Liberty with intent to kill.
- 2nd. That the said Baron Bully did insult, fine, molest, blackmail, bully, and otherwise injure many near relations of the said Madam Liberty.
- 3rd. That the said insults, fines, molestations, blackguardisms and injuries were imposed upon the said near relations of Madam Liberty, not only with intent to do them grievous bodily and spiritual harm, but also to wound the tender sensibilities of the said Madam Liberty, and thereby hasten and otherwise ensure the complete success of the persecution, betray, and maltreatment mentioned in the first count of the indictment.

For the defence it was alleged that the said Baron Bully mistook the said Madam Liberty or one Madam License, who so much resembled Madam Liberty in dress, gait and manners as not to be distinguishable by an individual of such distorted intellectual development as the prisoner at the bar.

That the petty distinction between Madam Liberty and Madam License was but a small consideration in the eyes of such a mighty potentate as the prisoner, and that he (the prisoner) was then, and still is laboring under decreto-mania, kleptomania, multa-mania, and other forms of lunacy well known to the Faculty.

THE PRISONER'S APPEARANCE IN THE BAR.

The Jury having been empanelled and sworn, the prisoner was placed at the bar. He entered it with an air of resolute pride, as if glorying in his shame. He was dressed in the usual fashion of the times. In personal appearance he is above the middle height, and pretty stoutly made. When seen from behind, he very much resembles the rest of his species. His hair had received the prison crop; but it is said his custom was to wear it always so, in anticipation of his fate, and to save the indignity of a jailer's manipulation. His complexion is of a pale saffron hue. His eyes have a glassy stare. His nose has that peculiar curve, characteristic of the vulture; and when his nostrils are distended with passion, seem to sniff the air with that avidity for offal natural to his species.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Despachero was the first witness called, who deposed.—I keep a little shop in the Calle de San Martin, where I sell by retail. On or about the 4th January last, the prisoner entered my store—he was in disguise—I did not then know him—he called for a glass of anisado—he seemed to like it—he then whistled for a policeman, and sent me to prison.

Mr. Clerk, who was next called, deposed.—I am in the employment of a financier. On or about the 30th of June last my employer sent me with a letter to Baron Bully. He read the letter; he then tore it into a hundred pieces and threw it in my face. I don't know what were the contents of the letter. I believe they were simply business-like.

Mr. Zorro deposed.—I am the employer of Mr. Clerk. On or about the 30th June last I sent him with a letter to Baron Bully. The contents of the letter were in no way different from what passes daily between business-men.

By the Counsel for the defence.—Do you swear the letter contained no insult, intentional or unintentional?—I swear! none!

What motive could he have for treating your letter so?—I cannot conceive.

Could he have misunderstood it?—I think so. Why?—Because he is an ignoramus.

Mr. Downes was next called, who deposed. I take care of my own affairs. I have from time to time lent money to the State of the Valley of Paradise. At this moment they have a loan from me. It exceeds \$500,000. They pay me the interest periodically. They are not very punctual in their payments. It is difficult getting money out of them. To recover money some very complicated documents are necessary. They have to be signed by the Finance Committee, several departments, and lastly by the Viceroy before being paid by the treasury. I know the system perfectly. I have repeated it very many times.

Counsel for the defence.—Have you ever had any difficulties with these documents? Yes, always.

What difficulties have you had? Whenever I have presented my documents, the parties wanted are always found to have been taken suddenly ill.

What is their general complaint? It is said to be influenza, but I believe it to be downright laziness.

Do not your difficulties arise from your imperfect knowledge of the system?—No.

In answer to Counsel for the prosecution, witness continued.—On or about the 9th July last I called at the Palace with my documents for the signature of the Baron. They were in every respect identical with former documents.

Brace, Laidlaw & Co.

IMPORTERS FOR THE TRADE OF FIRST CLASS

TEAS, WINES, BRANDIES, LIQUORS, PROVISIONS &c.

SPECIALTIES.

EL LEON COLORADO TEAS.

FINE\$1 per lb.
SUPERIOR.....\$1.25 " "
IMPERIAL.....\$1.50 " "

IMPERIAL SHERRIES,

In half octaves, equal to 42 Wine Quarts, \$21, \$25,
\$30, \$35, and \$40 per barrel.

EL LEON COLORADO SHERRIES,

In quarter casks, octaves, and one doz. cases.

EL LEON COLORADO PORTS.

In quarter casks and one doz. cases.

EL LEON COLORADO CLARETS.

St. Estephe, Cantenac, Larose, & Grand Vin Margaux.

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(Late Deinhard & Jordan.)

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BRACE, LAIDLAW & Co.

34 & 36, CALLE DE LA PLANCHADA

VALPARAISO.

SHIPPING.

PORT OF VALPARAISO.

ARRIVALS.

Aug. 12.—Victoria, Guat. str., 197, from Papedo in 8 hrs. with assorted cargo; J. A. Santana.
Resna, Salv. bk., 117, from Pacasmayo in 33 days, with cotton; C. von der Heyde.
J. A. Moreno, Brit. str., 811, from Carrizal in 2 days, with ores; J. A. Moreno.
Aug. 13.—Lota, Brit. str., 762, from Guayacan in 1 day, in ballast; Williamson, Balfour & Co.
Valparaiso, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 627, from Tocopilla and intermediate ports in 5 days, with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Galdames, Brit. bk., 469, from Swansea in 80 days, with coal; W. Gibbs & Co.
Mary Hicks, Brit. bk., 420, from Paranaqua in 53 days, with mail; Calvary & Co.
Aug. 15.—Panama, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 1177, from Panama and intermediate ports in 18 days, with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Maipu, Chil. str., 360, from Antofagasta and intermediate ports in 5 days, with general cargo and passengers; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
Limari, Chil. str., 613, from Arica and intermediate ports in 5 days, with general cargo and passengers; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
Huanay, Chil. str., 227, from Constitución in 1 day, with assorted cargo; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
E. T. L., Guat. bk., 289, from Mollendo, in 22 days, in ballast.
Aug. 16.—Mary Moore, Brit. bk., 568, from Buenos Ayres in 48 days, in ballast.
Bibiolo, Chil. str., 320, from Corral in 3 days, with general cargo and passengers; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
Aug. 17.—Tomé, Guat. str., 181, from Constitución in 1 day with general cargo and passengers; M. F. Lopez.
Claudine, Brit. ship, 488, from Swansea in 81 days, with coal; W. Gibbs & Co.
Emeline, Brit. bk., 489, from Swansea in 125 days, with coal; W. Gibbs & Co.
Jupiter, Brit. bk., 719, from Sunderland in 90 days, with coal; Gunston, Ledward & Co.
Ganymede, Brit. bk., 568, from Cardiff in 90 days, with rails; Alsop & Co.
Arauco, Brit. ship, 603, from Liverpool in 102 days, with coal; Savers, Duncan & Co.
Enid, Brit. ship, 495, from Liverpool in 92 days, with assorted cargo; Graham, Rowe & Co.
Fessie Jamieson, Brit. bk., 514, from Montevideo in 34 days, in ballast; Williamson, Balfour & Co.
Vierlander, Brit. bk., 392, from Hamburg in 110 days, with assorted cargo; Schuchard & Co.
Neworth, Brit. bk., 407, from Montevideo in 83 days, in ballast; for orders.
Iron Queen, Brit. bk., 234, from Pernambuco in 70 days, in ballast; for orders.
Minero, Brit. bk., 478, from London in 82 days, with assorted cargo; Waugh & Co.
Northern Crown, Brit. bk., 197, from Newport in 80 days, with assorted cargo; for orders.
Colosado, Brit. bk., 545, from Glasgow in 89 days, with assorted cargo; for orders.
Star of the West, Brit. bk., 372, from Swansea in 102 days, with coal.
Cornelius Davis, Belg. sch., 977, from Antwerp in 108 days, with general cargo; Schuchard & Co.
Santon, Brit. bk., 516, from Liverpool in 112 days, with assorted cargo; for orders.
Pléiades, N.A. ship, 219, from Rio Janeiro in 66 days, in ballast; for orders.

DEPARTURES.

Aug. 12.—Laoa, Salv. bk., 105, for Caldera with assorted cargo; A. Castillo.
Puelche, Brit. bk., 195, for Constitución with assorted cargo; Cooper & Co.
Paysa, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 906, for Callao and intermediate ports, with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Paqueta de Los Vilos, Chil. str., 160, for Carrizal with general cargo and passengers; A. Castillo.
Hebe, Norw. bk., 437, for Iquique with assorted cargo; A. Castillo.
Copiapo, Brit. str., 327, for Arica, and intermediate ports with general cargo and passengers; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
Aguila, Chil. sch., 43, for Constitución with assorted cargo.

A. Castillo.
Aug. 13.—Bellisario, Salv. bg., 152, for Ancud in ballast; F. P. Alvarez.
Callao, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 840, for Malipulli and intermediate ports, with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Los Carreros, Chil. bk., 410, for San Antonio in ballast; A. Castillo.
Aug. 14.—Patagonia, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 1798, from Liverpool and intermediate ports with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Sarah, N.A. brig, 160, for Constitución with assorted cargo; Cooper & Co.
Aug. 15.—Quintero, Guat. ship, 557, for Boston with copper; Hemenway & Co.
Washington, Salv. bg., 154, for Cobiya with assorted cargo; J. T. Ramos.
Lota, Brit. str., 762, for Lebu in ballast; Williamson, Balfour & Co.
Aug. 16.—Pacific, N.A. bk., 327, for Callao with assorted cargo; Alsop & Co.
Spirit of the Dawn, Brit. bk., 693, for Liverpool with wheat; Graham, Rowe & Co.
Mantolita, Ital. bk., 197, for Iquique with assorted cargo; A. Castillo.
Aug. 17.—Maypoco, Brit. bk., 699, for Tomé with wheat; Williamson, Balfour & Co.
Dos Elviras, Chil. bk., 390, for Lebu in ballast; Gervasoni Bros.

CLEARED.

Valparaiso, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 840, for Tocopilla and intermediate ports, with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Jacira, Dutch bk., 377, for Iquique with assorted cargo; Huth, Gruning & Co.
Gerone, P.S.N. Co.'s str., 2465, for Callao and intermediate ports with general cargo and passengers; D. Sim.
Excelsior, Ger. bk., 430, for Montevideo with flour; Vorkwerk & Co.
Mistilo Andrade, Chil. bk., 321, for Valdivia in ballast; H. N. Willshaw.
Maipu, Chil. str., 395, for Talcahuano and intermediate ports with general cargo and passengers; A. & H. Lyon & Co.
Marchese Galvarino, Ital. bk., 347, for Callao with assorted cargo; A. Castillo.

VESSELS IN PORT.

MEN-OF-WAR.—Chilian: Thalaba, Valdivia, Covadonga, Chacabuco, Abtao. H. B. M.: Nerous. French: Flore, Egorie.
STAMENERS.—Concepcion, Copiapo, Garonne, Callao, Paquete de los Vilos.
SHIPS.—Senator Weber, Belle of the Seas, Angouleme, W. H. Gilvery, Claudine, Pleiades, Charles Eugene.
BARQUES.—Cleora, North Glen, Herbert Graham, Casablanca, Cedric, Don Teodoro, Emeine, Frederick Thompson, Galois, Arica, Matilde, Ganymede, Arauco, Enid, Martha Jackson, Albattross, River Thames, Jessie Jamieson, Nueva Pacifico, Ana Christine, Anais Emma, Carlos, Nanny, Juan Fernandez, Vierlander, Neworth, Minero, Frankfurt Hall, Colorado, Coronella, Pésistant, Sarah Anderson, Ferdinand Merle, Towy, E.T.L., Arequipa, Huasco, Pascualita, Lady Guendolen, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Curuso, Emma G. Scamander, Dummiker, Excelsior, Lota, Coquimbo, Northern Crown, Star of the West, Cornelius Davis, Santon, Rosina, Mary Moore, Caldera, Mary Hick.
BRIGS.—Guillermo, Juan Camafio, Basilio, Enrique, Tomás, Washington, Teresa Aguaron, Jacira, Victoria, Sarah, Palma.
SCHOONERS.—Lucia, Clomira, Alice Randall, Rio, Veladora, Zephyr.

EXPECTED ARRIVALS AT VALPARAISO.

FROM ENGLAND.
Liverpool.—Peckforton Castle, May 5; Charlotte, May 30; Cecilia, May 5; Admiral Fitzroy, March 25; Urica, May 21; Hawk Eye, June 17; Camana, M. 20; Deva, May 29; Gambrian, June 15; Honduras, June 24; Achievement, June 12; Cordillera, Adrians June 17.
Swansea.—Alpha, March 9; Theta, April 9; Blanche & Louise, April 9; San Antonio, April 21; Gipsy Queen, May 9; Professor Airy, May 9.
Sheila.—Kappa, June 15; Malta, March 18; Reaper, June 15.
Cardiff.—Lady of the Lake, May 10; Banfan, May 26; Dolphin, May 20; Estrella, May 18; Eden, May 26.
Newcastle.—Joseph Thomson, April 21; Appoline Emilio, May 8.
Sunderland.—Star of Hope, April 3; Chepica, May 12; San Luis, May 16.

Newport.—Ponang, May 8.
London.—Shuriaz, May 12; Grace Gibson, June 21.
Glasgow.—Cavalier, April 15; Poruana, June 23.
FROM THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
Antwerp.—Egmont on Horn; Donnelly, April 5; Helene, May 27.
Amsterdam.—Cornelia, Feb. 25; Cornelia Maria, March 23.
Hamburg.—Adolph, April 16; Amalie, June 2; Louis Kohn, May 7; Sallia, May 8; Peru, May 22; Tellus, June 18.
Barcelona.—June Sumlin, March 29; Jenny Melmin, April 13; Brya Ivor, May 9.
Bordeaux.—Maputeo April 15; Perseverance, May 15; Irene June 5; Guayaquil, June 15.
Havre.—Islay, May 15; Valparaiso, May 3; Biobio, June 15; D'Alembert, June 5.
FROM NORTH AMERICA.
Boston.—Robert Ritson, March 13; San Carlos, May 16; Washington, May 20; David Brown, June 26.
New York.—Cleveland, May 5.

VESSELS LOADING AT FOREIGN PORTS FOR VALPARAISO.
LIVERPOOL.—Medora, Pole Star, Santa Lucia, Glensaber, Islay, Philip Nelson, Worrall, Ianthe, Olive Mount, Lily of Devon.
SWANSEA.—San Carlos, Valparaiso, (for Coquimbo), Glendal, Marquis of Worcester, Serena, Capricorn.
CARDIFF.—Victorine, Wilhelmine, Carolina, Princess (for Callera), Bronte, Eden.
LONDON.—Dundee, Officer, Lady Love, Calypso.
GLASGOW.—Beatrice.
NEW YORK.—Hattie E. Tapley.
SAN FRANCISCO.—Cornelia, Cazique.

LOSS OF THE BRIT. BRIGANTINE PROPONTIS, Bain, master.—The second officer, Edw. Yarker, reports as follows:—On May 27th left Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, for Iquique; up to June 7, in lat. 47° 4' S., long. 72° 52' W.; on the 8th and 9th strong gales from the W., and on the latter day, at 5 p.m., shipped a heavy sea on the quarter-deck, which knocked the captain down, washing him under the wheel, which caused him to receive a severe bruise on the head, and at the same time carrying away the wash-boards on both sides of the deck; on the 10th, in lat. 57° 5' S., long. 76° 30' W., had moderate weather; on the 11th to the 16th heavy gales, accompanied with violent squalls of wind and hail from W.S.W., ship laboring heavily and the sea making a clear breach over all, during which a lost lower fore topsail and fore topmast staysail, part of the bulwarks on both sides, galley, and spar lashings. On the 14th, blowing a living gale, and to all appearance the ship going down from under us, the pumps being kept constantly going with 3 feet of water in the hold; in the morning the captain ordered the chief officer and myself to go down in the lazarette to see if we could see the water in sight over the keelson; on searching, we found heavy streams of water pouring in on both sides and stem, which the pumps could not discharge; however, we kept part of the crew at the pumps, and the rest the captain ordered to discharge the cargo out of the cabin hatch, to try and raise her stem out of the water to stop the leak; in all we threw overboard about 10 tons of cargo, but still the water kept gaining on us. We then bore away for the Falkland Islands, pumps being kept constantly going. On the 15th, in lat. 56° 10' S., long. 73° 20' W., still blowing a heavy gale, with a heavy beam sea, wind W.N.W. On the 16th, still blowing, and the water gaining on us, expecting the ship to go down every hour, in lat. 56° 20' S., long. 72° 38' W. On the 17th, when in lat. 56° 27' S., long. 71° 35' W., steering for the Falkland Islands, spoke the bk. Admiral Fitzroy, bound to Valparaiso, and asked him to take us on board as we were fast sinking; on leaving the vessel at 5 p.m., to go on board the Admiral Fitzroy, I sounded the weather pump, and found 8 feet of water in the hold. All the crew got on board the Admiral Fitzroy safe, by two trips of his small boat and one of our own, in which we saved a small portion of our clothing, the greater part the captain refusing to take, being our chests and bedding. It being dark and a very heavy sea running, we were glad to save ourselves without clothes, and arrived at Port Stanley on June 28th.—Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, June 28th, 1871.

A sailing license has been granted to the bk. Dos Elviras.

THE BRIT. BK. ARAUCO, 603 tons, Moric, master, left Glasgow on May 5, and had fine weather through the Channel and up to 7 deg. North; then calm and light winds for three weeks; crossed the equator on June 11th, in long. 29 deg. 36 min. W.; S.E. trades good, which were lost in 18 deg. S.; from thence to the Horn had heavy gales and baffling winds; on July 25th rounded Cape St. John; from thence to this in 21 days. Spoke the following vessels:—In lat. 25 deg. 30 min. S., long. 38 deg. 58 min. W., Brit. bk. Lady of the Lake, bound to Talcahuano, 45 days out; in lat. 39 deg. 4 min. S., long. 55 deg. 30 min. W., Brit. bk. Chiloe, bound to Huanoacaca, Peru, on July 7th; July 9th, in lat. 40 deg. S., long. 56 deg. 34 min. W., N.A. ship Charles Lambert, from Liverpool for San Francisco, 45 days out.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A SHIP CAPTAIN.—Captain John Blair has been presented by the underwriters of Glasgow, London, and Liverpool, with a testimonial, in appreciation of the courage and skill displayed by him in trying circumstances while on a voyage from Glasgow to Valparaiso. The presentation was made in the Underwriters' Committee Rooms, Exchange Buildings, and Mr. Thomas Low, Chairman of the Underwriters' Association, presided. The Chairman, after expressing the pleasure it afforded him to do honour to one who was so much respected, explained the circumstances which led the underwriters to present Captain Blair with a testimonial. Their guest, he said, was captain of the ship Santoria, which left Glasgow in September last year for the port of Valparaiso. When the vessel was within a few days of her destination fire was discovered on board. A telegram reached the underwriters announcing the fact, and they were all prepared to have a second telegram stating that the Santoria had been abandoned, and given up as a total loss, and more particularly as they knew that the ship was loaded with a large quantity of gunpowder. Their minds, however, were very much relieved when they learned that Captain Blair, instead of abandoning the ship, threw the gunpowder with which the ship was loaded overboard, and by great exertions took the vessel safely into port, thereby saving a very large amount of valuable property, both to the underwriters' and owners interests, which were at all times identical. The Chairman then in the name of the underwriters of Glasgow, Liverpool, and London, presented Captain Blair with a handsome gold watch and a purse of sovereigns. Captain Blair, in reply, said it gave him great pleasure to accept the testimonial, looking on it as a mark of their approval of his proceedings. He did not, however, think that he had done any more than any shipmaster would have done. The health of Captain Blair was afterwards drunk, and a number of complimentary toasts followed.

CERRO CONCEPCION.

TO BE LET, A HOUSE

SUITABLE for a small family; contains five bedrooms, with drawing and dining-rooms, and has water and gas laid on. Rent, \$62 per month.
Apply to Dr. Joy, No. 66, Cerro de la Concepcion. 634

TO BE LET,

ON Cerro de la Concepcion, a very commodious Dwelling-house, with every convenience, No. 6 on Front Terrace.
Apply to Mr. J. Atkinson; or Messrs. John Child & Son, No. 103, Calle de Cochrane. 636

WANTED, an English Nurse, for the voyage to England, via the Straits.
Apply by letter to "H.", Casilla No. 89, Post Office, Santiago. 637

EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES.

Messrs. José de Respaliza & Co. have applied for an exclusive privilege for a new system of pavement for houses.

Messrs. Rowsell & Co. have applied for an exclusive privilege for the use of certain materials to replace the use of nitrate of silver in the production of photographs.

BANKRUPT.

LINDSAY, SANTIAGO, of Talcahuano, on July 19th. Provisional assignee, Don Ramon Gonzalez. First meeting of creditors, Aug. 31st.

Valparaiso & West Coast Mail

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1871.

Captain Aravena, of the detective force, surprised a nice nest of gamblers on Thursday night, in the house of Agustin Aris, situated on the Baron-hill. The gamblers, to the number of 46, were taken to the station, in company with the owner of the "hell." On the following day Aris was sentenced to a fine of \$100. Among the gamblers were six well-known thieves and desperadoes; five of them were sentenced to one year's imprisonment each, and one named Pacheco, who escaped a short time since from the custody of a sergeant who was conveying him to the Penitentiary, to which he had been condemned for ten years for murder, was ordered to be placed at the disposal of the Judge of Crime at Santiago. The remainder of the gamblers, to the number of forty, were sentenced to one month's imprisonment each.—Nineteen "drunk and incapables" of both sexes were sent to prison for eight days each.—Eight individuals were sent to gaol for fifteen days each for disturbing the peace.—No fewer than eighteen vagrants were sent to prison for twenty days' each.—A well-known thief, named Bruno Vial, was sent to prison for two months for offering a quantity of drapery for sale, not being able to give a satisfactory account of the manner in which he became possessed of it.

On the 12th instant, twenty-eight "drunk and incapables" of both sexes were sent to gaol for eight days each. No fewer than eighteen of the number were taken to the station in the "ill-god" conveyance belonging to the police, and on arriving at their destination they were "dumped out" in the usual style.—A muscular female was sent to prison for two months for knocking down the door of a room in which she believed her faithless partner was secreted. Unfortunately for her, however, it turned out that the room had not been inhabited for two months. The bereaved husband has not yet committed suicide.

On the 14th inst. a man was sent to gaol for six months for stealing \$3.50 from the proprietor of a chicha shop.—A coachman in the employ of the Street Coach Co., was sent to prison for eight days for being drunk and disorderly, and refusing to deliver up the day's receipts.—Six individuals were arrested for beating their wives: three of them were sent to prison for two months each, on account of their being old offenders, and the remainder to one month each.—A drunken individual was sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for assaulting the police.—A man was sentenced to pay \$6, or in default six days' imprisonment, for throwing a stone through the window of a despacho, the missile in its course smashing four bottles of liquor.—A lunatic was ordered to be sent to the Asylum in Santiago. The poor fellow is afflicted with an idea that he has been singled out as a victim of the proposed *Casamientos gratis* of our popular Intendente.—Thirty-seven "drunk and incapables" of both sexes were sent to gaol for eight days. Thirty of the number reached the station on foot; the remainder were conveyed thither, and subjected to the "dumping" process.—Ten disturbers of the peace were sent to prison for 15 days each.—Ten vagrants were sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment each.

On Tuesday last six drunk and incapables were sentenced to eight days' imprisonment each. Only one was subjected to the "dumping" process.—Two coachmen were sent to prison for fifteen days' each for leaving their vehicles abandoned in the public street.—Two sailors belonging to the corvette *Chacabuco* were sentenced to two months' imprisonment on board of their vessel, and stoppage of their pay for the same time, for assaulting a policeman and pushing him off the breakwater into the bay.—A burglary was committed in the shop of Mr. J. Lecuyer. The articles stolen are:—A gold watch and chain, a diamond breast pin, several articles of wearing apparel, and \$110 in money. Several individuals have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affair.—Two individuals were sent to gaol for six months each for wounding a man named Pablo Carriga.

On Monday last a man fell into the gaping ditch in the Calle de la Libertad, and was so severely injured as to necessitate his conveyance to the hospital.

In the reports of the celebrated Tichborne case, several Chilian proper names have been spelt in a variety of ways, but the most remarkable instance is, perhaps, to be seen in a recent report of the *European Mail*, in which a public notary of this city is styled Ceverra Burra!!

We understand that an attempt is being made to found a Land and Building Society. We heartily wish the promoters of the undertaking every success in their endeavors.

Vice-Admiral Simpson has been placed on the retired list, after having served 53 years, 3 months, and 16 days.

The P. S. N. Co. has contracted for four new large steamers for the Liverpool line—the *Cotopaxi*, *Ulmari*, *Tacora* and *Sorata*. As soon as the new vessels are completed, it is the intention of the company to run three, if not four, steamers a month between Valparaiso and Liverpool.

We have very good authority for stating that the Minister of Finance has put a stop to the conferences, or political corrobories, which the employés of the Custom House have been compelled to attend lately by order of their superiors. We are also informed that the Minister has refused to sanction the dismissal of several employés, who voted in favor of the Opposition candidate at the late elections.

An infant, of about a month old, was found abandoned in the Calle de la Merced on Wednesday night, and almost at the same hour another, of about the same age, was found in the Calle de las Delicias. In both cases, the little foundlings were taken charge of by the wives of policemen.

On Thursday, a man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for stealing \$15.75.—Eleven drunk and incapables were sent to prison for eight days each; five of the number were dumped.

The dead body of an infant, of about three months, was discovered floating in the water, near the mole, yesterday morning.

A man was sentenced to six months' imprisonment yesterday, for having stolen a quantity of wearing apparel belonging to a Señor Muñoz.

The following is a statement of the number of patients in the small pox hospital from the 11th to the 18th instant:—11th, 18; 12th, 19; 13th, 22; 14th, 21; 15th, 21; 16th, 22; 17th, 23; 18th, 24.

The national festivities, in September, will be inaugurated with a masked ball on the 16th.

As may be seen on reference to our shipping column, arrivals have been very numerous during the past few days. Many of the vessels bring assortments suitable for the season.

The rain which fell on Thursday last, appears from the advices to hand, to have been very general throughout the south.

We are happy to say that the alarming rumors respecting the destruction of Arequipa and other cities by earthquakes, has proved to be unfounded. It is true that the before-mentioned city, Islay, and Tacna have been visited by severe shocks, but no lives have been lost, and the damage done to property has been very insignificant.

The P.S.N. Co.'s chartered steamer, *Honduras*, from Liverpool, arrived at Coronel on the 15th inst.

With the present number the VALPARAISO AND WEST COAST MAIL enters upon the fifth year of its labors, and we embrace this opportunity to heartily thank our subscribers for their support and patronage.

The attention of Bankers, Merchants and others is respectfully invited to our choice stock of English hand-made paper for blank books, bills of lading, manifests, policies, pagars &c., &c.
Binding, in all its branches, with the very best English materials.
Printing, ruling, and perforating executed in the best style and with promptitude.
All kinds of Letter Press and Job Printing executed with neatness and despatch.
COX & TAYLOR,
Albion Printing Office.

SANTIAGO.

It is rumored that one of the first acts of the President elect, after entering upon his official duties, will be the presentation of a Bill to Congress for the prolongation of the southern line of railway to Talca and Chillan.

The tolls on the Santiago and Valparaiso road, are announced to be let by tender, on the 25th.

It is rumored that Colonel Urrutia will be appointed to succeed General Pinto in the command of the forces on the Araucanian frontier.

Mr. B. Tallmann has made a proposal to the municipality for macadamizing the streets with stone from the Cerro de Santa Lucia. The plan of Mr. Tallmann includes the perforation of the hill, prolonging in this manner the Calle de las Agustinas, and the formation, on the top of the hill itself, of pleasure gardens &c. The proposal of Mr. Tallmann has been reported upon very favorably by the municipal committee to which it was referred.

An attempt is being made to found a company with a capital of \$40,000, for the purpose of working the baths, known as the "Baños de Boquet."

A rumor, apparently well founded, is being circulated to the effect, that the Fiscal had actually made preparations for instituting a criminal action against Señor Palazuelos for concubinage, and that he was only prevented from doing so by the interposition of the Minister of Justice. *No fallaba mas!*

An amateur concert and a ball of the English residents took place in the Variety Theatre, on Monday evening. The different parts assigned to the performers were admirably sustained, and after the concert, dancing commenced and was kept up with great spirit until the near approach of dawn.

The Municipality has resolved to re-build the theatre according to the plans prepared by Messrs. Henault and Brown. In order to cover the cost, it is proposed to issue bonds to the amount of \$150,000.

The letters patent of the U.S. Consul at Talcahuano, E. Thomson, Esq., have been cancelled.

The new Minister Plenipotentiary of Bolivia, Señor Don Rafael Bustillos, presented his credentials to H.E. the President, at a public audience, on the 12th inst.

General Pinto has resigned his command as general-in-chief of the army of the Araucanian frontier. The resignation has been accepted by the Government.

Mr. W. Wohler has been appointed city doctor of Valdivia.

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A fire broke out on Saturday night in a building belonging to Mr. C. Monney, situated in the Calle de las Ramadas. The firemen were promptly on the spot, and after a little more than an hour's exertion, the flames were entirely got under.

Doña Juana Escárate has been appointed post-mistress at San Clemente.

The following is a translation of the marriage deed of Señor Juan Agustín Palazuelos and Doña Clorinda Maturana, whom it will be recollected the ecclesiastical authorities refused to marry, in consequence of certain opinions expressed by Señor Palazuelos in the House of Deputies, at the time of his being sworn as a member of the House:—

Matrimonial Contract.—In Santiago, on the 10th day of August, 1871, Juan Agustín Palazuelos and Clorinda Maturana, in the presence of the undersigned relations and witnesses, do declare: that being desirous of contracting matrimony, they have taken all the measures and done everything that can be exacted by the authorities, and that is at the same time compatible with their personal dignity, in the matters of furnishing the information required by law, and the publishing of banns, in order to obtain the necessary permit, without having been able to overcome the obstacles placed in the way of the celebration of their marriage before the respective curé; and, therefore, in the absence of any other public and solemn method of obtaining and exercising their right as Chilians to form a family, they do so by this deed, hoping, nevertheless, that the desired opportunity may present itself for remedying anything that may be irregular or deficient in the present proceedings, declare that it is their desire and will to take each other for the term of their lives as man and wife, as legitimately and truly joined together in matrimony, reciprocally acknowledging all the duties and rights of the same before their own consciences, before the authorities, and before society represented by their relations and friends here present, under whose protection they place their honorable intentions and legitimate aspirations, ignored and infringed by the very authority charged by law with the duty of acknowledging and securing them to all the inhabitants of Chile. In witness whereof, they have hereunto set their names in the presence of the undersigned witnesses.

JUAN AGUSTIN PALAZUELOS.—**CLORINDA MATURANA.** Witnesses: Pedro Enrique Palazuelos, Vicente Reyes, Carlos Palazuelos, Euleno de Matta, Anjel Custodio Gallo, Roberto Souper, Juan Francisco Rivas, Nicanor Otazguí, Manuel Antonio Matta, Juan Guillermo Gallo, Domingo Arteaga Alemparte, Juan Nepomuceno Espejo, Pedro Maria Rivas Cruz, Luis Cousiño, Carlos Rogers, Pedro Nolasco Videla, Justo Arteaga Alemparte, Pedro Leon Gallo, Julio Bernstein, Isidoro Errázuriz, Marcial Martínez, Pedro Nolasco Vergara, Cesario Perez, José Francisco Godoy, Pio Montt, Antonio Briebe, Francisco Gandarillas, Francisco Beelen, Guillermo Matta, Ramon Esteves, Eduardo Cortinez, Fernando Cortinez, Juan Gandarillas.

CONGRESS.

HOUSE OF DEPUTIES, Aug. 10.

CIVIL MARRIAGES.—The motion of Señor Reyes, which resulted in a tie at the previous sitting, was thrown out by 44 to 31.

SPECIAL GUARD FOR THE PENITENTIARY.—After a short debate, this Bill was ordered to stand over for second discussion.

LOTA A PORT OF ENTRY.—This Bill passed a first reading.

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS.—This Bill was brought forward, but the debate was closed by a count out.

SENATE, Aug. 12.

The entire sitting was devoted to the hearing of private petitions.

PROVINCIAL.

CARRIZAL BAJO.—Our correspondent writes under date of the 10th inst.:—The epidemic continues at the funeral with unabated force, while in the port we still have but the single case, mentioned in my last communication; the health of the people, in other respects, is good; labor, of course, is very scarce and very expensive. The late arrivals are: On the 8th, José A. Moreno, str.; 10th, *Deerhound*, from Peña Blanca; the *Teodoro* sailed on the 6th, in ballast; the str. *José A. Moreno* on the 10th, with ores for Valparaiso. The ships in the bay are: *Ana y Teresa*, *Jame*, coasters; *Deerhound*, *Stranger*, *Nippon*, *Dundonald*, *Glanrafon*, *Atacama*, and *Crescent City*, Brit.; the last-named has cleared for Sarco and Lota, in ballast, and will sail when wind permits.—A new breakwater, built under the direction of Mr. John King, for the Carrizal Railway Co., has lately been launched in the bay; it is intended to protect the launches discharging at the company's mole, and as far as the weather has afforded opportunity for testing its usefulness, is a success.—Should future experience confirm present results, there is no reason why smooth water should not be at the command of all who seek comfort in landing, or desire to prevent wear and tear in boats, launches, &c.; the cost is said to be trifling.

COPIAPO.—Our correspondent says:—I have little or nothing of interest to communicate either in mining matters or anything else. In the absence of any political matter, we have the bugbear emigration to declaim against, and in the hands, or mouths, of some of our wisacres, it is a very fertile theme indeed. The agent of Mr. Meiggs is contracting foreigners only for the Arequipa and Puno railways, in order to avoid any question with the authorities, who, by the way, I imagine to be quite capable of out-echaring Echarren.—The religious part of the community is in a state of gentle flutter just now, in consequence of it having been announced that the corner-stone of the new church of San Francisco, the patron saint of the city, will be laid on the 4th October.

TALCA.—Heavy rain fell on the 10th inst. from noon till an advanced hour of the night.—Frosts are still prevalent; nevertheless, no damage has resulted to the young plants.

CONCEPCION.—Showers fell on the 4th and 8th, which will prove very beneficial to the young wheat and grass.—Some of the incendiaries who set fire to Mr. Nixon's bodega, at Yumbel, have been captured, and are now in goal.

CALDERA.—During July there were exported from this port:—4,661 kilos. of silver, for England; 8,269 do. regulus, for do.; 2,385 do. argentiferous do., for do.; 3,220 do. copper ore, for the United States.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

The funeral ceremonies for the victims of the late fearful epidemic were celebrated on the 18th ult. with imposing splendour and solemnity, in the Cathedral of Buenos Ayres. A regiment of Argentine Zouaves with band and colours, were drawn up in line before the Cathedral steps, in the Plaza Victoria. President Sarmiento, with a brilliant staff of military and civil officials, assisted in the celebration of the funeral ceremony. The President and party were met on the steps by the Bishop, and the procession proceeded to the grand altar, which was most richly, though mournfully draped, and, together with the nave of the building, brilliantly illuminated. The Cathedral was crowded with the elite of Buenos Ayres and thousands of people of lesser note. The requiem for the dead was chaunted beautifully with the assistance of professional singers, and the whole service was most solemn and imposing. Not the least gratifying portion of the spectacle, was the attendance of the schools of the orphan asylum.

The *Verdad* of Buenos Ayres says that the total arrivals of immigrants from Europe since the 1st of January was 13,750. The falling off is accounted for by the plague and its attendant disasters. The Trinidad had arrived from Coruña with 325 Basques on board.

A firm in Buenos Ayres, the original pioneers in quartz-crushing enterprise, have received most promising accounts of the works of the English company near Cordoba, as the following extract will show:—

"Our gold prospects here are brilliant in the extreme. — is putting up a machine and engine which will be at work in a fortnight. I and — hold the Cordillera mines, and are hard at work, with grand prospects. Three others have several mines at work, and Mr. S. arrived here with a machine and crusher from England, which he takes up to the mines this day. In fact, the gold fever has set in with severity. I have ten mines, and if all goes well at the first crushing, which will take place in a month, we shall make £12,000 a year if the quartz only yields 2 oz. to the ton. We crushed 2½ tons the other day, and they yielded 21 oz. of pure gold. People here are mad on the subject, and Buenos Ayres will soon be the same."

Messrs. Ximenes and Co. have presented a memorial to Congress for the concession of a line of railway straight across the Chaco, from Barranqueras, on the Paraná, opposite the city of Corrientes, to Salta and Jujuy.

FOREIGN.

The P. S. N. Co's steamer *Chile* arrived yesterday at Caldera, from Panama, with dates from the United States and Europe to the 23rd ult.

The elections for members of the National Assembly of France have taken place, and there has resulted an increase of 100 votes in favor of M. Thiers.

France has paid the first instalment of the indemnity to Germany.

The municipal elections of Paris were to take place on the 26th July and those of the provinces on the 23rd August.

The French ship, *Jonstone*, (?) has been wrecked, off the Cape of Good Hope, with the loss of 150 lives.

A gunpowder manufactory blew up at Amause Vinconta causing immense destruction to life and property.

The second House of the Parliament of Holland, has ratified the cession of Dutch Guinea to England.

The Queen has sanctioned the Bill abolishing the purchase of commissions in the army. There have been more Orange riots in Ireland.

A loan has been contracted for the purpose of restoring the monuments destroyed in Paris by the Communists.

The Spanish Cortes suspended their sittings in the midst of a great tumult. Sagasta, Serrano and Topete had a conference with the King.

Jules Dacatel has received the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the Government of France for having betrayed the commune. The rumor that diplomatic relations had been re-established between France and Mexico is denied.

Nothing of note has occurred in New York since the Orange riots. The Minister for Hayti to Washington, has presented a gold medal to Senator Sumner for having opposed the annexation of Santo Domingo. A hurricane occurred at Daton, Ohio, destroying property to the value of upwards of \$1,500,000 the death of eight persons, and the injury of fifty more. Another in San Joseph, Missouri, has caused \$200,000 damage. The Cuban general Quesada has disembarked with some hundreds of Venezuelans.

COPPER MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, 1st July, 1871.

The copper market during the last month has been characterised by great firmness and activity, and a large business has been done, more particularly in Chile bars, at a gradual improvement of 40s. to 50s. per ton. Regulus and ore have not, however, advanced in

same ratio, the improvement being only equal to 3d. per unit.

The sales of bars on the spot and to arrive have been equal to about 5,800 tons, at from £64 15s. to £66 10s. for Lota, and up to £67 10s. for more favorite brands, and £68 for Edwards. Birmingham has taken a large proportion of these bars, and the market closes firmly. On the 13th ult. the English smelters advanced their official quotations £2 per ton, and from the aspect of the market a further advance is not unlikely. Present quotation, £74 Tough Cake, £76 Best Selected, and £79 for heavy Sheets.

The quantity of Chile Copper Produce at present in stock in Liverpool, Swansea, and Havre, together with what is afloat and shipping by last mail advices, shows a decrease of 7,964 tons fine, compared with the quantity available on the 1st January last.

Stock in Liverpool and Swansea, 22,165 do. Havre, 5,590; Afloat and Shipping to 16th May, 8,279; Total 36,034 against 43,998 tons Fine on 1st January.

Sales of ore and Regulus have been:— June 1—422 tons Regulus, Chile, ex Marquis of Worcester, at 13s. 3d. per unit; 218 do. Ore, do. ex do. do. 13s. 3d. do; 5—1000 do. Moonta ex do. at Liverpool, at 13s. 6d. do; 50 do. Californian do. at 13s. 6d. do; 9—do. Regulus, Chile, ex Deerhound at Swansea, at 13s. 6d. do; 13—429 do. Ore Moonta, Average Produce 32½ p.c., by Ticketing, at do. at 13s. 6d. do; 469 do. do. Australian, do. 16 p.c., do. do. at 13s. 5½d. do; 356 do. do. Various, do. 25 p.c., do. at 13s. 4½d. do; 1186 do. do. Irish, do. 7½ p.c., do. do. at 12s. 2d. do; 590 do. Regulus Chile, ex Deva, at Liverpool, at 13s. 9d. do; 21—400 do. ore Cape, at Swansea, at 13s. 9d. do; 22—200 do. do. Chile, at Liverpool, at 13s. 9d. do; 650 do. do. Newfoundland, at Swansea, at 13s. 6d. do; 23—800 do. do. do. at 13s. 9d. do; 27—574 do. do. Cape, Average Produce, 32½ p.c., by Ticketing, do. at 13s. 9½d. do; 338 do. do. Australian, do. 16 p.c., do. do. at 13s. 2d. do; 1128 do. do. Irish, do. 7½ p.c., do. do. at 12s. 8d. do.

Quotations to-day are:—Ore and Regulus, 13s. 9d. to 14s. in Liverpool; 13s. 9d. in Swansea. Bars: Lota £66 10s.; Urmeneta, £67, and Good Brands £67 10s. to £68; and for distant arrival £67 10s. Urmeneta.

Arrivals from the West Coast have been:—

Ingot.	Bars.	Regs.	Ore.	Barilla.	Total
Liverpool...	100	1910	1428	63	2608 Tons
Swansea....	250	630	680	61	"
	100	2160	2053	743	3299 "

Stocks of West Coast Produce are estimated to be:—

Ingot.	Bars.	Regulus	Ore.	Barilla.	Total	
Liverpool...	1871	11923	2905	1353	11192	14612
Swansea... and Ing.	4426	5204	3765	243	243	7563
	1871	16354	6109	5093	377	22165

Equal to 22,165 Tons Fine, against 23,115 Tons on 1st ultimo.

Against 16,628 Tons Fine, July 1, 1870, when Quotations were, Bars, £68 15s.; Ore, 13s. 9d.; 12,980 Tons Fine July 1, 1869, when Quotations were, £67 10s.; Ore, 13s. 6d.; 6,850 Tons Fine, July 1, 1868, when Quotations were, £70 10s.; Ore, 15s. 0d.; 6,816 Tons Fine, July 1, 1867, when Quotations were, £69 10s.; Ore, 14s. 3d.; Gold 77s. 9d. per oz. standard.

Silver has advanced to 5s. 0½d. per oz. standard. California sells at 5s. 11-16thd. Mexican Dollars, of old die, for 5s. and new for 4s. 10½d. per oz.

Quicksilver—Further declined to £9 10s. per bottle of 75 lbs.

Lead has fallen to £18 for English, and £17 10s. to £17 15s. for Spanish.

Tin has risen to £132 for Straits; and Peruvian is now worth £120 per ton.

RAILWAYS FOR CHILE.

(To the Editor of the *Valparaiso and West Coast Mail*.)

SIR,—The mineral riches of the north will never be opened up till a cheap and efficient kind of railroad is devised for bringing the ore down to the coast for shipment. To effect this, advantage ought to be taken of the experience of older countries, so as to avoid the errors into which they have fallen. That such a system will never be carried through by any government is beyond a doubt. When a government goes out of its due course in order to meddle in commercial enterprises, it at once gets out of its depth, and generally does more harm than good. As a mere agent of the governed, and in the nature of things, it cannot be more—the State has no capital of its own; and what it does, in such cases, is to divert capital from more profitable employment in order to direct it into some pet channel of its own.

Take, for instance, the Anglo-Indian railways, costing £20,000 per mile! Are these lines a boon to the natives, who are called upon to pay taxes to cover the heavy annual interest on their cost? It is also, for like reasons, fairly a question whether the Chilean State railways are really of any national advantage, leaving out of the question their high tariffs and miserable management. The Peruvians, when the bill comes in for the interest and amortization of the capital they are now lavishing on their State railways, will find out their mistake when too late. At any rate, if the miners of the north were only fairly treated as to duties, &c., and left to themselves, they would have no apprehension whatever of any successful competition from a false system of State railways.

These remarks have been suggested by the following paragraph in a paper on the "Railways of the Future," read by Mr. Fairlie, author of the narrow-gauge system, before the British Association at Liverpool. He says:—"Railways can be made cheaply, and, at the same time, thoroughly efficient; and those who aver to the contrary are, in fact, enemies to progress and civilization. There is no country too poor to have railways sufficient for its requirements; and railways furnish the cheapest possible mode of transport, where they are not borne down by the results of that incompetence and extravagance which we so often see associated. I regard it as the duty of every man in the old country to assist those of the new by pointing out how they may benefit by our dearly-bought experience, and may avoid the pitfalls into which only too many of our railway shareholders have fallen."

Mr. Fairlie undertakes to prove, and in our opinion does prove, by actual experiments with a locomotive designed by him on purpose

ALMACENES DE TE

Valparaiso, Santiago, Copiapo, Concepcion, Talca, Chillan and San Felipe.

We respectfully solicit a comparison of our Teas and Wines with any others offered at the same prices in this market; a single trial is sufficient to prove their superiority, being all selected with care and matured experience.

TE Imperial at \$1 per lb. { A good, sound Tea, strong, fragrant and well adapted for ordinary use
TE para familias at \$1.25 per lb. { Rich, full flavored, and consumed by thousands of Families throughout the Republic.
TE Superior at \$1.50 per lb. { Unequaled for its exquisite flavor strength and aroma, being of the finest first picking contract Teas.

SHERRY, PORT, CLARET, Champagne,

LUIS ROEDERER'S, VEUVE CLICQUOT'S.

COGNAC

MARTELL'S, HENNESSY'S, JULES ROBIN'S, SALINGNAC

BASS'S ALE, bottled by Ihlers and Bell.

EXTRA STOUT do. do. do.

CHEESE, HAMS, BACON, and SAUSAGES,

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA.

Liebig's ESSENCE OF BEEF.

Epps's and Taylor's homœopathic & Maravilla Cocoa.

BONELESS SARDINES, SALMON, LOBSTERS, and OYSTERS.

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ETC. ETC.

Orders from the Coast executed with care and promptitude.

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ALMACENES DE TE: VALPARAISO, SANTIAGO, COPIAPO, CONCEPCION, TALCA, CHILLAN AND SAN FELIPE.

for and tested on a line of 24 inches gauge, that much heavier work can be done on such a line, with rails of 30 to 50 lbs. per yard, than any line in Chile, either in the north or south, is likely to require for the next fifty years! He also proves that such work can be done at less than one-half of the cost required by the present system, and with one-fourth or one-sixth part of the capital required for wider and heavier lines. These advantages are obtained by avoiding the rapid destruction of even the heaviest steel rails by the badly-balanced iron monsters, called locomotives, that now thunder over them smashing and being smashed in return.

Mr. Fairlie places his locomotive on two or more bogie-trucks, thus dividing the weight by giving it an extended bearing on the line, and facilitating at the same time the passage of very sharp curves. Each bogie has its wheels coupled, and is driven by its own pair of cylinders, and thus eight, twelve, or even more driving-wheels give an unprecedented amount of adhesion, and this permits a corresponding reduction in the weight of the engine. The narrow-gauge has been adopted in India, Russia and Canada. Two feet would be sufficient for such roads as Carrizal or Chañaral; for ores only, where but few passengers are carried. The first cost of a line of two foot gauge would be less than half, perhaps hardly over one-third, of one of the usual English gauge of 4ft. 8½in. But it is not only the first cost that would be less; the working expenses might be curtailed in the same proportion, though the principal saving would be in the maintenance of the permanent way, that cormorant of dividends. A narrow-gauge pre-supposes a light and inexpensive rolling stock; and more than doubles the proportion between paying freight and dead weight in favor of the former. Under a well-balanced engine on two or three bogie-trucks, fifty pound rails are fully equal to hundred-pound rails under an ordinary locomotive, and the absence of shocks gives to both engine and rails twice the usual length of life. A 40-ton engine, with two pair of driving wheels, has rather less adhesion to the rails than a 20-ton locomotive on two bogie frames, with its four pair of driving-wheels. The twenty tons of dead weight, or non-paying freight, thus saved, are as nothing compared to the increased duration of the rails. As the effect of a 40-ton steam hammer or pile driver is to the effect of a 20-ton steam hammer, with half its lift, so is the effect of a 40-ton badly-balanced thunderer to that of a smooth-running bogie-engine.

For branch lines, eighteen inches would be quite sufficient gauge, if for steam power; and twelve inches, if for horse power. Very little levelling would be required for such lines, which could be carried round our steepest hills with any kind of curves; or over

them, by a zig-zag path, as at present is done on the Carrizal line. The speed would have to be in direct proportion to the gauge—from 70 miles per hour for a seven foot, to ten miles per hour for a one foot, gauge.

SENEX.

Vallenar, Aug. 6, 1871.

The stock of Gold in the Bank of England never before stood so high as on May 24th—£24,547,709. The Bank had sufficient gold to pay every note it had issued, and £93,932 over!

Coal, of a quality something like Cannel, has been found on the Isthmus of Panama, about 35 miles from Aspinwall; said to be superior to Cumberland Coal. English vessels in Japanese seas are now supplied with coals of good quality from Takasima.

It is stated in New York that of the Bar Iron imported into the States, in 1870, forty-five per cent. came from Great Britain.

Messrs. W. Hallum and Co., of Swansea, have succeeded in rolling a 55 inch sheet of Iron, weighing only 20 grains, taking 4,800 such to make an inch in thickness!

Tramways are to be laid in Calcutta. The damage to French Railways by the war is estimated at £3,000,000 sterling.

The Russian Minister is reported to be about to grant a concession for the construction of a Railway from Wilna to Khermatoff, a length of 1000 versts.

In the first five months of 1870, Germany imported 654,720 tons of English coal, and France took 1,021,518 tons. In the first five months of this year Germany imported 648,267 tons, and France only 716,110 tons.

Analyses of Commercial Zinc (Spelter) from New Jersey appear to show constantly a purity of 2% over Silesian; the Silesian containing nearly the difference in lead and iron.

THE GREAT WHICHONE TRIAL.—The plaintiff's cross-examination was continued. The Solicitor-General: When you were in Waggy-Baggy did you suffer from corns? I don't remember.—Did you not at that time wear tight boots? Not if I could help it.—Be good enough to answer my question. Did you not wear a tight boot, upon your oath? No, but I wore one on my left foot.—Did you not wear it on your right foot? I never wore my left boot on my right foot.—You are trying to be facetious, but I shall bring these boots home to you directly. You may bring home as many pairs as you like, if you will leave them without the money.—You mean that for wit? Yes, "wit and wear."—I'll try and bring these particular boots back to your recollection. I've got a pair on I should like to make you acquainted with.—How dare you say such a thing to my face? I was wrong. I ought to have waited till your back was turned.—The Chief Justice: Shut up, both of you, and let's get on with the case.—Examination resumed: On your oath, now, you never had a corn in Waggy-Baggy? Never.—Would you be surprised to hear that Toger Whichone suffered from corns in Waggy-Baggy? No, I shouldn't, if he wore tight boots; but I have 300 witnesses to prove he didn't.—One of the Jurors: Are we going to hear them all? The Claimant: Every man Jack.—The Chief Justice: This is awful; let's adjourn and have a pipe. The court adjourned accordingly.—*Judy.*

TWO DAYS AT KILLARNEY.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Killarney, after eight hours' tedious ride by railway from Dublin. The day had been cold and blustery, and to arrive at the Victoria Hotel, and be ushered into a neatly furnished parlor, with a cheerful, glowing fire, made our hearts warm with the profoundest friendship for all Ireland; and when, a half-hour later, we were shown into a pleasant little supper-room, where a most inviting repast awaited us, we felt that we loved all Ireland, and bowed our heads most reverently over the steaming viands.

We had been so long in densely populated cities, visiting old castles, churches, haunted places, and ruins; prison cells and dungeons; handling implements of torture, and standing upon the very spots of execution, that we felt almost as though we, ourselves, were haunted; and like Dante, we could hear, in the very atmosphere we breathed, the wailings, sighings, and groans of the executed victims, criminal and innocent.

It was, indeed, refreshing to be once more in a place where we could admire God's handiwork in Nature, and breathe the fresh, cool air of heaven far away from human habitation, and hear the rushing of sporting waters, unfettered and flowing in careless glee wherever their fancy guides.

The sun rose gloriously the next morning. From our windows we had a fine view of the Lower Lake and surrounding country. The wild, romantic scenery, the uninhabited mountains and hills, reminded us more of our own wild Western home than any place we had visited in our wanderings: all the peasants of the surrounding country, for miles, were assembled to do their marketing—the day being Saturday. The poor have hand-carts or baskets; those more favored by fortune have donkey or pony carts. In these carts are meats, poultry, vegetables, cheese, smuggled whisky, laces, bog-wood, jewelry, hosiery, drygoods, and every conceivable article of use. All the worldly goods belonging to each family are hauled out into the square, and every inducement offered to purchasers. The village proper is simply row after row of huts or hovels, with only dirt floors, inhabited by the peasantry. While watching the novel modes of traffic, exchanges, and bargainings, our attention was particularly attracted by a man about sixty years old. He had a bombastic manner, quite a propos to the owner of a glossy, black pony, and a bright, yellow cart, with red wheels. While he was making a fine bargain with a friend, a little girl, about eight years old, jumped upon his cart, and began pulling out the hair of his pony's tail, without the slightest regard for Master Pony's feelings. He, however, thinking that rather unwarranted treatment, showed his resentment by kicking most desperately. The old cart seemed in danger, when the owner, seeing what was the matter, grabbed his stick, and started after the offending child, saying, "Bad luck to ye, ye young villain, ye." It was of no use, for the old fellow was not active enough for the young girl, who ran away, merrily laughing, evidently anticipating the result of her mischief. After awhile, when the old man was again much interested, and just about to make a most unheard-of bargain, the girl crept slyly back behind the other cart to get another grab at pony's tail; and so quick were her movements the old man saw nothing till the girl was upon the wagon and poor pony had lost another handful of his black, shining tail. He winced, but did not kick, until a second handful of long, flowing hair was ruthlessly torn from its resting-place. Then slam-bang went the old wagon, and out thundered the old man, "Stiffen to ye, ye bowld beggar ye!" But the girl was gone, and disappointed and disconcerted, the old fellow pulled down his yellow waistcoat, slapped his old plug hat tighter on his head, and twisting his stick around his fingers, muttered, "Begorra, if I only had that yingster!"

I said to a smart-looking woman near me, "What is that child pulling the hair from that pony's tail for?" She replied: "It's a Kerry pony, ma'am, and she's gettin' the hair to make chains, ma'am; and please, yer ladyship, here's a very fine one. My own darter made it, ma'am. It's as fine a one as ye'll find at all. Help a poor, lone woman with ten small children, and old father and sick mother, and blind sister, ma'am, and may God's blessin' go wid ye."

I took out my purse, and was just about to hand the woman five shillings—the price of the chain—when her neighbor, a rosy matron of about five-and-thirty years, turned, and seeing me about to make the purchase, said: "Away wid ye, Peggy Flinn! Have ye no shame that ye would ax a foine lady five shillings for a chain? Sure, and the man ye belong to works every day; what nade have ye to chate a foine lady a sixpence?"

Turning to me, she said: "It's a poor craythur such as me, ma'am, that has no husband—God help us!—these nine years to think of the childer; only these two poor hands to gather for them and ourselves the scraps of the earth—that would not chate a foine lady like yerself. Here's as foine a chain as ye'll find in all Killarney, and only four-and-sixpence, ma'am and the grace of our Holy Mother rest upon ye."

The first woman, indignant at her neighbor's interference, cried out, "Ye haven't a hap'peth of perillence, Biddy Sullivan." Then to me, "If that craythur there, pointing to Biddy, 'can sell ye a chain for four-and-sixpence, so can I; but it's too reasonable entirely. Sure, ma'am, it would deck the Queen, and all for four-and-sixpence."

I bought both chains in self-defence, and proceeding further, with the same inducements, I bought some Limerick lace and other small articles, with the blessings of God, the Holy Mother, and all the saints. Thus laden, I returned to the hotel to prepare for a ride around the lakes. Although we had a fine view of the Lower Lake from the hotel, it was meagre in comparison to that from Ross Island. This island is the largest in the Lower Lake. It, together with the castle and neighboring grounds, belongs to Lord Kenmare. It is connected with the mainland by a bridge, near the landing of which, and immediately under the castle, is a famous echo called "Paddy Blake." In common politeness we must speak to Paddy before entering the castle. It is said, on being asked, "How do ye do, Paddy Blake?" the immediate answer is, "Pretty well, I thank ye." As to the veracity of this statement, visitors must judge for themselves.

The castle was built by a chieftain of the great family of O'Donoghue. The peasants tell numerous legends of him, and at every point one sees objects of interest named after him. Our guide pointed to a window through which, he seriously said, the great chieftain leaped when he left this earth, and took up his permanent abode in the bottom of the lake, where he is still living in perfect happiness, and will continue through all eternity. Every May morning he can be seen gliding over the lake, dressed in glittering armor, with a helmet of diamonds and waving white plumes, mounted on a foaming steed, and followed by a long procession of nymphs, who scatter flowers and chant sweet, melodious music.

The Lower Lake is five miles long and two

and a half wide—being much larger than the Upper and Middle Lakes. Its principal feature is the number of islands. There are upward of thirty, the largest of which, like the surrounding shores, are covered with majestic ash-trees, elms, hollies, and arbutus, while many are mere clumps of black rocks. On this lake, like the Swiss lakes, in winter terrific storms arise, suddenly changing the peaceful waters into raging, snow-capped billows. Far beyond the lakes rise the Toonies, Torc, Glenna, and Mangerton Mountains, casting a dark shadow over the lakes. These mountains have at their base dense foliage, but the summits are bare, or covered with heath. The Torc Mountain is eighteen hundred feet high, and being the highest point, is the general landmark and chief feature of the surrounding country. Its sides are very precipitous, being apparently perpendicular rocks. Its summit is called the Eagle's Nest, from the fact that for centuries the eagles have built their nests there unmolested.

Our guide told us a very interesting story of the Eagle's Nest, which is so well worded by a modern writer, I can not resist giving it *verbatim*: "There was a vagabone soger who says, says he, 'I'll go bail I'll rob that eagle's nest,' says he. 'May be you will, and may be you won't,' says the eagle; and wid that she perturbed to fly off by herself. So the soger, when he sees that, let himself down by a long rope he nosed wid him, and 'I have ye now by your sharp noses, every nother's son of ye,' says he. When all of a sudden out comes the old eagle from a thunder-cloud, and says very civilly, says she, 'Good-morrow, sir,' says she, 'and what brings you out to visit my fine family so airy, before they have had their breakfast,' says she. 'Oh, nothing at all,' says the soger, who you see was frightened 'only to ax after their health, ma'am,' says he. 'and if e'er a one of 'em had the toothache, for which I've a rrimily I brought wid me in my pocket from furren parts.' 'Ye brought some blamey in the other pocket, then,' says the eagle. 'for don't I know ye came to stale me childer! 'Honor bright,' says the soger, 'do ye think I'd be doing such a mane thing? 'I'll lave it to a neighbor of mine whether ye did or no,' said the eagle. So with that she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the eagle's nest? In course the echo made answer, 'To rob the eagle's nest.' 'Hear that now, ye thieving blaoguard!' says the eagle, 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a stroke wid her beak between the two eyes that sent him rowling into the lake; and 'I'll go bail none of his progenitors ever went to rob an eagle's nest after that day.'

Between the Torc and the neighboring mountain, the Mangerton, flows a noble stream that has its source in the Devil's Punch-Bowl, on the summit of the Mangerton. There is here a Devil's Punch-Bowl—which, by the way, is a liberal-sized one—a Devil's Island, Devil's Heart, and a Black Valley; and I heard the driver tell the guide that Fat somebody was the "Devil's own." I conclude from that, the devil has possession in other places besides his *cajon* at the Geysers and his gates at Washoe; and I have no doubt his own are as scattered upon the face of the earth as the Lord's chosen people of Israel.

"Seeing as how the young lady is so fond of stories," said the guide, "I'll tell ye of the lady's leap from Glenna, there."

"Do," I said; "I am very fond of legends."

"Legends, ma'am," said he; "that's no legend; that is as thrue as the heavens above us. That is, every body knows, after the lady made the leap, she was never seen any more on earth."

Then he told us of the fairest daughter of Kerry, who lived in a castle on the Glenna, which, like many fine places of ancient grandeur and romantic interest among the hills and glens of Ireland, is not there now. This lady was not only the fairest of Kerry's daughters, but the purest, best, noblest, and most generous. Being the last of an ancient and noble race, her father, who worshipped his lovely child, asked her to choose from the princes and nobles a husband, to be father to his race when he was no more. She listened, silently weeping, and shook her head. The father, caring only for his child's happiness, did not ask her again. The priests and nuns said, "That pearl of loveliness, and lily of purity, will be one of us, sometime: the vanities of the world have no charms for her." But Una, one of the lady's maids, shook her head, but uttered not a word; she felt she knew her lady better. She thought there was some hidden mystery in her lady's fascination for the lake, for at all times she would be out upon the waters. Sometimes early, before the sun changed the leaden hues of gray morning into rosiest tinges, or the mist rose from the lake; then, again, when the sun was high in the heavens, and all Nature thrilled with life. At evening, too, the lady was gliding over the deep, lonely waters, and watching, till the stars peeped out in the heavens, and the pale moon rose, cold and melancholy. Not until the stars grew dim, and the moon sank behind the distant mountains, and the day began to dawn, would the lady retire to her castle on the mountain.

One evening, she said, "Una, retire to rest with your companions: I will watch the stars alone to-night, and need not keep you from your rest."

"As your ladyship wishes," said Una, retiring, but not to rest. She could not sleep. "It is strange," thought she, "that my lady sends me away to-night, who never left her side before. I will watch. But—what do I see? Her ladyship going to the lake? I will follow gently, to see that no ill betides her." As she reached the margin of the lake, she hid herself behind an arbutus. Soon she heard the roaring and rushing, as of foaming waters, and lo! a Knight arose from the lake, mounted on a noble steed. He was crowned with a blaze of light, that looked like one immense diamond; his armor was woven together with all colors of precious stones, and the snowy plumes of his helmet waved to and fro in the morning breeze. As the Knight came up to the shore, the branches of every tree around bowed till they touched the ground. Una heard the Knight praise her lady's beauty, and talk in tender tones, and say: "If thou dost love me, and thou seest none other that suits thy fancy better, meet me here in seven years. In the meantime, on every May morning, at this same hour, and this same place, do thou meet me; and if in seven years they love prove true, I will make thee my bride, and thou shalt reign eternally in my water-girt palace, under the lake."

Every May morning, for six years, the lady went down to the shore, to meet her princely lover; and as the seventh year rapidly approached, Una wept and entreated her lady to release her strange Knight, for the sake of her old, gray-headed father. But no persuasion could change her strange love; and when the seventh May morning arrived, she said to Una: "Comfort my aged father, when I am gone, and be thou a child to the childless old man in my stead. Give my jewels and clothes to the poor. I go as you see me. This white robe is my bridal robe, and this wreath of waterlilies my crown." Radiant in beauty, and joyful to meet her lover, she went out ere the day dawned, when the stars still shone in the heavens.

Waiting in the lake, near the shore, was the

Lake-King, mounted upon his steed, resting on the smooth waters, and quietly awaiting his bride. The snowy plumes of his helmet fluttered in the morning air, as he stood in his stirrups to receive her. At the same time, enchanting music filled the air. The lady of his love, the flower of Kerry, stood an instant on the brink of Glenna, waving a last adieu to the home of her childhood, then leaped into her waiting lover's arms.

Before the guide's story was finished, we arrived at O'Sullivan's Cascade. We entered the troto, which is a cave in a projecting rock gracefully covered with vines, and surrounded by varied and beautiful foliage. While resting and enjoying the picturesque scenery, three women came down from the mountain to sell goat's milk, saying, if the "gentleman" wished they would put in a few drops of mountain-devil whisky. These peasants are prohibited from distilling and selling whisky—it being a criminal offence—but some of them are so cunning and quick-witted that they carry on quite an extensive business without detection.

As we were approaching the old Muckross Abbey, our guide told us there was a funera here, and perhaps the young lady would rather not go in just then. On the contrary, the young lady was all the more anxious to go. Although the burying-ground of Muckross is quite extensive, it has been filled a great many times formerly they buried their dead within a few feet of the surface, and even a few inches sometimes; and from the fact that old ossuaries had to be exhumed to make room for new ones, and the contents being thrown around indiscriminately, the place became almost pestifential. Years ago, Colonel Herbert had this refuse removed; and, although wild and overgrown with rank weeds, nothing disgusting now meets the eye. The entire grave-yard seemed filled with peasants. Men dressed in all sorts of comical costumes; women all wearing long cloaks with hoods, and children crouching by their sides. The men seemed little concerned about the funeral; they were standing, sullenly looking around, or staring vacantly into the open grave, or talking with their comrades. The women—most of whom had their hoods thrown back and their rosaries in their hands, were kneeling in the wet grass, or on the low, flat slabs, clasping their rosaries, and raising their hands to their chins, their eyes uplifted, and swaying their bodies backward and forward—were all joining in that wonderful Irish funeral wail, which is something indescribable, but never to be forgotten. It impresses one as being almost as barbarous as the war-whoops and cries of Indians around their funeral pyres. It reminds one of winter winds wailing among lofty trees in low, deep murmurs, and gradually rising higher and louder, until it becomes a shrill cry, then running down the gamut in murmurs, deep and despairing. It is such a melancholy linge, it makes a shudder pass through the human frame, for very fear of something, one knows not what. There was no priest at the grave, and the guide told us they seldom went with the peasantry to their burials. While neighbors were digging the grave, the mourners continued wailing. When the grave was completed, and the coffin about to be lowered, two or three women, standing near, took hold of it so desperately it was impossible, for a few seconds, to let it down into the open grave. A little in the rear of the crowd stood an old man. He was quiet gray, and very wrinkled. As he stood quietly looking on at what passed before him, he would every few seconds raise his arm, and wipe away the unbidden tears with his coat-sleeve. Grief had stirred up his bitter fount, and was welling over in the old man's heart. Perhaps he was thinking that ere long his old and feeble frame would be consigned to mother earth. "The young may die, the old must."

As the first shovelful of earth rattled upon the hollow-sounding coffin, a wild shriek, shrill and piercing, went up from the crowd of women. A few seconds more, and the greedy grave was filled—the beloved was at rest. The concourse of people soon dispersed, some to go to their homes, and others, the younger ones, to clamber over the old abbey. I asked an aged peasant near, to break me some branches of the famous yewtree that grows in the court-yard, and completely fills up the square opening between the walls. He looked at me a second, then politely said: "Sure, I'd do any thing to please yer ladyship, but would not break the ovid yewtree, ma'am. It's sartin death, within a twelvemonth, to him as breaks its branches." I broke the branches myself, and the old man looked on, sorrowfully shaking his head. He said, "God help ye, ma'am; but there's a world of bad luck in that."

The abbey was founded for Franciscan friars in 1440, at which time this immense yewtree is supposed to have been planted. The abbey is situated upon one of the most lovely sites around the lake, and is so completely overgrown with ivy, one can not discern the gray stones at all a short distance off—which makes a most charming and romantic effect. Hard by we took a small boat and rowed over to Innisfallen, an island next to Ross, the largest in size, and by far the most charming and interesting of all. It is densely covered with varied and magnificent foliage. Twelve centuries ago a castle was built here, the ruins of which still remain. Here was written, by two monks, the famous early history of Ireland, called the "Annals of Innisfallen."

Many years ago, an Englishman and an Irishman were sent to plough up the old abbey graveyard, and pile up the debris. They worked well one day, although it was doubtless very unpleasant business for sensitive nerves. The next morning they were rowing over toward the island, just at the dawn of day, when a heavy mist still rested over the lake. As they were approaching the island, they saw a long procession of white-robed objects leave the shore of Innisfallen, pass over the lake, out of sight, and soon a long line of smaller white objects. They turned their boat quickly, and rowed for the main-land, and not all the estate of Innisfallen could have brought them to return to their work.

Innisfallen contains about twenty acres of fertile land, varied by gently sloping hills, vales, rivulets, and miniature harbors. There is a wonderful holly-tree here, from the root of which shoots forth an ash, a hawthorn, and an ivy, having the appearance of being the product of one root. As we rowed over to Denis Island, we had a fine view of the ivy-covered weir-bridge, between the two arches of which the waters of the Upper and Middle lakes flow into the Lower. So large is the volume of water, and so swift its course, it forms quite extensive rapids. Passing a pretty, rustic bridge, we were soon on our way back to Killarney. We passed through the extensive and finely kept grounds of the Herbert estate, of which the homes of the tenantry form quite a pretty little village of brick cottages, each having a nicely cultivated garden around it. They are neat and thrifty, and have the appearance of real comfort.

The weather was very doubtful the next morning—the sun shining at one minute, and at another dark clouds enveloping the heavens, and great raindrops falling. To an anxious traveller a slight rain-storm will not interfere with a day's pleasure, especially if he is accustomed to travelling in Great Britain. At nine o'clock we took a carriage and rode to the Castle of Dunloe; then across the Pass of Dunloe, and up through the gap of Dunloe, which is nine miles from Killarney. The country we passed was principally oak bog-land. The surface had been taken off from two to three feet deep, and dried in the sun, in the shape of bricks, becoming the farmers' "peat." When approaching a village where this substance is principally used for fuel, a most unpleasant odor is perceptible, from the burning of decomposed vegetable matter. Occasionally we passed a cottage and cultivated spot, but the peasants of the lower part of Ireland mostly live in great poverty, devoid of the ordinary comforts of life. The children earn money as guides to strangers, or by selling goat's milk, or *souvenirs*. The middle-aged work just as they can get labor, and do whatever presents, without any thought of to-morrow. In old age the men and women look after the small children, drink whisky, smoke their pipes, and tell legends and ghost-stories.

As we approached the Pass of Dunloe, the country became hilly and rocky. About a mile within the Gap, we were obliged to leave our carriage, and mount Kerry ponies, which were in readiness for us. The entire length of the gap is four miles, the upper portion being narrow and precipitous. It is walled in, on one side by the Toonies, and on the other by the Purple Mountains. It is a barren, desolate region, enlightened only by the little stream that flows through it, dashing over the rocks. Occasionally one sees a dilapidated cottage, but its general appearance is as barren as the Valley of Chamounix. On the side of the Purple Mountains is a cottage, which was pointed out as the cottage of the "Colleen Bawn," or rather, of Phil. Naughten and his wife, "Fighting Poll of the Reefs," as she was called, who lived there when Danny Mann took the luckless Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, of Garrywood, to stay with his old hag of a sister, Poll. Here the proud Harbress-Cregan visited his beautiful peasant-bride. From here, too, the hunchback, Danny Mann, took his sweet, unsuspecting Eily—to go home, as she thought, to her old father, Michael O'Connor—but left her lifeless in the lake; and days after, her corpse was washed upon the shore of Dunday Bay. A few months after, on the eve of Harbress-Cregan's marriage with his accomplished and wealthy cousin, Anne Chute, he was arrested, on the testimony of Danny Mann. Conscience-stricken, and outraged at Harbress' cruel treatment, after his servile obedience to his will, Danny Mann delivered himself up to justice, as the murderer of Eily O'Connor—or rather, Eily Cregan—instigated by Harbress Cregan, she being an obstacle to his marriage with Anne Chute. Harbress was transported for life, but died before he reached his exile home. Myles Murphy—or Myles Na-Coppaleen, as he was nicknamed—did not, as the play says, rescue the unhappy Eily from drowning. Only the black heavens, that rained in torrents, the mad thunder, and flashing lightning, witnessed the deed, and heard the pitiful cries of the innocent victim.

The Gap of Dunloe is noted for its wonderful echoes. In order to display them to advantage, a small cannon was loaded and fired. The report was not much louder than that of an ordinary gun; but scarcely had the shot been fired, when the mountains sent back a peal like the roaring of distant thunder, then came echoes fainter and still fainter from reef, crag, vale, and mountain, and we thought the sound was lost; when suddenly we heard peal upon peal, and thunder upon thunder, as if all the artillery of heaven was opened upon us, or that the forbidding black mountains were the abode of evil geni. As we entered the Black Valley, which is still more isolated and bleak than the Gap, we were strangely impressed by the wonderful contrast between the quiet, poetical pictures of the lakes, and this gorge, lined and completely overshadowed by dark, rocky mountains. In its desolation, it is the perfection of wild loneliness. The stream we were following up through the Gap has its source at the head of the Black Valley; and it rushes, foaming and roaring, over the rocks, as if glad to get away to more delightful regions. We found a boat awaiting us at the shore of the Upper Lake, by which we were to return to Killarney—passing over the three lakes. As we were gliding over the deep-blue waters, our guide entertained us with a history of the lakes, which is in accordance with the numerous legendary stories attached to every point of interest surrounding them. He told us that, were the Lakes of Killarney at present, was formerly the village of Killarney, in which lived a beautiful maiden. She was obliged to ascend the Torc Mountain every morning and every evening for water. There was a well of most delicious water near the summit, that was the gift of a fairy, who, when she gave it, left a stone to cover it, and said, if by any mischance it should be left uncovered, woe would betide the village. One evening the maid had ascended the mountain as usual, filled her pail, and was returning home when she encountered a Knight, who said: "Can you tell me, fair maid, the distance to Killarney?" "It is ten miles, yer Lordship," said the maid. "Ten miles—and it is already quite dark," soliloquized the Knight. "How is the road, my fair one?" "The road," said the maid, "is over the mountains and hard to find by night, and most dangerous to strangers."

"Then, can you tell me, my fairy," said the Knight, "where I might remain overnight, to refresh myself and my weary horse?" "If you will go with me," said the maid, "and yer Lordship can be comfortable in so lowly a place, ye will be welcome at my father's cottage."

The Knight went down to the cottage with the maid, and partook of the humble, but cheerful hospitalities of the old peasant. The next morning it was late when the Knight awoke. A nice breakfast awaited him, served by the lovely maiden. When he arose from the table the sun was high in the heavens, and he accepted an invitation to remain until the afternoon, when the sun would be declining. After a hearty dinner, a little past noon, he did not feel disposed to travel, and waited until the sun was so low, his host said he could not possibly start until he had supper. After supper, of course, it was too late, and he was obliged to remain until the next day—which passed just as the first. The sweet smiles of the maid had completely charmed him, and he felt happy in watching her, as she attended to her duties in the neat little cottage, and waited upon her aged father and himself with unvarying grace and untiring patience. The third day he said nothing of his journey; but, at noon, went out with the old father and helped to stack up the hay. That night, as the maid took her pail to ascend the mountain, he said:

"Sweet girl, you are too frail and beautiful to carry water from the mountain. I will go with you, and help you in your labor."

Slowly they ascended the mountain, talking of the moon, and stars, and then of love—and the maid was awed by the courtly attentions of her strange lover, and he was charmed with the maidenly purity and innocence of the girl.

They reached the well, filled their bucket, and were near the bottom of the mountain, when they heard the rushing of waters. The maid, alarmed, cried: "The well! the well! We have forgotten to cover the well. All will be lost."

Hastening to the village, to warn the people—for the maid knew the fairy's threat—she found it was too late. The village was soon enveloped in a flood, and most of the inhabitants perished, among whom were the Knight and the maid.

O'Donoghue, the proprietor, was a miserly old fellow, who kept his gold in a huge chest, and a fierce dog, named Branny, to guard it. On this occasion, he had said: "Branny, dog, stay there and watch the gold till I come back"—and away he went to the distant hills, but the flood overtook him and he was drowned.

The well on the Torc Mountain still overflows, and rushes down into the lake; and is to this day called the Torc Water-fall. The dog still guards the chest of gold at the bottom of the lake, and awaits the coming of his master.

A MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream" for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real! life is earnest! single-blessedness a fib; "Man thou art, to man returnest!" has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way, but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay, still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb-drawn cattle!—be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, however pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead! act—act to the living Present! heart within and hope a-head! Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell." Such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport, a forlorn unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

GERMAN KILLED AND WOUNDED.—The following is the detailed account of the losses of the German army in the last war:—

I.—OFFICERS.

	Dead.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
N. G. Confederation.....	918	2,971	30	3,920
Bavaria.....	156	564	—	720
Württemberg.....	25	64	—	89
Saxen.....	22	132	—	151
Hesse.....	44	63	—	107
	1,165	3,795	30	4,990

II.—NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

	Dead.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
N. G. Confederation.....	14,839	71,792	5,902	92,533
Bavaria.....	1,524	10,217	—	11,741
Württemberg.....	664	1,688	—	2,362
Saxen.....	424	2,573	263	3,260
Hesse.....	981	1,467	—	2,448
	18,131	87,742	6,165	112,038

THE 1,000TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF ASHDOWN.—The members of the Newbury District Field Club celebrated the 1,000th anniversary of Alfred's famous victory over the Danes, by making an excursion to the White Horse Hill, and other interesting places in the neighbourhood. After a day spent in pleasure and profit, the party dined in Ashdown Park (Lord Craven's seat) in the evening, when the president (the Rev. John Adams) read a paper received from Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., on "Berkshire, A.D. 871." It was of a very interesting character, and treated of the events leading to the battle of Æscdesun, or Ashdown.

A COBSCREW WAGER.—There is an old anecdote of "Jenny Twitcher," the celebrated Earl of Sandwich, that he once laid a heavy wager that he would invite to dinner six parsons, and that each of them should have a corkscrew in his pocket. The wager was accepted; the parsons were invited, and duly came; and after dinner my Lord produced a choice bottle of rare wine, which he was desirous to decant. "Has any gentleman a corkscrew?" he inquired. Instantly the six parsons produced each a corkscrew, and "Jenny Twitcher" won his wager.

The Royal Commission on Coal seem to think that Great Britain has coal enough to last 1,000 years. A good deal of this, we expect, is under the sea, near the county of Durham.

Pretty teacher: "Now, Susie Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" Susie: "Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry the new parson 'twill be a murrace!"

A Scotchman's definition of metaphysics: "when the folks wha listen dinna ken the meaning o' what they hear, and when the mon who speaks dinna ken what he means his ain self—that's metaphisicks."

"Well, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Jones, "if I'm anything, I'm a Unitarian; what religion are you?" "I ain't quite sartin what they call it, but my old man says he's a vegetarian."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

"Mr. Smith," said a lawyer to his landlord "if a man were to give you \$500 to keep for him, and he died, what would you do? would you pray for him?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I'd pray for another like him."

Says the Psalmist: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet." A negro preacher read it "hen's feet," and proceeded to say, "dat a hen in the hen-roost, when it falls asleep, tightens its grip so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my bredren, holds on to the rock."

The Independent has no very good opinion of the current Sunday-school literature. It says: "Three parts religion to ninety-seven parts swash makes a first rate Sunday-school book, and you can put the imprint of a religious society or a pious publisher on it, and feel that you have done everything according to the Law and the Profits."

A lawyer, notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked a man on the stand in a case of assault and battery what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened. He answered, "Just four feet, five inches and a half."

"How came you to be so very exact?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

The Boston Journal of Chemistry gives the following recipe for saving shoe-soles: "Melt together tallow and common resin in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter, and apply the preparation, hot, to the soles of the boots or shoes—as much of it as the leather will absorb. One farmer declares that this little recipe alone has been worth more than the cost of five years' subscription to the newspaper publishing it."

EXTRACTION OF GELATINE.

EXTRACTION OF GELATINE.—This is a common method of preparing gelatin from animal skins. It involves the use of hydrochloric acid to break down the collagen fibers, followed by filtration and evaporation to yield a clear gelatin solution.

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EXTRACTING COPPER FROM ORE.—T. Gibb & Co. Gelshar, Jarow-upon-Tyne, in the process, which is well known and much practised, ores containing copper and sulphur are calcined with common salt, and the chloride of copper thus formed extracted by lixiviation with water and hydrochloric acid, or the acid solutions obtained in condensing by means of water the gases arising from the mixture of ore and salt under calcination. The solutions so obtained are digested on iron, in order to precipitate the copper contained therein. Sulphide of sodium instead of iron is used to precipitate copper from solutions obtained, and the residual solutions, which contain common salt and sulphate of soda, are then evaporated so as to separate those salts. The common salt is returned to the calcining furnace to be mixed with fresh ore for calcination, and the sulphate of soda is mixed with coal or coke and heated in a furnace for the production of sulphide of sodium, which is used to decompose a further quantity of chloride of copper in solution, thus reproducing common salt, which latter is separated from the solution and used in calcination.

A man who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

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In Powder, the only one WITHOUT SMELL ever offered to the Public.

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In 1lb. Packages, 2 1/2lb. Tins, with perforated tops, 6lb. Tins, 7lb. Bags, 14lb. Bags, 28lb. Bags, 56lb. Bags, 112lb. Bags, Wholesale and for Exportation.

THIS DISINFECTANT is not only unsurpassed for efficacy, but possesses the additional and highly important recommendations of being the safest and cheapest ever discovered; and being supplied in the form of a dry, harmless, and thoroughly INODOROUS powder, renders it applicable in numerous instances where a corrosive liquid could not be used.

PURPOSES AND DIRECTIONS FOR USE.
To Purify Sick Rooms, Hospital Wards, and all Crowded Places.—Sprinkle a solution of one part of Disinfectant to fifty of water over the floor, and over the walls when practicable. A small quantity of the powder should be sprinkled in close stools and bed pans.
To Purify Pass Wards or Rooms, in cases of Death from Infectious Diseases, and to prevent Effluvia from a Dead Body.—When a person dies of any infectious disease, the body should be sponged and the floor well sprinkled with a dilute solution.
For Foot and Mouth Disease, etc.—Apply the solution to the legs, face, and mouth; but it must not be given internally except in a very weak solution.
To Purify Ships' Holds.—For every 100 tons measurement put 5 lbs. of Disinfectant in the bilges, and after allowing it to remain 24 hours, pump the ship dry, repeating the operation when requisite.
To Purify Water Closets and Urinals.—A small quantity of the powder sprinkled in the pan of the Water Closets and Urinals, two or three times a day, will keep them perfectly free from smell, and will obviate the necessity of using much water.
To Purify Stables, Larders, Davies, Dog Kennels, Ashpits, Open Privies, Drains, etc.—Sprinkle the floors and wash the Mangers, Shelves, and all the Woodwork with the solution. For Drains, Cesspools, Ashpits, and Open Privies, use a strong solution freely, after which the noxious matter can be removed without nuisance.

REPORT OF AN EXAMINATION OF MUDIE'S DISINFECTANT.
This material, like Chloride of Zinc, absorbs ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen, the two chief products of the decomposition of animal matter. It is also a powerful antiseptic, and is therefore well suited for the disinfection of such matters as nightsoil, urine, sewage, and stable manure. It may be used, in fact, wherever organic matters are decomposing and evolving offensive smells.

H. LETHEBY, M.B., M.A.,
Professor of Chemistry in the College of the London Hospital, and Medical Officer of Health for the City of London
REPORT OF WILLIAM CROOKES, Esq., F.R.S.

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A substance containing one of the ingredients of this material has been employed in France for the purification of slaughter-houses, ditches, and all places where noxious emanations arise; and was used when the cholera visited Marseilles with very satisfactory results. This Disinfectant has many valuable properties of its own, and the form in which it is supplied—that of a dry, harmless, inodorous powder—renders it applicable in numerous instances where a corrosive liquid could not be employed.

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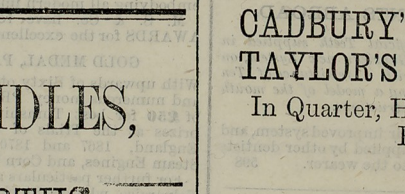
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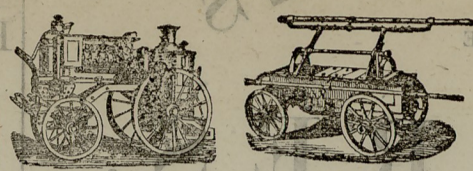
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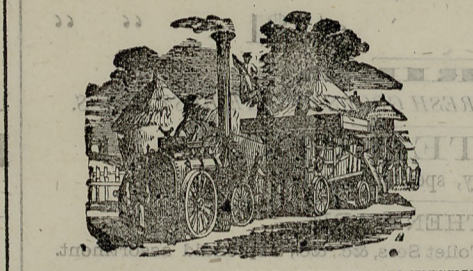
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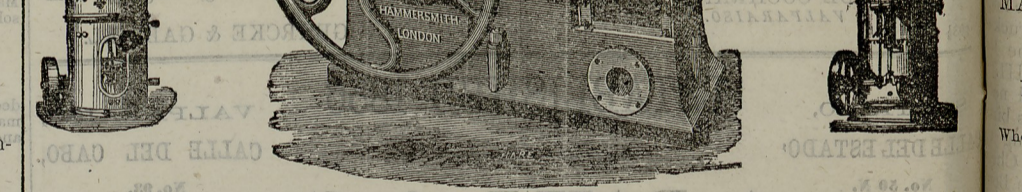
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