The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

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MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 11h. 27m. even., S.
Last Quarter, 13th day, 6h. 7m. even., N.
New Moon, 20th day, 11h. 48m. even., N.
First Quarter, 29th day, 2h. 32m., morn., N. W.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon S.	High Water	Day's length
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Wed	6 43	5 43	12 36	2 6	5 45	10 59
2	Thur	41	45	12 24	3 59	6 42	11 2
3	Frid	39	46	12 11	4 48	7 42	5
4	Sat	37	48	11 58	5 31	8 42	9
5	Sun	36	49	11 44	6 8	9 37	10 12
6	Mon	34	50	11 30	rise	10 27	15
7	Tues	32	51	11 16	6 37	11 15	18
8	Wed	31	52	11 1	7 52	11 57	21
9	Thur	30	53	10 46	9 9	ven	23
10	Frid	28	54	10 30	10 22	1 23	26
11	Sat	26	55	10 14	1 39	2 7	29
12	Sun	25	57	0 58	Morn	2 54	11 34
13	Mon	19	58	9 42	0 52	3 49	39
14	Tues	17	59	9 25	2 4	4 48	42
15	Wed	15	6 1	9 8	3 6	5 57	46
16	Thur	14	2	8 51	4 2	7 8	48
17	Frid	13	3	8 33	4 50	8 16	50
18	Sat	11	4	8 15	5 18	9 18	53
19	Sun	9	5	7 58	5 51	10 8	1156
20	Mon	9	5	7 40	sets	10 55	59
21	Tues	5	7	7 22	6 51	11 34	12 2
22	Wed	3	8	7 4	7 53	Morn	5
23	Thur	1	9	6 46	8 55	0 10	8
24	Frid	5 59	11	6 28	9 49	0 47	11
25	Sat	58	12	6 9	11 1	1 25	14
26	Sun	56	13	5 51	11 59	2 4	1217
27	Mon	54	15	5 32	Morn	2 43	21
28	Tues	52	16	5 14	0 57	3 26	24
29	Wed	60	17	4 55	1 52	4 13	27
30	Thur	48	19	4 37	2 42	5 8	31
31	Fri	45	21	4 19	3 26	6 8	35

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July 25, 1870. 1y

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Attorney-At-Law, &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester Streets.
Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by T. J. Cundall, Esq.
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May 31, 1869. tf

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SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,
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July 12, 1869.

Literature.

THE FIGHT
AT
DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL:

Shewing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy; and how the English Boy looked on.

(*Concluded*)

Meanwhile, by Mark's advice, William ran off to the Brummagem Bruiser, who put him up to all the latest dodges, and exercised him in the noble art to such good purpose that on his first encounter with Louis after breakfast the next morning he hit out a crushing blow from his shoulder and knocked his enemy down. Louis was soon on his legs again, and he too did good execution with his fists; but he was clearly overmatched, and at the end of the first round had been punished pretty severely.

"Hot work, isn't it, my Boy?" said William, chaffing him as he mopped the perspiration from his steaming forehead. "This is what you call your *Baptism of fire,* I suppose, aye?" Then he wrote home to his mother, on the back of a half-penny post card, so that all the letter carriers might see how pious he was:—"Dear Mamma, I am fighting for my *Fatherland* as you know I call my garden. It is a fine name, and creates sympathy. Glorious news! Aided by Providence, I have hit Louis in the eye. Thou may'st imagine his feelings. What wonderful events has Heaven thus brought about! Your affectionate Son, William." Then he sang a hymn, and went on with his second round.

Meanwhile the other monitors looked quietly on, not knowing exactly what to do.

"Oughtn't I to interfere?" asked John, addressing one of his faithful fags.

"No," said Billy, who was head fag, and twisted Johnnie round his finger. "You just sit where you are. You will only make a mess of it, and offend both of them. Give out that you are 'neutral,'".

"Neutral!" growled John, "I hate neutrals. It seems to me a cold-boodied cowardly thing to sit by and see two big fellows smash each other all to pieces about nothing at all. They are both in the wrong, and they ought not to fight. Let me go in at them."

"No, no," said Bobby, a clever fair-haired Boy who kept John's accounts, and took care of his money, "You really can't afford it; and besides you've got no clothes to go in. There is not a fellow in the school who wouldn't laugh at you, if you stood up in his garden. Sit still and grind away, old chap, and make some more money, and be thankful you live on an island, and can take things easily."

"Well," said John sulkily, "I don't half like it, though certainly my clothes are not very respectable, and there is no time now to mend them. But look here, Bob; I mean to go across and help to sponge the poor beggars, if they get mauled."

"You may do that, and welcome," replied Bobby. "You will make no enemies that way, and it may cost you perhaps eighteenpence in ointment and plaster. But bless you Johnnie, if you were to rig yourself out well enough to hold your own against Louis or William, you would have to fork out a ten-pound note or more."

John went on with his work in rather a glumpy humour, for he had always been looked up to as the leading Boy in the school, and he did not like to play second fiddle. He felt sure that if he had been half so natty and well got up as he used to be, he might have stopped the fight in a moment. For the next half hour he cursed Billy and Bobby, and all the other sneaks who had wormed themselves into favour with him, by teaching him to save money. 'Hang the money!' growled Johnnie to himself; 'I'd give up half my shop to get my old *prestige* back again.' But it was too late now. Nevertheless he had his own way about the sponging, and certainly he did behave well there. At the end of every round that was fought, he got across the stream, and bathed poor Louis' head for *he* wanted help the most, and gave him sherry and water out of his own flask. 'I am so very sorry for you, my dear Louis,' said he, as the Boy, more dead than alive, struggled up to his feet again.

'Thank you kindly, John,' said Louis; 'but,' he added, looking somewhat reproachfully at his friend, 'why don't you separate us? Don't you see that this great brute is too many for me? I had no idea that he could fight like that.'

'What can I do?' said John. 'You began it, you know, and you really must fight it out. I have no power.'

'So it seems,' replied Louis. 'Ah there *was* a time—well, thank you kindly, John, for—the sticking plaster.'

'Come on!' shouted William, thirsting for more blood.

'*Vive la guerre!*' cried poor Louis, rushing blindly at his foe. Well and nobly fought, but he could not stand his ground. When he did hit, indeed, he hit to some purpose; but seldom could he reach out far enough to do any damage. Foot by foot and yard by yard he gave way, till at last he was forced to take refuge in his arbour, from the window of which he threw stones at his enemy, to keep him back from following.

Louis was plainly in the wrong. He ought to have calculated the other Boy's strength before attacking him, and he deserved a licking for his rashness. But he had his licking now; and when William, who talked so big about his peaceable disposition, and declared that he only wanted to defend his 'fatherland,' chased him right across the garden, trampling over beds and borders on his way, and then swore that he would break down his summer-house, and bring Louis on his knees, everybody felt that the other monitors ought to interfere. But not a foot would they stir. Aleck looked on from a safe distance, wondering which of the combatants would be tired first. Joseph stood shivering with fright, not daring to say a word, lest William should turn round upon him, and thrash him again; and John sat in his shop, grinding away like a nigger at a new rudder and a pair of oars which he was cutting out for Louis' boat, in case he wanted to take advantage of the brook—for which service Louis would pay him handsomely and William abuse him cordially.

'I can't help it,' said John, apologetically, 'I'll make a rudder and some oars for *you* too, and a boat besides, if you want one—that is, of course, if you will pay me well.'

'But I *don't* want one,' answered William angrily. 'I have got no water to float it in, as you may well know.' By which it will appear that John did not make many friends by his neutrality. 'And just look here,' continued William, 'do you know where these cuts on my forehead came from? Why, from stones which you pitched across the water for Louis to throw at me.'

'Can't help it, Bill; it is the law of neutrality.'

'Neutrality, indeed! I call it Brutality.' And so William went across the garden again, leaving Johnnie at his work—of which, however, he began to feel thoroughly ashamed.

'Come and help a fellow, John,' cried Louis in despair from his arbour. 'I don't ask you to remember the days we have spent in here together, when you have been sick of your own shop. But you might do something for me, now that I am in such a desperate fix, and don't know which way to turn.'

'I am very sorry, Louis,' said John, 'but what can I do? It is no pleasure to see you thrashed. On the contrary, it would pay me much better to have a near neighbour well off and cheerful than crushed and miserable. Why don't you give in, Louis? It is of no mortal use to go on. He will make friends directly if you will give back the two little strips of garden; and if you don't, he will only smash your arbour to pieces or keep you shut up there all dinner time, and starve you out. Give in, old fellow. There's no disgrace in it. Everybody says how pluckily you have fought.'

'Give in!' sneered Louis, 'that is all the comfort you have for a fellow, is it? Give in! why, would *you* give in, if that great brute was in front of your shop, swearing that he would break it down? No disgrace, indeed! No, I don't think there is any disgrace in anything that *I* have done; but though my dear dear arbour that I have spent so many weeks in building should be pulled down about my ears, and every flower in my garden be rooted up, I would not change places with you, John, sitting there sleek and safe—no, not for all the gold that was ever coined! Give in, indeed! *Mon Dieu!* that I should ever have heard such a word as that come across our little stream!"

So Johnnie began to discover that, if lookers-on see the most of the game, they do not always get the most enjoyment out of it. But the bell now rang for dinner, and he followed the rest of the Boys with some anxiety, but being quite easy in his mind as to the account he would have to give to Mrs. Europa of what had been going on.

'Louis and William are very late to-day,' observed the Dame, when dinner was half over. 'Does any one know where they are?' And then bit by bit she learned from some of the Boys sitting near her the whole story.

'And pray, John, why did you not separate them?' demanded the Dame.

'Please ma'am,' answered Johnnie, 'I was a *neutral.*'

'A what, sir?' said she.

'A neutral, ma'am.'

'Just precisely what you had no business to be,' she returned. 'You were placed in authority in order that you might *act,* not that you might stand aloof from acting Any baby can do that. I might as well have made little Georgie here a monitor, if I had meant him to have nothing to do Neutral, indeed! *Neutral* is just a fine name for *Coward.* Besides there is no such thing. You *must* take one side or the other, do what you will. Now, which side did you take, I wonder?'

A titter ran round the room, and the little Boys began to whisper to one another something which seemed to be in their small estimation an excellent joke. It was good fun to them to see a monitor badgered, even if they should get paid out for it afterwards

'What are you saying?' said the Dame. '*Both* sides, aye? Well, and how did you manage that, Master John?'

There was some more tittering and whispering and shuffling about on the forms, and then a chorus of voices said, 'Please 'em, he *sucked up to both of them.*'

'Just what 'neutrals' always do,' said Mrs Europa; 'sucked up to both, I suppose, and pleased neither. Ah, no doubt,' she continued, gradually gathering information, 'offended Louis by always preaching to him that he was in the wrong; and offended William, by supplying Louis with stones. Now, I tell you what it is, John. I have long watched your career with pain, and have seen how you are content to sacrifice everything—duty, and influence, and honour,—for the sake of putting by a few paltry shillings. You have been badly advised. You have chosen to have about you a set of fags who are no credit to anybody, simply because they make better bargains for you in the things you sell to the other Boys; and now you see the consequence. If such fellows as Ben and Hugh had been your fags, you know very well that this disgraceful scene would never have taken place at all. You should have been sufficiently well trained and well equipped to command the respect of the other monitors, and the two rivals would not have dared to come to blows. There *was* a time when, if you so much as held up your finger, the whole school would tremble. Nobody trembles now. Nobody cares one farthing what you think or say. And why? because you have grown a sloven and a screw, and Boys despise both the one and the other. You ought to have prevented the fight from the very first. Failing this, you ought, in conjunction with the other monitors, to have stepped in the moment the Boys had proved their relative strength, and struck a fair balance between them. Instead of doing so, you sit coolly in your shop, supplying the means of carrying on the fight, and coining a few wretched coppers out of your schoolfellows' blows and wounds. You have been a bad friend to both of them. Well, some day, perhaps, you, may want friends yourself. When you do, I hope you may find them. Take care that William, the *peaceable unaggressive* Boy, does not contrive (as I fully believe he will contrive) to get a footing on the river, where he can keep a boat, and then one fine morning take your pretty island by surprise.'

'It was Louis' own fault, ma'am,' urged John. 'He began it all. William was only defending his Fatherland.'

'Defend his Grandmotherland!' retorted the Dame contemptuously. 'It looks very like self-defence, to chase a Boy half across the playground and then threaten to kick down his arbour. Very like self-defence, to train hard for six months, and then propose something which is certain to create a row. And although Louis has been in the wrong, he has also been pretty severely punished, and it is time that he should be relieved. What! Are those who make mistakes never to be helped out of them? Is it any the less incumbent on the strong to protect the weak, because the weak has got himself into a mess by his own fault? However, there is some excuse for William, who is half mad with the fever of success; but there is no excuse for you, who have sat still in cold blood and looked on. You have abused the trust committed to you as one of the five monitors of this school, and your office shall be taken from you ——'

'Please 'em,' said a chorus of little Boys together, 'please 'em, *do* let him off this time. He was *so* kind to Louis and William when they were bad. He brought them water, and bathed their faces, and stopped the bleeding, and did all sorts of things for them. Please 'em, let him off.'

'Well,' said the Dame, much affected, 'kindness to the wounded shall plead his cause this once, I shall think of some punishment less severe. For I have hope of Johnnie even yet that he will rise to a sense of his high position in the school; and learn that duties cannot be cooly ignored, because they are disagreeable; that he who shirks the responsibility of doing right, does in very deed and truth do wrong; that the true test of greatness is the ability to grapple with great difficulties; that it is but a sorry thing to boast of bravery and skill and power, if, just at the very instant when you are called upon to act, your resources fail you, and you whine out the miserable excuse that 'you don't exactly see how you can interfere.' If, indeed, such an excuse be allowed to stand—if it be really true that the head and champion of the school is thoroughly beaten by circumstances—utterly at a loss, at some critical moment, what is the right thing to do; let him confess at once that he is unequal to his place—that he is not the Boy we took him for—that his courage has been overrated, and his reputation as a hero too cheaply earned; that for all his vaunted influence with others he is too weak to stay an unrighteous strife—to avert a storm of cruel, savage blows—to spare the infliction of wounds which will lie gaping and unhealed for long long years to come, bearing on their ghastly face a bitter hate for those that dealt them, and contempt for the 'neutral' friend who looked calmly on.'

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOUR.

Cisatlantics seem born with the opinion that the American people are both witty and humorous. A score of years ago, a constant shower of absurd anecdotes appeared in our newspapers of the actings of our American cousins, and it was believed on this side that these were unadulterated importations from Yankeedom. But it was discovered by and by, that they were emanations from that great exchange for laughables, London. We do not say they were all manufactured there, though, doubtless many of them were. Numbers of them travelled in the country districts to that great emporium in search of employment. A rich crop of them hailed from the green Isle and sought refuge in the modern Babylon on the same errand. These alleged Americanisms are now almost forgot, and the present very enlightened generation, even if it knew them, might lay small store by them. But they were funny nevertheless. For examples:—It was asserted there was a fellow down East, whose nose was so long he had to take two steps forward when he took a pinch of snuff. That there was another fellow, a neighbor of his, who was so tall that he had to go up a ladder to shave himself; and that that other fellow's second cousin's feet were so large he had to draw on his trousers over his head. Such absurdities had a continued run, and at last they tapered off like a long-tailed meteor with the absence-of-mind series. It was told of a 'down-Easter,' that he came home one evening wet and weary, that he stripped off his clothes and spread them nicely under the blankets, while he hung himself over a chair before the fire to dry, and did not discover his mistake till he woke in the morning with the back-ache, the general prelude to such absurd stories was, 'a fact worth mentioning, or, as if to betray its Hibernian origin. 'The never a lie's in this.' It needed one to be fortified by some strong asseveration to believe the accounts of another down-Easter who, on coming home from a tough day's shooting, and in cleaning his gun, shoved his head down the barrell instead of using the ramrod, and never discovered his mistake till his head came out at the touchhole; and that he could not withdraw it till his wife, who had been out buying 'fixings,' came to his assistance. Such like guffawgraphs filling the memory from boyhood, naturally lead one to expect in the Americans a jocular liveliness in conversation, surpassing that of the people he had left behind. But he finds himself woefully mistaken, and has rather to encounter seriousness, demureness, or down-right silence. We admit that people, strangers to each other, must, at least, be so long acquainted as to allow their strangeness to thaw somewhat, that caution may have time to give place to confidence or taciturnity to chat. But even after sufficient time has been allowed for this process, the British tourist will be disappointed if he expects to find in the American disposition anything like the turn for joke or repartee he has been accustomed to at home. Our cousins seem too much engaged with present pursuits to have time for bye-play, and the want of practice may have, to some extent, eliminated such facetiousness and comicality as they may or must have carried with them from the old country. Or shall we say, rather, their high education or cultivation makes them regard time spent on funning as misspent? Perhaps from early impressions, *we* expected too much, and did not give credit for the amount of humour we did find in the Republic. But certain it is, if humor do exist, it is not made manifest. Although we failed to detect much amount of wit and humour in the American people, it cannot be denied there is much of both in America. It seems as if when they deserted Americans in the mass, they found refuge in certain individuals. Such wits as 'Josh Billings,' and kindred others, are enough to redeem any nation, though it were as dull as ditch-water and if only artistic humourists as able were forthcoming, who could present to the eye the flashes of the comic literateurs, America might take her place creditably alongside ourselves in our funny rambles. But this department of art seems sadly in the rear. Comic illustration is wretched in design, and worse in execution—both drawing and engraving. The examples we picked up are simply contemptible, and any redeeming morsels in 'Nick Nax,' 'Grant's Army Jokes,' and other vehicles of fun and humour, are unacknowledged appropriations from *Punch, Fun,* or *Judy.* As one pat instance is worth a hundred disquisitions, we give an example of American obliviousness to something really good, and which passed within ear-shot of ourselves. Our friend, who hailed from Plunkin, and in consequence possessed in spite of himself, a fairish spice of shc-doggery, had railed it with us many a weary mile ever the interminable flats of the western 'puraries,' and eke the ditto of the eastern states. We were varying the scene on the St. Lawrence, and had made the acquaintance of a batch of the Americans 'doing' the rapids like ourselves. They were pretty chatty, and, upon the whole, made pleasant voyaging companions We had passed some of the wonders of that wonderful river, and had just slid out of the rapids, called the 'Long Sow.' One of our American friends, more loquacious than the others, was descanting on the different merits of Britishers and Yankees, and illustrated one of his points by telling how a Sheffield cutler had made a razor so small that it could be enclosed in a hollow bodkin, and had sent it to America, boastfully challenging the Yankee cutlers to tot it if they could. They were slow to acknowledge their inability, but ultimately had to do so. One patriotic down-Easter (all the sharp chaps live down east) determined not to cave in, declared that if the Britisher had produced the smallest razor in the world, America would produce the largest, and forthwith manufactured one with a blade nine feet long, and sent it to Sheffield to be a last remembrancer of Yankee ability Our Plunkin friend, who had listened patiently to this and some other bit of brag, incontinently exclaimed. 'Well! that razor was surely big enough to shave the 'long sow.' *We,* of course, saw it and wakened the echoes; but our American friends looked as blank and enquiringly as if poor 'bowl-weft' had spoken in an unknown tongue! The fact is, one has to go to print, or to the theatre, in America, if he wish to drive dull care away, should he be troubled with it. What is native in the comic publications is pretty fair, but there is very little of that; the bulk being of foreign manufacture, reappearing to Britishers as old friends with new faces,—acquaintances he had of old met in the English comics. We detected so many of these, that the real article, when it did crop up, was difficult to believe in the presence of so many Americanized importations: and unless they came endorsed with the names of known humorists like 'Artemus Ward' or 'Josh Billings' it was safest to throw them overboard. Nevertheless, some did look like natives, and on chance we transcribe the following:—

A dangerous ship.—'There is one kind of ship that I always steer clear o',' said an old bachelor sea-captain, 'and that is courtship' cause in that ship there is always two mates and no captain.'

A wicked joke from a Western paper.—'Our member of Congress made a great speech,—one of his very best. It was written for him by a graduate of this office; and the matter and delivery do credit to both parties.'

A GROWING ITEM.

A woman in Detroit has been arrested for smuggling tea in her stockings.—*Express.*

In North Carolina the women carry nails in their stockings.—*Raleigh Progress*

Nothing wonderful. The ladies carry calves in their stockings.—*Salem Observer.*

And one of our ladies carries her corn in hers.—*Rome Democrat.*

The ladies of this section who sympathise with Andy Johnson in his fight with the Radicals, carry V-toes in theirs.—*Sun.*

All the women down our way carry splendid *elegies* in their stockings.—*Kentucky News.*

The ladies here carry 'eels in their stockings.—*Vindicator.*

Down this way, some ladies not only carry calves in their stockings, but they also carry bran to fatten them.—*Mexico Messenger.*

The ladies ought to invite the editors of the above named papers to *tea,* and with the *toes* of their *bran* new balmoral boots, send them brawling like *calves* with *heels* up. They would then have cause to speak of *leg*-acies after this wonderful *feat* by the ladies.—*Vineyard Independent.*

An LEG-ant batch truly.—*Forney's Press.*

Too modest by half.—A Gloucester paper says there is a lady in that town so modest that she will not allow the *Christian Observer* to remain in her room over night!

The 'Music of Bells' is caused by the rattling of their tongues.

To Young Housekeepers.—How to bone Turkey Get up at 2 o'clock a. m The darker the better. Climb over your neighbour's fence and 'bone' the first gobbler you can. You had better bone two or three when you are at it, as it saves trouble. You will find this plan very economical.

Advice in War.—'Now my hearties,' said a gallant Yankee Colonel, 'You have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's done, then—run.' 'As I'm a little lame,' said a down Easter, 'I guess I'll start now.'

THE LIQUOR LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The State constables of Massachusetts have lately made a report of one week's work. There can be no mistake about their industry and efficiency, or that they do not carry out radical ideas to the letter. We give the following as the result of the past week's labour.—

A cow arrested for having 'two horns.'

A coloured individual lately deceased, fined for being 'on his bier.'

A pair of boots seized for being 'tight.'

A little boy's kite sentenced to have its tail cut off, for having been on a 'high time.'

A clothing dealer hauled up for advertising 'Great *Bar*-gains.'

A confectioner fined for selling 'Gin-ger snaps.'

A horse ran away and smashed a waggon. The horse was promptly arrested; but, it being proved the 'smash' contained nothing intoxicating, it was acquitted.

An unfortunate Hibernian was locked up for getting a 'punch' on the head.

A worthy shoemaker seized on suspicion of being a 'cobbler,' but proving there was no 'sherry' connected with him was released on condition this would be his 'last' offence. He was informed that any future dereliction would involve the confiscation of his 'all.' The excitement 'waxed' intense.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

PRUSSIAN RAPACITY.

Eugene Rimmel, in a letter to the *Standard,* says.—"I have a country house at Varennes, near Montereau, which I left last autumn in charge of two servants, an old man and his wife, recommending them, if the Prussians came, to give them all they required, as far as it was in their power. They did come, one officer and eight men, and were received. Beds were made up for them, and their meals were procured and cooked. Still they behaved very roughly to the old people all the time. One of the soldiers once, not finding his supper cooked to his satisfaction, after throwing the plates and glasses out of the window, threatened to hang the old woman and went in quest of a rope for that purpose; he was with difficulty prevented from carrying out his designs, and ultimately vented his spleen by breaking a bottle over the poor creatures head, inflicting a severe wound from which she is now suffering. Before leaving the place the German soldiers as a final mark of gratitude for the good treatment they had received, broke open all the cupboards and drawers, took out every thing that was of any value, such as clocks, jewellery, wearing apparel, &c., filled therewith three empty trunks they found in the loft, and carried them triumphantly away in the presence and with the evident connivance of the officer. My servants protested against this robbery, stating that I was a British subject, but this did not have the slightest effect on them. In conclusion I do not mean to let the matter rest here, and have written for further particulars, which I shall forward to the proper quarter, but in the meanwhile I should like any persons acquainted with the regulations of the Prussian army to answer this question —How is it that the boasted German discipline allows soldiers to carry away whole chests full of stolen property? I can understand soldiers filling their pockets without much chance of being interfered with, but when it comes to van loads, who affords them facilities for sending home their spoils?

DEATH BY SUFFOCATION.

A WHOLE FAMILY FOUND DEAD IN BED.

New York, Jan. 31—A terrible tragedy was discovered last evening in a tenement house on Third avenue, near Eighty-fifth. The rear room on the second floor was occupied by John Loughlin, his wife and a child, and by his wife's sister, Susan Sands. All these people were found lying on one bed, dead, evidently from suffocation by gas while asleep, as the room was filled to such a degree that enterance could not be effected till the room was ventilated. The first floor was occupied by Charles Muller, a baker, who rented the room to the Loughlins. He testified that the whole house was piped for gas, none had been used in the upper part till saturday night, when the front room, having been rented to a club, was supplied with a chandelier and lighted. A pipe entering the back room had not been capped, and from this flowed the gas which suffocated the unfortunate family; who had evidently thrown themselves on the bed in a drunken stupor, as they were known to be intemperate as well as miserably poor. Muller, the plumber who turned on the gas, and several others were arrested and held as witnesses.

A NEW ARITHMETIC.

Sick gent (walking into a whiskey shop:)—'Well, I believe I will spend my dime in crackers this morning.'

Bar-keeper hands him crackers, which he tastes.

'I cannot stand them; give me some brandy.

He pours it out, smells it, shakes his head, 'don't think I can go that. Give me some whiskey for the brandy.'

Bar-keeper hands him out the whiskey. He turns out a full glass, drinks it down and starts out,

Bar-keeper—Hold on there! you have not paid me for that whiskey.'

Sick gent—I gave you the brandy for the whiskey, sir.'

'Well, you ain't paid me for the brandy, sir.'

'I gave you the crackers for the brandy, sir.' 'Well, you ain't paid me for the crackers.' 'Well, sir, you have your crackers yet.' Bar-keeper said no more.

FINE REPORT.—One of the finest retorts on record is that made by an English ambassador to a French king, of whom he asked the release of certain Huguenots who had been thrown into the Bastile for their religion. 'What would your master the King of England say, if I used him for the