## *IN SANTA MARIA: TORCELLO.*

Some cherry-trees grow here, and here
An old, old church, so purely chaste,
So honest, of such simple taste;
So quaint yet sacred and severe
Her pictured Hell, with flames blown high,
In bright mosaics wrought and set
When man first knew the mystic art;
Her bearded saints, as black as jet;
Her quaint Madonna, dim with rain
And touch of pious lips—that I
Gazed long, then came and gazed again,
And loved, and took her to my heart.

Nor monk in black, nor Capuchin,
Nor priest of any creed is seen.
A sun browned woman, old and tall,
And still as any shadow is,
Steals forth from out the mossy wall
With massive keys to show you this;
Comes slowly forth, and following,
Three birds—and all with drooping wing.

Three mute brown babes of hers; and they
O, they are beautiful as sleep,
And on the pouting lips of these
Sweet birds the everlasting seal
Of silence that the God has set
On this dead island, sits for aye.
I would forget, yet not forget,
Their helpless eloquence. They creep
Somehow into your heart, and steal
Your coins, as little birds that day
Stole fruits from off the cherry-trees.

So helpless and so wholly still,
So sad, so wrapt in mute surprise,
That you do love, despite your will,
And cultivate and feed your love.
A little maid of ten—such eyes,
So large and lovely, so divine—
Such pouting lips, such folds of hair—
Stood by me all that perfect day.
And turned her melancholy eyes
So constant to my face, that I
Did find her little soul and mine
Stood very near together there.
Yet not one soft word did she say;
What could she have been thinking of?

Venice, 1874.

—*Joaquin Miller in Overland Monthly.*

## BEATRICE CENCI.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND ARISTOCRATIC ROMAN MAIDEN—A SAD STORY OF DEGENERATE AND LICENTIOUS ITALY.

Italy has always been prolific of wonderful women. Numa Pompilius worshipping at the rural shrine of Egeria, and Mme. De Stael, evolving the creator of Corinne, are two incidents separated by centuries of time and a long succession of extraordinary events, yet plainly indicative of a marked characteristic of the land of purple skies and fascinating history. Italian atmosphere favors the highest development of the singularities of feminine nature. The line of wonderful Italian women has been almost unbroken for nearly three thousand years. Under a rude republic and under a powerful empire, under polytheism and under Christianity, in a blaze of political glory and in the depths of social degradation, Italian femininity has always been the same; presenting to the imagination most charming pictures, and to the reason most perplexing puzzles. History, associated with Italian women, it becomes fascination.

Thus, with the story of the Cenci. It has enraptured the painter, the poet, the historian, and the novelist. Guido aided himself to immortality, immortalizing the beauty of Beatrice; Shelley paid his tribute in a tragedy, a fond apology for one whose story had captivated him, and Guerrazzi has garlanded her memory with some of his most enchanting word bouquets, Historians have warped facts in order to preserve her, and travelers made the scene of her crimes a shrine of martyred innocence. Byron alone was just. His genius was always true, and never more accurate then when he told Shelley that the tale of horror, upon which he had founded his tragedy, was "essentially undramatic," because none of the actors command full sympathy. The fate of De Custine's drama and Shelley's tragedy justifies Byron's criticism.

The painter, however, is the one to whom the heroine of this tale of horror is largely indebted for her popularity. Few old paintings have been copied as often as Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Since the days of chromos the face is familiar to all. Shelley speaks of the original potrait as "a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of nature." Guido represents her head bound with folds of white drapery, from which her golden hair escapes and falls about her neck. The head-dress is historical, although the tradition, that accepted by Shelley, that the artist painted the portrait from nature, denying the imprisonment of the original, is not true. Guido Reni did not remove to Rome until some years had elapsed after death of Beatrice. The portrait, therefore, is ideal in part at least, although probably not unlike the original, since the artist may have been guided in his representation by the description of persons who had seen her.

The story of Beatrice Cenci has been told by writers, and varied judgments have been passed upon her. She was condemned and suffered death for the murder of her father, yet she has never been wanting of defenders. To some she appeared an angel of beauty and innocence, while others have been content to urge a sufficient provocation to justify the act of killing. Guerrazzi is one of the former and Shelley one of the latter. The novelist insists upon her entire innocence and purity, while the dramatist maintains his plot by supposing that the daughter commits parricide to prevent her father's incestuous purposes. Neither construction is true. Of late years, the records of the trial have been consulted, and the facts gathered therefrom are sufficient to guide the intelligent inquirer to a fair judgment.

The Cenci family was one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of modern Rome. Its head during the latter part of the sixteenth century was Count Francisco Cenci, the father of Beatrice. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in reference to the daughter, there is none in reference to the father. He was depraved and demoniacal beyond anything that we can comprehend in these days. He was a man of great will and talent, but all his ability was directed to the commission of crimes. His victims were many, but the principal ones were members of his own family. At that time the laws of ancient Rome, giving to the father the complete power over the rest of the family, were still practically in force at least so far as the nobility were concerned. Count Cenci exercised the authority of this parental despotism in the cruelist manner possible. He had a numerous family of sons, all but two of whom were sent to there graves through his instrumentality. He frequently expressed his happiness over his success in this direction, and the prospect of the early extermination of all his children. His crimes were so outrageous that notwithstanding his high rank, he was constantly entangled in the meshes of the law, and was obliged to extricate himself by the payment of heavy fines. It is related that these fines formed so considerable a part of the revenue of the government that the authorities were in no hurry to get rid of the old villain.

In 1598 his family consisted of his second wife, Madonna Lucrezia, two sons, Gioeomo and Bernardo, and his daughter Beatrice. Another daughter was still living, but had been released from imprisonment to which her father had consigned her, through the intervention of the Pope, and under his protection had married a provincial noble. The two sons were not allowed to enter the paternal home, where the Count resided with his wife and Beatrice. The latter was treated more like a prisoner than a daughter. She was at this time between seventeen and twenty years of age. She had inherited a large fortune from her mother, but, fearing that she would escape his authority by marriage, her father guarded her with the utmost jealousy. Her life alternated between a palace in Rome and a suburban villa belonging to the estate, and in each she was surrounded by spies or immured in a dungeon. Her father fell desperately in love with her, and the only kindness she experienced from him was during the fever of his unholy passion.

But all his precautions were unavailing. Beatrice's marvelous beauty had attracted the notice of a young man of noble family, who was about entering the priesthood. Guido Guerro is described as being the handsomest young man in Rome. He was tall, of fair complexion, and noble bearing. He was very wealthy, and the only son of a widowed mother. He was peculiarly gifted mentally as well as physically. He had fine talents, and was a skillful cultivator of the fine arts. His passion for Beatrice was reciprocated, and the lovers were encouraged by Lady Lucrezia. The count soon discovered the affair, and forbade Guido to enter the house. Clandestine meetings followed, and the amour progressed. The vigilance of the count, intensified by his jealousy of his successful rival, soon reduced the lovers to a desperate extremity. Beatrice was removed to the suburban castle and closely guarded. Through the treachery of some of the count's spies and the assistance of the ladies, the lover was enabled to gain access to this retreat. Here a plan was concerted between the wife, daughter and lover for their release through the death of the count. Two bravos, named Marzio and Olimpio, were hired to intercept him on the road, and dispatch him. The lovers, waiting anxiously for the return of the assassins, were dismayed at seeing the intended victim return instead.

A second plan was arranged. It was determined to murder the old man in his bed. Accordingly, the assassins were admitted by Beatrice, and one-third of the blood money paid them in advance. The daughter administered an opiate to her father, and while he was sleeping under its influence the bravos were introduced into the chamber. Again, the two women and the lover awaited to hear of the death of him who opposed their happiness. Again, they were disappointed. The two assassins returned in haste declaring that they could not kill the old man who slept so peacefully and looked so venerable and helpless. At this Beatrice started toward them in a rage. "Vile braggarts," she exclaimed, "is this the way you rob the people of their money? Since your cowardice will have it so, I myself will kill my father." Strengthened by the girl's determination, the men returned, and completed the murder. The body was thrown from the window into the garden beneath, but in its fall was caught by the limbs of a tree, and there hung suspended until late the next morning. It was given out that the old man had fallen accidentally, and had been killed by the limbs entering his body.

History leaves it doubtful as to the state of intercourse between the Count and Beatrice. Some authorities say that she was forced to submit to his incetuous embrace, while others say that the murder intervened before his design was consumated. There appears to be no doubt, however, that he entertained a passion for her and made unholy advances to her.

It seems that no suspicion of foul play was aroused until the conduct of the assassins gave occasion for it. They received a large reward for their work, and repaired to Naples to enjoy it. There imprudent conduct excited suspicion, and inquiries were made in the village near which the castle was situated. A washer-woman told a curious story about some bloody sheets, and other evidence was gathered. The two bravos were arrested and put to the torture. One of them confessed everything. The Cenci family were arrested and imprisoned in Rome. Guido was warned in time, and made his escape. It is related that he cut off his hair, begrimmed his face, and acted the part of a charcoal burner. He bought a donkey and some sacks of coal, and went about the streets selling. In this disguise, with his mouth stuffed with bread and his hands filled with onions, he passed the guards who were in search of him, and made his way to the frontier.

While in prison Beatrice developed those wonderful traits of character that have made her famous. All the other members of the family, guilty and innocent, confessed when put to the torture. Beatrice alone maintained her innocence. Again the torture was applied, but her fortitude was unshaken. Her wonderful beauty is said to have moved the heart of the executioner, and her heroism aroused the sympathy of all Rome. The Judge was suspected of yielding to humane feelings, and was removed and another substituted. But all in vain. The girl continued to cry: "I am innocent, I am innocent." Marzio, the bravo who had confessed, was introduced into her presence in order that his testimony might be confirmed; the law requiring that a confession obtained by torture must be repeated in the presence of the accused in order to make it available. When confronted by her he was so dazzled by her beauty and daunted by her courage that he revoked all he had said, and rather than criminate her, he expired on the rack.

Meantime, public interest in the case became intense. The high rank of the family, the odious reputation of the deceased, and, more than all, the beauty and fortitude of Beatrice combined to increase this feeling. Farinaccio, the most eminent advocate in Rome, volunteered to defend the accused. It is said that the confession of Beatrice was obtained through his influence with her, and that he advised her to make confession and rely upon justifying the act. Other accounts say that it was obtained by bringing all the other members of the family into the room of torture with her, when her eldest brother exhorted her to confess, whereupon her fortitude gave way, and she exclaimed; "You, the head of our house, wish for its dishonor. It is your will; then be it so."

Notwithstanding the efforts of renowned counsel, the sentence of death was passed upon the two sons, Lady Lucrezia, and Beatrice. The Pope afterward reprieved the youngest son. The people of the city were greatly excited when the judgment of the court was made known, and many petitions for a rehearing of the case were presented to the Pope. In consideration of these petitions, he ordered that the execution be stayed for twenty-one days, but during this interval an event occurred which precipitated the fate of this unfortunate family. A young nobleman of the St. Croce family murdered his mother in a most shocking way, and fled. It is said that old Count Cenci had advised that crime. The Pope received the intelligence of this murder with the most impetuous indignation. Declaring that parricide was becoming epidemic in his states, he refused all further intercession on behalf of the Cenci family. The immediate execution of their sentence was ordered. At 11 o'clock in the night, it was announced to them that they must die the next morning. They spent the balance of the night in dress-making.

Upon receiving the announcement of her doom Beatrice ordered the costume and head-dress in which she is represented in the famous painting by Guido Reni. All that night the carriages of the nobility were driving rapidly about the city, the occupants eager to obtain a pardon. But all in vain. The next morning the two women and the elder son were led to execution. The terrible scene was witnessed by an immense concourse of people. Beatrice's firmness was unshaken to the last. Standing upon the scaffold she prayed aloud in language so eloquent that the bystanders were melted to tears. A moment later the executioner held something out in his hand, and cried in a loud voice: "This is the head of Beatrice Cenci, a Roman maiden."

The suburban villa was granted to the cardinal nephew, on condition of making it a garden in which the Roman public might be free to enjoy itself forever. This condition was faithfully kept, and, according to Mr. Hillard, the Villa Borghese is the most perfect model of the beauty and magnificence of which the Italian garden is susceptible. It was kept open to the public from the beginning of the seventeenth century till 1849, since which time the gates have been closed.

## BOB GIBBONS "BLIND."

Judge Servis, the Associate Justice of the First District Territorial Court of Montana, is justly celebrated for his legal learning, and is greatly beloved by his friends. He is stern, upright and honest. But with all his legal attainments, he is not the greatest man at cards in the Territory. It has been said that he did not know the jack of hearts from the ace of diamonds.

In the Radersburg mining camp, three persons were sitting around a table in one of those log cabin saloons, "with a billiard-table attached," which are so common in mining camps, playing a small game of three hand poker. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in an aggravated case of assault and battery. This did not end the affair, for at the next term of the court, at the head of the docket stood the Territory of Montana vs. A. L. Parks, for assault and battery with intent to kill on the body of Andy Anderson.

The trial came on, and the only witness to the affray was Bob Gibbons, who was the third in the game. Having been sworn, he was directed to tell the court and jury everything he knew about the affair. After clearing his throat he commenced by stating that "Me and Parks and Anderson were over at Halbeck's saloon the second day after the election, when Parks proposed that we should have a game of poker. All agreed to it, and we went into the back room and sat down to the game; did not know there was any hard feelings between Parks and Anderson, or I would not have played, but heard afterward—"

Here Bob was interrupted by the court, who directed him to keep all hearsays to himself, and confine himself strictly to the facts of the case.

The witness continued: "Well, we sat down to the table. Anderson sat there, Parks here and I there (making a diagram on the clerk's table). Parks dealt the cards; I went blind; Anderson went blind over me, and Parks would not see him."

The Judge, who is a little deaf, was in the habit of making an ear-trumpet of his hand, and throwing his head a little forward and sideways. Having gone through this pantomine, he interrupted the witness by asking him:

"What is the reason that Parks did not see Anderson?"

The witness replied: "I don't know, but he would not see him."

"Proceed," said the Judge.

"Well, I saw him, he saw, and just at that minute—"

"Stop, sir," said the Judge, throwing himsel in a hearing attitude, "did I understand you so say that you went blind?"

"Yes, sir, I went blind, and Anderson he went blind, and Parks would not see him; but I saw Anderson, and then he saw"—

"Witness," exclaimed the Judge, striking the bench with his clenched fist, "do I hear you right, sir? Do you say that you went blind and then you saw?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness. "I saw Anderson, and Anderson saw, and just at hat—"

"Stop, sir," said the Judge. "Mr. Clerk, fine the witness $50 for contemt of court, and direct the Sheriff to take him to jail, and there to keep him until he receives further orders from the court. Call up the next case, Mr. Clerk."

Bob Gibbons was dumbfounded, and did not awake to the reality of his condition until the Sheriff had his hands on him, when he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Mr. Judge, what have I done that I must go to jail?"

The Judge, who was purple with rage, did not deign to reply to poor Gibbons, but reiterated the order with increased vehemence, and the members of the Bar, who had been anticipating the fix that Bob would eventually be placed in, were convulsed with laughter, which increased the rage of the Judge to the highest pitch. The Prosecuting Attorney endeavored to enlighten the Judge, and eventually succeeded, but not until he had produced a pack of cards, and, after dealing out three hands, made the blind as clear as day to the Judge.

The fine and imprisonment were remitted, and Gibbons was allowed to proceed with his testimony.—*Brooklyn Sunday Union.*

## A SAD-EYED MAN.

### HOW HE SQUARED ZACH. CHANDLER'S ACCOUNT WITH CONKLING.

Crawford writes from Washington to the Pittsburg *Leader*:

I do not care to say that Chandler drinks to excess; he might arrest me for criminal libel, but I think I may venture, with impunity, to the statement that he is not a strictly temperate man, and that after dinner he inclines to become excessive garrulous. A friend reports me a sample of Chandler's style, as follows: Chandler loves to boast of his strength. Upon this particular occasion he raised his arm over the table.

"See my muscle," said he: "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I am an old man; that is because I am scienced in the business. But I won't lick a man unless he is a gentleman. Now, when a man tells damlise about me, my way is to go and lick him, if he is a gentleman. Now look at Don Pott (Piatt); he tells more damlise about me, and I would lick him, but Don Pott is no gentleman. George Townsend I was going to lick once for telling a dam lie about me and I hunted him for over a week, but before I found him, I learned that he was no gentleman, and so his hide was saved."

Chandler's great hobby in his skill as a pugilist. Roscoe Conkling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where after dinner he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put the gloves on with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last winter Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter inveigled the great war Senator into his private gymnasium. The gloves were donned, and the two doughty champions began to make graceful senatorial passes toward one another, according to the most approved rules of the P. R. The bout, however, was of a very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge senatorial form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator upon his legs, but he threw up the sponge at once, without any further effort to punish Conkling. The only remark he was heard to make was: "Damn strange," and "I'll fix him yet."

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent word back that he regretted very much his inability to be present, but he had a guest at his house, a valued constituent from Michigan, and he could not leave him. Conkling sent back work, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare rather than to join in the general conversation at the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's discomfiture as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had become lifted above any such ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he, pleasantly, to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves?" and then Conkling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler; "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box, do you not?"

Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent-minded. He did once know something about it, but it was such a long time ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you."

Evidently the great New York Senator was pining to knock some one down. The sad-eyed Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves, Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face, and every now and then he would raise his huge right foot up under his swaying voluminous coat-tail and give himself a congratulatory kick, expressive of rapture.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair culminated by the sad-eyed man's suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a great tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him.

Conkling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the skull of his friend Conkling, which were not received in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he heard that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Howard $100 to come up and bounce Conkling. The Howard, of Detriot, Michigan, was none other than the notorious pugilist, Jem Mace.

## SHOT HIMSELF FOR LOVE.

### A LOVESICK YOUTH ATTEMPTS TO SHUFFLE THE COIL, BUT IT WOULDN'T DO.

A youth of eighteen summers, who has spent some of his happiest days playing mumble-peg and jacks on the smooth pavements of High street, Alleghany, lately became enamored. He sought her home. She talked sweet to him. He gave way to the holy passion, and in poetic strains he bade her come to his wide-spread arms and pillow her head upon his manly breast. "Be mine, mine forever, and I'll protect you from the chilling blasts that raise the dust on your pathway."

"Not any," was her cruel reply, as she stood chewing the corner of her gingham apron.

"Don't—don't say that fatal word; it will kill me," and he buried his hands in his eyes. "I'm in love—I'm desperate—I'll die—I'll—

"Go hire a hall and tell us all about it," and her little lips stuck out a foot.

"You know how I have taken you to the shows and the theater, and bought you nice things, and now you do this to me. Oh, I can't stand it, I—"

"Go tell your troubles to a policeman." Just then the tapping of her foot on the fender was distinctly heard.

"Oh! my fair and fickle fairy, let me pour out my soul at your feet; let me tell all that's in my heart; let me"—

"Write it out, and I'll read it next Sunday. I have to crimp a ruffle to go to a party to-night."

"I'll shoot myself, I'l take pizen, you'll kill me, but then you don't care: I'm going to my death. Good-by, good-by, pet, by-by, I'm going, going, go——"

"It's mighty slow you are," and she busied herself arranging the chairs in the parlor.

He went. His first steps were to get a murderous ancient looking pistol. This he loaded to the muzzle, Then with an uncontrollable burst of affectionate stuff he placed the coil-shuffler over his watch pocket and sent the murderous missile whizzing to the cardiac regions of the thorax. Instantly, he weakened, and ordered a physician. That gentleman came and informed the love-sick youth that he had missed the coil, but the dose would certainly cure the malady. This morning the young man is better, and no fears are entertained in regard to his recovery.—*Pittsburg Leader*.

## CERTIFICATION OF BANK CHECKS.

### AN INTERESTING DECISION.

A late number of the New York *Times* gives the following legal decision:

Two highly important cases, involving the intent in certification of checks by banks and the obligations imposed thereby, have been decided by the Court of Appeals during the past week. In one of these cases the Marine National Bank was the plaintiff against the National City Bank, and in the other suit was brought by the Bank of North America against the National Bank of the Commonwealth, all four of the institutions being located in this city. The actions in both cases were brought to recover money paid out on checks certified by the plaintiffs respectively. In the first case it appears that the Marine Bank paid to the City Bank the amount of a check which both banks believed to be genuine, and which the Marine Bank had certified at the request of the payees. A fraudulent alteration had been previously made in the body of the check before the Marine Bank certified it, namely, the date was changed, the payee's name erased and others inserted, and the amount for which it was drawn changed, but the signature of the drawers was genuine. The check was presented to the payees in payment for a quantity of gold; the man who offered it to them was a stranger to them, and they had never had any business transactions with the drawers. The check was indorsed by the payees and deposited in the City Bank, where they kept an account, and was paid to the City Bank by the Marine Bank through the exchanges at the Clearing house. The check was dated, certified, and deposited Dec. 2. 1869, paid to the City Bank Dec. 3, 1869, and claim for difference between $25 and $4,079 90 (the sum to which the check was raised) was made by the Marine Bank on the City Bank on Dec. 3, 1869, upon the discovery of the alteration. Payment was refused, and at the same time the plaintiffs tendered to the defendants the altered check.

The referee to whom the case was sent for examination and report, decided in favor of the plaintiff, the Marine Bank, and the report was confirmed at special term. An appeal was taken to the general term of the Superior Court, and, after hearing, the judgment was reversed. From the decision the Marine Bank appealed to the Court of Appeals, and received final judgment in its favor, the Court deciding that the certification of a check by a bank is simply the recognition of the signature thereto, as that of a person or firm having an account with and funds in the bank to which the check is submitted to be certified; that the money was obtained under misrepresentation, and that the judgment entered on the report of the referee, directing that the plaintiffs should be repaid the difference claimed, be affirmed, with costs.

## BEN BUTLER.

[Gath's Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

Now that Ben Butler is down at last, it may be said of him that, if he had been considerate, to say nothing of scruples, he would have been less of the incarnate Yankee than he has been. Nature never produced since James I., such a whimsical and brutal intermeddler. He has seldom been equalled for ability after his kind—a sort of political pugilism, backed by method, and memory, and ready faculties, and also by fair fidelity after he has [illegible] friendship, except with persons qualified to educe his emulousness. Vanity of his talent is his weakness. He leaves behind him a public rather than a personal hate, and his ability and coarse humor have always softened the feelings of the crowd toward him. The last acts of his Congressional career were most damaging of all—his fraternization with spies and shadows, and strong disposition toward imperial blackmailing. No public man can fool with informers habitually and be safe. In this city, a young man of reputable birth and former good esteem is now on trial in the criminal court for a burglary, committed how, or why, or whence, is still a tangle, but, whatever the measure of his guilt may be, if any, his enforced familiarity with detectives, as County Attorney, led the way. Butler was thugged all round. He undertook to conduct a campaign against all the reputability of the age, antagonizing it above, while the secret service pierced it below.

It is probable that he will live in Washington city hereafter, as he owns considerable property here, and there is a natural law and lobby business always floating around Government, which will compensate him better than Boston or Lowell practice. His own house on Capitol Hill, the very next of all dwellings to the Capitol and Court of Claims, is nearly finished—a granite edifice with stone bays and stone porch, uniform with two adjoining houses, which he has let to the United States Coast Survey for the snug income of $6,000 a year. Doubtless he will entertain and keep offices there, and build up practice, as scores of retired public men have done here—Jerry Black, Stanton, Robert J. Walker, Fred. Stanton, R. M. Corwin, Generals Denver and Crittenden and Governor Bartley. He is rich, but not thrifty. His life lacks the simplicity of aim and method, which gives discipline and method. It works like an old style press, too intricate and loud and self-shattering for its simple purpose. All the Government could not overturn him, but his little home constituency did so without a threat. He retired from Rome victorious, like Coriolanus; but the people who had received him a stranger, struck him down in Autumn,

"Even so—
As with a man by his own alms empoisoned,
And with his charity slain."

## A STRANGE STORY.

[Davenport (Iowa), Gazette, Nov. 16.]

Thirteen years ago a young man wooed and won a young lady in a village not far from Davenport. The parents of the girl objected, and there was a deal of trouble: but finally the couple were married at the home of the bride. Three months after the bridegroom desired to move to California, but the family of his wife opposed her emigration, and the result was that the husband started for the Pacific coast without her. After the first six months no tidings from the husband were received—and in less than a year news came that he was dead. In 1853 the widow married a young man who had recently arrived from Germany; and her second husband was entirely ignorant of the fact that his bride was a widow. But where "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Shortly after the marriage the husband purchased a farm in Scott county, and on that farm the couple have lived ever since, and several children have blessed their union. Four weeks ago the first husband of this woman arrived in Davenport, and making inquiries, learned the history of his wife's marriage. Then he rode out to see her. It was fortunate that her liege lord was away from home, for she was very much affected. She told him that she supposed him dead, and so married another, and chided him for neglecting her as he did. He had a long story to tell, the real gist of it being that he had determined never to return until he became rich. And here he was—*rich!* But his wife was miserable in his presence—and he was miserable, too. The end of the conference was, that the first husband returned to Davenport to consult a lawyer—and the end of the consultation was that the husband went to the wife and had another long talk with her, and then the two separated never to meet again, for the man determined to cross the ocean and spend the balance of his days in Germany. The day that he left the wife entered her suit for divorce, on the ground of desertion; the notice was forthwith served on the defendant, and he accepted service. At the next term of the Circuit Court the defendant's name will be called, and there will be no response. There will be default, and decree of divorce granted. And maybe the wife will be married a second time to the father of her children, and so remain contented in the delightful home in which she now lives in elegance and comfort

## A WHALING DISASTER.

### LOSS OF A BOAT'S CREW OF SIX MEN IN A SNOW SQUALL WHILE LOOKING FOR WHALES.

[From the Hawaiian Gazette, Nov. 12th]

The *James W. Allen* reports a melancholy accident which happened near Herald Island on the 1st of October last. Captain Kelley says that on the above mentioned day he lowered his boats for whales close to the ship's bow; the mate stood out ahead of the ship about a mile and tacked, standing on the opposite course until he was about three-quarters of a miles from the ship on the weather bow. The weather was rugged, with frequent thick snow-squalls. The mate lowered his sail to have a better chance to see the whales, and was last seen in that position. At this time the Captain saw a whale off the ship's lee-quarter and signaled the boats to go there; he in the meantime wore ship, and before the vessel came to the wind looked to see if the boats were coming, when he missed

### THE CHIEF MATE'S BOAT.

He became alarmed at once, as there was a heavy snow-squall coming down, and he immediately set the recall signals in hopes that if they were all right they would set their sail, so that they could be seen. As the approaching squall threw a dark gloom on the water he could not see them; no boat could be seen, the snow-squall enveloped the spot where they were. He then made sail for the spot with the ship where the boat was last seen. When the squall blew over nothing was to be seen of the boat. The mastheads were manned by the sharpest-eyed men on board, as all felt anxious for the safety of the boat's crew. When the ship reached about the place

### WHERE THEY WERE LAST SEEN,

She wore round, standing a short distance on the opposite tack, with the American ensign set at the peak to call the attention of the bark *Triton*, which was to windward and steering down toward them, in hopes they might see the boat, and if she had struck a whale and had been towed to windward to render assistance. The bark then came down, spoke the *James Allen* and luffed to under her lee. The *James Allen* wore off to cross to leeward, when they saw an oar and two hats; lowered a boat to pick these things up, not knowing but there might be a man. The next moment they saw the boat off the lee quarter, bottom up, with

### NOT A SOUL TO TELL THE STORY.

Captain Kelley says, from the appearance of the boat, he judged they had struck a whale, and been drawn down by the line getting foul, in which case they could not have kept afloat longer than ten minutes, as it was bitterly cold and the ice making very fast, the spray freezing as it struck the ship. The lines in the boat were frozen stiff, and the Captain thinks that it was from this cause that the line got foul. The names of these unfortunate men were John Norton, chief mate; Alexander Collins, boat-steerer; Thomas Barker, John Seypan, Charles Ambler, Charles Beyer, seamen. This sad occurrence cast a gloom over the spirits of the whole ship's company, and put an end to a promising season's work.

The Debut of Queen Victoria.—The King died at twenty minutes after 2 in the morning; the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at 11. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior—and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion. The doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat and then read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instructions when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with perfect modesty and propriety, particularly interesting and ingratiating. The young Queen, who might well be either dismayed or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seemed neither the one nor the other, and behaved with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity, the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

Proposed Railroad from Boston to the West.—Boston, Nov. 21.—The project of a new and direct railroad from Boston to the West is receiving the general attention of business men here at the present time. The route proposed includes New York and New England road, from the city to Willimantic; the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Road to Hartford, Conn.; the Western and Poughkeepsie and Eastern lines to Poughkeepsie, and, crossing the Hudson, a line of eighteen miles to Pine Bush, yet unbuilt. At this point direct connections will be made with the Pennsylvania and Erie Roads west, and with an entire system of roads to the coal and iron fields, and a line to Washington and the South, some twenty miles shorter than any now existing. It is stated that the Pennsylvania road will bridge the Hudson river if eighteen miles west be completed, and will guarantee that 700 car loads of freight shall be sent daily over the line to Boston as soon as the road is built. It is proposed to cross the Hudson river in floats carrying an entire train until the bridge is completed. The friends of the scheme say that in six months' time, and for $500,000, the direct route can be established.

How Verdi Composed the "Trovatore."—When Verdi was putting the last touches to Il Trovatore, he was visited in his study by a privileged friend. That friend was one of the ablest of living musicians and critics. He was permitted to look at the score, and ran over the Anvil Chorus on the piano-forte. "What do you think of that?" said the master, "Trash!" said the connoisseur. Verdi rubbed his hands and chuckled. "Now look at this, and this," he went on. "Rubbish!" said the other, rolling a cigarette. The composer rose and embraced him with a burst of joy. "What do you mean?" cried the critic. "My dear friend," replied Verdi, "I have been making a popular opera. In it I resolved to please everybody except the purists, the judges, the classicists, like you. Had I pleased you, I should have pleased no one else, What you say assures me of success. In three months Il Trovatore will be sung, and roared, and whistled, and barrel-organed all over Italy." Verdi was right, and we all (except the Ruskins) wish that he would give us some more barrel-organ music.

Stockmen Caught Napping.—The recent extraordinary change in the weather caught a great many stockmen napping. A good number of horses and cattle are reported snowed in at different pasture grounds, unable to get out. There was quite a number of "Relief" about eighteen miles above Strawberry, circling round a buckeye bush protruding from the snow quite down, also the manes and tails of many of them eaten off from sheer hunger. Many of the stock will perish without the possibility of aid—the snow being three and one half to four feet deep, and trails can only be made for them on snow-shoes. Nevertheless an effort is now being made to rescue them.—*Tuolumne Independent, Nov. 14.*

The *Times'* Washington letter of Nov. 21, has the following:

The Attorney General has decided that a person whose connection with the army as a commissioned officer has been severed by resignation or legal dismissal, cannot be legally returned to his former rank, or commissioned by reappointment to fill a vacancy in a regiment or corps of the army, when, by such reappointment, he will become superior in rank and position to another officer who holds a commission in the same regiment prior to such appointment.

It is said that a Philadelphia boy stole $700 and presented it to an orphan asylum. The boy who thus expends his whole fortune to assuage the orphan's grief and wipe his weeping eye, exhibits a degree of disinterested benevolence that is rarely to be met with in this unfriendly world.

## CHICAGO'S RIP VAN WINKLE.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF EPILEPSY—A PATIENT WHO HAS BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR 70 DAYS—HE WILL NEITHER BURN NOR SCARE OUT OF HIS SNOOZE.

[From the Chicago Times, Nov. 25.]

A very singular case has recently come under the eye of a *Times* reporter. It is undoubtedly a case of true catalepsy, and so rare are the instances of this disease, that it has caused a decided sensation among the medical fraternity of this city.

The man who furnishes the cause of all the speculations that are rife, and all the learned investigations that are daily taking place over his unconscious, insensible body, is one Michael Finnegan, a true Celt, as his name implies. Mike alive, well, and about his humble business, if he had any at all, excited no interest whatever, and never succeeded in establishing himself as the centre of a coterie of wise and scientific gentlemen, but prone on his back, prostrated by a disease almost unknown, and when he can possibly derive no satisfaction from so doing, he at once becomes the object of the most

ABSTRUSE DISQUISITIONS,

and the exciting cause of lofty efforts to expound the various aspects of his condition. His case has been the subject of essays and communications to medical journals, and he is in a fair way to unconsciously immortalize himself.

Of the early history of Finnegan's disease, but little is known. About Sept. 15 he was found on the railway track near the Michigan Southern depot. He was standing in an almost rigid, unconscious condition, to all appearance contemplating what the result might be if a train should suddenly insist upon occupying his portion of the track. The policeman who arrested him, and took him to the Harrison street station, said it was the queerest case of drunk he ever saw, and in all his experience with himself and numerous other people, he had never known whisky to thus affect a human creature.

Michael, in the police court, exhibited symptoms of insanity, and a day or two subsequently was

REMOVED TO ELGIN.

Here he relapsed into a condition of unconsciousness and insensibility, his muscles became rigid, and he lost all power of voluntary motion. It was not a case that came within the province of the Elgin institution, and he was removed to the county hospital. Here he remained until the 3d of November, there being little or no change in his condition, when he was brought to the Mercy hospital, where he now is.

He has been in this singular state for 70 days, speechless, senseless, helpless. He has been visited by a great many of the physicians and surgeons of this city, to all of whom he is a veritable sphinx.

There are divers and different opinions about his case, which exhibits a complication of symptoms which none of them have witnessed before. A large number of them hold that it is

A TRUE CASE OF CATALEPSY,

while others maintain that it is hysteria with assimilated catalepsy.

The man's condition has as yet shown no change, and yesterday, save a falling off in flesh, he appeared as he did when first brought to the institution. Various experiments have been made in an effort to arouse him from this overpowering stupor, but without success. At some times there has been reason to suppose him conscious, at others all expedients have failed to prove either sensibility or consciousness. His limbs are perfectly rigid, and are moved with great difficulty, and at times he seems to exert a decided opposition to being thus rudely handled. For instance, the reporter raised his arm. Apparently he resisted with much force, as if perfectly conscious of the performance. But when the arm was raised it

REMAINED IN THIS ELEVATED POSITION,

and was only replaced with the same effort required to raise it, which apparently contradicts the impression that he is conscious, and seems to prove that the apparent resistance is simply the result of muscular rigidity. At times, when thus moved about, his face twitches, as if in pain. But this, too, can scarcely indicate a conscious state. On the contrary, he is apparently insensible. An iron heated so hot that none of the physicians could bear their hands upon it, was applied to his body, without exciting any demonstrations of pain. His eyes are closed, and it takes some effort to open them, though he winks sometimes voluntarily. At times he slightly changes his position, more often during the night than in the day time,

MEDICAL WORKS

record a case of catalepsy where the patient was cured by being frightened out of it. Acting upon this idea, the physicians have attempted to scare Finnegan. They have talked at his bed-side about cutting his jugular, as his case was hopeless, and have scratched his neck with a tooth-pick, but the patient failed to scare any.

He is daily fed by forcing food into his throat through a large-sized catheter. He eats in this way 50 ounces of milk and four eggs each day.

But little is done in the medical treatment of the case. A relaxation of the muscular system has been obtained by an administration of ether, but it was only temporary. Quinine and strychine have been given as tonics. The physicians are discussing the effect of a transfusion of blood.

It is thought that he will come out of this singular state, but with a

LOSS OF REASON.

The case is of the greatest interest to medical men on account of its extreme rarity. But few have ever been seen. Hammond, a very voluminous medical writer, records but three, and Flint, whose medical researches have been very extensive, has observed but one. But three have been known in Europe.

## PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS.

From the records of the General Land Office it appears that the number of acres of land actually patented to the Pacific Railroad Comnies under the Congressional land grants, is as follows: Union Pacific Railroad, 709,954 acres; Central Pacific Railroad, 672,611 acres; Kansas Pacific Railroad, 413,000 acres. The number of acres selected but withheld from patent by the order of Secretary Cox Nov. 3, 1869, to await the completion of the roads in accordance with the report of the "Commission of Five Eminent Citizens," was 183,222 acres by the Union Pacific, and 61,435 by the Central Pacific Company. These two roads having been now accepted as properly completed, are entitled to demand and receive patents for the remainder of their land agents, which the general land office estimates will amount to 12,000,000 acres for Union Pacific and 9,100,000 acres for the Central Pacific Company. The estimated quantity which the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company may receive under its grant is 6,000,000 acres. The law of July 2, 1864, however, forbids the issuance of patents for lands to any Pacific Railroad Company until the cost of surveying, selecting and conveying the lands applied for shall have been first paid into the United States Treasury; and, as there is no law requiring the Companies to apply for patents unless they wish to, and no machinery has been provided for enforcing the provision of the act of 1864, that lands not sold by the railroads within three years after the completion of their roads shall be liable to be sold under the pre-emption laws, for their benefit, at $1 25 per acre, the Pacific Railroad Companies may indefinitely delay the issuance of patents for these lands, and thus keep them exempt from taxation, although still reserved from general settlement and susceptible of sale by said corporations.

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**A Sequel to a Divorce Suit.**—Daniel Byrnes has brought an action in the Nineteenth District Court against his wife, Ellen Byrnes, J. S. Waters and Jennie P. Jackson, to declare a trust. Byrnes, who had been married for a decade at least, and had acquired some $8,000 worth of property in this city, went to Ireland on a visit in 1870, leaving his wife full power of attorney, and did not return until June last. When he once more reached San Francisco he found that Waters had stepped into his connubial shoes and was in possession of his property. In July, 1873, Ellen got a divorce from him on the ground of desertion, of which proceeding her husband was quite ignorant, and he declares the whole thing a fraud. In September last Waters deeded the property to Jennie Jackson. Judgment is asked that Jennie be adjudged to hold the property in trust for Byrnes, and that she be compelled to turn the same over to him.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

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Some very serious disorder seems to have affected some of the horses in Washington county. They first lose the use of the right hind leg and then become perfectly helpless.

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The Presidency, we believe, is the only office in the country that has not been held by a member of the Washburne family.—*Kansas City Times.*

## GENERAL NOTES.

The soliloquy of Hamlet contains eighty-one words, of which all but three are Anglo-Saxon.

The difference between a dishonest debtor and an importunant creditor is that one is a "do" and the other a dun.

The Shah frightens his wives into submission by wearing an European plug hat drawn threateningly over his right eye.

A stranger in New York wites to the *Herald:* "I came into your great city, yesterday, an entire stranger. I stopped on the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, as I was lost. I asked of a policeman the shortest route to South street. His generous answer was: 'Don't know; never measured it.'"

A protest against Sunday theatricals, addressed to the New York Police Commissioners, asking an enforcement of the laws prohibiting such amusements, is published. It is signed by Edwin D. Morgan, John J. Cisco, Jonathan Sturgiss, Thurlow Weed, William E. Dodge and several other prominent citizens.

Young man, never aspire. Remember what happened to the fellow who hallooed, "Excelsior" so. He was a nice young man, and had wealthy connections. But he wouldn't mind the old man, nor heed the maiden who asked him to call on her. Natuarlly he was found frozen stiff, still shouting Excelsior."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Washington lady, upon the marriage of her daughter, gave her intended son-in-law three dollars in a sealed envelope with which to fee the minister. The enterprising youth abstracted two thirds of the amount and delivered the remaining one dollar to the preacher. Now, with a commencement like this, what chance has that mother-in-law.

The *Northerner* says: Two private citizens, Lewiston, being somewhat ambitious, and that, too, for military fame, went to Fort Lapwai a few nights since, and by way of showing their fitness for the army, each took a hand in the "draw" drill with some of the boys in blue. Not being able to agree in all respects with the aforesaid boys, they were promoted. They got into the guard house.

It is related that Chester W. Chapin, Representative in the Eleventh Massachusetts District, received a silver quarter for holding Major Morgan's horses, at Westfield, when Chapin was a boy attending school and the Major was driving a stage. It is said that Mr. Chapin has kept that quarter ever since, and that a few days ago he figured up the interest, which, when compounded, amounted to more than $100, and with this amount bought Mrs. Morgan a carpet.

## HUMOROUS.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

Public spirit—Readiness to do anything which is likely to prove lucrative.

The London *Saturday Review* cynically says: "It may be hoped that even under a municipal corporation London will not sink to the level New York.

It is pretty generally recognized, says the *Saturday Review*, that few ties in life are more trying than that which unites a couple of traveling companions.

On election day a Leavenworth man was shot in the cheek. It is unnecessary to say that the ball glanced off without doing any injury.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

The Duke of Northumberland says the rumor that he has become a Roman Catholic is a false and baseless calumny. He sympathizes with General Sherman.

Those who have not read the details of the Beecher-Tilton-Moulton mutual scandal should subscribe for a paper published in New Mexico. They have just heard of it down there.

Barnum had better look after his laurel. Way down South "The Great Roman Hippodrome" is said to be traveling through the country with a counterfeit Barnum at the head of it.

Douglas Jerrold says, in his *Hedge-hog Letters*, that "respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it, is enough to break the heart of an angel."

Now that the Centennial Commissioners have abandoned all intention of asking Congress for an appropriation, they can appeal to the public with a better grace and prospect of securing a favorable response. The Boston merchants have taken the matter in hand with their accustomed energy, and at a public meeting held recently the proposed plan for celebrating the national centenary was deliberately indorsed, and by resolution a pledge was given that the quota of the State should be speedily subscribed.

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**Freddy's Prayer.**—A bright-eyed boy of four years was saying his prayers the other night to his mother, and with his hands folded and eyes closed, he sweetly said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless papa, mamma and—"

He stopped all at once, opening his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Mother, mother, what shall I say if I have been a bad boy?"

"You should not stop to ask questions, my son, while you are saying your prayers," replied his mother.

"But mother, I have been bad; what shall I say?"

"Ask God to forgive you; but you should say your prayers all through when you begin, without stopping."

His question answered, he reverently folded his hands, and closing his eyes, continued:

"And will God forgive me for killing a hop-toad with a big stick, and throwing it down; big hole? Amen.

Children of a larger growth will do well to copy.

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**Wealth of Two Foreign Universities.**—The universities of Oxford and Cambridge are among the largest land owners in Britain. They own 319,718 acres, scattered through England and Wales, and this land, as a rule, is of admirable quality. There are tithe charges which bring them in a yearly income of $454,570; they get $270,725 yearly from houses, and $306,690 from stocks and shares. Taken together, the income of these two great universities in 1873 was $3,722,025—a sum which may well make our chief American colleges unhappy to contemplate. A large proportion of this sum goes to the heads of houses, fellows and exhibitioners. The chapels absorb twenty times as much as the libraries. Only the sums of $33,490 at Oxford, and $5,355 at Cambridge go to the payment of professors.

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**Stanley's Expedition Heard from.**—London, Nov. 16.—Advices have been received from Mr. H. M. Stanley, the *Herald* Commissioner in Africa, from Zanzibar, dated October 19, which state that he had surveyed the delta of the Rufigi river and had found two navigable mouths and distinct channels into the interior of Africa. The route of the slave trade crosses this river. The result of the exploration suggests means of effectually crushing the slave traffic. A steam launch, a steel gun and a few marines stationed along the river would easily accomplish the work. Mr. Stanley while ascending the river gathered valuable information and established a trading station for the exchange of goods and native produce, oils, gums and drugs.

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**Duluth.**—Duluth is dead just now, financially and in a business way. Hotels are closed; no new houses are building; many old ones are for rent, and the windows of numerous shops and stores are covered with dust and cobwebs. The elevators and warehouses are almost empty; the steamers come in and go out with freights that hardly pay running expenses; but all live on credit and hope for a brighter day. The present collapse of the Northern Pacific Railroad has demoralized Duluth; the price of wheat is so low that the elevators stand idle, and everything and everybody at the head of Lake Superior looks seedy and forlorn.—*Corr. Providence, R. I., Journal.*

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An anxious mother in Allegheny, Penn., lately sent a note to the teacher of her little boy, which read: "Dear Sir: My little boy is looken so bad and he dont complene of beein sick i am afred the large boys plays so ruf with him will you please see that they dont stand him on his hed and dont let them be ruf with him he cride all nite before last with his hed i cant git him to one that enay of them hirts him he wont tell me enay thing they dooe to him will you pleese lit him play with the little girels as he is so small you can see yourself that his eys looks bad and I am onkneesy about him pleese knotise and take caer of him he is so young."