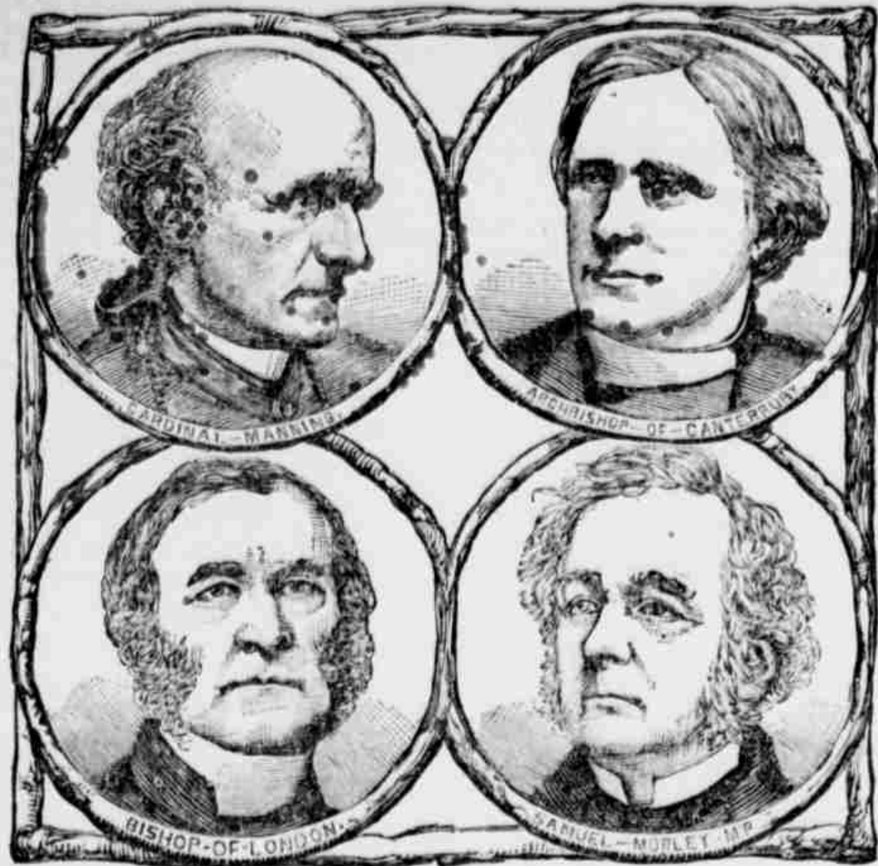
## Commission Appointed to Examine the Pall Mall Gazette's Charges.




**HENRY EDWARD MANNING.**

CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

His Eminence, Henry Edward Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, England, July 15, 1808. Was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated, B. A., in 1830. He was appointed Rector of Lavington and Graffham, Sussex in 1834, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840.

These preferments he resigned in 1851 on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood in 1857, founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater entitled the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo.

The degree of D. D., was confered on him at Rome, and the office of Provost of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, Prothonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate to the Pope. At the death of Cardinal Wiseman he was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, June 8, 1865. Pope Pius IX. created him Cardinal Priest, March 15, 1875. The same Pontiff invested him with the Cardinal's Hat, December 31, 1877.

**REV. EDWARD W. BENSON, D. D.**

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D.—Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan—was born near Birmingham, England, 1829; graduated B. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge 1852, M. A. in 1855, B. D. in 1862 and D. D. in 1867. He was for some years assistant master in Rugby School, and head master of Wellington College from its opening in 1858 till 1872, when he was appointed Canon Residentiary and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. In 1877 he was consecrated Bishop of Truro. In 1882 on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation he was appointed to succeed the late Dr. Tait as Archbishop of Canterbury.

**REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D. D.**

BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Rev. Frederick Temple was born Nov. 30, 1821. Was educated at Balliol College, taking the degree of B. A. in 1842; was ordained in 1846; appointed principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall near Twickenham in 1848, and head master at Rugby in 1853.

In 1860 he gained considerable notoriety as the author of the first of the seven "Essays and Reviews", which caused so much controversy soon after their appearance.

In the general election in 1878 Dr. Temple actively supported Mr. Gladstone's measure for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the Premier nominated him to the Bishopric of Exeter. On account of his being the author of one of the "Essays and Reviews" his nomination caused much controversy, but his election was confirmed by the Vicar General, and on Dec. 21, 1869 he was consecrated.

**SAMUEL MORLEY, M. P.**

Samuel Morley, M. P., was born in Hackney London, England in 1809. He went early to business and is now the head of the firm of J. & B. Morley, wholesale hosiers of that city. An earnest dissenter, Mr. Morley has been throughout his public career a leading champion of Protestant non-conformity, which he has promoted by munificent donations for building new chapels.

Mr. Morley represented Nottingham in the advanced liberal interest, 1865-1866, when he was unseated by petition. He first came forward as a candidate for Bristol in 1868, and was defeated by a small majority by Mr. Miles, who was unseated on petition. The following June Mr. Morley again became a candidate, and was elected by a large majority, and continues to represent Bristol down to the present time.

### The Indians Under Law.

At the conclusion of some very just remarks about the Indians in to-day's paper, writes Senator H. L. Dawes to *The Springfield Republican*, you say: "To these things must be added the bringing of the Indian under the law on equal terms with the white man." I have seen, of late, in your paper and others, frequent allusions to what is deemed a very great need in the work of fitting the Indian to take care of himself—namely, that he should at once be subjected to the same law as the white man, and held to punishment like him for any offense against them. It may not be amiss to state exactly his condition in this respect, so that the public may be the better judge whether something else may not be needed far more than the legislation you speak of.

It has always been that an offense committed by an Indian upon the person or property of a white man or by a white man upon that of an Indian, anywhere, or by a Indian outside the limits of a reseevation, were punished like other offenses under the laws of the state or territory where they were committed. But offenses committed on a reservation by one Indian upon the person or property of another Indian have been heretofore left to be punished by the Indians themselves in their own way. And sorry work they have often made of it. There has been an urgent call for legislation extending the criminal law over the reservation, precisely as it exists elsewhere. It is this need that these frequent allusions are made. Now, congress at its last session did this very thing, and now every Indian on a reservation, as well as off, is subject to and protected by the same criminal law that the white man is. This provision is subject, however, to two exceptions, but is otherwise as broad as here stated.

1. It does not extend to minor offenses, such as simple assault and battery, ordinary breach of the peace, and other petty offenses committed among the wild Indians, for the reason that in the present condition of the reservation and the courts it would subject every wild Indian on a reservation hundreds of miles, and in some instances more than a thousand miles, away from the courts, on any charge, however trumped up, to be dragged by marshals hungry for fees these great distances alone before a distant tribunal, and then turned loose to get back as he could or lie in prison at the pleasure of his accuser. It was the opinion of those who drew this law that such a remedy for such offenses would be worse than the evil itself.

2. The five "civilized nations," as the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles are called, are exempted from this law, because the United States has a treaty with them by which it was expressly agreed that these tribes should punish these offenses in their own courts. These "nations" have each a judicial system which would compare most favorably with that of any of the states. They have printed laws enacted in a legislature of two branches elected every two years, a supreme court, a district court, and a county court, with juries. In these courts justice is administered and offenses punished with fairness and less scandal than sometimes attends attempts at it in the states.

I have troubled you with these remarks because it is well that the exact condition of legislation upon this subject should be known, and for what congress has done, which is little enough, it is entitled to the credit. My own opinion is that there is now far greater need of a firm, wise, and sleepless enforcement of existing laws than there is for new ones, though without doubt there can be great improvement wrought in them as they are. But I have no right to ask further space of you at this time.

### How to Destroy Poultry Vermin.

When large flocks of poultry are kept together considerably difficulty is often experienced in keeping them free from those little pests so much dreaded—*lice*. The following method is adopted by a few extensive breeders and is said to work admirably: Get a gallon, more or less, of crude petroleum, and, with a spraying bellows, if you have it, or with a brush, if you have nothing better, thoroughly saturate every part of the inside poultry houses. This will rid them of every vestige of lice, large or small, and, as the small lice or mites mostly leave the fowls in the morning, it will, in a couple of applications, rid them of the pests. A little lard oil and kerosene, half and half, applied under the wings of the birds will kill all the large lice that are on them. But every person who has many fowls should have some sort of a spraying apparatus, and with this spray the fowls and house once a month with kerosene emulsion. This can be quickly done at night, when the fowls are on the roosts, and will keep everything perfectly clean.—*Poultry Monthly.*

### Why She Liked the Preacher.

"Oh, I do think Mr. Poundpulpit's sermons are just too lovely for anything," remarked a lady to a visitor.

"Humph! I think he's as dry as a bone. What can you see that's so 'lovely' in his sermons?" replied the visitor.

"I'm troubled with sleeplessness; but I do enjoy such lovely naps when he is preaching."—*Brooklyn Times.*

The four mission—to make good bread.—*Boston Transcript.*

### Wise Sayings.

A maid in the east used to say: "Society is like a dish." A wise man once heard these words and said: "Fair maid, what do you mean?" "Sir," said the maid, "if you wish to know what I mean you must have dinner with me." "Agreed," said the wise man. The maid laid before the sage plates of salt, pepper, fish, and other articles, each by itself. He could eat none of them. Last of all the maid brought a dish of curried fish, and the sage had his dinner. "But where is the meaning of your saying?" said the sage. "I have explained it," said the maid. "I don't see it," said the sage. "Why," said the maid, "you would not eat the salt, the pepper, the fish, each by itself; but when they came together you had your dinner." "You are quite right, fair maid, said the philospher; "the salt is the witty man, the pepper the tart man, the fish the dull man, and all together, make the one social man. There is philosophy in the kitchen!"

A despot in the east once said to his fawning courtiers: "He that goes round my kingdom in the shortest possible time shall have one of these two gems." A courtier went around the king, and said: "Sire, may I have the prize?" "How so?" said the king. "Why, you are the kingdom, are you not?" said the courtier. The despot was so well pleased with the courtier that he gave him both gems. The other courtiers said, in a whisper: "Flatterers prey upon fools."

One day a king in the far east was seated in the hall of justice. A thief was brought before him; he inquired into his case and said he should receive one hundred lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Instantly he recollected an old eastern saying: "What we do to others in this birth, they will do to us in the next," and said to his minister: "I have a great mind to let this thief go quietly, for he is sure to give me these one hundred lashes in the next birth." "Sire," replied the minister, "I know the saying you refer to is perfectly true, but you must understand that you are simply returning to the thief in this birth what he gave you in the last." The king was perfectly pleased with this reply, says the story, and gave his minister a rich present.

A man in the east, where they do not require as much clothing as in colder climates, gave up all worldy concerns and retired to a wood, where he built a hut and lived in it. His only clothing was a piece of cloth which he wore round his waist. But, as luck would have it, rats were plentiful in the wood, so he had to keep a cat. The cat required milk to keep it, so a cow had to be kept. The cow required tending, so a cowboy was employed. The boy required a house to live in, so a house was built for him. To look after the house a maid had to be engaged. To provide company for the maid a few more houses had to be built and people invited to live in them. In this manner a little township sprang up. The man said: "The farther we seek to go from the world and its cares the more they multiply!"

Once the hammer said to the anvil: "I can strike harder than you can bear." The anvil replied: "I can bear harder than you can strike, try." The hammer redoubled its energy and the anvil was as firm as ever. "Hold on, gentlemen," said the iron that had got between the two, "the world gains by it." "Quite right," said the furnace, in his own abrupt style. "Vie and win; competition is the secret of the world's success."—*Philadelphia News.*

### It Never Fails.

They had been enemies for three long years. They passed each other on the street with stern faces, their wives made fun of each other's dresses, and the children climbed up on the back fence and called each other shoddy aristocrats. Oh, no, there was no dove of peace now around there, and lots of people predicted that a case of assassination would grow out of it.

Last evening a whole neighborhood was astonished beyond measure. These two families who had thirsted for each other's scalps were seen in sweet convention on the lawn. The men exchanged cigars, the women admired each other's latest purchase, and the blessed little children hugged each other all over the grass.

How did the change come about? Well, neither man ever owned a horse in his life, and neither knew a case of spavin from a blooming instance of poll-evil. Jones decided, however, to buy a horse. He was looking one over at his hitching-post, when Smith came along. In a moment of forgetfulness Jones remarked:

"Say, Smith, you know all about a horse. How old is this animal?"

In the jerk of a comet's tail rancor and bitterness were forgotten. The flattery hit Smith plumb center and ripped all the buttons off his pent-up soul. He obeyed the request, pointed out all the ring-bones, stiff knees and splints, and advised Jones not to buy. They went off arm in arm, and the dove of peace now sits on the housetops and warbles his joyous little soul up to high "G."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Roach Caught Her.

"And we could walk down through the vale of this life together, and be happy," said an antiquated female in widows weeds to a rich old bachelor with matrimonial tendencies.

"And why so, darling?" replied he.

"Because I saw you extract a roach from the biscuit this morning, and continue eating as unmindful and unconcerned as the summer sun when it breathes over sleeping valleys."

And Mrs. Pretzel exclaims, "Did she win him!"—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

### Too Far Off.

A man who was up before a New York justice for stealing a ham from the front door of a grocery store, raised up his hand and called on all the saints to witness his innocence.

"Go on with the trial," said the justice, "do you expect this court to send all the way to Utah or Chicago for the witnesses in this case?"—*Texas Siftings.*

## THE PRINCESS BARNABAS.

The Princess Barnabas was in a state of the most profound perplexity. She could not, for the dainty little life of her, make up her mind on the important question as to whether she should or should not commit suicide at the close of the season. It was not very easy for the Princess' many admirers to understand why she should perturb her mind with such a problem at all, but perturb it she did with that very problem, whether wisely or unwisely.

The Princess Barnabas was a very remarkable young woman, who had proved the puzzle, the pride, and the passion of London society for three whole sensational seasons. She was not yet four-and-twenty. She bore the title of a great Russian prince who had married her just before she came of age, at a time when he himself was old enough to be her grandfather, and who had considerately died within two years of the ceremony, leaving her the absolute mistress of his fortune and his territories, as she had been during life the absolute mistress of his heart for the short time in which he swayed it. She was said to be fabulously wealthy. Her jewels were the wonder of the world, and she delighted in wearing them, in season and out of season, with a semi-barbaric enjoyment of their glitter and splendor which was, like everything else about her, partly Oriental and partly childish. Some time after her husband's death she had come to Paris and got tired of it, and then she crossed the Channel and conquered London. During one resplendent session little else was talked about but the Princess Barnabas. Society journals raved about her delicate beauty, which seemed to belong to the canvases of the last century, which ought to have been immortalized on pate tendre, and hymned in madrigals. Men adored her. Women envied her marvelous dress and machless jewels. The dying ashes of a season's scandal flared up into marvelous activity around her pretty personality. She was enormously "the thing." Enormously "the thing" she remained during a second season, after an interval of absolute disappearance into the dominions of the Czar. Enormously "the thing" she still appeared to be now in her third season, in spite of the rival attractions of an American actress who had not married an English duke, and an American girl with millions who had married the bluest blood and the oldest name in Europe. It would have been absurd for any one to contest the point that the Princess Barnabas was the very most interesting figure of that phantasmal dance of shadows which is called London society.

Nevertheless the Princess Barnabas was weary, positively bored. If she had been less of a success, life might not have appeared so desolate. There would have been a piquancy in the possibility of rivalry which would have lent a new interest to the tasteless feast. As it was, however, London life at the height of its maddest activity appeared to her as drear and gray as those vast stretches of steepes which lay like a great sea around one of the Russian castles of the late Prince Barnabas. It was during this fit of depression when the Princess Barnabas was graciously pleased to agree with the author of "Ecclesiastes," that life was vanity, that it occurred to her that in all her strange experiences she had never yet committed suicide. She immediately gave up her mind to the important problem, whether she should gain this ultimate human experience at once, or postpone it indefinitely.

It was in this frame of mind that the Princess went to the great ball at the Russian Embassy. As she nestled among her furs in the dim, luxurious warmth of her carriage, her mind was running entirely upon the various forms of self-destruction which had been made famous by celebrated persons at different stages of the world's history, and she could find none that were sufficiently attractive or remarkable to please her. "Good heavens!" she thought to herself, with a little shudder which even the warmth of her surroundings could not repress, "is it possible to be banale even in that?" and she gave a little groan as she stepped out of her carriage and up the embassy steps. The thought was still on her mind, and tracing the least suggestion of a frown upon her exquisite girlish face as she entered the great room and took the hand of the ambassadress. The thrill of interest, of excitement, of admiration, which as a matter of course attended upon her entrance did not give her any answering thrill of gratification. She appeared to listen with the most gracious attention to the compliments of the ambassador. She answered with the daintiest little air of infantile obeisance the Old World courtesy of a white-haired Minister who was as much at home as she herself in a salon of the Regent of Orleans. She condescended to entangle in a network of fascination a particularly obdurate and impassive secretary of State. She patronized a prince of the blood royal and was exceedingly frank and friendly with the young painter Lepell, who knew exactly how much her familiarity meant, but was at once amused and delighted by the envy it aroused in others. Yet all the while the Princess Barnabas was not devoting a single serious thought to one of her admirers. Every idea in that vain and foolish head was centered upon the one query, "Shall I commit suicide next week, and if so, how?"

It was while in this frame of mind, talking to twenty people, and thinking of none of them, that her bright eyes, wandering lightly over the crowded room, chanced to fall upon a young man who was standing, somewhat removed from the press of the throng, in a window recess, which was at least comparatively quiet—a tall, grave, self-possessed young man, sufficiently good-looking to be called handsome by an enthusiastic friend. When the Princess Barnabas looked at him, his eyes, which were bright, clever eyes, were fixed on her with a look of half-humorous contemplation. The moment, however, their eyes met he turned his head slightly, and resumed a conversation with a gray-haired old man with a red ribbon at his buttonhole, whom she knew to be a foreign diplomatist. The young man's gaze had expressed an interest in the Princess, but it seemed to be just as interested in the pale, wrinkled face of his companion. The Princess Barnabas seemed piqued. "Who is that young man?" she asked, half-fretfully, of the Secretary of State.

"Which young man?" The Secretary of State's stolid face gazed vaguely into the dense crowd of dress coats and white shoulders, of orders and stars and diamonds.

"The young man in the window talking to the gray-haired man."

The Secretary put up his eye-glass and considered the young man in question thoughtfully. He was never known to hurry in his judgments or his replies in Parliament, and he did not hurry now, though it was the Princess Barnabas who was interrogating him, and not a member of the Opposition. Then he answered her, weighing his words with more than judicial deliberation: "He is a young fellow named Sinclair. He is going out to the East, or something. Why do you ask?"

"His face interests me," replied the Princess.

"I should like to know him. Bring him to me; or stay, give me your arm, we will go to him."

She rose and dispersed her little knot of disconsolate courtiers. Taking the Secretary's arm she moved slowly toward the window where Sinclair was still standing. The Secretary touched him on the arm. "Mr. Sinclair, the Princess Barnabas has expressed a desire to make your acquaintance. Allow me, Princess, to introduce you to Mr. Julian Sinclair."

The young man bowed. He seemed a little surprised, but not in the least embarrassed. The Princess smiled brightly at him, and her eyes were brighter than her smile. "Thank you," she said to the Secretary of State with a pleasant little smile, which was meant to convey, and which did convey, that she had had enough of him. He promptly disappeared into the crowd with resigned good humor, bearing away with him in his wake the elderly red-ribboned diplomatist.

Princess Barnabas and Julian Sinclair were left alone. She sat down on the couch in the recess of the window, and slightly motioned to him her side. He obeyed silently. The recess of the window was deep. For the moment they were almost entirely isolated from the shifting, glittering throng that seathed and flirted around them, Sinclair kept quite silent, looking into the face of the Princess with an air of half-amused inquiry. There were a few seconds of silence, and then the woman spoke, beginning, womanlike, with a question.

"Have you forgotten me, Mr. Sinclair?"

The young man shook his head gravely. "No, I have not forgotten you, Princess." Her eyes were fixed on his face, but he returned her gaze quite steadily.

"Yet it must be two years since we met," she replied; "and two years is a long time."

"Yes, two years is a very long time," he said, half sadly, half scornfully.

He was decidedly not communicative, this young man, for even the pleasure of meeting a friend, unseen for two years, did not appear to arouse in him any desire for conversation.

There was another little pause. Neither seemed embarrassed, and yet the interval was long enough to be embarrassing. Then she spoke again.

"Why did you leave St. Petersburg? Where have you been all this time?"

He answered the second part of her question: "I have been in Constantinople most of the time. I only returned to London a few days ago, and I am going away almost immediately to the East again, to Persia this time."

"For how long?"

There was a faint tone of weariness in his reply, though he strove to make his voice purposely steady. "Oh! forever, I suppose; or, at least, until I am an old man, and of no further use. Then perhaps I may come back on a pension, and write dreary letters to The Times about the errors of my successors." And he laughed to prevent himself from sighing.

"You have not answered all my question," said the Princess. "Why did you leave St. Petersburg so suddenly? We all missed you; you had good friends, and I assure you I quite missed you."

Sinclair got up and looked down into her laughing eyes. "I left St. Petersburg," he said, "because I was afraid to stay."

Her eyes were laughing still, but there was an unwonted softness in her voice, as she asked him, "Why were you afraid to stay? Surely you were not a Nihilist?"

He began to speak, and paused; then with a determined effort to keep his voice under control, he said: "I left St Petersburg because I was fool enough to fall in love with you."

"Thank you for the compliment. Was that so very foolish?"

"Not for others, perhaps. For me folly, and worse than folly—madness. I never thought I should see you again; I did not dream that we should meet to-night. But just since chance has thrown us together for the last time, as I leave England in a few days for the rest of my life, I may as well tell you, for the first and for the last time, that I love you."

Her eyes were laughing still: those wonderful gray-blue northern eyes which so many capitals raved about; but her lips were firmly, almost sternly set. Still she said nothing, and he went on "I knew it was folly when I first found that I loved you over there in St. Petersburg. I was a poor English gentleman, and you were the Princess Barnabas. I might as well have fallen in love with a star. So I came away." He said the words simply, with a quiet conviction, and held out his hand. "Good-bye, Princess, and forgive me my folly."

She rose and faced him. Any one of the hundreds in the great room beyond who chanced to look at the couple half hidden by the curtains of the deep window would have seen a man and a woman talking lightly of light things. "And you have not forgotten me yet?" she said.

"I never shall forget you," he answered sadly. "I cannot love more than once, and I love you with all my soul. Do you remember one day, when we drove together in the Neva Perspective, how you stopped to give some money to an old beggar? I envied the beggar for getting a gift from you, and you in jest dropped a coin into my outstretched hand." He took out his watch-chain and showed her the tiny gold coin with the Russian Eagle on it. "I have kept it ever since," he said. "It is the only thing I care for in the world. I have lived and shall live so much in the East that I am somewhat superstitious, and I think it is my talisman. Good-by. He held out his hand again. She took it.

"Will you come and see me before you leave?" she asked almost appealingly.

He shook his head. "Better not," he said.

For a moment she was silent; she seemed to be reflecting. Then she said, with a sudden vehemence, "Promise me that if I write and ask you to come you will obey me. Promise me that for the sake of our old friendship."

He bowed his head. "I promise," he said.

"And now give me your arm and take me to my carriage," said the Princess Barnabas. "I want to go home to bed."

* * * * * * * *

The next day Julian heard nothing from the Princess. "Of course not," he said to himself, shrugging his shoulders at the fantastic hopes which had besieged his brain since that strange meeting, and he dogedly faced his approaching exile. But on the afternoon of the second day after the meeting at the Embassy, Julian Sinclair, coming to his hotel after a day spent in busy preparations for departure, found a tiny note awaiting him. It was from the Princess, and had only these words: "Come this evening, I shall be alone." And he went.

* * * * * * * *

This was part of a conversation which Princess Barnabas chanced to overhear at a reception at the foreign office, and on the eve of her departure for the east. The speakers were Sir Harry Kingscourt and Ferdinand Lepell. Said the painter: "Have you heard the news about the Princess Barnabas? She is going to marry a fellow named Sinclair, and is going to live in the east—Persia, or some place of the kind. The fellow hasn't a penny in the world and never will have, for I believe that by her husband's will she loses almost all her fortune if she marries below her own rank." "How very romantic," yawned Kingscourt. "Romantic," replied Lepell; "it is absurd. Have you not heard?—the woman has committed suicide." And the speakers moved away.

"Suicide," said the princess to herself, smiling. "No, no; I was going to commit suicide once, but I have learnt what life is worth, and I have changed my mind."—The Whitehall Review.

### A Very Able War Story.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Maj. Toller of Los Angeles called to see me, and in the course of our conversation it came out that he had at one time been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something of the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Major Toller explained that he was one of the gunners in the rebel battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with the work of that battery. I did. I remembered it well. I remembered first that one day there came a shell from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men.

Major Toller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I fired the shot myself, and there's a story about it. One day there came from the Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and, seeing that the fuse had not burned out, I said that I believed we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and we saw by the commotion it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterward the commander of the forces came to our quarters, and for the firing of that shot promoted me to Major.

John Ryder, a wealthy farmer of Rockland Lake, predicted on June 9 that he would die on the 11th. He sent for a lawyer, made his will, and asked the lawyer to act as pall bearer at his funeral. He then sent for the undertaker, ordered his coffin, and paid for it. He was then in perfect health, but said he had been warned of approaching death. On the 11th he sat in his arm chair as usual, and calling his family around him, bade them good-bye, saying: "My friends I am now going; good-bye all, and God bless you." He then lay back, closed his eyes, and apparently fell asleep, but when they touched him he was dead. He was buried, all his previous engagements being carried out. He was 76 years old.—Newbury Register.

General Grant, it is said, can not endure music of any kind except that made by the fife and drum.