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CHAS. PROSCH.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

[It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as twenty-one to twenty; accordingly, in respect to marriage, every twenty-first man is naturally superfluous.—Smith's Treatise on Population.]

I have long been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear,
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned,
And I'm a superfluous man!

These clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world
Is twenty to twenty and one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score
They've got a superfluous man.

By tens and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,
For I'm a superfluous man.

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners, or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face:
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van;
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern,
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return:
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,
And I'm a superfluous man.

No wonder I grumble, at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty:
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades known in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us;
But, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of one heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the derest,
Brothers evermore to be:
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner—
Battle-scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us;
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of one flag are we.

A correspondent of a Western paper reports that Senator Jim Lane was seriously exercised at the failure of the House to elect Stockton. He was a good old man, he said—a pure, saintly old man, "and besides, sir, he repeats the Lord's prayer every morning, and before the end of this Congress he would have kept it up till some of these members had learned it!"

How to get rid of an organ-grinder; Call everybody in the house to hear the music, smile, applaud, and ask for more. When the performance is ended, you can send out and thank the artist. He won't trouble you often. So a London man says, who has tried it.

A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone as the evening star,

"Och, Master Theodore, but you're the hook that nobody can bait."

It is with the diseases of the mind as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Clara Douglas.

Of all the barmaids I ever met with, none charmed me more than did Mary, of the Black Swan, at Altonby. In my eyes she inherited all the good qualities of her sex: that is to say, she was handsome, pretty, plump, and young, with a form neither too tall nor too short, but just the indescribable happy size between, set off by a manner peculiarly graceful.

It was on a delightful evening in the early spring that I found myself seated, for the first time, in a comfortable little parlor pertaining to the Black Swan, and Mary attending on me; she being the chief, nay, almost the only person in the establishment who could serve a table. I was struck with her transcendent loveliness, I was captivated with her engaging manner, and I, who had for thirty years defied the artifices of blind Cupid, now felt myself all at once over head and ears in love with this village beauty. Although placed in so low a sphere as that in which I then beheld her, there was something about her that proclaimed her to be of gentle birth. Whoever looked upon her countenance, felt conscious that there was a respect due to her which it is far from customary to extend to girls in waiting at an inn. Her feet were small and fairy-like, from which, if her voice, redolent of musical softness—that thing so desirable in woman—had not already informed me, I should have set her down as being of English extraction.

Several months elapsed ere it was again in my power to visit Altonby. During all that time, my vagrant thoughts had been of Mary; sleeping or waking, her form was ever present to my fancy. On entering the Black Swan, it was Mary who bounded forward to welcome me with a delighted smile. She seemed gratified at my return, and I was no less so at the cordiality of my reception. The month was July, and the evening particularly fine; so, not having business of much consequence to transact in the place, and Mary having to attend to the comforts of others, besides myself, then sojourning at the Black Swan, I sallied forth alone, "to take my evening's walk of meditation."

When one happens to be left *per se* in a provincial town, where he is alike unknowing and unknown—where there is no theatre or other place of amusement in which to spend the evening—it almost invariably happens that he pays a visit to the churchyard, and delights himself for an hour or so with deciphering the tombstones, a recreation extremely healthful to the body and soothing to the mind. It was to the churchyard on that evening I bent my steps, thinking, as I went along, seriously of Mary.

"What is she to me?" I involuntarily exclaimed; "I have no time to waste upon women; I am a wanderer, with no great portion of worldly gear. In my present circumstances it is impossible I can marry her; and to think of her in any other light were villainous. No, no! I will no longer cherish a dream which can never be realized."

And I determined that, on the morrow, I should fly the fatal spot forever. Who or what Mary's relations had been, she seemed to feel great reluctance in disclosing to me. All I could glean from her was, that she was an orphan—that she had a sister who had formed an unfortunate attachment, and broken their mother's heart—that all of her kindred that now remained was a brother, and he was in a foreign land.

The sun was resting above the summits of the far-off mountains, and the yew trees were flinging their dusky shadows over the graves, as I entered the burial-place of Altonby. The old church was roofless and in ruins; and within its walls were many tombstones over the ashes of those who, having left more than the wherewithal to bury them, had been laid there by their heirs, in token of respect. In a distant corner I observed one little mound over which no stone had been placed to indicate who lay beneath: it was evidently the grave of a stranger, and seemed to have been placed in that spot more for the purpose of being out of the way than for any other. At a short distance from it was another mound, overtopped with grass of a fresher kind. As I stood leaning over a marble tombstone, gazing around me, a figure slowly entered at the farther end of the aisle, and, with folded arms and downcast eyes, passed on to those two graves. It was that of a young man of perhaps five-and-twenty, though a settled melancholy, which overspread his countenance, made him look five years older. I crouched behind the stone on which I had been leaning, fearful of disturbing him with my presence, or rousing his attention by attempting to leave the place.

After gazing with a vacant eye for a few moments upon the graves, he knelt down between them. His lips began to move, but I heard not what he said. I thought he was praying for the souls of the departed; and I was confirmed in this by hearing him at last say, in an audible voice:

"May all good angels guard thee, Clara Douglas, and thou, my mother!"

As he uttered these last words, he turned his eyes to the newer grave. I thought he was about to continue his prayer; but, as if the sight of the grave had awakened other feelings, he suddenly started up, and raising his hands to heaven, invoked curses on the head of one whom he termed their "murderer." That done, he rushed madly from the church. All this was very strange to me; and I determined, if possible, to ascertain whose remains those graves entombed.

On leaving the churchyard, I was fortunate enough to forgather with an old man, from whom I learned the melancholy story of her who occupied the older-looking grave. She was young and beautiful. Accident had deprived her father of that wealth which a long life of untiring industry had enabled him to lay past for his children, and he did not long survive its loss. Fearful of being a burden to her mother, who had a son and another daughter to provide for out of the slender pittance which remained to her on her husband's death, Clara Douglas accepted a situation as a governess, and sought to earn an honorable independence by those talents and accomplishments which had once been cultivated for mere amusement. The brother of Clara shortly afterwards obtained an appointment in the island of Madeira. Unfortunately for Clara, a young officer, a relative of the family in which she resided, saw her and was smitten with her charms. He loved and was beloved again. The footing of intimacy on which he was in the house, procured him many interviews with Clara. Suddenly his regiment was ordered to the Continent; and when the young ensign told the sorrowful tidings to Clara, he elicited from her a confession of her love.

Months passed away, Waterloo was fought and won, and Ensign Malcolm was among those who fell.

When the death-list reached Scotland, many were the hearts it overpowered with grief. But Clara Douglas had more than one grief to mourn: sorrow and shame were too much to bear together, and she fled from the house where she had first met him who was the cause of all. None could tell whither she had gone. Her mother and sister were agonized when the news of her disappearance reached them. Every search was made, but without effect. A year all but two weeks passed away, and still no tidings of her, till that very day two boys, seeking for pheasants' nests upon the top of a hillock overgrown with furze—which the old man pointed out to me at a short distance from the place where we stood—accidentally stumbled upon an object beneath a fir tree. It was the remains of a female in a kneeling posture. Beneath her garments, by which she was recognized as Clara Douglas, not a vestige of flesh remained. There was still some upon her hands, which had been tightly clasped together, and upon her face, which leant upon them. Seemingly she had died in great agony. It was supposed by some that she had taken poison.

"If your time will permit," added the old man, as he wiped away a tear, "I will willingly show you the place where her remains were found. It is but a short distance. Come."

I followed the old man in silence. He led the way into a field. We climbed over some loose stones thrown together, to serve as a wall of division at the farther extremity of it, and slowly began to ascend the grassy acclivity, which was on both sides bordered by a thick hedge, placed apart, at the distance of about thirty feet. When half way up, I could not resist the inclination I felt to turn and look upon the scene. It was an evening as fair as I had ever gazed on. The wheat was springing in the field through which we had just passed, covering it, as it were, with a rich green carpet. Trees and hills bounded the view, behind which the sun was on the point of sinking, and the red streaks upon the western sky "gave promise of a goodly day to-morrow."

If, thought I, the hour on which Clara Douglas ascended this hill was as lovely as this evening, she must indeed have been deeply bent upon her own destruction, to look upon the world so beautifully fair, and not wish to return to it again. We continued our ascent, passing among thick tangled underwood, in whose kindly grasp the light flowing garments of Clara Douglas must have been ever and anon caught as she wended on her way. Yet had she disregarded the friendly interposition. Along the margin of an old stone quarry we now proceeded, where the pathway was so narrow that we were occasionally compelled to catch at the furze bushes which edged it, to prevent ourselves from falling over into the gulf beneath. And Clara Douglas, thought I, must have passed along here, and must have been exposed to the same danger of toppling headlong over the cliff, yet she had exerted herself to pass the fatal spot unharmed, to save a life which she knew would almost the instant afterwards be taken by her own hand. Such is the inconsistency of human nature.

Our course lay once more through the midst of underwood so thickly grown that one would have supposed no female foot would dare to enter it.

"Here," said the old man, stopping beside a dwarfish fir tree, "here is the spot where we found the mortal remains of Clara Douglas."

I pressed forward, and, to my surprise, beheld one other being than my old guide looking on the place. It was the same I had noticed at the grave of Clara Douglas, within the walls of the ruined church of Altonby.

* * * * * *

Summer passed away, winter and spring succeeded, and summer came again, and with it came the wish to see Mary once more. However much I had before doubted the truth of the axiom that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," I now felt the full force of its truth. My affection for Mary was day after day becoming stronger; and, in spite of the dictates of prudence, my determination never to see her again began to falter; and one evening I unconsciously found myself in the yard of the Black Swan. Well, since I had come there at any rate, it would be exceedingly foolish to go away again without speaking to Mary; so I called to the stable boy to put up my horse. The boy knew me, for I had once given him a sixpence for running a message, and he came briskly forward at my first call, no doubt with some indistinct idea of receiving another sixpence at no very distant date.

"Eh, Mr. Moir," said the boy, while I was dismounting, in answer to my question, 'What news in the village?' "Ye'll no guess what's gaun to happen? Our Mary, the folk say, is gaun to be married."

Our Mary! thought I; can *our* Mary be *my* Mary? and, to ascertain whether they were one and the same personage, I inquired of the boy who our Mary was.

"Ou!" replied he, "she's just barmaid at the inn here."

I started, now that this disclosure had unhinged my doubts; and subduing, as well as I was able, my rising emotion, I boldly asked who was the happy man.

"They ca' him a captain," said the boy, innocently; "but whether he's a sea captain, an offisher in the army, or a captain o' police, I'm no that sure. At ony rate, he aye gangs aboot in plain claes. He's been staying for a month here, an' he gangs oot but seldom, an' that only in the gloamin."

After thanking the boy, and placing the expected silver coin in his hand, I turned the corner of the house in my way towards the entrance, determined with my own eyes and ears to ascertain the truth of the boy's statement. The pace at which I was proceeding was so rapid that, ere I was aware of the vicinity of any one, I came bump against the person of a gentleman whom, to my surprise, I instantly recognized as the mysterious visitant to the grave of Clara Douglas, and to the spot where her relics were found. He seemed to regard me with a suspicious eye; for he shuffled past without uttering a word. His air was disordered, his step irregular, and his whole appearance was that of a man with whom care, and pain, and sorrow had long been familiar.

Can this be the captain? was the thought which first suggested itself to me. It was a question I could not answer; yet I entered the Black Swan half-persuaded that it was.

"Ah, Mr. Moir," cried Mary, coming forward to welcome me in her usual way, the moment she heard my voice, "you have been long a stranger. I fancied that, somehow or other, I was the cause of it, for you went away last time without bidding me good-bye." I held her hand in mine, I saw her eyes sparkle, and the blush diffuse her cheek, and I muttered a confused apology. "Well, I am so glad to see you," she continued. "It was but yesterday I spoke of you to the captain."

"The captain," I repeated, while the pangs of jealousy, which had during the last five minutes been gradually lulled over to sleep, suddenly roused themselves. "Who is the captain, Mary?"

"Oh! I'm sure you would like him when you become acquainted with him," said she, blushing. "There is something so prepossessing about him, that really I defy any one not to like him." The animation with which she gave utterance to these words made me miserable, and I cursed the captain in my heart.

The next day passed over without my being able to obtain a sight of my rival: and, when I walked out in the afternoon, he had not yet risen. Mary's assigned reason for this was, that he was an invalid; but his was more the disease of the mind than of the body. In his memory there was implanted a deep sorrow, which time could never root out. In my walk, the churchyard and the venerable ruins of the church were visited; I stood again beside the grave of the hapless Clara Douglas, and her melancholy story afforded me a theme for sad reflection, which for awhile banished Mary and all jealous fears from my mind.

It was evening when I reached "mine inn." On passing the parlor window, a sight met my eye which brought the color to my cheeks. A tall, noble-looking man lay extended upon the sofa, while Mary leant over him in kindly solicitude, and, with marked assiduity, placed cushions for his head, and arranged his military cloak. This, then, must be the captain, and he and my mysterious friend were not the same. That was some consolation, however.

Thus, as he lay, he held Mary's hand in his. My breast was racked with agony intense. Once I determined on flying from the scene, and leaving my rival in undisputed possession of the village beauty; but, having been resolved that no woman should ever have it in her power to say she made me wretched, I screwed my courage to the sticking place, and, on seeing Mary leave the parlor, I shortly afterwards entered it.

The stranger scarcely noticed my entrance, so intently was his attention fixed upon the perusal of a newspaper which he held in his hand. I sat down at the window, and for want of something better to do, gazed with a scrutinizing eye upon the gambols of the ducks and geese outside.

After some time Mary came in to ask the captain what he would have for supper.

"This is the gentleman I spoke of," she said, directing an expressive glance towards me.

"Mr. Moir must pardon my inattention," said the stranger, laying down the paper. "I was not aware that my pretty Mary's friend was in the room."

His urbane manner, his soft winning voice, made me feel an irresistible impulse to meet his advances. He proposed that we should sup together, and I sat down at the table with very different feelings to those which had been mine on entering the parlor that evening. I felt inclined to encourage an intimacy with a man whom, but a short while before, I had looked upon with aversion.

As the night wore on, I became more and more captivated with the stranger. His conversation was brilliant and intellectual; and, when we parted for the night, I began to find fault with myself for having for a moment harbored dislike towards so perfect a gentleman. I resolved to stay a few days longer at Altonby, for the purpose of improving our acquaintance. The stranger—or, as he was called at the inn, "the captain"—expressed delight when he was informed of my resolution; and, although he seldom rose before the afternoon, we spent many pleasant hours together.

On the evening of the third day of my sojourn, he expressed a wish that I would accompany him in a short walk. Notwithstanding his erect and easy carriage, there was a feebleness in his gait which he strove in vain to contend against; and it was but too evident that a broken spirit, added to a shattered constitution, would speedily bring him to his grave.

Leading the way into the churchyard, to my surprise he stopped at the resting-place of the ill-starred lady, the story of whose untimely end I had so patiently listened to the last time I visited Altonby.

"I am exceedingly fortunate," said the captain, "in having met with one so kind as you to cheer the last moments of my earthly pilgrimage. You smile—nay, I can assure you that I feel I am not long for this world. The object of my visit to this spot to-night is to ask you to do me the favor, when I am dead, of seeing my remains laid here—here, beside this grave, o'er which the grass grows longer than on those around;" and he pointed to the grave of Clara Douglas. After a moment he continued:

"Unlike other men, you have never annoyed me by seeking to inquire of me, who or what I am; and believe me I feel grateful for it. I would not wish that you should ever know the history of the being who stands before you. When the earth closes over my coffin, think of him no more."

Although the captain had done me the honor of calling me unlike other men—a distinction most folks are so exceedingly desirous of obtaining—I must own that I had hitherto felt no common degree of curiosity concerning him; and now that there was no prospect of its being gratified, its desire increased tenfold, and I would now have given worlds, if I had had them, to have learned something of the birth, parentage, and education of the captain.

"And now," he added, "I beseech you, leave me for a short time—I would be alone."

In silence I complied, sauntering outside the ruins, and seeking to find, in my old avocation of perusing the tombstones, the wherewithal to kill the time during which the captain held communion with the dead; for I could not help thinking that it was for such a cause he had desired to be left to himself. Ten, twenty minutes passed, and the captain did not appear. I retraced my steps, and again entered the ruins, by the farther end. The gloom which prevailed around—the monuments which intervened, and, above all, the distance at which I then was from the grave of Clara Douglas—prevented me from descrying the captain. I had advanced a few paces when I heard voices in high altercation. I stopped, and, as I did so, one of the speakers, in whose clear intonation I could recognize the captain, said—

"On my word, I returned here the instant my wounds were healed—I returned to marry her; and my grief could not be equaled by yours when I heard of her melancholy fate."

"Liar!" exclaimed the other; "you never intended such. My sister's wrongs call out aloud for vengeance; and here—here, between her grave and that of our sainted mother—your blood shall be offered up in atonement!"

This was instantly followed by the report of a pistol. I rushed forward, and beheld, O horror! the captain stretched upon the ground, and the blood streaming from a wound in his breast. I caught a glimpse of his assassin as he fled from the church; it was the stranger whom I had seen, on a former visit, at the grave of Clara Douglas, and beside the fir tree where her remains had been found. I made a motion to follow him, but the captain waved me back. "Let him go," said he; "I forgive him. I have no wish that he should die upon the scaffold." So saying, he fell back exhausted; and in my haste to procure assistance for him, I quite forgot the assassin, until it was too late.

The captain was conveyed to the Black Swan, where, with Mary to attend his every want, he was, no doubt, as comfortable as if he had had a home to go to, and a beloved wife to smooth his dying pillow. Mary bestowed more than ordinary care and attention upon him, which, although she had declared to me that she could never love the captain so well as to marry him, should he ever condescend to make the offer, brought back occasionally a pang of jealousy to my heart. I could not exactly understand the extent of her regard for the captain.

Having business to transact at a neighboring town, I left Altonby the next day, with a determination to return, ere the lapse of a week, to see the captain, I feared for the last time. I had been but two days gone when I received a note from Mary, informing me that he was daily becoming worse, and that it was the fear of his medical attendant that he could not live four and twenty hours. With the utmost speed I therefore hastened back to the Black Swan, where, indeed, I saw that the surgeon had had quite sufficient reason for his prediction—the captain was greatly altered since I last saw him. Wan and emaciated, he lay in resignation upon his couch, calmly waiting the approach of death. He seemed quite composed.

Taking my hand in his, he reminded me of his wish regarding his burial-place. I assured him that it should strictly be complied with. A smile lighted up his pale countenance for an instant, as I pledged myself to this. He then drew from under his pillow a parcel of letters, tied together with a faded ribbon, and desired me to consign them one by one to the flames. With an eager eye, and a countenance full of excitement, did he watch them as they consumed away. I did not dare to examine minutely the address on the letters, but from the glance I had of them, I could see they were all written in an elegant female hand. When all were gone—

"And this," said he, "is like to human life—a blaze but for an instant, and then all is ashes." He paused and then continued, as he held a small packet in his hand, more in soliloquy than if he were addressing me—"Here is the last sad relic I possess—shall I?—Yes! yes! it shall go as the others have gone. How soon may I follow it?" He stretched forth his hand towards me. I took the packet. Instantly, as if the last tie which bound him to the earth had been hastily snapped asunder, the captain fell backwards upon his couch. I thrust the packet into my bosom, and ran to afford him assistance. He was beyond human help—he was dead!

The grief of Mary knew no bounds when the dismal tidings were conveyed to her; she was like one distracted. Mine was more chastened and subdued.

The remains of the captain were duly consigned to the spot of earth he had pointed out to me. After his death, there was found a conveyance of all his property, which was pretty considerable, to Mary, accompanied with a wish that I would marry her. To this arrangement Mary was quite agreeable; and, accordingly, our nuptials were solemnized in about six months after the death of the captain. It was then that Mary confided to me that she was the sister of Clara Douglas; but when I made inquiry of her concerning the nature of her attachment to the captain, she always avoided answering, and seemed not to wish that his name should be mentioned in her hearing.

Several years passed, and I had forgotten all about the packet which the captain on his death-bed had placed in my hand; till one day, in looking for something else, which of course I could not find, I accidentally stumbled upon the packet. Curiosity induced me to open it. A lock of black hair, tied with a piece of light blue ribbon, and a letter, were its contents. Part of the letter ran thus: "Enclosed is some of my hair; I don't expect you to keep it, for I have heard you say you did not like to have any such thing in your possession. I will not ask you, lest I might be refused; but if you give me some, I will get it put into one of my rings, and shall never, never part with it." This letter bore the signature of Clara Douglas.

Here, then, was a solution of all the mystery. The captain was the lover of Clara, and this had been the cause of Mary's intimacy with him.

Of the fate of the brother I afterwards heard. He was killed in a street brawl one night in Paris, and Mary never knew that he was the assassin of the captain.

The Last Game of Cards.

In the year eighteen hundred and—never you mind what—the present writer was at college, and in his very first term his moral nature received the following shock:

The chum (let me call him Briston) that I had made for myself, after the manner of collegians, my own familiar friend, I discovered to be not only no better than he should be, but a great deal worse. A common acquaintance of ours sickened and grew dangerously ill. Such things make an impression on youth, to whom the footfall of death is terrible, even at another's door, and I feared as well as grieved. I went to see the sick man, of course; I even read aloud to him sometimes, and spent by his bedside a few hours that might have been more agreeably passed on the banks or bosom of Isis, but I feel now that I had much to reproach myself with in that matter, although I flattered myself at the time that I was doing my duty—and more. On a certain Sunday, after a long afternoon's walk, I called on the invalid, and upon entering his bedroom was beyond measure astonished to find him playing cribbage with Briston. The sick man laughed at my astonished looks, but Briston went on playing as though that occupation required the whole of his attention. I said nothing at the time, but I made a mental resolution to avoid the society of my ill-chosen friend for the future. I was not "strait-laced," as it is called; but a person that could play at cards on Sunday with a dying man was not, in my judgment, an eligible acquaintance. I dropped Briston from that moment, nor do I think I interchanged half a dozen words with him for twenty years. We met at the funeral of the poor fellow in question, and I am bound to say that Briston seemed a good deal cut up; but that was the last I saw of him; for afterwards, if we saw one another in the street, we did not even bow—for half a lifetime.

A few years ago, however, a certain well-known religious society requested my assistance in holding a missionary meeting in my parish. It was to be attended by several clergymen who had distinguished themselves in their profession in very trying circumstances; who had gone through many perils among the heathen, and dared the pestilence and the sword with little enough of worldly recompense. A newly appointed colonial bishop, their leader, was also to be present, of whom most persons had heard something, but nothing to his prejudice, as I believe; a man both good and great, who, having had the choice of a pleasant life or a useful one, chose the latter—a saint of these days, indeed. When I remembered his toils, his hardships, his experience by land and sea, I felt ashamed, as I welcomed him to my little parsonage, of its easily earned comforts and appliances. I could not help drawing a humiliating comparison between this veteran (who was about my own age, however) and a feather-bed soldier like myself. His modest diffidence overwhelmed me. He spoke not a word of his own sufferings, but only of the church's need. The clubs and spears, and other tokens of savage life which the society had caused to be sent down, with a gentleman to explain their nature, rather shocked his sensitiveness; he submitted to the exhibition without remonstrance, but evidently without approval. It was his characteristic to blame no man, if possible, and certainly not one moved by good intentions. Only once, when something severe was said against certain missionaries of another denomination, whose field of action was also his own, the bishop interrupted the speaker somewhat authoritively:

"There is no abuse of time," he said, "so great as that passed in abusing other people."

Late that night the bishop and I were sitting up together, talking over the events of the day. "It is strange," said I, "but I seem to recognize your voice quite well, although not your features."

"That is very likely," returned he, smiling; "my skin has been a good deal tanned since we were at college together."

"Briston!" cried I, a sudden gleam of memory striking across my mind, and not without pain.

"The same," said he. "Had you then so entirely forgotten me as not to know me, even though you knew my name?"

"I had," returned I. "The fact is, I——"

"You tried to forget me, eh!" interrupted the bishop, smiling sadly. "Well, perhaps I deserve it. When I was young I thought I would go on my own way, being answerable to One only for my own actions. It is no wonder that I was mistaken even by good men."

"But to play at cribbage with a dying man!" urged I, aghast with the very reminiscence.

"Yes," observed the bishop, reflectively, "I do not think, if the circumstances should recur, I should do so now; indeed, I have forgotten how to play at cribbage. I always hated cards most unreasonably; and from that very circumstance I thought it my duty to play at them now and then. Poor Thornton was passionately fond of them, and used to forget his pains when engaged in any game; the doctor himself said they were as an opiate for him. Now, on a week day, the poor fellow could get dozens of people to play with him, but on Sunday there was nobody wicked enough to do so except me. I had been reading to him out of some devotional work up to within a few minutes of your coming in; but upon his pains recurring, he begged for a game at cribbage. I saw no more harm in so gratifying him than if he had asked me to make a fan out of the stupid pasteboard things to cool his head with. Perhaps I should have explained matters to you at the time, but I was headstrong. 'If this man chooses to put an evil construction on an innocent action, what is that to me?' said I"

"I beg your pardon," cried I, "from my inmost breast. You were exercising Christianity, and I—well, I have thought evil of you for two-and-twenty years in consequence."

"So would most people," returned the bishop, frankly. "I am not at all certain that the Society would not withdraw my colonial allowance if they knew of it even now. They would be afraid of my staking it at cribbage with the aborigines."

The bishop and I parted with a most cordial shake of the hand. I believe him to be one of the very best men alive.

Situation Reversed.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, with the Army of the Cumberland, narrates the following incident:

A certain worthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour was brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel, supposing everything was secure enough any way as a prisoner of war—as a committee of the whole, resolved himself into "sleep's dead slumber." Awakened about midnight, to find the moon shining full into his face, he chanced to "inspect the guard," when, horror of horrors, that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, one of his own slaves!

Human nature could not stand that; the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard, through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out:

"Sambo!"

"Well, massa."

"Send for the Colonel to come here immediately. My own slave can never stand guard over me; it's a d—d outrage: no gentleman would submit to it."

Laughing in his sleeves, the dark faced soldier promptly called out, "corp'l de guard!"

That dignitary appeared, and presently the colonel followed.

After listening to the southerner's impassioned harangue, which was full of invectives, the Colonel turned to the negro with,

"Sam!"

"Yes, Colonel."

"You know this gentleman, do you?"

"Ob course; he Massa B., and has big plantation in Alabama."

"Well, Sam, just take care of him tonight," and the officer walked away.

As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

"Listen, Sambo."

"You hush, dar; it's done gone talkin' to you now. Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command, bringing down his musket to a charge bayonet position, by the way of enforcing silence.

The nabob was now a slave—his own valued negro the master; and think you, as he sank back upon a blanket, in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God!

A little boy, about four years of age, lay very still one morning, after a fine night's sleep, as if in deep thought. His parents watched him for some time. At length his mother said to him,

"George, my dear, what are you thinking about?"

"Why, mother," says George, "how many kinds of fire are there?"

"How many kinds of fire! why only one, my son."

"Why yes there is," continued the boy, "there are four kinds."

"Four kinds! how will you make that out?"

"Well, then," said he, "first there is a wood fire, then there is a coal fire, then there is camp-fire, and then there is—there is——"

"What is your fourth fire, my son?"

"Then there is—fire away like fury!"

During a trial at Stafford, Mr. Huddleston, whilst pleading, was suddenly seized with a bleeding of the nose. Baron Alderson instantly complimented the learned counsel's client upon the fact, saying,

"You are a lucky fellow; your advocate bleeds in your cause."

A person in public company, accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman, "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

A debtor, severely questioned as to the reason of his not paying a just debt, replied, "Solomon was a very wise man, and Sampson a very strong one, but neither of 'em could pay their debts without money."

I have heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient; for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., MARCH 12, 1864.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

is issued every SATURDAY MORNING, at $5 per annum, payable in advance; for six months, $3; single copies, 25 cents. Five copies to one address, $20.

☞ The columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are open to communications on all questions of public policy and interest, and the advocates of all sides of every question shall be freely heard; but such communications as are not of a general public nature, or are intended for the furtherance of individual ends, will be charged as advertisements. This rule will in no case be departed from.

☞ Communications descriptive of the character and resources of localities in the Territory, the inducements they present for settlement, &c., are solicited from well-informed sources.

☞ Persons calling at this office, on any business whatever, will please remember that it is against the rules of all printing offices to engage therein in loud discussions or conversation. We desire our friends generally to bear this in mind.

☞ Letters on personal matters, requiring written answers, when they have no reference to our business, will receive no attention.

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, March 12, 1864.

PUGET SOUND AGRICULTURAL CO.—The U. S. Senate has confirmed a treaty by which a final adjustment is to be made of the claim of the Puget Sound Ag'l Co. upon the United States. This company, composed of members of the Hudson Bay Company, has claimed certain possessory rights upon American soil, and, after the occupation of the soil by settlers, the company set up a claim for damages amounting to about $2,000,000, but which has been reduced to about $500,000. By the treaty just confirmed, but not yet ratified, it is provided that a Commissioner shall be appointed by the Government of Great Britain, and a similar one shall be appointed by the United States, who shall appraise the damages done the Puget Sound Company; and if they cannot agree upon an appraisal, the whole matter shall be referred to the King of Italy as a final arbitrator.

CRYING FOR PEACE.—There is no lack of evidence of the fact that the arch-rebels are tired of the war. Nearly every letter and paper from the South confirms it. On the 19th ult., on the adjournment of the rebel Congress, that body issued an address, in which they say: "Until some evidence is given of a change on the part of the Yankee Government, and sureties given that efforts for negotiation will not be spurned, we are of opinion that any direct overtures for peace would compromise ourselves. The effort would be fruitless of good, and interpreted by the enemy as evidence of weakness." This simply means that they desire to be let alone; a desire in which they will be gratified when the abolitionists of the North succeed in obtaining the administration of the government. Heaven help our country if ever that calamity befall it. Yet it is precisely what the peace democrats are aiming at.

DEMOCRATIC ABUSE OF PATRIOTIC IRISHMEN.—Every Northern paper which is in sympathy with treason and slavery, denounces T. F. Meagher, Gen. Corcoran and their associates, as Irish mercenaries. The reason for this is that these brave men have fought and suffered for the Union, have been faithful to their oaths of allegiance, and have offered their lives in defense of the institutions of freedom. If they had continued to act with the Democratic party, on the side of treason, there never wou'd have been a whisper of fault found with them; they would have been petted and admired, as the friends and champions of a party which is based upon slavery, and they would have been named and praised as fit associates of Fernando Wood and Vallandigham. But because they are faithful and patriotic, they are stigmatized as mercenaries by men too base to appreciate the privileges of liberty.

RULING UNDER THE HOMESTEAD LAW.—It has been decided by the General Land Office that in cases where persons have allowed the time for entry to expire without making the entry, such lands are not held as "vacant public lands" under the terms of the Homestead Act, and consequently are not subject to homestead entry, by new parties, unless they have been deserted by the former pre-emptor. Many persons allow the time of entry under the pre-emption law to expire, either through negligence or lack of funds, without perfecting their entries. This neglect makes the land subject to a new pre-emption or entry, by any other party, the original pre-emptor forfeiting his right, but does not forfeit his right to enter under the Homestead Law, and all others are prohibited from making such entry.

ORDERED TO LEAVE.—On Monday last, owners of live stock in this county, to the number of thirty or forty, assembled together for the purpose of ridding the county of two men charged with stealing cattle. One of the men they were in pursuit of, hearing of the demonstration against him, made his escape, and could not be found; the other was found at his home, and was granted ten days in which to arrange his business and leave. At the end of this time he promised to quit the county; failing to do which peaceably, forcible measures are threatened to compel him to do so.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Sparks, Assessor of Internal Revenue for Washington and Idaho, has appointed Mr. John Saltar Deputy Assessor for Idaho. A better appointment could not have been made. Well qualified in every respect for such a position, Mr. Saltar will not fail to discharge faithfully and satisfactorily the duty confided to him. He will start next week for the scene of his labors.

GOLD IN THE CASCADES.—A few days since, a Mr. Reed returned to Eugene City, Oregon, from a prospecting trip to Blue river, in the Cascades. He brought with him a quantity of gold dust, and reports good quartz ledges found. Preparations are making to return in force to the scene of the new discoveries, with machinery for crushing.

GREENBACKS SOUTH.—Southern papers complain that Secretary Chase is making every exertion to flood the South with greenbacks, and not without success; for, says a late Charleston *Mercury*, unless their circulation is immediately checked, they will subvert the Southern currency. An admission of financial weakness, this in perfect keeping with other signs of weakness.

CONFIRMED.—The U. S. Senate, in Executive session, on the 19th ult., confirmed the appointment of P. D. Moore as Collector of Internal Revenue for Washington Territory, and Chas. Hutchins as Indian Agent of Idaho.

REPLY

Of Messrs. Agenor de Gasparin, Edouard Laboulaye, Henri Martin, Augustin Cochin, and other Friends of America in France,

TO THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: We would have thanked you much sooner, but for the prolonged absence of one of our number. It would have been painful to us to have lost the collective character of this reply; for the blending of our four names is a proof of that great unity of sentiment upon all that concerns the cause of justice which by God's favor manifests itself here below, in spite of political and religious differences.

Yet we are careful not to overrate our personal importance. The League does not address us as individuals; it speaks to France, who cherishes, as a national tradition, the friendship of the United States. It speaks to European opinion, which will rise up and declare itself more clearly as it recognizes that the struggle is between Slavery and Liberty.

You have comprehended, gentlemen, that neither France nor Europe have been free from misapprehensions. Light did not at first dawn upon the nature of the salutary but painful crisis through which you are passing: it was not plain to all, at the outset, that the work inaugurated by the election of Mr. Lincoln yielded nothing in grandeur to that which your fathers accomplished with the aid of Lafayette and under the guidance of Washington.

Europe has had her errors, her hesitations, for which we are paying dearly to-day on both shores of the Atlantic. What blood would have been spared to you, what industrial suffering avoided by us, had European opinion declared itself with that force which you had the right to hope for! There is a protest of the universal conscience before which mankind necessarily recoils: moral forces are, after all, the great forces.

The revolted South, which needed our aid, which relied and perhaps still relies upon us, would not have long dared to affront the indignation of the civilized world.

Why has this indignation been withheld? Why has a sort of favor been granted to the only insurrection which has had neither motive nor pretext? to the only one which has dared to unfurl the banner of Slavery? What has been the merit of this insurrection? By what charm has it conciliated the sympathy of more than one enlightened mind? This is a question humiliating to put, but useful to solve.

In the first place, Europe doubted whether Slavery was the real cause of conflict. Strange doubt, in truth! For many years Slavery had been the great, the only subject of strife in the United States. At the time of the election of Mr. Buchanan, the only issue was Slavery. The electoral platforms prove this fact; the manifestos of the South were unanimous in this sense; her party leaders, her governors, her deliberative assemblies, her press, spoke but of Slavery; the Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy had made haste to declare officially that the mission of the new State was to present to the admiration of mankind a society founded on the "cornerstone" of Slavery. Lastly, it would seem that all reflecting minds the acts of Mr. Buchanan and other Presidents named by the South were proof enough of this truth. The South thinks only of Slavery. In her eyes all means are right to secure to Slavery its triumphs and boundless conquests.

But it is objected that Mr. Lincoln and his friends were not Abolitionists. That is certain: their programme went no further than to stop the extension of Slavery and shut it out from the Territories. Was this nothing? Was it not, in fact, everything? Who could have foreseen that, on the appearance of such a programme, of a progress so unexpected, of an attack so bold upon the policy which was lowering and ruining the United States, the friends of liberty would not all have hastened to applaud? Was not this the time to cheer and strengthen those who were entering on the good path? Was it not due to urge them on in their liberal tendencies, so that, the first step taken, they should take the second and go on to the end? Ought not that which terrified and dismayed the champions of Slavery to rejoice the hearts of its adversaries?

Your letter, gentlemen, puts in bold relief the reasons which hindered Mr. Lincoln from adopting at the outset an Abolition policy. The President could disregard neither his oath of office nor the Federal Constitution; he had also to keep in mind the opposition which a plan of emancipation would encounter in the loyal States. The head of a great Government cannot act with the freedom of a philosopher in his study. In simple truth, Mr. Lincoln should be accused neither of timidity nor indifference. Your letter recalls the measures of his Presidency, abolition of Slavery in the Capital and in the District of Columbia, the proclaiming of freedom to fugitive slaves, the principle of compensated emancipation submitted to all the loyal States, the death penalty actually inflicted on Captains of slavers, the treaty with England admitting the right of search, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the black Republics of Liberia and Hayti, the arming of free negroes, and at last, when the length and gravity of the war sanctioned an extreme exercise of the powers of Commander-in-Chief, the absolute and final suppression of Slavery in all the revolted States.

We, gentlemen, are Abolitionists; and we declare that we have never hoped nor wished for a more steady, rapid, and resolute progress. We have understood the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Lincoln. We have honored his scruples of conscience with regard to the Constitution of his country which stopped his path. We have admired the courageous good sense with which he moved straight on, the instant he could so do without danger to his cause or violation of the law.

Wonder is expressed that Slavery is abolished in the revolted States and yet preserved in the loyal States! In other words, there is wonder that he who has sworn to obey the Constitution should respect it. Let no one take alarm at this. There is no danger that the "domestic institution" crushed in the Carolinas and Louisiana will long survive in Kentucky or Maryland. Already, as you have stated to us, a solemn proposition has been made to all the loyal States: already one of the most important, Missouri, has set the example of acceptance. To be thus uneasy about the maintenance of Slavery in the North argues to our minds quite too much tenderness for the South. We look with suspicion upon this pretended Abolitionism whose unfriendly exactions were first put forth on the very day illumined in America by the dawn of abolition. We frankly say we could never have foreseen that the election of Mr. Lincoln and the several acts which we have just enumerated would be an endless cause of complaint, and distrust, and unworthy denunciation from so many men who plume themselves in Europe upon their hatred of Slavery.

And since to destroy the North in public opinion it was not enough to accuse it of too much favor for Slavery, another grievance has been found: The North oppressed the South! The struggle was of two nationalities! The South had risen for independence!

Its independence! there were, then, subject provinces in the heart of the Union! Doubtless these provinces had no part in the government of the country; the South had not the same rights as the North! Of course the South was held in this state of inferiority and subjection by numerous Federal garrisons! Not at all. All the States enjoyed the same rights, took like part in elections. If any section was favored, it was the South, to which a further suffrage was granted in proportion to the number of its slaves. If any advantage had been enjoyed, it was by the South, which had given the majority of Presidents and chief officers. Yet in this free country, a country without an army, and whose material means as well as laws were a sufficient barrier against oppression, in such a country we are told of a province claiming independence!

We are of your opinion, gentlemen, that independence and nationality are words too noble to be abused! In their abuse, things are compromised, and the more noble and sacred these things the more careful should we be not to confound them with what is neither noble nor sacred—a revolt in the name of Slavery, a fratricidal revolt which would destroy a free Constitution and tear asunder a common country for fear lest there might be interference with the internal slave traffic, the continued breeding in Virginia, the sale and separation of families, and lest perchance some Territories should be shut out from the conquests of Slavery.

In vain we seek in the United States for a nationality striving to regain its independence. Not only has independence been nowhere assailed, but there is absolutely no trace of a separate nationality. Nowhere, perhaps, is there a more thorough national homogeneity. North and South the race is the same; faith, language, history, and, we boldly add, interests are all the same. All these States have struggled together, suffered together, triumphed together. Their glories, their defeats, are common. Their Constitution sprung from the free consent of all; all pledged themselves alike to remain faithful to its obligations.

This pledge is no empty word with which caprice may idly sport. Among the inventions of our epoch there is none more extraordinary than the right of secession. Those who discovered it will no doubt teach us where it should stop. If each section has a right of secession from the Country as a whole, why not each State a right of secession from such section? Why not each County a right of secession from the State? Why not each town a right of secession from the County? Why not each citizen a right of secession from the town?

The truth is that, but for Slavery, the South would not talk of its suppressed independence, nor of the right of secession. Slavery has brought the two sections to strife. The extinction of Slavery will restore Unity. The North and the South will some day wonder that they cou'd have failed to appreciate the most complete and homogeneous of nationalities.

A last resort remains. That we here may not see the great struggle, on the subject of Slavery, an attempt is made to present the struggle as one for domination.

But this latter struggle is the very life of free countries. It is not surprising that the North and the South each strove actively, energetically, noisily for the triumph of their candidate and policy. But when one of them, losing the battle of the ballot, plunges without hesitation into another kind of battle: when it resists, arms in hand, the result of a regular election; when on the very day it ceases to rule it tears into fragments the common country, it is guilty of a crime for which it is difficult to imagine an excuse.

You will crush the revolt, gentlemen. You will succeed—such is our belief—in re-establishing the Union. It will emerge from the bloody trial stronger, more free, more worthy of the noble destiny to which God summons it.

It has been demonstrated to us, it is true, that the re-establishment of the Union was impossible; but was it not also demonstrated to us, and by irrefutable argument, that you would be always and of necessity defeated; that you would never know how to handle a musket; that recruiting would become impracticable; that your finances would be exhausted; that your loans would not be taken; that riots would ravage your cities; that your Government would be overthrown? You have given to all these oracles the simplest and best answer. You will reply in the same manner to those who assert that the re-establishment of the Union is impossible.

What seems really impossible is not to restore the Union. Where draw the line between the North and South? How maintain between them a state of peace, or even of truce? How shall Slavery and Liberty live side by side? How, moreover, restrain the South from European protectorats, and by what means arrest the frightful consequences of such protectorates? Geographically, morally, politically, separation would create an unnatural situation, a situation violent and hazardous where each would live, arms in hand, waiting for the hour of conflict.

We have full faith, gentlemen, that such a trial will be spared to you. It is not that we overlook the difficulties which still remain for you to overcome; they are great, greater perhaps than we imagine. War has its vicissitudes, and you may perhaps be yet called upon to pass through periods of ill-fortune. Yet one fact always remains, and shows on which side the final triumph will be found, supposing that there be no foreign intervention. The flag of the Union has now, for two years, never paused in its advance. It floats to-day over the soil of every revolted State without exception. The South has had its victories; it has never gained an inch of ground. The North has had its defeats; it has never fallen back. Master to-day of the entire course of the Mississippi, master of the Border States and of Louisiana, all that remains is to stifle the revolt in the narrow territory where it first burst forth, and back to which it has been driven. We believe that you will succeed in this; for Europe, the only hope of the South, seems now little disposed to give her aid.

In short, the Rebellion is already reduced to such narrow proportions that should it ever become a distinct Confederation, accepted as such from weariness of war, the Confederacy thus created will not be born with the functions of life. Neither European recognition nor your own could give it a serious chance of duration. It would end in a return to you. But we delight to believe the re-establishment of the Union less distant. And, in the presence of that prospect which thrills our hearts with joy, permit us, as your friends, to offer you some sincere advice. The dangers of victory, you are aware, are not less than those of the combat. We give you, therefore, our loyal, frank opinion, sure that in the main it will agree with your own, and feeling, also, that these communications between us have an aim more serious than a simple exchange of words of sympathy.

We hold it to be of the first importance that the cause of the war shall not survive the war; that your real foe, Slavery, shall not remain upon the field. We have often asked ourselves, these last three years, why God permitted the prolongation of this bloody struggle. Was it not that the real issue might present itself with perfect clearness? Conquering earlier, the Federal Government would, perhaps, have been led to make concessions, to enter anew upon the fatal path of compromise. To-day all eyes, not willingly blind, see clearly. The New York riot, breaking out at an appointed day to aid the invasion of Lee, and failing instantly upon the negro in a way to show every witness of its cowardly ferocity what kind of spirit animated certain friends of the South—the New York riot was a supreme warning to your country. Your line of action is clearly traced. So long as anything of Slavery remain, there will be a cause of antagonism in the bosom of the Union. There must be no longer any question of Slavery. It must be so ordered and settled as never to return. An amendment to the Constitution to this end must be proposed and adopted before the return of the States.

The condition of the free blacks must also be secured against the iniquities which they have so long endured. No more plans of colonization abroad, no more disabling laws, no more inequality. Those whom you have armed, who fought so bravely before the walls of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, can never be other than citizens. Leave the problem of the races to its own solution—the most natural solutions are always the best. Under the rule of the common law, the free blacks of the South and of the North will find their legitimate place in your society, of which they will become useful members, honorable and honored.

In thus ordering in a definitive manner all that relates to Slavery and the colored race, you will have done more than is generally imagined for the lasting pacification of the South. What remains for you to do on this point may be stated in three words—Moderation, Generosity, Liberty.

There can be no question, as you have often said, of an occupation of the South, of a conquest of the South, of reducing the Southern States to the condition of provinces where the conqueror will maintain his garrisons and the public life will be suspended. Save in the districts yet ravaged by guerrillas, and in the heart of which the Federal troops must finish their work, victory will everywhere bring with the re-establishment of the Union, the re-establishment as promptly as possible of Constitutional rights. You hope, Gentlemen, that those whom you conquer to day will to-morrow meet you in debate, and you will accept in all their truth the struggle of the press, of the legislative hall, and of the ballot which will replace the strife of the battle field.

We all feel it is much better that you should have to encounter difficulties fruitful of liberty, than that you should seek for yourselves the deceitful advantages of a dictatorial régime. To apply to the South an exceptional rule would be, alas, quite easy. It would be easy also to pronounce the death penalty, to outlaw, to execute confiscation bills; but in treading this path of vulgar tyranny you would sacrifice two things—your high renown in the present, a lasting union with the South in the future.

But if, on the other hand, you show the world the novel spectacle of victory without repriisals, of liberty strong enough to survive civil war; if your Constitution remain, and Slavery alone fall in such a conflict; if on the morrow of the struggle the law remain supreme, if elections for the Senate and House of Representatives be again open as in the old time, if the representatives of the Southern States reappear at Washington, if taking the oath to be faithful to the Union and to support the modified Constitution, they find themselves on a footing of perfect equality with the representatives of the North, if it be permitted to them to attack and to embarrass the Government, you will have won the most glorious of victories, and assured to your country the best chance of prosperity and greatness.

Accept, gentlemen, in the advice which we tender to you, a proof of our esteem. It is not of every Government, it is not of every people that such things can be asked. Protracted civil wars tend to arbitrary customs, stir up passions and hates, and at last engender a development of military power and irresponsible authority which generally hinders a return to control, to free opinion and to the strict letter of the law. We honor the United States enough to believe that they will be capable of setting us this, too, after so many other examples.

The moderation which we hope for from you at home, we look for also from you abroad. Assuredly on the morrow of the submission of the South there will not be wanting a class of persons eager to recall to you wrongs, real or fancied, suffered at the hands of this or that power. They will point to your armies and disposable fleets. They will prove to you that a foreign war is perhaps the surest way to draw together the two sections so lately hostile. They will tell you that a common enmity, common dangers, are the cement needed to strengthen your shattered edifice.

You will not believe them, gentlemen. You will feel that after these jars, it is needful before all else to restore to America peace and liberty. You will not seek new adventures, and thus lengthen the temptation of dictatorships, the peril of exceptional rule.

You will fear a return to the aggressive policy, which with its invasions and turbulence the influence of the South forced upon you, the day when, to assure the extension of Slavery, it awakened in your hearts a wicked covetousness and pushed you almost to the violation of the law of nations. Your glory will be to take the opposite of these violent declarations, of those filibustering expeditions, of those unscrupulous ambitions.

The temptations which a great army excites are of the class most difficult to repress. May you not hesitate to reduce your forces after peace! Not only your material prosperity but your very liberty is involved in disarming, in a reduction of your expenses, and in return to the old ideas of a small armies and small budgets.

But we do not deceive ourselves. Your small armies, do what you may, will be large compared with those of three years ago. Your military education is completed; you have replied but too well to those who smiled at the recital of your battles of 1861. You have learned but too quickly to face death and to kill, and what you have learned you will not unlearn. You will not return to your former situation.

But while we do not expect again to see your effective force at ten thousand men, we do hope that effective forces which are now numbered by hundreds of thousands will not long be witnessed on American soil.

"Courage! You have before you one of the most noble works, the most sublime which can be accomplished here below—a work in the success of which we are as interested as yourselves—a work the success of which will be the honor and the consolation of our time.

This generation will have seen nothing more grand than the Abolition of Slavery (in destroying it with you, you destroy it everywhere,) and the energetic uprising of a people which in the midst of its growing prosperity was visibly sinking under the weight of the tyranny of the South, the complicity of the North, odious laws and compromises.

Now, at the cost of immense sacrifices you have stood up against the evil; you have chosen rather to pour out your blood and your dollars than to descend further the slope of degradation, where rich, united, powerful, you were sure to lose that which is far nobler than wealth, or union, or power.

Well! Europe begins to understand, willingly or unwillingly, what you have done. In France, in England, everywhere your cause gains ground, and be it said for the honor of the nineteenth century, the obstacle which our ill will and our evil passions could not overcome, the obstacle which the intrigues of the South could not surmount, is an idea, a principle. Hatred of Slavery has been your champion in the Old World. A poor champion seemingly. Laughed at, scorned, it seems weak and lonely. But what matters it, ere the account be closed principles will stand for something, and conscience, in all human affairs, will have the last word.

This, Gentlemen, is what we would say to you in the name of all who with us, and better than ourselves, defend your cause in Europe. Your words have cheered us; may ours in turn cheer you! You have yet to cross many a dark valley. More than once the impossibility of success will be demonstrated to you; more than once, in the face of some military check or political difficulty, the cry will be raised that all is lost. What matters it to you? Strengthen your cause daily by daily making it more just, and fear not; there is a God above.

We love to contemplate in hope the noble future which seems to stretch itself before you. The day you emerge at last from the anguish of civil war, and you will surely come out freed from the odious institution which corrupted your public manners, and degraded your domestic as well as your foreign policy, that day your whole country, South as well as North, and the South perhaps more fully than the North, will enter upon a wholly new prosperity. European emigration will hasten toward your ports, and will learn the road to those whom until now it has feared to approach. Cultivation, now abandoned, will renew its yield. Liberty—for these are her miracles—will revivify by her touch the soil which Slavery had rendered barren.

Then there will be born unto you a greatness nobler and more stable than the old, for in this greatness there will be no sacrifice of Justice.

AGENOR DE GASPARIN,
AUGUSTIN COCHIN,
EDOUARD LABOULAYE, Member of the Institute of France,
HENRI MARTIN.

Paris, October 31, 1863.

COURT MARTIAL.—A Court Martial will convene at Fort Steilacoom on Saturday next, 19th inst., for the trial of deserters. Three or four men are now inconfinement, awaiting the action of this Court.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Col. Seaton, of Washington, is dead, aged 75 years.

A line of sleighs is running regularly between Bannock City and Placerville, Idaho.

Two elephants' heads were recently presented to Queen Victoria.

The total debt of the city of Boston is $11,248,732. Of this amount $379,773 was added during the past year.

A Steamship Company is organizing in New York, whose steamers are expected to make the trip across the Atlantic in seven days.

The Brooklyn people are making arrangements for a great park that shall be to them what the Central Park is to New York. It is to be called Prospect Park.

John Mitchell, the Irish refugee, who has for several years been editing the Richmond *Enquirer*, has at last and "for good" retired from that position.

M. Ernest Renan, the author of *The Life of Jesus*, has just received the Cordon of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus from the King of Italy, in recognition of the services he has rendered to religion.

The Bishop of Oxford, Eng., recently seized by attachment, for contempt of court, the Mid-Sussex and Midhurst Railway, and all the employes, 250 in number, were thrown out of employment.

Green peas and fresh ripe tomatoes were for sale in the market at Jackson, Amador county, Cal., on the 28th of January. They were raised in the open air by Peter Via, of French Bar.

The winter at the East is one of unusual severity. The papers contain numerous accounts of people being frozen to death. The rivers are frozen over further south than for many years.

The London *Times* says: "The enormous sum of £800 ($4,000) was, during Christmas week, paid for the insertion of an advertisement on the back page of the Christmas number of a weekly serial.

A gentleman who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging, complained one morning that his coffee was not settled. "You had better settle for the coffee, and then complain," said the landlady.

At Fort Snelling, Iowa, the mercury was 50 degrees below zero on the 2d of January. In Wisconsin the mercury in the thermometer froze. Such intense cold had only been reached twice in that region since 1821.

The Light House, at the mouth of the Umpqua river, fell about three weeks ago, from being gradually undermined by the action of the water upon its sandy foundation. The lamps, lenses and other property had been previously removed.

Recently, at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, 80 soldiers on guard had their feet, ankles and hands so badly frozen that they are incapacitated for duty for sometime—many for life. Two rebel prisoners who escaped were frozen to death.

Mayor Gunther, of New York city, says in his message that Central Park has cost the city, up to January 1st, 1863, $7,372,426, but it has increased the taxable valuation of three wards adjoining, $27,000,000 from 1856 to 1862.

The message of the Governor of Ohio estimates the total cost of the Morgan raid in that State at $897,000. This includes the value of the property carried away or destroyed by the rebel rough-riders, and the cost of catching and imprisoning them afterwards.

Salt Lake was visited on the 13th by a severe wind storm. A house in the Eleventh Ward was blown down, also the church at Sessions. The roads north of the city were completely blocked up with snow and rendered impassable.

A few days ago United States Marshal Rand arrested at San Antonia, Alameda county, a butcher named Conrad Liese for perjury in making false returns under oath to the Collector of the U. S. Internal Revenue of animals slaughtered by h m.

Senator Conness has sent to the San Francisco *Evening Journal* the first $5 note issued by the Washington National Bank, with a letter strongly commending the advocacy by that paper of the adoption of the National currency there.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The new and fast-sailing Sloop

LETITIA,

Captain J. P. ADAMS,

Is up for Freight or Charter between Steilacoom and all ports on Puget Sound and Vancouver's Island.

The LETITIA is well adapted to carrying Lumber, Live Stock, and Country Produce, for which trade she was built. Her cabin accommodations are not surpassed by those of any vessel on the Sound. Freight and Passengers will be taken at the most reasonable rates.

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to H. G. WILLIAMSON, at Steilacoom, or to the

14:tf CAPTAIN, on board.

NOTICE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE STOCK of Goods, together with the lease and lot occupied by Mr. H. Goodtime, I hereby give notice to my friends and the public generally that I will continue the business formerly followed by Mr. Goodtime, at the same place and on the same terms.

The stock now embraces large new invoices of assorted goods, just imported, consisting in part of

Dry Goods,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Clothing, Hats,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockeryware,
Groceries, &c,

New Goods will be from time to time added to these, as the public wants require. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

MATTHIAS BECKER.

Steilacoom, March 12, 1864. 14:3m

Brown's Bronchial Troches

These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS

Will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech.

Agents for California.

10:4 REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

M. R. TILLY, Plaintiff, against GILMORE HAYS, Defendant—Civil Action, In the District Court for Pierce County, in the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

To GILMORE HAYS, Defendant: You are hereby notified that M. R. Tilly has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of the Court, which shall commence more than three months after the 27th day of February, A.D. 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain a judgment against you for $587 17, upon a promissory note or due bill drawn by you, payable to plaintiff March 31st, 1862, together with interest on said sum of $387 11 at ten per cent. per month from March 31st, 1862, the date of said due bill or note.

Complaint filed Feb. 27th, 1864.

12:3m FRANK CLARK, Pltf's Atty.

DISTRICT COURT TERMS.

1st District—At Walla Walla, on the first Monday of April and October of each year.

2d District—At Vancouver, on the second Monday of March and the third Monday of October; and at Olympia, on the first Monday of May and second Monday of November of each year.

3d District—At Port Townsend, on the second Monday of June and first Monday of September; at Seattle on the fourth Monday of June and second Monday of October; and at Steilacoom on the third Monday of May and first Monday of November of each year.

Measures have been taken in England to create a class of official law reporters for each court, to obviate the difficulties which now attend the competition of unauthorized and unskillful versions. The English law reports under the present system comprise 1,200 volumes.

James Stanton, tried at Buffalo for the murder of William Smith, a negro, during the Buffalo riot of July 6th, was sentenced to be hung on the 9th of February.

TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ The Victoria daily EVENING EXPRESS contains the latest Mining, Commercial, and General News up to the hour of going to press. Being the only evening paper published in Victoria, and having a circulation equal to any other Journal in the Colony, it will be found an excellent medium to enable advertisers to bring their notices before the public. 12

PACIFIC HOTEL
AND
RESTAURANT,
OLYMPIA, W. T.

THE ABOVE WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR House, having been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished, is now prepared to entertain guests in greater comfort and in a more accommodating manner than any other house in the place. The house will be conducted on the

RESTAURANT PRINCIPLE.

Meals after 8 o'clock P.M., Extra.

An adjoining Cottage has been leased and refitted, where a large number can be accommodated with lodging, good clean beds, and well-ventilated rooms.

☞ Call and witness the truth of the above.

REBECCA HOWARD,
19:tf Proprietor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the County of Pierce, in the Territory of Washington, made on the 22d day of February, A.D. 1864, in the matter of the Estate of A. F. BYRD, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said Estate, will sell at public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in one parcel, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of March, A.D. 1864, at one o'clock P.M., at the four mile on the premises known as Byrd's grist mill, in said county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to all that piece or parcel of land situate, lying, and being in the said County, about one mile southeast of Fort Steilacoom, and described as follows, to wit:

A claim commonly known as A. F. Byrd's donation land claim, situated in Pierce County, W. T., and particularly bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake standing on the prairie northwest of the mills and dwelling house situated on said claim, and running thence south one hundred and sixty (160) rods to a lake; thence east one hundred and sixty (160) rods to a stake near a white oak tree; thence north one hundred and sixty (160) rods, and thence west one hundred and sixty (160) rods to the place of beginning. The same being the donation claim described in notification No. 1-76, now on file in the office of the Register of the Land Office of Washington Territory, at Olympia, and contains one hundred and sixty (160) acres of ground, more or less. Nearly all of said claim is inclosed with good fence. This is one of the best water powers in the Territory, already improved by a splendid grist mill, and also a saw mill, situated on said claim. Also, several dwelling houses, with outhouses, fruit trees, and other valuable improvements.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE:

Cash in United States Legal Tender Notes at their face, or coin. Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court.

Dated at Byrd's Mills, Feb 26th, 1864.

WM. P. BYRD,
Administrator of the Estate of A. F. Byrd, deceased.

12:6

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, a strange COW. She has been running with my cattle for the last five years, and is at present in my pasture, with her increase:—a yellow steer three years old, a brindle bull two years old, and a young calf about a month old. The cow is a brindle, with white spots on her sides, and three notches in left ear; no brand.

The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or they will be sold to pay expenses.

ALEX. DAVIES,
Muck, Pierce County, W. T.

Steilacoom, Feb. 13th, 1864. 11:4

KOSHLAND BROS.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
AMERICAN CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS, ETC., ETC.

We also purchase Wool, Hides, Furs, Deer-skins, etc., for which we pay the highest market price.

Corner Yates and Wharf streets,
12:tf Victoria, V. T.

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD,
PORT TOWNSEND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, ETC.
11:1y

PROVIDENCE SCHOOL,
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
STEILACOOM, W. T.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL COMMENCE studies on MONDAY, January 4th, 1864.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

For Board and Tuition per quarter of eleven weeks	$40
For Washing per quarter	10
For bedding do	2
For Music do	15
Entrance fee for all not admitted at commencement	5

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks	$6

GENERAL REGULATIONS:

From the day of entrance to the vacation, in July next, no absence will be allowed except in case of serious illness. No pupil will be admitted for a shorter period than a quarter, and no deduction will be made for time lost or quarter not completed. Pupils will be received at any time during the year, and charged from the day of admission into the Institution. Visits are confined to Thursdays, and can only be made by Parents and Guardians, or persons authorized by them. All letters are subject to the inspection of the Superioress.

For the sake of uniformity and order, all the pupils will attend the religious exercises of the establishment.

For clothing, books, or other wants of students, no advances will be made by the Institution. To meet such expenses, a sufficient sum must be deposited with the Treasurer. Pre-payment will be invariably demanded at the commencement of each quarter.

UNIFORM:

The uniform consists of a black French merino dress, blue ditto, and white muslin ditto with blue sash, all made with shirt sleeves, and a loose cape of the same material; one white and one black veil; three night dresses, six pairs of cotton hose, six of woolen ditto, three pairs of shoes, two quilted skirts and one white ditto, six towels, six aprons, twelve handkerchiefs, three pairs of sheets, three pillow cases, and one white counterpane.

Steilacoom, December, 1863. 6:2-tf

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The commodious and fast-sailing schooner

FLYING MIST,
120 Tons Capacity,
Capt. WM. THOMPSON,

Is up for Freight or Charter between Steilacoom and all ports on Puget Sound, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia.

The FLYING MIST is well adapted to carrying Live Stock, for which trade she was originally designed, and is amply provided with fixtures to ensure the safety of cattle in the roughest weather. She is suitable for all kinds of freight. Her cabin accommodations are not surpassed by those of any vessel on the Sound. Freight will be taken at as reasonable rates as by any other vessel.

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to PHILIP KEACH or H. W. BERRY, in Steilacoom, or to the CAPTAIN, on board. 5:42:1y

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, AN Irritated or Sore Throat, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases, oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumptive Coughs the Troches are useful. Public Speakers and Singers should have the Troches to clear and strengthen the voice. Military officers and soldiers who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden changes, should use them. Obtain only the genuine.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and most foreign countries, at 25 cents per box. Agents for California.

9:4 REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

☞ **Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.**—This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost immediately relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS and WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from Teething or any other

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, March 12, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONDENSED FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

New York, Feb. 23.—Richmond papers of the 20th Feb. say: The War Department has received official dispatches, dated Mobile Feb. 11th, stating that the enemy had made a demonstration with gunboats and landed forces at Gordon's Pass, 35 miles from Mobile. No doubt the approach is made by Banks. Sherman's column is approaching by the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Another column from Pensacola is understood to be advancing from the Perdido river, 40 miles from Mobile. The situation of Mobile is undoubtedly critical. Another dispatch, from Gen. Maury, commanding at Mobile, reports the enemy's force to be not over 18,000, and thinks the whole affair merely a raid on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 20th reports another Federal advance in heavy force up the Peninsula, with the advance at Barbarsville, but says there is no reason for alarm, as Richmond is covered from assault.

Ringgold, La., Feb. 22.—Gen. Palmer occupied Ringgold to-day and drove off a small rebel patrol found at Colessa (?) Station, two miles distant, but did not pursue. This fair country is a perfect ruin—but seven families remaining out of a former population of three thousand.

Chicago, Feb. 24—A Chattanooga telegram dated yesterday, says. It is thought here that having failed to accumulate a force sufficient for energetic operations, Longstreet is endeavoring to effect a junction with Johnston at Dalton. The two rebel armies combined will make a force of 60,000 men.

The Provost Marshal's report shows a total of 3,276 deserters from Johnston's army in January and February.

Gen. Palmer pushed a detachment into Lafayette to-day, driving the enemy out.

Fort Smith, Ark., Feb. 23.—The bearer of dispatches from the expedition sent into the Indian country reports that the troops are 100 miles south of Fort Gibson, the rebels having returned to Red river. The Indian Brigade, under Col. Phillips, had a skirmish with the rebel Indians on Middle Boggy, on the 14th, in which 40 rebels were killed. Our forces pursued them to near Fort Arbuckle, and then returned to the Canadian.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The Court at St. John's, New Brunswick, has committed the *Chesapeake* pirates to prison to await a requisition from the United States.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Gov. Johnson and the Tennessee delegation had a long interview with the President relative to the restoration of Tennessee to the Union. It is understood that while they do not favor the plan of the President, yet the interview was agreeable. They say Tennessee will soon be formally restored with a civil government.

Louisville, Feb. 25.—The Freedom Convention adjourned on Tuesday. A resolution was passed declaring slavery to be the strength of the rebellion; that they saw no hopes of peace until the principles of freedom, as announced in the Declaration of Independence, are carried into practice by the Federal Constitution; that it was proper for the Constitution of the United States to be so amended as to secure freedom to all within its jurisdiction; that during the war the President has full power to free slaves in the rebellious districts, and they are thereby invested with all the rights of freemen; that in the present rebellion the power should be exercised to the fullest extent; that with respect to the President's Amnesty Proclamation, it has injured the Union cause, its operation is unjust and humiliating to loyal men, and would urge its suspension until armed rebellion is crushed. Another resolution provides for a permanent organization in slave States of Freedom Conventions, with a Committee consisting of one member from each slave State to carry out its principles. The Convention declared itself favorable to an amendment to the Constitution making the President eligible for only one term. The proceedings were generally harmonious. Towards the close considerable confusion prevailed, principally upon minor points.

New York, Feb. 28.—By the arrival of the *Fulton*, from Port Royal Feb. 24th, the *Times* has information of a sad reverse to the Florida expedition. On the afternoon of the 20th our troops met the enemy, 15,000 strong, 15 miles beyond Jacksonville and 8 miles beyond Sanderson on the line of the Jacksonville and Tallahassee Railroad. A desperate engagement ensued, lasting three hours, when our forces at sunset retired to Sanderson, taking with them nearly all their wounded. Col. Frishie, of the 8th U. S. Infantry, was left dead on the field. Col. Reed and several other officers were mortally wounded. All of the officers of Hamilton's battery were wounded.

The steamer *Cosmopolitan* arrived at Beaufort on the 22d with 240 wounded, Col. Reed among the number, who was living when the *Fulton* left. The enemy's loss is unknown. They captured 5 guns. It is supposed the troops were from Bragg's army. Hardee was himself on the field, having come to Florida on a visit to his family. Our loss is estimated at from 500 to 1,300.

Reports from various sources, not entirely reliable, report Sherman in possession of Selma, Alabama; that he is subsisting on the country; that his object is the destruction of the railroad and river communications with Mobile and the rebel works at Selma for the manufacture of cannon and small arms, and that his future movements are left to his discretion.

The advance of Gen. Palmer's division beyond Tunnell Hill seems to have been a reconnoissance in force, disclosing the fact that Johnston had at least four divisions in the vicinity of Dalton. Our forces fell back to Tunnell Hill ridge with a loss of 300 in skirmishing.

Louisville, Feb. 27.—Gen. Lane captured 25 of the enemy five miles east of Cumberland Gap, on Thursday, Feb. 25th. The enemy fell back two miles. They will not probably make a stand this side of Chickamauga. All signs of a general engagement have failed.

Gov. Brown of Georgia has issued a proclamation for a special session of the Legislature on the 10th of March.

New York, March 4.—The New Orleans *Era* has the following: Galveston news announces that the gunboats *Harriet Lane* and *Clifton* and the barque *Canalo* were sold at auction on the 10th of February.

A special dispatch to the *Herald*, dated March 3d, says: Intelligence from the Army of the Potomac, dated half-past nine o'clock this morning, says: A messenger who left Kilpatrick's command 10 miles south of Hanover Junction, Wednesday morning, says the command has most thoroughly and effectually destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad from Beaver Dam to Hanover, and from Mattapan Bridge to the Pamunkey River. It is reported that Kilpatrick has found the country through which he passed almost destitute of food, for man or beast, and as his troops went in light marching order, he had been compelled to push forward with all possible speed.

The *Tribune's* special dispatch from Washington says Kilpatrick reaches Louis Court House on Monday night.

He destroyed the Railroad for several miles, and hurried towards Richmond Wednesday morning.

He has 5,200 picked men, and several mounted batteries, and for rapidity of movement marches in columns.

Halifax, March 3d.—Thirteen Austrian men-of-war have been ordered to sea, to protect German merchantmen.

A Danish frigate in the English Channel has overhauled a number of German vessels.

San Francisco, March 4.—Rev. T. Starr King died at a quarter past 8 o'clock this morning, of diptheria. The Legislature and Courts have adjourned, in consequence, and the whole State is in mourning.

New York, March 5.—A Key West letter, dated February 27th, reports that Admiral Farragut had opened fire on Fort Morgan, and gives a rumor that Beauregard is in command at Mobile. The obstructions in the harbor are similar to those at Charleston.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War have been investigating the conduct of Gen. Meade at the battle of Gettysburg. Generals Sickles and Doubleday testified that after the 1st of July Meade wrote orders to fall back 17 miles, and but for the rebels attacking sooner than was expected the retreat would have been ordered.

The *Time's* special to-day says the President has summoned Gen. Meade before him to answer the charge, and that the matter is assuming a rather serious aspect.

Gen. Butler telegraphs that Kilpatrick arrived within our lines on the 2d of March, with a loss of less than 150 men—among whom are Cols. Dahlgren, Cook and Litchfield, supposed to be prisoners. Kilpatrick succeeded in cutting Lee's railroad and telegraphic commnications with Richmond, by tearing up the rails on the Central Railroad at various points. He destroyed a canal and mill on James river, and burned much other property. He was met by the enemy outside of the defences of Richmond, and succeeded in forcing him inside of he outer works. A spirited engagement ensued, when darkness came on and put and end to the conflict. Finding the enemy's works too strong to allow him to reach the city and accomplish the object of the expedition, he withdrew and reached Gen Butler's lines in safety.

Chicago, March 5.—A fire at Erie, Pa., yesterday, destroyed the Reed House and other adjoining buildings. Loss about $200,000.

A delegation of Creoles, from Louisiana, called on the President yesterday. They presented a petition signed by over 1,000 citizens, asking for the rights guaranteed them by the French Government when it was ceded to the United States.

New York March 5.—It is stated that a Commissioner has arrived in this city with authority from the Imperial Regency in Mexico to act as its commercial agent. In this case no exequatur will be required from our Government nor is it necessary to obtain one.

The *Tribune's* Washington special of the 4th says: A dispatch dated Memphis, Feb. 18th, received this evening, gives some new and interesting details of Sherman's movements: Having reached Meridian, Sherman sent out scouts to ascertain whether Logan, who had started from Florida to meet him, and Smith and Grierson, on whose cavalry he relied to prosecute his march on Selma, were advancing. Three days elapsed before he received an answer, but as his army had been on short rations, he by a rapid movement which disconcerted the rebels considerably, turned towards Aberdeen and Columbus, in the richest part of Eastern Mississippi, where his army was supplied with fresh provisions. By this movement he turned his back on Selma and marched toward Logan, who had already advanced, and by an audacious stroke of strategy placed himself at a distance of about 100 miles from Johnston whose flank is now menaced by his advance. The dispatch says that the rumors spread concerning an attack upon Mobile and Selma by Sherman were simply to divert public attention from the real object of the expedition, which aims at the invasion of Georgia somewhere between Trenton and Lafayette.

San Francisco, March 5.—At 9:50 this morning a severe shock of an earthquake was felt, lasting one and three-fourths seconds. Oscillations were from north to south. No serious damage was occasioned. Vibrations were also felt in Sacramento and elsewhere at the same time.

All the flags in the city are at half-mast in respect to the memory of Rev. T. Starr King.

Harpending, another of the *Chapman*, pirates will take the oath of allegiance and be released on Monday.

March 6.—The body of Rev. T. Starr King lay in state in his Church on Geary state from 12 to 4 o'clock yesterday, and was visited by multitudes of people. In the evening it was taken in charge by the Military and Masonic Committee of Honor. The funeral services took place to-day at two o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Kittridge performing the religious portion. The musical portion of the ceremonies were particularly impressive, being executed by nearly the whole vocal and instrumental talent of the city. The Grand Lodge of Free Masons of the State, of which deceased was Grand Orator for the present year, performed the burial rites of the fraternity and the body was placed beneath the altar of the Church of which Mr. King was pastor. Gen. Wright, having received orders to the effect that minute guns to be fired from the forts during the ceremonies.

THE SOONER THE BETTER.—A refugee of note from Richmond is said to predict, that when things reach their last crisis—in other words, the rebels find that "last ditch" in which they are all going to die, Jeff. Davis will cut his throat! That is a bad thing for a man to do to be sure; but it is so much the better than anything Jeff has done of late, that we trust no one will stay his hand when he undertakes it. Suicide is a better fate than the arch-traitor merits, but if he chooses to operate in that way, we don't know how we can prevent him.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS IN EUROPE.—Robert J. Walker, writing to a friend at Washington, says that the revolution in European sentiment, especially in England and France, in favor of the North, is astounding. Since the victory of Grant at Chattanooga, and the success of Banks in Texas, the transatlantic rebels have become thoroughly cowed, and unwillingly admit that the Confederacy is in its last gasp. American securities of all kinds are eagerly sought after, while the Confederate loan is gradually disappearing from the market.

INCREASING THE PAY OF LAND OFFICERS.—The Senate has passed the bill of Senator Conness, amending the Homestead Law, which increases the pay of Registers and Receivers of the United States Land Offices of California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, fifty per cent. upon all allowances and fees.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Capt. Adams, of the sloop *Letitia*, has laid us under obligations for late Victoria papers, delivered on Tuesday last. To Capt. Finch, of the *Eliza Anderson*, we are indebted for similar favors. We are also indebted to Capt Libby, of the steamer *J. B. Libby*, for Puget Sound and Oregon papers.

A BAD PREDICAMENT.—The Richmond *Dispatch* confesses that the South is reduced to the following interesting situation: "If the people are fed, the army must suffer; if the army is fed, the people will starve; and if the people starve, what's the use of the army?"

HUDSON BAY COMPANY.—It is said the Hudson Bay Company have changed their exclusive policy, which has so long bound up the vast and fertile region under their charter, and have thrown open 100,000,000 acres of fertile land to settlement.

If money is your God, it will be certain to plague you like the devil.

The Ebony Casket.

[CONCLUDED.]

After the lapse of a few seconds Grace reappeared with the ebony casket in her hand.

"I have mislaid the key of this casket, Sir Everard," she said, placing it before him; "it contains something of which I stand in great need. Are you skillful enough to take an impression of the lock?"

"A strange request!" said the baronet in surprise.

"Women, you know, have strange fancies at times," she returned with playful sarcasm. "You hesitate?—is this a specimen of your obedience?"

"Oblige me with the casket, madam," he said, with an air of resigned complaisance.

He tore a sheet of paper from his note book, and after a careful manipulation obtained the required impression and handed it to her, saying, "You are convinced now of my docility."

"Scarcely," replied Grace, as she compared the design with the model; "I have a still greater service in reserve for you."

"Name it, madam," he said.

"A key," she continued, "corresponding with the impression you have taken. Nay," she added, observing he was about to interrogate her, "I gave you no right to question me. I exact your proffered proof of devotion, passive obedience to my will."

"Be it so," replied Sir Everard, evidently crestfallen; "I accept my office, since its fulfillment will ensure me the pleasure of being near you again."

"To-morrow I shall expect you," she said, in a constrained voice, and with formal courtesy, as she rung the bell to summon a servant.

"You may rely upon me," said the baronet, vainly striving to conceal his chagrin.

The entrance of the servant brought the interview to an abrupt close, and Sir Everard took his leave with an apparent sense of humiliation.

When he left the house, Grace recalled the servant to her presence.

"Did you admit Sir Everard D'Oyley?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied.

"And you introduced him into this room?" was her next question.

"Yes, madam. Sir Everard said he had business with Mr. Sherwood, and would wait his return."

"He will call at this hour to-morrow," said Grace; "remember, I am only visible to him," she added, with a wave of dismissal to the servant.

"Does that smooth, silken fop think that I have nothing to believe in, nothing to venerate, nothing to hope for, but his adulation?" soliloquised Grace. "No, the good is not so utterly dead in me, thank Heaven. I use him as I would a stone to help me over a muddy stream. Poor fool! he knows not the meaning of a virtuous woman's heart. I should indeed be a thing for self-scorn and loathing could I be so debased!" She took the casket once more in her hands, exclaiming in a tone of triumph, "To-morrow, and I shall know its contents." Having returned it to its former place, she ascended to her boudoir.

Mr. Sherwood's evening toilet was scarcely completed when Mrs. Rudderforth, trespassing on the privilege of their old affection, entered the boudoir unannounced. Grace was at that moment absorbed in the contemplation of her new diamonds, but she turned to her girlhood's companion with an embrace of genial welcome. An estrangement arising from their different habits had latterly widened into distance their former friendship. The contracted space of Clemency's home circle was distasteful to Grace, whilst on the other hand, Grace's ostentatious display was held by Clemency in supreme indifference. Still, when they did meet, their old love gushed in full life from their beating hearts. After the first flow of their mutual esteem had subsided, the eyes of Clemency rested on the diamond necklace and bracelets.

"How very beautiful!" she said, taking up the gems and regarding them with a pleased look.

"I am glad you admire them," said Grace, with a touch of vanity. "I shall wear them for the first time at our next and last ball this season."

"Another new folly of your indulgent husband's?" said Clemency, slyly.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Grace, with a tinge of asperity; "my indulgent husband, as you are pleased to call him, has not seen them yet."

"Not seen them?" said Clemency, with a grave look. "Did he not purchase them?"

"There was no purchase," replied Grace; "but simply a matter of exchange, in which I did not deem it necessary to consult with Mr. Sherwood."

"An exchange?" exclaimed Clemency, incredulously.

"Oh! I have given an acknowledgment for five hundred pounds as well," was Grace's languid reply.

"Which your husband has paid?" inquired Clemency.

"Which he must pay," said Grace.

Clemency dropped the gems, as though there was something baneful in their contact, murmuring to herself, "Poor Hugh! another step nearer to the fatal gulf."

"You do not wear diamonds, I believe, Clemency?" said Grace.

"No," was the brief, quiet answer.

"But surely your husband's position might insure you that indulgence?" remarked Grace.

"I am not quite sure of that," said Clemency; "and perhaps I am happier without them. My husband embarked in business on a borrowed capital, which he has been obliged to reimburse much earlier than he expected. I believe that the money which it would cost me to fit out a jewel case would be more wisely expended in extending the comforts of our home. There are jewels more precious than diamonds."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Grace.

"Yes, dear Grace, content and happiness," replied Clemency, quietly.

"Well," said Grace, endeavoring to turn the subject, "you will, I hope, come to our forthcoming ball."

"No, dear Grace," replied Clemency; "I must decline that favor."

"Why will you be so unsociable?" asked Grace.

"To be frank with you," said Clemency, "your luxurious mode of life has been a warning to me. I have not failed to mark the hollow fickleness of those who surround you. My estrangement from your glittering circle arises as much from disgust as policy."

"That," said Grace, bridling with vexation, "is the convenient cloak with which my hypocritical husband seeks to blind me."

"Grace," said Clemency, with fervor, "I am shocked to hear you speak thus of one who is truth itself."

"A pity I cannot share in so sweet a delusion," said Grace with cool levity.

An expression of sorrow overspread Clemency's open face as she gravely observed, "Grace, for some time past Mr. Sherwood's unhappiness—"

"Has been intolerable," interrupted Grace, peevishly.

"He appears wretched," urged Clemency.

"Is it my fault?" asked Grace.

"Possibly," replied Clemency.

"You are complimentary, truly," said Grace.

"I am earnest, Grace Sherwood," said Clemency, with startling vehemence.—"Your husband loves you, truly, nobly. Think then what must be his feelings—"

"I am sorry you should waste your championship in so bad a cause," interrupted Grace, with stinging sarcasm. "You may be right in saying that Mr. Sherwood loves, but not his wife—oh, no, not his wife."

"What mean you?" asked Clemency.

"Be patient, my dear, patient as I am compelled to be," replied Grace. "His real character will soon be unfolded."

"I would stake my life upon his truth," said Clemency, warmly. "Falsehood never darkened his pure brow. Treachery never lurked in his clear eye. Hear me, Grace. It was but yesterday my husband told me that for some time Mr. Sherwood has been drawing largely on his capital, under pretence of speculating with the money. Do you know that those withdrawals have been made for a different purpose?"

"Mr. Sherwood disposes of his fortune as he chooses; I do the same," was Grace's disdainful response.

"Do not strive to shield your errors under a subterfuge so selfish," said Clemency. "Your folly and extravagance are the worms that have sapped his fortune and destroyed his happiness. His simple tastes you have striven hard to sharpen into weapons of torture. You have hitherto prospered in your work; but beware, you have been playing with double-edged tools. My friendly voice bids you pause and reflect. Save yourself, if possible, from a remorseless future. Be wise, before it is too late. Good-bye, dear Grace, and may God guide you!"

She threw her arms silently round Grace's neck, while tears of genuine pity filled her eyes. A hurried kiss was left on her old companion's cheek, and she was gone.

A dreary void of hopelessness and misery rose darkly before Grace. The path of duty had been revealed to her in no disguising words, and still she shunned it. Doubt and distrust of him she loved had blinded her, and left her a prey to torturing thoughts. There seemed to be no life beyond the morrow; no heed for anything beyond that one anxious hour which the morrow was to bring; for then the golden talisman that was to lay bare her husband's perfidy would be placed in her hands.

The hour came. A kind of dreamy stupor seemed to have lulled into repose the stormy passions that held their fierce rule over her. She had brought the casket into the drawing-room, and sat gazing at it with a vague, mechanical expression, when Sir Everard D'Oyley was announced. For some moments she scarcely seemed to be aware of his presence. The baronet, completely foiled by her strange demeanor, began to fire off a volley of pretty protestations. His studied, daintily selected words were nicely garnished with sentimental flattery, but they failed to produce the required impression.

Suddenly, like a statue starting into life, Grace bounded from her chair, saying fiercely, "Have you kept your word? Have you performed your task?"

"The word of a gentleman is as sacred as his honor," replied Sir Everard deprecatingly.

"Fulfil that sentiment," she said imperiously. "The key?—give it to me!"

Her vehement outburst startled the baronet, but he nervously drew the key from his pocket and presented it to her. As she clutched the key he seized her hand and endeavored to carry it to his lips; but she wrenched it from him with such an action of loathing, such a look of withering contempt, that he turned from her with the slink of a whipped cur.

The talisman was in her grasp, and still she paused; the "Open Sesame" was hers, and her tongue failed her. She stood on the threshold of Blue Beard's forbidden chamber, but dared not enter. With a breathless effort she at length placed the key in the lock, but her trembling hand was powerless to turn it. A filmy darkness seemed to shroud her eyes, and the quick pulsation of her heart was the only sound that disturbed her sense of hearing. At length every nerve was concentrated to obey her stern resolve; the key was turned, the lid raised, and her burning gaze fell upon a heap of letters. Her hand had already seized one when the drawing-room door was pushed hastily open, and her husband stood upon the threshold.

For several moments Hugh Sherwood stood quietly regarding the actors in this strange scene. Then folding his arms across his breast, he advanced into the room. A smile lit his features as his wife's eyes rested on him, and the calmness of his manner somewhat reassured her.

"I fear I have disturbed you, Mrs. Sherwood?" he began. Then, turning to the baronet with an altered mien, he demanded in a voice of stinging sarcasm, "Are you a sharer in this trick? Have you, Sir Everard D'Oyley, made yourself an accomplice in this contemptible burglary?"

"My dear friend," began Sir Everard, "I swear—"

"No paltry subterfuge, sir," interrupted Hugh sharply. "The key of that casket is in my possession. How came it open unless by force?"

The baronet was shame-stricken and silent.

"Mrs. Sherwood, perhaps you will explain this seeming mystery?" said Hugh, turning to his wife.

Grace had, when she beheld her husband, sunk into a chair; her trembling hands covering her face, but still retaining in their hold the abstracted letter. She pointed, in answer to Hugh's question, to the duplicate key, striving to speak, but her voice was without sound.

As her husband's eyes followed the direction of her finger and recognized the key in the casket, he exclaimed, scornfully, "So, madam, you have been guilty of the meanness of purloining that which I refused to give you?"

While speaking, his hands wandered to his pocket, where, to his amazement, he found his own key.

"No, I am deceived," he said, as he drew the key from his pocket. "There is even a deeper stain of guilt upon you than I believed possible. I find you have resorted to the treacherous expedient of a midnight robber. I demand, Mrs. Sherwood—you hear me—it is your weak mole of a husband who is speaking—I demand to know by what means that false key came into your possession?"

The weight of a remorseful conscience burdened Grace's tongue and held her speechless.

"Perhaps," said Hugh, turning to the baronet, "Sir Everard will grant me a solution of this problem?"

The baronet smiled, bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and stammering forth a remark about domestic disagreements, was about to beat a retreat, but Hugh, with determined obstinacy, stood in his path.

"Sir Everard D'Oyley can confirm my statement," said Grace, "that those letters have been unread by me."

"When a culprit can only obtain the evidence of an accomplice to clear away his guilt, I suspect his case is desperate," said Hugh.

"Really, Mr. Sherwood, you are too severe," exclaimed the baronet.

"If my language is distasteful to Sir Everard D'Oyley, he will please to select another time to remind me of it," retorted Hugh proudly. "Mrs. Sherwood, you have thought proper to pry into my secrets; be it so. That letter, which you hold in your hand, may be instructive to you, if not to your friend here. Humor me by reading it aloud."

The cool firmness of his voice and manner, the proud, stern expression of his eye and feature, touched Grace with a feeling of awe. "Spare me," she murmured, with a supplicating look of sharp anguish.

"Too late, madam," replied Hugh, almost harshly. "A work so nobly commenced must be finished. Read, I insist."

"Do not be merciless," she cried.

"Do you not perceive the anxiety of our dear friend here?" asked Hugh, mockingly. "Why will you not end his suspense?"

The pitiless gleam of her husband's eye told Grace that she had no other alternative than to obey him. She unfolded the letter, and, with emphatic slowness, began to read it; each word fell like distilled gall on the baronet's ear; and ere she had concluded, he stood a crouching, abject thing in human form. The letter was worded as follows:

"MY DEAR HUGH—You make an appeal to me on the ground of our old college friendship, but I cannot allow its influence to compromise my imperilled fortune, neither am I disposed to pay for the follies and gross imprudence of your late uncle and his vain daughter. The other creditors I know have been reimbursed, and if I am not at once included in their number, I shall be constrained to place the late Mr. Babington's estate without delay in the Court of Bankruptcy."

Grace's quivering lip and faltering voice paused when she had read the last sentence.

"Rather a relentless creditor!" said Hugh; "don't you think so, Sir Everard?"

"Circumstances possibly drove him to extremities," was the baronet's embarrassed reply.

"Read on, madam," said Hugh, with implacable sternness; "there is something more."

Slowly weighing each syllable with a marked expression of contempt, she continued, "Receive, my dear friend, the assurance of my sincere attachment.

EVERARD D'OYLEY."

"True!" exclaimed Hugh, with a mocking glance at the baronet. "Why, the letter came from you! What made me forget it?"

"I shall ever remember it," murmured Grace.

The baronet made a rapid movement towards the door, but Hugh's strong hand caught him in its powerful grasp.

"Not yet; I cannot part with so dear a friend so soon," said Hugh, with cutting irony.

"Take your hand from me!" cried the baronet with a menacing gesture.

"Be calm, my dear sir," said Hugh, tightening his grasp, until Sir Everard writhed with pain.

"This outrage shall not go unpunished," said the baronet; "the law shall avenge me."

"It may be so," retorted Hugh; "but my vengeful debt must be paid first. You did not appear in any particular hurry when I came into the room. That old quaint casket which you seemed so curious about, just now, contains a rare selection of choice autographs, and I am sure my wife will not think we are encroaching on her good nature in requesting her to read them. Proceed, madam; take out the next letter and edify our friend a little further."

"Release me, I beg; you hurt me!" said the baronet with suppressed rage.

"Do I?" returned Hugh, without relaxing his grasp. "I cannot pain you where you have tried to stab me."

"I!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Yes, in the heart, man; you have no heart," said Hugh. "Go on, madam, read."

Grace again obeyed, and read the following with startling emphasis:

"MY DEAR HUGH—In order to second your disinterested designs that the complicated state of the late Mr. Babington's affairs should be honorably adjusted, so that his name may be transmitted without stain to his daughter, I accept the offer of a mortgage upon your estate at Ashdale for twenty thousand pounds. You impose upon me the bond of inviolable secrecy respecting the negotiation, more especially towards Miss Babington—be it so. Your conduct is enigmatical, and the only solution I can find is that your wish to endow the young lady with that sum for a wedding portion. I have no doubt she will need some such golden bait in the matrimonial market. Do not, however, suffer your chivalrous generosity to drag you too far. Whilst your kindness guards the interests of the orphan, do not neglect your own. I will meet you to-morrow at my solicitor's to arrange the transaction.

"Yours sincerely,

EVERARD D'OYLEY."

"You see, Sir Everard," said Hugh, bitterly, that I was fool enough to be made a dupe of, in spite of your worldly counsel. Mrs. Sherwood can, I have no doubt, appreciate the true value of your sage advice. You are free now," he continued, releasing the baronet. "You have striven well to throw the treacherous gewgaw robe of flattery around my wife, but it has withered, you perceive, under the first stray sunbeam of truth. Go, sir, with the merited contempt and loathing of an honest man."

The baronet rose from his chair, his teeth gleaming from between his strained lips, and a ghastly look of malice overspreading his hueless face. Writhing like a smitten snake, powerless for defence or mischief, he crept humbled and abashed from the room.

"Forgive me, Hugh, forgive me!" cried Grace, as she sank at her husband's feet. "I have faults; grave ones, 'tis true, and they have been leveled at your peace; but oh! blot them from your memory, and my future shall be devoted to expiate them. I have been weak, mad, imprudent; but if I am spared, I will become worthy of you, of your love, if you can still love me."

"Tell me," said Hugh, raising his wife from her kneeling posture, and gazing with his old, earnest look of fondness in her face, "tell me that this day's work is no idle dream, that your heart is mine, mine only."

"Yours, Hugh, it ever has been," she replied; "but now and for ever it is yours, stripped of its selfish vanity."

"And untouched by jealousy?" he asked.

"Ah, yes!" she replied; "and yet I can scarcely deplore having felt that passion."

"Why so?" demanded Hugh.

"It impelled me, I grant, to commit a dishonest act," she replied; "but I must ever bless it, because it has revealed to me, not alone the true brightness of your character, but the darker traits of my own. That dowry, which made me so imperious, I owed to you. Husband, what a world of pain might have been spared us both had I have known all before."

"True," said Hugh, sadly; "but I preferred your love to your gratitude."

"Pardon my curiosity, Hugh," said Grace, with a bewitching smile; "it was the sin of our first mother, you know; but that casket, you told me it was the gift of one who gave you joyfully her love, and that my image was set in your heart beside hers."

"I spoke truth," replied Hugh; "it was my mother's gift."

"Your mother's!" exclaimed Grace, with a shrinking sorrowful voice.

"Even hers," returned Hugh.

There was a painful pause. Sacred thoughts of the long buried dead rose in their memories and clouded their new joy with a sad aspect. Hugh was the first to break the respectful silence.

"Grace," said he, "I have still to tax your courage. You must nerve yourself for a sterner trial than any you have yet experienced."

"I am ready to meet it," said Grace, bravely.

"Bless you for that look, wife," returned Hugh; "hold to it, for it hallows the past as it redeems the future."

"Go on, dear husband, tell me all," said Grace, with a bright expression.

"My wormout predictions are fearfully realized at last," said Hugh, with his face averted; "I am ruined."

The brightness faded from his wife's face as she laid her hand on his breast and clung round his neck. "Through me! through me!" she sobbed.

"On you the stroke falls," said Hugh; "I heed it not. I have still resources in these hands, this brain. Some few hundred pounds of my fortune are still left, which skillfully employed may insure us a moderate competence."

Grace shrank from his embrace; a thought flashed upon her that seemed to burn her brain.

"You do not know," she said, "that yesterday some jewels struck my foolish pride—"

"I do know," interrupted Hugh; "calm your fears, the debt is annulled."

"Annulled!" echoed Grace, in surprise; "how could you learn?"

"Clemency told me," he quietly replied. "I have seen your jeweller, and he has agreed to take the diamonds back and annul the contract. This ruin has not come upon me like a summer storm. I have seen it gradually approaching for years; I have tried in vain to warn you of it; but my words were unheeded. You seemed to regard me as a harsh, gloomy pillar, standing in your light, and a temptation has often times beset me to end all in the foul crime of self-destruction. Then, again, my better angel bade me look beyond. I did so, and saw you purified of your evil vanity, saw you shining in the richness of woman's brightest ornaments, wifely devotion and homely love, and to that promised happiness in my darkest misery I clung."

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" she cried; "all that you have never found in me, but ever hoped for, shall be yours. Those tinselled gauds and gilded fripperies I have thought so much of, are indeed poor and indifferent trifles in the balance of your affection."

"Human virtue work out their reward, whilst human follies stand before true happiness like mocking spectres," said Hugh. "The blow that has fallen has not stretched me helpless. No man can say I am his debtor. The censure-loving world will have its banquet of scandal, but we can afford that luxury and survive it. The errors of the past will be your beacon light. A life of active toil opens before me, and I have already made arrangements to begin it. Our old friend Rudderforth has a vacancy for a clerk in his bank. He mentioned the circumstance incidentally to me a few days since, little dreaming that I should be a candidate for the office, but this morning I have written to him respecting it."

"A clerkship in John Rudderforth's bank!" murmured Grace, as a painful spasm passed across her face.

"The salary is a rising one, commencing at two hundred pounds a year," said Hugh, hopefully; "which, with the remnant of my fortune, will secure us a competence."

"And I must see you suffer this ignominy through me?" said Grace, with a wild, tearful look. "Oh, let me pray that this bitter cup may be permitted to pass by me."

"Ignominy!" exclaimed Hugh. "No, there is ignominy in the beggar's alms, in the dependent's bounty, in the sumptuous table laden with viands procured on a false credit; but the man who wins his bread by the labor of his willing hands, inherits the rightful title of independence."

"Oh, Hugh," said Grace, her face shining through her tears, "you cannot tell how mean and worthless I feel beside you!"

Hugh stopped her with a kiss, and nestled her weeping face upon his breast.

At that moment the drawing-room door was opened, and John Rudderforth entered, followed by Clemency. John advanced and took the hand of his friend in silence, while Clemency clung with a loving embrace round Grace's neck.

"Welcome, my kind friends, welcome," said Hugh. "You have come in time to witness, if not to share, the happiest hour of my life."

"What!" cried John, brightening up; "then that note of yours was all a pleasant jest, eh? Sent, I suppose, to make a sort of April fool of me. Well, well, I forgive you."

"Alas, old friend," said Hugh, "my ruin is no jest, but a stern reality."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed John, with a shiver; "it is true, then?"

"Quite," replied Hugh, with a laugh at his friend's incredulous stare.

"Hang it, don't laugh, there's a good fellow," said John, very gravely; "a dishonored cheque, with no effects at your banker's, is no laughing matter."

"But I am richly compensated," said Hugh.

"Compensated?—how?" said John.

"I have lost my fortune, but I have found the true heart of my wife," replied Hugh; "but now to business. What is your answer to my note?"

John turned his face aside and brushed a tear from his eye. Then, in a tone of smothered emotion, replied, "Too late; the vacancy is filled. Besides, I fear the position would scarcely suit you."

A shade of disappointment mantled Hugh's brow as he heard the words. "I am sorry to hear this," he murmured.

"Are you?" said John, unable longer to control his pent-up feelings. "Hark ye, Mr. Sherwood. Ruin yourself if you like fifty times over, but don't come to the man whose fortune you have made, who owes everything he has in the world to you—position, prospects, wealth, happiness—the man upon whose head you have never wearied in heaping benefits and kindnesses—don't, I say, come to him after you have done all this and insult him."

"Insult him!" said Hugh, with a bewildered gaze.

"My clerk!" said John; "Hugh Sherwood the clerk of John Rudderforth! How pleasantly it jars upon the ear. A pretty monstrous scoundrel you wish to make me!"

"I!" exclaimed Hugh.

"One of the firm, Rudderforth & Sherwood," continued John, in a vehement strain. "Give me your hand and say it shall be so, or I will leave."

"But I am without means, without capital," exclaimed Hugh.

"Had I any capital till you lent me yours, and took my integrity for your bond?" cried John, with growing indignation. "If you don't take this hand, and clench the bargain, I'll never call you friend again."

The hand was taken with a loving, grateful grasp, and John said, at broken intervals, "Thank you, thank you, I am not ungrateful—no, no; and I thank God, who has given me the means of proving it. Like bread upon the waters, Hugh, your kindness comes back to you. The past shall be retrieved, fear not."

"John Rudderforth," said Hugh, striving to speak with calmness, "I am now entering the lists of life's great battle; and, whether I am the victor or the vanquished, I can never forget the brave friend who has come so nobly forward, and armed me for the strife."

"And I have a holy memory to cherish, too," said Grace; "and one that will give a blessed lustre to our simple, homely joys. The ebony casket, husband, the world of riches it disclosed to me, will hang round my heart in radiant truth when the winter of age shall have frosted our lives."

"There is the key, wife," said Hugh, with a sunny smile. "I give it to you now; and if hereafter the evil spectre of thoughtless vanity should rear its smitten head, turn then to those records of your husband's unselfish love."

When Rev. Mr. Humphrey (now Major Humphrey) went to Col. Brackett, in Chicago, for authority to raise a cavalry company, he was asked by the colonel if he had any references. This puzzled the parson a little, for it just occurred to him that he was away from home; but reflecting a moment, he remembered "Old Joe Knox" was practicing law in the city, and referred the colonel to him.

He was told by the colonel to return in a few hours, and a reply would be given.

In the meantime Col. Brackett saw Joe Knox, and made inquiries as to the character and standing of the parson.

"Do you know Mr. Humphrey, of Genesee, Mr. Knox?"

"What, Minister Humphrey, the Methodist preacher, colonel?"

"The same, sir."

"Yes, know him like a psalm-book, sir."

"Well, what kind of a man is he?"

"Parson Humphrey will preach like Paul, pray like Stephen, and fight like h-ll and d———n, sir!"

"All right."

And the colonel left.

At the expiration of two hours, Mr. Humphrey returned to the office of the colonel; as he stepped in, he was greeted with:

"There are your papers, Mr. Humphrey." And the parson left for Genesee with his papers in his pocket.

"Blast your stingy old skin!" said a runner to a competitor, before a whole depot full of bystanders: "I knew you when you used to hire your children to go to bed without their suppers, and after they got to sleep you'd go up and steal their pennies to hire 'em with again the next night!"

The question "Why printers did not succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered:

"Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."

"Tommy, my son," said a fond mother, "do you say your prayers night and morning?"

"Yes'm, that is nights; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the day time."

Lord Alvanley meeting a West-end confectioner, on a restive horse, exclaimed:

"Why don't you hold him hard?"

"I can't," replied Mr. G., "he is so hot."

"Then, why don't you ice him?" said Lord Alvanley.

"Johnny," said a doting mother to her somewhat insatiable son, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma," quoth young hopeful, "but I s'pose I can with a spoon."

The Farmer's Corner.

Communications on Agricultural subjects, from subscribers and others, are incited for these columns.

Harvesting Buckwheat.

No grain is more difficult to harvest without waste than buckwheat. There is no crop that ripens so even—a portion of it being dead ripe—shelling out, while the rest is ripening. Hence the difficulty of harvesting at the right time in order to secure the largest possible amount of seed and in the best condition. The following remarks are to the point, though so far as hay caps are concerned, there is no use in talking.

Cut your buckwheat when most of the berry can be saved; that is, when the majority of the kernels are ripe, or sufficiently advanced to ripen in the stock when cut.

It will be seen, by taking this view, that the grain must be cut rather green, earlier than is commonly practiced, and that much milk and many white kernels must be cut down. Your grain will be cut easier; your straw be better, and the frost be more aptly robbed of its prize.

Cut early, then, and put up at once, when the grain is moist, either with rain or dew. You may avoid the wet. Put up in good-sized stocks. The air will readily circulate through. And thus there will be no shelling; you will save all the grain.

To fully preserve the berry from the rain, we advise hay caps, for the heavy long rains drown the berry, and the flour loses that vivacity and whiteness which are native with the grain, but which are so rarely seen.

It is in this way alone that buckwheat can be properly secured—that the whole can be secured, and in the best condition. In such a case buckwheat flour becomes one of our best brands of flour, if carefully ground. It should not be dried to a crisp before grinding, as is often done. When well secured, as it should be, it will do to take to the grist mill from the fanning mill. Avoid grinding close, for remember the bran makes up what the flour loses, and makes one of the best feeds.

Vitality of Seeds.—In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture*, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper:

James Binks, in the *North British Agriculturist*, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm, near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for sixty-four years, and forthwith among the barley there sown, arose some seventy-four varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to have been an old cavalry camp, and that the oats, which were ripened under other skies, had laid covered with debris for 1500 years, and now being exposed to the action of sun, they germinated as readily though but recently sown.

Book Farming.—We are aware that at this late day, and in this age of general progression in all professions, there are many well disposed persons opposed to what they term "book farming." Now let such persons throw aside their prejudices and examine the subject carefully, and they cannot fail of being thoroughly convinced of the fact that the present advanced state of agriculture in our country is due almost wholly to this "book farming"—is due to this interchange and discussion of thought, facts, and ideas through and by means of the agricultural press. Other means have contributed to this result, but the press has been the great promoter.

Farmers are necessarily so situated that the aid obtained by association is limited and confined. A farmer may follow a particular system or method which produces valuable results, may practice some mode of crop raising, or stock growing, and be unusually successful, or may practise some improved mode of action, in some one or more of the operations of the farm, and yet it may be years before any but his immediate neighbors are aware of it. But once let him give his ideas to the columns of the agricultural paper, and it is no longer a secret; it goes out to all, and if valuable, can be of value to all. Thus each one may be a public benefactor, and instead of keeping a good thing to himself, "do good and communicate."

What amount of good practical hints and ideas have been lost by neglecting to put them in writing and sending them to the nearest agricultural paper. Farmers should look into this matter. They have their journals devoted to their interest, and whose columns are open for their use, and they should not neglect this method of assisting each other and contributing to each other's happiness and improvement

Power of a Horse's Scent.—There is one perception that a horse possesses, that little attention has been paid to, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is as acute as a dog and, for the benefit of those who have to drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles on dark nights; and in consideration of this power of scent, this is my simple advice: never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safely. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours.

Horses Chafing under the Collar.—A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such shape as to lie singly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This tends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by the friction, hence you see the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheepskins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us is better than anything else.

Curious Habits of the Mole.

Some young persons captured a mole and brought it to a naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box when the mole pushed its way through the loose soil entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, every now and then twitching with a quick convulsive shaking the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil, completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft velvety coat.

The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression; and after satisfying itself that it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways and coming on its forefeet. The rapid mobility of its snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seem to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the length of an inch of its nose was not detected; although no sooner did its nose and feet touch one, than in a moment it flung itself on its prey and shook the worm backward and forward, and scratched it about until it got one end or the other into its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth being audible two yards away.

Worms it ate as fast as supplied—devouring fourteen in thirteen minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes, but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular report that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms and put them into the box. As the mole went backward and forward, it touched one of the worms with its foot and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his stomach, came upon the mass of worms and flung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, and too overjoyed with its treasure to settle upon any individual in particular. At last it caught one of them and commenced crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions in the loose mold. Thinking the animal had now a supply, two dozen worms having been put into the box, Mr. Wood shut up the box with an easy conscience; but it happened the following morning that the rain fell in perfect torrents, and, hoping for some remission, he waited until nine o'clock before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole received its supply, and as it had been probably another hour in hunting about before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead.

"I forgot," Mr Wood says, "to weigh the worms he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held cupwise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extreme voracity and restless movements of the little animal here recorded, shows its value to the agriculturalist "as a subsoil drainer, who works without wages," and its great usefulness in keeping down the prolific race of worms—themselves useful in their way as forming in the main the fertile soil itself.

Root Pruning.—This is best performed in autumn, when the roots are comparatively inactive. The object in view is to check over-luxuriance by depriving the trees of superfluous food, and to encourage the production of blossom buds instead of leaf buds. The amount of roots to be cut away must be in proportion to the vigor of the trees; in my opinion more than a fourth part should never be removed, and that should consist of the extremities only, carefully preserving the surface roots, which should be encouraged by every possible means. My attention was recently directed to a wall of peach trees which had been root-pruned early in the spring; a trench had been dug perpendicularly to the flag flooring at a distance of four feet from the wall, completely divesting the trees of all roots beyond that distance; the result evidently is the destruction of the trees, and young ones have been planted to replace them. This was accomplished in a first class garden, which shows that care is as necessary in root pruning as it is in the preparation of borders.

Treatment of Wounds on Horses.—A correspondent recommends the following remedy for the healing of wounds upon horses: "Saltpetre should be dissolved in warm water in such proportions as to be moderately strong to the taste, and blue stone added, until the solution is slightly tinged. This, and nothing else, is to be used as a wash two or three times a day. It purifies the wound, destroys proud flesh, produces granulations immediately, and heals the wound in a surprisingly short time. I have had horses badly kicked and otherwise hurt, in mid-winter, and mid summer; their cure was equally rapid, and afterward no scar was visible. The wound requires no covering—flies will not approach it, and dressing it with a small mop of rags tied to a stick, is very little trouble. Wounds do not require to be sewed up under this treatment, at least I never saw any advantage from it, as the stitches uniformly have torn out."

Importance of the Onion.—The onion is worthy of notice as an extensive article of consumption in this country. It is largely cultivated at home, and is imported, to the extent of seven or eight hundred tons a year, from Spain and Portugal. But it rises in importance when we consider that in these latter countries it forms one of the common and universal supports of life. It is interesting, therefore, to know that in addition to the peculiar flavor which first recommends it, the onion is remarkably nutritious. According to my analysis the dried onion root contains, from twenty-five to thirty per cent of gluten. It ranks in this respect with the nutritious pea and the grain of the oat. It is not merely as a relish, therefore, that the wayfaring Spaniard eats his onion with his humble crust of bread, as he sits by the refreshing spring; it is because experience has long proved that, like the English laborer, it helps to sustain his strength also; and adds, beyond what its bulk would suggest, to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.

Domestic Recipes.

Black Cake.—Have ready two pounds of currants, and two pounds of raisins; drudge them with flour to prevent them from sinking in the cake. Powder as much cinnamon as will make a large tablespoonful, prepare the same quantity of mace, powder four nutmegs; sift these spices and mix them together in a cup. Then mix together two large glasses of white wine, one glass of brandy, and some rose water. Cut one pound of citron into long strips. Sift one pound of flour into one pan, and one pound of powdered loaf sugar into another pan. Cut up among the sugar one pound of the best fresh butter, and stir them to a cream. Beat twelve eggs perfectly smooth and thick, and stir them gradually into the butter and sugar alternately with the flour, then add, by degrees, the fruit, spice, and liquor, and stir the whole very hard at the last. Put it immediately into a moderate oven, and bake it at least four hours. When done, let it remain in the oven to become cold: all night is best. Ice it in the morning, first dredging the outside with flour, and then wiping it with a towel. This will make the icing adhere better.

Keeping Grapes.—S. Mitchell, of Steuben county, New York, gives in the *Rural New Yorker* his experience with several modes of packing Isabella grapes. They were all put in boxes one foot square and six inches deep, to admit three layers of clusters, and kept in a cool, dry cellar, so cool that water froze. Those packed in colored sheet wadding—a layer of grapes then wadding—kept tolerably well until the last of December, improving in the meantime. They then began to mold badly. The best results were with grapes packed between alternate layers of newspapers. By changing the papers and repacking he kept grapes plump and fresh until used up, March 15.

Orange Cream.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass and six ounces of loaf-sugar in a pint of boiling milk, having first rubbed off the rind of five oranges with some of the lumps of sugar. Extract the juice of the oranges, and then strain the isinglass and other ingredients into it; add one gill of cream and the yolks of four eggs, which must be well beaten. Pour the whole into a saucepan, warm it over the fire, but do not allow it to boil; pour into a basin and stir it until cold, before you put it into a mould.

Indian Meal Short-Cakes.—Stir into a pint of milk three eggs, beaten light; add a small portion of salt, and half a cupful of butter, with enough sifted meal to make a thick batter. Drop the batter from a large spoon upon buttered tins, and bake the cakes in a quick oven. When they are of a light brown color they are done enough.

Almond Icing.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth, beat a pound of almonds, very fine, with rose water; mix the almonds lightly together with the eggs, and put in by degrees a pound of common loaf sugar, beat fine; when your cake is done enough take it out of the oven, lay your icing on, and put it in to brown.

Light Biscuit.—To two pounds of flour add one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of cream, (slightly sour,) and one small teaspoonful of pearlash. Make the dough as soft as possible, roll it out very thin, cut out the cakes, and let them bake five minutes. These cakes are very superior to the ordinary kind of light biscuit.

Soda Biscuit.—Have ready one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of sweet milk; rub two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour you use, and also a lump of butter the size of an egg. Make the batter about as stiff as for other biscuits.

Rusk.—Ingredients: Three bowlfuls of flour, one bowlful of sugar, one quarter and half a quarter of a pound of butter, rubbed in the flour,) two teacupfuls of home-made yeast, and one pint of warm milk; mix all in, and set a sponge.

Cocoa nut Cake.—Grate the nut, and let it dry before the fire; mix with it an equal quantity of sugar, and as many whites of eggs as will make a paste. Bake the cakes on white paper, in a slow oven.

Breakfast Cakes.—Ingredients: One quart of sifted flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and one gill of yeast. Let it rise over night. Bake it in a pan.

Melted Butter.—Melted butter is often served with greens, and always with scalloped and broccoli, but the instructions for making it are not generally sufficiently plain and clear to help a beginner in the art of cookery. Mix a tablespoonful of flour quite smoothly with a little cold water. Add to this half a pint of water, in a clear saucepan, stir in two ounces of butter, and stir the mixture over the fire until it is sufficiently cooked, and looks thick and rich The thickening properties of flour vary much; if, therefore, the melted butter does not thicken with the tablespoonful of flour named, a little more may be dusted in from the dredger as it cooks. Cooks consider it imperative to stir it only one way all the time.

Potato Balls.—Take four potatoes, boiled the day before, grate (not rub) them. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and two eggs, salt, and a very little nutmeg. Make into round balls, put them into boiling water, and boil twenty minutes. Oil some butter, and brown some chopped onions in it. When the balls are finished, throw over them raspings of bread, and then pour on the hot oil and onions. The great point is to serve very hot.

Apple Jelly.—Boil your apples in water till they are quite a mash; then put them through a flannel bag to drip. To every English pint of the juice, put one pound of sugar; boil till it jellies; season with lemon juice and peel to your taste a little before it is finished. We may as well add that we can say from experience, that this jelly is excellent, and of a beautiful color.

French Pancakes.—Beat half a pint of cream to a froth, lay it on a sieve; beat the whites and yolks (separately) of three eggs, add one tablespoonful of flour, and the same quantity of white sugar; mix all lightly, and bake in three saucers for twenty minutes. Dish them up with raspberry, or any other preserve, between:

If you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

Gen. B. F. Butler.

He went to Lowell in his twentieth year, and took hold of life with a vigorous grasp. The law office which he entered as a student was that of a gentleman who spent most of his time in Boston, and from whom he received not one word of guidance or instruction; nor felt the need of one. He read law with all his might, and began almost immediately to practice a little in the police courts of Lowell, conducting suits brought by the factory girls against the mill corporations, and defending petty criminal cases; glad enough to earn an occasional two dollar fee. The presiding justice chanced to be a really learned lawyer and able man, and thus this small practice was a valuable aid to the student. Small indeed were his gains, and sore his need. One six months of his two years' probation he taught a public school in Lowell, in order to procure decent clothing, and he taught it well, say his old pupils. What with his school, his law studies, and his occasional practice, he worked eighteen hours in the twenty-four.

His audacity and quickness stood him in good stead at this period. One of his first cases being called in court, he said in his usual way: "Let notice be given!"

"In what paper?" asked the aged clerk of the Court, a strenuous Whig.

"In the *Lowell Advertiser*," was the reply; the *Lowell Advertiser* being a Jackson paper, never mentioned in a Lowell court; of whose mere existence few there present would confess a knowledge.

"The *Lowell Advertiser?*" said the clerk, with a disdainful nonchalance, "I don't know such a paper."

"Pray, Mr. Clerk," said the lawyer, "do not interrupt the proceedings of the court; for if you begin to tell us what you don't know, there will be no time for anything else."

He was always prompt with a retort of this kind. So, at a later day, when he was cross-questioning a witness in not the most respectful manner, and the court interposing, reminded him that the witness was a professor in Harvard College, he instantly replied, "I am aware of it, your honor; we hung one of them the other day!"

His politics were not, in reality, an obstacle to his success at the bar, though his friends feared they would be. There are two sides to every suit; and as people go to law to win, they are not likely to overlook an advocate, who, besides the ordinary motives of exertion, has the stimulus of political and social antagonism. He won his way rapidly to a lucrative practice, and with sufficient rapidity to an important, leading and conspicuous practice. He was a bold, diligent, vehement, inexhaustible opponent. He accepted the theory of his profession without limitation or reserve, conceiving it to be his duty to save or serve his client with not the slightest regard to the moral aspect of the matter in dispute. That is the concern of the law-maker and the court; the advocate's business, in his opinion, is simply and solely to serve his client's interest. And if there should be lawyers at all, that is, beyond question, the correct theory of the vocation.

In some important particulars, Gen. Butler surpassed all his cotemporaries of the New England bar. His memory was such that he could retain the whole of the testimony of the longest trial without taking a note. His power of labor seemed unlimited. In fertility of expedient and in the lightning quickness of his devices to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, his equal has seldom lived. To these gifts add a perseverance that knew no discouragement, and never accepted defeat while one possibility of triumph remained. One man who saw him much at the bar in former times, wrote of him three years ago:

"His devices and shifts to obtain an acquittal and release are absolutely endless and innumerable. He is never daunted or baffled until the sentence is passed and put into execution, and the reprieve, pardon or commutation is refused. An indictment must be drawn with the greatest nicety, or it would not stand his criticism. A verdict of guilty is nothing to him; it is only the beginning of the case; he has fifty exceptions; a hundred motions in arrest of judgment; and after that the habeas corpus and personal replevin. The opposing counsel never begins to feel safe until the evidence is all in; for he knows not what new dodges Butler may spring upon him. He is more fertile in expedients than any man who practices law among us. His expedients frequently fail, but they are generally plausible enough to bear the test of a trial. And faulty and weak as they oftentimes are, Butler always has confidence in them to the last; and when one fails he invariably tries another. If it were not that there must be an end to everything, his desperate cases would never be finished, for there would be no end to his expedients to obtain his case."

His success was so great that he was worth more than $100,000 at the breaking out of the war, and had a practice amounting to $18,000 per annum.

Butler's political career is a curious study, now that we have the sequel to it. He was a sturdy, unflinching Democrat in a popular minority in Massachusetts, and rather liking, we suspect, that attitude of opposition which gave full scope to his native pugnacity. He was, as everybody remembers, a member of the notorious Charleston Convention; but few remember that in that body Butler stood alone—dissenting from both the pro-slavery and the wishy-washy platform proposed by the respective adherents of Breckinridge and Douglas, and standing alone upon a platform of his own construction. His resolution adopted the Cincinnati Platform, and added one other:

Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to extend its protection alike over all its citizens, whether native or naturalized.

On this platform he nominated Jeff. Davis for President, and voted for him fifty-six times in succession.

The Convention adjourned to Baltimore, and Mr. Butler finally joined himself to the Breckinridge faction. That so clear-headed a man, having political principles of his own, and courage to look a difficulty in the face instead of trying to evade it, should despise the Douglas platform, was not surprising. With shrewd wit he exposed its sophistries

During that political campaign he characterized the Douglas ticket as "two-faced"—designed to win both sections by deceiving both. "Hurrah for Johnson!" he goes for intervention. "Hurrah for Douglas!" he goes for non-intervention unless the Supreme Court tell him to go the other way. "Hurrah for Johnson!" he goes against popular sovereignty. "Hurrah for Douglas!" he goes for popular sovereignty, if the Supreme Court will let him. "Hurrah for Douglas," he is for the Union.

Mr. Parton tells us that Mr. Breckinridge was at that time a Union man, and believed to be honestly such by Mr. Butler.

In December, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Butler went to Washington, where he had many and serious conversations with his "Southern brethren." They were determined on secession, and asked him to go with them. There was room in the South, they said, for such as he. He told them the North would fight against secession, and they laughed at him; they told him the North would starve if it resisted, and he laughed at them. He told them, "if the South fights there is an end of slavery," and they laughed again. They asked him, "if he would fight in such a cause," and he replied, "Most certainly." When the South Carolina "embassadors" came to Washington, Butler proposed to the Attorney General to try them for treason.

Gen. Butler said to the Attorney General: "You say that the Government cannot use its army and navy to coerce South Carolina. Very well. I do not agree with you; but let the proposition be granted. Now, secession is either a right or it is a treason. If it is a right, the sooner we know it the better. If it is treason, then the presenting of the ordinance of secession is an overt act of treason. These men are coming to the White House to present the ordinance to the President. Admit them. Let them present the ordinance. Let the President say to them: "Gentlemen, you go hence in the custody of a Marshal of the United States, as prisoners of state, charged with treason against your country." Summon a grand jury here in Washington. Indict the commissioners. If any of your officers are backward in acting, you have the appointing power; replace them with men who feel as men should at a time like this. Try the commissioners before the Supreme Court with all the imposing forms and stately ceremonials which marked the trial of Aaron Burr. I have some reputation at home as a criminal lawyer, and I will stay here to help the district attorney through the trial without fee or reward. If they are acquitted, you will have done something toward leaving a clear path for the incoming administration. Time will have been gained; but the great advantage will be, that both sides will pause to watch this high and dignified proceeding; the passions of men will cool; the great points at issue will become clear to all parties; the mind of the country will be active, while passion and prejudice are allayed. Meanwhile, if you cannot use your army and navy in Charleston harbor, you can certainly employ them in keeping order here."

This was advice sound to the core and worthy of a great lawyer, and of an American who comprehended thoroughly the meaning of lawful liberty. Of course it was not heeded. The "commissioners" or ambassadors heard of it.

"Why, you would not hang us?" said Mr. Orr, one of them, to Butler.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "not unless you were found guilty."

He had one last, long interview with the Southern leaders, at which the whole subject was gone over. For three hours he reasoned with them, demonstrating the folly of their course, and warning them of final and disastrous failure. The conversation was friendly, though warm and earnest on both sides. Again he was invited to join them, and was offered a share in their enterprise, and a place in that "sound and homogeneous government" which they meant to establish. He left them no room to doubt that he took sides with his country, and that all he had and all he was should be freely risked in that country's cause. Late at night they separated to know one another no more except as mortal foes.

The next morning Gen. Butler went to Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, an old acquaintance, though long a political opponent, and told him that the Southern leaders meant war, and urged him to join in advising the Governor of their State to prepare the militia of Massachusetts for taking the field.

He went himself to Gov. Andrew, and advised him to put the militia of his State on a war footing, sending away all who were unwilling to leave the State and supplying their places. Also, he urged him to have twenty thousand overcoats made; to this there was opposition, but Governor Andrew was equal to the emergency; he ordered the coats, and "the last stitches in the last hundred of them were performed while the men stood drawn up on the Common waiting to strap them to their knapsacks before getting into the cars for Washington."

At a late ball in Baltimore, a gentleman having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

"Why, no sir," replied the fair one. "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me."

"I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain.

"Well, on Saturday night," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Marsh's market, selling cabbages."

A fire-eating Irishman, covered with wounds in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by acceptance. The duelist, unable to stand without support, requested that he might have a prop.

"Suppose," said he, "that I lean against this milestone?"

"With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next."

The challenger burst into a roar of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight such a good-humored gentleman.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Lowell girl, she blushes like a new blown rose, and says smartly:

"You darsen't to do that twice more."

The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say:

"I should think you would be ashamed."

A broker, whose mind was always full of quotations, was asked, a few days since, "How old his father was?"

"Well," said he abstractedly, "he is quoted at eighty, but there is every prospect he will reach par—perhaps be at a premium."

Only bachelors should belong to clubs. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dejaneira, and all good husbands should follow his example.

San Francisco.

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