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Select Poetry.

A False Step.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart,
Pass! there's a world full of men;
And woman as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then.

Thou only hast stepped unaware,—
Malice no one can impute;
And why should a heart have been there
In the way of a fair woman's foot?

It was not a stone that could trip,
Nor was it a thorn that could rend;
Put up thy proud under lip!
'Twas merely the heart of a friend!

And yet, peradventure one day
Thou, sitting alone at the glass,
Remarking the bloom gone away,
Where the smile in its dimplement was,

And seeking around thee in vain
From hundreds that flattered before,
Such a word as "Oh, not in the main
Do I hold thee less precious, but more"

Thou'lt sigh, very like, on thy part—
"Of all I have known or can know,
I wish I had only that heart
I trod upon ages ago!"

Miscellaneous.

A Blindfold Marriage.

The elite of the court of Louis XIV, the great monarch of France, were assembled in the chapel of the great trianon, to witness the nuptials of Louis, Count of Franche Compte—a natural son of the King—with Lydonie, Duchess de Baliverne, a worthy heiress.

The singular feature of the ceremony was that the bridegroom's eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief.

This circumstance excited the wonder of all. Had the bride been old and ugly, they would not have been surprised. On the contrary, she was young and pretty.

The king alone understood this strange freak of the bridegroom, and, though much enraged, he prudently held his peace and suffered the ceremony to proceed.

A few words will explain the motives of the bridegroom.

When Louis XIV came back from his great campaign in the Palatinate, he determined to unite his son, whose valor and daring in the war had greatly pleased him, to one of the wealthy wards of the crown.

He proposed the union to the young Duchess of Baliverne, and found her favorably inclined.

She had just come to court, having but recently emerged from the convent where she had completed her education. She had seen the Count often, though he had never deigned to cast a glance upon her. She knew he was brave and noble, and thought him handsome. The bar sinister in his escutcheon was no objection.

Unfortunately, Louis of Franche Compte who, like his father, was something of a reprobate, would not accept her.

'My son,' said the great King, 'I have resolved that you shall marry.'

'My worthy sire and most excellent father,' returned the Count, 'I have resolved to do no such thing.'

The King frowned. He was not in the habit of being contradicted.

'I have made a formal proposition, in your name, for the hand of the Duchess of Baliverne, and she has accepted you,' said he, gravely.

'Doubtless,' sneered the young scapegrace, 'her taste is excellent, and how could she refuse *me*? Perhaps it would have been as well to have consulted my inclinations in this matter. I do not wish to marry.'

'Fall in love with any one.'

'No.'

'Then love my Duches. She is noble and wealthy.'

'I am your son—that is nobility enough,' he bowed low as he spoke, and the King smiled at the compliment; 'and the Jews trust me—what could I do with any more gold?'

'She is the prettiest woman in my court.'

'I'm tired of pretty women; they are always fools.'

'Could you but see her, you would be sure to fall in love with her.'

'I will never see her,' answered he determinedly.

'See her or not, you shall marry her!' cried the King in a rage.

'If I do I'll marry her with my eyes shut,' returned the Count.

The King grew purple with passion.

'Harky'e, boy! You owe me obedience as subject and as son. It is my will that you bestow your hand upon the Duchess de Baliverne. The wedding shall take place this day fortnight. Submit to my will with a good grace, and I will create you a Duke on your wedding day. Dare to disobey me, and I will strip you of your title and the lands you hold from me, and cast you into a bastile.'

This was what had brought the Count of Franche Compte blindfolded to be married.

The King smiled grimly, but said nothing.

The Count placed the ring upon the finger of his bride, but he did not salute her; and when the ceremony was over he turned his back upon her, took the handkerchief from off his eyes, and walked out of the chapel.

Lydonie pouted her pretty lips, and was almost ready to cry for vexation. The King took her in charge, escorted her to her carriage, and they were conveyed to the hotel her husband occupied.

'Here you are, my dear,' said the King, conducting her through the apartments he had expressly furnished for her reception; 'here you are, at home.'

'But where's my husband?' said Lydonie.

'Silly boy!' muttered the King, looking very much annoyed. 'Never mind, my dear, he is your husband; the rest will come in time.'

'What is the use of having a husband, if he will not look at you?' pouted Lydonie.

'He shall look at you, or I'll send him to the Bastile.'

'Oh, no,' cried Lydonie, 'do not force him to look at me. If he has not curiosity enough to see what kind of a wife he has got, I'm sure I do not wish to oblige him to look at me. I see how it is,' she continued, a sad expression stealing over her countenance. 'Sire, you have forced the Count into this union!'

The King coughed and looked guilty.

'Oh!' cried Lydonie, with anguish, 'he never loved me, then—he never will love me!'

'Why should you care?'

'Because I love him,' answered Lydonie, innocently.

'Love him!'

'Oh! so dearly; that is why I married him. I had loved him from the moment I first beheld him. And now I am his wife he will not look at me.'

Lydonie burst into a flood of tears, and sank upon a sofa.

The King pitied her sincerely, but what could he do? He had forced his son to marry her, but he could not force him to love her.

He thought of the Bastile. It would not make him love his wife to send him there.

'Well, well,' he said, 'you are his wife. I will make him a duke, and I dare say you'll find him home before morning.'

With these words the King withdrew.

Lydonie was left alone with her sorrow. But she was not one to droop long. She soon dried her tears, and looked all the better, like a rose after a shower.

Her old nurse came in, and together they inspected her new home, which Lydonie found entirely to her satisfaction.

The Count did not come home that night. A week passed by, and he did not make his appearance. Lydonie came to the conclusion he would never come. She knew it was useless to appeal to the King. He had made Franche Compte a duke, but he could do nothing for her. She determined to ascertain what her husband was about.

She dispatched a trusty servant for intelligence, and, like all wives who place a spy upon their husband's movements, she was not at all pleased with the news she received.

The Duke was plunging into all kinds of dissipation. He was making love to all the pretty daughters of the shopkeepers in the Rue St. Antoine. In fact for a newly married man, his conduct was shameful.

'To leave me to run after such *canaille!*' exclaimed Lydonie.

She paused suddenly. An idea had entered her brain. She determined to act upon it.

While she is meditating upon it, let us see what the Duke is about.

One night, about eight days after his marriage, the Duke, plainly attired and muffled in a cloak, roamed through the Faubourg St. Antoine, as was his wont in quest of adventures. As he turned the corner of one of those narrow lanes that intersected that quarter at that period, a piercing shriek fell upon his ear, mingled with imploring cries for assistance. The Duke's sword was out in an instant. He was brave to rashness. Without a moment's thought he plunged into the lane. He beheld a female struggling in the grap of a man.

The man fled precipitately at his approach and the girl sank into his arms, convulsively exclaiming:

'Save me! oh! save me!'

The Duke sheathed his sword and endeavored to calm her fears. He led her beneath the lamp that swung at the corner.

'Why, you are a perfect little beauty!' he cried rapturously, and in surprise.

The girl cast down her eyes and blushed deeply, and the Duke felt the little hand that rested upon his arm tremble. But she did not seem displeased.

'Do you reside in Paris?'

'Yes; but we have only been here a short time. We came from Belleville—mother and I.'

'From the country, eh? Where do you live, my pretty blossom?'

'In the rue St. Helene.'

'Why, that is some distance from here. Will you permit me to escort you home? These streets are dangerous, as you have found, to one so beautiful as you are.'

'I would very much like to have you see me home—if—'

She paused and appeared confused.

'If what?' asked the Duke eagerly.

'If you would only be so good—as to promise not to—to—try—to—kiss me again, if you please, sir,' replied the girl, innocently.

The Duke was charmed. There was a simplicity, a freshness about this young girl which pleased him.

'I give you my word as a gentleman,' he said frankly, 'that no action of mine shall displease you, if you accept my escort.'

She came to his side and took his arm with confidence.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said with sweet simplicity; 'I know you are too good to injure me.'

The Duke blushed for the first time in—he could not remember how many years;—he knew he was receiving a better character than he deserved.

'What is your name?' he asked, as they proceeded on their way.

'Bergeronette,' she replied.

'What a pretty name! And so you live here in Paris, all alone with your mother.'

'Yes.'

'I dare say you have plenty of sweethearts?'

'No; I havn't one.'

'What—no one that loves you?'

'None,' replied Bergeronette, quite sadly.

'Would you not like a sweetheart?'

'Perhaps.'

'You must be particular in your choice, or you would have had a sweetheart before now. What kind of a one would you like, now?'

Those sparkling grey eyes were lifted to his for a moment.

'I would like one, if you please, like—like—'

'Like what?'

'Like *you!*'

'Phew!' thought the Duke, 'I am getting on here. Now, is this cunning, or is it simplicity.'

They walked off some time in silence.—Bergeronette checked the Duke before a little cottage, with a garden in front. There was a small wicket gate leading into the garden.

'Here is where I live,' she said. She took a key from her girdle and unlocked the gate.

'Will she invite me to enter?' thought the Duke—and the thought was father to wish.

'Good night, sir, said Bergeronette, 'and many thanks for your kindness.'

'She is a Dian!' was the Duke's mental reflection.

'Shall I never have the pleasure of seeing you again?' said the Duke.

'Do you wish it?' she said, earnestly.

'Most ardently.

'I'll ask my mother.'

An oath rose to the Duke's lips, but he prudently checked it.

'Will you receive me to-morrow?'

'You may come, and if my mother is willing—yes.'

'I shall be sure.'

'You will have forgotten me to-morrow.'

'I shall never forget you!'

'I have heard my mother say the men always protest more than they mean.'

'Your mother is'—the Duke paused, and bit his lip.

'What is she?' asked Bergeronette archly.

'She is—is right. But I mean what I say. As sure as the morrow comes, so will I.'

'Come. Good-night.' She turned from him, and was about to enter the garden.

'Bergeronette,' he said quickly, 'one kiss before I go. Surely my forbearance deserves it.

She made no answer, but she inclined her head gently toward him. For a moment she lingered in his arms, and then tore herself from his embrace, and passed quickly through the gate. The Duke determined to follow. When he placed his hand against the gate he found it securely fastened. Bergeronette had prudently locked it after her.

[illegible] the Duke went to [illegible] taken bachelor apartments on his wedding day—to dream of Bergeronette. The next day he went to the cottage in Rue St. Helena.

He was received by Bergeronette timidly, and introduced by her to her mother, a fine, matronly dame, who sat quietly spinning in the corner, and allowed the young couple to rove about the garden at will.

The Duke thought she was a very sensible old woman.

The Duke departed at the end of the three hours, more in love than ever. He came every day for a fortnight, and every day he pressed his suit. But there was only one way in which Bergeronette could be won—an honorable marriage.

The Duke was in despair and at his wit's end. He had a stormy scene with the King who threatened to send him to the Bastile if he did not return to the Duchess. So he came to Bergeronette, on the fourteenth day to make a final effort to obtain her. They were alone together.

"Hear me, Bergeronette," he cried, when he had exhausted every argument, and found her still firm, "I swear to you were I free, this instant would I wed you. I will confess all to you. I have told you that I am a Duke, but not my title. Now you shall know all. I am the Duke de Franche Compte, and—*I am already married!*"

"*Married!*" echoed Bergeronette with a smothered scream.

"I was forced into this union by the King's command. I do not love my wife. I have never even seen her face. I left her at the altar's foot, and we have never met since. She possesses my title, but you alone possess my heart. Fly with me. In some distant land we may dwell in happiness, blessed with each other's society.—Time may remove the obstacles to our union death may befriend us, a divorce may be obtained, and then I swear to you, by every saint in Heaven, you shall become my Duchess!"

'Were you free, would you really make me your wife?'

'I have pledged you my word.'

'I believe you.'

'You will fly with me.'

'I will.

'Dear Louis,' she murmured, for so he had taught her to call him, 'I also have something to impart to you. My name is not Bergonette, and I am not what you take me to be.'

'Wh t do you mean?'

'I have a title equal to your own.'

'Then this old woman?'

'Is not my mother but my nurse.'

'And the man who assaulted you?'

'Was my lackey instructed for the purpose.'

The Duke looked bewildered.

'And like you,' she continued, 'I am—MARRIED.'

'I'll cut your husband's throat,' exclaimed the Duke wildly.

'I don't think you will when you know him.'

'Who is he then, and who are you?'

'I am Lydonie, Duchess de Franche Compte, and you are he.'

The Duke was thunderstruck.

Lydonie knelt at his feet.

'Forgive me this little plot,' she pleaded, it was to gain your love. If it has succeeded I am happy—if it has failed, with my own lips I will sue to the King for our divorce.'

'Up—up to my heart,' cried the Duke, joyfully, as he caught her in his arms; 'you have insured our mutual happiness. Ah, none are so blind as those who will not see. Little did I think when I stood blindfolded by your side at the altar that I was rejecting such a treasure.'

They passed there honeymoon at the little cottage, and the Duke was not sent to the Bastile.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the grocer's the other morning. The roofs of the houses and the grass on the common were white with frost, and the wind was very sharp.—They were both poorly clad but the little girl had a sort of a coat over her which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along she drew her little companion close up to her, saying 'Come under my coat, Johnny.'

'It isn't big enough for both of us,' he replied.

'I guess I can stretch it a little,' she said, and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest.

How many shivering bodies and heavy hearts and weeping eyes there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves.

☞The Richmond *Dispatch* says. Our Western exchanges come to us full of mysterious hints of secret military operation of glorious promise. The Jackson *Mississippian* of the 5th inst., says: 'we are in confidential possession of a bit of news that is (as far as it goes) as good as the thrashing out of M'Clellan. It will not be long, we hope before we will be at liberty to chronicle another glorious and crushing victory over the invaders.'

☞A soldier was sentenced, for deserting to have his ears cut off. After undergoing the brutal ordeal, he was escorted out of [illegible] the tune of the rogue's march.' He then turned, and in mock dignity thus addressed the musicians:

"Gentleman I thank you, but I have no ears for music."

☞I say Ned, did you collect that bill?'

'Which one sir?'

'The one against Mr. Goer?'

'No sir *I* didn't collect, cause why, he's not Mr. Goer!'

'What do you mean?'

'Why you see, sir, Mr. Goer left yesterday—and now he's Mr. *Gone'er.*'

☞Bill, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, fat, with only one letter for each word.

It can't be did.

What! you just ready to report verbatim, phonetically, and can't do that!

Just look here, C 80 cat, B 80 rat, H 80 hat, B 80 bat F 80 fat.

☞A Dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint.

"It strikes me said the latter, that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so and I have came now to get it squared."

☞As people usually sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash from their pockets.

COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickley's and the Drakes. They have lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years; and from their first acquaintance there had been a mutual dislike between the two families.

One evening Mr. Drake, the elder, was returning home, with his "pocket full of rooks" from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful shot Col. Crickley's old roan is over yonder?"

"Hang it!" exclaimed old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntary, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easy."

"Shoot!" suggested Sam, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wall, I wont shoot this time, any way. tell, or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so ther'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered out some words in confusion.

"That's you Colonel! I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give you a 'V' for one pull.,'

"Say an 'X' and its a bargain?"

Drake felt his rifle and looked at the old roan.

"How much is the horse wuth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty dollars"

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it. Here's your X!"

The Colonel took and pocketed the money muttering—Hanged if I thought you'd take me up,

With high glee the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight on old roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hands before his face, and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old roan never stirred.

Drake stared at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey?"—Fust timo you ever served me such a trick, I swan."

And Drake loaded the piece with great indignation and wrath.

"People said you'd lost your knack of shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire,

"Who said so, I It's a lie!" thundered Drake, "I can shoot"—

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look here Colonel I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here," he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot anyway."

"Crack away," said the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake *did* crack away—with deadly aim too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh my eye!"

"Just shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you, thundered the excited Drake.

"The bullet was hollow, I'll swear!—The man lies that says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and I can do it a gain. Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now, thirty dollars, I can bring old roan down at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens and making a ten in the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and headed the rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation he drew a clear sight on old roan's head.

A minute later, Drake was driving throng the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of ire, lay with broken stock in the bottom of the wagon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons discovering his ill humor, and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with news, which they were sure would make him dance with joy.

'Clear out!" growled the old man, "I don't want to hear any news; get away or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But father, it's such a trick on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel!" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Glad if you played the Colonel a trick, let us hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon went out for deer——"

"Hang the deer, come to the trick!"

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter, "Jed did you shoot the Colonel's old hoss?"

"I didn't do anything else"

"And then," paused Jed, confident the joke part must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the tree just as if he was alive. Ha ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho! ho! wan't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell on his breast. He felt of his empty pocket book, and looked at his rifle. Then a rueful tone he whispered to the boy—

'It's a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour for ten dollars a shot."

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

Is it sought to end the war by the North *crushing* the South? For *such* a purpose no adequate exertion has yet been made. If that is the game, the call for only three hundred thousand more soldiers, is as incommensurate as was the call sixteen months ago, for *seventy-five thousand*, to whip the South and retake the forts. We leave aside the question whether any united and determined people numbering twelve or as is the fashion now to compute it, *eight* millions *can* be crushed on their own soil. It was by *Irish* aid that Ireland was subjugated to England. Belgium stands there with her five millions, more populous, and more independent, than ever before—though she has been the theatre of the most famous battles of Europe, century after century.—Switzerland, with less than *three* millions of people, has successfully defied the legionary hosts of Austria, of Loraine, of Burgundy, and of France. Portugal, with less than four millions, has always succeeded in resisting the attempts of Spain, in the proudest days of the latter, to absorb her, by her preponderating power. It seems to be one of the axioms of Bonaparte which time sanctions as profoundly true, that, 'A people to be free of another, has but to will it!' If the United States are to prove an unsound axiom, it must be by a far different display of power from anything yet exhibited. Volunteering must be abandoned, and drafting resorted to. It is no three hundred thousand men, but a *million*, that the instant necessities of the case call for. Hitherto the partizans that originated this pestiferous quarrel—from the Wades, and Chases, and Sewards, and Giddings, and Sumners, and Chandlers, in Congress, or the Beechers, and Cheevers, and 'three thousand preachers' of New England, in the pulpit down to the gawky Quaker or [illegible] who reads nothing but Greeley's Weekly *Tribune*—have *as a rule*, left the war that has resulted, to be fought out by the very men at the North who have denounced and deprecated their wicked conspiracies. But this must end, if the war is to be kept up. The innocent have, thus far, suffered for the guilty, but the guilty will have to suffer, in their own persons, the horrors of war, if the brute force principle is to be carried out. It must be a war in which enough of *substitutes* cannot be found.

A year ago those who pleaded for 'peace' were called 'secessionists,' traitors,' etc.—*Then*, the plea was that the war was to set free the *Union* loving *people* of the South, from the gripe of a secession faction. *Then we* pleaded for *peace* on the very ground that there was still at the South such a sentiment, and it only required *peace* to develop it. We pleaded that *war must* destroy it—that only *peace* could give it opportunity. That is all past. We say yet that nearer or more remote, the only *hope* for reunion, on the old, noble, grand ideas of our forefathers, must date the beginning of its work for realization, in the establishment of an honorable peace. As the gallant Tom Seymour, ex-Governor of Connecticut, said in his letter quoted by us last week, it is a 'monstrous fallacy' to ignore peaceful measures, and trust to 'subjugating the South' by the Sword as a means of reunion. The Union that secured our liberties as freemen, was a Union of *free consent* between the States. The violation of that fundamental idea [illegible] rights, not only [illegible] standard, thousands attached to the old Government, but has so invaded our liberties here in the loyal States that [illegible] sentences such as these, dictated by our conscience—the mere reiteration of the sentiments of the men who formed the Constitution—not knowing but that for publishing them, some clerk in the executive Department may order subservient agents, by the hands of violence, to convey us again to the dingy walls of Fort Lafayette.

The Union loving people of the seceded States! Who are they? Hear the correspondence of the *Herald*, *Times* and *Tribune*—those organs of the Black Republican regime. The *Tribune* correspondence tells us, lying as usual, that they are the negro slaves. The *Herald* and *Times* correspondents tell us, alas too truly, that there is *no* such element left. In New Orleans, in Memphis, in Virginia, in North Carolina, in those very cities and States where it might chiefly be expected, the prolonged occupation by Union arms produces only an extinguishment of any glimmer of Union feeling that had before been thought to exist.

What are we then to look forward to?—It is a permanent separation? There are opponents of the Lincoln Administration, professing to be knowing ones, who have publicly said that this already looked to as a speedy result. There professed Democrats who consider it must happen, but who declaim against it, in order that the odium of its accomplishment may rest only on the grave of Black Republicanism. Needless solicitude! There are those who whisper that William H. Seward projects an escape from the Cabinet in time to avoid the odium of the acknowledgment of his own handiwork. Hopeless attempt!

For our part, permanent separation is an idea to which we cannot reconcile our minds—for it is the knell of civil liberty, and of all other liberties, on this continent. It is the harbinger of huge standing armies, of enormous taxation, of industry oppressed, and of peoples crushed. Apprehension of this is already freighting many ships with American citizens, renouncing the country, and fleeing with what they can save of their effects. It is an idea that we steadfastly refuse to accept—but to counteract it, to remedy it, our first need is *peace*.

What is *the way of peace?*

The way of peace, among peoples, is *compromise*. There is no other way. When Solomon died, the Ten Tribes of Israel gathered to complain to his son Roboam that the yoke of his father's government discomforted them. The wise old men counselled Roboam to speak softly to the rebels and to acquiesce in their demands, and that thus they would cleave to his throne forever. The ignorant men of a newer generation advise him to refuse 'to treat with rebels with arms in their hands.' He took the advice of the fools, and Israel told Judah to look on his own house, and they separated forever.

History is full of the like instructions. Not long since we cited the conduct of Louis XI. of France, who by a frank compromise with his powerful rebel vassals, disarmed them, and thus made of the Frank communities one united France. 'Treat with rebels with arms in their hands!' So exclaims the ignorant New Englander—who knows nothing of history, not even that of his own corner of this continent. In that corner, indeed, moderation has never been practiced. But, what proud, and haughty kingdom, of royal family of Europe, is there that has not treated with 'rebels with arms in their hands?' Did the house of Charlemagne disdain to treat with rebels? Did the house of Hugh Capet? Did the Hapsburghs? Did the Plantagenets? Some such stuff was indeed professed by the House of Stuart—for which one of them lost his wicked head, and another of them was driven with his [illegible] also, that the Bourbons have affected the same ideas, and this has been taken as a grand proof that they are no [illegible] reign over men.

Henry VII, of England [illegible] He did more than any other that ever sat on the throne of that kingdom, to strengthen the royal power over the realm. How did he treat the powerful Earl of Kildare, in Ireland, when the latter, an adherent of the house of York not once only, but twice, joined the standard of pretenders to the throne? Even when the Earl was attainted by Parliament, for treason, he [illegible] him, because he thought [illegible] justice or truth, in his cause, but [illegible] was a power in the realm. The rule of the affair deserves a development [illegible] here. The moral of it [illegible] all great state policy, in every age of the world, has exhibited, that the way to authority, grandeur and strength is only by compromise with existing forces.—*Franklin Repub.*

☞A chap in Virginia was taken a prisoner by the rebels who demanded that he should take an oath to support the Confederate State Government. The [illegible] could not even support his own family, [illegible] to support the Confederate government [illegible] more than he dare do.

☞The grand [illegible] the hoarding house, where [illegible] as if walking on eggs to prevent the house from knowing when you make your exits and entrances.