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The Columbian.

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RELEASED.

BY MRS. WHITNEY.

A LITTLE low-ceiled room. Four walls
Whose blank shut out all else of life,
And crowded close within their bound
A world of pain, and toil, and strife.

Her world. Scarce furthermore she knew
Of God's great globe, that wondrously
Outrolls a glory of green earth,
And frames it with the restless sea.

Four closer walls of common pine;
And therein lieth, cold and still,
The weary flesh that long hath borne
Its patient mystery of ill.

Regardless now of work to do;
No queen more careless in her state;
Hands crossed in their unbroken calm;
For other hands the work may wait.

Put by her implements of toil;
Put by, each coarse, intrusive sign;
She made a Sabbath when she died,
And round her breathes a Rest Divine.

Put by, at last, beneath the lid,
The exempted hands, the tranquil face;
Uplift her in her dreamless sleep,
And bear her gently from the place.

Oft she hath gazed, with wistful eyes,
Out from that threshold on the night:
The narrow bourn she crosseth now;
She standeth in the Eternal Light.

Oft she hath pressed, with aching feet,
Those broken steps that reach the door;
Henceforth with angels she shall tread
Heaven's golden stair forevermore!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE RECONNOISSANCE;

OR,

HOW TO WRITE A DESPATCH.

I HAD just returned from my unexpected trip to Jamaica, "per steamer, *Alabama*, Semmes, Master," as related in my last yarn, and was enjoying all the pleasures of high life in New Orleans, while the arrangements for the exchange of our officers were being completed at Washington, when, coming out of the St. Charles one afternoon, I met G——, the popular young secretary of our admiral.

"Ah, Stanton, I am glad I have met you. The Admiral wishes to see you on board the *Hartford*."

"What's in the wind now, G——; you haven't got my papers through yet, have you?"

"Oh, I can't reveal the secrets of the prison-house, you know; but strictly *entre nous*, I would advise you to make hay while the sun shines with that pretty little French girl I saw you dancing with the other evening, for I don't think you will have much time to gallivant after this week!" and humming "The Girl we Leave Behind Us," he turned away.

The next morning I presented myself in due time on board the flag-ship, and after an interview with the Admiral, in which he informed me he had effected the exchange of myself and one other of our officers for two Rebel lieutenants captured on the Teche lately, I received my orders to the command of a fine little steamer, the *Antona*, with directions to report to Commodore Bell, off Galveston, for such duty as he should assign me.

"The *Antona* is all ready for sea, Lieutenant Stanton, and I have no doubt, you will be glad to find yourself on salt water again."

G—— gave me a significant wink from his table behind the Admiral.

"I shall expect you to sail to-morrow. Good morning, sir;" and the Admiral turned to the next officer waiting an audience.

Well this was summary certainly; here I had made up my mind for a delightful flirtation of a couple of months at least, and now found myself ordered away to the coast of Texas, with scarcely time enough to lay in my mess-stores. But I knew our Admiral too well to think of delaying an hour beyond the time set, so off I went to inspect my new command at once.

The *Antona* was a Clyde-built blockade-runner; captured by one of our cruisers; refitted as a man-of-war; and sent out to capture in her turn other vessels of like kidney. She was a snug little craft, fast, with a good battery, and admirably adapted to the service expected of her.

I found her in excellent condition, with a fine crew, a gentlemanly set of officers, and a sharp executive, who had all his "requisition" filled, and reported the ship as ready for sea the next morning at daylight. So I went on shore again, passed the day in purchasing mess things, paying my bills, and collecting my traps; reserved the evening for my adieux to the fair Creole, and at sunrise the next morning, tripped my anchor and steamed down the river.

At Galveston I received orders assigning me to the blockade of Pass Caballo and Aranzas Pass, with a general oversight of the forty miles of coast intervening. I had a pleasant run down from Galveston, and anchored one fine evening a little to the northward of Aranzas Pass. This portion of the coast was new to me, although I had been stationed several months off Sabine Pass, further to the northward, and I was therefore very glad to learn that my executive officer, Mr. Lane, and my surgeon had been lately transferred from the United States bark *Arthur* to the *Antona*, and in her had been stationed for six months off these very passes. Mr. Lane felt quite at home, as he had been on several expeditions inside the bay; and the surgeon expatiated on the excellent oysters and turtles to be had inside, with cattle for the trouble of shooting them, and other charms of this particular locality. As for Rebs, they both agreed that none were ever seen hereabouts, and indeed there seemed little object for the Johnnies to congregate on these barren sand isles.

Along the entire southern coast of Texas stretch a series of narrow sand islands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width, forming a barrier between the sea and the mainland, and giving a protected water communication from Galveston to the Rio Grande. These bays are interrupted by shoals, yet a large trade was carried on by light-draft schooners, who loaded up the creeks with cotton, and then crept along down the coast, until, finding some one of the passes unguarded, they would dodge out to sea and cut away for a market; and my principal duty was to break up this trade.

I learned from my officers that Padre Island, on one side of the entrance to Aranzas Pass, was uninhabited, and that the *Arthur's* crew were in the habit of landing here whenever they saw fit. The light-house had been partially destroyed by the Rebs at the outbreak of the war; but the tower was yet standing, in a dilapidated condition. From our mast-heads we could overlook the island, and see into the bay; and not a vestige of habitation could be seen, and not even a bullock came in sight for the two first days after I anchored.

Sunday was a lovely day, and I began to have a longing to stretch my legs on dry land again; so, after consulting with Mr. Lane, I ordered my gig manned and armed, and invited my surgeon to accompany me on a trip ashore. He accepted at once, and, recommending one of our quartermasters as an excellent pilot for the bar, I took him as my coxswain, and shoved off for a little Sunday excursion.

We had very little wind, and soon pulled in over the bar, on which there was a good sea running, notwithstanding the light breeze. Across the bar we pulled cosily up between the two islands that form the pass, scarce half a mile in width, and soon landed upon the small island upon which the light-house stands, where we beached the boat, and began strolling about. No appearance of life was visible, and indeed there was little reason to expect inhabitants on these sand-strips, separated from the mainland by Matagorda Bay, three miles wide in this part.

My men amused themselves as only sailors penned up in a ship for months can understand; to them it was relaxation to feel the firm earth beneath their feet, to roll in the grass, to chase each other like school-boys out for a holiday, and to skip shells into the clear waters of the bay.

Taking the surgeon and my coxswain with me, I started to examine the light-house. This I found a rather difficult feat, as the Rebs had nearly destroyed the iron staircase used to ascend to the lantern. However, by considerable exertion, I managed to clamber up, aided by old Knox; and arranging my glass, prepared for a view of the country. My first glance was naturally seaward, where my vessel lay, rising and falling to the seas, four miles away to the northward. I turned inland, and gazing to the westward, saw, to my satisfaction, a schooner, with an unmistakable deck-load of cotton, beating down the bay from the direction of Corpus Christi.

"Ha, ha, my fine fellow! you think to slip out to-night, under cover of the darkness, no doubt. I think I shall secure you, at any rate, through my afternoon's frolic!" and I swept my glass round to the southward, and so out toward the sea.

"By Jove! It can't be possible! They *are*, by all that's perplexing!"

These words burst from my lips as I caught sight of a cluster of most undoubted *tents*, nicely hidden from view, in a little valley upon Madre Island, while a few yards from them was a cluster of gray coats, busily engaged in dragging two brass guns down the island, with the very evident intention of cutting off my retreat.

Robinson Crusoe's surprise and horror at discovering the footsteps in the sand of his island was not greater than mine at this moment. Capture seemed inevitable; but, beyond that, I saw the disgrace that would await me at home when the story should be told there—a captain caught, like a fox in a trap, ashore from his ship, on a frolic. "Oh, the deuce! this would never do!"

I was not long making my descent from the tower, you can surmise, for I saw there was but one hope for escape, and that lay in speed. If we could only reach the bar before they succeeded in dragging their guns by hand—for I saw they had no horses—to the point, I would shove the boat through the breakers, and take my chance of swamping in the passage.

I did not breathe a word to discourage my men till I had hurried them into the boat, and shoved off, when I enlightened them in very few words.

"Give way strong now, men; we must reach the bar before they get those guns in position, or we are booked for Houston jail! Give way for your lives!"

They buckled to their oars with a will, and the gig fairly flew through the water; yet to me she seemed to creep like a tortoise.

"Spring to her, boys; pull for your lives! We are gaining on them, I tell you!" and I cheered them on, while, with straining muscles, they threw all their energies into the race for liberty.

We had almost reached the point, when the heads of the approaching enemy appeared above the sand-hills, and I saw that this avenue of escaped was closed!

To pull by the mouths of two twelve-pound guns, loaded, as I felt sure they were, with grape, at a distance of two hundred yards, would have been sheer madness; and, indeed, it was apparent, as they wheeled the guns into position, we were already too near for safety. Not an instant was to be lost.

"Hold water, all!" I shouted. "Back starboard, hard! Pull your port oars!" and round the light boat came back in an instant. "Give way, all!" and back we went again in the direction we had come.

Up rose a column of white smoke; bang and whiz came a shower of grape; over our heads, luckily.

"Give way strong, boys; we will soon be out of range!"

Bang came number two; this time not so harmlessly, for I felt the splinters fly about my ears, and the stroke-oarsman dropped his oar and fell forward in the boat.

"Take that oar, Knox," and I caught the tiller from his hand. "Don't give them time to load again, boy. A few strokes, and we are out of range. Spring to it!"

The next shot was wide of us, and in a few moments we were under cover of a slight projection of land, and for the present safe; but our dilemma was none the less awkward, for how should we get out of the bay? There was the rub!

In variety of counsel is wisdom, so I called upon the surgeon for any suggestions. He was busily engaged bandaging up our wounded man's shoulder as he best could, and had no advice to offer that was worth listening to.

Glancing at Knox, I saw he was anxious to speak.

"Well, Knox, what do you think of this?" I said.

"Why, Captain, it'll never do to stay here much longer, for these warmint will be having a boat down from Corpus arter us. Now, if I might be so bold, I'd advise as we pulls up here into the bay, and then coast down along Padre Island till we gets somewhere abreast of the ship, and then walk across land and signal the old barkey, if the Rebs don't pick us up while we are crossing."

"Excellent, Knox; only instead of pulling half a dozen miles round the island, suppose we land here, and haul the boat over into the bay? I think we are strong enough for that; are we not?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. We'll snake her across, never fear!"

So we beached the boat, and by great exertion hauled her across the narrow spit of land into the bay.

By this time night was upon us, and there was no moon, which, however, we did not regret, as we were glad to have our movements hidden from the enemy. Launching our boat on the other side, and embarking again, we started up the bay, keeping an anxious look-out for pursuers all the time.

We had pulled a couple of miles, perhaps, when I heard a suspicious noise abeam.

"Hist! Knox, do you hear that? What do you make of it?"

"Well, Captain, I am sorry to say it's wery like the creak of a fore-and-after's gaff! I am afraid the Johnnies are arter us hot foot!"

Creak, creak, came the noise again; this time with great distinctness.

"There she is, sir!" said Knox, who had been peering out over the gunwale; "but stash my lights if she don't loom out of water like a Dutch galliot! She's standing to the south'ard, sir, or I am greatly mistaken!"

In an instant I comprehended the situation, and a hope of escape flashed across my mind. This was the schooner I had seen from the lighthouse working down the bay, her deck loaded with cotton. She was, doubtless, about to attempt to run out this night.

"Oars, men!" and as they lay on their oars, and the boat lost her headway, I explained my plan.

"We will board this schooner, boys; but no shots, mind; if they resist, use your cutlasses. There must be no firing to alarm our friends at the Point, or our plan will be defeated. If we succeed in this, and I feel sure we shall, you will all have a good share of prize-money; if we fail, we shall be no worse off than we now are. Knox, see the oars muffled.

This accomplished, we pulled out toward the approaching schooner, and so quietly, that we were within a couple of boats'-lengths ere we were discovered.

"Boat ahoy! what boat is that?" they hailed.

"Give way, boys!" I shouted; and we were alongside and scrambling over the cotton-bales before the schooner's crew were aroused. There was little or no resistance, and we speedily had the crew secured below, and were quietly in possession of our prize.

"Now, surgeon," said I, "strip these fellows, and let Knox and four others of our men rig themselves in butternut. It is best to be prepared for emergencies. Just take a look below, will you, and see if you can find me a decently-clean coat and trowsers, while I question our sulky friend, the ex-commander of this craft."

A lank, unwholesome-looking specimen of the very worst type of a Texan, was this master of the schooner, and his snake-like eyes glistened as I addressed him.

"Look here, sir, I shall need some of your assistance in getting this vessel out."

"And you reckon I'm gwine to pilot my cotton out for you, do you? Well, you're dog-goned mistaken in your man, let me tell you, Captain!"

"Not a bit of it, my Christian friend. I do not desire any of your skill as a pilot, because I have one of my own;" and I glanced at old Knox, who was steering as unconcernedly as though we were on a pleasure-trip; "but I may require you as a spokesman if we have to undergo any scrutiny at the pass yonder. Now we have got our lives, or at least, our liberties, in our hands in this expedition; and you infernal dog, if you dare to hesitate or breathe one word to betray us, I will blow the top of your head into a thousand pieces!" And I pressed my six-shooter with considerable force against his forehead, to give emphasis to my peroration.

"If we pass out safely, I will land you and your crew on the island here to-morrow, safe and sound; so you can take your choice!"

The fellow quailed before my arguments, and promised to do as I wished.

By this time we had rounded the point of Padre Island, and were standing down toward the pass with a free wind. I looked at my watch; it was already slack-water; and in twenty minutes the tide would be running ebb; we were just on time. As we neared the point, I saw a group of men on the beach observing us, and near them the two guns stood out very conspicuously against the white sand. I sheered close in to the beach, and hove her up in the wind, while I said to the Texan:

"Hail the beach, and ask if there is a chance to slip out; remember my warning!"

"Hallo, thar, Colonel Danby!"

"Hallo, Atwood, is that you?"

"Yes, Colonel; I want to make the run, if I can; what's the chance of getting by the Yankee out thar?"

"Very good, I think; we have a boat of his inside here; and I think his captain is in it. I have sent up to Corpus for the *Lilly* to come down and pick him up. Did you see anything of them up the reach?"

"Say yes," said I.

"Yes, I did; he—"

"Is pulling up the bay—thought it was your boat," I prompted. He hesitated. "Speak, d—n you, speak!" and the click of my pistol showed him I was in earnest, and he blurted out his speech. He then, at my suggestion, indulged in a few amiable wishes for our capture and the Colonel's success—begged the Colonel to be ready to cover his retreat if the Yankees should discover him and give chase, and with many compliments on both sides, we filled away and stood out through the channel.

Old Knox piloted us admirably. Once only we grazed a shoal, and then shot out into deep water, where we were safe!

Safe, at least, from our enemies, but not altogether so from our friends, for we were not fairly over the bar when the *Antona* was seen to cast to the southward, and down she came toward us, full tilt.

"They will save us from working up to windward at any rate, doctor," said I, when flash, and a parrott-shell came shrieking over our heads like a wild gull.

This was rather too much of a good thing, so I hove too, and was shortly within hail of the *Antona*. Just as Lane was about to hail us, I anticipated him with:

"*Antona* ahoy! Send the second cutter, sir, with an officer to relieve me in the charge of this vessel!"

"The Captain, by Jove!" said Lane, dropping his trumpet in utter surprise. "Ay, ay, sir!" he replied, and hastened to obey the order.

The next day, having selected a prize crew, and landed the Texans according to promise, the important matter of announcing my capture to the Navy Department came up. It would not answer to acknowledge that I was caught napping on a pleasure excursion in plain, unvarnished terms; so, after due deliberation, I concocted the following, which, let me whisper in your ear, good reader, is quite as near the facts, as you know them, as some other more important despatches sent to headquarters during the late war:

UNITED STATES STEAMER ANTONA,
OFF ARANZAS PASS, June 20, 1864.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy:

SIR,—I have the honor to report the capture of the schooner *Rover*, of Corpus Christi, with one hundred and fifty-five bales of cotton, on the evening of the nineteenth instant. Having reasons to suppose the Rebels were erecting a sand-battery at the entrance to this Pass, I determined to discover its exact position by a careful reconnoissance. Taking my gig, I entered the Pass yesterday afternoon, confirmed my suspicions, and drew their fire upon my boat. The *Rover* was preparing to run out that night. I boarded her, and brought her out with me, having one man slightly wounded in the affair. I send the *Rover* to New Orleans for adjudication. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. STANTON,
Lieutenant-Commanding U.S.N.

JAPANESE USE OF THE FAN.

NEITHER men nor women wear hats except as a protection against the rain; the fan is deemed a sufficient guard from the sun, and perhaps nothing will more strike the newly-arrived European than this fan, which he will see in the hand or girdle of every human being. Soldiers and priests are no more to be seen without their fans than fine ladies who make of theirs the use to which fans are put in other countries. Among the men of Japan it serves a great variety of purposes; visitors receive the dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar imploring for charity holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may have obtained. The fan serves the dandy in lieu of a whalebone switch; the pedagogue instead of a ferule for the offending schoolboy's knuckles; and not to dwell too long upon the subject, a fan presented on a peculiar kind of salver to a high born criminal, is said to be the form of announcing his death doom; his head is struck off at the same moment that he stretches his hand toward the fan.

For the Columbian.

RAISING THE DEVIL.

AT one time when Mr. Dow was travelling in the South, he asked permission to remain over night. The woman of the house informed him that, her husband being from home, he could not stay. He insisted that she should grant him permission, as there was no other house near to which he could go; but she positively refused, until he told her he was a preacher, and would sleep in the stable if he could do no better. This information, together with his long beard, at once suggested to her who he was, and she accordingly inquired of him if he was not Lorenzo Dow. Being answered in the affirmative she waived her objections, and concluded that he might stay—probably more out of fear that evil might befall her if she turned him off, than from a wish to have him in the house. Accordingly Mr. Dow put up; and about the usual hour retired to bed in a back room, where he had not lain long before he heard a man arrive, whom he soon discovered was not the woman's husband. A series of jokes commenced between the woman and the man, which continued with a good deal of pleasantry until about midnight, when all of a sudden their pleasures were disturbed by a rap at the door, which announced that her husband had arrived. Alarm and consternation followed. There was but one door, and at it stood the husband. To be caught there at that hour of the night would, to say the least of it, insure him a sound thrashing. To escape seemed impossible. At this critical juncture, when the ingenuity of man had failed, the quick perception of woman, as in most cases of emergency, found an expedient. At the foot of the bed stood a large gum half full of raw cotton, in which she concealed her visitor. Then turning around she very composedly opened the door and received her husband. But his lordship had been at the grog-shop, and was in what the Irish schoolmaster called an "uproarious mood."

"Hush, hush," said the wife, as the husband blundered in and roared out:

"Thunder and potatoes, Mag, and why didn't you open the door?"

"Hush, my dear, hush! Lorenzo Dow is in the house."

"Oh, blood and tobacco! and is it Lorenzo Dow, the man who raises the Devil?"

"Sure it is, and why don't you be still?"

"Oh! by Saint Patrick, he shall come forth, and you shall see the Devil before you sleep."

So blundering into the bed-room, Mr. Dow was compelled to come forth, and nothing would do but that Lorenzo must raise the Devil. Mr. Dow protested, and urged his inability to perform such wonders; but no excuse would satisfy the uncompromising husband; he had heard that Dow could raise the Devil, and now that he had him in his house, he determined that he must. At length Mr. Dow said:

"If you will stand in the door, and give him a few thumps as he passes, but not so hard as to break his bones, I will see if I can raise him."

"So saying Lorenzo took the candle in his hand, and walking up and down the room, Lorenzo touched the candle to the cotton, and said:

"Come forth, old boy," when out jumped the hidden gentleman all in a blaze, and breaking for the door like a mass of living fire, made good his escape, but not without first receiving a good rap over the shoulder from the husband's cudgel as he passed the threshold. The job was now done; Lorenzo had raised the Devil, and the husband thought a real wonder performed by the Yankee preacher.

A PAPER-EATER.

THE Indianapolis *Sentinel* tells the following: "A young lady of this city while at school contracted a bad habit, which she now finds it impossible to break off—that of chewing paper. Her parents buy it for her by the ream, and she consumes on an average a quire per week, rolling her paper ball under her tongue as a sweet morsel, and squirting the saliva about like an old salt. She is quite a connoisseur in the matter of paper, and evinces a decided preference for a certain pale-blue unruled foolscap, which smells badly. Deprived of her paper for a day or two, she becomes restless, distraught, and melancholy, refuses to eat or be comforted, and is not herself till a fresh supply is procured. "How is Miss ——?" we inquired of a friend the other day. "Not well," was the reply, "her paper doesn't agree with her." We have heard of opium-eating, snuff-eating, arsenic eating, and pencil-eating among the female fraternity, but we believe this is the first instance of paper-eating that has come under our knowledge. If the young lady knew how paper was made, we think she would make an extraordinary effort to break off the pernicious habit.

A SCHOOMASTER wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus; "Here is an apple—you see it, and therefore know that it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly, and the next time he asked them, "What is faith?" they answered, with one accord, "An apple under a tea-cup."

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

THE following story, only the concluding portion of which we give, is told of Judge J——, of Jackson, Texas, and John Rolfe, a backwoodsman. Rolfe—a tall hunter, dressed in deerskin, and armed with a revolver, rifle, and bowie-knife—visits Jackson, calls on the Judge at his residence (with the narrator), and thus relieves his mind:

"You see, Judge, early day before yesterday morning I started for this place, and as I wouldn't chisel, I went without eating the whole day. I slept in the woods, and yesterday morning I got up as hungry as a panther; and as I walked along, thinks I, what am I to do? I never see game so scarce; there wasn't so much as a squirrel to be found. I'm above cheating any man out of his dinner; but I felt that a dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him, and tried to borrow, swearing to pay at any place he might name, in a week; but the critter told me had paid his way out of his pocket, and he'd too little to divide.

"How much have you got?" says I.

"Two fifty," says he.

"Now, thinks I, that is too little to divide. So, while he is looking another way, I shoots him through the head, and gin him as decent a burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do; my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish the feller had his money back, if he could be alive. Between you and me, as it is too late for that, I think that I ought to be hung."

The Judge called his little black boy, ordered three papers of tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung?" he said, with compassion, as he whiffed a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I do, in fact," answered Rolfe, emitting a similar volume of vapor.

The Judge smoked and considered again.

"Well, we'll try to hang you," he added.

There was an expression of gratitude in Rolfe's eye, as he replied:

"Thank you. That will ease my conscience."

The Judge again knocked the ashes from his pipe, and spoke:

"Well, come here in half an hour. I'll try to get a jury."

Rolfe and myself, laying our pipes on the table, were about leaving, when the Judge asked us to take a drink, which having done we bade him good-morning.

At the expiration of half an hour we returned, when we found some twelve men drinking and smoking with the magistrate, awaiting us. We were politely requested to sit down.

"Now," said the Judge, addressing himself to Rolfe, "tell these gentlemen what you have already told me."

Whereupon Rolfe repeated the statement he had before made.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "I wish to say, if this gentleman—Mr. Rolfe, your name is, eh? well, there's some fine old brandy; make yourself perfectly at home—whether, gentlemen, you find John Rolfe guilty or not guilty of murder. In addition to what he said, I will observe, for your information, that I have sent out and found the body just where he stated it to be."

The jury smoked, rose up, took a little brandy and water, and then sat down again, and smoked in silence for some time. At last one of them, who appeared to be the foreman, said:

"The case is tolerably clear, and we rather think he's guilty."

"There's more tobacco on the table," said the Judge to Rolfe, "the best you can find anywhere. You have heard what these gentlemen have said. Well," he continued a little uneasily, "I don't like to tell you in my own house, but—"

"Let there be no hindrance," said Rolfe, filling and lighting his pipe."

"Well, then, continued the Judge, "come here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll have you hung."

Rolfe looked disconcerted, and appeared mortified at the idea of asking a favor.

"You—you have been so kind to me," he said, hesitatingly, "that I hardly like to ask you for anything more."

"Not at all," replied the Judge. "Out with it; you are welcome to it before you ask."

"Well," said Rolfe, "I wish—to-morrow is my ague day, and the shakes come on at ten—*would you be so kind as to hang me at nine.*"

"With the greatest of pleasure," answered the good-hearted Judge, shaking Rolfe by the hand. "Nine it shall be."

Accordingly John Rolfe went to the inn, paid his bill, and the next morning was hung as the clock struck nine."

A WORD FOR WIVES.

LITTLE wives, if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first-love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same fond love now. If you do feel that through many cares and trials of life you have become less lovable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth, or hope for in Heaven—turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you admired will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, don't forget the live he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself, and become a Lucy Stone, or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by the Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station, needs no greater honor.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM FENIAN.

THERE have been numerous derivations given to the name Fenian. The most probable is that which deduces the name of Finn, the most celebrated chieftain of Erin in the earliest period of traditionary history. The ancient Fenians or "Finnis men" make no inconsiderable figure in the earliest annals of Ireland, and seem to have been the warriors of their day. "Their great leader, Finn," says Pinkerton, in his "Inquiry into the History of Scotland," "was a man of great talents for the age, and for celebrity in arms. His formation of a regular standing army seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman legions in Britton." The legends concerning their chief, abounding in Ireland, are most numberless. He is fabled to have made the famous Giant's Causeway as a highway over which to lead his bands to Scotland. There is scarcely a hillside in "the auld cofntry" but, while it preserves his profile on its outlines, perpetuates the history of some one of his wonderful exploits. Whether the prerequisites for membership into his band were at all times rigidly enforced, or whether they are still adhered to by the Fenians of modern times, we cannot say, but an old and venerable historian tells us that before a man could be enrolled into the ancient brotherhood he had to promise: "First, when he was disposed to marry, he should not follow the mercenary custom of insisting upon a portion with a wife, but, without regard to her fortune, he should choose a wife for her virtue, courtesy, and good manners; the second, that he should never offer violation to a woman, or attempt to ravish her; the third, that he would be charitable, and relieve the poor who desired meat and drink, as far as his abilities would permit; and fourth, that he would not turn his back or refuse to fight with nine men of any other nation that set upon him and offered to fight with him." The same veracious writer informs us that in the admission of recruits to the ranks of the Fenians, in the days of yore, there were a number of rules to be observed: "The parents must give up all rights to revenge or compensation for the candidate's death—a very necessary regulation in a state of society when the punishment for a death was either revenge or *eric*. He must be able to compose verses. He must be expert with his weapons; and he was exposed to a very good test; he had to defend himself against the javelins of nine soldiers thrown at once. He was to run through a wood pursued by some Fenians, in order to test his fleetness and agility. He must be able to hold his weapon without shaking it; if his hand shook he was rejected. He must be so swift and so light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by treading upon it; and, hardest of all to do, he must be able, without stopping or lessening his speed, to draw a thorn out of his foot."

THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.

WE find the following North German legend in "Thorpe's Yuletide Stories," one of Bohn's antiquated stories. It is too beautiful to remain in the sole keeping of antiquaries: "There was a mother who loved her first child with her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, who lay sick on its bed even to death. Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief; she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept, wept, wept three long days and three long nights. This the mother did without ceasing, calling constantly on her child. The third night, as she thus sat, overcome with suffering, in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears, and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed child. It had become a heavenly angel, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had in its hand a small cup that was almost running over, so full was it. And the child spoke: 'Oh! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more, it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave and no joy in Heaven. Therefore, O dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well and happy, and angels are its companions.' It then vanished. The mother shed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's joy in Heaven."

THE Italian ship *Lepoleon Canecero*, which sailed from Macao for Callao on the eighth of March, with six hundred coolies on board, was burned on the second day out, and all are supposed to have perished.