

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

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"You just look at one side of the question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it; a man who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for he would enlist; but what if he should die, and that poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wild world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which souls people?"

Poetry.

"Non Respondet."
 It seems but yesterday that, as companions,
 We read the life of old Latino ages,
 And all its stern and stirring martial glories
 Flashed on our souls from out the wondrous page.
 I call to mind when first the Roman legends
 Gathered at full-call met our eager gaze,
 Contide for slain comrade answering, *Non respondet!*
 How his eyes kindled into sudden blaze:
 "How false!" he cried, "they spoke from Hercules,
 From Thrasymachus, Cato, and Rama's crimson sand;
 The speech about Rome's long and weary years of struggle,
 There were the only voices in the land!"
 Yet night is early, before the guns of Richmond,
 Our roll was called in a short hour and our souls;
 The Orderly to the ranks, we march as a unit,
 Startlingly distinct, deliberate, and slow.
 But at one name what sudden solemn stillness!
 O God! we heard it thrice on far away;
 And "*Non respondet!*" the words unspeakable
 That meant all our lives' future would say.
 When, in the redoubled sound down the gatherer
 Of household faces round the board, we rise
 And start in sweet forgetfulness to call "Him"
 But only in silence—never he replies.
 When, in the purple twilight, memory wanders
 In pleasant idleness to other days,
 A voice with softness said, "Do you remember?"
 Turn quick to meet his ready answering gaze!
 Only our sad hearts' slow and mournful beating—
 No young and fresh elastic voice replies:
 We met the stars' far off and plying glances,
 But not the tender favor of his eyes.
 Eight years, when violet shaded in blue-eyed meadows,
 And white-robed trifling looked the south decline,
 And his eye's gaze was wandering long procession
 Marched to the great cathedral of the pines,
 He said, "I hear my mother Nature calling:
 I shake off my childhood's shackles;
 I'll be a man, a man, a man, a man, a man,
 As you men do, when I left these hills."
 Alas! I hear that call in vain recall—
 From words which in a child's ear would not say,
 But "*Non respondet!*" was the words and answer,
 In the early no-words, pause to sigh and say.
 O could I with all thy trials of voices,
 In this, the sweetest, evermore at rest—
 O could I live with thee, in thy deeper record,
 "I stand on the world, which ever to death it bleed!"
 "O could I venture to challenge thy intuition!
 Recall the lesson which the old world gave,
 That is no lesson which answers from the living
 With half the power of His from the grave.
 When to the home and to the life is cherished,
 The solemn calm which follows youth shall come."
 As to the call for soldier's aspirations,
 The draw's powers of life shall all be dumb,
 "Fear not—One voice shall lead that deathly silence:
 And from His southern grave those answers rise—
 He only lives who have done His duty,
 "He on the field that yields to wrong, who dies!"
 Oh soldier roll-call, through the coming ages,
 I hear thy echo swell the pine-wood's roar;
 And I stand down the Mississippi's current,
 Come back with South winds from the low Gulf shore.

Selections.

Kate's Soldier.
 "If I were only a man!"
 Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.
 "If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"
 "Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"
 The lips began to pout now, a little temper to blend with courage in the fine eyes.
 "Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were my cousin, I suppose, I should not speak to you so plainly."
 "If I were, it vexes me when I hear you wishing morning, noon, and night, to be and do the impossible; and yet never trying to do what is ready to your hand. Do you think there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in satins and laces? How much was Madame Forster's bill last quarter?"
 "Money won't fight, and Government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."
 "Yet, by giving a little more than Government gives, I think you could hire some one who would not go otherwise, to fight for you."
 "A man whom a little more money would induce? A man who would go for money? would not go without it? Why, such a cowardly soul, would be dragged out of the ranks after the first battle!"
 Major Ross smiled, a calm, meaning smile
 "You just look at one side of the question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it; a man who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for he would enlist; but what if he should die, and that poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wild world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which souls people?"

"We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said, gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy but I will come to you again this evening."
 There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting on Miss Barclay's door-step she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said, earnestly: "Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. There has been a vacant place in my heart a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it."—her eyes were filled with tears—"if anything should happen, she shall be as near to me as she would have been to you."
 Richard Keene pressed the hand he held. "I believe you," he said. "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her coldness or ingratitude."
 That evening Kate Barclay alone, living over in thought the parting which she knew was taking place, fancying how these two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-bye—a good-bye by which might, all too possibly, be forever. She almost repented of her own doing—not quite—for she knew her soldier's heart was in the work, and she felt that if he had been her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not dealing to another such measure as she would not have borne to have dealt herself.
 It was a little past nine o'clock when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Keene. She had not expected after their bargain was made to see him again; but she was glad after all that he should have reckoned her among the number of those to whom it became him to say farewell. He came in as usual, as self-possessed as ever.
 "I have been bidding Emily good-bye," he said, as he sat down. "I had to leave her at nine o'clock, and I thought I might venture to come to you. After all, it is by your means that I go, and that makes a sort of tie between us; a bond which it would be presumption to call friendship, and yet which will make me think of you when I am gone."
 Kate had not the courage to tell him that his young sister's thoughts scarcely follow him with a more constant interest than her own. She asked him instead how Emily had borne the parting.
 "Bravely," he answered. "He knew the child's heart had been almost broken, but she had kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whom the memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."
 Then there was a silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.
 "I will tell you honestly why I came here to-night, Miss Barclay. I have been thinking how possible it was that I might never come back, and if that happened I feared you might regret that you sent me away. I wanted to guard against your vexing yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing of my heart to go, and if I could have effected it in any other way I should have done so long ago. Come what may, I shall never be sorry. I have but one life, and there is nothing else I would like so well to do with it as to give it to my country. I can trust Emily to you without fear, and she was all right to keep back. In any event, I want you should be thankful, as I shall be, that you helped me go."
 Kate's tears were choking her. How many he was! how unselfish, trying, even in this last hour, to shield her whom he scarcely knew from a possible pang! She could not speak, but she put out her hand. He took it tenderly.
 "I am going now," he said, his eyes resting on her as if he longed to soothe away her tears, as he might have done his sister's. "God keep you, Miss Barclay, and give me strength to fight valiantly in the cause for which you have sent me forth to do battle!"
 Before she could speak the "God bless you!" which trembled on her lips he was gone.—Would she ever see him again—her soldier?

The next Saturday the principal of the establishment at Grammercy Park was summoned to an interview with Miss Barclay. The latter lady expressed briefly the relation of protection in which she stood to Miss Emily Keene, and expressed her desire that thereafter her ward should spend all her vacations and every Sunday at her house. The poor, solitary bereaved child was glad enough to go home with her; and that was the beginning of a true, sisterly love between those two.
 As the months passed on they grew nearer and nearer to each other, until Emily could scarcely have told which was dearer, the brother far away, or the new sister she had found at home. Kate's life had been solitary hitherto, since her parents died.—The young girl filled up a void in it, and made her both better and happier.
 They read war news together, and traced on maps the routes of the armies. Emily herself was scarcely more excited over the news of a battle than was her friend, who followed with ceaseless anxiety and daily prayers the fate of the soldier whom she had sent into the field. For a long time he had been in the front of the battle, and he had been noticed for his valor, and promoted from the ranks; but he had passed through all perils unharmed. Often Miss Barclay recalled their first interview—saw again, as for the first time, the tall, athletic figure—the resolute, masterful face—the

clear, honest eye; perhaps she liked Emily all the better that those same honest grey eyes shone from under her thoughtful forehead.
 All this time, while danger seemed not to touch Richard Keene, she had a presentiment that his hour of doom was coming.—She never spoke of this to Emily, and the child, lulled to a sense of security by his past immunity from harm, was growing to think of him cheerfully. His letters came often written in good spirits, addressed always to his sister, but never without some cordial reverential, almost tender mention of her who sent him forth to fight the great fight in her stead. Still the subtle sense which foretells coming danger lurked about Miss Barclay like a phantom. She could not lull it.
 A day came at last when she opened the paper feeling what its contents were before she saw them. She read there that Richard Keene was dead. The Federals had been repulsed, leaving their dead, of whom he was one for the enemy to bury.
 She read the tidings calmly. She knew he had died as he would have wished, for she recalled his parting words. Her soldier was gone—her stake in the war. Her hope of success seemed to have died with him.—She did not feel like weeping. She scarcely knew that she felt at all; only the cold dull ache that made her clasp her hand tight to her heart reminded her. She said to herself, still calmly:
 "I must go to Emily and tell her that I sent her brother to his death."
 She put on her things, and wondered vaguely that she did not weep as she saw her own still, composed face in the glass. Emily came to her, in the same room, the front parlor at school, where they had first met—came in joyful with welcome but started back appalled by the white, still face she met. Miss Barclay went up to her and said, drearily:
 "Emily, I am all you have now. He is gone!"
 The girl to whom the ill news came with such full suddenness burst into a passion of grief; and then, trying to comfort her, her friend wept also, and the tears were a strange solace. She took Emily home with her—her sister from henceforth. She might go back to school another year, perhaps—at present they had need of each other.
 How dreary the months were which followed! Emily was the first to learn resignation for the loss of her dead, who died so gloriously. Kate was haunted forever as she had feared she would be, by the idea that she had sent him to his death, and not even the memory of his own assurances, those generous last words of his, could give her comfort.
 The summer came—the summer of '62—bringing bird song and blossom. The lonely salt seacoast breeze rippled the waves, and shook the pine trees into melody. From afar Miss Barclay seemed to catch scent and sound. It roused her wish to tread the sea-side rocks, and press her careless footsteps in the white sands of the beach. They went to a pleasant, quiet nook, which, as yet, not enough people had found to spoil. And there the roses began to come slowly back to Miss Barclay's cheek, and the light to her eyes. She might grow cheerful again in time, she thought, if only her fancy would cease to picture one awful scene—a battlefield, where the setting sun searched with red beams for the slain, and found one face, she knew, with clear honest eye and mouth that would never smile more. Did they wound him mutilate him after he was dead? She had heard such things—she wished she could forget them.
 Walking alone one day, she heard on the path behind her voices—Emily's and another. She turned suddenly. Were her senses dazed? Did she dream? No, the dead walk? She saw a face over which Southern turf must have grown long ago, unless it bleached white, unburied, on the ghastly battlefield. Sight and senses failed her. For the first time in her life she fainted. When she recovered she saw only Emily. The child spoke eagerly:
 "It was my brother, alive himself. He was wounded but not dead. They took him prisoner, and last week he was exchanged." When he came to New York he found we were here, and followed us."
 She had poured the words into Kate's ear with might and main, but she was making her understand the truth lest she might faint again. But such swoons do not happen twice in one day. Miss Barclay comprehended all too soon, and was herself again ready, with courteous greeting, for him who came down the path—the returned warrior, with the scar seaming his broad brow, and showing how near he had come to the fate she had feared.
 He had a furlough to get well in, he said, and then he was going back.
 Of course he stayed with them there at Sea View for a while, and of course they nursed and petted him as women always do their returned braves. It was strange how soon all the sadness went out of Kate's heart; the melancholy out of her manner. One day he said to her:
 "You are too kind to me."
 "I do not feel as if I could be," she answered, "when I remember that you have suffered and who sent you forth to fight!"
 He did not speak again for a moment, and he, asked a strange question:
 "Miss Barclay, what should you think of a man, an honest man, who loved a woman dearly, and felt in his very soul that he was

her peer, but did not ask her to marry him because she was rich and he was poor, and he knew the world would brand him a fortune-hunter?"
 Miss Barclay blushed, but she answered bravely:
 "I should think poorly of a man's courage whom the world's opinion could sway in the most sacred matters of his heart and his life; and if he believed the lady would ever remember on which side the fortune was, I should wonder at him for thinking her worthy of his love."
 His eyes—those honest eyes—looked at her with something in their glance which thrilled her heart with a strange, new, timid joy. He only said:
 "Kate, you know I love you. When I fight again who will pray for me at home? whose soldier shall I be?"
 I think her look told him before her words did, but he bent tenderly to hear the answer:
 "Mine!"

Dead Man's Island.

A TALE OF MISSISSIPPI GAMBLERS.
 The crusade against professional gamblers had been prosecuted so vigorously in all the lower towns on the river, that the scamps no longer carried so high a hand as they had done. It was not over safe to attract the attention of officers or passengers by plucking their pigeons too incautiously, except, perhaps, upon such boats as were owned by gamblers, of which, indeed, there were more than one.
 I was descending the river in the old Thunderer, one of the finest boats I have ever seen. She met with a shocking fate the next year, being destroyed by fire; and other passengers, numbering three hundred, but few escaped.
 My room mate was a bright young fellow, a New Yorker, out upon a collecting tour for his employers, and, as game of cards, that I played with him for amusement, convinced me, a very skillful but honorable and gentlemanly player.
 He was returning to New Orleans, with a considerable sum of money that he had collected for the house he was attached to in New York, and I thought it proper to give him a word of warning about playing for money at all, and especially with strangers on board of a steamboat.
 He, however, laughed at my caution; said that this was not his first southern trip; that when last winter he went up the river, he fell in with a gambler who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, and who appeared to know all the principal tricks and marks of cards.
 He added, that as to these tricks, he had not the dexterity to play them off, nor would he do if he had, but yet he was able to detect them in a moment; and that playing a straight forward open game himself, with plenty of money and unflinching nerve, he had always the advantage of gamblers—so much of their attention being taken up by stocking the cards, and when their plans were defeated, being always annoyed and thrown off from their play.
 He further said, that against the gamblers he had entertained a particular spite, as his brother some years since had been nearly ruined by them, when on a business trip similar to his own; and that although he never sought a game of poker, he also but seldom declined it.
 I still urged upon him the great danger to which he exposed himself, but he laughed at my advice, and finally called my attention to three persons then in the cabin, who he said he was morally certain came on board for no other purpose than to bleed him; and added he, "they shall have the chance."
 Of course there was nothing more to be said by me, and before night he had gently slipped into the sporting gentlemen's net—as he supposed—and was playing a quiet game with moderate stakes.
 I watched the game very closely. It was evident, that although apparently playing each for himself, it was a joint business after all among the *chevaliers d'industrie*; and after the game had lasted for a couple of hours or so, when the betting ran at all high there was but one hand opposed to my room mate in any one deal, and that one proved invariably the strongest of the three.

For some time after the commencement of the play the gamblers evidently intended that their pigeon should win, but they need not have taken the trouble, for win he did and would. As he said, he had nerve enough for anything; plenty of money, knew when to press play, and when, from the run of the cards against him, to keep in shore. Presently one of the gamblers proposed to go to the bar and procure a new pack of cards.
 "No, sir!" replied my friend; "I prefer waiting until some one comes along whom we can send for them."
 "Do you suppose that I am going to run any game on you, sir?" demanded the gambler, in the "Ancient Pistol" style.
 "No," was the quiet reply; "I know you are not."
 After this there were no more attempts at careless playing. The three did their best but continued to lose.
 Supper time drew near, and the game was necessarily discontinued for a time. The three went forward, but I kept my eyes upon them, and observed the party assembled on the hurricane deck, at the stern of the boat, evidently engaged in animated conversation. Of this I informed my friend, and advised him to break off the game where it was; but no—he would not hear a word of quitting them or frightening them off.
 After supper they went at it again with a much higher *ante*, and the betting proportionally increased. Many of the passengers were assembled around the table watching the game with interest, and evidently to the great annoyance of the sporting gentlemen, who made as many remarks and blent quite as brazenly as they dared about intrusion; but as I have before remarked, their day of rule was over, and they dared not, upon any ordinary occasion, exhibit that insolence which, backed by their ever-ready weapons, had made them feared, dreaded, and too often submitted to, upon the river boats.
 Among the spectators was a tall, portly gentleman, of a very dignified and commanding appearance, who, after intently watching the game for some time, gave me a quiet hint that he had something to say in private; and then walked out upon the guards of the boat.
 "Is that young man a friend of yours?" asked he.
 I told him all I knew in a few words.
 "Well, sir," said he, "it's a bad business he is engaged in; yet he seems to be a fine, honest fellow, plays fairly, and I think the best game of poker I have ever seen; but he is playing with three of the greatest scoundrels unblung; they do not know me, I think, but I do them; and it will be a black day for the rescale when I find them ashore in my State. They will play him some can'trip yet, mark my words; there is nothing they are not up to; and even if his purse escape their clutches to-night, and there is no other way of fingering his money, they will rob him, if allowed to remain on board of the boat, but that I will see to. Have you enough interest in the young man to remain by the table with me as long as they may continue to play?"
 I replied that I had.
 "Are you armed?" asked he.
 "A case of pistols in my state-room," answered I.
 "Get them then," said he, "and meet me at the table in a few minutes. I wish to speak to the captain and clerk."
 For all an hour longer the game went on as usual; but at last one of the gamblers, whose turn it was to deal dropped the cards upon the floor, and I was sure, changed them for another pack, probably kept ready under a handkerchief which was in his lap. My dignified friend gave me a look, and then placed himself in such a position that the gambler could not remove or conceal the first pack without being seen, if it were indeed beneath the handkerchief, as I supposed.
 This manœuvre had not escaped the notice of my acute friend, who chose to let it pass for the moment, not intending to bet on any hand, however good it might be, that he should hold this deal, as he afterwards told me. The most determined man, however, cannot always resist temptation.
 As he took up his cards I saw them—four aces, (an invincible) dealt to him, as I thought at the time, by mistake; but the after betting puzzled me.
 They had been playing for an ante of ten dollars, each party putting up the whole pool in turn; the oldest hand put up a "blind" of fifty dollars, and it was my friend's first try. He "saw" the blind—that is, he laid down one hundred dollars, and then bet two hundred "better"—a capital play, and one very likely to be mistaken by his opponents for a "bluff." The next hand "passed," and then drew his card; the dealer then "saw" the bet, and also bet two hundred dollars "better."
 Now it was the oldest hand's turn; he had passed the first "say" by "going blind." He did not "make his blind good," but threw up his cards, and the contest was between the New Yorker and the gambler. At this juncture you will perceive there were on the table seven hundred and ten dollars, and it was the New Yorker's turn. He appeared in deep thought for a moment, examined hand, studied it, took out his pocket-book, and not finding what he wanted, unbuttoned his vest, and after some time pulled out a money belt, and took from it several bills.
 "I will cover your bet, and bet you a thousand and forty-five dollars more," said he, at last, as cool as a cucumber.
 "And what's the forty-five for?" asked "Legs."
 "If you 'see' my bet it will make even money," answered "New York."
 It was now the gambler's chance, and he seemed very much excited, and his companions particularly so; he drew a roll of bills from his pocket, then asked his right hand man for the tobacco; it was handed to him under the table, and then he made his bet.
 "I believe you're bluffing me, hoss, and have a good mind to call you," said he; "but I won't; here, I'll see your bet and go five hundred more."
 The game was becoming very exciting, and at this moment I saw my dignified acquaintance give a slight nod to the clerk of the boat, and the latter walked out upon the guards.
 "New York" was counting his money. "See your five hundred, and go another thousand," said he, laying down three bills of the old United States States Bank.
 "Legs" examined the money, looked very critically at the pile of bills the New York-

er had by his side, which were seemingly of small amount, took a critical survey of the money-belt, consulted his companions' eyes, and then said, with a hateful sneer:
 "Well, sir, here's your thousand, and that makes six thousand on the table. Nice little sum; 'most enough to open a snug, quiet bank at Orleans; but here's five thousand better."
 "Hold on, hold on, stranger!" cried New York. "You oversize my pile; must have a show for my money, you know."
 "If you back down, say so, like a man, and then, if you are flat-footed, I'll lend you a stake to start on. If you don't dare to call me, say so, and don't whine like a puppy or a baby, but give up like a man."
 The New Yorker turned very pale, raised his eyes to the surrounding crowd, as if to ask whether they deemed this fair play, then pretended to examine the money in the pool, but did not reply.
 "Quit handling them 'shipplasters,' hoss! it's no ways likely they'll trouble your pockets; and just call me, or I'll rake down the pile!" growled out "legs," in an excessively insolent manner.
 "One moment, sir!" interposed my new friend.
 "Here, sir, (throwing a pocket-book to the New Yorker) call him, if you wish."
 Up jumped the three gamblers, pistols in hand; but, before either could grasp the money, they were seized behind by three stalwart fellows; and then the swearing commenced.
 "This game shall be played out; noise is no noise. Open my pocket-book, sir; and use the money as you please." Mate, "gag these fellows if they swear another oath," said the portly gentleman, in the tone of one born to command.
 New York opened the book, found the requisite amount, placed it on the table, and then "called."
 "Call and be—! Do you think outsiders can come around, lookin' at our hands, interfering with my game, and leavin' money? No, sir, hoss!" yelled out the gambler.
 "Will you divide the money, then?" asked the gentleman.
 "Not a d—d bit of it! It's mine, and by—," I'll have every red cent of it but your five thousand!" replied "Legs." "Say, strangers, (addressing the spectators,) can't you see this is a put-up thing, and these two gamblers are here trying to rob a gentleman? Are you going to stand it?"
 "Turn over their hands," said the gentleman, paying no attention to the other's words.
 The cards were faced. "New York" had four aces; "Legs," two Jacks, King, and ten.
 "Pretty hand that last to be eight thousand!" remarked the gentleman.
 "Bloody robbery, by—!" yelled out the gambler; "but I'll have justice when I get to Orleans, by—."
 "You shall, sir, and before, too; and when you make your complaint, tell Mr. Baldwin, that you were robbed by the Governor of this State, sir; and if I had you ashore, you should have an opportunity of complaining, that you expected to be murdered a'se on short notice; for as I live, if ever I catch you there, you will be handed over to the Safety Committee before you can turn a jack, smart, as you are at it. We have been looking for you three gentlemen for the past year, and if you had been found anywhere on the left bank of the river, we should have had you rotting in prison ere this; or, more probably, dangling from a mulberry or black jack, with your cronies Cotton and Saunders."
 "Captain C—" continued he, addressing the commander of the boat, who had just made his appearance on the scene—is there any island, about here that it would pay to colonize?"
 "Just exactly the very place, sir," returned the captain. "We're right above Dead Man's Island—going into the chute now, sir."
 "No inhabitants, I believe," demanded the Governor.
 "None, sir, but rattlesnakes, meecans, and m' squitos. Shall I land them there, sir?"
 "Yes, with a week's supply of bread; not one drop of liquor. Take their weapons away, and any tools of their trade that they may have about them; and if they have any letters or papers on their persons, let the clerk seal them up and deliver them up to Mr. Baldwin, with my compliments. Adieu, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the gamblers as the mate and his men were taking them off gagged and bound, "you will find your baggage and traps at the Recorder's office when you arrive at New Orleans."

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 "Quit handling them 'shipplasters,' hoss! it's no ways likely they'll trouble your pockets; and just call me, or I'll rake down the pile!" growled out "legs," in an excessively insolent manner.
 "One moment, sir!" interposed my new friend.
 "Here, sir, (throwing a pocket-book to the New Yorker) call him, if you wish."
 Up jumped the three gamblers, pistols in hand; but, before either could grasp the money, they were seized behind by three stalwart fellows; and then the swearing commenced.
 "This game shall be played out; noise is no noise. Open my pocket-book, sir; and use the money as you please." Mate, "gag these fellows if they swear another oath," said the portly gentleman, in the tone of one born to command.
 New York opened the book, found the requisite amount, placed it on the table, and then "called."
 "Call and be—! Do you think outsiders can come around, lookin' at our hands, interfering with my game, and leavin' money? No, sir, hoss!" yelled out the gambler.
 "Will you divide the money, then?" asked the gentleman.
 "Not a d—d bit of it! It's mine, and by—," I'll have every red cent of it but your five thousand!" replied "Legs." "Say, strangers, (addressing the spectators,) can't you see this is a put-up thing, and these two gamblers are here trying to rob a gentleman? Are you going to stand it?"
 "Turn over their hands," said the gentleman, paying no attention to the other's words.
 The cards were faced. "New York" had four aces; "Legs," two Jacks, King, and ten.
 "Pretty hand that last to be eight thousand!" remarked the gentleman.
 "Bloody robbery, by—!" yelled out the gambler; "but I'll have justice when I get to Orleans, by—."
 "You shall, sir, and before, too; and when you make your complaint, tell Mr. Baldwin, that you were robbed by the Governor of this State, sir; and if I had you ashore, you should have an opportunity of complaining, that you expected to be murdered a'se on short notice; for as I live, if ever I catch you there, you will be handed over to the Safety Committee before you can turn a jack, smart, as you are at it. We have been looking for you three gentlemen for the past year, and if you had been found anywhere on the left bank of the river, we should have had you rotting in prison ere this; or, more probably, dangling from a mulberry or black jack, with your cronies Cotton and Saunders."
 "Captain C—" continued he, addressing the commander of the boat, who had just made his appearance on the scene—is there any island, about here that it would pay to colonize?"
 "Just exactly the very place, sir," returned the captain. "We're right above Dead Man's Island—going into the chute now, sir."
 "No inhabitants, I believe," demanded the Governor.
 "None, sir, but rattlesnakes, meecans, and m' squitos. Shall I land them there, sir?"
 "Yes, with a week's supply of bread; not one drop of liquor. Take their weapons away, and any tools of their trade that they may have about them; and if they have any letters or papers on their persons, let the clerk seal them up and deliver them up to Mr. Baldwin, with my compliments. Adieu, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the gamblers as the mate and his men were taking them off gagged and bound, "you will find your baggage and traps at the Recorder's office when you arrive at New Orleans."

NAPOLÉON ON CONSCRIPTION.—An exchange says:—Said Napoleon one day in the Council of State, "I am inexorable on the subject of conscription—it would be criminal. How could I reconcile it to my conscience to expose the life of one man for the advantage of another? I do not wish that I would exempt my own son." Has an American citizen, in the life or death struggle of his country, less "conscience" than Napoleon on the road to personal dominion? Napoleon was right. We should all take our children, with such a cause appealing to us, in the moments that ever appeared to him as it is a discretion to my mind to expect that his neighbor rather than his life should respond to it.