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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

Select Poetry.

From the Trinity (Cal.) Journal.

MARY BROWN.

BY L. F. WELLS.

She dwelt where long the wintry showers
Hold undisputed sway,
Where frowning April drives the flowers
Far down the lane of May.
A simple, rustic child of song,
Reared in a chilling zone,
The idol of a household throng—
The cherished one of home.
None sang her praise, or heard her fame
Beyond her native town;
She bore no fancy-woven name,
'Twas simple Mary Brown.

Her eyes were not a shining black,
Nor yet a heavenly blue,
They might be hazel, or slack!
Some less poetic hue;
Indeed I mind me, long ago,
One pleasant summer day
A passing stranger caught their glow,
I think he called them gray.
Yet when with earnestness they burned
Till other eyes grew dim;
Their outward tint was ne'er discerned—
The spell was from within.

A novelist, with fancy's pen
Would scarcely strive to trace
From her a fairy heroine
Of machless mein, and grace,
A model for the painter's skill,
Or for the sculptor's art
Her form might not be called; yet still
It bore a gentle heart;
The while it fondly treasured long
Love's lightest whispered tone,
In other hearts she sought no wrong—
She knew none in her own.

Though never skilled in fashion's school,
To sweep the trembling keys,
Or strike the harp by studied rule,
A listening throng to please;
Yet still when anguish rent the soul,
And fever racked the brain,
Her fingers knew that skillful touch
Which soothed the brow of pain—
And widow thanks, and orphan tears
Had owned her tender care,
While little children gathered near
Her earnest love to share.

I might forget the queenly dame
Of high and courtly birth,
Descending from an ancient name
Among the sons of earth;
I scarce recall the dazzling eyes
Of her, the village belle,
Who caused so many rural sighs
From rustic hearts to swell;
Yet never can I cease to own
While future years shall roll,
Thy passing beauty, Mary Brown—
The beauty of the soul.

TRINITY RIVER, August, 1858.

From the Home Journal.

Tales of the South.

BY A SOUTHERN MAN.

THE AVENGER.

[Continued from last Week.]

It was now 183–, the year which witnessed the culmination in the south, and generally throughout the country, of that remarkable period in our national annals which has been aptly styled the "flush times." Flush times, indeed, they were; flush in excitement, in speculation, in all the protean forms of vice, and in subsequent bankruptcy and misery to thousands. Posterity will scarce be able to credit the reality and extent of the delusion which maddened the whole country; since we, who witnessed it, almost distrust the evidence of our personal experience and recall the period of its prevalence as a feverish dream of the past. The pet bank system had reached its maximum of expansion, and its irredeemable trash, like an Egyptian plague, covered the land. Prices, keeping pace with the expansion of the currency, went up to almost fabulous rates. Property, like a weaver's shuttle, flew from hand to hand, with a rapidity that almost defied the identification of owership and quality. Everything was for sale. Fortunes were made and lost in a day. The infatuation reached all classes. The rich speculated, and became millionaires or bankrupts. The poor speculated, and grew rich, or accumulated a load of debt which made them almost mendicants for life. Men and women, old and young, rich and poor, all speculated, prospered or declined, rose or fell in the grand hurly-burly of that age of rag money and a demoralized people. It was, indeed, the very *saturnalia* of the speculation. Trade was king, and its viceroys, stock-jobbers, brokers and money-changers, ruled the madness of the hour.

In the midst of this period four men, partaking largely of its spirit, and desperadoes all, in both look and character, were seated one evening around a gaming-table in one of the most frequented gambling saloons in the city of Mobile. They had played and drunk deep, and, flushed with liquor and excited by the vicissitudes of the game, had become boisterous in behavior and reckless in betting. The most striking-looking individual of the group was a stout, square built man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, with grayish hair and whiskers, sullen brow, and keen eyes, peculiarly sinister in expression. Everything in his mannor and appearance betokened a gross but vigorous compound of the bully, the blackleg and the sensualist in his nature. He was less noisy than his companions, in fact, had lapsed into complete silence during the last half-hour of the game, and was evidently struggling to conceal or to suppress some powerful emotion. The thick lips quivered, the corrugated brows were knit closely together, and the nervous tension at the corners of the mouth displayed the working of intense and almost uncontrollable passion. He had bet heavily and lost constantly during the sitting, and was evidently suspicious that the game had not been fairly conducted on the part of his opponents. He had staked and lost his last wager, a very large one, when he rose sullenly from the table, seized his hat, and, without a word of explanation, left the room.

In less than half an hour he returned, threw down a gingling bundle upon the table, and bantered his companions, who still lingered in the saloon, for a renewal of the game. They readily accepted the challenge, and all four resumed their former seats at the table.

"Now, gentlemen," said the challenger, placing a revolver upon the table close at hand, "fair play all round the board. I have lost all my money, and want a chance to win some of it back. I have here," he continued, displaying, at the same time, the contents of the bundle he had thrown upon the table, "a reserved fund upon which I draw whenever cash gives out. It consists, as you see, of an assortment of trinkets of one kind or another, which I have picked up here and there in my wanderings, and keep for rainy days, many of which, you know, come round in the lifetime of men of our profession. Some of these pieces I have had for well-nigh thirty or forty years. I have rarely had occasion to draw upon this fund, and when I do I alwas select the pieces last acquired for use. The older ones have become a sort of old acqaintances with me, and I hate to part with them. But I have taken a notion, I don't know why, to put up some of my very oldest pieces to-night.—They have been idle long enough, and it is time they were of some use in the world."

Thus speaking, he proceeded to select from the bundle several golden and silver trinkets and jewels, and deposited them in a pile upon the table. The remainder he carefully wrapped up, and put in an inner side-pocket of his coat.

"These," said he, "are all that I shall risk to-night. If you are willing to stake money against them, we can easily decide upon the terms of the wager. If you win, no valuation of the jewels will be necessary, for they will be yours whether they be worth little or much. If I win, then you are to pay me so much money as will be equal in value to the jewels staked; that value to be determined by any jeweller, of good credit, in the city."

The first reply made by his associates to this proposal, was to draw each a revolver and place it on the table. They were all desperate men, accustomed to scenes like the present, and were, therefore, neither intimidated nor surprised by the hostile demonstration of their comrade. They assented to the wager of their money against his jewels, upon the terms he proposed for assessing their relative value, and the game began.

The stakes were soon lost and won. The jewels passed from their former owner to new hands, and the loser satisfied that he could neither intimidate his opponents, nor match them in skill, bore his loss with apparent equanimity, and announced his intention to play no more that night. At a late hour, therefore, the parties left the saloon, and sought their respective lodgings.

The next day the winners exchanged their jewels and silver trinkets, for articles better suited to their taste and necessities, with an obscure dealer in that line, who kept a small shop in the extreme west end of Dauphin-street. The respectable jewellers of the city refused an exchange, either not liking the articles, or fearing—what is often done in cases of barterage with unknown adventurers—a reclamation of them as stolen property.

In a few weeks after the occurrence of the events just described, A. M——— visited Mobile, as most planters dealing in that city do, to receive from his commission merchants the proceeds of his cotton crop, and to purchase his annual supply of family and plantation groceries. On his way down upon the boat, he was waited on by a sprightly, bright, colored cabin-boy, named Ben. These cabin-boys form a peculiar feature in the economy of our southern steamboats. Their office is to wait on the passengers in their rooms and at table, to perform the duties of the culinary department, and to do the almost numberless little jobs and errands required on a passenger boat. Being confined closely to the vessel during the business season, they have but one means of replenishing their pockets with cash, but that they use with great assiduity and success. Whenever the boat stops at a landing, which it does very frequently upon all our rivers, they dart out upon shore, and, with great eagerness—inspired by a keen rivalship between individuals and companies or partnerships, into which they often group themselves—but with perfect respect and even politeness, offer their services as baggage-porters and general servitors for the trip, to any passengers who may chance to be coming on board. If accepted, they forthwith attach themselves to their patrons, wait assiduously upon them at table, polish their boots and shoes, brush their clothes, collect and watch over their baggage at the point of debarkation, and make themselves generally useful and agreeable—expecting, and nearly always receiving, as the reward of their services, a handsome gratuity from the patron at the end of the trip. In this way they collect considerable sums of money, which they dispose of as they like—the more vain and showy generally spending their supplies in the purchase of jewelry and finery for the adornment of their persons.

To this class belonged Ben, the cabin-boy, who, as has just been stated, had secured A. M——— as his patron on the present trip of the boat to Mobile. He was the fortunate, even envied, owner of a watch and chain, breast-pin, silver sleeve-buttons and other jewelry, purchased with his own money, earned in the manner above described, and which he were conspicuously upon his person—not caring to conceal them from the eyes of the passengers and of his fellow-servants on the boat. He had come honestly by them, gloried in their glittering brightness, and resented, as a personal insult, any reflection upon their qualities and purity from alloy.

One morning A. M———, who was habitually an early riser, came out of his state-room at an earlier hour than usual, for the purpose of taking a promenade upon the hurricane deck of the boat. Ben, who was also very wakeful, rising with the first peep of day, was already up and engaged in his morning toilet. It is the custom of his class, very punctiliously observed, as soon as the patron emerges from his room in the morning, to approach him, brush in hand, for the purpose of dusting his clothes. As soon, therefore, as Ben saw A. M——— come forth into the cabin, he desisted from his own toilet, seized his brush, and hurrying up to his patron, began the customary morning purgation of his apparel. He had, however, made but a few passes with his brush, when one of his silver sleeve-buttons became unclasped, and fell upon the floor. Ben picked it up, and began to replace it in the sleeve of his shirt. A. M———, impatient at the delay, or wishing, perhaps, to indulge in a little facetiousness at the expense of his waiter, exclaimed, in a bantering tone of voice,

"Come, Ben, don't keep me standing here for you to fix those gewgaws in your wristband. They are nothing but pewter, anyhow, and I am surprised that a boy of your cloth will condescend to wear them."

This was enough. The reflection upon his sleeve-buttons went like a dagger to the heart of Ben. Had a fellow-servant thus questioned their purity, he would have held him to a personal account upon the spot. But it was a white man—above all, his patron—who dealt the blow, and he could, therefore, only parry it by respectful remonstrance against its injustice.

"Master," said he, in an expostulating, almost suppliant, tone of voice, and in language entirely free from the African vulgarisms of his race, and almost pure in idiom, and correct in grammar—the effect of his constant and long-continued contact with passengers on the boats—"I bought these sleeve-buttons in the city of Mobile, and gave a good price for them.—I am sure they are silver, or I would not wear them. I am entirely above trying to pass off pewter for silver. Here, you shall see and judge for yourself whether they be the mere pewter gewgaws that you say they are."

Saying this, he detached both buttons from his sleeves, and deposited them in the hand of A. M———, who began, in jest, an apparently minute scrutiny of the make and quality of the articles. An expression, however, of deep thoughtfulness soon settled upon his face. He turned the buttons over and over, and examined them closely in every part. They were old-fashioned and massive, with two letters engraved upon each of the four faces. The longer A. M——— looked at them, the more deeply absorbed and agitated he became. Though eminently secretive and undemonstrative in temperament, he could with difficulty, suppress the powerful emotion which began to communicate a nervous tremor to his lips and hands. The pallor almost of death overspread his countenance, and he stood motionless as marble, absorbed in a prolonged inspection of the buttons.

Ben witnessed, with ill-concealed delight, the agitation of his patron, attributing it to the discovery which he had now made of the undoubted metallic purity of the buttons, and the regret which he must experience at the injustice done both them and the owner, by the cruel declaration that they were mere pewter gew-gaws.—Elated with his triumph, he exclaimed,—

"You see, mister, the buttons are pure, solid silver. I am sure you were only jesting when you said they were pewter. Why, master, I am as much above wearing pewter jewelry as you are. I am a man of color; but I am a true gentleman, too. Now, master, tell me, don't you think the buttons are good silver?"

A. M——— was too much absorbed with his own thoughts to notice either the elation or the question of his waiter. In a moment afterwards, however, assuming as much composure of voice and manner as possible, he said,—

"Ben, I will give you twice as much for these buttons as you paid for them, if you will sell them to me, and, as soon as we reach Mobile, conduct me to the shop or store where you bought them."

Though much surprised at the sudden rise in the value of his buttons in the eyes of his patron, Ben was too keen a tradesman not to see the advantage of the offer which was made him, and so he accepted it at once. Taking the boy's own statement as to the cost of the buttons, A M——— paid him double the amount, and, abandoning his intended promenade on deck, retired into his state-room, closed the door, and threw himself at full length upon his berth.

His mental agitation was extreme. Released from the necessity of controlling his emotion, he gave way to it, and quivered in every limb as if in the paroxysm of an ague. There was not a shadow of doubt in his mind that he now possessed the identical sleeve-buttons worn by his father on the day he was killed, and which had been abstracted by the murderers.—The size, the shape, the embossed edges, the small wart-like protuberance upon the lower surface of one, and the initial letters upon both of which were those of his father, were disdinguishing peculiarities, distinctly remembered by himself, which placed their identity beyond question.—Light was beginning, at last, to break upon the darkness of the wilderness tragedy.—From the cloud which had hung over it for more than thirty years, one fact had now come forth, as a finger to point the Avenger to the pathway he must go. No marvel that the sight and the identification of the sleeve-buttons of his murdered father should have produced a tumult of uncontrollable emotion in the mind of A. M———. For nearly half the period allotted to the mortal life of man, he had sought and watched, but sought and watched in vain, for some sign to mark the way the assassins had gone, and he must follow. And now the grace of accident, the *badinage* of a moment, had revealed what had been denied to the wisdom of the cunningest plans and the solicitous search of years.

During the remainder of the trip to Mobile, A. M——— remained, except at meal times, closely shut up in his state-room, pondering upon the development which had just been made in the mystery of his father's murder, and recalling all the incidents of the assassination. Memory, faithful to its office, forgot not one of the thrilling details. Reclining upon his berth and gazing, as he often did, for hours upon the buttons, he saw, in imagination, the whole bloody drama, with all its accessories, from the commencement to the close, reflected from their polished surfaces. Maddened by the review, the fires of vengeance burned fiercely as ever in his heart, kindling to even intenser glow, as he looked upon the mute memorials at once of a murdered father and an injured son.

As soon as the boat reached Mobile, A. M———, despatching his baggage by a porter to the hotel at which he intended to stop, set out with Ben for the shop at which the buttons had been purchased.—It was easily found, being a place much frequented by Ben and his associates. The proprietor was a dark-visaged, sullen, suspicious-looking personage, with a villainously low forehead, and a standard of morals no higher than his cranium.

Displaying the sleeve-buttons upon the counter, A. M——— inquired if they had been sold at that shop to Ben, and if so, how had the proprietor himself come into the possession of them. Staggered by the blunt directness of these interrogatories, and apprehensive, doubtless, that a detective, perhaps a police, investigation of some sort was on foot, the huckster denied flatly that he had either sold the buttons to Ben, or had ever laid eyes on them before.

[Continued next week.]

A GOOD STORY.

About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively, Barham, Stone, and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Wilmington in a a small row-boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would get dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark of a black night too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half tipsey fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be pretty near home, and seeing through the dim gray of morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."

"If this is my place, (said Barham,) somebody has been putting up a lot of out-houses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about it, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and soon comes stumbling along back, and says:

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington here yet; and what's more the boat has been hitched to the shore all night"

It was a fact, and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for dear life without knowing it.

Profitable but Disagreeable Business.—Two men, William Whatley, and Dr. P. H. Brassel, have of late made a business of going into the counties of Georgia, examining the records, to find who has given in too low an estimate of his property, and then informing on him, getting $10 on every $100 that the estimate was too low. They made $40,000 out of one county—Cob—in this way. They entered Morgan county last week, in the pursuit of their calling, but the citizens got up a delegation to escort the interlopers out of town, to the music of drums, gongs, kettles, &c. Brassel left in advance of the music, but Whatley submitted to the escort with becoming resignation.

☞ An Editor who has probably suffered some, tells people how to stop a paper. He says: "Call at the office, fork up arrearages, and order it stopped like a man, and not refuse to take it out of the post office, and sneak away like a puppy.'

The Tariffs of Foreign Countries.

A return has just been issued by the British Chamber of Commerce of the alterations made in the tariffs of foreign countries during the year ending August 1st, 1858, from which an accurate idea can be gained of the turn of legislation with reference to the development of trade and commerce during the year. The only change in the tariff of Russia has been an addition of five per cent. upon all articles of import and export, except sugar. Sweden has made most important reductions in nearly every article, the average decrease being about 40 per cent. Cutlery, earthenware, glass, hides, saddlery, piece-goods and metals are among the principal items affected. Gunpowder which was formerly prohibited, is now admitted at a duty of about ¾d per lb. On a small proportion of articles, the duties have been increased, among which are indigo, preserved food, salt, some miscellaneous kinds of cotton and wool, manufactured tobacco, paper, and spirits, the latter especially being augmented nearly 95 per cent., so as to bring it to 3s 10½d per gallon. The exportation of cast iron and copper ore, which was formerly prohibited, is now allowed. In the export duties a reduction on one third has been made in the various descriptions of unwrought, sawn, or hewn wood, while there has been an increase of 58¾ per cent. on hewn or spilt laths. The German Zouverein have made only a single alteration—a decrease of 25 per cent. on molasses. The principal French changes were those for the temporary admission of grain and iron, and for the naturalization of foreign vessels, but which, excepting as regards grain, expired in October last. The other alterations consisted chiefly of a reduction in the import duties on wax, and an increase of 40 per cent. in the export duty on foreign brandies of pure alcohol. A variety of miscellaneous articles were made free of export duty.—Spain has effected no change, her only movement having been to impose a duty on sago, which was previously free. The duties on certain cloths have been changed from *ad valorem* to specific. Portugal also has made only a single alteration, but this has been to admit breadstuffs free into certain districts until May next. Naples has reduced her duties on sugar and coffee. Tuscany, on the other hand, has adopted an increase on these articles and also on breadstuffs, and a reduction as regards plate-glass and looking-glasses. She has also removed her export duties from a few articles of produce. Modena has made an average reduction of about 80 per cent. from her import duties on cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures and yarn; also, on apparel and millinery, iron wares and iron machinery. Greece, under date of October, 1857, made a great number of changes, but they were chiefly in the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* rates.—The other alterations mostly constituted an increase, which in some cases, such as hemp, implements for house-building, copper, zinc, raw silk, soap, tallow, tea, and tobacco, was enormous. A subsequent measure, dated the 13th of August, 1858, made a reduction averaging about 30 per cent. in a variety of miscellaneous articles, principally woven fabrics. An increase of 150 per cent. has taken place in the export duty on timber for building. Morocco has levied for the first time, an export duty on native produce of all kinds from Mogador. It amounts, however, only to 2d. per 118 lbs. Tunis has admitted grain and pulse duty free. Montevideo has entirely taken off her duty of 20 per cent. on steam vessels, seeds and plants, baggage (not exceeding 380 lbs.) and ice. At the same time she has adopted a sliding scale in place of a fixed duty for flour. Finally, Brazil has made an average reduction of about 30 per cent. in several kinds of cotton, woollen, and alpaca goods, and a large increase in the rates of silk and velvet ribands.—*Daily Press.*

The European Complications.

The intelligence by the City of Washington continues to point to war as the most probable development of the diplomatic crisis in Europe. The reassuring statements, recently made by British Ministers in Parliament, have been explained away officially, and it turns out that the report concerning the willingness of France and Austria to evacuate the Papal States, has no better foundation than a pious wish to that effect, expressed by the Pope to these Powers. Nothing had transpired to indicate how either Power would proceed, but a rumor at Paris said that the French would withdraw. This rumor, we presume, is as groundless as those that have just been contradicted. The condition of the withdrawal of the French from Rome and Civita Vecchia, is that of the Austrians from the Legations, and, according to Count Cavour, Napoleon's mouthpiece, from all other positions beyond the boundaries of the Lombardo-Venitian provinces. But as this could not solve the Italian question, but only weaken the hold of Austria upon the latter territories, and her ability to defend them eventually against the encroaching policy of France, which does not limit itself to the Roman States but is traditionally directed against the rule of Austria in Italy, the latter cannot consent to such an arrangement. The evacuation of Ancona and Bologna would only be the prelude to the evacuation of Lombardy. Admitting weakness on the former points would be admitting it elsewhere, and invite assault, Austria will therefore do no such thing.—She would prefer to be beaten out them, and to sell them dearly, if she cannot hold them. To make France pay the highest price possible for these her advanced posts, would be the only right policy under the circumstances.

The demands of the French Emperor on Austria are based upon historical aspirations and facts which involve the ultimate destruction of the sovereignty of Austria in the Italian peninsula, and if Napoleon persists, war is inevitable, and that war will not be confined to Northern Italy. If the reported coalition of Russia and France for a simultaneous dismemberment of Austria to the East and West, should prove true, and be ever acted upon, it would be the signal for another European conflagration. Prussia and all the States of Germany, Denmark and Sweden and England would have to take up arms, to fight for life or death, for the victory of the Franco-Russian coalition would be tantamount to their political death. Germany crushed, England would be isolated lost, cut off from all her European relations. Sweden and Denwark would become vassal States of Russia, and Italy, Spain, Belgium ans Holland of France.—All these States would have to combine against the disturbers of the peace and of that balance of power, which rests, not merely upon treaties, but upon the social, commercial, and national interest of Central, and even Eastern Europe. Alexander of Russia has of course objects in view, for the sake of which he now values the French alliance, but these attained or partially attained, or the impossibility of attaining them once demonstrated by the sword perhaps, will he any more than Alexander I., after all his hope to reach by the I. Napoleon's aid the Dardanelles had passed away, cling to the French ally? Russia knows that Germany is the bulwark between her and France, which her own safety dictates to her, to preserve and defend, when seriously imperilled. The ascendency of a Western Empire in Central Europe, would become a source of infinite trouble and endless wars to the semi-civilized Eastern Empire. Alexander the II., would have to abandon France, as surely from the same necessity as Alexander the I., abandoned her. The game which Louis Napolon is playing is extremely hazardous.—*Daily Pennsylvanian.*

A Word to Young Men.

One of the meanest things a young man can do, and not at all of uncommon occurrence, is to monopolize the time and attention of a young girl for a year, or more, without any definite object, and to the exclusion of other gentlemen, who, supposing him to have matrimonial intentions, absent themselves from her society. This selfish "dog-in-the-manger" way of proceeding should be discountenanced and forbidden, by all parents and guardians. It prevents the reception of eligible offers of marriage, and fastens upon the young lady, when the acquaintance is finally dissolved, the unenviable and *uncircled* appellation of "flirt." Let all your dealings with women, young man, be frank, honest and noble. That many whose education and position in life would warrant our looking for better things, are culpably criminal, is no excuse for *your* short-comings. That woman is often injured or wronged, through her holiest feelings, adds but a blacker dye to your meanness. One rule is always safe: *Treat every woman as you would wish another man to treat your sister, confiding, alone, and unprotected.*

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN NATURE.—Ninevah was fifteen miles long, eight wide, and forty miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick, and four hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Epheses, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and six hundred and fifty-three on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are three hundred and eighty. It employed three hundred and thirty thousand men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains three hundred chambers and two hundred and fifty halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and containee three hundred and fifty thousand citizens, and four hundred thousand slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundred of five hundred thousand dollars, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls are thirteen miles round.

ORIGIN OF THE CRESCENT STANDARD.—The Crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, in besieging that city, set his workmen to undermine the walls by night, so that his troops might take it by surprise; but the moon suddenly appearing, discovered the designs to the besieged, who succeeded in frustrating it. Grateful for their deliverance the Byzantines erected a statue to Diana—the moon—and took the crescent for their symbol.

☞ A Troy paper is responsible for the following, which strikes us as being good:—"The other day, a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive chamber and called for the Governor.—'What do you want with him?' inquired the Secratary. 'Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure.' 'Well,' replied the Secratary, 'I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water cure.*' A new idea seemed to strike the inebriate, and he vamoosed."

☞ A western editor says he once heard ex Senator Tom Corwin say that when he first entered an office to study law, he was the subject of ridicule for every student in town on account of his hotnespun dress, "but," he adds, "I have lived to see every one of them ten times as ragged as I was at that time—and why? I was economical—they were spend thrifts."