An everlasting long day was before

ALFRED SANDERSON

Literary. The Professor Marrying a Cook. Some years since, when I was in col-

lege, we had amongst our "faculty" a curious personage, whom every one regarded with considerable respect, and yet as a character sui generis. He had to himself; "she is a splendid woman lived many years without a wife, and expected to live so always. Indeed, as he was the professor of mathematics, the abstraction of his science forbade his indulging in the idea of getting married. To the female sex, therefore, he showed no other regard than common politeness required. His character was purely negative. Of course, he was not popular with the ladies, and they kent themselves at a distance from him. But circumstances that often bring about a match in other cases, placed him in a peculiar dilemma. It seemed a whim that a necessity was laid upon him to get married. He was one of the faculty of the college-all the other professors were married and obliged to entertain the distinguished visitors of the institution. He had always boarded. Of course, it was never expected of him that he should give a party or or dinner. But it began to be regarded as rather mean in him to shirk off this matter from year to year, and, "well off as he was pecuniarily," to throw upon the other members of the faculty the cost and trouble of entertaining special friends and patrons of the col-

some of the distinguished visitors that Now, our professor wasn't a miser at

lege. The question was, therefore, fre-

Why doesn't the old miser entertain

quently asked:

all, and it often troubled him to think he was so situated that he couldn't bear his part of burden. And yet, what could do? Must be get married? And if so, to whom? He had no special regard for any one in the vicinity of the college, and no one had any special regard for him. In his younger days he had seen at school a young lady, in the city of New York, in whom he had felt a peculiar interest. But of her he hadn't heard for years. Doubtless before this time she was married or in her grave. Possibly, however, she was still living and waiting for him! Glorious thought He was quite relieved at it, though, indeed, there might be no foundation for his relief. Nevertheless he could make due inquiry. Nor could he long delay, for commencement day was at hand. only a few weeks off. It was his turn, or rather would be if he was married, to give the great dinner to the distinguished personages who would be present on the occasion. There would be the Governor of the State, and his lady -the trustees of the institution and their friends, and others of equal repute. But who should be master of ceremonies? And who should grace the table? He could square the circle perhaps, but such a circle as this, what could he do with? If he were only married what a helpmeet would his wife he at such a time. And yet his wife must be a good looking, intelli gent and accomplished lady; otherwise

Now there was a young lady in the neighborhood that the professor though might answer. He had seen her at his boarding house, and spoken to her once

the blank would be a blot!

"But she may say no." and if she did, "where in creation," thought he, 'could I hide my head? And ther what would become of the dining?" The Gevernor must have a dinner and he must have a wife. And hence he lav awake about it all night. At last as the morning broke he cried out to himself, "Contempt! She will say no, will she? What then? Other men have lived through it, and I shall. If not. I shall have a clear conscience about the dinner, and a clear conscience is the main thing, after all! I will write a note to Miss A. anyway. It may be she will regard it favorably. So the professor sat down and wrote a note to Miss A. "Stay a minute," said he to himself, "what will the Governor think of the lady? She is handsome and polite, but can she converse? Can she entertain company?" "Doubtful," said he to himself, very doubtful; and so he tore up the note! Alas! for a man on the verge of matrimony! In an hour or two, however, the Professor called on the President and said: "I should like to be absent a fev

"Ah!" said the President, "just a this time?" "Yes, sir, I have my classes in readi

ness for the examination, and I wish to go to New York." "Has any death occurred family?" said the President. "No, sir," said the Professor,

have a little matter of business that re quires my immediate attention, and I thought it best to go."

"You have my best wishes," said the President, "and may you return safely and not alone." The Professor almost smiled,

blushed rather than smiled, and left the President, and hastened to New York. His first inquiry on his arrival there. was for Miss Adeline G., the young lady whom he had seen some years be fore, at school, as we have mentioned

"Why," said the respondent, "the family has been reduced, and she is a cook. Perhaps you don't know it, sir? said he, "that is just what I want!"

"Oh!" said the lady, "we thought you wanted something else, possibly. 'No, I have been half starved to death since I left New York, and I

want some one to cook decently." Well, she can do that, for she scarce ly has her equal in that line, in this city. Why, sir, she is a cook, parexcellence. "And how she look?"

"She is the handsomest in the city,

"Not quite that, I presume," said the Professor, "but is she intelligent?-I speak confidentially."

'Intelligent! She is indeedcan converse like an angel. "And as to manners. Is she accomplished?"

"As graceful as an actress." "When can I see her?"

"At eight o'clock this evening."

"Couldn't I see her before that hour?" "I think that would be the most convenient time for her to call, and to see

you. She will be engaged in her duties till then." "I will wait then. Please to tell her that Professor Mack, of Virginia, wishes to see her—an old acquaintance of hers.'

"Shall I tell her that you wish to engage a cook?

Yeu may tell her that I wish to see her," said the Professor. What name did you say?" " Professor Mack, of Virginia, if you

please, madam."

fit to grace any parlor in the world?' But how in creation should he make known his business? Poets, they say, begin in the middle of their story, but professors of mathematics, where do they begin? Finally, said the suitor, Miss G., how would you like to go to Virginia?"

him and he had nothing to do; not a

problem to solve, except the one in hand

Eight o'clock at last came, and the

Professor called again to see the young

"A cook, indeed!" said the Professo

and that was of doubtful solution.

"To Virginia!" said she, as if surorised. "Are you not mistaken in the erson whom you wished to see?" "No, no," said he, "don't you renember when we both attended school

Franklin street ?" "Oh," said she, it is George Mac-I emember you well; why, I didn't know that you were alive!

"And I have never forgotten you." "Ah! indeed, you are very kind to emember me so long! I thought every one had forgotten me in my calami-

"People often think they are over looked when trials overtake them ; -but it is for you to say that your present rials are at an end." " Professor Mack! what do you mean"

Why I am a mere— "If you have had reverses I have had success, and have the means of making you comfortable for life." "Rut you do not know my circum-

stances now, for I would not deceive vou. George?' "It does not concern me what you are now, but what you are willing to

"But I have an aged mother, Pro-

"And I wish to have one; she can

Matters were soon arranged as to time place, and ceremony, and this being over, the party were off for Virginiathe Professor pleased that he had solved the mathematical problem so easily, and the lady that she was no longer a the world's bidding.

In the country of Virginia great ado s made for a newly married couple. Of course much was expected in the case o the Professor. But some "bird in the air" carried the story in advance, that Professor Mack had married a cook What lady then would call upon her What society could the F. F. V.'s of Virginia have with a cook! But the President advised his wife to call upon her out of decency, at least. If the Pro essor had married a cook, why, he didn' know any better. All that he knew wa now to solve problems in mathematics Resides he might not have married cook, or if he had he was well off in one respect—he could have a good table.

' what does a person care about a table in comparison to caste in society?" "Caste in society will do well he replied, "but since w must eat to live, a well roasted turkey is better than a fried chicken, and a short biscuit than an ash-cake! And what does an epicure care for ceremony A good cup of coffee is better."

'Pshaw!" says the President's lad

You are no Virginian, husband otherwise you would never say that, for anybody knows that nobility in a log cabin is better than a cook in a

"Well, call on the lady and see-theo ries are often good for nothing, whilst practice is the sum of perfection! The Presidentess called and was

perior—and she felt it. The other officers' ladies having heard that the President's wife had called on Mrs. Mack, were obliged according to custom to follow suit. They, too, were disappointed, for the New York lady hadn't lived in a city in vain. In mind, in manner, in accomplishment she outranked them all! Besides, in respect to family, she was not at all inferior-her father having had fortune once and lost it.

Commencement day was now near at hand, and the great dinner was to come off at the Professor's. Nor was Mrs Mack at all disconcerted about it. She had seen a thing or two before, and was fully confident in her own ability to

meet the exigency. When the time arrived, all eyes were fixed on Mrs. Mack. How would she appear in the presence of the Governor of Virginia? How in the pesence of the Professors and the President? And what sort of a table would she set, and how would she grace it? Could she go

through it with dignity? Of course, all this was enough try men's souls," but Mrs. Mack was perfectly at home.

In etiquette-in conversation-in the rrangement of all the circumstantials and in all the formalities of the accasion she showed herself equal to the duties devolving upon her, and evidently inerested the Governor very much by her powers of conversation. "What a charming lady," said he to his wife, is Mrs. Mack! and what a table she set! how well she graces it!"

"My dear husband," said she, ou know she is a New York cook-why. she has been a mere servant for many vears!''

"I know nothing about that," said h that if she was, I wish every other lady was a servant, and a New York cook too. We should have something to eat then, my dear, besides fried chickens " All men are not epicures like you

Fovernor." "No-but if they were they would imitate the mathematical Professor, and go to New York to get a wife. A man vouldn't be compelled then to go to saloon tolget a decent dinner! He could find one at home—now a great rarity.

Theodore Tilton was not very gallant to the Chicago ladies in his address there lately. He said there were more ways of recruiting our army than one. There were two soldiers once in Grant's army, lying beneath their blankets looking up at the stars in a Virginia sky. Says, Jack:

What made you go into the army, "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war. What made you go o the war. Jack ?'

"Well," he replied, "I had no wife and I loved peace, so I went to the He doubted not that among the fair faces he saw before him, many had con-

tributed to swell the ranks of the army

in both ways. -The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a faithless woman -unlike women who always hate the female rival more than the faithless A Kingly Fable.

BY DR. DORAN. There is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all sovereigns. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority. The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and

the circumstances, "he could." "I will be brief as my breath," an swered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look upon the world, boy, as a house of pleasure; now hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck only distilled in drops."

counsel as well as in wit, said, under

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead. The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal simile, and, to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed above his palace a large silvertoned bell; a rope passed from it to each room which he occupied. "I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and

For a whole month the bell was silent. 'I have had my hand on the rope,' said the king, "fifty times, but I felt that I was hardly happy enough to pro-claim it to my people; but we have got over our first difficulties, and to-mor

deafen my people's ears."

suredly to-morrow."

from it together!"

On the morrow, as he was boasting o the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private despatches to a neighboring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return. The king sighed, "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but as-

In the morning he rode over to the nouse of the mistress of his heart .-"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which in England has taken its name from the first two syllables of the city's name-" there I have never found disappointment." What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the end of the latter into a noose, and angrily mutter " Would ed, as he flung it down again. to heaven that they were both hanging

On the following day he philosophically reviewed his case. "I have been inreasonable," he said; "why should grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have wide dominions, full treasury, a mighty army, laughng vineyards, verdant meadows, a peowho pay taxes as if they loved them nd God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window-" nay, I am !" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the very point of ringing at it with

and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet. Sire!" exclaimed the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind

good will, when he saw a sight without

him!" "Now, a curse upon kingship, that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king who wanted t be happy. The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people By that Lady of Hate, whose church s in Brittany," cried the Prince, " thou urt right! I thought to null lustily a the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the

foe? and who commands them?" The answer to this double query tole him that the enemy could not have entered had not his despatches been be trayed to the invader; and that the var of the army was under the command of prince, whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed, "He -then I shall ring the bell yet. I wil

have his life and the lady "-He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to mediate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch. weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in his turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew grey and infirm, never turning from his work till the Inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face

and began to beckon him away. He was sitting upright in his easy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was, without, a sound of wailing. "What

roices are those?" asked he softly what is there yet for me to do? His chancellor stooped over him a he now lay on a couch, and whispered. Our father is departing from among

us, and his children are at he threshold in tears." "Let them in; let them come in;" hoarsely cried the king. "God! do they eally love me?"

"If there were a life to be purchased here. O! worthy Sire, they would purchase thine with their blood." crowd streamed silently in, to look once more upon the good old king, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hand towards them, and asked 'Have I won your love, children? have (won your love?" One universal affirmative reply, given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow on the dving monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint and tried to speak, but failed in the at tempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret, where hung the bell, extended his hand to the

smile on his lips, as he rang his own knell. People who attend church are very apt to close their eyes during the scattering of the Divine seed as they do at the barber shop when their heads are powdered. him, the man of to-day, men of all past | the fare.

rope, gave one pull, and died, with a

Flora Maynard is, generally speaking, a happy and contented girl. It may be needful to mention this fact, because, at the moment when I must introduce her to you, the expression of her countenance might justify a different opinion. In fact, she had been looking out of the library window for the last five minutes. with a scowl on her forehead that would have done credit to a small thunder lond.

hinting at the excellence of brevity in It was a glorious autumn afternoon and the owners of horses seemed per fectly aware of the fact; for a brilliant avalcade of carriages and riders had een passing for half an hour in the diection of the avenue which led out o he city. "Such a splendid day for a ride!"

aid Flora to herself aloud. "And there s Amy Reed on her little black pony, birthday gift from her uncle. I wish had an uncle that cared enough for me o give me a pony. It's no use; I shall never have anything half so beautiful. There! she is looking this way. How proud she is! I won't bow; she does not eare for me now that she has her pony. And so Flora went on, persuading herself that she was really a very unhappy young person, quite neglected by

all the world, her dearest friend included. It so happened that her mother and sisters had gone out before Flora's return from school, and that, perhaps, added to her misanthropic mood. It may be-that the little girl was more tired than usual; at all events, as she leaned her hot cheek against the cushions of her chair, things indoors and out began to assume rather unusual shapes and attitudes.

Presently a tiny voice fell upon her ear, so soft and so near that it must have been in the folds of her dress. "What will they have, these human creatures, said the voice, "when the whole v orld cannot furnish treasures rich and varied enough to make them happy? In the beautiful valley of Switzerland, from which I came, thousands of men, women and children toil day and night to make and burnish watches for these wealthy tyrants, whose money makes all the eople in the world their slaves."

"You are right there," said a softer voice, which seemed to proceed from Flora's dress of crimson cashmere. And not only human beings toil that hese may be gratified, but every creature in land and sea seems laid under tribute. Why, a sober sheep can t so much as pick up an honest living in the sunny vales of cool Cashmere,' or on the green mountain slopes of Spain, but presently she is invited to part with her mantle of wool for the benefit of some little mistress on this side of the world, who wears it with never a 'thank you.' Nor is this all; for the original color is not good enough for her, and millions of harmless insects must yield up their life-blood to dye it this beautiful crimson. Just so it was in ancient times, when every robe of imperial purple cost the lives of a million innocent reatures; at least, so I have learned

folds that great Cyclopædia. hose days the world had only one Em peror or two at the most; now every nerchant's daughter wears garments fit for a princess." Before she had finished, a deep sigh eemed to shake the whole frame of the chair where Flora was sitting. you ever hear of those grand old forests tropical America, where the life of Nature was so long uninvaded by the conquering forces of man? There was my ome; there, a mighty tree, I waved my leafy branches for a hundred years

pefore a white face ever peered into our wild retreat. But now the deep and charmed recesses of Nature are laid open and her costliest treasures despoiled; for kingly man must have rosewood for his cabinets, gorgeous plumage and dyes for his apparel, and potent drugs to heal the effects of his luxury. The carpet spoke in a lower tone

Was ever on earth such pride as these numan creatures display? Common ground is too coarse for them to tread ipon: even the fine woods of the forest moothed by the nicest art, are too hard for their dainty feet, and gorgeous carpets, which three hundred years ago heir proudest monarchs would have envied, are now needful to the comfor of every common plebeian."

Flora moved uneasily, and a little cambric handkerchief fell on the floor A faint, perfumed sight arose, which eemed to say, "Ah, yes! and they are not satisfied with the tribute rendered to sovereigns, but must have the incense due to gods. A million of flowers have yielded their sweet lives to perfume the collette of my little lady here. The vast rose-gardens of Southern France send their fragrant breath over the sea, to add one more luxury for her enjoyment." The gleam of a scarlet feather now

caught Flora's attention; for the little tuft of plumes on her turban seemed in an unusual flutter. "None of your civilized life for me!" said a soft but spirited voice. "I came from the great wild continent of Africa, and little you tamed creatures know of the wonders I have seen. Ah! what a chase we had over the plains that day of my capture ! is of any account. Those mighty hunters. I presume, must be vassals of my sovereign lady, or she must exert some magical power over them, for they scoured over leagues of sand as if their very lives depended on success-and only to get a handful of feathers for her

A clear but quiet tone came from the ring on Flora's finger. "This all-conquering man is not content with rifling the earth's surface of its beauty, but must plunge into its depths, and uncover dark recesses, which have lain hidden since the foundation of the world. Every mine must give up its ressures, the mountain-veins their gold, Brazil and Golconda their diamonds, the very ocean its pearls, and all to adorn these thankless children of men, who accept all this tribute as if they were sovereigns born to receive it."

but a spell seemed to rest upon her, while another voice, grander than all the rest, sounding indeed like a concerof innumerable voices, vet gentle and subdued as the sighing of the forest in a breeze, proceeded from the stately ranks of books that adorned the shelves: "So was it written from the beginning, that all this wondrous globe, with the life of bird and beast, the grandeur of the forest and the wealth of the mine, should be for the service of man, whom God created in his own image. For him the ages have toiledfor him the mountains were builded and the seas enchained within their rocky barrier-for him the winds fulfil their mission and the seasons follow each other in one constant circle, bringing food and gladness. And more—for

Flora moved uneasily in her dream.

ages have toiled, and suffered, and sought out knowledge from the hidden mines of truth, so that the wisdom of the past is the richest treasure he enjoys. But is it because man is absolute monarch that all these treasures are poured out at his feet? No. he himself is but a subject prince, and owes a constant

finite Sovereign whose goodness has provided for hlm all these blessings." In the silence which followed. Flora hought she heard another voice, sweet er but still more solemn than all the rest, proceeding from the great Bible which lay upon the table. It seemed to say, "God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son." "And He died for all, that they which liveshould not henceforth live unto themselves. but unto Him who died for them and

tribute of grateful praise and reverent

love, and unfaltering service to the In-

rose again. It was Flora's own heart that spoke next. " If all things are ministering to me, cannot I be of some use to others: Is it really the business of the world to make me happy? What have I ever done for the world, that all world should be paying me tribute? And then, that greatest gift of all—is it so that even God imself has bestowed his dearest treasure upon us? upon me? And have l not even accepted this unspeakable gift: What have I to do? What can I do, but give my whole self as a tribute of love and thankfulness to the great Father in Heaven who has given all to me ?"

A Hidden Treasure. The Emperor Maxamilian, says a German journal, has a chance of digging out a hidden treasure. The highly romantic story is as follows: When Napoleon the I. dethrened the Bourbons in Spain, the Mexicans (whose eyes had been opened by Humbolt to the fact that they were a nation of seven millions, subdued by eighty thousand Spaniards became encouraged and threw off the Spanish yoke. The Vice King sent, luring the revolution, four millions of gold pieces, together with other numer-

ous treasures to Madrid. This happened in June, 1808. The escort was attacked by one hundred men, and massacred save one cavalry officer and a few of his men, who acted in concert with the robbers. To avoid the vigilance of the Government, the bandits concluded to hide the treasure in the ground, and to livide it after the expiration of one year. At the foot of a precipice one thousand eet high, of a hollow deep in the mountain was a cave. There the treasure was dragged, the cave walled up by the lirected so as to pass, like a cataract over the place. Now the robbers spread out the rumor that the whole story of he robbery was invented by the Vice King himself, and that he brought the reasures in safety. The so accused was called to account. But the robbers did not enjoy their treasure, for before the expiration of the year they killed each other among themselves or were defunct. A German traveller named Muller, celebrated by his climbing the Picof Orizba. learned the secret from the lips of an

aged, dying Indian. The Imperial Government, to whom the place has been pointed out by Muller, is now in search mistake for the treasure as the historical facts

seems to justify the truth of the story. An Unkind Tear.

When I used to tend store at the Regulator," in Syracuse, the old man came round one day, and says he-Boys, the one that sells the most twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest

pattern as a present." Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker and the one that had more cheek than any of us was a certain Jonah Squires. who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when a man intended to spend but six-pence; and the woman-Lord bless you-they just handed over their pocket-book to him and let him lay out what he liked

for them. One night Jonah woke up with. Josh, old fellow, if you think that er's got any cotton in it I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out, either-wore a pair of pants that kind o' stuff myself for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put em on! Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh! too dear? Well, call it twenty eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I

tear it? All right-it's a bargain." I could feel Jonah's hands playing about the bed-clothes for an instant, then rip! tear! went something or other, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I voke up next morning, I found-alas, inkindest tear of all—that the back of my night shirt was split from tail to collar-band!

Spiritual Advice by a Physician.

Old Doctor C. was known as a skillul physician, blunt and downright, but not addicted to churchgoing. Mr. S. the sick trader sent for him. The pulse vas examined, the pills dealt out and the directions given. But as the doctor was taking up his saddle-bags. Mr. S turned to him with a pious look :

" I have a solemn request to make ou Doctor C. "What! of me? a solemn request of me ?''

"Yes, sir: it concerns my salvation

and I hope you won't refuse it." "Why, bless you, Mr. S., that don' come in my line; send for the minister.' "But hear me: I feel that I am a very sick man, and if at any time you see I am going to die, I want you to let me know at least three days beforehand."

"Oh. I don't know that I am prepared to die, and I shall want at least two or three days to prepare." "Oh, well, make your preparation make your preparation, Mr. S., and if vou don't die it will not be lost to your

"But what in the world do you want

to know that for."

Your Fare, Miss. A voung lady from the rural districts v soon the conductor approached her

"Your fare, Miss." She blushed and looked confused, but said nothing. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more: This time the pink on her cheeks

eauty replied: "Well, if I am good lookin,' you hadn't ought-ter say it out loud afore The passengers in the car roared with laughter, and her lover at once settled

deepened to carnation, as the rustic

Miscellaneous. Report of General Butler on the Wil-

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1865 A very lengthy despatch has been received from the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomae, covering full de-tails of the official report of Gen. Butler to Gen. Grant of the late Wilmington expedition. It makes over two column of fine type, and is furnished by the Secretary of War, at the request of Gen. Butler states that after embark-

ing his force on the transports they were detained from the 9th to the 13th of December, waiting for Admiral Porter's fleet, and joined the transport fleet off Cape Henry on the 14th. arriving at the rendezvous off New Inlet, arriving at near Fort Fisher, on the evening of the 15th, where they waited until the evening of the 18th, having the finest weather possible on the evening of the 18th. Admiral Porter came from Beaufort to the rendezyous, when the sea became very rough, and on the 19th the wind sprang up, rendering it impossible to land troops, and by the advice of the land troops, and by the advice of the Admiral the troops were rendezvoused at Beaufort. This was a necessity, as the transports were coaled for ten days and that time had been then consumed For four days the wind blew a gale during which time the transports were coaled and watered.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the

24th, Gen. Butler came in sight of Fort Fisher, and found the naval fleet bombarding it, the powder vessel having been exploded the morning previous. Arrangements were then made to land the troops the next morning under the cover of the gunboats, as soon as the fire Hill Battery had been silenced, which were up the shore, two or three miles above Fort Fisher. The Admiral was sanguine he had silenced Fort Fisher. He was urged, if that was so, to run by the Fort into Cape Fear River, and then the troops could land and hold the beach without the fear of being shelled by the rebel gunboats, the Tallahassee being seen in the river. Gen. Butler argued, if the Admiral

would put his ships in the river the ar ny could supply him across the beach and that at least the blockade of Wil mington would be thus most effectual even if they did not capture the fort. The Admiral replied he should prob ably lose a boat by torpedoes if he at-tempted to run by; and he was reminded that the army might lose 500 men by the assault, and that his boat would not weigh in the balance, even in many points of view, with the lives of these men. The Admiral declined going by, men. The Admiral declined going by, and the expedition was deprived of that most essential element of success. At noon on the 25th, the batteries were ccessfully landed their toops. ng a reconnoitering party landed could old the shore, Gen. Butler determined to land a force to attempt an assault on the fort. Curtis's brigade then pushed rocks, the interstices with the earth and on to within a few hundred yards of the plants, and finally a little brook was

battery and its men. This skirmish line then advanced to within 75 yards of the Fort, the garrison being kept in their bomb proofs by the naval fire.

When the fire of the navy ceased the parapet was fully manned, and a personal examination by General Butler, within a few hundred fect of Fort Fisher, assault by an extensive stockade, tions, fifteen feet wide, and a wet ditch and no material damage had yet been done to the fort by the navy. Seventeen

A flag which had been cut down by a shell was captured on the edge of the ditch, and an orderly was killed about port that any soldier entered the fort is

During this time Ames' division had captured two hundred and eighteen en and ten commissioned officers o the North Carolina reserves. Gen. But ler learned from these prisoners that Hoke's divison were within two miles f the rear of his forces, and that their skirmishers were then actually en-gaged, and that the remainer of Hoke's livision had arrived the night previous at Wilmington and were on the march thus forming a force outside of the

works superior to Butler's.

Meantime the weather became bad the serf running up so that landing be ame very difficult. At this time, Gen. Weitzel reported to Gen. Butler, that to assault the works, in his judgment and in that of experienced officers of his command, was impossible with any chance of success. This opinion coin-cided with Gen. Butler's, and much as the regretted the necessity of abandon-ing the attempt, yet he considered his duty plain. Not so strong a work as Fort Figher had been taken by assault slaughtered thousands in the assaults

on Port Hudson and Fort Wagner; Gen. Butler says, I therefore ordered that no assault should be made. While preparations to re-embark were making, the firing of the Navy ceased Instantly the guns of the fort were fully manned, and a sharp fire of musketry grape and canister swept the plain over which the column must have advanced It was found impossible to get the troops all aboard before the sea ran so nigh as to render-further embarkation or even sending of supplies ashore quit

On the 26th, having made all proper disposition for getting the troops on board, Gen. Butler gave order to the transport fleet, as fast as they were ready, to sail for Fortress Monroe in obedience to the orders from the Lieu

tenant General.

Gen. Butler states that he learne from deserters and prisoners that the supposition was when the expedition was planned that Wilmington was de-nuded of troops to oppose Gen. Sherman was correct, and was so at the time of the arrival of the army off Wilmington, there being less than 400 men in Fort Fisher and less than one thousand with in twenty miles, but the delay of three days waiting the arrival of the Navy and the further delay by the storm of the 21st, 22d and 23d, gave time for the reinforcements to arrive from Richmond. The instructions of the Lieutenant-General did not contemplate a siege, a

for such a contingency.

Gen. Butler here says the exigency of possible delay for which the foresight of the Commander of the armies had provided, had arisen, to wit:—The large reinforcement of the garrison, with the fact that the Navy had exhausted their supply of ammunition in the bombard

ment, left me with no alternative but to return with my army to the Army of the James. the James.

The loss of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 16th, 17th and 18th, was the immediate cause of the failure of the expedition. It is not my province even to suggest the blame to the Navy for their delay of four days at Beauford. know none of the reasons which do o

they are sufficient. Gen. Butler then refers to the excellent behavior of the troops and the assistance afforded him by certain naval officers. The report of Gen. Weitzel states that

The report of Gen. Weitzel states that after getting a full survey of Fort Fisher he frankly informed Gen. Butler that it would be butchery to order an assaul on that work under the circumstances Gen. Curtis' and Gen. Ames' report are appended, confirming all of the above essential points, and copies of Gen. Grant's telegrams and orders to Gen. Butler, conclude the document.

Gen. Grant, in his endorsement of Gen. Butler's report, says it was never contemplated that Gen. Butler should accompany the expedition, Gen. Weitzel being specially named as commander.
Gen. Grant thinks the delay in the moving of the expedition can be charged to waiting for the gun powder boat be prepared; and also that Gen. Butler is in error in stating that the re-embark-ation of the troops was by his instructions,

General Grant says in his orders that

as the instructions never contemplate

the first object of the expedition was to close the port of Wilmington, and, i successful, to capture the city itself.

More of Mr. Lincoln's Little Stories. When the Prince of Wales was soon o marry the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the overeigns, informing them of her son's betrothal, among the rest to President Lincoln. Lord Lyons, her ambassador at Washington, and who by the way, is unmarried, requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the

White House, in company with Mr. Seward. "May it please your excellency," said Lord Lyons. "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your excellency. In it she informs your excellency that her son, his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her royal nighness, the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark." After continuing in this strain for a few minutes. Lord Lyons endered the letter to the President and awaited the reply. It was short, simple and expressive, and consisted simply of

the words: "Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise." We doubt if any English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and would be glad to learn what success he met with in putting the reply into diplomatic language, when he reported it to her majesty. It is said that sometime since, when a deputation of clergymen presented an address to the President, in which he

was styled "a pillar of the church," he

quaintly (and perhaps truthfully) re-

marked that "they would have done much better to call him a steeple. Fifty Cents Worth of Matrimony A young farmer not over stocked with brains nor over rich in this world's goods had come to that crisis in life when he was sure he must commence a double barreled existence, or "spile." Having made the necessary preliminary arrange ments, in a shape of a rough board cabin and a "Barkis who was willin'." he borrowed a horse and wagon and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited on the minister and explaining the necessities of the case. demanded to know, "How much the swindle would be?" The minister replied that the fee was generally measur ed by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthodox This was beyond the pile of the farmer, but nothing discouraged, he said: "Now see here, old fellow! I havn,t got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as far as that will

the other fifty cents worth. Dinner of Eighteen

come to, and we'll come agin for the

balance" The minister could not resist

the entreaty, and married the parties so

effectually that they never returned for

Ago. The citizens of ancient Pompeii knew what was good. They relished roast pig. A family in that aristocratic city, one of the F. F. P.'s, perhaps, were about to dine on the rich and succulent dish, on the very day that the restless Titan under Mount Vesuvius expectorated from his fiery lungs the shower of ed-hotashes which entombed the Pompeijans in their dwellings. The pig was being cooked, and was probably nearly done at the time when the volcanic storm bursted in and spoiled it. This is not a matter of conjecture, reader, for only a few weeks ago a mass of undurated lava and ashes was found in a stewpan, standing in a cooking stove in the kitchen of a house recently disinterred and on opening the lump, a perfect mould of a sucking porker was disclosed A cast was taken of the hollow, and the esult was a fac simile in plaster of the little animal, which had been trussed in scientific style, and is supposed, from the shape of the matrix, to have been just ready for the table. The inquisitive antiquarians are continually poking their noses into little domestic secrets of the Pompeiians of eighteen centuries ago, which the people of the excavated neighborhood would have hesitated to

tell on one another. An Argumeny from Bacon. An old and worthy subscriber to this paper says the Augusta (Ga.) Constitution alist, noted for his good bacon, stepped n a day or two since and proposed renewing his subscription for six months

"How is this?" said our country friend. "You have put up the price. "Yes," answered the book-keepe we have been compelled to do it i elf defence."

Our book-keeper made out his receipt

"Well, sir, it is extortion. I won takeit.'' "Well, then, if you don't like it tha way, we will let you take the paper at 20-our old price-for six months, if you will pay us in that fine bacon of yours at ten cents per pound, the old price. That is certainly fair."

'How much bacon would it take?" "Just thirty pounds, sir." "Why, that would be giving you \$120

for your paper for six months, at the lowest price at which such bacon as mine sells for now!" "I know that," answered the bookkeeper. "We can't help it; and for this very reason we have been compelled to put up the price of our paper. Each sheet of the plain paper upon which we print the daily now, costs us fifteen cents, and every other thing in

proportion."
"Well, well," said our friend, "that acon argument is a clincher. the receipt, here is the money. I must act upon the prevailing opinion. I must ave my bacon.

-"To be a woman of fashion is of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it: Buy everything you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time you

-A droll story is related of an honest old farmer, who, in attempting to drive ome a bull, got suddenly hoisted over fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails. sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment. and exclaimed: "Darn your apologies you needn't stand there you 'tarnal critter, bowin' and scrapin'-you did it a purpose, darn your curly pictur?"

get a new dress."

"Is that clock right, over there asked an old gentleman of a little urchin Right overthere, sir. 'Taint nowhere

Why Hood Escaped. According to the Louisville Journal he complete destruction of Hood's army by Gen. Thomas was attributable to the following singular occurrence:

The escape of Hood from Tennessee

with the remnant of an army, is not at-tributed to the slowness of Gen. Thomas' movements, or to the efficient service

rendered by Forrest with his cavalry corps, but to a peculiar incident and a

year,.... LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES-

ATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by the

strange mistake. After the defeat of the rebel host in front of Nashville, orders were given to pursue the fleeing col-umns, when Gen. Thomas, who had been up for several days and nights in succession, superintending the disposi-tion of troops, and directing their movenents on the battle-field, stretched exhausted frame upon a cot obtain a few hours' sleep. The head was heavy, and soon the weary eyes were closed in deep slumber. All of the necessary orders had been issued to the corps and division commanders in relation to the part each was to take in the operations in the morning. But one direction was neglected, and it seems that the General trusted to the good sense of his aids in this matter. They understood his plans, and the duty was so apparent and simple that he deemed it useless to issue any particular orders in regard to it. We refer to his pontoons, which were loaded on wagons in such a manner as to be ready for use whenever such time arrived. He deemed it useless to give instructions in regard to them, for he thought it would be plain to the judgment of the poorest soldiers that it was intended that the train hould accompany the main column of he army in the forward movement.-This was a common-sense view of the matter, but it appears that it was not so understood by all of the members of his staff. The General was aroused from staff. The General was aroused from his heavy sleep, and asked by the Adjutant whether the pontoon train should move out on the Shelbyville pike, or take the road leading to Columbia. The General was in a dreamy, half unconscious state at the time, and, with a yawn-"Shelbyville"-elosed his eyes again and was oblivious to everything around him. Morning came, and in the early dawn the regiments were formed and the advance commenced. deneral Thomas, during the day, rode near the head of the column, leaving his staff officers to see that the proper trains were brought forward. The roads vere heavy, the weather inclement, and slow. In the afternoon the General was surprised to learn that the wagons loaded with the pontoons were not accom canving the main column, but were fol owing in the rear of a detachment of the army moving down the Shelbyville pike. A messenger was at once started ack to rectify the mistake, but, before he caught up with the train and de-livered hisorders, it was seventeen miles rom Nashville. It had to return to the place of starting in order to get on the Columbia road. The wagons moved

but slowly, loaded as they were, and it required nearly two days' time for the ponderous train to reach the front of the

The air grew mild, the snow melted.

and the rains continued to fall, flooding the country with water and swelling the streams beyond their banks. Our army pressed closely upon Hood's rear, and if our pontoons had been up, it is believed that the remnant of his dis-pirited force would have been crushed it Columbia upon the banks of Duck We were forced to halt nearly nary times an insignificant stream-but now swollen to the size of a respectable river. Hood was on the opposite side of the creek, engaged in crossing his shat tered battalions over Duck river. It was the time to strike a crushing blow, but General Thomas was forced to impatiently await the arrival of his pontoon train. In the meanwhile Hood gained the south bank of Duck Hood gained the south bank of Duck river, and rapidly retreated to the Ten-nessee. The mistake was a sad one to us, for the delay occasioned by it insur-ed the escape of the regularmy. It was a peculiar blunder, and one that Gen. Thomas should not be held responsible for. He relied upon his staff offi-cers to assist him in superintend-ing the movements of the army, and trusted the direction of minor details ing the movements of the army and trusted the direction of minor details to their judgment. He had not the least conception that they were ignorant of the road he desired the pontoon train to move on and was taken completely by surprise when informed of the grave mistake that had been committed. Gen Thomas was not responsible for the error nor should we be too hasty to attach perhaps felt timid about directing move ments, and deemed it his duty to consult the General before giving orders. He found Gen. Thomas asleep, and he may have accepted the half unconscious murmur, "Shelbyville," as a rational answer to his question. The mistake was a peculiar one, and, while we ex-culpate Gen. T. from all blame, we do not feel justified in censuring any offithem now in order to show upon what a that he has given us, without pausing to find fault with a movement, or to lament over what might have been. Hood was badly whipped, and he escaped from Tennessee with the remnant of an army. This was due not to his own generalship, but simply to the execution of a wrong order in the Federal group. Hood is now engaged beyond

its head far from the Tennessee line. Lse Jist Sam. During the last winter a contraband came into the Federal lines, in North Carolina, and was marching up to the officer of the day to give an account of

"My name's Sam." "Sam what?" "No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se list

"What's your other name?"

"I hasn't got no odder name, sah. I's am—dat's all." "What's your master's name?" "I'se got no massa now: massa runned away-yah! yah! I'se a free

nigger now. "Well, what is your father's and mother's name?" "I'se got none, sab; nebber had none.

I'se.jist Sam—nobody else.'' "Have you not any brothers and sis-"No, sah! never had none. No brudder, no sister, no fadder, no mudder, no massa, nothing but Sam. When

you see Sam, you see all dere is of us." Here is the last specimen brick in the line of "confidence games." A woman in Cincinnati having an earthen vessel in her apron entered a grocery store and bought a pound of coffee. Removing the lid she dropped the coffee in said vessel, replaced the lid, and was about to pay for it, when she discovered she had forgotten her money. Not to have her honesty suspected she said she yould leave her purchase till she went home and got her money, and accordingly set her crockery on the counter. where it remained until the grocer thought something must be wrong, and on removing the lid he found there was no bottom to the vessel, and of course the woman had gone off with the coffee

in her apron.

parattached to his staff. The particulars of this blunder, we believe, have never been made public, and we only publish slender thread the fate of an army sometimes hangs. Gen. Thomas achieved a brilliant victory over the rebelhost, and ve should feel satisfied with the spoils Hood is now engaged beyond camp. Hood is now engaged beyond the Tennessee in re-organizing his shattered and demoralized columns, while Gen. Thomas is mustering his forces for a bold and daring campaign. Before spring shall come with balmy breath and early flowers, our army will have accomplished glorious results, and we will hear from it with Gen. Thomas at its head for from the Tennessee line.

nimself, whereupon the following coloquy ensued: What's your name ""