Literaru.

All letters on business should be tressed to Cooper, Sanderson & Co.

How Godfrey Chose His Wife.

BY MARY B. CLARKE. "Godfrey, old boy," said Henry Clayton, as he tilted back in his chair, and put his feet upon the mantle-piece, when is the wedding to be.

"Whose wedding?" "Miss Laura Somers, or Jenny, which

"I do not know, I'm sure."

" Now don't be mysterious, Godfrey; you know you are a constant visitor. and all 'our set ' are talking about the match. Don't pretend you have not selected one of the sisters,"

" How do you know whether either of them will have me?"! "Don't be absurd, old boy. Come b

frank, which is the favorite sister?" Well, frankly then, I cannot tell you. I have visited the family for several months, as you know, but I cannot decide. Laura is certainly the hand somest, with her flashing black eyes, and queenly manner; but Jenny seems, although the youngest, to be the most womanly and useful of the two. Yet, I cannot be sure of that. My entrance is smiles, and let me call at what hour I will, they are always well dressed, and apparently disengaged. To be sure, I always, in the morning, have to wait some time before Laura is visible."

" Pop in unexpectedly, and notice the internal economy." "How can I? A card at the door will

put any lady on her guard, or even the notice of a gentleman visitor." "Go there in disguise. As a washerwoman, for instance."

"Good. I will." "Go there as a washerwoman?" cried Clayton.

Not exactly; but I will obtain admittance to a morning's privacy." "Well, let'me know the result."

Laura and Jenny Somers were the only children of a widower, who, although in moderate circumstances, moved in fashionable society. At the period of my short sketch he was about to supply the lamented Mrs. Somer's place, after nearly ten years mourning: and, although a kind and indulgent parent, had no objections to his daughters' marriage, and, indeed, had told them so. Laura, whose high spirit resented the probable supremacy of a stepmother, had already selected Godfrey Horton for her future husband; and Jenny, who was the younger, and gentler in spirit, had tried to conquer a carefully concealed preference for the same person. All his attentions were ascribed by her to a brotherly regard, though every act of kindness and cour-

tesy touched her to her very heart. It was the morning after a large ball and the sisters were in the breakfast room together. Laura, her glossy black hair pushed negligently off her face, with the rough, tumbled braids of last evening's coiffure gathered loosely in a comb, wearing a soiled wrapper, torn stockings, and presented rather an alarming contrast to the brilliant ballroom belle, was lounging on a sofa .-Jenny, in a neat morning dress, with a large gingham apron, and hair smoothly brushed into a pretty knot, was wash-

ing the breakfast dishes. "There is an old man at the door with some artificial flowers," said the servant, opening the dining room door, will you see him?"

"No." said Jenny. "Yes," cried Laura, "send him up."

The servant descended to obey the last order. In a few moments the old man came

He was poorly clad, with a coarse, blue cloak, which was much too large for him. His hair was white, and he wore a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue. Making a low bow, he placed the large basket upon a table and opened it. "I have a bunch of blue flowers here."

said he, taking them from the basket, "that will just suit your golden hair, Miss," and held them up before Jenny. "It was my sister who wished to look at your flowers," said Jenny, quietly. Yes, bring them here," was Laura's imperious command.

The old man's eyes followed Jenny, as she washed, wiped, and put away the dishes, swept the room and dusted it. and then sat down beside Laura, who was still looking over the basket. 'See, Jenny, this scarlet bunch Will it not be lovely with a few dark

leaves, to wear with my new silk ?" "But," whispered Jenny, "you can

not afford it just now." "Yes I can. Father gave me some money yesterday."

"To pay the last dry goods bill." " Well. I can have that carried to my

private account." "Oh. Laura! I hate to hear you tall of that private account. It seems so much like cheating father."

" It will stand till I am married, then I can easily save it out of my house keeping money."

"I shouldn't wish to marry in debt," said Jenny.

The peddler looked at the sisters. "You had better take this blue bunch Miss," he said to Jenny. "If it ain't convenient to pay for it now, I will call

" No. I shall not take them." "They are very becoming, Miss. Look in this glass."

"I wish my hair was light," said Laura. "I'd like to wear blue. Godfrey Horton said last night that forget-me nots were his favorite flowers."

Jenny colored, and placing the bunch again in the basket, said: "Come Laura, decide. You are keeping one waiting whose time is probably valuable," and then passing a chair, she added, "Be seated, sir, you must be tired."

"I am tired, indeed," was the reply. "I will take that scarlet bunch, and those red camelias, and this white cluster," said Laura.

"But, sister, you can't afford it."

"Yes I can. Godfrey Horton is rich. The old man bit his lip.

"Think," said Jenny, in an under tone, "if you love him, how much it will grieve him, if he should discove

this deceit." "Nonsense! Well, I'll tell you how to remedy it. Lend me some money out of the housekeeping funds ?!!

"Laura! steal from father?" "There, don't preach."

"Miss Jenny," said a servant, entering at that moment, "the dinner has

Jenny left the room, and Laura still turned over the gay flowers, while the old man pointed out their various beauties, he, in the meantime, was running over the disordered hair, shabby dress, and lazy position, while he men-

'tally contrasted them with Jenny's neat

'Not decided yet?', said Jenny, returning after a short absence.

"No. Come here." "I can't. Father has sent home calf's head, and I'm afraid to trust it. entirely to Margaret; I must superintend the dinner, make a pudding, and the parlors must be dusted, and there is my white mull to be finished."

"Before I'd be the drudge that you

are," cried Laura. "Drudge! nonsense! I have plenty of time for enjoyment, and father cannot have a comfortable house if some one does not superintend these things. When I marry, you may do it," and she laughed merrily.

"As if I should not marry first!" said Laura.

"There, I have chosen all I want." "Shall I call again for the change?" said the peddler. "I shall be happy to put the Misses Somers on my list of customers.'

"Yes, call again," said Laura. So the peddler took up his basket, and walked home, threw aside his wig, beard, and disguise, and wrote an avowal of his hand and heart to Miss Jenny

Somers, which was accepted. Laura Somers had two sources of pro ound speculation. One was "why Godthe signal for cordial welcome and frey Horton proposed to Jenny, instead of herself?" The other, "I wonder why that old man never called to be paid for those exquisite flowers?

Avoiding a Bun.

A compositor in one of the daily newspaper offices, though a good fellow, like many of the printing profession, (for they are all good fellows,) suffers from repeated attacks of limited finances, or revenue disproportional to his disbursements. He has no objections to paying his debts, even to the last penny, when he has the money; but when he is short, he abhors the idea of meeting his creditors, for he hates a dun as he hates the d-l or a dirty "proof." On one of the last occasions of the pressure upon typo's monetary market, he was descending from a news room to the street, when he meta collector, who asked him if James H. Smith-giving the printer's name-worked in that office.

'Why do you wish to see him?" "I have a bill against him (producing it) for \$29, left by Dr.--, who, you remember, recently died, and his accounts have been placed in my hands for col-

lection." "James H. Smith." replied the comositor, repeating his own name slowly, as if it had a mysterious, familiar sound, and he was endeavoring to recall it. have heard that name before, surely-James H. Smith—James H.—James H. -oh yes! (as if with sudden remembrance,) he used to be employed here, certainly he did. I remember now; he worked next to my case, poor fellow!' and the speaker paused and looked sad. "Did anything happen to him?" asked the collector.

"Yes, he died one morning suddenly ed of a dying friend."

"Did he leave anything?" asked the nan of bills. "Oh, no, the boys in the office had to oury him. I gave five dollars myself to

help in putting the generous creature under the sod. He died penniless." "Then there is no use in keeping this oill, I suppose. "None at all," said James H. Smith And as the collector tore up the bill and departed, he continued, to himself

'guess I've got rid of the old bore. I wasn't, perhaps, much of a story I was telling. Probably I was only anticipat ing a little after all—except in the five iollar contribution."

A Word to Mothers. Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes he history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eterna oy or unutterable grief in the far-com ng ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her olemn work of training her children

for heaven and immortality. The minds of her children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and character of truth or error, which your con luct imprints on the mind of your child There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of the earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful and how serious and how earnest to write on the mind those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her cove

A Fair Offer. A veteran relates the following: I once happened that a mule driver was engaged in leading an unruly mule for short distance, which job proved about as much as he was able to do, and gave full employment for both his hands. As he was thus engaged, a newly appointed brigadier rode by him in all the consequential radiance of his starlight; when the mule driver hailed him as follows:

"I say, I wish that you would send a couple of men down here to help me to manage this mule."

The brigadier, indignant at being so amiliarly addressed, sternly replied: "Do you know who I am, sir!" "Yes," was the reply, "you are Gen-

eral ----, I believe." "Then why do you not salute me be fore addressing me?" inquired the briga-

"I will," responded the M. D., you will get off and hold the mule." The brigadier retired in good order.

- Botany is an inexhaustible, tranquil, ever interesting science, attaching the mind to nature with bonds of flowers

- Many men dedicate business to the devil and shovel religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical out-crawling of their leisure Mary Canavan.

An Incident of the Irish Famine. It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish government during the eventful period of the Irish famine of 1846-7. I was a Poor-Law Inspector, and had large district in my charge. I had neessarily to go about a good deal and visit workhouses, hospitals, and relief stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance, as a rule, was an outside Irish jaunting car, and with horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over 50

long Irish miles. I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district, my manservant-coachman, groom, butler, valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called " Mick."-accompanying me. The night before I left on this particuar journey, in which occurred an incident which I am about to relate, I told Mick to be sure to stock the "well" of he car with rye bread, which I used to pake in my own house, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see,

was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads I have seen people who, to my official knowledge, were in the receipt of the full amount of ration re lief, literally looking starved. The avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the "well" satisfied me that the money which was sent to us Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of the United Kingdom, to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bakehouses, did all the good which it was intended to do, and even

have anticipated. I scarcely think I was ever out on more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and through the island generally, such day, amidst such scenery, would have brought its fullest enjoyment.

more than the generous donors could

Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with venerable beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barran bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the seacost. As we got on the bog there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and nore indistinct, and we had to make he best of our way across the "blasted neath." At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which

was about to inspect. The path, or road, or whatever else one might choose to call it, was straight, nd so there was nothing to interrupt he view right before us.

Mick, who was never much inclined to wrap himself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out.

"What on earth, sir, is that before

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save s!—a body stretched across the road. On looking before me, at about nundred vards' distance, I saw that t which Mick directed my attention. "Yes." said I, "no doubt it is son

poor creature who has died on the way to the station at ---, but we shall soon know."

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about 40 vears of age. Accustomed as I was to see the effect famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her ce was literally so attenuated that I

could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been emoved. While looking at this horrid sight, it eemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no nabitation for miles around. "Possibly," said, "life is not quite extinct," and, ecollecting the little smattering of docoring which I learned in early life.

thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have. "Bring me my brandy flask at once Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For what, sir?" said he. "Bedad, t would take more than your honor could do to bring her back again." "Well," I added, "do what I tell you. Mick, and let us hope for the best.' We lifted her body and placed i against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask (a pretty large one, by the way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This convulsion was to my great

delight speedily followed by a faint hiccough, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have the intense satisfaction of restoring fellow creature to life. Mick and I then set to work and

taking the cushion of the car, we stretch ed our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and various other indications of returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when we encountered a most abominable stench, which was so sickly that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to the right, our attention was directed to a thin column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from whence the smoke issued your hearts, if he possibly can, in just and scarcely able to breathe from the such gaps. There he hides himself, offensive odor, which became worse and planning all sorts of mischief. Take worse, I found to my horror that the care of your "spare moments." smoke was from a human habitation, if such it could be called-an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here were laving two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition-an old man and woman.

I shudder now when I think of the

scription. It occurred to me at once that the woman we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the lifeless state of exhaustion in which we found her. And so it furn-

ed out to be when I made subsequent

nquiry. We now resumed our journey, and at last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies moved and buried. The next day I returned to headquarters, and from time to time afterwards

covered, and out of money placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the shape of clothing. A couple of months or more passe way, and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came into the country. The

people began to look better, and every

had letters from the doctor reporting to

me that the woman very speedily re-

one was in better spirits. My visits to the remoter stations of ny district were necessarily fewer, for had important duties to discharge at the town in which I lived and where the union workhouse was situated .-They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor-Law-service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control

On another lovely morning now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at ----, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavored to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman. Mick said:

"Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the crayture we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope w hall never see such a sight again." "Amen, sir," said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could. lrove on for a couple of miles, when we net a group of peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their raions of Indian meal stirabout.

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embraced, and I saw a girl about 18 years of age kissing my feet. "What do you want, my good girl?

said I. "Ah! your honor," said she, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, "don't you recollect Mary Can-

avan ?'

" Mary Canavan! Surely you cannot e the woman I -"Ah! yes, sir," she cried. And there she was, the shrivelled hag of 40 transformed into a girl of 18, and

To those who saw scenes such as I did his will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the rreat famine of Ireland when all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.

Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward boy came one morn ing to the door of the principal of a celebrated school and asked to see him The servant eyed his mean clothes and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast, more like, said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him. "Than you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bite, but I should like to see Mr. - if he can see me. "Some old clothes, may be you want,"

remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight," and without minding the boy's request she went away about her work. "Can I see Mr. —— ?" again asked

the boy, after finishing the bread and "Well, he is in the library, if he must be disturbed he must, but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-look ing fellow into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands and bade him fellow. Opening the library door,

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him

she said:

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened business, lut I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked the boy, was answered | than 2,000 feet. The seas to the south

readily. "Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?" "In my spare moments," answered

the boy. Here he was, poor, hard working, with but a few opportunities for schooling

yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his "spare moments." Truly are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How precious they should be? What account can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them, and there are many other boys, I am afraid, in iail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, 'in my spare moments."

for marbles. In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink. It was in my spare moments that I gathered wicked associates." Oh, be careful how you spend your pare moments? Temptation always hunts you out in seasons like these When you are not busy, he gets into

"In my spare moments I gambled

—"My dear," said Mrs. Bumbleto her daughter, "you must have something warm round you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately comsight I saw. It was horrible beyond de- plied with it.

Friends in Prosperity. One of the hardest trials of those who

fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity is to find that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a mask, to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forget them. Flies leave the kitchen when

the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster around the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger in the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm as the eaves cling to a tree in summer weather but drop off at the breath of winter and leave it naked to the stinging blast Like ravens settled down for a banquet. suddenly scared by a noise, how quick ly, at the first sound of calamity, these superficial earthings are mere specks on the horizon. But a true friend sits in the centre

and is for all times. Our need only re veals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revealers, the difference being that in the former our friends know us, in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men there is a vast deal more esteem and fellow yearning than is ever outwardly shown. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we could least expect them in modest privacy, enact many scenes of beautiful wonder amidst plaudits of angels.

Music as a Physical Agent.

It communicates to the body shocks which agitate the members to their base. In churches the flame of candles oscillates to the quake of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles its surface. A learned traveller speaks of an iron ring which swings to and fro to the murmur of the Tivoli Falls. In Switzerland I excited at will in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and

cataleptic crises, by playing in the minor key of E flat. The celebrated Dr. Bertier asserts that the sound of a drum gives the colic. Certain medical men state that the notes of the trumpet quicken the pulse and induce slight perspirations. The sound of the bassoon is cold, the notes of the French horn at a distance, and the harp, are voluntuous. The flute played softly in the middle register calms the nerves I once had a dog who would generally sleep on hearing music, but the moment I played in the minor key he would bark piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer, whom I knew would moan bitterly, give signs of violent suffering, the instant that his mistress chanted a chroall by the simple administration of matic gamut. A certain chord produces as the heliotrope on my sense of smell and the pine apple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice delighted the ear by its ring before one had time to seize the sense of what was said, or appreciate the purity of her diction. We may affirm, then, that, musical sound, rythmical or not, agitates the whole physical economy-quickens the pulse, incites perspiration, and produces a pleasant momentary irritation of the nervous system .-

Don't Complain Don't complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something if you only had a different lot or sphere assigned to you. God understands his own plans, and knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations and obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances and discouragements, are probably God's opportunities and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience. Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do his word, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition s never opposed to your own good, but

eally consistent with it. Sea Sounding. Various sea soundings, made by the new Telegraph Company in England, n preparation for the laying of the At antic submarine cable this summer reveal the following results: The Baltic sea between Germany and Sweden is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic between Venice and Trieste 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300 whilst to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is opened, the depth is more of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met within the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope, 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 29,000.

Whatisanewspaper? Itisatranscript of thoughts, and a record of what is passing in the world. But it is not as most books are, the transcripts of the thoughts of a single mind. It is an exhibition of the thoughts of many minds. It is collected wisdom of the world, in some instances, perhaps, spiced with a little of the nonsense and folly of the ame minds. It is a boquet of beautiful lowers, composed of all the varieties in nature. It is a casket of precious jewels of every hue, size and shape. It is a sweet repast, a board spread before the hungry, comprising the choicest meats and richest deserts that earth can afford —a feast of fat things—a perfect pic-nie of every dainty that the mind can desire. Who would be without a newspaper ?who would be without thee? None, we venture to say, except the old fogies who are a hundred years behind the

age.

Weak doses of washboard are now recommended toladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong in the Burseau of Military Justice as testimony as strong as proofs from Holy Writ. These facts may possibly suggest to President Johnson and those who owe their official position and personal consequence to the breath of his nostrils, a good and sufficient reason: why the excited public mind of the preparation of wood saw. preparation of wood saw.

Miscellaneous.

Letter from Jacob Thompson.

ation-State Sovereignty-Civil To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:
When hostilities between the Northern and Southern States broke out, and especially prior to that time, I enter-tained, I confess, deep and strong pre-judices against you and your paper, on account of your violent attacks upon Southern interests and institutions.— But since that time I have really sought the Tribune to learn the truth. is a frank and manly directness in your columns which I admire, and therefore I now make an appeal to your generosity to admit this communication into the columns of the Tribune. Surely there can be no longer any existing reason why Northern papers should desire to stain and stab the reputation of Southern men; and I suppose the press will be muzzled no longer, and a difference of opinion no longer be regarded as treason.

The search of a good man is for truth. To set that before the people of the United States is the work in which I United States is the work in which I ask vour assistance and that of all who hate unjust persecution.

I have been attacked often in Northern journals within the last four years. but heretofore have attempted no reply. l'o defer longer, however, if the avenue to the public ear are open to me, would argue contempt for public sentiment on my part which I do not feel, and absence

might be construed into an admission of the justness of the attacks.

Last summer, when my name was unnecessarily drawn into a correspondence between yourself and some of my friends at Niagara Falls, the New York Times began a regular charge upon me for "thieving," while Secretary of the Interior, using the epithet "Mr. Buchanan's thieving Secretary," and others of the same purport. The Herald afterwards indulged in the same kind of expressions. What was the transacof expressions. What was the transaction by which these expressions are sought to be justified?

[Here follows an explanation that it

was not Thompson, but one of his clerks, who stole those Indian bonds. An editorial appeared in the New York *Herald* evidently suggested by deneral Dix, in which the impression sought to be made that I was in some way connected with the hotel burning in New York. This seems to be an in-

erence from the fact that a Mr. McDon-

ald was arrested and held in dread of his life for some time, because of his upposed participation in this attempt at incendiarism. The detectives find out that this McDonaldhas a brother in oronto, C. W., who is greatly devoted to him, to whom they make an appeal to save his brother's life, and point out to him how it may be done, and that was to appeal to the generosity and magnanimity of those who were engaged in it to exonerate the prisoner, as they had no doubt it was true he had taken no part in the affair. The brother under the guidance of his feelings, bit at the bait, and hunted up and induced the young men with whom his brother was harged to have been associated to state is entire innocence of all connection with them. The young men, fearing the strength of McDonald's feelings might induce him to act unwisely with their statement, and having full confidence in ny discretion and friendliness, directed to place it in my hand, to be used when I might deem it necessary to save the prisoner's life. I did not see the young men on the subject. Afterwards the detectives induced the different female members of the family to make the most piteous appeals to me for the paper. I never believed its production necessary to save the prisoner's life, be guilty, but refused to release him until he could obtain this negative testimony thus playing upon the feelings of this most estimable family. When I saw the game that was played I wrote a letter to Mr. McDonald in prison, say ing I was willing to certify that I had a

paper signed by some of the parties en-gaged in the burning, in which he was entirely exonerated from all participation in it. But this did not satisfy the authorities. Finding they could not move me, they turned upon poor Capt. Kennedy, then under sentence of death, and induced him (under what circumstances I know not, but I presume when he was intoxicated) to certify to a state ment as a true copy of the paper I held, but which was no copy, and which contained what I have since ascertained to be absolute falsehoods. They stimulated in every possible way, but they could not in his most desperate moments get burning, because he knew it was false But you see the extent of my connection t assumes this proportion, no more.

But of all the astonishing things

which have happened during this war between the States, the late proclama-tion of the President is the most unreasonable and unjust. It seems there has been created a new bureau, called the "Bureau of Military Justice." In that it seems there is evidence that the ssassination of the late President was incited, concerted and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, at Rich mond, Va.," and myself and others in Canada, and that myself and others are ebels and traitors, "harbored in Canada." When this proclamation reached me I was in New Brunswick, on my way home. This is a novel mode of banishment. Now, sir, mark how a direct statement will meet every point made by the evidence in the "Bureau of Military Justice" and put to open shame so solemn an act as a proclama-tion. I aver upon my honor that I have never known, or conversed, or held communication, either directly or indirectly, with Booth, the assassin of the President, or with any one of his sociates, so far as I have seen them amed. I knew nothing of their plans. defy the evidence in the Bureau of

Military Justice. The proof, wintever it is, is a tissue of falsehoods, and its publication cannot be made without exosing its utter rottenness to suspect me that there is to suspect President Johnson himself. First—There was absence of all motive on my part. To have removed Lincoln at the tîme it was done was most un fortunate both for me and for the peo-ple of the South. This I have believed

and have often so expressed myself President Johnson was to acquire a daz ding power in the event of Lincoln' Second—A paper is found in President Johnson's room, after the assassinaton, signed by the assassin himself, to the effect that he (Booth) does not wish to trouble him (Lohnson) but went to trouble him (Johnson), but wants to know if he (Johnson) is in. Now con sider this note is from a private citizen to a high official, and it is certain that if it had been sent by any other man, at any other time, to any other official except the one most deeply interested in the event about to happen, it would have implied previous intimacy and intercourse, and a wish to have an intercourse, and a wish to have an intercourse. view without witnesses, which the writer expected, circumstances

ting it.

Third—President Johnson goes to bed, on the night of the assassination at the unusual hour for Washington on the o'clock, and is asleep, of course when an arixious gentleman leaves the side of the dying. President to inform the new incumbent of his great good fortune, which filled him with unutter able distress.

Now, mark me, I do not say that all

this creates a suspicion in my mind of the complicity of President Johnson in the foul work upon President Lincoln But this I do say, that if such circumstances could be so well taken against the Hon. B.G. Harris, of Maryland, Ben. Wood, of New York, or Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, they would have been received in the Bureau of Military Lustice as testimony as groups as records.

been lashed into fury by well concerted manipulations, and now demands a victim, should believe that there was evidence in the "Bureau of Military Justice? to convict Southern men-"rebels and traitors"—of having "in-cited, concerted and procured" the assination of President Lincoln. But, at these facts ought to teach President Johnson a lesson of modera-tion and charity to all those suspected. I feel confident no fact, susceptible of being tortured by the shrewdest inge-

Davis or myself, nor, do I believe, against any one of the gentlemen named in the proclamation.

Again, I am denounced as a traitor and rebel in this proclamation. world judge between President Johnson and myself, not according to the law of

nuity into a coloring so unfavorable, can be shown in truth against President

might, but according to the rules of right.

For four years prior to the secession of Mississippi, I was absent from the State, engaged in the service of the United States. I had no control and could ex ert no influence over the political action of the State. President Johnson, on the contrary, had been in the meantime in the service of the State of Tennessee. while her chief magistrate, and then th representative of her sovereignty in the Senate of the United States—a body in which all the States are sovereign and equal, irrespective of strength and population. Prior to the war between the States, we both had been democrats and belonged to the same party. In our creed, the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98-'99 set forth the doctrine of State rights. The Democratic party for sixty years, with only temporary departures had held to their cardinal principles a initiated by Jefferson and Madison who had become the great apostles o the party. By them, we learn that the Constitution of the United States is a State, acting for itself, and as an integral compact between sovereign States, each party. The powers granted were merely delegated powers, to be exercised by a common agency for the common welfare. To avoid future misunderstandings, three of the States, in their

articles of ratification, expressly re-served the right to resume the powers delegated whenever they believed they were not used for their advantage. On the subject of treason the United States could declare no act treason, except the making war upon the United States and the giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Each State, however, being sovereign and having a larger scope of powers, could declare almost any act treason—a refusal to bear arms in her defence, to return home when required to do so to bring into the common treasury any proportion of the property required of each citizen. We were both North Carolianians. When she refused to ratify the federal constitution we remained North Carolianians, owed our allegiance to the State, and were bound to obey her orders. By her act of ratification, afterwards, she made us citizens of th United States. In consequence of her act and in obedience to her order, we both were bound to obey the constitutional laws and regulations of the United States, and if either of us had been guilty of resisting the law with an armed force, we would have been guilty of trea-son, because we acted as individuals on our own responsibilty and by our own mere motion, and the laws of the United mere motion, and the laws of the United States operated directly on individuals and individuals only. But, on the con-trary, if North Carolina, acting in her sovereign capacity, resumed her delegate powers for any cause, and then ordered ence to her order might be construed possibly as war upon the United States, but we would not be guilty of treason as

individuals, because we would have had of the State; and, if there was any guilt, the State will be guilty of treason and that is a manifest absurdity, as there is no legal mode of punishing State And have our institutions been state. And have our institutions deen so miserably constructed as to place the citizen in a position which forces him to be guilty of the highest crime known to the law, without any volition of his own, when obedience to the order of one

government makes him guilty of trea on to another? When Mississippi seceded I felt it t be my duty to leave the service of the United States, return home, and subject myself to the orders of my State; for the sacred cause of State rights an State sovereignty, the doctrine of the fathers, I was willing to stake my life my fortune and all my hopes. Mr. Johnson thought it his duty when Tennesses seeded to hold on to his place, to set all nought the action of his State, which and so often honored him, and to place himself under the protection of the United States. He took sides with power; I took sides with weakness. Our motives are known only to the living God; but I claim to have been nonest, self-sacrificing and patriotic i the course I pursued, and I leave to poterity to decide whether power has been

given on earth to make wrong right. The fortune of war cannot change a principle, although it may revolutionize government.
I cannot but think this proclamation was not intended for me, but it was to furnish an excuse to deal harshly with President Jefferson Davis, if arrested.-Christian, and a more honorable gentle man than he never lived in any age or country. All he has done has been in obedience to the behests of the sovereign States composing the confederacy. leaves, if the power and cruelty of by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it enemies make it necessary for him to leave, with the proud consciousness of having nobly done his whole duty-

More true joy Marcellus exiled feels, Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heel The States were once considered so ereignties, and as such, challenged our respect and obedience. Now, war of four years of unexampled suffer-ing, distinguished by feats of gallantry, that reflect the highest honor upon the parties engaged, after the two parties have been recognized by themselves and by all the civilized world as belligerents, to conclude the war by simply regarding the armies of the United States as a huge posse comitatus, and the opposing armies as so many felons resisting arrest, is a most lame and impotent conclusion, which will shock the civilization of the age, and render this mighty war a tragical farce.

There was no need of offering twenty-five thousand dollars reward for my arget. If I felt the levet accuracy of

rest. If I felt the least assurance eing tried according to the recognize principles of law, without a pre-judgment, without the arbitrariness of a court acting under the instructions of this "Bureau of Military Justice," and without contumely, I would go in person and deliver myself up to the proper judicial authorities. Until I have such an assurance, I think I ought to keep out of the way, which no doubt will gratify my enemies. With respect,

JACOB THOMPSON.

-Some few years ago there was notary public in Washington, an old and highly-respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly twenty years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table picked up a small. old, leather covered book which, upon being opened, proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He casually remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary:

"I see you have a copy of Thaddeus of Warsaw here." "Thaddeus of Warsaw!" was the "What do you mean?"

"Why, this is a copy of it." "Thaddeus of Warsaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance at it, and ther cried out, "For twenty years I have een swearing people on that book, thinking it was a Bible! All those oath ain't worth the paper they are written

That very day he patronized the Bible Society Agency, and got a finely-bound copy, which could by no possibility be mistaken for a novel.

A Startling Scene in Church There were many thrilling scenes in he New England churches during the evolutionary war. The following one occurred in Sharon, Connecticut, under he ministry of Rav. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's "Chapains of the Revolution:"

Mr. Smith one Sunday took for his

texta part of Isaiah xxi, 11, 12: "Watch-man, what of the night? The watchman said: The morning cometh." The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost hourly, inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of that congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly felt, but the startling announcement, "The morning cometh," took them by surprise, and they could not at first comprehend its significance, or how it could be adapted to the present gloomy prospect. Had he heard gloomy prospect. Had he heard any good news? What happened that he could say so confidently: "The morning cometh?" No, he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclain over again his unshaken confidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lessen the calamities had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance clouds and darkness were round about "clouds and darkness were round associated of the could bierce the gloom. The floor's throne, but the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disimpenetrable darkness. In all the dis-asters that had successively overwhelmed them, he traced the hand of God, and declared that, to his mind, they clearly ndicated some striking interposition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. "Man's extremity was God's opportunity." Our extremity had come, and now was the time for

nim to make bare "Hisarm for the deliverance of the people."

Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eyes of his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory to our arms. He would not wait for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "The morning now cometh." I see its beams already gliding the mountain tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness

bursting over the land. One cannot imagine the effect of such language uttered by the minister of God in such a time of doubt and suspense. He ceased, and, as he closed the Bible and exclaimed "Amen! so let it be," a silence, profound and death-like, rested on the audience. Each one seemed to feel as if an invisible presence was there, and some weighty announcement was just at hand. Suddenly the deep hush was broken by the distant clatter of a horse's hoof

along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of swift riding and of urgent haste. They knew at once what it meant. For days and weeks their eyes had strained up the street that led northward, to catch sight of the mes-senger of good or evil tidings that was hourly expected. He had come at last, and as nearer, clearer, rang the sound of that wild gallop on the listening ear, each looked in mute and earnest inquiry into his neighbor's face. Right on through the place, straight for the meeting-house, darted the swift rider, and drawing rein at the door, leaped from and leaving his f ed steed unattended, strode into the main aisle. On the deep silence that filled the building like a sensible presence his armed heel rung like the blows of a hammer. As he passed along a sudden paleness spread over the crowd of faces turned with a painful eagerness toward him. But looking neither to the right, nor the left, the dread messenger passed on, and, mounting the pulpit stairs, handed the pastor a letter. Notwithstanding the good man's faith his hand trembled, and an ashy hue overspread his face as he out to receive it. "Burgoyne rendered." were the first words that met his eye. He staggered under them as under a blow. The next moment a radiance like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment, overwhalmed, and the could scarcely of a moment.

were heard on every side, attesting the depth of their gratitude and the eestacy of their joy. "The morning" had come bright and glorious, and its radiance filled all the heavens. Deaths of English Kings and Queens. William the Conqueror died from normous fat, from drink, and from the

violence of his passions.

moment overwhelmed and stupified

then, as their pastor folded his hands

and turned his eyes toward heaven in a

thankful prayer, impelled by a simultaneous movement they fell like one man on the knees and wept aloud. Sobs,

sighs, and fervently uttered "Amens

poor stags that he had hunted. Henry the First died of gluttony. Henry the Second died of a broken casioned by the bad conduct of nis children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named

William Rufus died the death of the

s said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellebore.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," a sickness which it would puzzle all the ollege of physicians to denominate. Edward the Second was most bar barously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother

and her paramour. Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth. Henry the Fourth is said to have died "of fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint. the Fifth is said to have died "of painful affliction, prematurely!" This is a courtly phrase for getting rid

of a king.

Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his jailor, and known now only to Heaven.
Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard the Richard the Third was killed in bat

Henry the Seventh wasted away as a miser ought to, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline Queen Mary is said to have died of "a roken heart," whereas she died of a broken heart,'' surfeit, from eating too much of black uddings.
Old Queen Bess is said to have died of

melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies—her private character not being above suspicion. James the first died of drinking, and of the effects of a nameless vice.

Charles the First died a righteous death on the scaffold, and Charles the Second lied suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.

William the Third died from con sumptive habits of body, and from the

tumbling of his horse.

Queen Annedied from her attachment duen Annedied from her attachment
to "strong water," or, in other words,
from drunkenness, which the physicians
politely called dropsy.

George the First died of drunkenness, which his physicians as politely
called an apoplectic fit.

George the Second died of a rupture

of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.

George the Third died as he had lived —a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch. t: least a consistent monarch

sympathies of his subjects.—The Crisis.

and drunkenness.
William the Fourth died amidst the