o<u>nerd</u> Wm. Patro

Poetry.

September. Sweet is the voice that calls
From babbling waterfalls
sadows where the downy seeds are flying:
And soft the breezes blow
And soft the breezes blow
and go
ded gardens where the rose is dying.

Among the stubbled corn
The bilthe quail pipes at morn,
The merry partridge drums in hidden plac
And glittering insects gleam
Above the reedy stream
Where busy spiders spin their flimsy laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall
Across the garden wall,
And on the clus ered grapes to purple turning
And pearly vapors lie
Along the eastern sky
Where the broad harvest moon is redly burning Ah, soon on field and hill The winds shall whistle chill patriarch swallows call their

Yet, though a sense of grief. Comes with the falling leaf, nemory makes the Summ

memory makes the Sum pleasant, In all my Autumu dreams

gether
To fly from frost and snow,
And seek for lands where blow
The fairer blossoms of a balmier weathe

The pollen-dusted bees
Search for the honey-lees
That linger in the last flowers of Sep
While plaintive morrning doves
Coo saily to their loves
Of the dead Summer they so well rei to me any longer in this strain." The cricket chirps all day, "O, fairest Summer, stay! uirrel eyes eskance the chest ing; The wild-flower fly afar Above the foamy bar And hasten Southward ere the skies are frow ing. Through the dark cedar trees ound about my temples fondly linge. In gentle playfuiness Like the soft caress wed in happier days by loving tingers.

The red spots faded off the mother's cheeks. The keen light went out of

[Harper's Magazir

Literary. A LESSON FOR PARENTS. Hurting a Child's Heart. "I don't expect anything of my chil-The tone was fretful, with a quantity of accusation. The face of the speaker wore an injured look. A boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age sat reading. He moved un-

easily, as if pain had disturbed him; but he did not lift his eyes from the pages on which they were resting. The harder a mother slaves for her children the less they care for her." The boy moved again, almost with a start, as though the pain-felt an instant

before had suddenly increased. "All children are thankless!" So the speaker kept on talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy. "Not all," answered the friend.

have a mother, but I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so." There are exceptions to all rules; and,

besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart, indeed, into which she did not inspire

"Love begets love; that is the old trite story; and as true to-day as it was a nd years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless towards their parents-if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and treating them with neglect the fault in most cases rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in their children a eves."

There followed this a dead silence for some moments. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

"Edward," said she, "I don't like boys in my bed-room. Go down stairs.' This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone had changed considera-

bly.

The boy arose without hesitation and left the room.
"I don't think it's always good to

talk before children," remarked the lad's mother as soon as he had retired. A proper regard to our language and conduct before children," was answered, "is a theory of the gravest considera-

tion. They have keen instincts-their eyes are sharp-they read us and know us sometimes better than we know our-"They are sharp enough, I suppose but not so sharp as all that," was an-

swered. "I am not one of those that make children of so much importance." Our estimation in the case will not alter the result, my friends. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children so will they be to us Love begets love and kindness good will. If we do not hurt them wantonly, they will not in turn wound us by neglect.' "Hurt them wantonly! I am that I get your meaning!"

"Are you surprised much that Tom Baldwin made his escape from home at the first good opportunity?"

Well, I looked for it, I must con fess: but that don't excuse him. He's proved himself to be an ungrateful boy, after all his mother has done for him. But, as I said a little while ago, all children are thankless. I don't calculate anything from mine. They'll grow up, and scatter themselves East and West; getting off as far from home as possible, and I'll probably be left to an asylum or to the poor-house when I get old and helpless.

"You talk in that way before you children?" said the friend.

"They know my sentiments." "So I inferred. In that way yo hurt them. You put their future on trial, and write out a verdict of condemnation, when it is impossible for them to vindicate themselves against your cruel charges. I saw your boy stand and writhe a little while ago, under your sharp thrusts at him. He was no party to Tom Baldwin's unfilial act: and it was a hard thing in you, my friend, to make Tom's delinquency the occasion for smiting your own son, whom you may bind to you, if you will, by triple cords of love not to be broken; or push away to a distance, where he can feel no warmth or no attraction. Take care! You are on dangerous

ground." "Oh, you make too much of children." was answered, but with a little obstruc-

tion in manner. "They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions. Tender to love, but hard or resentful toward all unkindness. They are creatures of feeling rather than thought, not generally holding malice, but rarely losing the memory of pain from unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that in a large number of cases, where children neglect their parents in old age the cause lies just

"All of which is simply vindictive," said the lad's mother, "and a poor compliment to human nature."

"Human nature doesn't often suffer unjustly through hard judgment," was answered. "But I am not offering an

after the cause. To prevent is better were wet, her face pale, her lips curved than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed. Is it not much the wiser course for us to make sure of our children's love in future by offering them love in the

present?" "You speak as though I didn't love the woman's cheeks. There were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick temper.

-each expresses itself in a different way. These signs everybody knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Edward feels that you do not love him?" "Who says that he feels so?" The

mother started. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face. "Must it not be that you withhold too often the signs of love?"

"I shall get angry at you, if you talk "No, my dear friend, you must not get angry at me. Too many sweet memories of the past are shared between us. Bear with me, now, as one to you an incident that occurred in my nouse only yesterday? It is under the warrant of this incident, that I have ventured on the plainness of speech

which has disturbed you."

"Go on," she said, her voice dropping lown from its sharp key.

"Edward had called to see the children. We always like to have him come. He is never rude, nor coarse in his manners, but gentlemanly in his bearing beyond what is usually seen in lads of his age. I have more than once compared him with my oldest son, and wished that John resembled him in many things. The two boys werein the parlor alone. John, I am sorry to say, is not always to be trusted. He is over curious, and apt to meddle with things that should be sacred from his touch. Recently he has become interested in insects, and has begun to collect and preserve them.

There was a vase of wax flowers on the mantel-piece, the ingenious maker of which had placed several imitations of moth and beetles among the leaves The vase was covered with glass. John's new formed interest in etomology had given a special attraction to these moths and beetles; and on this occasion he went so far as to lift the glass covering, that he might obtain a closer view. In venturing to do this, one of those accidents that so frequently happen with children and grown up people when they are not doing just right, occurred. The glass shield slipped from John's hand, and cracked to pieces on the floor. The noise startled and excited me. went hastily to the parlor and saw at a glance the damage which had been done, and also comprehended the cause of the disaster Edward looked pale and frightened; John flushed and grieved. Repentance and self-condemnation had me with accident. Even through my indignation, which could not be stayed, I saw that. Hard words were struggling to come through my lips but I repressed them. Experience warned me to keep

silence until I could speak calmly, and

under influence of reason. I stood for a few moments, looking at the shivered glass, and then, without trusting my lips to say anything, went out for the dust pan and brush. I was glad that I controlled myself. It is my xperience that scolding always does harm; and even when it works correction of bad habits, I am certain that a different way would have been better. was quite self-possessed when I returned. As I stopped to gather up the broken fragments of glass, John came up close to me. I did not speak to, nor look at him. Edward had drawn back to a distant part of the room. Silently the work of collecting the pieces of glass went on, John standing near me all the while. It was done and I was about rising, when I felt his arm across my shoulder. "I'm so sorry," he said in a penitent voice, laying his face down against mine, which I had turned towards him. "It was wrong to touch it I know; but I thought would be so careful. I can't tell what nade it slip out of my hand." " Accidents are almost sure to happen with us, my son," I answered, gentle, but seriously, "when we are doing what is not right. Let this disaster stand as a lesson for the future." "You shall take my money and buy a new case mother,'

he answered, in aspirit of manly justice that was grateful to my ears. "If this little experience will make you more careful about doing right," I returned, none of us will very deeply regret the accident." He put his arms around my neck and kissed me. I kissed him in return, and then went out, thanking God in my heart, that he had helped me to self-control in a moment of trial, when

passion would have hurt my boy-Not long afterwards I heard the boys talking together. Edward said, "If it had been my mother, she would have scolded at me until I was mad enough to break everything in the house. Why didn't your mother scold you?" "Because she loves me, and knows that scolding wouldn't make me half so sorry as what I am." "I wish that my mother loved me," said Edward, in a tone of voice so sad and longing that it

brought tears into my eyes." The mother of Edward caught her breath at this. Her lips moved as if she were about to speak; but she repressed what was in her thoughts, and kept silent.

"Of course your mother loves you," answered John. So the friend continued. But Edward said, "No I'm sure she doesn't love me." "Why do yousay that," questioned John. "If she oved me she wouldn't be always scolding me, and hurting me by bad words, no matter what I do. Oh, John, if I nad such a mother as you, I'd be the happiest boy alive! I'd do anything for her."

There was a silence for some time. It was broken by the friend, who said: "Forgive me having told you this. The wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy. Forgive what may seem exaltation of myself above you. He who knows my heart knows that in it there is no pride of superiority. He who knows how weak I am, how often I fall short, how near it was to bearing me down yesterday. It was in His strength, that I overcame and helped my boy instead of hurting him. In His

flower athirst for the dew and rain," The mother of Edward buried her face into her hands. For a little her body. shook with half choked sobs. Then apology for hershortcomings, only look she looked up at her friend. Her eyes

strength you may overcome also, and

win the love of a child whose heart is

athirst for your love, as is the drooping

Artemus Ward's Autobiography.

with pain and grief. "You are not hurt with me?"

infolinced possession. Only on hanges from all parts of the Aller Aller vertices processed to the process of the Aller and the process of the Aller and Alle

"No, no," she answered. "Not with you, but with myself. What have I been doing? What madness has possessed me? I know that love begets my children." A dark stain marked love—that in Mrs. Howitt's beautiful words it has readier will than fear. I know, also, that hardness begets hardness; that driving is more difficult and "Every feeling has its sign," was calmly replied. "Love, anger, dislike knowing all this, I have sought to rule my children by passion and force; to drive instead of leading them into the right ways. No, no. I am not hurt with you. For all this plain speaking, which I so much heeded, I thank you from the depth of my heart. If it is not better with both me and my children in future, it will not be my fault. But

t shall be better!" And it was better. How quickly all changed under a new order of home government. Love and kindness found swift obedience where anger and harshness had met obstruction. Sunshine dropped in through a hundred places, which had been closely barred agains who holds you in her heart. Shall I tell | its sweet influences; and Edward wondering at the pleasant change, drew nearer and nearer to his mother, and felt that she loved him.

O, love! sweet to all hearts. Ye who should give of its treasures, see to it that your hand fail not in its dispensation. It has signs peculiarly its own which are never mistaken. If you would win love hang out the sign.

Marriage and Divorce in Poland.

One day a cousin of Count S---arrived; he and his wife were hardly seated when another couple were announced. They seemed all to be on most friendly terms. In the evening one of the gentlemen played at cards with the two ladies, and a third, who was staying at Ostrowski, when he arrived. Countess S---- said to me: "Is it not curious to see my cousin Alexander playing cards with his three

wives?" "His three wives!" I exclaimed

'surely you jest."
"Notatall," she answered. "Nothing s more common here. He now regrets having been divorced from the first; he liked her best; but she had also married again. They are all very friendly and agreeable to one another." Countess -continued: "You will hardly meet a person in the country who has not been married more than once. The Russians reproach us on our facility for divorce, as they marry for life; we, for as long as we please. It is better than living together on ill terms."

This seemed very startling to me, but t is a fact of which I was convinced rom personal observation.

One bitterly cold day, when the very aspect out doors was enough to make one shudder, Countess S----, Fraulein Muller and I, were making artificial flowers; Anna, who braved I know not how many degrees of cold, was gone a sledge excursion with her father. As we were seated near the window, we saw a sledge drawn by six horses coming up the avenue. We were wondering who the courageous visitor could be, when the beautiful Countess A----, a near neighbor, was announced. On en-

tering, she said to Countess S---: "I have not a moment to stay, and have something very important to say; my husband intends proposing for your daughter; he is an excellent man, so I beg of you not to let any delicacy of sentiment on my account be an obstacle to their union. I have already obtained my divorce, and am on the eve of contracting another marriage. I leave for Varsovie this evening. Adieu, dear

So saying she disappeared as quickly as she entered. I own that if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, I could not have been more surprised. Fraulein Muller and I, who had stood up to leave the room, had not time to gain the door ere the communication was made. Countess S-- begged of us to remain, and as soon as her friend left, observed, without seeming the least amazed at what she had heard, that Count Awas too old for Anna. Undoubtedly he has a very large fortune, but, added she, ' we have almost given our word to another person." She evidently was nowise shocked at the strange announcement. Accordingly, Count A- did come next day, made a formal demand,

and was refused. Anna's opinion coin-

ciding with that of her parents. One of the maids was married one evening according to the rites of the Greek Church. I remarked that, after the benediction, the priest, laying the hand of the bride in that of the bridegroom, bound them together with his stole; then, taking the other end, led them round the church. This ceremony is symbolical of their being united for the journey of life. The contrast between Russian and Polish ideas struck me forcibly on my return. Entering the drawing room, I perceived that a picture had been added to the collection of family portraits; the most conspicuous is that of an officer in uniform, holding very ostentatiously in one hand a snuff box; this, it appears, is a Russian decoration, given by Nicholas to Countess S---'s father, who had been Marechal de la Noblesse.— On one side is the portrait of her mother, and on the other she has just placed that of a very stately-looking lady. She says it is the portrait of her father's wife, whom she is expecting on a visit. She tells me that during lifetime this lady and her husband frequently spent some time with them, and it was on one of these occasion that her father had this portrait taken and placed beside his own, and that each time she places it there to please her. The state of society, so different

difficult to understand how it can be tolerated. My neighbor at breakfast, a young lady they called Countess Marie, frequently appears as if she were ready for the opera or a ball, as far as concerns her head-dress. She is rather pretty, and was to have been married to a person she met here last year and accepted: but when he went to obtain her parents' consent, instigated by her, they refused, as she had changed her mind. The gentleman, furious at being so duped, as he considered it, declared that he would shoot any one who dared propose for his fickle lady love: so his rival retired, as do all admirers as soon as they become aware of the danger they expose themselves to in seeking the young lady's hand. I heard some one say: Poor Countess Marie will be obliged

from that of other nations, is peculiar to

to that of Poland. It is a matter of the

BY HIMSELF.

EW YORK, NEAR 5TH AVENOO HOTEL, NEW YORK, NEAR 5TH AVENOO HOTEL, Org. 31ct. DEAR SIR—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can rite my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that an article onto my life, grammartivelly inched and avenue. grammattycally jerked and properly punktooated, would be a addition to the Wherever the modern Briton goes, he carries with him, as a kind of liquid talisman, his bottled beer. He has been agois literatoor of the day.

To the youth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnikle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center ole, causin in Rahway, N. J., a discrimininating mob to say humbugs would not go down in them village. The ox resumed agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at given Blindman concerts; appearin as the poor blind man myself. But the infamous cuss who I hired to lead me round town cuss who I here to lead the rotate two in the day time to excite sympathy drank freely of a spirituous liquor unknown to me one day, and while under them infloence he lead me into the canal. I had to either tear the bandige from my eyes or to be drowned. I tho't 'd restore my eyesight.
In writin about these things, Mr. Ed-

ter, kiner smooth 'em over. Speak o 'em as eccentrissities of gen'us.

My next venture would have bin success if I hadn't tried to do too much. got up aseries of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figger of Old Sock would be popular with eddycated peple, but unfortnitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U. S. Army regulation cap on him, which people with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was unfornit in other respecks. At a certain town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble A. Perkins. who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created an intense toomit, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollofy 'em. I told them that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alas! it was of no waster to the charge in similarness. I tried to mollofy 'em.

avail. I was forced to leave, and I in-fer from from an article in the Adversays, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he stills brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his wax works unlikely way or gold they be he considered. reliable. We are glad that he has conluded to never revisit our town, altho' incredible as it may appear, the fellow reelly did contemplate so doing last summer; when still true to the craven in-stincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the Street to know what would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again.

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudiss still exists again me in that I will not speak of my once being in straitened circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavoring to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath school pic-nics, to sing ballads adapted to the understanding of little children, accompanyin myselfon a clai-ronett—which I forgot where I was one day, singin instead of "Oh, how pleasant

to be a little child. "Rip, snap—set 'em upagain, Right in the middle of a three cent ple which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironett except making it howl dismal, broke up the pic-nic, and children said in voices cho-ked with sobs and emotions where was their home and where was their and I said be quiet dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angryly, "Good heavens, forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones unless it is much desirable for them to expire igminyusly up to a mur-

derer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it De Berrid into Oblivyon.

In your article, Mr. Editor, please tell 'em what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to kriticise my Show. speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin curiosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission.

I have thus far spoke of myself exloosivly as an exhibiter.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As an infant I attracted much attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much t nose!" The young ladies would carry me around in their arms, sayin I was "mozzer's bezzy darlin and a sweety 'eety ittle ting." It was nice tho' I 'eety ittle ting." It was nice tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I am a healthy old darlin' now.

I have allers sustained a good moral.

character. I was never a railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly

confine myself to truth in my small bills, I hav bin gradooally growin re-spectabler ev'ry year. I love my chil-dren and mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly b'lieve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe meetin take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any with a thousand dollars in my vest

My temperament is billious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser, my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-heded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door nabor is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you alittle story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last Spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your own house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and builta reg'lar Pulpit in his setting room. He had the jiners in his house over four days. in nis nouse over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe, is very busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers

them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr. Ed'ter. If you should giv' my portrait in con. nection with my Bogfry, please have me ingraved in a languishin' attitood, on a marble pillar, leaving my

Trooly yours, ARTEMUS WARD. The Greenland Violins.

A missionary stationed in Greenland wrote some years ago: "In the house of a helper-brother, with whom I stayed over night, on one of my visits to the out-dwellers, I saw two violins utmost surprise to strangers, and most | hanging on the wall. I took one of them, which was small and neatly made, and found that it had a very sweet tone. "Where did you get this violin?" I asked. "My son made it." was the reply. The boy is only four-teen years old. I took the other from the wall, and supposed it had been imported from Europe, because it was beautifully finished, and had a very

good tone. I askedagain, "but where did you buy this one?" "Buy?" said the helper; "I made it myself." While I still keep my eyes fixed on him in astonishment he took the violin out of my hand, and played, very correctly, some of our hymn tunes. When I expressed my pleasure and surprise, he complained of having no more hair for his bow; for said he, "my wife will not part with any more, and indeed I have deprived her o much, that she is determined to the little that is left." Thus his to go to England to get married! The keep the little that is left." Thus his Finglish are so original, such oddities wife had furnished him with hair for that the strangeness of the circumstances his bow, and the seals with strings for will tempt them."

Miscellaneous.

Beer vs. Tea.

The Bondon Telegraph, in an article on the taxes, takes occasion to say some thing about beer, (of which the Eng lishman is so fond,) and compares i with tea, the duty of which has lately been reduced. The writer says:

known to take it to the Arctic regions and, when it became frozen, to serve out almost by the square inch; and h is particularly fond of it in Bengal, where the imprisoned beverage strives to escape from the repressing cork with the impetuosity of a greyhound straining at the leash.

With an impartial catholicity of pal-

ate the votary of the amber ale loves to see its "beaded bubbles winking at the brim," and yet is never forgetful of the darker charms possessed by porter or stout. Boating men—whenever they are not under strict training-cricketers and the whole of the many English sporting community, are sensible alike to the charms of the long, thin, narrow glass, the simple and unassuming tumbglass, the simple and unassuming tumb-ler, and the thorough-going pewter pot. The prudent and industrious me-chanic prefers the wholesome brew of native malt and hops to the fiery, for-eign distillations that madden the brain

nd shatter the nerves. and shatter the nerves.

The statistics of beer drinking are simply stapendous. Mr. Gladstone, after making all, the deductions that occurred even to his peculiarly exact and analytical intellect, computed that every adult male in England consumed the astourding quantity of six hundred. astounding quantity of six hundred quarts per annum. Our beer drinking, indeed, is like our national debt—at once a shame and a glory. No other European people owes so much as Great Britain, and yet no other nation pays its way so honorably; no other could swallow so much malt liquor, and go on with its work so soberly. Truly, beef with its work so soberly. Truly, beef and beer are great, and have had a great deal to do with our success. Despite all the arguments and invectives of the the arguments and invectives of the agitators who advocate what is paradoxically described as a "permissive bill" on account of its prohibitory character, we adhere to our faith that sound, honest, malt liquor does far more good than harm; nor should we dream of opposing any system of financial legislation which would make it cheaper without inflicting an extra burden upon the community.

community.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, maintained that the rich drank very little; but the statement can only very little; but the statement cah only apply to the rich who have attained a certain age, and the honorable gentleman would simply have to go down to the grand University which he represents, to see that "in life's morning march, when the spirit is young"—before the muscles have grown flacid, before the digestion is impaired, before melancholy and dysnepsia have marked melancholy and dyspepsia havemarked the victim for their own—the sinewy undergraduate retains his traditional liking for malt liquor. But if beer is beautiful and beneficial in its way, what shall be said of tea? Were Mr. Mill's idea of woman suffrage to be carried into effect, we should like to know what audacious legislator would dare to tax the Chinese plant? By all means, let paterfamilias, that noble being, enjoy his glass familias, that noble being, enjoy his glass of ale, and let the boys preserve in their sensible allegiance to Bath, and Allsop, and Barclay; but hath not Congou its claims? Is Southong to be slighted, Hyson to be exorbiantly taxed?

In answer to the Shakespearean query Dost thou think, because thou ar virtuous, there shall be no more cakes " the women of England may fairly ask, "Dost thou think, because thou art not particularly virtuous, and requirest cakes and ale, there shall be no more buns and bohea?" Out upon the unchivalric finance that would not the unchivatre inhance that would not confess the justice of the feminine appeal! The teacup, after all, is even more important than the pewter pot; and there is one great fact to be borne in mind, namely, that by reducing the teachers are the declaration. luty we really do cheapen the price the commodity to a degree that renders the boon of practical benefit both to rich and poor, whilst the revision of the malt tax would confer even upon the thirst-iest of "thirsty souls" a nearly infinites-

simal advantage. Courting in Iowa.

The following circumstances happen ed in Cedar county, Iowa: A certain young man being out on a courting expedition, came late on Sunday evening, and in order to keep his secret from his young acquaintances de-termined to be at home bright and early Monday morning. Mounted on his horse, dressed in his fine white summer pants and other fixings in proportion, he arrived at the residence of his inamorata, where he was kindly received and his horse properly cared for—being turned into pasture. The night passed away and three o'clock in the morning arrived.

Three o'clock was the time for him to

depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallied forth to the pasture to catch his horse, but there was a difficulty—the grass was high and loaded with dew. To venture in with white pantaloons on, would rather take the starch out of them and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in with his white unmennot do to go in with his white unmentionables, so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of solve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable whites and placed them safely on the fence, while he gave chase with unscreened pedal through the wet

grass after his horse.

Returning to the fence where he had Returning to the fence where he had safely suspended his lily unmeationables, 0, horrible dictu! what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a horse, but a calf pasture too, and the naughty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and, calf-like, had eaten them up! Only a few well-chewed fragments of this once valuable portion of the wardrobe remained—only a few of the wardrobe remained—only a few threads—just sufficient to indicate what they once had been! What a pickle was this for a nice young man to be in!

It was now daylight, and the farmers were up, and our hero far from home with no covering for his "travelling apparatus." It would not do to go back to the house of his lady-love, neither to go to town in that plight. There was only one resource left to him; that was to secret himself in the bushes for some to secret himself in the bushes for some time, and it may be imagined that his feelings toward the calf kind were not of the most friendly character in consensure. But are long his scalarion sequence. But, ere long, his seclusion

was destined to be intruded upon. By and by the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remnants of the identical white garment which had adorned the lower life of the identical the lower life of their late visitor. their isse visitor.

They were mangled and torn to shreds! An inquest was immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the man. The neighbors were beraian the man. The heighfors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the posse, with dogs and arms, set out with all speed. The pasture was throughly scoured, and then the adjacent thickets, when lo! our hero was driven from his lair by the keen seent of the dogs, all safe and sound, minus the linen. An explanation then ensued at the

of our hero, but he was succes ful in the end and married the lady, and is now lying comfortably in one of the dourishing towns of Iowa. An orator, in appealing to the "bon-

and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural inter-ests of the country, and well may I love them. fellow-citizens, for I was born farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use afigurative expression, my friends I may say I was raised between two rows of corn than a man of mineral

The Rebel Cotton Loan in England. Many of the holders of the rebel cotton loan in England avoided the recent meeting in London, evidently for fear of an exposure of their individual complicity in the rebellious transaction. As the London journals therefore seem to be at a loss to know who the happy speculators are, they will be enlightened by the following list of some of the British subjects who have thus invested

with an estimate of the losses sustained by them respectively:-150,000 Thomas Sterling Bignee, 3° Mailsion
House place, London, shipowner.
The blarquis of Bath.
James Spence, Liverpool, correspondent
of the Times, (under initials)...
Mr. Besford Hope.
George Edward Seymour, stock broker,
Throgmorton street, London.
Messrs. Fernie
Alexander Collie and partners...
Girectors of Union Bank, London, (together)...

gether...
W. S. Lindsey...
Sir Coutis Lindsey, Baronet....
John Laird, M. P., Birkenhead
M. B. Sampson, city editor, Tim. M. B. Sampson, city editor, Times.
John Thaddeus Delane, editor, Times.
Lady Georgiania Time, (sister of Lord Westmoreland).
J. S. Gilliat. Director of Bank of England

Gregory, M. P.
Ridout, proprietor London Morning Post..... Edward Ackeroyd...

The attitude of the United States Govrument on the subject is plainly set forth in the following official letter: MR, SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, March 12, 1865. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Esq. : CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, P.SQ.:

SIR: An impression is understood to prevail in Europe, especially among the holders of the insurgent loan, for which cotton was pledged as security, that in the event of the restoration of peace in this country this government will assume the public debt referred to. It is believed, however, that no impression could be more than the public of the period of the public debt referred to. public debt referred to. It is benoved, however, that no impression could be more erroneous. There is no likelihood that any part of that debt will be assumed or recognized by the United States Government. It is proper and advisable, therefore, that by any proper means at your command you should authoritatively undeceive the public is England on this point. n England on this point

I am, your obedient servant, WILLIAM H. SEWARD. MR. SEWARD TO MR. ADAMS.
DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, August 10, 1865.)
Charles Francis Adams, Esq., &c.:
Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge th CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, ESG., ACC.
SIR-II have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch, No. 1,022, together with papers which contain an interloctury decree which has been made by the Vice Chancellor in the suit of the United States against Prioleau and others, which suit was instituted for the recovery of one thousand three hundred and fifty-six bales of cotton. A copy of the Vice Chancellor's reasons for the Interlocutory is found among the same papers. The Vice Chancellor is understood to have affirmed the title of the United papers. The Vice Chancellor is understood to have affirmed the title of the Unite stood to have affirmed the thick of the Chief.
States to the property in question. It is
with the judgment of the Vice Chancellor,
and not with the reasons he assigns for such
judgment that the United States are concerned. In this view of the subject, it might seem proper for this government to leave the subject unnoticed. The frankness, how the subject unnoticed. The frankness, however which ought to be practised in the proceedings of States, requires an explanation of the views which this government has taken of the questions which the Vice Chancellor has discussed in his reasons before mentioned. The United States do not admit that the combination of disloyal citizens, who have raised the standard of insurrection, is now or has at any previous time been a government de facto, or in any sense a political power, capable of taking, holding, giving, assenting or maintaining corporate rights in any form, whether municipal or informational. It is true a different view of the character of the insurgents has seemed to find favor with some portions of the British matish and even with the British government. It must be remembered, however, that as often as that antagonistical opinion has been advanced by her Britannic Majesty's government in its intercourse with the United States, is taken been as firmly, though, as we trust, as to recovery denied. of the views which this govern with the United States, it has been as firmly, though, as we trust, as controver and deny the declaration of the Vice Chancellor that they are "successors" of the rebellice; and, on the contrary they maintain that they are now and during all the time of the problem on have been just what they were bofere the rebellion began—asovereign State, absolutely entitled to the regulation and control of all property and persons within the United States, subject only to the limitations of their own constitution. It need hardly be said that the United States will hold themselves under no obligation, whatever to accept of or to so conform their proceedings to the condi-

be said that the United States will hold themselves under no obligation, whatever to accept of or to so conform their proceedings to the conditions which the Court of Chancery, or any other municipal Court of Great Britain, may have the presumption to dictate or prescribe in the present or any other litigation. They claim and insist upon the restoration of the cotton now in question, and while they are content to receive it through the decree of the municipal tribunals of Great Britain they insist upon their absolute right to the the municipal tribunals of Great Britain they insist upon their absolute right to the same through the action of ner Britannie, Majesty's government. You may instruct the counsel who are acting in behalf of the United States the views herein expressed. Her Majesty's government have not in any way, made themselves responsible for the positions assumed by the Vice Chancellor, and therefore it would seem not only unuecessary but even improper to bring, at the present time, the subjects herein discussed to use attention of Earl Russell. If, howevpresent time, the subjects herein to the attention of Earl Russell. to the attention of Earl Russell. If, however, you should discover that her Majesty er, you should discover that her majesty ministers are laboring under any misupprehension of the views of this government which should seen to need correction, you will supply anch correction upon a proper occasion, and in a friendly and courteous manufacture. I am sir, your obedient servant,

manner. I am, sir, your obedient serval WILLIAM H. SEWARD The Ravages of the Cnolera in Constanti

nople. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Constantinople under date of the 23d August, says tha in fifty days the deaths by cholera amounted to not less than 50,000. Some days the deaths averaged three thousand a day. The authorities did not publish the wholenumber of deaths on any occasion. More than one hundred thousand many leads the eity. The city. casion. More than one mainted amount and people have fied the city. The city, instead of being a mart of trade, is a wast hospital. At certain pointed and naked, have been literally piled up by scores waiting transportation to the burial places. One of the cholera hospitals on the old city wall next the sea had a slide arranged down which the dead bodies were shot into boats to be buried in th

only one death has occurred in the little American colony here. The young-est son of the Rev. Mr. Washburne died two weeks ago, after a few hours' illness. The American missionaries roted themselves tot he care of the sick and dying among the poorer classes and under their treatment hundreds o lives have been saved. While the aver age mortality in the city has been about sixty-five per cent. of those attacked under the treatment of the American missionaries the mortality has not ex-ceeded five per cent., or setting aside all those lighter cases which might be classd as cholerine.

The cholera has not followed

known laws in its progress here. It has been supposed that it avoided high and airy localities, but here it has raged with the greatest severity in some of the high-est, best ventilated, and most cleanly quarters of the city, while in previous nidemicanot a single case had occurred. Another singular fact is that the mor-tality among the Europeans has been much greater since the decline of the disease than it was when it was at its height. Another fact is, that those who have

fled from infected districts, in perfect health, have generally been attacked with disease as soon as they reached their new and before that healthy place of refuge. "I mourn for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to Gen-

candidates. The latter are abundantly able to take care of themselves if they could have a fair chance of being heard. Colonel Davis has some advantage in his respect. In his paper, the Doylesown Democrat, of this week we find the ollowing article: Mr. Darlington in the last week's In-

Colonel Davis' Position During the War-How he is Misrepresented.

The Abolition newspaper press of this

State is now engaged in most shame

fully misrepresenting not only the po-

sition of the Democratic party, but our

telligencer, made a wonderful display of two editorials that appeared in the Doylestown Democrat on the 23d and 30th of August, 1864. While he does not say it in so many words, he leaves the impression on the public mind that they were written by us. Mr. Darling-ton knows that when they were pub-lished we were not connected with the Domocrat as editor or publisher. What Domocrat as editor or publisher. Whatever is objectionable or acceptable in the articles must rest with Dr. Mendenhall, who was both editor and publisher. We did not edit the paper nor control it from the time we left home with our regient in the fall of 1861, until our agree nert with Dr. Mendenhall terminated the close of December, 1864. We simply the close of December, 1864. We simply protest against being misrepresented—we are willing to bear our own sins, but not those of other people. As Mr. Darlington is so exceedingly anxious to tell the public what somebody else said, and hold us responsible for it, we wonder if hels equally willing to publish what we did say and for which we are responsible.

If he or anybody else wants to know the companion on the terms we were will-

our opinion on the terms we were will-ing to grant the rebels, it will be found below, an in extract from a letter we wrote from camp and published over our own signature : From the newspapers we occasion

ally receive from the North, we learn that in some quarters there is a cry of peace. Peace that follows the over throw of the rebellion, and the submis-sion of the rebels to the constituted authorities is wished for by all, and by none more ardently than the officers and soldiers in the field; but we wil not consent to any other. that the legislatures of some of the loyal States have before them resolutions ask ing a suspension of arms, that negotiations may be opened with the rebels. How joyously would we all hail a reunion of the States, but this road will only in the states. never reach it. Such a measure will only prove a disgraceful failure. The rebels will scorn every proposition that does not yield their unconditional independence—and who is prepared for this ence—and who is prepared for this— until they are whipped and compelled to give up the contest? They have staked their all upon the issue, and no honeyed words can shake their determination. Without doubt, many honest, patriotic nen favor the plan of a National Convention, where delegates from all the States will assemble and settle our states will assemble and settle out-troubles by negotiation, upon the basis of reunion. But they were never more in error; and if they but knew it, are favoring a permanent division of the country. I do no believe politicians can ever settle our difficulties, for they had or settle our difficulties, for they have too much hand in bringing them upon us. The best negotiators are powder and ball. There is but one sentiment upon this subject in the army, which is, no terms, or any act which approaches terms with the rebets until they are their arms. If the soldiers proaches terms with the rebets until they lay down their arms. If the soldiers who face danger in the field can afford to wait for this time to come, certainly those who are safe at home ought to be able to do it. It is to be hoped that the able to do it. It is to be noted that of the Legislature of Pennsylvania will make no humiliating proposition upon the subject of peace, while the rebels are in arms against us. The contest can only be settled by the sword. No honest minded, patriotic man should favor any course of action that does not have for

its object the overthrow of the wicked men who are banded together to destroy men who are banded together to destroy our Government."

While we were supporting the Gov-ernment in the field, and the editors of the Intelligencer enjoying the comforts of their home, their attacks upon us were so bitter and persistent that in November, 1863, we addressed them a public letter in reply. In this was the following paragraph about our responsibility for what was published in the

emocrat:
"Whatever you may think wrong in that paper rests with Dr. Mendenkall, its editor and publisher, except what has appeared over my own signature. It has not been my organ, nor spoken for me, since I left it, more, than two for me, since I lett it, more than two years ago. You, as an editor, know that in leaving my paper in the charge of a gentleman in whom I had confidence, I was bound, in good faith, to place its management entirely in his hands, since I expected to be so far research that two interference might moved that my interference might prove an injury rather than a benefit, while in no way relieving him of the responsibility he assumed. Though owner of the paper, with the exception of my right to the profits, for all practical reviews it is proved by the profit of my hands.

al purposes it passed out of my hands "I do not know a political newspape anywhere which is conducted just to my notions, and for whose sentiments I should like to be field responsible." We were a Democrat when we went into the war, and expected to remain one through all the changes of the con-flict. When volunteers were called for nict. When volunteers were called for in 1861, it was not then announced that it was necessary to change one's polities to become a soldier, but it seems this was expected before the war was half over. The *Democrat* supported Mr. Lincoln's policy until he changed it to suit the radicals, when it combatted them. Although his new policy did not square with our ideas, we did not let that interfere with our duty to the country, and we remained in service. country, and we remained in service.— The *Intelligencer* ought to tell its readers that the *Democrat* was one of the first newspapers in Pennsylvania to combat the doctrine of secession; and when this dogma assumed the shape of rebellion we were among the first to take up arms to enforce our doctrine.—

They were content with engaging in a paper warfare, remote from the scene of danger.

We ask no favor from the Intelligencer or anybody else. Give us a clear track and fair play, and we will take care of ourself. We think the editor of that paper ought to be modest under the cir-

The Snake-Bite Case in Connecticut. The Litchfield Sentinel gives the particulars of the biting of Dwight, son Marvin S. Todd, of Bethlehem, on the 1st inst. He was sowing rye on the farm of Horace Cowles, and being thirsfarm of Horace Cowles, and being thirsty, started for a spring of water, as he jumped over a fence a copperhead or "chunkhead" snake fastened to his leg and refused to let go his hold until the going man pulled his body in twain. The youth, not thinking anything about the poisonous qualities of the enake, paid no attention to its bite until he hearn to grow dizzy. Having a few he began to grow dizzy. Having a fev ne segan to grow uzzy. Having a tew days previous read in a newspaper that alcohol was an antidote to the bite of a poiseners snake he started immediately for the chouse of Mr. Cowles, about a mile distant, where he knew there was fourth-proof cider brandy (unconscious ly carrying the tail of the reptile with him), but before reaching the house his tongue became so swollen that he had to breathe through his nostrils, and his strength gave out so that he could not walk, and for several rods he crawled

on his hands and knees. He succeeded in reaching the house, however, but un-fortunately the family was absent. He crawled around the house until he the cider brandy and drank about two quarts of it. This (if he lives) saved his quarts of it. This (if he lives) saved his life. He was attended by Drs. Davis, of Bethlehem, and Webb, of Woodbury, is now doing well, and strong hopes are entertained of his recovery. It is supposed that when Todd sprang over the fence he jumped upon the snake.

The President is still overwhelmed by ardon seekers. People who call upon him for other purposes complain that the eral Sheridan.

"So you ought, you soundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you." pardon-hinters monopolize all his time, and the seekers themselves do not make much headway.

Muscular Christianity--- A Good Story of Bishop Selwyn. idence of the Manchester Ex

In the autumn of 1857. I spent a few days in a country parsonage, and on the Sunday morning, at breakfast, the pastor's wife received a letter; which her ittering told us ground be at the first of the state of the tittering told us must be a tit-bit. tittering told us must be a tit-bit. "Ha, uncle," exclaimed she, "here are clerical doings exactly to your laste." The writer, a lady in a distant county, narrated that there had lately comeinto the next parish a new vicar—a very fine young man, who at school had no superior either in Greek or in boxing, and who at the university won honors for his classics and silver cups for his boating. He was beginning in earnest

nis classics and silver cups for his coating. He was beginning in earnest the work of an evangelist among a long-neglected, vicious, and brutal people. He had a plan, and a will; but many worthy folks were fearing that his many worthy folks were fearing that his zeal was without knowledge—or wis-dom, at any rate. One of his first measures was to open a school in a remote part of the parish, and get the room lipart of the parish, and get the room licensed for week-day preaching. But
all the drunkards rose against such unheard-of proceedings. They would run
after him, cursing and hooting, and discharging volleys of sods and other missiles. Finding remonstrance vain, he
adopted another course on the Wednesday evening in the week before I heard
the story. Making a stand in the middle of the road, at the entrance of the hamlet, just as the storm arose, and looking
the savages in the face, he addressed them
thus, in a firm, quiet voice which comthesavages in the face, headures set atem-thus, in a firm, quiet voice which com-manded their attention: "My good fel-lows, I have borne this patiently for some time, but now I must put a stop to it, and I'll do it in your own way.

to it, and I'll do it in your own way: Choose your best man, and we'll fight it out. If I beat, you'll give up, you know." They looked at him unbe-lievingly; but, throwing his coat on a bush, he added, "I am in earnest; send your man." The rufflans laid their your man." The ruffians laid their heads together, and then a burly giant stepped forth and stripped, and made a furious dash at his reverend challenger, who quietly parried the unskillful blows, and played with them for a few seconds. and played with them for a few seconds. But, then, a fist was planted in the peasant's chest, and he lay atfull length on the ground. Quickly gathering himself up, however, he skulked away to his companions. "Now send your next best, and I'll go through the lot of you." Again their heads drew together, and another threw down his jacket, going to work, however, with a more cautious work, however, with a more cautious energy. But at once a stomacher stretched him on the road. "Your next." Once more a conglomerate of dense pates was formed. "Bill, thee teak him." Bill eyed the hero askance, and shook his head. "Thee, Jim." A shake of the head from Jim also. "Dick, thee'll teck th' parson." A shake more decided, and a stiff "Nay, work, however, with a more cautious

shake of the head from Jim also. "Dick, thee'll teck th' parson." A shake more decided, and a stiff "Nay, nay, I'se see thee hung fust." And now the first one who was vanquished stood forward, and like a brave man called out, "I say, parson, yo're a rare young un, yo are. I'se tell thee what: we're going to hear you preach." And they all followed him along the little street, said the writer, and heard the Word quietly, adding, it remains to the Word quietly, adding, it remains to be seen what will become of the fight What did come of it? I heard, a long time afterward, that from that day the men doffed their hats and the women control and the children leghed and curtsied and the children looked awetricken when they met or passed him; that the church and schools were filled; that the beer-houses were nearly all shut up; and that a great moral and religious reformation was in progress. That gentleman had previously been the instrument of a like change in an equally demoralized parish. I may add that a few years back he was dearned the fittest of the state of the st the fittest clergyman in the Church to go out as bishop to a scene of great personal danger in a heathen country.

Luxury of the Ancients.

Galignani's Messenger of August 6 has the following: "The excavations at Pompeli going on with an activity, stimulated by the important discoveries made at alby the important discoveries made at almost every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffices to cover the cost of the works. Near the temple of Juno, of which an Near the temple of Julio, or wheth account was recently given, has just been brought to light a house, no doubt belonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze and marble. The couches of the triclinium or dining-room, are especially of ennium or dining-room, are especially of extreme richness. The flooring consists of an immense mosaic, well preserved in parts, and of which the centre represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, dinner. In the middle, on a large dish, may be seen a splendid peacock, with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird also of elegant plumage. Around them are arranged lobsters, one which holds a blue egg in its claws, a second an oyster, which appears to be tricased as it is over and covered with herbs: a third. ter, which appears to be the see as it is open and covered with herbs; a third, a rat farci, and a fourth, a small vase filled with fried grasshoppers. Next comes a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares and squirrels, which all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then placed between their fore feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters and olives, which in its turn is surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, meions, and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the triclinium are covered with freese paintings of birds fruits. with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game, and fish of all kinds, the whole interspersed with drawings which whole interspersed with that wings, when the whole not easy to describe. On a table of rare wood carving and inlaid with gold, marble, agate, and lapis luzuli, were found amphore with the control of th

to onyx." The Counterfeit Compound Interest

still containing wine, and some goblets

A careful scrutiny of the new coun A careful scruting of the new counterfeit one hundred dollar compound interest note by all the experts at the Treasury Department has convinced them that the note was printed from the original dies or bed pieces which were engraved outside of the Treasury at the commencement of the greenback manufacture. By the terms with the first engravers of the greenback plates the dies were to be given up to the Treasury Department when it chose to take the manufacture of currency into its own hands, Secretaries Chase and Fessenden each made demands for the plates during their term of office; but neither suc-ceeded in getting hold of all the stock, and of Mr. McCulloch to the Secretary-ship the engravers made a demand upon him for payment, alleging that they had delivered all the stock. The allegation was denied in a counter report from the Printing bureau, although by some chicanery the report never fell under the eye of the Secretary, and all transac-tions between outside engravers and the Treasury Department were closed and settled by the payment of the claim. The back of the new counterfeit note is made up from the back of a five per cost interest note of the same denomimade up from the back of a five per cent. interest note of the same denomination. The scroll and lathe work is alike, with the exception of the central portion where the interest is computed. The lettering of the computation is counterfeited. The balance of the back, it is believed, has been printed from the missing portions of the stock, which has somehow come into the possession of somehow come into the possession of the former. This opinion is shared by all experts in the Treasury save one, who thinks the spurious plate may have been obtained by the Appleton process of transferring. At all events, the one hundred dollar compound interest counterfeit is a dangerous one, being as good looking in most parts as those of our incle's own make

Righ Blood! Captain Welles, of the army, a son of Gideon Welles, and another loyal officer, are under arrest in Detroit, for entering the room where lodged two ladies connected with the English Operatroupe then in that city, and attempting to violate the ladies and all rules of decenge at the same time. There is decency at the same time.

much that is evil even in the much that is evin even in the God and morality party that even those heavenly advocates known as republican newspapers do not condemn. Yea, verily. This war has not improved people or bettered their and there are him.