## Literaru.

## What Came of a Valentine.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a large New York boarding-house. A bright fire glowing in the grate, well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the

room from an Argand burner. Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. - Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader. "Has it occurred to you, Wilbur, asked his partner, removing his cigar, and knocking away the ashes, morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store." "So did I, and to some purpose, too, as I will show you.'

Tom Stacy went to a drawer, and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an etaborate combination of hearts, doves, &c. "What do you think I gave for that?"

he asked. "I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant?"

"It cost me ten dollars." "Whew!" whistled Wilbur. strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad

by the receipt of this elegant missive?" That's my secret," said Tom, laugh-"I don't mind telling you, nowever. It's to go to Edith Castleton." "I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady ?"

Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, et la voto! Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?" "I had not thought of it," said John, thoughtfully, "but I believe I will." 'And what fair lady will you select

as the recipient?" "You remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house," "Yes, I have met her on the steps two

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I'll send her a valentine." 'And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy in surprise. "Wait till you see the kind of valen-

tine I will send." Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of paper, drew from his porte monnaie a ten-dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper on which he had previously written "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

There," said he, "my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome." You are right. I wish now I had

not bought this costly trifle. However, The next day dawned clear and frosty.

It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day. In an attic room, meanly furnished,

sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was cowering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very sufficiently. She was time as the cold blast shook the window and found its way through the crevices.

Poor child! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recoiled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought she con tinued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants. She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the postboy just brought, Miss Morris." "A letter for me!" repeated Helen

Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?" "Maybe it's a valentine, Miss," said the girl laughing. "You know this is

Valentine's day. More by token, I've karakter (caricature?) so mistress calls it. Just look at it." Bridget displayed a highly embel-

lished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash-tub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Helen Morris laughed absently, but

did not open her letter while Bridget remained-a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel. Helen slowly opened the envelope. A

bank note for ten dollars dropped from it on the floor. She eagerly read the few words on

the paper: "From St. Valentine." "Heaven be praised!" she said, folding her hands gratefully. "The sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view."

Eight years passed away. years with their lights and shadows their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children -they brought with them new-made graves-happiness to some and grief to

Toward the last they brought the grea commercial crisis of '57, when houses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that time all too well, when merchants with anxious faces, ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks? And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends-Stacy and

Wilbur? Up to 1857 these had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations, and were rapidly growing rich when

this crash came. They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was ur-

gently needed. By great efforts they had succeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted, they would be able to go on with assured con-

But; this alas! this was the rock on which they had most apprehension. | temporaries?"

They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required

"Look out for number one," superseded the golden rule for the time be-

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 1st of February. "How much have you got toward it?" asked Wilber, as Stacy came in at half-

past eleven. Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply. 'Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner, turning pale. "Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair. "Then the crash must come," Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must." There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They could see shore, but in sight of it

they must go down. At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger, It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained

tnese few words only: "If Mr. John Wilbur will callimme diately at No - Fifth avenue, he will learn somthing to his great advantage.

There was no signature. John Wilbur read it with surprise and passed it to his partner. does it mean, do you think?" "I don't know," was the reply, "but

I advise you to go at once." "It seems to be in feminine handwriting," said Wilbur, thoughtfully. "Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?" None.

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage, lately, that it will be a refreshing

variety.' In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horse car, and was on his way to No.-Fifth avenue. He walked up to the door of a mag-

nificent brown stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, superbly furnished. He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty,

entered, and bowing, said, "You do not emember me, Mr. Wilbur?" "No, madam," said he, in perplexity "We will waive that, then, and proseed to business. How has your house

borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down ?" John Wilbur smiled bitterly. "We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. "But the end has come. Unless we can raise a cer-

tain sum of money by two, we are "What sum will save you?" was the lady's question. The note due is two thousand dol-

ars. Toward this we have but three bundred and seventy-five." "Excuse me a moment," said nostess. She left the room, but quickly

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If sewing steadily, shivering from time to | you should require more, come to me again." "Madam, you have saved us," ex-

claimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired n you such abenevolent interest in our rosperity?" "Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur,

said the lady, "a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging-house, eight years since ?"

"I do, distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris." "She stands before you," was the

quiet response. 'You Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement You surrounded with luxury!" "No wonder you are surprised. Life

has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esthat. I married him. A year since he got two myself, this morning. One's a | died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my

debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris," John Wilbur advanced and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally

calling upon you?" "I shall be most happy," said Mrs Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and re turned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check, which he had just received "I haven't time to explain." he said

this must at once be cashed." Two o'clock came, and the firm was saved-saved from their last peril .-Henceforth they met with nothing but osperous gales. What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No. - Fifth A venue.

And all this came of a Valentine.

How to Cure a Felon. As we often see friends suffering with this very troublesome disease, we copy the following from an exchange, which highly recommended as a cure for it "As soon as the part begins to swell, get the tincture of lobelia and wrap the part affected with cloth saturated thorughly with this tincture, and the felon

dead. An old physician says he has

known it to cure in scores of cases, and

never fails if applied in season."

- A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the ase of an offender, began by saying: -"I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his con-

The Will. The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told in her youth, by no means as

a fiction, but as a real occurrence. She even once knew the name of the northern family concerned in it; but that, with the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter, and having never written down the story, she had no means of recovering them. However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier

than the last century. Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1830, a barristar of the Temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and the servant's announcement of "a gentlement," interrupted him. He cose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but exteremely old-fashioned appearance -He was dressed in a grave colored suit, of antique cut; a neat, tight, gray wig, surrounded his serious, and even solemn physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his equipment, which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered to him by his host; and, after a preparatory hem, thus began in a slow and serious manner: "I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by the Sfamily, whose property in Yorkshire, you are, therefore, aware is about to be

"I have, sir," answered the barrister, full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be per-

formed." "It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand; "the

property need not be sold." May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? I o, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate, in default of of a will to the contrary, and who desires its value in raoney, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable

to buy it, and must therefore depart." "You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily; "you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S--'s great grandfather, by which he not only left that, his real estate, to his favorite grandson, this gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great great great-

grandson." "Such a will, sir," said the barrister, ed for many year to exist: and, in virtue of it, Mr. Shas, until now, peaceably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S-- has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in the course of next week; and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers.'

" You are mistaken once again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; "I say, sir, the will exists. Go immediately," continued he, in an authoritative tone; "travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end room of the left wing, now un inhabited is a closet in the wall." "We have looked there," interrupte

the barrister. "Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what say; I saw the paper deposited there, no matter when or by whom. Go, you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S---. I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S--- Hall; but I am his relation, and

have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice.". So saying, the old gentleman rose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion that would have enchanted an elegante of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarkteemed him. He was 'satisfied with ed a very fine brilliantring, he descended the stairs and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then, again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he

must have possessed of the house, to be

able to describe the closet so exactly in

believe him be sincere. At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure and arrived on the evening of the fourth day, at S- Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through within twenty miles of his destination; nd much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his rights as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On the entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal everywhere met his eye. Packages take of in their old, regretted home.

filled the hall, servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about, and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to par-Mr. S. greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity, when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

"It cannot be," said he. "Is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention? Depend upon it. you have been deceived, my dear friend. I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble to so little purpose." The barrister mentioned the name of

his visitor. "Hugh S-!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing, "I have not a relation in the world of that name." "It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer, "and since I have so ignorant?" come so far, I will finish the adventure."

Mr. S--, seeing his friend so de termined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they crossed one of the rooms, in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-

length picture. "For heaven's sake, "My granduncle," returned Mr. Sa good old fellow as ever lived. I wish with all my heart he was alive now

The second of th

but he has been dead these thirty vears. "What was his name." "Hugh S-, the only one of the amily of that name." "That is the man who called upor

cried he, " who is this!"

me. His dress his hat, his very ring are there." They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, andfound the deed!

The kind old uncle was never again

The Slighted Scholar. Cases like the one I am about to re late are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. This incident was brought to my mind by the parent of a who had been grossly neglected simply because he was very poor and comparatively without friends!

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended school in the town of Among the scholars there was one named George Henry. His father was a poor, drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in conse quence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were all he had. He was rough and uncouth in manners, for he had been brought up in this way. He was very ignorant, for the simple reason that he never had the

opportunity of education. Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room; it was a back corner seat, away from the rest of the scholars-and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what intelligence there was in his countenance was beclouded by the "outer coverings" of the boy. He seldom played with other children, for they seemed to shun him, but when he for a while joined with them in their sports,

he was so rough that he was soon shoved out of the way. The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better attire, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and called him an "idle blockhead," because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, an idlenesss which begat his disposition to while away his time in mischief .-For this he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, simply because he was poor and ragged, an I with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitter ness, he plodded on his dark and path-

less way Thus matters went on for several Henry's age had passed to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled words of one or two syllables, and still kept his distant seat n the corner. His father had sunk deeper into the pit of inebriety, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance. was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that the great turning point of life was at hand. He stood now in the step of life from which the fate of after vears must take rest.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly, took charge of the school. He was an old teacher and careful observer of human nature, and really a good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed at the teacher's esk of our school, he was mostly devoted o watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the disposition of those with whom he had to deal Upon George Henry his eye rested with keen, searching glance, but evidently made little of him during the first day. yet on the second he paid more atten-

tion. It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in stringing flies upon a pin. He went to the boy's seat and reprimanded him for his idleness and took up the tattered book from the

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher. "No, sir," said the boy.

"How long have you been attending

"Ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher with much sever-"Do you realize how many years ity. you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? which the chest was, he could not but sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you a father and mother?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy in a hoarse subdued voice. "And do they wish you to grow up in

ignorance ?" The boy hung down his head and was silent; but Mr. Kelly saw great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant the teacher saw that he had something more than an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand upon the boy's head and in a kind tone said:

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Don't be afraid, I wish to assist you if I can." George looked wonderingly into the

master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice that fell upon his ear that sounded strange to him, and he thought as he looked around that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that for some cause he was going to be happier than he was before. After school was dismissed, George remained in his seat till the teacher call-

ed him up to his desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you "Because no one ever helps me." re

plied the boy. "Nobody cares for me, sir, for I am poor." By degrees the kind hearted teacher got the whole of the poor boy's history, and while the generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated,

George, but there is a time yet for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?" "Yes-Oh, yes," quickly the boy in earnest tones. "Yes-I should like to learn. I don't want to be

a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his face glowed with animation Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the schoolroom that evening his

face was wet with tears. We scholars who had remained in the entry, and saw him come out, had our hearts warmed towards the poor boy. We spoke kindly to him and walked with him to his house, his heart

was too full for utterance.

nenced to study in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and so sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy. As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result

was, that they found in the unfortunate

vouth one of the most noble-hearted.

On the next day George Henry com-

generous, accommodating and truthul playmates in the world. Long years have passed since those chool-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he is. And

all is the result of one teacher having done his duty. You who are school teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your

care and counsel, and the weaker the ahild, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him. An Ingenious Defence. Many years ago a gentleman, followed y a servant in livery, rode into an inn n the west of England one evening a ittle before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few lays, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their assize week, and he would, therefore, he at no loss to pass away his leisure hours. On the gentleman making answer that this was fortunate, for he was fond of hearing trials, the other said that a very interesting case of robbery would come on

but the man persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed. The guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial, but as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him there could be difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a seat, but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him and speak to one of the beagles. Accordingly they went into court next morning, and through the landlord's interest

the next day, on which the people's opin-

ions were much divided, the evidence

being very strong against the prisoner,

with the officer of the court, the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently the trial began. While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the floor, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted. This excited some surprise and it seemed at first, like a trick to

gain time. As soon as he came to himself being asked by the judge the cause of his behavior, he said:-"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life; that gentleman," pointing to the stranger, "can prove I am inno-cent; might I only have leave to put a

few questions to him?" The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that

was asked him. "Well, then, said the man, don't vou recollect landing at Dover at such a time? To this the gentleman anwered that he could not tell whether it was on the

day mentioned or not. "Well." saidhe, "but don't you recollect that a person in blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn?" To this he answered that of course ome person had carried his trunk for him, but that he did not know what

dress he wore. "But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat told you a story of his being in the service, that he showed you a scar he had on one side

of his forehead?" During this last question the face of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's pushing his hair aside and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he saw the same person. A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, the gentleman had met him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a distant part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandom of the time he landed, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the alibi, the prisoner

applause and congratulations of the whole court. Within less than a month after this. the gentleman who came to the inn attended by the servant in livery, the servant who followed him and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together for robbing the

was immediately acquitted, amidst the

It turned out that this clever defence at the trial was a scheme skillfully arranged by the thief's confederates to obtain the release of their accomplice. - It is said that the late Chief Baron

Thompson was a very facetious compan-

ion over the bottle, which he much en-

joyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think ! said the reverend guest, "I I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity f wine does a man no harm after a good dinner?" ('Oh, no sir! by no means,' replied the Chief Baron; "it's the unscertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

Story of a Woman's Career.

Miscellaneous. An English paper says: "An incident is just now being discussed in military circles so extraordinary, that were not its truth vouched for by official authority, the narration would certainly be deemed absolutely incredible. Our officers quartered at the Cape between fifteen and twenty years ago, may remember a certain Dr. Barry, attached to the Medical Staff here, and enjoying late of said country deceased, have been tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now it's very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't a reputation for considerable skill in his rofession, especially for firmness, decision and rapidity in difficult opera-

tions. This gentleman had entered the army in 1813, had passed, of course, through the grades of Assistant Surgeon in various Regiments, and had served as such in various quarters of the globe. His professional acquirements had procured for him his promotion to the staff at the Cape. He was clever and agreeable, save for the drawback of a most quarrelsome temper and an inordinate addiction to arguments which perpetually brought the former peculiarity into play. He was excessively plain, of feeble proportions, and abored under the imperfection of a ludicrously squeaking voice. Any natural 'chaffing" with regard to these, however, especially aroused his ire, but was at length discontinued on his "calling out" a persevering offender, and shooting him through the lungs. About 1840 he became promoted to be Medical Inspector, and was transferred

to Malta. There he was equally distinguished by his skill and by his pugnacious propensities, the latter becoming so inconveniently developed upon the slightest difference of opinion with him, that at last no notice was allowed to be taken of his fits of temper. He proceeded from Malta to Corfu, where ne was quartered for many years, still onspicuous for the same peculiarities. When our Government ceded the Ionian Islands to Greece, and our troops, of course, quitted the territory, Dr. Barry elected was to leave the army and take up his residence for the rest of his days at Corfu. He there died about a month ago, and, upon his death, was discovered to be a woman! Very probably this discovery was elicited during the natural preparation for interment, but there seems to bean idea pre valent that either verbally, during the last illness, or by some writing, perused immediately after his (for we must still use the masculine,) death, he had beg-

ged to be buried without a post mortem examination of any sort. This, most likely, only aroused the curiosity of the two nurses who attended him: for, it was to them, it appears, that a disclosure of this mystery is owing. Under the circumstances, the fact vas deemed so important that medical testimony was called in to report upon and record its truth. By this investigation, not only was the assertion placed beyond a doubt brought to light that the individual in question had at some time been a mother! This is all vet known of this extraordinary story The motives that occasioned, and the time when commenced this singular deception, are both shrouded in mystery. But thus it stands an indubitable fact that a woman was forty years an officer in the British service, had fought one duel and had sought many more, had pursued a legitimate medical education ad received a regular diploma, and had acquired almost a celebrity for skill as a

surgical operator!" A Good Wife.

She is modest, void of deceit and obe dient. Pure of conscience, gracious of ton gue, and true to her husband. Her heart not proud, her manners affable, and her bosom full of compas-

A translation of a Welsh Triad:

sion for the poor. Laboring to be tidy, skillful of hand, and fond of praying to God. Her conversation amiable, fier dre decent and her house orderly.

Quick of hand, quick of eyes, and quick of understanding. Her person shapely, her manners agreeable, and her heart innocent. Her face benignant, her head intelligent, and provident.

Neighborly, gentle, and of a liberal way of thinking. Able in directing, providing what is wanting, and a a good mother to her Loving her husband, loving peace and loving God.

Happy is the man who possesses such a wife.

Outrages by Negro Soldiers. From the Raleigh Standard, Oct. 16. OUTRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA. On Saturday night last, about 20'clock some armed negroes made an attack on the front door of Harry O. Parker, Esq., residing some three miles south of this city, with intent to break in. Mr. Parker rose in his night clothes, got his double barreled gun, and when the robbers broke through one of the panels of the door he aimed and attempted to shoot, but the cap was defective, and the gun did not go off. The robber then drew off, appeared to consult with some comrades at his front gate, and soon they went round to the back door, broke in, took Mr. Parker out in the broke in, took Mr. Parker out in the yard, struck him over the head with a musket, and whipped him with heavy switches. They then sent him some fifty yards from his house, while they went in and plundered. They stole money, wearing apparel, bed clothes, become brandy and everything they bacon, brandy, and everything they could take with them. Mrs. Parker, who fled to the kitchen for safety, was insulted and roughly treated by desperate characters. Mr. Parker is a most worthy and loyal citizen.

[From the Huntsville Advocate.] OUTRAGE IN ALABAMA. We have the most reliable private in-telligence from Decatur, Alabama, that the colored troops at that place have the colored troops at that place have been guilty of very great enormities. They made a raid on the premises of Mr. Thomas Gibbs, one of our most respect-able planters, and who took the oath in 1862, killing his hogs, &c. He taking some steps to stop the trespass, entirely moderate in their character, was shot at several times and his house fired into after he had entered it. A few days after this they returned at night, sur-rounded his house, fired into it, forced rounded his nouse, fired this it, loreed open his door, swearing tney would kill him, demanded his money, searched his drawers, &c., and would have killed his drawers, &c., and would have killed him had he not escaped. They did not personally maltreat his family, except by the terror created by their threats and conduct. They then went to the house of Mr. Wilds, on Mr. Gibbs' plan-tation, demanded his money, demanded Gibbs' money, killed hogs, fowls, &c., Gibbs' money, killed hogs, fowls, &c., and adjourned to Decatur, firing guns,

The Census of Minnesota-The Crops. The Commissioner of the General Land office received on Monday from St. Paul, Minn., a letter dated 2d inst. which says that the recent census indi cates a rapid increase in the population of that State, especially in the Southern districts. The yield of the crops this year will surpass that of any former year, the average product of wheat to year, the acre being twenty-five bushels. Four of the railroad companies in the State are advertising for five hundred laborers each. Labor is very high and

Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward. Rome, GA., September 1, 4865. Artemus Ward, Showman—Sur The resun I write to you in pertickler are bekaus you are about all the man I know in all "God's country," so-called. For sum several weeks I hav been wantin tu say sumthin. For sum several eral years we rebs, so-called, but now

My frend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see I'm tryin to harmonize. I'm tryin to soften down my feelins. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances so-called. But I can't do it until I an allowed to say sumthin. I want to quar rel with sumbody and then make friends. I aint no giant-killer. I aint no boar-constrikter; but I'll be horn-swaggled if the talkin and the writin and the slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, so-called. Aint your editors got nothin else to do but to peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us. Is every man what kan write a paragraf to consider us as bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my frend, that's what's disharous, and do you jest tell em, one and all, e pluribus unum, so-called, that f they don't stop it at once, or turn us

loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to think very hard of it—if not harder. That's the way to talk it. I ain't agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderiy, so-called. Nary time.—No, sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we aint allowed to express our sentiments we can take it out in hatin; and hatin runs heavy in my family, sure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair cum off my head, and the mandrowned hir self in a hog-waller that night. I kould do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to har-monize, to acquiesce, to bekum kalm

Now I suppose that, poetikally speak-"In Dixle's fall We sinned all." But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller so-called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kept hol-lerin hands off, but kep helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He mad a bully fite I tell you, Selah. Well what did the big feller do? take him by the hand and help him np, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuftomake your headswim. But  $\Gamma m$  agood Union man—so-callea. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I ain't no gurilla. I've gone and tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keepit, but as for my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so -nary time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin neither—ain't repentin—ain't axin for no one horse, shortwinded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten

my numerous and interestin offspring in about two minits and a half. They in about two minits and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortuate things! to cum into this subleonary world at sich a time. There's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkus no five of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor a monkey show—never had a pocket knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a reesin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chickahominy Arp that never seed the pikters in a spelling book. I tell you my frend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth, but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole Amerikin nation ought to feel whole Amerikin nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousan drunk it? Bekaus they sukseeded, wasent it glory? But if they hadent I supposed it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, i would make about a half a pint of hum

christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiskovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be Well, maybe I've said enuf. But I don't feel easy yit. I'm a good Union man, sertin and sure. I've had my breeches died blue, and I've bot a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while I go to the dog gery and git blue, and then I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melankolly choryus of the Blue-tailed Fly. I'm doin my durndest to har-monize, and I think I could sucseed i it wasent for sum things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanky nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles. The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put ove us with powder and ball! Harmoniz Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and thev'l perish to death this winter as shore as the devil is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin' in the summer's sun, livin on roastin ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts cost money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are whinin around about goin to cawledge. The truth is, my frend, sumbody's badly fooled about this bizness. Sumbody has drawd the elefant ness. Sumbody has drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his snout about loose, and by-and-by he'll hurtsumbody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain'tagoin to support nary one of 'em. and when you hear anybody say so, you tell 'em "it's a lie," so-called. I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for grave-yards.

Well, my frend, I don't want much. I aint ambitious, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and sir-kusses and brass bands and or-

and sir-kusses and brass bands and or-gins, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stum-tail dog that prowls round my premises at night. Pon honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your foaksso skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any amynishun? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakeons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad-dog takes the hider-toby, is the whole community to run

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never gwine to git over it. See here, my frend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sertin.
With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haint made nobody fitin mad, for I'm not on that line at this time. I am trooly your frend—all

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present or accounted for P. S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confedrik money. He said it would be good agin. He says that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack seed aman who had jost our from Virginary and head. BILL ARP, so-called, jest cum from Virginny, and he sed a man told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped 'em agin. Old Harris says that a man by the name of Mack. C. Million is coming over with a million of man But protected the second of the second of man and the second of of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, somehow or somehow else, I'm dubus about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

## fiddle trade?

Manufactures of Guns in England Dur-At the British Association for the advancement of science, which met at Birmingham, England, last month, the following statement was made respecting the manufactures of arms in Eng-

One of the various reports relating to

the local industries of Birmingham gave an interesting account of the manufac-

ture of small arms. It appeared, from

land:

the report, that 6,116,302 guns and pis-tols were proved in England from 1855 to 1864. From the returns I have in my possession, I have drawn out, as accurately as I possibly can, the number of arms manufactured in Birmingham and elsewhere for the Americans during the last four years. The first shot was fired at Fort Sumter on the 12th of April, 1861. On the 9th of May following, five purchasers of arms, some commissioned by different Northern States, others by private speculators, arrived in Birming-ham. Each had so well kept secret the object of his mission that when they found themselves all engaged in Birmingham on the same errand, they suspected each other of purchasing for the enemy, and their anxiety was increased accordingly to secure the few thousand arms that were in store in Birmingham, The few in hand were at once shipped off, and large orders were given, which continued to occupy the trade at their full power with one interval till March; 1863. The interval I allude to was on the occurrence of the Trent affair in November, 1861, which led to an embargo being laid on the export of arms on the 5th of December 1861. This empargo was removed early in 1862. On the removal of the embargo one steamer took out from Southampton no less than 40,000 rifles to New York. The than 40,000 rines to new trade worked at its full power, trade worked at its last powers straining every nerve till, I find by the return from the Birmingham proof house, that in one month, the month of October, 1863, 60,355 riffe barrels were proved, being very few short of two thousand per day from Birminghead an unmore appropriate the straining and the straining mingham alone-a number unprecedent-ed in the history of the trade. At that time the supplies produced in America, at the Springfield armory and elsewhere, began to tell upon the demand. We still find, however, that numbers were forty to fifty thousand per month till March, 1862. They then fell to fourteen thousand per month, till in September 1862, the Northern demand ceased altogether without notice. The orders were suspended, and guns, that had been sent try. The United States Government found at that time their factories were equal to supply the whole demand. From the proof-house returns I obtain the following numbers, showing theexthe following numbers, showing the extent of the supply of arms from this country to America; Birmingham sup-

plied 672,534; London, 344,802; making a total number of Enfield rifles sent to America of 1,027,336.

Shoemaking by Horse Power. The genius of mechanism has invaded the realm of Saint Crispin, and shoes are hereafter to be manufactured by horse power instead of hand. The Haverhill Banner has the following: Now that it has been fully demonstrated that shoe-making is to be done by teams, and eventually in a regular factory, workmen must try to accommo-date themselves to this altered state of things. It will soon be impossible for workmen to take out their cases of shoe and come to town once in a fortnight to bring them in and settle. The first re quisite is boarding places or tenements and whoever has the capital and energy to take the matter now and put up board ence to the wants of a decent boarding house, and small neat tenement houses, will not only make money, but confer a great favor on the shoe trade. It is always for the interest of real estate owners to have our population a permanent one and this can of course only be securbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was ed by offering people decent homes. A Workingmen's Building Association has been successfully operated in France, and could be tried here with equal pros-

pect of success.
It is reported on the street, that Mr.
Chas. C. Coffin has purchased the lot of
cland on Washington street, known as the Hovey lot, and the house east of it, which is to be moved off, and a large ouilding is to be erected on the spot for the manufacture of shoes.

D. B. Chase and Brothers, have comnenced laying the foundation of a building, on a lot of land, near the depot. When finished, it is to be used by them

as a shoe manufactory. Financial Affairs. The Philadelphia Ledger has the folowing sensible remarks in its monetary

Gold is pointing upward, and was quoted yesterday at noon at 1461@1461. ome inconsiderate persons look on this advance in gold, as it is called, but currency, as a matter of no concern prices equalizing and adjusting them-selves to the changes almost as soon as made. This is true to some extent, but there are many cases in which the fluc tuations in the price of gold operate un-equally and unjustly. The advance just now, in the favorable condition of the national finances and the absence of any hostile news from abroad or of any sinister apprehen-sions at home, is awakening grave concern in financial circles. The comparatively large premium is a matter of considerable importance to all classes in the community. While it continues at the present rate, or at any great excess over the issues of legal-tender notes, over the issues of legal-tender notes, based on the national credit, there is with every day's expenditure a large addition to the public debt, and our cur-rent disbursements and aggregate indebtedness are made greater by just so much as the purchasing power of the currency is less than that of specie.— When hereafter we pay our debt in gold, we shall have to return and follars. gold, we shall have to return gold dollars for what has been re-ceived on a depreciated paper valuation. And should any consider-siderable portion of our debt become per-manent, the burden of the annual interest, in coin, will of course be increased in the ratio of the debasement of legaltenders. It seems impossible to have a settled and satisfactory regulation of the prices of labor and the necessaries of life while the purchasing power of the national currency, as compared with that of specie, is liable to such perturbations and irregularities as have been caused by the redundancy and other defects of our paper money. It is in respect to considerations of this character that the leclarations of Secretary McCulloch, to bring the currency up to a specie stan-dard, are of most importance. His In-

hope that a resumption of specie pa ments is less remote than was feared. -General Beauregard will be Superin-

is commanding two dollars and a half

punity? It a mad-dog takes the inder-foby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way?— I golly! It looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoby for good, and was

diana speech, and his successful man-agement of the Treasury Department, in steadily reducing the public debt, are in the right direction, and lead to the

tendent of the New Orleans and Jackson