The Lancaster Intelligencer,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

H. G. SMITH & CO.

H. G. SMITH. A. J. STEINMAN.

TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, payable all cases in advance.

OFFICE—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CENTRE SQUARE.

All letters on business should be addressed to COOPER, SANDERSON & Co.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 67. LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15; 1866. NUMBER 45.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, $12 a year per square of ten lines; ten per cent. increase for fractions of a year.

REAL ESTATE, PERSONAL PROPERTY, and GENERAL ADVERTISING, 7 cents a line for the first, and 4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

PATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by the column:

One column, 1 year,	$100
Half column, 1 year	60
Third column, 1 year,	40
Quarter column,	30
BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less, one year,	10
Business Cards, five lines or less, one year,	5
LEGAL AND OTHER NOTICES—	
Executors' notices	2.00
Administrators' notices,	2.00
Assignees' notices,	2.00
Auditors' notices,	1.50
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less, three times,	1.50

Poetry.

The German's Fatherland.

[As some curiosity has been evoked by quotations from Arndt's famous song of the "German Fatherland," we give the spirited English version of James Clarence Magan:

Where is the German Fatherland?
Is't Prussia? Swabia? Is't the strand?
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims the Baltic's brine?
No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
Is' where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toll the iron bends?
No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

Is, then, the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? stand
Where Zurlick's waveless water sleeps,
Where Wizer winds, and Danub- sweeps;
Has't found it now? Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German Fatherland!

Then say, Where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquer'd land?
Is't where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land they clearly prize,
By Freedom's surest breezes fanned—
But no, 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German land?
Baptised that great, that ancient land?
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wr. nched from the Imperial diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No, these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
This is the German's Fatherland!

There, at his side, the land of lands,
Where rows land less than clasped hands;
Where valor lights the flashing eye,
Where love and truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Where hate pursues each foreign hand—
Where German is the name for Liegeman,
Where Frenchman is the name for Bond,
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children zeal
To cherish in her existence reals,
And love with heart and soul and mind and hand
Their universal Fatherland!

Literary.

The Rejected Bank Note.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet-faced girl, enteting the elegant store of Huntley & Warner, in a city, and a street of a city, which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counter and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself was jaunty and middle-aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Huntley & Warner, and extremely consequential—in manner.

"This dressing gown we value at six dollars—you shall have it at five, as trade is dull to-day."

"Five dollars!" Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes though made and worn genteely, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted, by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.

The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material.

"I think"—she hesitated a moment, "I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

"Jennis," cried Torrent, the head clerk, in a quick, pompous tone, "pass up the bank note detector."

Up ran the tow headed boy with the detector, and down ran the clerk's eye from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance, and exclaimed:

"That's a counterfeit bill, Miss."

"Counterfeit! Oh, no—it cannot be! The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. This bill is a counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C——, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the trembling, frighted girl.

"Humph!" said the clerk. "Well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now don't let me see you here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you that come on dark days with a well made story."

"But, sir——"

"You need make no exclamations, Miss, said the man insultingly. "Take your bill, and next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't try to pass your counterfeit money," and he handed it, the bill fell from his hands.

Alice caught it from the floor and hurried into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with gray hair, faltering out, "is this bill a bad one, sir?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty, and agitation.

The cashier looked closely and handed it back, as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look, he said:

"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—"and he dared—"

She could go no farther, but entirely overcome, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg pardon, have you had any trouble with it?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, sir, you will excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure that it was good. And I think, sir, such men as one of the clerks in Huntly & Warner's should be removed. He told me it was counterfeit, and added something that I am glad my father did not hear. I knew the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father, young lady?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir."

"Benjamin—Ben. Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington?"

"Yes sir; we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then"—she hesitated—"he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh why do I tell these things sir?"

"Ben. Locke reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me! Give me his number and street, my child. Your father was one of the best, perhaps the only friend, I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see—I'll give you another. Since I come to look, I havn't got a five—here's a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby genteel house received the cashier of the M—— Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hair, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his arm chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders talked together, Alice and the young man grew quite chatty.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke in a low tone. "I have just recovered, as you see, from rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and by writing for periodicals; has kept me, so far, above want."

"You shall not want, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was a kind Providence that sent your daughter to me. There's a place in the bank just made vacant by death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is my gift and valued at twelve hundred a year.

Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted.

The day of deliverance had come.

* * * * * * *

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntly & Warner, and inquired for the head clerk. He came obsequiously.

"Sir," said the cashier, sternly, "is that a bad note?"

"I—I think not, sir," stammeringly replied the clerk.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl in company with his daughter.

"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit?" And did you not so forget self-respect, and the interest of your employers, as to offer an insult?"

The man stood confounded—he dared not deny—he could say nothing for himself.

"If your employers keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom," said the cashier, sternly. "You deserve to be horsewhipped, sir."

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but punished justly.

Alice Locke became the daughter of the good cashier. All of which grew out of calling a genuine bill counterfeit.

EFFIE'S TRIAL.

From dawn to dusk you might have heard the clang of Merrick Masters' hammer on the anvil of Hammersly. Often long after the dusk of the winter's day, have I watched the golden sparks as they flew away into outer darkness, thro' the wide open door, like so many long imprisoned spirits, just set free after years of bottling up. And ever and always, while work was doing under the sloping roof, I could hear a sort of anvil chorus, either whistled or sung by the rich voice of Merrick Masters.

If it had only so happened that some musical enthusiast had come across Merrick Masters in his boyhood, as such a one is said to have met Jenny Lind, singing by the wayside, there need have been no anvil work for him, and instead of toiling for pence and shillings, fortunes might have been showered upon him, and critics might have talked about his 'chestnotes,' and beautiful members of upper tendom have flung bouquets at him, and even penned him love letters on the sly, as they are fond of doing too well, to no matter whom, at the opera.

No musical enthusiast, however, came to Hammersly, and it is doubtful if any body suspected Merrick of being a musical genius, unless, indeed, it was the old parson, who had requested him to make one of the church choir, where he bellowed as gloriously as any basso profundo who ever shook the walls of the Academy of Music, and apologized for it to the owner of the shrill soprano, (rather cracked) yclept Miss Squiggs.

"He didn't mean to go a drowning ladies' voices, but when he got a going he couldn't help getting too loud. It was the fault, he reckoned, of the blacksmithing."

The deep snow was white on the ground one December eve, and the golden sparks rushed from the clanging anvil faster than ever, and the song to which the strokes kept time were louder and clearer, when somebody leading a horse stopt at the forge door and looked through with an eye that took in the picturesque scene at a glance.

"By Jove, its like some of those old Dutch pictures," muttered a voice under a golden moustache. "I'd paint it if I was an artist."

Then in a louder tone.

"Hallo, young fellow, my horse has lost a shoe, and I want it looked to immediately."

The "young fellow" dropped his hammer and strode toward the door, and in another moment horse and master stood beneath the forge roof. Then as Merrick Masters bent down to look at the foot of the splendid animal, the rider, as splendid a personage in his way, sauntered to the fire and stood basking in its genial warmth, and shaking off the feathery flakes that clung to his shoulders. A light-haired, blue-eyed exquisite, as great a contrast to the brown Hercules of the forge as can well be imagined, though in his way Merrick was very handsome.

Just as the blacksmith's whistle began to play about the hoof he was shoeing, and while the stranger was standing with his back toward the fire, admiring the light and shadow on the wall, steps came tripping through the snow, and a girl with a shawl over her head, came dancing in from the shadow.

"Tea will be cold, Merrick," she said, "and your mother says"—

There she stopped, covered with confusion at the sight of a stranger—one too who stood looking at her as unconcernedly as he might at a picture.

Certainly she was well worth looking at, a pure brunette, with large brown eyes and cheeks like a rose, with lashes long, curling like a child's and a buxom form where not an angle was visible. It was only a moment that she stood with her red shawl slipping from her black hair, in the full glow of the firelight—the next moment she was gone, and the stranger turned to the blacksmith.

"A pretty girl that, your sister?"

"No, I'm glad to say," replied the blacksmith.

"Glad? Why?"

"Because she's something better than a sister to me," replied Merrick. "We are to be married in May."

Then out rang the whistle again, shrill and clear, and the stranger asked no more questions. He paid Merrick for his work, and rode away a few moments afterward, and for all the blacksmith knew or cared they had seen the last of each other.

He washed his hands and went into the great kitchen, where at the tea table sat his mother and the girl who summoned him—an orphan who had lived with the old woman for years, ever since she was a child in fact; and had grown into his heart somehow, before he knew it. The old woman was quite displeased when she found it out, for Effie was only "the help," and the blacksmith's widow and the blacksmith's mother felt proud to say that "none of our people ever hired out."

"But for all that there are people in this village, who look down on us because I shoe their horses and mend their wagons."

"More fools they to take on airs," said the old woman.

"So say I," said Merrick, "and we would be as bad as they to look down on Effie for washing our dishes. She's as good as you, and a deal better than me, rich or poor."

And Merrick Masters had his way and the whole place knew they were engaged in a fortnight.

Now when he went into tea the first question both asked him was about his customer.

"Effie says he's the handsomest man she ever saw," says the old woman.

"So he is," said Merrick, not one whit jealous, "but who he is I don't know. He came and went, and had his horse shod, that's all I know, and he asked me who you were, Effie."

"And I had this dreadful old apron on too," said Effie.

"He didn't notice that I guess," said Merrick.

"Why not."

Merrick laughed.

"Oh, do tell me?"

"Well, he asked who the pretty girl was."

Effie hid her face in her apron, and Mrs. Masters turned her head. She never quite admitted Effie's beauty.

"What notions to put in the girl's head," she thought; and it was a pity, for Effie was vain enough already. A greater pity, too, because whenever a horseman galloped up to the forge thereafter, she ran out, under some pretext, hoping it was the handsome gentleman who had asked "who that pretty girl was." Not that she meant any harm, but to be called a pretty girl by such a man was something glorious.

She saw him at last, and there was a look, a smile and a bow, and after that, somehow they kept meeting.

Still no harm in it at all, only Effie did not mention the fact to Merrick or to his mother; and Effie learned that he was a Mr. Noreland, stopping at the great hotel in the village, and guessed that he was rich and fashionable.

Often she saw him riding with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, but he always seemed the most elegant of all to her; and by and by she fell to contrasting Merrick with him, and wishing that Heaven had made him like Mr. Noreland.

From that she went on to wish that she was a lady herself, and that somebody else was in her place, and to feel above the forge and the cottage kitchen and the blacksmith, and his mother, who had thought her below her son, because she was the "help."

One day Mr. Noreland found her shedding tears in a quiet little spot where they were in the habit of meeting by accident, and would have the reason.

"It's nothing—only I'm tired," said Effie.

Mr. Noreland drew close to her.

"Tired," said he, "no wonder; you are too good for that sort of thing; too good to work in a kitchen and wear cotton gowns—and too good to be a blacksmith's wife. It's no use in denying it—you know you are."

"Oh, hush," said Effie, "Merrick is the best man in the world, I'm sure I'm not tired of Merrick."

"Oh, of course not," said Noreland, "and we can't help our feelings," and he sighed.

Then he whispered a good deal that Effie could not understand entirely, but she knew it was very fine and sentimental, as he quoted poetry and made great eyes at her. Out of a hovel, the girl was sure no one ever was so charming, and she went home with the firm conviction that if she chose she might jilt the blacksmith's son, and marry the fine young gentleman.

From feeling sure she could, she began to wonder whether Merrick cared much about her, and to feel sure that Noreland loved her better than his life—and a sharp word from Mrs. Masters finished it.

Something had gone to waste in the storeroom, and the old lady fussed and fumed about it as she always did.

"There as has nothing is allers the most wasteful," said she "you'd orter remember that you're to be married to a man that has something to manage and to take care of. There's Peggy Grey, never lets a bit spoil, and darns and patches, and makes and mends year in and year out. But she's got $3000 in the bank, besides what will come to her when the old man dies; and she want took in on charity. I wish Merrick had took a fancy to her."

"Say good bye, and let him do so now," said Noreland when the girl had told him her new trouble.

"Ah, but I have no other friends, and no other home to go to," sighed Effie.

"You have," said Noreland, "a friend who will never cease to love you, and a home such as you deserve. Share my home and my life, Effie."

Then he put his arms around her and kissed her, and called her loving names, and she promised him all that he asked of her.

She was to meet him on Monday evening at a milliner's shop in the village, and there they were to take a carriage and go to meet the train. The first practicable moment they were to be married, and after that their bliss was to have no end.

"And as for the blacksmith," sneered Noreland, "he can have Peggy, you know, so you need not fret about him, Effie."

For all that, Effie's conscience smote her when Merrick was kinder than usual, and so full of joy, as the time was now near at hand when she was to be his wife, as they sat together on the porch on that Sunday, and when Monday came she broke china and made more blunders generally than had ever been laid to her charge in years before. Mrs. Masters thought that the girl quite knew how mad poor Effie really was.

Tea was on the table and Mrs. Masters busy with some dish she prided herself upon, and the sound of Merrick's whistle grew louder every instant as he tripped homeward from the forge, when she slipped up to her room, and putting on her things, slipped down the back stairway, and away toward the village.

If Mrs. Masters missed her, she knew that she would be only too glad to have her son to herself for a little while, and there was no probability of Merrick's following her.

But it was hard to choke the tears down as she plodded through the long green—for the snow had gone long ago, and it was summer now—and she only made herself brave by the thought that Noreland would die if she did not keep her promise.

"I couldn't break his heart," she said to herself, "even if I could bear to marry another."

She reached the milliner's shop at last, and went to talk to one of the girls. The plan was that when Noreland was ready he was to show himself at the door for a moment, and she was to go out to meet him and say "good bye" just as if she was going home.

Effie sat with one eye on the glass door which opened from the work room to the shop, while she tried to chat carelessly; in a few moments she saw a man enter from the street—not Noreland, but of all the people in the world, Merrick Masters. Her first thought was that he had followed her, but in an instant she saw that he had business of his own. He spoke some words to the mistress of the shop, and she brought a bandbox.

Of course the bonnet was a surprise for her, and it smote her to the heart to remember that she should be miles away before her birthday dawned. Poor Merrick! would he feel badly, and it was cruel of her.

As she thought thus, the door opened again, letting Merrick out with two bundles in his hand, and two ladies in from the hotel, whom she had often seen riding with Noreland. They asked for ribbons, and went on with their talk while examining them.

"Who was that person standing before the door?"

"Oh, Noreland."

"I thought so. How oddly he behaved. He didn't seem to want us to see him."

"Perhaps he didn't, he has his secrets, I expect. One of them is that flirtation with the blacksmith's girl."

"Shocking! Some one ought to write to Mrs. Noreland."

"Poor thing, she is used to it. You know she's quite middle aged and plain, and he married her for her money. He's been at his pranks ever since. Actually, my dear, he ran away with a girl last summer. The brother tried to shoot him and she drowned herself. It was a shocking scrape. If I had such a husband as Noreland, I'd have a divorce."

"So would I, I hope it wont come to that with the blacksmith's girl, she's a very pretty creature."

"Mrs. Print, I'll take four yards of the blue."

The ribbon was cut off, and the ladies took their departure.

Effie sat thunderstruck. They had been talking of Noreland. He was married already, and so could never mean to marry her. What did he mean then. And as she asked herself the question, the truth flashed over her mind, and she saw the pit of shame and dishonor at her feet.

Love her! oh no, no, thought Effie. It is hate, not love, or he would not wish to wrong me so. Then as she shrank from the memory of his false words and falser smiles, the Lonest face of the blacksmith rose before her, and in truth and tenderness it grew plain to her, and she was saved.

She left the girl with whom she had been chatting, abruptly, and ran out of the store. All she prayed was not to meet Noreland, and fear lent wings to her feet. She turned her face toward the forge, and had reached the cross road when a wagon stood across her path—Merrick's wagon—and he was hard by chatting to a farmer over a gate. She heard his voice, and saw the dusky outline of his form, but she dared not speak to him yet. She clambered up into the wagon and hid there crying softly. The bandbox he had been to get was there on the seat and she kissed it as she crouched behind it, thinking of his kindness.

Then peeping out she saw some one sauntering up the road to the milliner's. It was Noreland; but the sight only made her shudder.

Ten minutes after Merrick was driving on again, and heard a little noise behind him. He gave a sudden start.

"What's that?" he cried.

"Only me—Effie," said a voice. Then she crept up to him.

"How did you come here?" he inquired.

"I saw the wagon on the road and got in," she said. "Oh Merrick, I'm so frightened. It's so lonesome and dark and wretched there. I'm so glad we are going back to the forge."

So she was. He never knew how glad, for she never told him all, nor why, until years after, when they had been married for years, and the strong love that comes with married life, had grown up between them, she used to start up from her sleep, sometimes, in terror, and cling to him sobbing, "thank God, I'm back again at the forge."

Miscellaneous.

"No Women Were Saved."

[From the Natchez Courier.]

"Not a woman saved!" If your ships are unseaworthy; if to gain a few more dollars, Yankee thrift builds them with so much top hamper that a gale endangers the life, or insures the death of hundreds; where at least is the discipline of your officers and crew, which ought to guarantee to a weak woman a share in the miserable safeguards that stinginess affords, and which without that discipline brute force inevitably seizes? Officers and crew saved in part, but "not a woman saved!" Engineer and purser in one boat, with crew, but no woman; and the purser lives to tell the tale! The captain and sixteen men and only one woman and one child, on another boat! Fortunately, to avoid meeting the shaking of locks gory with the death-water of the sea caves, the captain of the ill-fated steamer, after six struggles after life, has gone to meet, before another than earthly tribunal, the question propounded. Why was not a woman saved?" Was there not one among the crowd, of whose memory it may yet be said,

"Among the faithless, faithful only he!"

Some fifty years ago or more, a ship sailed from Liverpool with many passengers. Just after midnight, when little past the center of the Atlantic, the Jupiter struck an ice island, causing her to settle almost instantly into the awful water. She was badly provided with boats, but such as they were, and all of them, were at once launched in silence and in order. Every passenger that was awake was summoned to the boats. Discrimination was used, for the boats could not hold all. Let those that are awake save their lives? Let those that sleep, pass to the sleep of death!—was the terrific, but merciful decree. Sleep is but the precursor, the portal, the simile of the great enemy of life! There can be no pang in dying to the sweet and unconscious sleeper. So every wake person was summoned; every sleeping person left to wake in an eternity! The two boats were already over-crowded; the devoted ship fast sinking. Again the Captain went to forecastle, to steerage, to cabin, and on deck, to see if one conscious passenger still was left unprovided for. Notone! "Push off your boats," was the solemn order. "But where's my sister?" screamed a voice of despair from one of the boats; "I see her not, and I would die to save her." "She sleeps. I would not awaken her. One person more in, and the lives of all are endangered," replied the Captain from the deck of the foundering ship. "Then I sleep with her, if I can not save her," uttered the heroic brother, as he sprang upon the fast settling vessel; and he and she and the ship went down together, with the great Ocean's hymns testifying to an heroic devotion and a self sacrifice cradled in affection, and dying to meet an immortality! "Not a woman saved" from the Evening Star! What a contrast!

We cannot recall the name of the vessel, because, cut off from the world, the Southern States, for four years back, have little chronology left; but not many years since, a British transport foundered in the deep Atlantic. She was crowded with soldiers, their wives, and women and children. Discipline prevailed, however, in the awful scene where a half thousand were summoned to death! Every boat was launched and guarded; every woman and child was conducted to the gangway and securely deposited; as if the boats had been ball-rooms, and the seamen the ushers! The boats were pushed adrift; each soldier repaired to his post; each sailor to his place; and with drums beating and fifes playing, and a solitary gun booming a farewell to earth and sky, the ship and its officers and crew went down; the British flag flying going down with them, but covering them with its cross of glory! There was discipline; there was seamanship; generalship, heroism! The gurgling waves told to the mute heavens the story of devotion, and the Recording Angel copied it from the heavens upon the Great Book of God. Not a woman, not a child was lost!

A Laughable Scene—Getting Aboard in a Hurry.

The New Lisbon *Buckeye State* writes up, in the following graphic style, a little incident that occurred at the Salem Railroad a few mornings since:

A traveler bound for Cincinnati, where he had business of importance to transact, had rested over night with his wife at the Broadway Hotel, in order to be sure to hit the morning train which leaves at an early our. In the morning the traveler was asleep. His lady has arisen, awakened him, dressed herself and gone down to breakfast, expecting her lord to follow her without delay. While eating hastily and scolding mentally, in view of the husband's tardiness, she heard the whistle of the locomotive. Rushing frantically up stairs, her horror may be imagined when on opening the bed-room door, a snore from the conjugal sluggard saluted her ear.

A slight scream and a rough shake awoke him. He heard the whistle!—Pulling on his boots, he hastily gathered in his arms the rest of his attire, and pushing the lady before him, put for the train at a two-forty gait dressed only in boots and shirt! The twain reached the depot. Throwing all but his shirt upon the platform, the lady hurriedly sought to obtain tickets at the office, while the husband proceeded to clothe himself with his No. 1 garment. While it was yet fluttering over his head, the whistle again sounded maliciously, and off started the train. The unfortunate creature entered the car, his flesh having a pimpled goose-like appearance, while his blushing lady spreading out her crinoline like the sacred veil of charity, converted herself into a screen, that his nakedness might be hidden from his fellow travelers. The other female passenger, putting her hand over her eyes, with her fingers spread wide apart declared that before she turned her head in another direction, that it was shocking! And so, we suppose, it must have been to the unlucky wight who had to make such a spectacle of himself.

The Mormon Women.

A Salt Lake correspondent says:

The exceeding plainness, not to say ugliness, of the Mormon women is a fact that has been commented upon by almost all the different visitors to Salt Lake City, as indeed it was impossible for the most cursory observer to avoid noticing it; but although often mentioned, I doubt if justice has ever been done the subject, which appears to be one of those general rules to which there are very few, if any, exceptions.

Secretary Seward's Views.

The Secretary of State, in a brief letter addressed to a friend in Auburn, New York, reiterate his opinion "that the delay in the restoration of the organism of the nation is a great error, fruitful only of danger, and that continually." He advises his friends to "persevere in the correction of that error."

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH—*My Dear Sir:* It is seldim that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ard each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce, "whose sales whiten every sea," as every body happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surpise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few delossive layers of sass nothin but saw dust. I should have instantly gone into the city and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condemn and repudiate, as a American, this gross frawd, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this frawdylent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my Uncle Wilyim—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marrige only, who is a low cuss, and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discoverin it got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humor!—with the exception of this wretched uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrifisses to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The Wards is a very clever fam'ly, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despotism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent every body else from enjoyin his.

As I said before, we are a very clever family.

I was strollin up Regent street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and lookin at the gay shopwinders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carried the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bot of Mr. Moses, in the Commercial Road. They was expressly made, Mr. Moses informed me, for a noble man, but as they fitted him too muchly, partic'ly the trows'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks), he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel old feller."

I like to saunter thro' Regent street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't spile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lassies do. It's a mistake about every body being out of town, I guess. Regent street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amoosin myself by stickin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches, (not one of whom howled with anguish,) I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said: "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not being there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down, and hurrah for them."

The man grasp'd me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "to the shrine of Bachus!" and he dragged me into a public house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "Mr. Bachus, give this gen'l'man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dyspepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soup and fish and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintage. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountin's and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptoous reparst was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnitly left his pocket book at home on the marble center table. "But, by Joye!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said: "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em, I need no other indorsement as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Sloshers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin' dress. He said it was agin the rools of the Club. In fack, of any member appeared there in evenin' dress, he be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "there's geneyus there, and lorfty emotions, and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Sloshers in due time, and I must say there was a shaky-lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certainly none of the best.

The Sloshers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful brestpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly?" he said, parsin it to another, who parsed it to another. It was given me by Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Slosher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:

"At larst! at larst! My Wilyim from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, marm. Not on no account, I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper Seu-zan! I've belayed the marlinspikes on the upper jibpoop, but Seu-zan's eyes wasn't on me. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "O how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have an opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the pint of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever family. A very clever faml'y indeed.

"Where," I tried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Capting—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me sister! me sweet Adulaide! and in teers. Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my bosum, and borrowed money of and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself?"

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the brest-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it passed away like the brest-pin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the lan'lord, larfin loudly, and digging his fists into my ribs.

I said, "Bigsby, if you do that again, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent fam'ly, I shall disfigger your benevolent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, friend?" said the lan'lord.

"My spirits has been ruffled!" I answered in a bitur voice, "by a viper who was into the Chrimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without enwelopin in its rooins that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam'ly. ARTEMUS WARD.

Extraordinary Oratorical Feat

A Legislator Speaks for Seventeen Consecutive Hours.

One of the most remarkable feats of endurance in a speaker which we ever remember to have heard of comes to us from Victoria, Vancouver's Island, says the *Examiner*. In the Legislative Assembly of that place, we are told that Mr. Leonard McClure spoke for seventeen hours without pausing or sitting down. To those who are unacquainted with the circumstances, this feat might not appear proper to be placed in the same category with the exertions of those ambitious pedestrians who, for wagers, walked a thousand miles in a thouand hours. It may easily be supposed that McClure's speech could not have been a master-piece of oratory, nor is it likely that his inducement was greater than that which moved Edmund Burke when, at the trial of Warren Hastings, after pouring out for fourteen hours a torrent of impassioned eloquence, the majestic mind collapsed under the force of physical fatigue, and he fell fainting in the arms of Sheridan. But we know of no instance of stubborn tenacity equal to this of Mr. McClure, and the cause was one which should make him famous in the annals of the British colonies.

A year ago a large quantity of land in and about Victoria was seized by the Government for arrears of taxes, and was by it held on the understanding, expressed and published, that the owners could have and repossess their lots by paying the taxes due within a twelve month after their seizure. But it became known a few days before the expiration of the allotted term that a plot was on foot, hatched by the Government and backed by a venal majority in the House of Assembly, to pass a bill authorizing the Executive to repudiate its contracts with the land-owners, refusing to accept payment of arrears, and seizing upon and retaining permanently the disputed lots. Two men in the House opposed the measure. Their names were Amos de Comes and Leonard McClure. They knew that they had nothing to hope from their compeers or from the Government, and they prepared themselves accordingly. The House had made up its mind, with these two exceptions, to rush through this obnoxious bill on the day before the twelvemonth expired.

There was but one way to prevent this, and it was adopted resolutely. On the house being opened, Mr. McClure rose to his feet, the time being noon, and kept the floor until 5 o'clock next morning. For seventeen hours he continued to speak, while every effort was made by the purchased majority to put him down and tire him out. With a merciless unanimity they refused to allow him to lean against the table, to put his foot upon a chair for a moment, to relieve himself from the irksomeness of his position by resting his hand upon anything; or to speak, in short, in any other than a rigidly erect and unsupported attitude. During the whole of the time they relieved each other at intervals, going out and procuring such refreshments as they needed, and always leaving a quorum in the house. When McClure sank exhausted into his seat, as the light of another morning was stealing into the windows of the assembly house, De Comos rose, and for the remaining seven hours of the twenty-four talked against time. On rising, amid the groans and hisses of the disgusted and infuriated majority, he exclaimed with more force than refinement, that it was useless for honorable members to evince their malice in that manner, for he had got up with the determination to talk, if necessary, "until the angel Gabriel sounded the last trump." His powers of endurance were not quite so severely tested, but the end was achieved, and when the clock struck twelve, the worn and wearied champions of honesty looked round with pardonable exultation upon the blank faces of a bought and beaten assembly.

Women.

Theodore Parker in one of his sermons uttered the following remarks touching women:

There are three classes of women:

First, domestic drudges who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade, and no more; and after they have done that there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year. Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris; Neremberg, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and other toy shops in Europe, out of wax, papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the harberdasher's by the dozen. These ask nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate womankind.

But there are domestic women, who order a house, and are not mere drudges, adorn it and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll, into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their functions as housekeeper, wife and mother.

The Southwest.

An old planter in Vicksburg writes that the present winter is destined to witness the most severe distress throughout all the Southern country.

In that region the crops have failed to such an extent that it has taken all the product of the cotton crop to pay the rent, leaving the merchant who furnished the supplies to the planter, and the planter himself, without a cent.

A planter on the Yazoo who put three hundred acres in cotton had only a dozen bales as the result in crop, and this, with his mules, was seized for debt.

Another planter, also on the Yazoo, had 300 acres planted, and his yield was twenty bales. The very best crop known on the Yazoo will not produce this season, more than one-third of a bale to the acre, while the crop of the entire State is put