Xoetru

For The Lancaster Intelligencer. Will You Love Me When I Am Old? BY SALLIE F. WALKER

When I am old, and life's bright lamp
No longer sheds its glitt'ring rays,
When years have numbered me with those,
Who can but dream of youthful days;
Whon Time has silvered these brown locks,
And marked with cares this youthful brow,
That once with pride you gazed upon,
Say could you love me then as now?

Bay could you love me then as how?
How oft we've whiched fair Luna rise,
And talked of love beneath her beams,
We've sought the Summer's shady bowers,
And wandered by the placid streams;
But when these eyes, the bright and blue,
Have lost their hue, and dimly glow,
When nimble feet have weary grown,
Oh! could you love me then as now? And when my soul is winging flight Unto a blight, a imppler land, Will he I love still linger by And press the aged care-worn hand? Suy, when the flowers that once we sought, e my tomb in silence grow,
will ne weep that I am gone,
d will e love me then as now?

Biteraru.

Susie, or Romance of the Street.

"Don't steal, little boy?"
The voice was that of a little oir) who was seated close behind a barrain. The tone was very soft and gentle, though directed toward a thieving black-eyed fellow, about her own age, who, thinking the apples unwatched, had put out his hand to take one. Without looking to see whence the voice came he flew down the street as rapidly as his slip-shod feet would carry him; and only looked back when half a block away.

The little girl saw him stop and call-

"See here, little boy—if you want an apple, 1'll give it to you, but you should always ask."

always ask."
But the boy was afraid to come back, and was soon lost to her sight.
The little apple-girl was one of the city poor, who had been taken care of when her parents died, by Mr. Pease at the Five Points House of Industry. She was a pretty faced intelligent child, and when eight years old a christian lady had given her a small sum of money for a Christmas present, with which she a Christmas present, with which she had set up in business near Broadway, in one of those streets running from the great thoroughfare of wealth down to that sink of poverty and sin, in whose foul air that humble missionary—that good man—gaye his life, that his work should live of the live. should live after him. The little girl's name was Susic Pool, but some of the mean children, who hated her because she was good and try-

ing to earn her living, wounded her feelings by calling her "sukey." Some children would not have cared, or would have become accustomed to it, out she remembered how sweetly she had heard her name pronounced by her dear mother and father—and had heard a beautiful song called "What shall my angel name be?" sung by a gentleman at Mr. Pease's, and she loved her pretty

name Susie.

The little boy was Levi Roache; but every one who called him at all, called him "Leevy." He had been landed, or rather stranded, upon our shores, no one knew how, or where from. His parents—if he ever had any—had died for forsaken him on a passage from a foreign land. He had curly dark hair, aquiline nose, and a German accent. Two days after the circumstances re-lated above a drove of ragamuffins were passing on the opposite side of the street from where Susie sat, and scarcely knowing where she looked, she saw in the midst of them, the sa roguish eyes which she had frightened away, from behind her barrel, that rainy day. His eyes met hers and looked frightened, and were seeking to hide

themselves, when a smile from Susie re-arrested them.

Susie was a good natured girl and could not help smiling at the remem-brance of how nicely she had detected the sly little fellow in his attempt to purloin her apples; and how she smiled

to see him trying to avoid her.

Now, if he had seen a stick, stone or an old boot whizzing through the air at his head, he would have taken it as a matter of course, and with an oath passed on; but to see the one whom he had tried to wrong look at him pleasantly, and with a smile that betokened no ill-will, he was perfectly astonished and some how, although he kept aloof he did not exactly avoid her again; and at the end of a week he actually passed right by her and her apple-stand, with a somewhat dubious attempt at whistling a tune. Whether he did this to show how brave he was, or that he would not attempt to steal again, we cannot say.

Now the hardest work Leevy ever did

in his life was trying to earn a penny that he might go and patronize the injured Susie in a really magnanimous way. At the end of a week he succeeded, and went straightway to her applestand. Putting on a large air, he de-manded—as if he had never seen her or her apple-stand before: What's the best bargain you can give

for a penny?"
"Well," said Susie, in seemingly utwell," said Susie, in seemingly ut-ter ignorance of his identity, "these are three cents a piece—very large and nice, you see; these two cents a piece, and these two for three cents."
"None for a penny?" said Leevy, with a plainly disappointed look.
"Apples are very high at this late season." said Susie. "I know they are, but I've come a long way to buy, you see.'
"How far?"

"From beyond 'the pints,' "and then putting on a sort of injured business air, he continued—"and it's a mighty air, he continued—"and it's a mignty long way to come to spend yer money. But I noticed yourn was perty nice lookun, and so I thought I'd come up h'yer," and still continuing, while Susie was busily engaged with rubbing her apples and turning their reddest cheek toward him, "but I know every thing's dearer as you get hear Brandway." dearer as you get near Broadway."

"I believe it is," replied Susie, who was really interested in her would-be customer, "but don't you have applearants down where you live?"

stands down where you live?"
"Yes—a few; but the fellers grab and
—steal,"—here he almost choaked, for he had unwittingly uttered the last word in the world which he wished to; but he continued—"it don't pay!" Susie had too much consideration to look up, but she well knew what remembrance that one word—"steal"—brought up, and then, as if to cover up what he had said, she asked:

what he had said, she asked:

"What's your father and mother?"

"I haven't any."

"Oh!" said she, sympathizingly,

"then you're just like me. But where
did you come from? you don't talk like 'I come in a ship-I can remember

that; and I can just remember that I was awful scared when we landed, and couldn't understand a word anybody said—and that's all I know.'' Susie was interested, and after he had finished, she seemed engaged in deep thought for a few moments, (during which time Leevy paddled with his toe in the gutter,) and then exclaimed: Why, you must be--German." " Do you think so?" the boy asked

eagerly.
"Yes." "Well, then," broke out Leevy, "I won't be it; for the boys call me Dutch now and I hate it." "It is mean to be called nicknames

isn't it?" said Susie, sympathetically; "But you see I don't know much about it, but will ask Mrs. Pease. She knows, "Pease?" exclaimed Leevy. "Do you go there?"
"Of course. How do you think I got started if I didn't?"
"How d'ye like it?"
"I it is it?" and I'll tell you."
"Pease?" excl

dinner, nor shoes, nor nothing?"

"No," answered Leevy; "but I was going once, but the fellahs made so much o'me, and said nobody but Christians went there, and I didn't go."

"Now," said Susie, "that's a lie! Christians! why they're the meanest of the said said look and the stores were say a word until all the stores were say a word until al "Like it? why it's the best thing that "Like it? why it's the best thing that ever happened to me? Like it? Haven't you never been there—for soup, nor dinner, nor shoes, nor nothing?" "No." answered Leevy; "but I was

set in all creation what goes there! and then told him to roll the barrel christians! Why you fool, what's the use of going there if you're not bad? Why, that's what they have it for."

"Ha, Leevy!" "ha, Dutch!" at that moment cried a gang of young scoundrels, as they caught sight of him in conversation with the apple girl a block way.

While the laborers were still on their way to their daily work, Leevy returned, tugging back the barrel, and sure

away.
The poor boy, ashamed—for he had pride, if it was prevented, in his ne-glected composition, and disappointed, was walking off, when Susie said: "You can take your choice of my apples for a penny if you'll come to Mr. Peases."

Leevy hesitated unwilling to leave the apples and unwilling to be seen there by his companions; for among his ilk, of all things to be ashamed of so preverted is human nature by vice -was any appearance of good and de-"I don't want your apples."

"Why, I thought you did—you said you wanted to buy."
"Yes, I did, but your prices are too high, and" (with the old pride) "I don't have been were your well." want any one to lose money on me."
"Well," said Susie, coaxingly, "I'll

The boy looked at her in amazement; The boy looked at her in amazement; for of all things in the world which he had ever had, been, suffered or expected, he had never one thought of being—trusted. But he saw nothing but her had support to the circle fees siri, who was seated close defined a dar-rel, which stood near-her stand, where she had gathered herself up to avoid the rain. The tone was very soft and gen-tle, though directed toward a thieving black-eyed fellow, about her own age, pleted, and he, prouder than ever, in his life before, walked down the street eat-

ing his apple.

Now a real good apple was a great luxury with him, and he ate it very mincingly. When he had eaten about one-half of it, somehow, through his brain, the thought came that he had just about as much as he had paid for. He looked back up the street to see if Susie was watching him; but seeing if Susie was watching him; but seeing her busy with some customers, ho carefully poked the half eaten apple into what, with various strings, pins and rags amounted to a pocket, saying, within himself—"I'll not eat another bite of that apple till it's paid for!" And if he worked hard for the first penny, he worked harded for the second, and at the end of two days, he succeeded, and ran with all haste up Worth street to Broadway to the little apple girl, she was delighted to see him, and made him both proud and unhappy by saying,—"I expected you before this;" proud that the sweet little girl had thought of him, and unhappy that he had disappointed her. pointed her. '' How did you get your money?'' she

confidentially asked.
"I found an old boot top and sold it to a cobbler for a penny."
"Do you like to earn money?" she thoughtfully demanded.
"Earn money? Why, of course I do; who don't?" Susie looked still more thoughtful, for weighty business was to be pro-pounded. There was silence for at least

minute. Susie then spoke:
"Well, what's your name?" "Leevy. "Well, Leevy, if you'd agree to be decent—wash your face and comb your hair, and come to our Sunday School, I'll tell you how you can earn at least six cents a day, and earn it like a little man?"

Leevy started and opened his eyes wide, while Susie looked straight into his, awaiting an answer. "How?" he at length demanded. 'Will you come?' asked Susie. "You're jokeing," said Leevy, dubl-

ously.
"Not a bit of it. Will you come?"
"I will by—thunder!"
"Well, you needn't say that, for "by s swearing." "Six cents a day!" broke in Leevy. who was not yet prepared for a moral lesson. "How do you know I can earn six cents a day? And I'm too dirty to go into that House; they'll kick

out."
"Wash yourself up and comb your hair "But I haven't any comb."
"Well, you can wet your hair a little,
and poke it and paw it into some sort

of style, so it'll do till you once get Just then a great quantity of dirt and gravel flew round the corner, and down the street flew Leevy, with the ragged, taunting throng—his companions in arms—after him.

The next morning was Sunday, an Susic was up early and had washed and dressed nearly a score of the little chil-dren who huddled around under the protecting roof of that blessed Refuge for the poor. One of the nurses sent her down stairs for something, and when in the lower hall the door opened when in the lower hall the door opened suddenly, and a mild little boy was let in with a shower of missils, jeers, and threats. It was Leevy, who was indeed frightened nearly out of his wits, no less by the strangeness inside than the danger outside, and could scarcely speak. But Susie ran to him, sayingafraid you wouldn't come up," and taking him by the hand, led him up to Mr. Pease. That good man's kind-ness soon made him feel easy; and when, at Susie's sly suggestion, Leevy took off his hat, she was astonished at the smoothness and quality of his hair, and thought to herself—"how much one can do with nothing!"

Leevy, of course, was very awkward and ashamed (both good qualities under the circumstances,) but was deeply im-pressed with the services. He learned more in that one hour in Sunday school than he ever knew in his life before. He managed to see Susie a few mo ments before leaving, and said: "I'm awful glad I come, but you haven't told me yet how I'm to earn the money!" "Come early—very early to my stand to-morrow morning and I'll tell you." That was a memorable day for the poor, ragged, dirty, homeless, friendless boy. That night he asked a poor old darkey, (whom he had mocked and tormented many a time, while he was try-ing to read his bible, in the thickly tenanted house) if he would not wake him when he first woke in the morning. him when he first woke in the morning. The old man promised that he would, and Leevy was at Susie's corner early the next morning—before any of the stores in the vicinity were opened. Susie was not there; but he soon saw her coming up the street in the direction of Washington Market, with her great basket of apples on her slender arms. Breathing hard from fatigueshe smilingly said, "I knew you'd be here." Leevy was pleased at this answer of her Leevy was pleased at this answer of her confidence, and offered to assist her in setting up her stand, which, by the per-mission of a kind porter who opened and swept out the store near where she kept her stand, was placed just inside the entrance every night when he closed the store—for Susie did not sell apples after dark, because the lady who started her in business told her she better not. "No," said Susie, "I can do my own work, and now must tell you about yours. You see this empty barrel of mine?"

"Yes."
"Well, I can do very well without it out will let it stand here until it is full. "Full?" said Leevy; "full of what?"
"I'll tell you—don't you see this porter here, and there—over there's another-just sweeping out?"

"Well, you just go and stand by the door and when they get the pile of papers just ready to sweep out, you ask them if they wont please—give them to you? Be sharp and quick, and get ahead of the rag-pickers—you see ahead of the rag-pickers—you see they're coming already—hurry up!— Be polite and grab your arms full and run over to me—put them in the barre and I'll watch them for you."

Leevy saw it all at a glance. Away he ran, and in less than half an hour and by the time Susie was fairly set up for the day, the barrel was more than half full of waste paper. He worked like a good fellow, scarcely stopping to say a word until all the stores were

while the laborers were still on their way to their daily work, Leevy return-ed, tugging back the barrel, and sure enough had six cents. Five cents were deposited with Susle, and that amount was to be daily installed. At the end Four—six months passed. The raga-muffin association who had not only abused and maltreated him because he

had dared quit their society, but for a long time gave Susie a great deal of annoyance in the way of making up faces at her, calling her names, throwing over her stand, and stealing her apples, at last gave him up as lost, and he was comparatively happy. But the people with whom he burrowed at night, and who claimed a distant kinship, treated who claimed a distant kinship, treated nim badily—said he was putting on airs, when he was only trying to be a good boy; and the winter was come, and he had a sorry time of it trying earn his six cents a day and maintain his respectability. He was nine years old, and could not read. One Sunday he lingered at the Mission, and stood talking to Susie in the hall. Both their faces wore a look of mingled joy and sorrow. The next morning the rag-pickers had it all their own way. Susie sat by her empty barrel alone. Leevy had gone—left the city in the steam cars! If the heavens had fallen it could scarcely have been a greater event to Susie and Leevy, who were fast friends now, and that Leevy should go away from New York. Why the poor things scarcely knew that there was any other place—only Leevy knew there was a great ocean, for he remembered that, and Susie knew there was a nim badly-said he was putting on airs bered that, and Susle knew there was a heaven, and that there was about the extent of their geographical education. The great event happened in this wise: A merchant from Chicago, who came semi-annually to New York to purchase goods, was accustomed—being a Chris tian—instead of the Sunday mornings away, to visit the different Sunday Schools and charitable institutions during his visits, and hearing of Mr. Pease's great work within the purlieus of the plague-spot, in the great city, he visited he institution. He had no children of his own, and now concluded to do what he had often thought of doing before namely: to take an orphan boy and bring him up to good business and do-mestic habits, and finally, if he proved what he desired, adopt him as his own

Now Mr. Burroughs was not rich, bu what is better, he was a kind, intelligent, and industrious man, and determined to succed in life, if honesty and industry would bring success. He had looked about him in his own city and had really tried several boys, but most of them had some relation or friend who interfered or wished to distance. who interfered or wished to dictate, or was displeased with the arrangement; he therefore resolved to take a lad who had no friends but who needed some and one who would not have the curse of evil companionship to contend with. He now communicated his wishes to Mr. Pease, who soon called out a dozen boys, whom he said he could recom-mend.

"Now" said Mr. Burroughs, "I want a business boy," and looking from one to another, he asked if any of them had ever worked any. All of them replied in the affirmative.

"How many has been paid for work?"
All held up their hand. "And," coninued he, "how many have saved any vigilant police, who overmagnified the off his earnings?" Leevy's hand was offence, or the lady, who defied their he only one up.

"How many pennies have you, my That was a glorious moment for Leevy and he replied quickly: I've got seven dollars in the Savings Bank and Susie Pool has got thirty seven cents a keep-ing for me, and I've got one penny in ny pocket for the Sunday School."
That was remarkable, and Mr. Burcoughs exclaimed, highly gratified and

stonished, "your my man!" "In the joy of that moment Leevy was repaid for all his early rising, hard scrabbling and ill treatment of his former companions.
"Would you like to go and live with me?" asked Mr. Burroughs.
"And work and earn money?" de "And work and earn manded the boy.
"Cortainly," responded the gentle"Teevy's face drop-

"Certainly," responded the gentle-nan. But suddenly Leevy's facedrop-ed, and he said, "But I want to go to chool first. onool nrst."
"That's right!" said Mr. Burroughs,
"and you shall, if you be a good boy,
have a good education." Again the boy's black eyes danced but only for a moment, and they fell and he pulled bashfully at his coat skirt ne continued—"but—but—I can't tell sir—'till—'till——" Here he dropped

sir—'till—'till—'' Here he dropped his head and turned his face away, hal n shame and half in sadness.
"Till what?" demanded the gentle man: "you have no relations to ask about it—have you?" ', No, sir."
"Well, then, what is it?" "I-I-" began Leevy, and then broke into a blubber. Here Mr. Pease's

quick perception and kindly nature came to the rescue, and as he drew the gentleman aside, he said to the boy, "I know—I know—I'll see to that, Leevy. Never mind—she'll be willing, I'll guarantee." Then Susie and Leevy held the little conference meeting we spoke of above.
The rattling, clanking train carried him away from her and the great wick-The regrets of children are soon for-

gotten in the new scenes. And so memorable were the delights and sights which Leevy felt and saw, that the first letter he learned to write was to Susie, telling her all about the wonderful mountains and marvelous forests through which he had passed on his journey to his new home. And thence-forward, twice a year a letter was carried to and from Susie and Leevy by

Years passed away. Leevy was a good boy and a good scholar; and Susie no more sat at the corner of the street selling apples. The lady who had started her in business with a dollar had kept watch over her, advising her in all things, and at fourteen took her into her family to assist in taking care of the children, and had sent her to the evening schools. She had learned to read and write long before, from what little help she could pick up.

Twelve years had passed, and the good woman who had befriended Susie was dead. Sadly the lone girl sought a situation in a strange family, and man were the sorrowful days and nights sh passed, for her new place, though grand-er by far, was not the home she had lost. But she worked on trusting in lost. But she worked on trusting in God, who had befriended her all her life, notwithstanding the heaviness in her heart.

One day she answered the door-bell. and being blinded with tears in her eyes, she could scarcely see the gentlewho entered, enquired if Mr. Hard-lived there. There was something gain lived there. in his voice-whether the kindly intonation or the least foreign accent, we cannot tell—but it made Susie's heart leap high, and looking hard through her tears she saw—no, she had never seen him before! But she could see that he was a well dressed, fine-looking young fellow, with curly dark hair, and quick black eyes. The lower part of his face was partly hidden by a young beard. She turned to show him into the parlor, when she was arrested by an old fa-miliar voice saying in a low, half enuiring, half reproachful way:

"Susic."
She staggered back against the wall as she reached out her hands. But hands were not enough, and Leevy put his arms around her, and kissed the poor, glad girl, just as the voice of Mrs. Hardgain came brawling down the stairs, demanding:
"For heaven's sake! what does this mean?—Sir! girl! and with the hall door wide open!"
Susie started, trembling in every limb.

Susie."

There was an "Ugh!" and a slam of the lady's chamber door; but a smile broke over Susie's face, and Leevy—the thoughtless fellow—really laughed out loud. And the there is the suspense of the suspen And that isn't all; the of a month he had more money than he ever dreamed of possessing, besides giving a penny every Sunday to the Sabbath School.

by girl continued to smile even when the lady refused to pay her wages, be giving a penny every Sunday to the Sabbath School.

And when the gentle madam came foaming down stairs, "to give the fellow a piece of her mind about the ungrateful girl," she stopped very suddenly as she confronted Leevy in the parlor, where he was waiting for Susie. Then Levy laughed again! It was outrageous, wasn't it? But young folks and happy folks laugh so easily, you know, and upon such inopportune occasions, that we must really foreign them.

ally forgive them.

The wedding was at Mr. Pease's that very evening, and in less than a month they were settled in their new home in Chicago, scarcely a stone's throw from Lake street, where you may now see the sign of "Burroughs and Roache Fancy Goods." -Fancy Goods."
So you see that with good nature, a few smiles, and some old rags and papers, Susie, the little apple girl, saved a soul, and received in this life ultimate happiness, prosperity and a husband; and although they were obliged to work and wait a long time, it was a good bargain, was it not?"

For the Intelligencer.

"Reminiscences of Venice." NUMBER III. This feeling pervades every being and is evidenced on every hand. A proud lady, one of the most wealthy of the few remaining families of the original Vene-tians, took a most novel way of showing her love for the Italian national cause, and dislike for the government under which she lived a sort of exile life. It was on St. Joseph's day. The Riva was as is usual on festal occasious, densely crowded by promenaders of every shade and condition. This gay Signora amused herself by the most hazzardous game of dropping from under her man-tle, as she carelessly passed along, the celebrated tri-colored roses of Italy, to be picked up by the too eager crowd who followed in her wake. It was not long before the movement attracted the ever-wakeful and jealous eyes of the police, who, understanding this 'guage of flowers' but too well, liscovered the source from whence they came. The lady was arrested, taken before the Tribunaledi Justicia, and underwent a preliminary examination on the charge of having incited to revolt! Too high-spirited to plead for mercy, and too proud withal to give security for her future good behavior, she preferred to become, asshe regarded it, a martyr to the cause of liberty, fully aware that thereby she would invite the repulse with respect for her

spire the populace with respect for her, and hatred toward the authorities, upon whom they were ever ready to look as their oppressors. For months and months, our fair lady remained in durance, the true heroine, enjoying the happy consciousness of having attained her and hy making those whom she I had no appetite after that. I rose her end, by making those whom she and her people detested, still more odious. Attentions bordering on ovations, were constantly shown her; in fact she became the subject of comment and admiration throughout the whole land. The whole subject became farcical. The whole subject became farcical and the actors in the play, whether the uthority, both alike made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the observer who had no interest in the matter There was another motive for all this the part of the patriotic lady: It was Joseph Garibaldi, whose name is sacred to every true and loyal Venetian, that was associated with the holy day. They look upon him as their final deliverer from political bondage, and hence celebrate the festival of his name, instead

of that of the saint in the calendar of If they were enthusiastic in their observance of this day, in order to show their veneration for the great chief, they were equally united in showing their feelings when the birthday of the Austrian Emperor was celebrated by the officials and soldiers. On such an occasion they would immure themselves within their homes during the entire day, lest the authorities might construe their being abroad into a participation in the festivities of the day. No true Venetian, be it man, woman or child, would have it said that they had aided in so "hateful a ceremony?" On such a day flags and streamers floated from every public building. The shipping in port was gaily decked with the black-white-and-red of Austria, and the graceful gondola, as it glides along, leaving some government official to the leaving some government official to the Cathedral of San Marco, (where the day was celebrated in the most solemn and impressive manner,) also bore upon its prow the national colors. was suspended. Soldiers and civilians alike joined in the festivities and were t not known that 100,000 hearts are beating in discordant throbs, we might have exclaimed, Venice once again is happy! On such occasions it was not nmon to find neat little tri-colored uncommon to find neat fittle tri-colored flags accidentally floating down the canals, or placed conspicuously on some

Advertisement appeared in the mornimmovable object, where it would be sure to attract both the notice of the exasperated Austrians, and the enthusiastic Venetians, to be cursed and de stroyed by the former, and blessed by the latter.
Thus blind passion held its sway dark hate increased from day to day. Every day but tended to widen the

chasm between the two contending elements.

The consequence was loss of confidence; stagnation in trade and commerce. Every branch of industry which could tend to the prosperity of the place was paralized. The laboring classes were unemployed, and ruin and want stared thousands in the face. This was the state of things in Venice in 1861, and which, up to 1866, had not changed for the better. The Ger-man or Austrian population which em-braced all the Government officials and military, were hated and shunned by the populace. Strangers visiting the place were watched in their movements by jealous eyes, and when detected holding friendly intercourse with the former, became at once objects of suspicion, if not onen bete

not open hate.

One young man, on hearing of the endangering of the lives of a number of small children by some accident, said: "Oh, they were only *Tedeschi*." (Germans.) A young lady once said in my hearing, "if the Germans were all poisoned, it would be no harm, as they were only *bestica*," (brutes.) These are a few examples given to show the state not open hate. were only bestia," (brutes.) These are a few examples given to show the state of feelings existing among the Italians towards the foreigners dwelling among them at that time.

The announcement that accompanied the publication of the will left by Charles F. Browne, (Artemus Ward,) to the effect that his property—some \$60,000—shall, after the death of his mother, be appropriated to the found-ing of an asylum for printers, has drawn from the Chicago Tribune a practical and an excellent suggestion, as follows:
"We propose that the craft in all parts
of the country, by a united resolve, provide that there be retained by the foreman of each newspaper and printing office, from the earnings of the journey men, a sum equal to five mills upon each men, a sum equato iveministopon each dollar of his weekly bill. This small tax, of one half cent on the dollar, should be paid over to a local treasurer weekly, and by him forwarded to a general treasurer to be invested until such time as the asylum fund will be available. The tax is a small one to each per one to each person, but in ten years' time if properly invested, with its earnings, would constitute a fund equal to the establishment and endowment of an asylum equal to the demands of the craft, worthy of the But Leevy had good nerves as well as men whose infirmities of body may good manners, and without relinquish-

"I Was an Hungered." It was sleeting fast. Evening was falling. The streets were almost deserted. Suddenly a voice at my elbow said, "I am not fit for work and have eaten

am not it for work and have eaten nothing to day."

I looked at the speaker. He was an able-bodied man, but had lost both arms by amputation; he was evidently a discharged soldier. He was pale, too, as if from recent sickness, or from scanty food. He had on an old thread-bare first impulse was to give him something. But my coat was buttoned tight; I could not easily unbutton it and continue to hold my umbrella and book; and to crown all, the street car for which I had been waiting, at that noment came up.
"I haven't anything to-day," I said,

turning from the man and beckoning to the driver.

I heard a sigh as I turned, and was I heard a sigh as I turned, and was on the point of reconsidering my decision, but I reflected that if I missed this car I should have to wait ten minutes in the road. "Besides," I said to myself, "somebody else will be sure to give him something?"

But my heart smote me, when, on looking after the man, I saw him go sadly down the street, with bent head. Once I thought of stopping the car, overtaking the man, and giving him half a dollar. But while I hesitated, the car passed the corner, and he was out of sight. It was too late.

I did not eat my dinner, that day, with

I did not eat my dinner, that day, with the usual appetite. I could not get the wan face out of my mind. At times the victuals seemed to choke me. What if he really was starving and no one would help him! All through the evening the man's look haunted me. In vain my little daughter, seeing me abstracted, sang her sweetest ballads. In vain my wife sought to "cheer me up," as she said. I even dreamed of the man. If I had know, where to find him.

known where to find him, I would have gone the next day, to satisfy myself that he had received assistance. But the impression gradually wore off. There is so much suffering now, in great cities that almost every one be-comes hardened to it. I persuaded my-self finally that the man had been helped by others. "There are so many societies to aid soldiers," I said. It was uncomfortable to think otherwise.

One morning, about four days after the interview, my wife was reading the paper, when she suddenly laid it down and cried, "How shocking!"

I did not know how it was, but I felt a sudden chill. I thought instantly of that man's wan face. But I said carelegaly as I broke my egg. lessly, as I broke my egg:
"What is it, my dear?
"On! such a horrible story. A discharged soldier, his wife and two chil

dren dying of starvation. At least the wife is dead, and one of the children is not expected to live. None had anything to eat for four days. They were found in an old out-house. The hus-band is said to have lost both arms at Gettysburg."

My hand trembled so much that long before my wife finished I had been compelled to lay down my egg unopened. She was looking at the paper and did

immediately and hastened down stairs, for I was sure this was the man whose Quite a crowd had collected outside. But a policeman at the doors permitted no one to go in. He knew me, how-

llowed me to enter.

A sheet, furnished by some poor neighbor, was spread over a still waxen face in the corner; a little girl was sob-bing beside it, and a man bowed with grief sat at the foot. At the sound my footsteps he looked up. It was ne same man's face I had repelled at the corner of the street. tne corner of the street.

Since that day I have never turned away from old or young who asked alms. Better give to a thousand who are unworthy, than refuse one who is

John Smith Advertiseth for His Bog. The dog is a very useful animal.

own a dog—black and tin terrier. He is a nice dog; used to look very ferocious and fly around the room when anybody said "rats," although I never knew him to catch any. But he was knew him to catch any. But he was great at raw beef. In that respect never saw his equal. He answered to the name of "Jack." I suppose there must be several million dogs who rejoice in the same cognomen. Jack Joice in the same cognomen. Jack strayed away a week or two ago; left the manna of my house for the flesh-pots of some beguiling stranger, I suppose. Missed him when I came home; house seemed empty without him. His "bark" wasn't on the sea," or in the parlor, or in the second story front or account to the condition of the him. anywhere else. Children cried for him, while our Thomas cat no longer mount ed hurriedly on the chairs and tables as he approached. I was distressed. I consulted with my wife; I advertised for him; offered five dollars reward.

ng papers.
Ring at the door-bell about 6 A. M. Whole family in bed. Rose and put my head out of the window. Man with two spotted dogs that looked as if they had ust recovered from a severe attack of the measles. Fellow looked up and wanted to know "if either one of them was him." Don't use profane language; so simply said "no" and shut the win-

dow.

Door bell rang eighteen times within the next hour. Got up at last and dressed. Began to eat my breakfast. Another ring at the bell. Short man with shiny hat. Wore what my oldest girl called "spit curls." Had a bull dog with a head like a cast-iron water spout and crooked legs. Said he'd found my dog. Told him that wasn't him. Said he knew it was rather savage. dog. Told him that wasn't him. Said he knew it was, rather savage. Dog began to growl, and looked hard at me. Assumed a mild, persuasive tone, and described my lost canine. Fellow said, anyhow he was a bet-ter dog than mine, and he guessed he would leave him. I said I wouldn't have him under any circumstances. Fellow pushed the dog and said s-s-s ketch 'em. Dog made a dash at me. Springing inside, and shut the door in his face. Went in the parlor and watched him leave through the front gate. Saw another man coming in. Had a ridiculous poodle with a brass color around his neck. Threw up the window and told him that wear! they do go and told him that wasn't my dog, so he needn't bring him in. He eyed me with a sarcastic style, and said I couldn't afford to own a dog like that. Toldhim I didn't want to, either. Said that dog had killed his nineteen rats in four minutes, he had. Said I wouldn't believe him if he crossed his breast to it. Fellow then dared me to come out. Said he would poke me in the nose, or some-thing of that sort.

I didn't go out. Another ring at the bell. This time Another ring at the bell. This time a fellow in a fur cap, and ayellow mongrel that had but one eye. Asked me if I had lost a dog. Said yes. Fur cap said he had found him, and wanted the reward. Told him that wasn't my dog. Fur cap wanted to know if my dog wasn't named Lack Said he was He Fur cap wanted to know if my dog wasn't named Jack. Said he was. He then called his bilious-looking canine by that name. Dog flapped his attenuated tall against the pavement three or four times, and flung his undamaged optic around in a wild sort of style. Wasn't convinced however, and the fur cap left after breaking the third commandment in a most horrid manner. Hadn't got fairly in the house before there was another call. This time a chan in tattered raiment neithing aurthere was another call. This time a chap in tattered raiment, nothing purchap in tattered raiment, nothing purple about him but his nose, and no fine linen on, or coarse either, as far as I could see. Had a big black and tan terrier with him. Dog looked a good deal scared. Had a way of putting his tail between his legs. My impression is that the fellow went out and hunted up

yourn." Told him that was not the one I had lost. Fellow insisted that it was. Seemed rather down-hearted because I wouldn't take him. Asked if I didn't observe how glad the dumb beast was to see me. Said I hadn't observed it. Fellow said I'd regret it if I let auch a chance slip to get a valuable beast. Said I guessed I'd have to let her slip. Thun be the't a while and asked mod. Then he tho't a while, and asked me i I wouldn't lend him five dollars any how, and take the dog as security. Tok

him I was unable to perceive it precisely from that stand-point. So he went away, looking as if he felt hurt. Then another man came with a flerce looking hound with hairless tail.-Hound rushed right at me commence exercising his olfactories up and down exercising his olfactories up and down my trowsers. Looked as if he might bite with the least provocation. Man said he'd brought my dog. Told him rather sharp that my dog was a terrier. Said so was this one. Caught rats before his eyes were open, and had been engaged in that blood-thirsty occupation regularly ever since. Told him I couldn't take him. Man said he wouldn't leave without the five dollars. wouldn't leave without the five dollars Sald I would see him in the tomb of the Capulets first. Fellow thought I was Caputets first. Fellow thought I was swearing at him, and struck at me. Dog took it up right off, flew at me and tore my trowsers, besides tasting my flesh. I escaped into the entry, shut the door and locked it. Determined not to answer any more ringe.—Bell was pulled two hundred and seventy-fleetimes more. Don't answer it. Understood afterwards that several of my friends had been to see me, and gone away offended. About dinner time went up and looked out of the window. Found seventy-five or eighty men there, all of whom had dogs. Buil terriers avaniely setter nurse bloodmen there, all of whom had dogs. Bull terriers, spaniels, setter pups, bloodhounds, double-nosed pointers, Newfoundlands, lapdogs, whifs, fits, gray hounds, mastiffs, mongrels. Dogs with struit tails; curly tails, bob tails, and on tails atail. Yellow, black, white, brown, spotted and flea-bitten. I suppose that ever went on four legs; or three either, were gathered in my front yard. Put the sash up, and attempted to disperse

the sash up, and attempted to disperse the crowd. Crowd commenced to take all at once. Dogs all howled, yelped, barked, and snarled. Couldn't hear my own voice, and shut the window in disgust.

Haven't seen my dog yet. Don't ever expect to see him. Don't ever want to expect to see him. Don't ever want to see him or any other dog. Have seen enough of dogs to last me the balance of my natural life.

Horrible stories are in circulation connecting dogs with restaurant sausages. Hope my dog is tucked away in some sausage skin. Wish all the dogs were made into one large sausage, and the fellow who owns the dog with the hairless tall that bit me had it to eat at

Meerchaum What it is, Where it is Got, and How is is Manufactured—A Rec. ipt for Making Bogus Meorchaum.

hairless tail that bit me had it to eat at

one sitting.

The mineral meerchaum is well known to be a hydrated silicate of magnesia with two equivalents of water. The variety most valued is compact, susceptible of being wrought; and receiving a beautiful polish. It is almost exing a beautiful polish. It is almost ex-clusively employed in making tobacco pipes and cigar-holders. A strange an-nouncement has been put forth that it may be substituted for the sub-nitrate of bismuth, in choleraic diseases. De-I went straight to see him. I had the paper in my pocket, and it directed me to the miserable out-house, where the to the miserable out-house, where the virons of Madrid, but these are of little virons of with the article from value compared with the article from Asia Minor, being too soft and fragile. The mining of meerchaum is carried on largely at Kiltchink, in Antolia; the kind found there, though soft and greasy to the touch when fresh, becoming hard and white in the fire. Some obscurity still exists as to the mode of preparing the crude meerchaum; nevertheless, i is known that pipes made in Anatoli are moulded. The crude earth is kneaded and pressed into moulds, the article being then dried in the sun and hardened by the fire. It is then boiled in milk, and dried anew and polished. The pipes thus moulded on the spot are, however, little in demand, those wrough in Germany or Belgium being much more esteemed. The meerchaum which is to be exported is prepared in Konie, moulded into blocks, dried and slightly baked. After cutting out, the manufac-turers are in the habit of submitting the pipes to a preparation with wax, sper-macitti or parafine. The chips are powdered, formed into paste with water, dried and hardened in the fire. olpes made from this waste material are nowever, of an inferior quality, the firs baking to which the material was origi-nally submitted having produced slight frittage, which renders subsequent cohe-sion difficult to produce. The manufacture of meerchaum arti

ficially has been the object of many re-searches. The following method gives very good results when operated by an intelligent and skillful chemist. It is founded simply upon the double decom-position of soluble alkeline silicates by sulphate of magnesia. One pound Avoirdupois of sulphate of magnesia is dissolved in about a quart of water, two quarts of a solution of soluble silicate f density 1,25, is poured into this liquids being about 1,70 degrees Fahren heit. The product is a gelatinous precipi-tate, which is long washed, first with boil-ing, and then cold water, until all alkaline sulphate is removed; then poured into a stone or zinc trough and dried at a temperature of not over 100 Fahrenheit. The mass thus produced is compact, friable, and very similar to the natural meerchaum, and is susceptible of being manipulated and manufactured in the same way as the latter. For some years M. Wagner has obtained good results by a different method. He incorporates with one part of casin(?) six parts of calcined magnesia, one part of oxide of zinc. Upon drying this mixture there results a material of a lustous whiteness, very hard, susceptible of being cut and polished, and which perfectly simulates

the natural meerchaum. Business at the San Francisco Mint. From the report of the Superintendent of the Branch Mint at San Fran cisco for the year 1866, just received, i appears that the total amount of gold bullion delivered to the melter and re finer during the year was \$29,905,206.72 the total amount returned by him during the same period was \$29,903,134.42; showing the actual wastage to be \$2,-126.30, while the law allows a wastage of \$59,810.52. The whole amount of silver bullion delivered during the same period was \$1,645,403.65, and the amount returned was \$1,648,518.26, showing an excess of \$3,114.64, while the law allows a loss of \$3,290.80. The working of the coiner was equally re narkable, and shows the manipulation of thirty millions of dollars of bullion in the San Francisco Mint, with a loss of only a little more than \$500. The Reported Over Issue of Government

Bonds and Securities.

The impressions which prevail in the banking circles here as to the alleged over-issue of bonds and currency, are to the effect that there have been no issues beyond the amount reported in the official documents of the Department, and that the system of checks, which is used in the Bureau, renders such over-issue impossible, except by collusion be-tween five different officials, through whose hands they pass, and by each of whom they are counted. The amount of interest, which is paid every six months, is also a check by which the fraud would be likely to be detected, if committed. But, as money is readily borrowed on these bonds, the latter check might not affected as the party by whether the these bonds, the latter check might not be effected, as the party hypothecating the bonds might withhold the coupons from the Treasury, and still borrow money upon them. The conclusion, therefore, is that if there is any large over-issue of either bonds or currency it has been effected by the collusion of at least five or six officials; and as there has been no sudden denerting of any has been no sudden departure of any except the clerk Lee, who obtained th bonds he had in an entirely different that the fellow went out and nunted up the dog to get the reward. \ Didn't seem to take kindly to his education. Syntax was defective. Said he had "fetched back that dog of Broad streets,"

Misellaneous. The Case of Colonel North.

Slowly but surely the record of crime t Washington is unrolling itself. It is as black, but with letters more distinct than the charred papyri which
come from the mudand cinders of Pompeti. Mr. Seward may try to write
over them the conservative platitudes
which now dribble from his pen, but,
from underneath, the story of wrong,
and outrage, and wanton abuse of power
struggles to the light at last. Reading
some of those revelations, one is lost in
wonder at the patience and long suffering of the victims, but we do not wonder at the tenacity with which such
wrong-doers as Seward, and Stanton,
and Holt cling to the immunity which
the mere possession of office appears to
give. Mr. Lincoln, whom these recent
disclosures seriously implicate, is in his
grave, and pity for an untimely end
softens in his case the voice of censure.
But, while Sanford Conover is in jail s as black, but with letters more dis-But while Sanford Conover is in jai and Detective Baker is dismissed, and Boston Corbett, who so unnecessarily or with an evil intent, shot Booth i or with an evil intent, snot Booth in the barn, has sunk out of sight, the tri-umvirate at Washington still retain high position, and still are amenable to public criticism. These ideas are promptd by the singular, and, as we may wel describe them, awful revelations recent-ly made in New York, in the case of Colonel North, the uncontested facts of which are briefly these: Colonel Samuel North, who resides ve presume, somewhere in the neigh orhood of Cooperstown, was, and is, man of entire personal respectability In 1884 he was appointed agent o the State of New York, to reside a Washington, to look after the interest

of the volunteer soldiers of New York in that locality, and to do and perform such things as were necessary in admin istering to the wants and interests of al such connected with the army, the sich in hospitals and elsewhere. How faith fully he discharged those arduous du-ties, how willingly and efficiently he aided hundred of poor soldiers, how many acts of kindness were shown parents and friends, how impartial was his treatment of all, may be shown by the united testimony of political friends and opponents. With him were asso-ciated a Mr. Cohn and Mr. Marvin M. Jones. On the 27th of October, 1864 about a fortnight before the Presidentia election, these gentlemen were arrested by military process, in Washington and thrown into the Old Capitol Prison, the thrown into the Old Capitol Frison, the charge being "defrauding soldiers of their votes." There they remained till January and February, 1885, when they were discharged as innocent.

Now let us see what happened in those dreary three months of illegal, wanton imprisonment. From within wanton imprisonment. From within

no word of complaint was allowed to reach the outer world. But Governo Seymour, hearing of the case, appointed a commission consisting of men of high standing, Messrs. Palmer, Allen, and Kelly, who visited Washington, and some difficulty were allowed to these poor men. In their repor visit these poor men. In their to the Governor, the commiss give this ghastly narrative—so bad tha we almost hesitate to reproduce it:

we almost hesitate to reproduce it:

The undersigned availed themselves of
the permit granted them to visit Colonel
North, M. M. Jones, and Levi Cohn. They
found them in the "Carrol Prison," in close
confinement. They learned that Messrs.
North and Cohn had been confined together in one room and had not been permitted to leave it for a moment, during the
four days they had been prisoners, for the
purpose of answering the calls of nature.
They had been supplied with meagre and
coarse prison rations, to be eaten in their
room where they constantly breathed the coarse prison rations, to be eaten in their room where they constantly breathed the foul atmosphere arising from the standing odor. They had no vessel out of which to drink water, except the one furnished them for urination. They had but one chair, and had slept three of the nights of their confinement upon a sack of straw on the floor. They had not been permitted to see a newspaper and were ignorant of the cause of their arrest. All communication between them and the outer world had been denied them. The undersigned complained to the acting superintendent, who seemed humanely disposed, but justified his course by the prison rules and the instructions of y the prison rules and the instructions is superiors. The undersigned afterwar omplained of the treatment of these pe omplained of the treatment of these persons to the Judge Advocate, and also to the Secretary of Warand Assistant Secretary, and were happy to learn, at subsequent visits to the prisoners, that the severities were relaxed and their condition made more tolerable. But at neither of these visits made to the prisoners by the undersigned, were they permitted to see them without special permit, and only in the presence of an officer of the prison.

Brief, however, was this indulgence friet, however, was this indulgence, for we read that "though for a time the prison brutalities were somewhat modified, they were soon taken to a room on the second floor, where they were confined with thirteen others, and were allowed to purchase food fit to eat, at a high price, of a person supposed to have intimate relations with the head keeper of the prison. On the 26th of November, for a purpose which will appear, they were taken thence and placed in solitary confinement to subsist on hard tack and fight the vermin which in-After a time, the trial, before a military court of which the redoutable hero, Abner Doubleday—the detractor of General Meade—was President, and

Holt, of course, prosecutor. During this trial an incident occurred, which this trial an incident occurred, which but that it is positively stated and proved, we might hesitate to believe. Holt, we infer, finding the evidence against these gentlemen failing, seems to have devised a plan of most sinister ingenuity, using for his instrument an individual, Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, who has, throughout shown a singular facility for enterout, shown a singular facility for enter-prises of the kind, and having for one of its objects to make poor Mr. Lincoln do some of the dirty work on the occasion. And very dirty it was. Mr. Cohn, one of the parties on trial, was taken to the White House, and in the presence of the President "pumped"—invited to turn State's evidence. The report from which we quote goes on to

To the desperate extremity to which the administration was driven, Mr. Cohn was sent for by the President, who proposed to try on him the experiment of "my plan." An interview was had at the Presidential mansion, in presence of C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War; J. A. Foster, Judge-Advocate of the Military Commission, and Wood, the keeper of the prison, when Cohn was first given to understand that if he would frankly state "all that he knew about the illegal transactions of Col. North, Mr. Jones, and others, in connection with the soldiers' votes, no harm should come to him," and it was intimated that he might the sooner be in the enjoyment of his own liberty—liberty which long imprisonment and hard fare had rendered doubly precious and desirable. He was also put through a course of "pumping," and alternate coaxing and bullying—all designed to elicit something which might convict North and Jones and compromise Governor Seymour. To the desperate extremity to which the

wour.

We see, sometimes advertised, engravings of the "Republican Court, tempore Lincoln"—" Lincoln reading the emancipation proclamation," "Lincoln teaching his boy his lessons," &c.—but here is tableau well worth some dark limner's art. Mezzótint would hardly make it black enough. The President iocularat course for "many. President, jocular of course, for "pumping" was to him a merry acene—the half-starved prisoner-Foster in uniform, half-starved prisoner-Foster in uniform, and above ail, Dana, like the detective in "Oliver Twist," clinking the hand-cuffs ostentatiously, and representing faithfully his principals, Stanton, and Holt. Really, it is hideous. And yetthis scene occurred in the nineteenth century and the Land of Liberty. The Presidential experiment failed. The prisoner was resolute. He knew nothing and could say nothing, and he was and could say nothing, and he was taken back to prison, and the trial went on, and on the sixth of January, 1865, Doubleday and Foster had to put their signatures to the following: signatures to the following:
[Copy.]—The Commission was then
cleared for deliberation, and, after due consideration, do find the accused, Samuel
North, Levi Cohn and Marvin M. Jones, as
follows:
As to the charge—Not gulity.
And do therefore acquit said Samuel
North, Levi Cohn an Marvin M. Jones.
(Signed) ABEMER DOUBLEDAY,
Major-General Volunteers,
President of Military Commission.
J. A. FOSTER, J. A.

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REPERIAL MOSTRESS Preceding marriages, and deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for every subsequent insertion.

BUSLESSE CARDS, of ten lines or less. one year, Business Cards, five lines or less, one EGAL AND OTHER NOTICES

This was on the 6th of January, but This was on the 6th of January, our not until the 19th was it approved by Stanton, or or allowed to be made public, and then Colonel North alone was discharged, though, as we understand, the fact of his formal acquittal was not communicated to him.

Mr. Jones and the refractory Cohn was detained and on and 30th a friend were detained, and on and 30th, a friend, a Member of Congress from Buffalo, writes to Colonel North:

writes to Colonel North:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1865.

Colonel S. North.

MY DEAR SIR:—I enclose you a certified copy of the order directing your rolease, saying you were acquitted. The others are convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life. So says the Secretary of War.

Very truly yours, John Ganson.

"So says the Secretary of War!" If Mr. Ganson tells the truth Mr. Stanton. Mr. Ganson tells the truth, Mr. Stanton tormented the distant families of these

tormented the distant families of these poor men by a mostatroclous falsehood. The report thus ends:

Cohn and Jones were held in strict confinement, suffering the torments of suspense, and uncertain as to their fate. Sianton alone could have been guilty of originating such refined cruelty, as he alone could have taken the position he did in regard to the exchange of our poor suffering prisoners during the war. Holt may also come in for a full share of the infamy attaching to the cruelty practiced towards these innocent parties and their friends, who were told, in answer to the anxious inquiries of the latanswer to the anxious inquiries of the lat-ter, that "they were convicted and sen-tenced to the State prison for life!" In the face of these inconsistencies, and the prac-tice of such proscriptive intolerance, two weeks after Colonel North's release, Jones weeks after Colonel North's release, Jones and Cohn were set at liberty, the prison doors were flung open and they were told to "go!" without bearing with them anything in the form of official discharge to show what had been the finding of the court or the reason of their discharge.

And not until February 12, 1867, more than two years after the original arrest, did these injured men even succeed in procuring a glimpse of the record. It at last sees the light, and goes into his-

tory. American reader—nause and meditate on all this. Think of it calmly if you can, but at least without the temper which party prejudice may excite. Think of the arrest—the torture in prison—The forty days' trial—The attempt by the President of the United States to extert a confession, the restate the security of the trial of the confession. tort a confession—the reluctant acquit-tal—the holding back of reparation—and tal—the holding back of reparation—and then say if we are not a patient, long-suffering generation. We are slok to fleath of hearing of Mr. Lincoln's good pature and gentieness. He was an actor in this scene. To him we owe Seward and Stanton and Holtand Dana, and he is after all responsible, for he could have conquered the South without it. for the conquered the South without it, for the conquered the South without it, for the great guilt and heresy of "the end justifying the means"—his end being the preservation of a political union, his means the disregard of all constitutional restraint. "You ask me," said Cardinal Pole to Henry VIII, "what crime you have committed I answer the greatest a man can commit—you have destroyed a Constitution."—Agc.

Gutta Percha Bank Notes.

Mr. L. M. Crane, who has a paper mill near Balston Spa, N. Y., has re-cently perfected an invention that will interpose a greater bar to counterfeiting than any yet made. He has invented machinery by which minute threads of gutta perchaare run into sheets of bank-note paper, in the course of its manu-facture, whereby the printing becomes indelible, and cannot be counterfeited. He proposes to offer his invention to the United States Government, so that it can manufacture the paper for all national bank-notes, the same as it does their engraving and printing. His plan contemplates making each denomination differently, as is perfectly practical bills will have one thread each, two dollar bills two threads, five dollar bills three threads; then four threads for teus; five for twenties, six for fifties, seven for one hundreds, eight for five hundreds, and nine for thousands. If the United States Government secures this invention, it can be used for bonds this invention, it can be used for bonds and coupons also. Mr. Crane has in operation in his mill (where he is now making paper collars) a machine by which a thin layer of gutta percha is incorporated within each sheet of paper. A company has been formed with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars to work this invention.—Times, Troy, N. Y.

Condition of Affairs in Texas. Mr. Hoffman sends to the Quincy Fig.) Commonwealth the following ter account of the present condition of things in Texas:

things in Texas:

"Provisions cheap and abundant;
corn selling about 75 cents per bushel;
pork 4 and 5 cents per pound. Large
quantities of wheat made, sufficient for home consumption, at 75 cents per bushel; horses (pretty fair) from \$50 to \$100; cotton crop excellent—selling there from 15 to 18 cents in gold; freedmen behaving very well, and giving general satisfaction; lands remarkably cheap, from the fact that old owners are desirous of investing in stocks in the western portion of the State, and for the purpose of doing this throw lands upon the market. Emigration unprecedented; health very good; currency gold, except in payment of taxes, when greenbacks are used at 50 per cent discrements. greenbacks are used at 50 per cent. dis count."

Aged Meat.

A letter from Stockholm reports that t a meeting of what is known as the Idun Society, recently held there, the members eat for supper beef that was forty years old. In 1827 Captain Parry placed at School Point, Spitzenbergen, a depot of meat. The flesh was in the layer buried beneath a quantity of boxes, buried beneath a quantity of stones. The white bears had displaced some of the stones and destroyed sev-eral of the boxes, but a few still remained intact, and were brought to marined intact, and were brought to Sweden by a Swedish scientific expedi-tion. One of these boxes had been given to the Idun Society, who found the meat perfectly eatable and of good

Meeting of Negroes in South Carolina-'s hey Are Addressed by General Wade 'Hampton.

lavor.

The New York papers publish the following piece of news, which shows that the white men of the Southern States are determined not to permit the votes of the negroes to be employed against the best interests of their section by a few Radical fanatics:

Columbia, March 18, 1867.

One of the most remarkable meetings of colored citizens ever held in South Carolina convened here to day, the occasion being the celebration of the passage of the bill enfranchising the colored race.

By invitation General Wade Hampton, W. F. Desasseur, Edward Arthur, A. F. Talley and Jarves G. Gibbs addressed the meeting. Rev. David Pickett and Bayerly Talley and Jarves G. Gibbs addressed the meeting. Rev. David Pickett and Beverly Nush, both colored, also made speehes. Sentiments highly honorable to the negroes were expressed, and the meeting showed signs of gratification at the spirit of political affiliation with which they have been met, and the clitizens generally were equally pleased to find that the colored men evinced a disposition to become identified with the true interests of the State. Should a convention be called the people will nomipate and support the best men in the country, and, as stated by the colored man, Nash, in his speech, they will urge Congress to repeal the disfranchising clause which deprives them of the services of those in whom they have the greatest confidence. n whom they have the greatest conf

At a meeting in New York of the Executive Committee of the Board of Fire Insurance Companies, it was resolved that where the doors and windows of buildings located in streets less than eighty feet in width were so constructed as to admit of their being cannel from the autiside in case of omerso constructed as to admit of their being opened from the outside in case of emergency, a deduction of ten cents may be made from the standard rate. All stories which have hoistways, dummies, etc., inside of the building without iron coverings, shall be charged terreents addition to the standard rate.

The Paris Patric contains a most mysterious anecdots. Young married woman, rich, elegant, lovely, on the point of death, to her husband: "I must confess something. You'll be astonished that I have proved unfaithful." To which, the following reply: "Not more astonished than you will be to hear that Tknew it, and for this reason poisoned you." Yery Frenchy, even if not The Paris Patrie contains a most mysteri