LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING JANUARY 20 1869

he Zancaster Intelligencer.

VOLUME 70

the daily cross of my husband's tem

"I hopenot; but what can I do? Shut

lark closet system certainly combines both requisites. Tears and hysterics

were played out long ago in matrimo-nial skirmishes, you know, Evy.

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy,
rjsing from the breakfast table in obe-dience to her husband's peremptory

retorting, recriminating tongue. Mrs

"Mrs. Darcy! open the door!" said luke, scarcely able to credit the evi-dence of his own senses. "I shall do no such thing," said Mrs.

There was a dead silence of full six-

ty seconds in the closet, then a sudden

urst of vocal wrath.
"Mrs. Darcy, open the door this in-

tant, madam!"

But Evelyn went on humming a saucy little opera air, and arranging her

"Yes—I hear you."
"Will you obey me."
"Not until you have solemnly prom-

ised me to put some sort of control on

ieed me to put some sort of control on that temper of yours; not until you pledge yourself hereafter to treat your wife as a lady should be treated; not as a menial."

"I won't!"

"No? Then in that case I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppres sive there, as I think it probable you will remain there some time."

"Do you hear me?"

Darcy, I wont endure it any longer!"

look for her work-basket.

NUMBER 3

Loetry.

ÄÜ.

The Window Just Over the Street. BY ALICE CARY.

I sit in my sorrow a-weary, alone; I have nothing sweet to hope or remember, For the Spring o' the' year and of life has flown; 'Tis the wildest night o' the wild December, Anddars in my spirit and dark in my chamber

'Tis the middle of night and the clouds are And the winds are bitterly heating and blowing I list to the steps as they come and go.
And list to the winds that are beating and blowing
And my beaut sinks down so low, so low;
No step is stayed from me by the snowing,
Nor stayed by the wind so betterly blowing.

I think of the ships that are out at sea, Of the wheels in the cold, black waters turn le witch in the barrell news to me, i my head is sick, and my heartis yearn As I think of the wheels in the black waters

Away in her cabin so lonesome and dreary And little and low as the flax-breaker' shed Of her patience so sweet, and her silence so With cries of the hungry wolf hid in the prairie I think of all things in the world that are sad; Of children in homesick and comfortless Of prisons, of dungeons, of men that are mad; Of wisked, unwomanny light in their faces Of women that fortune has wronged with dis-

I think of a dear little sun-lighted head, That came where no hand of us all could deliver; And crazed with the cruelest pain went to bed Where the sheets were the foam-fretted waves of the river; Poor dasling! may God in his mercy forgive her The footsteps grow faint and more faint in the

the daily cross of my nusband's temper."

I pant beek the cerdit and given as th' winds come and go;
And the light in the light-house all weirdly light what glory is this, in the gloom of despairing;
I see at the window just over the street,
A maid in the lamp-light her love-letter reading.

Her red moutobs smillog her news/troaweet;
And the neart in my boson is cured of its bleeding, maiden ber love-letter rending strikes me that the fault is rather more She has finished the letter, and folding it, klases.

And hides it—a secret to sacred to know; And now in the hearth-light she sortly undresses;

The content of the conten And now as she stoops to the ribbon that fastens

Her slipper, they tumble o'er shoulder and face;
And now, as she patters in bare feet, she has tens

To gather them up in a fillet of lace;
And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace. And now as she stoops to the 11bbon that fas-And now, as she patters in bare feet, she has To gather them up in a fillet of lace; And now she is gone, but in fancy I trace, The lavendered linen updrawn, theround arm Half sunk in the counterpane's broldered

Reveal ng the exquisite outline of form; A willowy wonder of grace that reposes Beneath the white counterpane, fleecy I see the small hand lying over the heart, Where the possionate draims are so sweet in little fingers they tremble and part, t to the warm waves the leaves of the or is the world with its bad, bitter | handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy What to nor seek word white some state as my bureau is in second to drive a man crazy!"

Wile she opens her arms—ah, her world is not outs: I make the seek them and clasped them tegether—

What to her is our world, with its clouds and craze weather?

What to her is our world, with its clouds and craze articles.

Miscellancous.

Temper.

"Bedlam let loose! Pandemonium in rebellion! Chaos turned inside out! what is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without

ly arranged on the spotless damask eloth, and the green parrot drowsily winked his yellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window-Bedlam ainly wasn't located just there, and Darcy went stormingly up stairs to

the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was reached at can be need of battle was reached at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her little low chair before the fire, trying to quiet the screams of an eight months old baby scion of the house of Darcy, while another—a rosy boy of five years—lay on his back, prone on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish possion. "Mrs. Dar—cy!" enunciated Luke,

with a slow and ominous precision, "may I enquire what all this means? Are you aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine o'clock? Do you know that breakfust is writing?" Are you aware that the past nine o'clock? Do you know that breakfast is waiting?"

"I know, Luke—I know," said poor perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm, "Come, Freddy, you are going to be good now, mamina is sure, and get up and be washed."

"No—o—o!" roared Master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air further with his heels, and clawing the air further with his heels, and clawing the air further with his heels, and clawing the resulting with his heels, and clawing the resulting with his heels, and clawing the air further with his heels, and clawing the resulting with his heels, and claw his health his heels, and claw his heels, and claw his health his heels, and claw his health his he

with his heels, and clawing the array riously.

Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darcy pounced abruptly down on his son and heir, carried him promptly to the closet, and turned the key upon his screams. "Now, sir, you can cry it out at your leisure. Evelyn, nurse is waiting for the baby. We'il go down to breakfast."

"The Luke" hesitated Mrs. Darcy,

"My dear Luke, how strongly you do remind me of Freddy! You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as abad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I'm so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap-tap-tap-came softly to the door.

beisure. Evelyn, nurse is waiting for the baby. We'il go down to breakfast."

"But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you won't leave Freddy there?"

"Won't, I'd like to know why not? It's temper, and nothing else, that is at the bottom of all of these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper or

me another cup of coffee; its perfectly delightful."

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengance, and took up his stand with his back to the fire, both hands under his coat tails.

"Please sir," said the servant, deprecatingly advancing, "the gas bill—the man says would you settle it while—"
"No?" roared Luke tempestuously.
"Tell the man to go about his business; I'll have no small bills this morning, and I won't be so persecuted!"

"Well!" ejaculated the puzzled Luke, "if you aren't the greatest enigma goving. A kiss? Yes, a half dozen of 'em if you want, you kind-hearted little turnkey. Do not cry, pet, I'm not angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be."

"And may I let Freddy out?"
"Yes, on the same terms that his papa was released. Evelyn, was I very intolerable?"
"If you hand't been, Luke, I never should have ventured on such a violent should have ventured on such a violent remedy."
"Did I make you very unhappy?"

ness; I'll have no small ollis this morning, and I won't be so persecuted!"
Mary retreated precipitately. Clara raised her long brown eyelashes.
"Do you know, Luke," she said demurely, "I think you would feel a great deal better if you would do just as Freddy does—lie flat down on the floor and klok your heels erging the "Very."
And the gush of warm sparkling as Freddy does—lie flat down on the floor and kick your heels against the carpet for awhile. It's an excellent escape valve when your choler gets the better of you."

Luke general. Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcose, and kick your heels against the carpet for awhile. It's an excellent escape valve when your choler gets the better of you."

Luke gave his mischievous sister in law, a giance that ought certainly to have annihilated her, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came round to her sister and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcose, and so believed his umbrells, had been procured, this dead woman and a plyt on his hat, shouldered his umbrells, had been procured, this dead woman and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that necessititle Jessica, when the doctor seem and outlines more beautifully moulded that here.

The doctor started, and shook himself, all the yellow hair sweeping back from the sheet.

The doctor started to have fallen into Irredeemables!

The doctor started to have fallen into Irredeemable here.

Th

to her sister and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me, Evy, please—I know I've been very naughty to tease Luke so!"

"You have spoken nothing but the truth," said Evelyn, quietly, with her coral lips compressed, and a scarlet sput burning on either cheek. "Clara, I are but children of a burning on either cheek. "Clara in the United States— his stock of bad temper in the law my last words with her had perhaps buildings that day, for Evelyn and Cara excited the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery led the excess of fever that must never saw any more of it; and Freddy have swept her away, that it was I who is daily getting the best of the peppery had killed her indeed,—and then came the interest of the peppery had killed her indeed,—and then came the interest of the peppery had killed her indeed,—and then came the interest of the peppery had killed her indeed,—and then came the interest of the peppery had killed her indeed,—and then came the interest of the peppery led the excess of fever that must words with her had perhaps we excited the excess of the peppers and then came the interest of the peppers and killed her indeed,—and then came the interes

A Ghost Story.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. "You may disbelieve in ghosts to your heart's content," said the as we all sat round the blazing fire one night just before separating for bed "you've neverseen one. For my part I've been more fortunate—and I believe 'When I was a lecturer in the Ana

tomical course of the School, years ago, I was in the habit of frequently giving my lectures at the dissecting-table with the class around me there. "At the same time I was in full prac-ice, and I had one case in particular that was as enthralling to meas a nove is to you, Miss Jessica. This case, o which I just spoke, had bafiled the skil which I just spoke, had ballied the skill of every physician of note in the country. I was the last physician employed upon it; and being in love with the young lady, I struggled against its progress like a madman. There were recorded in all our medical chronicles bu four cases of this type;—two had oc curred nearly a hundred years ago, and had been but poorly diagnosed then the third was a twin sister of my patient, who had not died of it simply i ausei n an early stage of the disease sh had been drowned at sea with her two

summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders and went to had been drowned at sea with ner two brothers on her way to procure foreign advice. I saw that there was no help in science or sympathy for my patient; and as day by day passed and shestead-ily declined, and my love did nothing Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars cravats and stockings recklessly upon the bed-room floor.
"I'd like to know where my silk ut increase for her unfailing sweetnes and her beauty, that blazed only brighter with the disease, it used to seem to me as if my brain would burst with despair and desire and suspense. I will not attempt to tell you how beautiful she was, even in her illness and incipient decay; ber features moulded like some articular. You were at the bureau last, Luke. her features, moulded like some antiqu statues, were alabastrine, the flame of It is your own fault!"
"My fault—of course it's my fault!" her spirit burned behind them till the Thank God for the window justover the street; snaried Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's professor the street dark spoolle a kick that sent it howling to its when darkness is darkest, and Sorrow, meat Sorrow.

"My fault—of course it's my fault!" were fairly luminous; her great dark eyes glowed—with the hidden fever professor the street of the st

that many a time I longed to deepen with may jips, but never dared—for had I told her of my passion I should have been of little good as a physician; and, in fact, I was of little good. Let me do "Neither will I!" said Evelyn, resolutely advancing, as her husband plunged into the closet for his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door. "I think I've endured it long enough—and here is an end of it!"
"Mrs. Darry! onen the door!" said my best and try my utmost, study and ponder, search and compare, all my efforts were but alleviations; the disease like an underground fire whose issues have been closed at the surface, burned steadily on beneath. She saw the ab this everlasting racket raised above his cars? Children crying—doors slam ming—I will know the reason of all this upron!! Darcy, composenty captures in their appropriate receptacles.

Mr. Lurke Darcy shut the door of his feet neat of impotent rage, "what on earth do you mean?" one of those smiles of hers that she shed around so carelessly in moments freed from paroxysms of her pain, for one of those smiles that should be given to me

r mean to keep you in that clothes press, Mr. Darcy, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system succeeds with Freddy, it certainly ought to with you; and I am sure your temper is much more intolerable than his? those smiles that should be given to me and me only. I stole one day a long tress of her yellow hair while she was sleeping; I betrayed my profession in doing it perhaps, but it was a bitter solace to me, and I have it yet. There was nothing earthly in this passion of mine; how could there be when it was for one whose body was passing away from earth? I had a certain sort of bliss only in seeing her from day to day, in the freedom and the-friendship of our relation—of taking in her hand, whose

touch almost made my heart leap into my throat—of receiving her confidences—of being looked for and exp-cted by her. Sometimes when the man and lover overcame the student of science, and I saw that even this must end he and I saw that even this must end before long, I cursed the day I was born, and grovelled on the floor in darkness Of what use was my profession to me, all my skill, my nerve, my courage, my steady hand, my judgement, if in my one need they availed me nothing, absolutely nothing! They were my bane indeed,—for had I never possessed them

I should never have been consulted in relation to this case—I should never have been tortured to agony by knowing that I could save any rat-catcher's daughter from all the fevers that infest the slums, while before the life of my soul as it departed I could only veil m face. You must not think me a posi-tive monster when I assure you that it would have been some satisfaction to me after things came to the worst, could I but have had liberty to make an unfettered investigation into the anatomy

of the disease, which I could and would have done;—we are strange compounds—at any rate a physician is.

"One day I was summoned away by a message which I could not disobey; my father was ill where I alone could not disobey;

Evelyn's brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she observed the manoeuvre,
but she made no remark.

"And the plates are as cold as a stone,
when I've implored again and again,
that they might be warmed. Well,
I shall eat no breakfast this morning."
"Whom will you punish most?"
"Won't you give me a kiss?"

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on
me another cup of coffee; its perfectly
delightful."

Luke pushed his chair back with a

Luke pushed stand with a

Luke observed the manoeuvre,
the top of her shining brown hair.

Suddenly a little detaining hand was
laid on his coat sleeve.

"Well and on heaving heavy waxen foldslike
the sheetchung'h heavy waxen foldslike
he sheetchung'h heavy wa neral bell; my hands were ice itself.
My first essay with the scalpel, my first incision upon a corpse, had cost me less sick and trembling horror. My hair would perhaps have bristled upon end all.

had it not been wet with the cold dew that started out at my every pore; and if my face had been turned to wards the students who were following behind me, I have no doubt they would have taken me for the subject myself. As I pulled back the cloth, and suddenly I caught his hand just as the face only of the dead person lay bare. If I had been fore, for a moment now I was marble. This face—this subject that had been procured, this dead woman and outled—the selection of Emily—dead religious training of the child. Meaning as long ago as they, and of the same ernments of Europe have accepted his wisdom and reduced it to practice in the dead person lay bare. If I had been fore, for a moment now I was marble. This face—this subject that had been procured, this dead woman "And Elise?" asked at last the fear.

"I hope there is no mistake, sir,' said the assistant, in a low tone, having noted may agitation and the face. 'I found the body already procured when came in, and presumed you had given be janitor your orders, as usual.' But I could not open my heart before this gaping throng. Mechanically I replaced the face cloth, with a gesture that made my assistant understand it was not to be disturbed, and I sank into a seat, my head in my hands. None of them had

ever seen that face, none but the assistant and I; and whether they thought I was ill, or was simply collecting my scattered thoughts, the students awaited me a while in respectful silence, then commenced caffing among them selves; and it must have been nearly an hour that I sat there without one an nour that I sat there without one thought in my mind, with nothing but a sensation of blank misery that seemed to sponge out all the world from existence. My brain was fairly drowned in unshed tears. It was the corpse itself that awoke me. A hand that had been composed by its side, vibrating as the heavy tread of a student crossed the room, fellaway loosely from its position, and with one dead, awful

swing, and hung there. I can see it now; with the design of a miniature anchor, that had once, perhaps playfully, been pricked into its whiteness, gleaming upon it. 'It is Elise that calls me,' murmured a voice within, that hardly seemed my own conceins as nardly seemed my own consciousness. She gives herself to her race, she wills that the secret of the demoniacal dis that the secret of the demoniacal dis-ease that destroyed her shall be discov-ered, that no other girl shall die away from love and lover and heaven on earth by means of it. And with the thought all my old medical fervor surged back

real and positive in the midst of unrealities. But something, I never knew what, I do not know to day, made me lift my head. I had not heard the fatal click, nor the door close, nor a footfall upon the floor. Yet, they were gone, and was alone in the room with my heavily slumbering assistant. But I had stood almost facing the door towards which they went; they would have been obliged, too, in order to open it, to move a heavy table that still remained there unmoved; was I the victim of an opti-

Sister and brothers, in the sublimity of unselfishness—willing to spare of the subElise from themselves yet a little longer
—willing to spare her to love and a lover, and a heaven ou earth—coming in this phantasmal drama, to her cure. The two

down from its ancient pedestal to accept from the people the confirmation of its authority. It is now too evident for further doubt, that no ruler can rule modern nations by any appeal to the mausoleum of his ancestors. The garish

light of the sun has penetrated every royal tomb, and has altogether annihilated the mystery which once filled the hearts of nations with awe and unplestioning obedience. Public opinion now rules the ruler. Kings and their ninisters have now to elect between intelligent and virtuous opinion on the one hand, or revolutionary passions on the other. The wisest of them, therefore, are hastening to educate the peo-ple; and they are striving, above all things, to make such education dis-tinctly Christian and not simply moral, for they well remember the fate of all nations who have staked their salvation upon the sufficiency of the natural virtues. While kings are doing this to preserve the shadow of their royalty om the aggressive spirit of the age we, in this chosen land, are doing or we, it this chosen land, are doing or aiming to do the same thing, in order that we may rearsuccessive generations of virtuous and enlightened heirs to the rich inheritance of our constitutional democratic freedom. Ours should be

much the easier task; as we labor for much the easier task; as we labor for no dynasty, but strive only to make a nation capable of self-preservation. We are no less in earnest than the kings; and we may surely examine their work and see what is good in it. The kings tried the pagan idea of intellectual culture adorned with the giltrering generalities of moral phi-

vails. well proportioned body; she will be In France, by the last census the pop- married twice, remain poor, but conulation was thirty-seven millions, divided about as follows: 480,000 Calvinits, 267,000 Lutherans, 30,000 of other Protestaut sects, and 73,000 Jews; the remaining thirty-six millions being either practically or nominally Catholic. Although the dissenters from the national faith are less than one million, that Government has provided for them, at the public expense, separate primary schools, where each sect is at full liberty to teach its own doctrines. There are

The Exiled Rebels. inent exiled rebels:

In respect to the prominent exiles, there have been dispatches published, touching their intended movements, which had no foundation but guess work. It has been, for example, broadly stated that Slidell, Benjamin, Davis and Dudery Mann, were all making ready for

much alike. And we are going alike, too—going the same way,' she said, sadly. 'You never saw her,' she added in a moment afterward.

"'Yes—I have seen her,' I replied.
"And with that I had understood it! I is the constant inhalation of the air which preserves our physical vitality. It is the 'religious atmosphere' which supports the young soul. Religion can-not be made a study or an exercise to be-restricted to a certain place and a cer-tain hour.' It will not do to devote six

have saked no more than that; and yet, a wild cry of anger has been raised against them, at times, as though they were the avowed enemies of all popular education. They pay their full quota of the public taxes which create the school-fund, and yet they possess, to-day, in proportion to their wealth and numbers, more parochial schools, seminaries, académies, colleges, and universities, established and sustained exclusively by their own private resources they

by their own private resources, than in this country! Certainly, this is no evidence of hostility to education! And why have they made these wonderful efforts, these unprecedented sacrifices? It is because they believe in the truth uttered by M. Guizot. It is because they believe in the truth established by all history. It is because they believe in the truth accepted and acted upon by enlighten their subjects would be to Imperil their thrones. It is now very clearly seen that "the divinity which doth hedge a king" has long ceased to be an oracle to the people. The French Emperor erects his dynasty upon popular suffrage. Hereditary right has come down from its ancient pedestal to accept in the truth accepted and acted upon by the enlightened men and governments of this age. It is because they know that the salvation of souls is more precious to Christ than the knowledge of astronomers. It is because they know that the salvation of souls is more precious to Christ than the knowledge of astronomers. It is because they know that the salvation of souls is more precious to Christ than the cause they know that the welfare of nations is impossible without God. Aud yet, they fully understand how religion has called science to her side as an honored handmaid; how learning, chastened by humanity, conduces to Christian advancement; how the know F edge of good and evil (the fruit of the forbidden tree) may yet be made to honor God, when the sanctified soul rejects the evil and embraces the good. Therefore the Catholic people desire denominational education, as it is called."

French Almanac.

January.—He who is born in this onth will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may too often forget to pay his debts, but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month will be a pretty, prudent housewife; rather melancholy, but very good tempered.
February.—The man born in this month will love money much, but the

ladies more; he will be stingy at home but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

March.—The man born in this month he will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

March.—The man born in this month will be rather handsome, he will be honest and prudent, but will die poor. The lady will be apsasionate chatterbox, somewhat given to fighting, and in old age too fond of the bottle.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be borne in this month will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage for he will marry a rich

aseparate school organization (wherever numbers made it practicable), and a ratable share of the public school fund; reserving to the government only a general supervison; so as to secure a faithful application of the public money, and to enforce a proper compliance with the educational standard. The public schools are organized so that every citizen shall obtain the complete education of his child, in the faith and practice of his own Church. All difficulties have disappeared, and perfect harmony prevails.

In France, by the last census the popen specific or the audition of the public month will be a good sort of a person, though passionate. He will devote by his own Church. All difficulties have disappeared, and perfect harmony prevails.

tinue honest. A Literary Curiosity.

The following remarkable little poem is a contribution to the San Franc sco Times from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a wardle less. ica. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of thirty-eight leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer gives the following account of the whereabouts of prom

lev Mann were all making ready for their return, in consequence of this amnesty. As for Mr. Davis, he is much more likely to return, now that the amnesty is to be disregarded, than if his case at Richmond had been dismissed. As for the other exiles, I have been posted up to some extent touching their means and future prospects, as well as wishes. The most anxious one to return, probably, is General Breckinridge, of Kentucky. He has a large family, and is poor—has nothing at all, in fact, but his professions as a larger, which is

but his profession as a lawyer, which is of little use in making a living abroad, and I know that on every account he has been auxious for a long time to return. Probably no man more condition the condition to to return. Probably no man more candidly "accepts the situation," in every seuse of the word, consistent with

every sense of the word, consistent with personal honor. He would have been back long ago, but he did not like to encounter personal indignity. Some of his leading friends have advised him. to return at once, but he is a man of great caution, and is just as likely as not to wait until he can see how the land lies, and the temper of the incoming Administration toward him. Old James M. Mason must be now over seventy, and at that time of life local at achments are unusually strong. He

tachments are unusually strong. The thinks, like all Virginians, that the Old Dominion is the finest part of the world, and would prefer greatly to live there to anywhere else. He had a moderate competency at the close of the war, arising from some property of his wife, and, though too old and infirm to earn a dellar, by personal exertion, was thus and, though too bid and infinite tears a dollar by personal exertion, was thus put above the necessity of labor. I see it stated that he is about to return to his old home at Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia. He will be able to find the pulse and work and find the place, doubtless, and meet many old friends, but one thing he will

many old friends, out one thing he win not see, viz: his old homestead. The l'ederal troops completely destroyed it, leaving not one stone upon another. Old Jubal Early, Major-general to Lee and Stonewall Jackson, he who stormed Winchester in the campaign o 1863, and burned a part of Chambers burg in retaliation for the burning of Jackson, Miss., and other places, went abroad at the close of the war, and has remained by choice an exile. remember whether he accepted a parole or not; I think he did, but most certainly he did not "accept the situation. He is a proud, defiant, unyielding mar slow to take a position and very tens cious of it when once taken. He wa

an original Union man, and obstinately resisted secession until Mr. Lincoln's proclamation was issued, and then he went for secession, and the Confederac might have had an abler, but certainly no stouter soldier or more steadfast ad herent. He lived before the war in the country south of the James River, and I suppose must have managed to save some little property from the wreck. I should take him to be about the last man in the world to make a cent in a foreign land. His brief-book on the Virginia campaign of 1864 is pro nounced by Lee's staff, and I believe

The control of the co

to write awful long letters for Father Ritchie's Union, over the signature of "Agricola," (what they were about no body but he knows,) an enthusiast over the "Great Eastern," which he was once under the impression he had per sonally constructed, once luxuriating in European mission, sent there by the United States, and subsequently fixed up comfortably in a similar case at Brussels, by the Confederacy, where he shed his ink like a man; why, he is all

right now. He has got money enough to live on, in a shabby, genteel style at Bonn, or some other German town, and he is half Dutchwan anyhow. Europe suits him far better than a country where taxes are high, and bowing and craping, and pleasant, amiable grim-ices voted a bore. Old Dudley has no ise for the United States, and the United States still less for him. Poor old fellow! Who would grudge him his pasture and the occasional luxury o kicking up his beels?
As for Bev. Tucker, everybody knows

him, or did know him once—" a fellow of infinite jest"—the very prince of good, jolly fellows, that will, if you give him a chance by getting him at a supper, say so many good things that you would never afterward think of a square meal without him. What an outrage that this man, any one of whose lokes is worth a dozen Stantons, Holts or Lafay-ette Bakers, should have been kept abroad all this time an exile—his family large, poor and very needy—on the ridic-ulous pretext of having helped to as sassinate Mr. Lincoln, whereas he never helped assassinate any thing but canvas back ducks and oysters; and I believ he could put a bushel of both under hi elt at one sitting with perfect ease. He is, as I remarked, impecupious, and I know prefers the Lynnhaven and Norfolk to the pretentious, but small and coppery, Ostead oyster. Does not such patriotism deserve a better reward. Nor would he object at all to a slight rop of the "fusel-oil." whether native or foreign, and if any body thinks to nsult him by allusions to Bourbon, Just et him produce the insult, and see if it

e not promptly swallowed.

I have barely a word to add about Mr. malice pursued him at every step, and inally he left for Europe to get rid of it, stating to one of his friends that he would sacrifice himself and his own nterests and desires rather than be the ecasion of drawing down increased The Stevenson cotton case in Northern was Dresident for his was Dresident for his was benefit, in case of flual reverse, is liscredited by the fact of his poverty,

About 100 officers of State Courts as well as by the fact that he made no erious effort to escape till almost the last moment, and then reconsidered his design, and retraced his steps on hearing of Mrs. Davis being annoyed by marauders. Nor do Stanton and Hoft deserve any special credit for this fabrication of theirs, it being the precise

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being old, and is still a man of vigorous, healthy, active intellect.

Mr. John Slidell is in Paris, and has been there at his hotel in the Rue de Marignan since 1861. At the time he was sent abroad by the Confederacy to manage their relations with Louis Napoleon, and he expected to stay abroad a considerable time, and knew the uncertainties of war-being a long headed and converted. Hence, though additional time is the secretary in the had converted. Hence, though additional time in the stay abroad in life, he has been pretty lazy, and is not starved out by the confiscation of his Louisiana property. One of his daughters was married to Emile Erlanger, he who took the European Confederate loan, and bid the other day for one in Spain; his son has a career In the shape of an avalenche of paper regions and, on the whole, except to transact some personal business I don't believe him.

Lewis T. Wigfall made his way abroad at the close of the war somehow of the lose of the war somehow of the ripe is a man of desperate energy, and he has been practising law, I believe, in some irregular way, not in the leaves of the ripe and in the present license in the close of the war somehow of the law of the present license in some irregular way, not in the leaves of the ripe at the close of the war somehow of the law of the present license had not the law of the present license in some irregular way, not in the leaves of the war somehow of the law of the present license has been practising law, I believe, in some irregular way, not in the leaves of the war somehow of the colored manager. The Washington correspondent of the N. M. Hornoldies of the present license of the ripe and the manager in the early of the league. Ward K. Lumon is writing the variation the country good service in place of Mr. Bryant, who has for years differ the row of the variety of the league. Ward K. Lumon is writing the variety of the league. Ward K. Lumon is writing the variety of the league. Ward K. Lumon is writing the variety of the league of the post

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Paris smoked 800,000,000 cigars last year. Female compositors set up the San Fran-sco Californian. In Cincinnati nineteen ladies have formed in Equal Suffrage Society. The cultivation of olive trees is be extensive in California, Hon. Oden Bowie has been inaugurated Governor of Maryland. Wm. M. Stewart was re elected U. S Senator by the Nevada Legislature.

The canals of New York last year yielded a surplus revenue of \$3,293,300.

Henry Ward Beecher says women make the best prayers in his congregation. t prayers in his congregation The Barney Williamses have made a fortue of \$750,000 A bottle of whisky and \$50 is the price of seal skin in Aleska. A yearing baby was carried of two miles by an eagle in Tennessee the other day. A school has been established in the Cali-rnia State prison for the benefit of the un-The Lallans of San Francisco, bave bad corner-scone of a new hospital Flogging in the army has been abolished The New York Female Club is getting up The professors get \$300 per[month in the alifornia University. Amornia t inversity.

One hundred and two females teachers in deston demand the right to vote. Peanuts are said to be a very exhausting

rop, both for the jaws and the soil.

Longfellow and Prescott are said to be the wo American writers best known in Italy.

Gen. Preston, lare minister to Spain, has seen elected to the Kentucky Legislature. Some 193,640 Englishmen get fighting runk every year-according to the Court ecords. Recently, at Magdeburg, a widow of 73 married her seventh husband. He was less than thirty years old. A hairless squirrel has been caught in Natchez. Its tkin is soit and smooth, and evidently never had any hair upon it. Two American students at Gottinger ought a duel with pistols last month, abou Grant and Seymour. The pecuniary loss by the recent earth-quake at San Francisco will, it is said, exceed three millions of dollars.

Davis. A few months ago Mr. Davis went down to Mississippi, intending to stay there, and, I believe, go to planting again; for his local attachments are very strong, and he is deeply attached to his old friends and the home where he has passed so large a part of his life. But whatever he did or left undone, the Radicals distorted it and made a fuss; and the local attachments are very strong and liver pool. They will make a tour of the United Kingdom as a show before going to Paris to be cut apart. There are twenty eight newspaper correspondents in Paris, twenty of then Americans. Governor Hoffman is thirty ni

age; and the youngest Governor New York ever had except Seward. occasion of drawing down increased persecution and malignity against the people of his State. Rather than do this, welcome exile and its bitter bread. Mr. Davis' means are very scant; like General Breckinridge, he owes much to the bounty of friends. The story of his gold nut at the plate of each guest. The Stevenson cotton case in New York About 100 officers of State Courts in Vir-ginia have been removed within three weeks, in pursuance of the Fourteenth A regulary.