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Poetry.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply.
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we played a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hand that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me,
And he rose with a sigh
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar
Which the same I am free to maintain.

[Overland Monthly.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

It's a very good rule in all things of life,
When judging a friend or brother,
Not to look at the question alone on one side,
But always to turn to the other.
We are apt to be selfish in all our views,
In the jostlings, hot flying race,
And so to be right, ere you censure a man,
Just "put yourself in his place."

It is very hard to be just—to know
The reason another may give—
How much he has struggled and fought and striven,
How honestly tried to live;
How much been cheated, how sorely tried,
Ere the wrong he was forced to embrace,
And if you would learn these things, the way
Is to "put yourself in his place."

There's many a man crushed down by shame,
Who blameless stands before God,
But whom his fellows have utterly scorned,
And made "to pass under the rod;"
Whose soul is unstained by aught of sin
Who will yet find saving grace,
And who would be praised where you now condemn
If you'd "put yourself in his place."

Miscellaneous.

A Night in Stamboul.

Late upon an August evening, in Constantinople, or rather in the dirtiest yet most picturesque of its suburbs, Pera, a party of five gentlemen were seated at a dinner-table in one of the largest houses that stood upon the brow of the hill, which slopes downward till it reaches the Bosporus, not far from the new palace of the Sultan. Their undress uniforms, and the litter of sabres and forage-caps scattered about the room, suggested at once that the occupants were attached to one of the armies then carrying on the great struggle in the Crimea. The frequent references made by all of them to "the front," and the tone of interest in which the latest news was inquired for and given, was usual enough in any company at that time in Constantinople, but their familiarity with the subject, as they discussed it over their wine, made it apparent that most, if not all of them, were well acquainted with the lights and shades of a campaigner's life in the Crimea.

The conversation was carried on in French, and the light blue uniforms of the *chasseurs à cheval*, and the dark green of the *chasseurs à pied*, sufficiently established the nationality of the wearers. The youngest of the party, although wearing the undress of the cavalry, for the marked accent with which he spoke, and from those various shades of difference, more or less defined, which distinguish the Saxon from the Gaul, was evidently an Englishman. At this moment he was speaking across the table to a tall, dark, soldierly-looking man, whose bronzed countenance bore marks of more than one hard-earned victory in Algiers.

"I say, St. Helier's, *à propos* of our new commander-in-chief. Did you ever serve under him in the colonies? Duchesne here was telling me to-day some stories about him that would augur rather sharper work at the front than we have had hitherto."

"I was a *sous-lieutenant* under him one summer in Oran, my dear Arden, but we were in barracks the whole time. Still, I know a good deal about him, and can venture to promise you—we shall let the Russians see that they have at last caught a Tartar in old Pelissier."

"Well," said the gentleman referred to as Duchesne, "I am glad he has the command, but I should be sorry to have on my conscience the load the old fellow must carry on his, after that affair at the Caves."

"Pshaw!" replied St. Heliers, "what in the deuce was he to do with the beggars? He had to choose between losing the best part of his own men, and the destruction of a horde of murderous rascals. But come, we don't discuss the matter; it's too soon after dinner for an argument. What's to be done to-night?"

"First, to arrange where we are to mess to-morrow—with you, I think, D'Epernay?" said Arden.

"All right, *mon cher*!" rejoined D'Epernay, a good-looking fellow in the uniform of the line, as he rose from the table. "*Parbleu*, Arden," he continued, halting before the large double windows, the eastern lattices of which were thrown back to admit the soft night air that came gently breathing over the pine-tops from the cool waters of the Bosporus below, "I envy you such a view as this.—Look here, St. Heliers; look, D'Ardier! Zounds! a man might well get romantic with that scene before him!"

And perhaps no more beautiful standpoint could have been selected among the many around this most beautiful city of the world. A vast Turkish graveyard, with its dense groves of cypresses, lay almost beneath their feet. On the right extended a large, park-like enclosure, its lofty wall bordered with myrtles and fig trees, whose heavy foliage and interlacing boughs formed a dense screen against the intrusion of impertinent eyes. Beyond, over the pines, like a dark line, swept the rapid Bosporus, with here and there a dim, glimmering light, as a *caiquedji* or belated fisherman shot across the straits, with his paper lanterns suspended from the prow. Occasionally the moon, breaking through the fleecy clouds that covered the sky, lent an increased brilliancy to everything. The pines and cypresses waved in silver spires, deepening the darkness of the shadows below; the numerous palaces of the pachas, with their long, glittering lines of illuminated windows, were scattered in the distance, and the night breeze, cool and moist, from distant Marmora, came sweeping past, bearing its stolen fragrance from the jasmines and myrtles of Scutari.

The fragrance of Latakia was apparently preferred to that of the myrtle by the little knot that collected around the window at the call of D'Epernay, and meerschaums and cigars were lighted in despair of any more active method of killing time.

"What a bore it is," yawned St. Heliers, "that the opera is over for the month!—D'Ardier, you have not spoken for the last two hours. I condemn you to suggest something to do."

"Good-night, then," replied D'Ardier; "I am off to bed. It's nearly eleven, and I've a six o'clock parade in the morning. You fellows on leave can lie in bed as long as you like."

"Hang it all, don't go yet!" said D'Epernay. "I say, Arden, what's this enclosure next door to you?"

"It belongs to some old pacha or other," replied Arden. "My man tells me he has got his harem in a villa down there among the trees."

"By the sacred camel!" shouted St. Heliers, making a plunge off the divan, and nearly upsetting Duchesne, who was perched on the back of a chair endeavoring to see how long he could preserve his balance, "I have an idea!"

"Well, please don't break my neck in your astonishment at the novelty, but let us have it. I've not had such a thing for the last twenty-four hours."

"Nor the twenty-four years preceding, you might add," chimed in D'Epernay, with a laugh.

"Listen, you fellows," continued St. Heliers. "You say, Arden, that the pacha has his seraglio over there?"

"So my servant told me the other morning. But what has that do with your idea?"

"Only that I am going to try and get a peep at it."

There was a general shout of assent at this announcement—from all, except D'Ardier, who attempted in vain to dissuade them from undertaking it.

"Well," he said, at last, "you will get into a confounded scrape, I warn you You have not been here as long as I have, and don't know how savage it makes a Turk to interfere with his women."

"Don't bother, D'Ardier," replied Arden. "We won't let the old fellow know any thing about it.—But how shall we manage to get over," he continued, turning to St. Heliers, who had been reconnoitring from the window.

"Have you got a rope?" was the reply.

"No; but you can take the tablecloth."

"True.—Come, D'Epernay! Duchesne! clear the table. Put the decanters and glasses on the floor—anywhere."

Amid shouts of laughter the table was cleared, and the cloth twisted into a fair substitute for a rope. There was some hesitation how to fasten the end, till Duchesne suggested there would be a difficulty in getting the massive dinner-table through the window, and, acting upon the hint, that piece of furniture was pushed up close to the lattice, and the cloth made fast to one of its solid legs.

Between the wall of the garden and the side of the house ran an alley, four feet wide, and it now became a problem among the four adventurers—for D'Ardier refused to join them—how this gulf was to be passed, the top of the wall being about eight feet below the level of the window.

"I'll tell you," said Arden, "I am the lightest, and will lower myself down part of the way and see if I cannot swing over. I shall then be able to hold the other end of the rope while you fellows slide down."

Lowering himself cautiously, Arden succeeded, with some little difficulty, in establishing a foothold upon the wall.—St Heliers joined him, immediately followed by D'Epernay and Duchesne.

Stopping for a moment to wave a farewell to D'Ardier, who promised to remain at the window till their return, they scrambled down from the wall, and began to force their way, as silently as possible, through the dense and tangled hedge that surrounded the park. Not a word was spoken, except an occasional smothered exclamation from D'Epernay, the dandy of the party, as the thorns of an acacia or aloe threatened destruction to some favorite garment until they stood within a small enclosure, from which paths branched off in apparently all directions.

"Now, then, for a council of war!" said St. Heliers, halting. "Which way, Arden, do you suppose the old fellow's villa to lie?"

"Either of those paths, I imagine, would reach it," replied Arden, pointing to two that ran nearly in the same direction.

"Hold on!" cried D'Epernay; "let us divide and try them both. Four of us together will be awkward."

"Come along, then, Arden; we will take this," said St. Heliers, starting forward. "*Au revoir, vous autres.*"

St. Heliers and his friend followed the path they had chosen for some time, winding among parterres of flowers and past little summer houses of the quaintest devices, painted and gilded in the extremes of Oriental taste.

"Upon my word, St. Heliers, this is enough to carry one back to the Arabian Nights. Look at the fountain yonder; it seems spouting diamonds. Was ever any thing more charming! And see that kiosk, how it glitters in the moonlight!—Ah! what's this?"

A turn of the path had brought them before a large building, standing embowered in trees, and apparently uninhabited. But as they approached it St. Heliers touched his comrade's arm and pointed to a lattice, partly concealed by the luxuriant foliage of a running vine, through the leaves of which streamed a ray of light.

"Unbuckle your sabre," he whispered, as he took off his own; "we may be heard."

Then, stealthily, keeping as much under the shadow of the trees as possible, they crept on until they stood under the lighted lattice.

"To get up is the next thing," said St. Heliers, below his breath, as he looked up doubtfully at the tangled mass of foliage formed by the vine which promised to be their only assistant in the attempt. "What do you think, Arden; can we climb it?"

"Hold on till I get my boots off and I'll tell you," replied his companion, in the same subdued tones, as he endeavored to kick off one of the articles in question. "Now, then, let me see what we have to hold on to."

The next moment the young soldier had commenced his escalade. The vine was a large one, and trained by iron clamps driven into the crevices of the wall, so that, although requiring a good deal of exertion, he progressed more rapidly than he expected, and was soon on a level with the lattice.

A smothered exclamation broke from him, and made St. Heliers inquire eagerly what was the matter.

"Hush! Not a word! Come up as quickly as you can, and make no noise, for pity's sake."

Although heavier and less active than his companion St. Heliers was soon seated besides him upon the broad stone slab forming the ledge of the lattice.—Carefully putting aside the leaves that screened it, and placing his eye to one of the interstices of the beautiful fretwork of the sash, a sight so extraordinary burst upon his gaze that his start of delight and astonishment caused him almost to lose his seat; for there, before them, in all its Eastern magnificence and loveliness, was—the harem of the pacha.

Reclining in the most picturesque and natural positions, some half buried in piles of crimson cushions from Tripoli, or shawls from Cashmere; others seated, smoking upon the low divan that crossed the room opposite the treacherous lattice, the long tubes of their nargiles glittering with jewels, they lay, the dark-haired, starry-eyed Circassians.—Charming little children were playing about the apartment, and the peals of musical laughter that broke from within indicated the most unrestrained enjoyment.

The chamber was large, and evidently one in common for all the members of the harem, profusely decorated with all the rude splendor of the Saracenic school. The soft light shed through it from some unseen source lent a tone and refinement to what might otherwise have appeared meretricious and gaudy.

Neither of the two soldiers spoke as their eyes followed the graceful movements of the occupants of the room; and it was, in truth, a rare and beautiful picture. With their raven hair flowing in waves over their shoulders, their exquisitely-cut features and delicate complexions, the graceful Persian costumes, all combined with that attraction which female loveliness exerts over men, now heightened by the romantic circumstances under which they were beheld, made the enchantment of St. Heliers and his friend complete. But before long it was evident that one figure attracted their undivided attention, nor could a fairer vision of mere material beauty well be found to dazzle the senses of men.

In a semicircle of cushions, a little apart from the others, lay the pearl of the harem: a Persian jacket of crimson silk open across the bosom, loose white trousers of the same material, gathered at the ankle,—which was clasped by heavy bands of gold above a tiny, naked foot, that played carelessly with the embroidered slipper which had fallen from it; her dark hair fell in folds, long strings of pearls wreathed carelessly through it, forming at once an ornament and support. Apparently the beauty was in a pensive mood, for, while one hand held listlessly a lute, the other, half buried in the wealth of her dark tresses, formed a rest for a lovely face that appeared all unconscious of its surroundings.

"Well, St. Heliers, what do you think of this?" at last whispered Arden.

"The most glorious creature I ever saw," replied his companion. "She shall never—"

Before he had time to finish his sentence, a shout, so fierce and wild, rose from the opposite side of the villa, followed by a prolonged *sac-r-r-e*, and a volly of oaths so unmistakably French, that Arden exclaimed: "D'Epernay's in a mess, and, confound it all, how are we to help him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. *Diable!* look here! We shall first have to think of helping ourselves."

And, as he spoke, one of the doors of the harem was thrown violently open, and a confused crowd of female slaves and eunuchs rushed in. Apparently something of the most alarming character had occurred, which the two friends at once judged to be the discovery or capture of D'Epernay.

A hurried consultation convinced them that, for the present, they were less liable to discovery by remaining where they were; and it was with the most intense interest that they watched the scene within the harem.

A perfect babel of female tongues ensued for the first five minutes, until an old eunuch, evidently of high authority, succeeded in some measure in restoring quiet. During the confusion, the lady whose wonderful loveliness had so strongly attracted St. Heliers and Arden, remained quiet and composed, although deeply interested in the tale the old eunuch, with marks of the most profound respect, had begun to relate to her. After listening for a short time, she interrupted him to utter a few words of command, which were followed by the immediate departure of several slaves.

During this time the female slaves of the household had collected near the entrance door, and were squatted in groups, awaiting some new scene in the drama.

"St. Heliers" whispered Arden, "we had better be off; they are going to search the park, and, by this bright moonlight, we shall be seen to a certainty."

There was no time for a reply; the old eunuch, as if struck by a sudden thought, walked across the room to the lattice, and began to unfasten the inner sash.

"You old villain, may Sheitan fly off with you!" exclaimed St. Heliers, shaking his fist at him with so much energy that he lost his balance, and fell with a crash through the thick foliage of the vine to the ground. A loud yell announced to Arden that all hopes of concealment were at an end, and he began to descend as rapidly as the detaining branches of the creeper would admit; but, in the haste of the moment, his foot slipped, and he also came tumbling to the ground; and, landing on top of St. Heliers, who was busily searching on his hands and knees for a missing boot, they rolled over lovingly on the grass together.

"Hope I didn't hurt you, old fellow!" exclaimed Arden, breathless with laughter, in spite of himself.

"Only knocked out of me the little breath I had left. Where's that confounded boot gone? Look sharp, Arden, these fellows mean mischief."

A pistol shot or two was fired from the lattice; but, in the confusion and bustle of the moment, the balls went high overhead. The yells of the eunuch, mingled with the shrill screams of the women, made such an uproar that both the young soldiers felt they had no time to lose. Seizing boots and sabres, without stopping to draw the former articles on, they ran at full speed as nearly as possible in the direction from which they had entered the garden.

Noises in several quarters indicated that more than one party was in pursuit, and the knowledge that Turkish vengeance was apt to be prompt and summary in cases like this caused them to exert every energy to reach their friendly table cloth. More than once, as the flashing of torches and the sound of voices warned them of the approach of a party, they were obliged to conceal themselves within some of the coverts of myrtle scattered through the park.

"I'll tell you what," whispered St. Heliers, as they were crouched under the low branches of a jasmine, while the sound of eager questions and the occasional ring of steel, as a scabbard struck sharply against the ground, gave warning of the closeness of the pursuit. "I am alarmed about D'Epernay, these fellows look so savage; now it seems to me they are all off in this part of the grounds away from the house, what do you say if we go back and look for him and Duchesne?"

"Wait till I get my boots on, and I am ready to go back of course. Now, then!"

Carefully retracing their steps to where they supposed their companions had been discovered, to satisfy themselves, if possible, that they were not held as prisoners; and, taking advantage of the deep shadows around them, they at length reached a spot a short distance from the villa. An anxious survey satisfied them that their friends were not detained without the building

"St. Heliers!" suddenly cried Arden, "the Bosporus must be close to us. I'll wager that D'Epernay has managed to double on these rascally slaves who, you see, are all at the other end of the park, and has reached the shore, where he may get away in a *caique*."

"True," replied St. Heliers, thoughtfully. "At all events, we had better look."

Judging now that there was less danger of being seen, they walked rapidly forward, without taking their previous precaution of keeping in the shade. Arden was even laughing at St. Heliers's sober countenance, and accusing him of thinking of the harem, when fizz-izz-zz, followed by the heavy, lumbering report of a matchlock, warned them of their mistake.

"Come, Arden, our only chance now is the water!" cried St. Heliers, plunging into a thich coppice, followed by his friend.

The report of the matchlock at once brought the rest of their pursuers upon their traces, and it was soon evident to both that, unless happily a *caique* should be near the shore, they would have to swim, or be taken prisoners. On they went, regardless now of all concealment, dashing through brakes, and over parterres of flowers, while the moon, breaking through her thin veil of silvery clouds, drifting across the sky, lent all her brilliancy to aid their pursuers, whose white dresses could be seen hurrying from all parts of the park, their shouts and yells filling the air.

"This way a little," called out Arden, who, being the most active, led the way—"this way, St. Heliers—by Jove, there is a *caique*! and, by all that's glorious, there is Duchesne and D'Epernay, too; but—what the devil!—Halloo, there, D'Epernay!—hold on; don't push off yet! What the deuce is the matter?" shouted Arden, as he and St. Heliers rushed down breathless to the shore.

Something was evidently the matter, for, in defiance of the shouts of both, the *caique* receded from the shore; a struggle of some sort was going on, for a heavy fall was followed by a volley of Turkish curses, and then a splash, as of some solid body thrown overboard, succeeded immediately by another. A cheer from D'Epernay, as the *caique* was pushed rapidly in shore, indicated a change of ownership.

"Look out, St Heliers, here come the rascals in force," shouted Arden, as half a dozen white figures came leaping down the bank towards them.

We shall have to draw upon them, Arden."

And the next moment their heavy cavalry-sabres flashed out in the cool moonlight.

"Charge and drive the scoundrels back, while D'Epernay brings up the boat!" shouted St. Heliers.

A mad whirl for a moment—shouts, and groans, and curses, and the clashing of steel, as the two soldiers, side by side, drove steadily back the slaves. A moment later, and D'Epernay was beside them, having left Duchesne in charge of the *caique*.

"Back, Arden, come back, for Heaven's sake, or those infernal *caiquedjis* will swim in and take the *caique* from Duchesne!"

It was plainly the wisest course, for re-enforcements could be seen pouring down from all quarters of the garden, some wearing the blue uniforms of the Turkish infantry, showing that the guard from the adjacent barracks had been turned out.

"Come along, Arden," cried D'Epernay, seizing his friend by the arm and dragging him back, followed by St. Heliers.

"Look sharp, Duchesne, and shove off!" he added, as all three tumbled on board.

A few vigorous strokes of the oar carried them out into the swift current of the Bosporus; their pursuers contenting themselves with a volley of random shots, and shouting curses until they were out of hearing.

"Well," said St. Heliers, resting on his oar as they floated past the eastern point of the Goldern Horn, "you have heard our story, D'Epernay, now tell yours."

It was soon related: Duchesne and himself, after wandering through the park in various directions, had reached the villa on the side opposite to that gained by St. Heliers and Arden; in attempting to explore, they had frightened an old female slave, who had given the alarm. Beating a rapid retreat for the tablecloth, the pursuit was so close that they had been obliged, as Arden suggested to double on their pursuers and seek an escape by the Bosporus. They had succeeded in making a bargain with the owners of a doubled-oared *caique*, when the reports of the pistols, discharged from the villa, induced them to delay, in the hope that their comrades might make their retreat by the same route; but, on their approach, pursued by the slaves, the *caiquedjis* became frightened and endeavored to force them on shore. All persuasions proving unavailing, they were obliged to resort to more forcible measures, and, as the only way of securing the retreat of the whole party, had quietly pitched the rightful owners of the *caique* overboard.

Running the stolen craft ashore at one of the government landings, with a napoleon left under the cushion to reimburse the owners for their sudden ejection, the four officers stepped ashore.

"I think," said St. Heliers, as they lighted their cigars before separating, "the less said about this little affair, for the present, the better. We are not the only Frenchmen in Consantinople who are fond of an adventure. Come, Arden—good night!"

Texas and Louisiana.

Fruitfulness of an Almost Unknown Country--Facilities for Stock Raising--Wild Honey--Railroad Enterprise--1,000 Miles of Wild Grape Vines--Where to go for Homesteads, &c., &c.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Express.

I am now on my way across the Mississippi, having left Houston and passed up in the Orange and Jasper counties of Texas, crossing the Sabine near Niblett's Bluff, assisting a set of beef drivers from Burleson county to cross Sabine on their way through the Attakapas region to New Orleans. I parted with them in the "Big Woods," a fine section of highland on Calcasieu river, abounding in timber, good land for cultivation, producing cotton, corn, figs, peaches and melons, as fine as any country upon the face of the earth.—These people work a pineland soil, with small hickory, dogwood and buckeye scattered through it, and are exceedingly happy and prosperous, although in a small way.

Venison, honey, fresh and salted beef of their own hunting and raising, are on all their tables, and on the Cocodrie (a small river) they have the finest trout fishing in America. There is quite a sprinkling of the French descendants in this neighborhood, many of whom can not converse in the language of America; and many of them hate Americans and still consider themselves as Frenchmen.

Passing on, I came to Cheneyville, a small town; this is quite a place "of claims" to importance in a mercantile way.

These people are truly honest in their "acceptance of the situation," and, unless aided by Northern capital, it will require a generation to rebuild their business capacities and enable them again to become our customers. They cannot buy from us, for the want of means. We cannot credit them, for they are insolvent. If we want to make anything out of them, we must build them railroads, go among them, buy land, sit down in a common destiny with them; and when we give them facilities in the way of railroads, villages, towns, schools and churches, they will soon recuperate, and the North will once more have a vast outlet for its machinery, iron, manufactures, and Yankee notions—to say nothing of the leather interest, boots, shoes, etc.

In Texas any honest, industrious man is universally respected and esteemed, but if a man wants to live by other people's labor he is notified to leave, and if he don't, he meets a bad fate. Water is scarce, and the great heat of the sunlight dries and parches up the grass to such an extent, that when fire gets on it whole prairies, extending sometimes a hundred miles, are burnt over. Added to this, the cold northers in Texas frequently freeze a large portion of their stock when caught out in the open prairies. In the northwestern part of the State they fare equally bad in cold weather, when the water freezes so long sometimes that the cattle perish for the want of it. The range for cattle to my eye commences between the Sabine and Calcasieu rivers, and extends north towards the head of the latter river. Then the range is very good in the lowlands of Red river, but they are caught here by high overflows.

Crossing Red river at Dr. Compton's, I went out through a highland region near Vichere prairie, a lovely and rich, but entirely unimproved section, where vast herds of fine cattle met me at every point, the fattest I have ever beheld in wild pasture land; and here every house had abundance of milk, butter, beef and honey, all taken without any expense except the trouble of marking and branding, and the honey they procure from the wild bees in the trees. These people in Louisiana and Texas have their marks and brands, recorded, in the proper offices.

They hunt the bee-trees by going into the woods with some honey on a plate; they set it down and notice it, when very soon some industrious bee discovers the treasure, loads himself with it, and starts for his hive. The bee-hunter watches the course he takes in his flight, and follows it as far as he can, and not unfrequently notices the bees come and go from more directions than one, when he sets a stake or burnt chunk against a tree to mark the spot, and pursues one of the set to his hive or tree, and cuts it down. They gather the wild bees into hives, and take them home and domesticate them very easily, and they do well and have no winter feeding to do for them. The prairie and woods throughout Louisiana abound in flowers to such an extent that honey is a natural consequence.

The high lands in the vicinity of "Magnolia Valley" produce not only cotton admirably, but I saw as good, as well matured, and as tall sugar cane growing in them as I found anywhere on Bayou Bœuf, or Cocodrie, or on Oyster Creek, in Texas, and, what is of equal importance, fine oak timber, hickory, linn, and other useful timber. There are no settlements except sparsely scattered ones, yet these people are everywhere now engaged in getting up a railroad enterprise, to connect Natchez, Mississippi, to Trinity, at the confluence of the Little river with Washita and Tensas rivers, and then to cross about 20 miles below Alexandria on Red river, and then south by Cheneyville, between Calcasieu and Sabine rivers, either to intersect the New Orleans and Houston railroad on the east side of the Sabine, or, crossing this latter river near Niblett's bluff, connect near Liberty or the Trinity river in Texas, and thence to Houston.

Mr. Cozzens was through this section for one thousand miles. The timber is everywhere covered with grape and bullace vines, and you may see myrids of hogs, cattle, deer and wild turkies eating in a wild, vivacious revel; the fruit of the vines all covering the ground. Persons owning high priced lands at the North, in our cold, icy sections, had better sell out and come South and settle on the public domain, where "Uncle Sam" is rich enough to give us all a farm. On the same place I beheld sugar-cane corn, cotton, pomegranates, figs, and apples growing in perfection, and that place can be bought for $5 per acre, is pretty well settled, and belongs to Mr. Hiram McCan. His post-office is at Alexandria, 24 miles above where he lives.

There are no post offices in this forsaken country; never were! ! ! There are large families in many sections that I have described, and in this very vicinity, who never took a newspaper! Just think of it! They are moving, however, and I understand that those very people are now surveying their part of the railroad I have described, through from Natchez by way of Trinity, in this State, to "Magnolia Valley," on the banks of the Red river, and on the south to Trinity river, in Texas. The General Assemblies in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas, and the Federal Government, will assuredly give them the public domain on each side of their road, throughout its length and extent, and do all they have done for other roads in other sections. This whole route is highly favored in the score of few settlements, abundance of unentered public domain of the most fertile character, and, in addition to other considerations, the health and salubrity of the climate are unsurpassed.

I have seen more chills and fever in the States of Indiana and Illinois, in one day's ride, three years ago, than I have seen or heard of in a trampoose of over 600 miles, in August and September, in this region.

To all immigrants who wish to go up Red River, I say go to Dysart's Landing, get out, go among the people, consult them, and they will soon see "Magnolia Valley," the prairies, or the intermediate country; or if they desire to settle between Calcasieu and Sabine, let them get out on the opposite side of the river at Dysart's Landing, and go south to Cheneyville, cross Cocodrie bayou, and they will plunge at once between these two streams into the finest "upland land" in the planet.

To make this trip in a proper manner three gentlemen should go together on horseback, and have a light two-horse wagon and a top to it, to keep them and their provisions dry in wet weather; have a gun to shoot game with, a few fishing lines and hooks, with matches, a small supply of powder, shot, whiskey, pipes and tobacco. The people will, any of them, go 20 miles to show you the country. You will want a pocket compass, a few tin cups or India rubber ones, a coffee pot, sugar, coffee, and a box of soda crackers. Be sure to have two middlings of bacon to fry fish with, and a frying pan.

This section is not annoyed with mosquitoes when you get out of Red river bottom, and a good sleep can be had anywhere in the woods, turning your horse loose to fill himself with fine, abundant and invigorating grass.

The people are all fond of your stopping at their houses, and far more so if you will only tarry under their roofs and make yourself pleasant and at home.

LATROBE.

In Memory of Lee---Jefferson Davis' Speech.

A large meeting of Confederate Officers and Soldiers was held in Richmond on Thursday evening last, as a token of respect to the memory of the late General R. E. Lee. A permanent Lee Association was formed, with the following officers:

President—Jefferson Davis.

Vice Presidents—Major General Fitzhugh Lee, Major Gen. John B. Gordon, Major Gen. Edward Johnson, Major Gen. I. R. Trimble, Brigadier Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, Brigadier Gen. William N. Pendleton, Major Gen. Wm. Smith, Brigadier Gen. H. A. Wise, and others.

The great speech of the occasion was that of Mr. Davis. The Richmond *Dispatch* says: "As Mr. Davis arose to walk to the stand, every person in the house sprang to his feet, and there followed such a storm of applause as seemed to shake the very foundation of the building, while cheer upon cheer was echoed from the throats of veterans saluting one whom they delighted to honor."

Dr. Davis said: Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the military academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I a Congressman, and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I presided in its cabinet. We passed through many sad scenes together, but I cannot remember that there was ever aught but perfect harmony between us. If ever there was a difference of opinion, it was dissipated by discussion, and harmony was the result. I repeat, we never disagreed; and I may add, "that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It was not his to make a record; it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders; but it was his, with an eye fixed upon the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty; his was the mind that wrought victory out of defeat.

He has been charged with "want of dash." I wish to say that I never knew Lee to falter to attempt anything ever man could dare. An attempt has also been made to throw a cloud upon his character, because he left the army of the United States to join in the struggle for the liberty of his State. Without trenching at all upon politics, I deem it my duty to say one word in reference to this charge. Virginia born, descended from a family illustrious in Virginia's annals, given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the military academy at West Point. He was not educated by the federal government, but by Virginia, for she paid her full share for the support of that institution, and was entitled to demand, in return the services of her sons. Entering the army of the United States, he represented Virginia there also, and nobly. On many a hard fought field, Lee was conspicuous, battling for his native State as much as for the Union. He came from Mexico crowed with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldeiers.

And to prove that he was estimated then as such, let me tell you that when Lee was a captain of engineers, stationed in Baltimore, the Cuban Junta in New York selected him to be their leader in the struggle for the independence of their native country. They were anxious to secure his services, and offered him every temptation that ambition could desire. He thought the matter over, and, I remember, came to Washington to consult me as to what he should do, and when I began to discuss the complications which might arise from his acceptance of the trust he gently rebuked me, saying that this was not the line upon which he asked my advice; the simple question was "Whether it was right or not?" He had been educated by the United States, and felt it wrong to accept a place in the army of a foreign power. Such was his extreme delicacy, such was the nice sense of honor of the gallant gentleman whose death we deplore. But when Virginia withdrew—the State to whom he owed his first and last allegiance—the same nice sense of honor led him to draw his sword and throw it in the scale for good or for evil. Pardon me for this brief defense of my illustrious friend.

When Virginia joined the confederacy, Robert Lee, the highest officer in the little army of Virginia, came to Richmond, and not pausing to inquire what would be his rank in the service of the confederacy, went to Western Virginia under the belief that he was still an officer of the State. He came back carrying the heavy weight of defeat and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know, as I knew, that if his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than reteat. You did not know, for I would not have known it had he not breathed it in my ear only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his going to South Carolina to write a letter to the governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was. Yet through, all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence, without defending himself or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend any one who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the confederacy.

The speaker referred also to the circumstances attending Gen. Lee's crossing the Potomac, and the march into Pennsylvania. He (Mr. Davis) assumed the responsibility for that movement. The enemy had long been concentrating his force, and it was evident that if they continued their steady progress, the confederacy would be overwhelmed. Our only hope was to drive them to the defense of their own capital, we being enabled, in the meantime, to reinforce our shattered army. How well General Lee carried out that dangerous experiment need not be told. Richmond was relieved, the confederacy was relieved, and time was obtained, if other things had favored, to reinforce the army. But, said Mr. Davis, I shall not attempt to review the military career of our fallen chieftain. Of the man, how shall I speak? He was my friend, and in that word is included all that I could say of any man. His moral qualities rose to the height of his genius; self-denying—always intent upon the one idea of duty—self-controlled to an extent that many thought him cold. His feelings were really warm, and his heart melted freely at the sight of a wounded soldier, or the story of the sufferings of the widow and orphan. During the war he was ever conscious of the inequality of the means at his control; but it was never his to complain or utter a doubt—it was always his to do. When, in the last campaign, he was beleagured at Petersburg, and painfully aware of the straits to which we were reduced, he said: "With my army in the mountains of Virginia, I could carry on this war for 20 years longer." His men exhausted, and his supplies failing, he was unable to carry out his plans. An untoward event caused him to anticipate the movement, and the army of Northern Virginia was overwhelmed. But in the surrender he anticipated conditions that have not been fulfilled—he expected his army to be respected, and his paroled soldiers to be allowed the enjoyments of life and property. Whether these conditions have been fulfilled, let others say. Here he now sleeps in the land he loved so well, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the 15 States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776. He is sleeping in the same soil with the thousands who fought under the same flag, but first offered up their lives. Here the living are assembled to honor his memory, and there the skeleton sentinels keep watch over his grave. This citizen! this soldier! this great general! this true patriot! left behind him the crowning glory of a true Christian. His Christianity ennobled him in life, and affords us grounds for the belief that he is happy beyond the grave. But, while we mourn the loss of the great and the true, drop we also tears of sympathy with her who was his help-meet—the noble woman who, while her husband was in the field leading the army of the confederacy, though an invalid herself, passed the time in knitting socks for the marching soldiers! A woman fit to be the mother of heroes—and heroes are descended from her. Mourning with her, we can only offer the consolation of a Christian. Our loss is not his; but he now enjoys the rewards of a life well spent, and a never-wavering trust in a risen Saviour. This day we unite our words of sorrow with those of the good and great throughout Christendom—for his fame has gone over the water—his deeds will be remembered; and when the monument we build shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will still live, a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn.

Resolutions were adopted by the meeting, favoring the erection of a monument to Gen. Lee, and a committee of seventy-five was appointed to receive contributions for the purpose.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Its Antecedents and Practices.

If the State of Pennsylvania could be measured and judged by the good intentions which, from time to time, and often, have shone forth in efforts, not only for her own but for the development of the territory lying in and West of her limits, the universal decision could not fail to be recorded as—"*large in design, grand in comprehension.*"

The "*first path*" westward trod by the pioneer and huntsman, led through her valleys and over her mountains.

The first "*road of travel*" for the hardy colonists who settled on the banks of the Ohio, and gave civilized population to the valley of the Mississippi, traversed her limits from East to West.

The first paved road, or "*turnpike*" of America, over which, in winter as in summer, could safely move the emigrant cart, or the great old "Conestoga wagon," bearing supplies and merchandise, extended from Philadelphia to the then far distant Pittsburg.

The first interior commercial means of transit by "slack water," canal and railway," over which could be borne to market the agricultural products of the then youthful West, followed in nearly parallel line the first projected first completed turnpike.

Like a good and faithful mother, the Commonwealth nursed her offspring, only to see her "First Path" baptized in blood. Her second "Road of travel," lived only through toil, torture and battle. Her third or "Turnpike," was characterized by thieving. Her fourth, or "Canal," give birth to a succession of plunderers known as "Canal Commissioners," exceeded only in that capacity, and unprincipled means of satisfying it, and that bastard progeny which clings to, and fattens upon, the earnings of the last creation of the State—"The Pennsylvania Railroad."

Coming into existence under a liberal charter, with means generously supplied by the Corporate Authorities and citizens of Philadelphia—the Company having at its head an honest, zealous mechanic and business man, the late Samuel V. Merrick—the construction of the road was pressed forward; but long before its completion the usual jealousies and contests for power retarded its progress.

The intrigues of a then impecunious Engineer gathered round him a clique of "Friends," and Mr. Merrick was displaced. The Engineer rose to power as President, and showed ability in the management of construction as well as in the running of the road, and not less in accumulating a fortune, which his salary of $5,000 a year could not have supplied.

Concentrating power through proxies, he elected Directors, Vice-Presidents, Assistants and Legal Counsellors, all of whom, it is asserted, grew to rapid wealth through permanent position and secret but well-concerted plans.

Plausible annual reports were put forth, and reasonable dividends paid.—Satisfied with these, the shareholders did not go beneath the surface, or make such searching inquiry as might have revealed facts showing that through covert arrangements and persistent intrigues large portions of the earnings of this road were absorbed into privileged "Express" and "Fast freight" companies, owned or largely participated in by the officers and directors. Or that, under the plausible pretext of extending western and southwestern connections, railroads were nominally bought, or large amounts of capital advanced to control them, but more for the purpose of dividing both the advance and the shares intended for its representation with these same officers and directors, than for the purpose of benefiting the great road intrusted to their charge. It must be borne in mind that in each intrigue of this character, the division of shares of the gain, whether of cash or of stock thus absorbed, became a perpetual tax upon the fixed capital of the Pennsylvania Company, depriving its shareholders of their legitimate, full proportion of the earnings of the whole enterprise.

With greed for greater gain, similar intrigues are now being pressed still more vigorously by the Vice-President, Scott, who is possessed of more ability for that speciality than his silent and now decaying superior in office, President Thomson.

Links of roads are being bought up, and new charters acquired in Maryland, Virginia and further South, by which to extend "the influence and business of the Company" nominally, but *really that margins of profits may be made in contracts for construction, and divisions of shares and bonds to the controlling clique.* In the latter case these shares and bonds may possibly be paid out for debts created by the parties for property, as in known instances of the Kansas, Pacific and some other road bonds, which were obtained in this manner, and thus the parties may accumulate real estate impermanency and care nothing for the final failure which must inevitably come to this Pennsylvania road when it has reached beyond its point of ultimate financial strain. There are sharp railroad minds in England which have already entered upon a calculation to fix the time of this failure.

To the city of Philadelphia this Company owes its existence. To its corporative authorities in trust for its people it owes over five millions of dollars; but unmindful of these weighty obligations, arrangements have been made to *divert* from that city all the collateral benefits to be derived from the great through business of the road, by the construction of a branch road from a point on its line near Parkesburg, to, or near, Delaware City in the State of Delaware. At these points, on the road and on the river, lands have been secured to build up a town on the one, and a *large city* at the other, but not for the benefit of Philadelphia or of the shareholders of the Company beyond those embraced in the officers and board of directors. The results of this will be, *the depriving of Philadelphia of the little commerce she had left; causing a vast reduction in the value of her real estate; and transferring of the shipping business some sixty miles further down the river.* It will there give those benefits to the State of Delaware, and to the clique of speculators associated with the Directors, which were intended to be conferred solely upon the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and upon the city of Philadelphia. It was supposed the representation which the city had in the Board of Directors would secure her interest at all times; but it has not for the reason that this very "*representation*" is believed to form a large portion of the *clique* which exercises secret but sure control of the spoils.

It is said the "Society of Friends" fastened this peculiar management upon the Company. If so, their known sense of justice will make them active in its removal when its errors and malpractices are shown. We, therefore, urge them to look well into this matter. Let them not be satisfied with plausible reports, and with dividends, which, if honestly made, might have been twice as large, and which, if dishonest, are sapping the prosperity of their great railway.

Emboldened by the outward show of success, the clique controlling this company gained such effrontery of action as to attempt the plunder of nine and a half millions of dollars from the "sinking fund of the State," at the late session of the Legislature, through an "Act" aiding the Buffalo, Pine Creek and Jersey Shore roads. In this they would have succeeded but for Governor Geary's veto. The bill for this purpose was so artfully worded that they might have drawn the guaranteed bonds from the sinking fund, divided them out and neglected to build the roads named. It was reported that Governor Geary was offered a bribe of several hundred thousand dollars to sign the bill; but this is questionable, solely on the ground of doubt as to whether the demoralization caused by the late war has left integrity in any one to resist such temptation especially in Pennsylvania, where the boast of its great railroad corporation is said to have been that it had so far corrupted the State, its Legislature and the judgment of its courts, as to control all action to its wishes.

Winter Fashions for Men.

That supreme miracle of ugliness, the sack-coat, has disappeared utterly—left not a trace behind. "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee, with selfish laments we never will bore thee." When the transition from a mere bean-pole to an Apollo is effected by a frock-coat, we are quite ready to welcome the frock with open arms and complacent shoulders. It would seem that this sensible, graceful, and elegant style is too well established ever to be dislodged by any sudden fit of caprice. A handsome figure the frock defines with artistic similitude of curve; for an awkward one it can be padded to a natural perfection, that the sack would never permit.

The morning and business coat is the Newmarket cut, usually double-breasted, with a long roll. The waist is short, thereby insuring a graceful back; the skirts are also rather short. Lapels are a trifle broader—rightfully so, as they give a certain dignity to all figures. Pantaloons have a generous "spring" bottom rounding over the foot, and are a very little larger than last year, just large enough to define the leg in an easy way without giving an impression of bagginess. Plaids are not permitted, and side-bands are entirely out of the question. The coat material, or stuff in delicate hair-line stripes, are most used.

Vests are cut both double and single-breasted, have four buttons, and a wide, rolling collar without break. The notched collar is out. Four buttons are the ordained number, and he who presumes to button his vest high is exceedingly low in the fashionable scale. The high vests always give an impression of a creature all chest, chin, and choke.—Business suits are made mostly of English diagonals, meltons and cheviots, in rich, dark colors. The suit is either made of the same material throughout, or else the coat and vest are alike, with narrow-striped pantaloons. Vest and pantaloons to match are little worn.—These suits have either stitched edges, or are bound with silk braid. Diagonal goods look somewhat better bound Silk facings are now scarcely seen. Buttons are usually covered with the suit material. Cheviots occasionally have fancy buttons.

The suit for morning weddings, promenading, visiting and all semi-formal occasions, is very distinguished indeed. The coat is either a double-breasted Prince Albert, with collar rolling to the waist, or a single-breasted London frock. The Prince Albert is worn rather more than the other, as there's much more grace and dignity about it. The material is fine English cloth in dark colors, claret, black, or blue. The coat sometimes has a velvet collar; the vest is of the coat stuff and is cut low. The pantaloons are of light English or French cassimere, in delicate self-color or dainty line-stripes. There are many beautiful shades of pearl, lavender, and drab in pantaloon stuffs. These half-dress suits, by reason of their attractiveness in cut and color, their universal fitness and availability, are gradually crowding out full-dress for occasions which, two years ago, would have imperatively demanded the head-waiter costume. Many society gentlemen, who are somewhat *passé* as to years are endeavoring to make this dress presentable on *all* occasions, as it is less trouble and more effective in the ensemble than the other. If any man desires to consult economy, he may do it very satisfactorily in this suit for it is adapted to an infinite variety in requirement.

Full-dress is as woeful as ever; deadly black all the way through. The remorseless swallow-tail keeps on its course of empire. The blue coat with its gay brass buttons has almost wholly disappeared. The more's the pity—'twas far more stylish than the black. The white silk vest is not very much worn. The black vest is three-buttoned, is cut to show as much as possible of the shirt-front, and has a broad, rolling collar. The false collar which used to be worn inside the vest is now obsolete. The doeskin pantaloons are cut rather closer than those of the demi dress suit.

Overcoats have attained to almost perfection in make and material. An elegant simplicity characterizes them.—For everything but the fullest of full-dress, the style preferred is the single-breasted Chesterfield sack-shaped, cut rather short, with fly-fronts, and a velvet collar. The materials are meltons, kerseys, chinchillas, elysians, beavers, and friezes; and the colors for Winter, dark blue, brown, claret, black, olive, and gray mixtures. Olive promises to remain a fashionable color, though it is decidedly an ugly one, and becoming to nobody. Dress overcoats are surtouts of melton or dressed beaver, with collar, lapels and cuffs, five inches deep, of velvet. Charming buttons of silk twist or mohair, in fancy patterns, are worn.—Cape overcoats will still be seen upon elderly gentlemen. Very striking garments, lined and trimmed with fur, are reserved for the men who own fast horses and drive much during cold weather. Sealskin is especially good in effect.

For riding and driving, velveteen coats and vests, with corduroy pantaloons, are provided. The coat is a single-breasted English jacket, well cut away in front, and fastened high on the chest. The vest is also single-breasted and buttons high. Claret, brown, and black are the favorite colors. For riding, the pantaloons are longer than for ordinary wear, and have buttons and straps at the ankle.

For full dress, shirt fronts are altogether of double linen, without pleats. Vines of the daintiest, most delicate embroidery, run up the centre. For ordinary occasions two broad pleats are the most popular style. The flaring, reversible cuffs are most worn, though the square ones make the hand and wrist look handsomest. Cuffs with turned down corners are struggling for existence, but probably in vain.

The favorite collars are the Florence and Wellington. The Florence is the preferable shape, as are all the turnover collars, which do not too lavishly expose the masculine throat, which in no case can be worthy of admiration. The Prince Teck, Stanley, and Kensington scarfs are almost popular. Those in satin are usually reserved by men of good taste for morning concerts and other semi-dress ceremonials. *Cross-grain* scarfs are *en reale* for ordinary purposes. Dark rich colors are always the most distinguished. Plaided and speckled affairs were never other than montrosities, and men seem to have realized it at last, judging from their recent devotion to self-colors. Butterflies are out, and ties are very little worn, except for full-dress, when the plain black tie is imperative. The white tie still maintains its pristine power and purity at weddings. It has ever a charming effect under a very red and embarrassed chin.

Jewelry grows smaller in quantity but more exquisite in simplicity of design and fine workmanship. Good taste is shown in keeping diamond studs for full-dress only. Gold studs in delicate patterns, mounted on spirals, are generally worn. The sleeve buttons match in pattern; the prettiest are oval, and are not extreme in size. Monograms are worn, though not so much as formerly. The monogrammatic fever is dying away with the rest of our sensational tastes in attire. Full sets of pretty cameos are worn by a few artistic souls. The studs bear beautifully wrought heads, so tiny as to be almost imperceptible, and the sleeve buttons have larger ones to match. Seal rings are smaller than of old, and are worn altogether on the third finger of the left hand. It is conceded at last that diamonds on the masculine hand are in execrable taste, and the doughty Colonel of the Ninth is permitted to fight and bleed alone in their glory. The long and exquisitely wrought watch-chain, in the Venitian style, is universally preferred to the short chatelaine.

The "stove-pipe" with broad rolled brim is the most fashionable hat. It is more distingue, but less becoming than the six-and-a-quarter-inch deep-crowned beaver with the dashing, graceful D'Orsay curve. Only black silk beavers are permissible. Mourning bands now serve simply their legitimate purpose. Different variations of the Derby form in black, gray, and drab felt are the popular low-crowned hats now as last year. For riding, are shown soft, round-crowned hats with turned-up brim, matching the velveteen coat in color.

Two-buttoned gloves in russet and gray kid are worn for everything but full-dress, with which pearl color and pale lavender are ordained. Man's as well as woman's gloves have risen astonishingly in price since the war, and consequent quiet of the importers.

Boots have been discarded during the Summer and Fall, but will probably reappear in a measure with wild Winter weather. Buttoned gaiters, with generous round toes, and comparatively low heels, are most worn just now. They are quite plain. The ornamental uppers went out some time ago with the box-toes. Gaiters for full-dress are of prettiest and softest calf-kid.

The Fashions.

SHAWLS, WALKING AND BREAKFAST JACKETS.

Low-priced shawls for ordinary wear range from $12 to $20. A very popular pattern has broad black and white stripes. Heavy Ottoman shawls, which are reversible, and which have gray stripes, alternating with Roman colors, or with handsome scarlet stripes, are exceedingly stylish. Among the varieties are soft gray shawls, resembling plush; others show a grey plush surface on one side, and bright plush stripes on the other. More expensive shawls command the usual prices. The favorite mode of wearing an ordinary shawl is to double it in the middle, giving it the form of a scarf. When handsome shawls are worn the simple and natural style of folding will probably be adopted.

CLOTH JACKETS FOR THE STREET are handsomely embroidered with silk braid. The cloth is generally black, and the embroidery, which usually represents a vine is sometimes worked with various bright colored braids. The most stylish jackets are the black cloth embroidered with white braid; price twenty dollars. Jackets and sacques for breakfast are made of a lighter material, resembling flannel. Plain colors are trimmed with bands of bright cloth with pinked edges. Gay colored jackets are trimmed with black guipure lace with a suitable heading. The lace is about three inches wide. The most stylish house jackets are trimmed with velvet.

WARM UNDERWEAR.

Good Welsh flannel, a yard wide, may be bought for ninety cents a yard. A heavier flannel, three yards wide, which is preferred by some ladies, is three dollars a yard. One yard is required for a skirt. Shaker flannel, of pretty good quality, may be bought for seventy cents.

A WELL MADE MERINO SUIT, vest and drawers, ranges from five to nine dollars. Extra fine suits of English manufacture cost ten and twelve dollars. The fine English ribbed stocking which comes in the English lengths, costs from two to three dollars. The fleece-lined stockings which are preferred by some ladies for their warmth, vary from eighty cents to one dollar and twenty cents. They come in the English lengths, and are both bleached and unbleached. Good cotton stockings of the same length vary in price from forty-five to seventy cents.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

The newest thing in linen collars is the Nilsson. It is very broad at the back, and it is cut away something like the sailor collar in front. The edge is cut in large scollops. The cuffs correspond. Very dressy collars which are made in the favorite shape, that is, with turn over points and a narrow band, have the points composed of lace and embroidery. The price varies from five to seven dollars. Sleeves with embroidered ruffles are made to wear with the half flowing dress sleeve.

SUPERB SURPLICE CAPES for evening are composed of Valenciennes lace and the finest needlework embroidery. They vary in price from twenty five to forty dollars. Handsome collars of light mourning which are to be worn with a heart-shaped corsage, are made of a white strip of illusion, which is slightly gathered over a black gros grain ribbon. It is edged on each side with revere stitching half an inch wide, and it is bordered on each edge with a narrow frill of crimped tarletan. Chemisettes are composed of two strips of illusion, with a wide band of revere stitching between, with the narrow frill of the tarletan above.

PROMENADE BONNETS are in the style of Louis XIV., only smaller than were worn in those days. The crowns are high, but soft and graceful—brims narrower, and back curtain just large enough to cover the chignon. French jetts and velvets are most in use. Trimmings are largely grosgrain ribbons and velvets, mingled with loops, rolls and puffs—shades similar to the hat. Feathers and lace are universally employed this month for garnitures. The richest are embellished with elegant plumes of same shade as the felt. The colors in vogue are sombre, and when flowers are worn dark Autumn shades in harmony with the hat are in mode.

Fares Across the Continent.

The San Francisco *Call* says: If the price of passage from Omaha to California over the Pacific Railroads cannot be reduced, as we have been hoping, it is in the highest degree desirable that some provision should be made by which passengers can enjoy rest of nights at a lesser price than the present sleeping cars afford. At present rates, only rich people can afford to visit the east from this coast. The regular tariff to Chicago, for example, is $118, to which must be added $48 for sleeping-car fare, and from $15 to $20 more for meals on the road. A man and his wife, therefore, cannot visit their friends or relatives in the Eastern States for a less sum than $300 or $400, actual traveling expenses.—There are comparatively few who can afford this price. On second class cars, which are still quite comfortable, the fare is considerably less, but the fatigue is altogether too great, traveling five or six days continuously, without once stretching out the limbs in repose. Why not have some second class sleeping cars, where, for fifty cents a night, the passengers can luxuriate at full length and catch a little comfortable sleep? Two dollars for a berth is more than many people are able to pay. Less gilding and panelling, and fewer paraphernalia of luxury would enable the managers to put on sleeping cars, which would still be quite comfortable, and would be liberally patronized by travellers whose limited means do not warrant them in indulging in the comforts of a "silver palace." It appears to us, indeed, that low-priced sleeping arrangements are absolutely essential on the through trains of the Pacific roads. We trust the matter will receive the early attention of the railroad authorities.

The Imperial Correspondence.

The foreign journals are still burdened with extracts from the secret archives of the Tuileries, among which we find some curious documents, if we do not learn any startling secrets. A certain M. Hippolyte Haranchipy de Rostaing appears in a more interesting and romantic light than any other of the many persons of high and low degree whose names occur in this collection of spicy papers. M. Hippolyte Haranchipy de Rostaing, being in the city of Philadelphia, heard His Majesty publicly accused of leaving unpaid a bill of 1,500 francs for furniture purchased during his American exile. Desolated at the thought that France and her ruler should be exposed to this indignity, the chivalrous Gaul instantly paid the money himself. M. H. H. de R. now writes to His Majesty, not to hint at reimbursement "he would be incapable of such baseness"—but to inquire whether His Majesty really owed the money, or if M. de Rostaing had been duped by *d'infames fripons*. We regret to say that no record of the Emperor's answer has been found.

There is a curious despatch dated Forbach, April 9, 1868, and addressed by a certain Capt. Samuel to the Minister of War at Paris. Captain Samuel telegraphs:

"Since Monday I have followed General Moltke, who is visiting the frontier of France, and studying the positions. On Monday I overtook him at Mayence.—Tuesday he stopped at Berkenfeld, and took notes of the hights near the ruins of the old castle. He slept that night at Saarbruck, and has taken the dispositions of defense at the station and the canal. Yesterday he was at Saar Louis, where he is now. This morning, in spite of the bad weather, he went out in a carriage to visit the hights surrounding Vaudevange and Berns. I suppose, from information, that he will go to-night or to-morrow to Treves, whence he will descend the Moselle. Is it necessary to follow him? Address reply to the telegraphic office at Forbach."

The reply sent was, "Follow him."

The most interesting of the published documents, however, is the following womanly letter from the Empress, written at the time of the Suez Canal opening. A few lines of it were reported recently by telegraph:

ON BOARD THE IMPERATRICE, on the Nile, Oct. 27, 1869.

MY DEAREST LOUIS: I wrote to you en route upon (word illegible) on the Nile. To tell you that we are enjoying fresh breezes would not be absolutely the truth; but the heat is tolerable, for there is some air, but in the sun it is quite a different thing. Besides I tell you the state of the atmosphere by telegraph. Through the same means I have news of you and of Louis every day; it is marvelous and pleasant to me that I am always fastened to the dear shore by this wire, which joins me to all that I love. I am delighted by our charming journey, and I would like to give you a description of it; but so many other narrators, more learned and clever than I have undertaken this task, that the best thing to my mind is for me to shroud myself up in mute admiration. I was very uneasy all day yesterday, thinking that you were in Paris without me; but all has gone on well, as I see by the despatch. When we see other nations one judges and appreciates much more the injustice of our own. I think, in spite of everything, that we should not be discouraged, and that you must advance on the path you have inaugurated (*et marcher dans la voie que tu as inaugurée*) good faith on concessions that have been made is, I may tell you, people think and say (*on le pense et dit*), a good thing. I hope, then, that your address will be in harmony with the past. I feel that you will need force in the future, the more it will be necessary to prove to the country that you have (*qu'on a*) ideas and not expedients. I am, since my departure, very far away from and very ignorant of affairs to speak thus; but I am firmly convinced that sequence in ideas is true strength. I do not like a *coups*, and I am persuaded that one can't effect a *coup d'etat* twice in the reign. I speak at random, for I am persuading a man already convinced of what he knows more about than I. But one must say something, if it were only (*ne fut-ce*) to prove what you well know—that my heart is near you both, and that, if in tranquil days my vagabond mind likes to wander through space (*dans les espaces*), in those of anxiety and disquiet my place is by the side of you both. Isolated from men and business, you breathe a calm atmosphere, which does you good; and, deluded by imagination, I believe that all things go well, because of all things I am ignorant. Amuse yourself; relaxation I believe to be indispensable; one must refresh the moral as one recruits the physical constitution, and an idea constantly dwelt upon ends (*et une idee constante finit*) by wearing even the best organized brain. I have experienced this; and if all that has during my life made the beautiful colors of my illusions fade, I now no longer wish to remember. My life is finished; but I live again in my son, and my true joys, I believe, are those which, passing through his heart, reach mine. Meanwhile I enjoy (*j'jouis*) my journey; the sunsets (*des couchers du soleil*) the savage nature reduced to cultivation on the banks of a breadth of 50 *metres*, and behind that the desert with its horrors—all resplendent in the rays of a burning sun. *Au revoir*, and believe in the love of her who is entirely devoted to you.

EUGENIE.

An Island of Silver.

[From the Duluth Minnesotian, Oct. 29.]

We have before alluded to the silver island of the north shore of Lake Superior, in the British possessions, just below Thunder Cape, and some fifteen miles beyond Fort William. The island is quite small in dimensions—say one hundred feet by forty—and the most of it is submerged at high water; a small part at one end is about eight feet above the lake level. This island was entered by the Montreal Mining Company, as a part of a tract embracing 108,000 acres; and the island was subsequently purchased of them by Captain William B. Frew (formerly of Portage Lake, and superintendent of South Pewabic copper mine), for himself and associates, including amongst them Major Sibley, of New York, a brother we think of General Sibley, of St. Paul. The Montreal Mining Company first made the discovery that the island contained silver, and by their agents sunk a shaft on the island; but these knew little or nothing about mining, and, the water coming in upon them, further working of their mine was abandoned as useless. It was only this last summer that Captain F. and his company completed their bargain with the Montreal company for the island, and secured it by paying, or agreeing to pay, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the entire one hundred and eight thousand acres. They went immediately to work at improving the mine in a "workmanlike manner." Their first step was to surround the island with cribs of timber, filled with stone, to serve as a breakwater and ice-breaker; and within these cribs a coffer dam was built and puddled with clay, having the effect of making the whole interior of the island nearly watertight, at least from the intrusion of the lake. The next step was to set up a large syphon pump, worked by steam, by which the inside was pumped dry, or nearly so, and it has since been found that a very little working of the pumps daily keeps the island clear of water entirely. They then went to work laying bare the vein, and now have exposed seventy feet in length, and find it to be a true fissure vein with perpendicular walls—the vein of silver matrix being calcareous spar with some little quartz intermixed. The vein is eight feet wide, and eye witnesses from there state that for one quarter of this width it will average 70 per cent. of pure silver. On the first trial after the water was first gotten out six men took over $35,000 in four days, and up to the latest accounts the working has been continued at about this rate.—Already 123 barrels of native silver, estimated to be worth $75,000 to $100,000, have been shipped. The yield of the mine computed by the ton is not less than a dollar to the pound! The mine employs now about forty men, and will increase their force immediately. The "royalty" paid on this to the English government is quite small—not exceeding one-twentieth. Eye witnesses of intelligence, judgment, and experience report that Captain Frew will probably take out of silver, up to the opening of navigation next spring, from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000 in money value! The steamer Meteor conveyed down the lakes on her trip before last sixty-two barrels of silver. This silver island is no humbug, but an actual, *bona fide* affair, in which the most wonderful results have already been obtained, and all bids fair to make in yield and richness the most remarkable mining discovery in this country for many years. Some masses of silver went down on the Meteor larger and heavier than a man could lift. A part of the island vein, say two feet of the eight feet in width, is wonderfully rich, and it is from this portion that the large silver masses are extracted. Other rich mines of silver are reputed as having been found on the main north shore in the range of the silver island, and Capt. Hodson, of Portage Lake, has gone East to organize a company to work them.

Census of Philadelphia.

President Grant has ordered that the census of Philadelphia be retaken. The following is a copy of the order:

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

Whereas public question has been made as to the correctness of the census of the city of Philadelphia, recently taken by the United States Marshal, it is directed that a new census be forthwith taken of said city, and that every practicable precaution be taken to make said census exactly correct and full. Such enumeration will comprise only the particulars which are necessary to determine the true number of inhabitants.

[Signed] U. S. GRANT.