Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1865. NUMBER 7.

Business Directory.

C. M. CRANDALL,
MANUFACTURER of Linen-wheels, Wool wheels, Wheel-heads, Clock-reels, &c., &c. Wood-turning done to order, and in the neatest manner. Turning Shop and Wheel Factory in Sayres' Foundry Building, up stairs.
Montrose, January 30th, 1865.-tf

B. S. BENTLEY, JR., NOTARY PUBLIC,
MONTROSE, PA.,
TAKES Acknowledgment of Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for any State in the United States. Pension Vouchers and Pay Certificates acknowledged before him do not require the certificate of the Clerk of the Court. Montrose, Jan. 2, 1865.—tf.

CHARLES HOLES,
DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms. Shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's store.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Leet. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 27, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lea's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 25, 1864.

H. BURRITT,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,
MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds, Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements, and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 13, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by C. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Bentley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.-Oct. 22, 1861.

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—feb17y1 1863.

S. S. ROBERTSON,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 25, 1864—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,
FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Weeks's Shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done in the BEST STYLE. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION.
Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,
KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fairness in deal, they hope to merit the liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, the old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.-tf

D. A. BALDWIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had about a year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, especial attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS.
☞ Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 22, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,
SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,
MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand of E. H. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,
DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy Seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 6, 1864.-1y

F. B. WEEKS,
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.-tf

JOSEPH RICE,
MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough.
New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. E. PATRICK, Jr., E. L. GARDNER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over the Store formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches. J. LYONS, T. A. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

ABEL TURRELL,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines. Montrose, January 1, 1861.

C. O. FORDHAM,
MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised. Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st. third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,
DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Papers, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue. B. R. LYONS, J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c., Brick Block, Montrose. W. F. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., October 25, 1859.—tf

D. A. LYONS,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street.
Susquehanna Depot February 11, 1862.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,
WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is brought. JOHN BEAUMONT. [illegible] WARD.

I. H. BURNS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq. Opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Nov. 25, 1864.—tf

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

A Legend of "The Red, White and Blue," A. D. 1154-1865.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A strong and mighty angel,
Calm, terrible and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white!

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again!

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the angel said;
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its sign—
The white, the blue, the red."

Then up rose John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ gave,
And begged, through all the land of France,
The ransom of a slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell,
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
And paid his righteous tax;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax

At last, outbound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven score Christian souls
Whose ransom he had paid.

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung;
And on the wild wave rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us!" cried the captain,
"For naught can man avail;
O woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail!

"Behind us are the Moormen;
At sea we sink or strand;
There's death upon the water,
There's death upon the land!"

Then up spake John de Matha:
"God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
The blue, the white, the red;
And straight before the wind off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

God help us!" cried the seamen,
"For vain is mortal skill:
The good ship on a stormy sea
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha:
"My mariners never fear!
The Lord whose breath has filled her sail
May well our vessel steer!

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
The ship of mercy knew—
They knew far off its holy cross,
The red, the white, the blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
Rang out in glad accord,
To welcome home to Christain soil
The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
By bard and painter told:
And lo! the cycle rounds again,
The new is as the old!

With rudder foully broken,
And sails by traitors torn,
Our country on a midnight sea
Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror;
Behind, the pirate foe;
The clouds are black above her,
The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong;
She drifts in darkness and in storm,
How long, O Lord! how long?

But courage, O my mariners!
Ye shall not suffer wreck
While up to God the freedman's prayers
Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
Which God has blest anew,
The mantle that de Matha wore,
The red, the white, the blue?

Its hues are all of heaven—
The red of sunset's dye,
The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerly, then, O mariners,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before ye unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha!—
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!

Sail on! the morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in!

[*Atlantic Monthly for February.*]

ABOLITION—PEACE.

Special Correspondence of the Independent Republican.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3, 1865.

If the fossils who believe the world does not move (of whom there are a few still existing beyond their time, even in Northern Pennsylvania, to vex the souls of righteous men) had been with me in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the 31st ultimo, they would have been astonished at witnessing a phenomenon inconsistent with their theory, even if not convinced, which would be a miracle, and therefore beyond hope. For I believe I was then and there a witness to one of those memorable scenes which do not often occur in our legislative halls, and which showed, with more certainty than any event which has occurred in Congress for a quarter of a century, that human progress cannot be checked in its onward and upward course. When name after name was called, on the final vote whether "the sum of all villianies" should be extinguished and forever blotted out of the history of this nation, and I heard again and again life-long Democrats, men who, if one year ago, even, they had advocated such a measure, could neither have been nominated nor elected to the position they occupy, I said to myself, truly the good time is coming, and that quickly!

It was known that the joint resolution for submitting the Constitutional Amendment to the States, would be pressed to a vote on that day, and all the galleries were crowded, and even the floor of the House was filled with gentlemen who had been brought in by members. The interest was intense, and while the ayes and nays were being taken, a whisper could almost have been heard; but when the result was announced by the Speaker all attempts to keep order were vain, and the scene beggared description. That night was a happy one for those who "have freedom in their hearts," as a friend of mine somewhat quaintly says; and we have not yet quite got over congratulating each other on the great event. Mr. Wilkeson, Washington editor of the *Tribune*, who is an impulsive and rather eccentric man, says "It is the greatest triumph we have had in thirty years."

Peace missions are the most prominent topics since the passage of the amendment, and many and various are the speculations thereupon. We radicals are more amused than we expect to be benefitted by peace negotiations. Withal, we are a little tender upon the subject, fearing that we are like to see the traitors whom we hate taken again into fellowship upon far too easy terms. The very name of Blair is offensive to us, suggesting "terms of reconstruction;" while we believe that the only terms of reconstruction which are not dishonorable even for us to listen to are embodied in the proclamation of the Executive, and are known to all concerned. Negotiations which are not based, as a first condition, upon submission to the justice and a trust in the mercy which dwell in the hearts of a free people whom they have grievously wronged would degrade this holiest of conflicts to the level of the ordinary bickerings among nations. The traitors who have made war upon us have committed the most flagrant of crimes, and have thereby forfeited in the eyes of the law and of justice all their public and private rights—even the right to life itself; and having added to their treason all those barbarities and villanies which only slave-drivers are capable of, they come, with unblushing front, to treat on terms of equality with the people they have wronged. Claiming the rights they have forfeited by their own desperate acts, with the blood of their victims yet warm upon their hands, with the memories of the brave men starved by them to death yet fresh; even still in the continuance of their evil deeds, they expect us to receive and treat with them as honorable enemies. The President's departure, this morning, to meet the rebel commissioners, has created much surprise, and has evoked many expressions of disapprobation. He can keep his own counsel, however, and he may have other light upon the subject than is at present visible to us. PENSIONER.

For the Independent Republican.

NEW ENGLAND.

"Stern land, we love thy woods and rocks,
Thy rushing streams and wintry glooms;
And memory, like a pilgrim grey,
Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs."

New England! The thoughts of many a weary wanderer all over the world will ever linger around that name with the same instinctive reverence that the German entertains for his Fatherland. Amid all the busy cares and vicissitudes of life, memory, true to its office, will carry him back to the scenes of his early days, and in fancy he again sports on the rough but free hills of his boyhood's home. Again in thought he mingles with loved ones in all the endearments of family reunion and together they kneel around the family altar and mingle their devotions to the God of their fathers. The lessons of his early youth are never forgotten. Trough all the changes of life, though far from the blue hills of his native home, the lessons of early piety and that strong love of liberty that ever characterises the New Englander wherever you find him still cling to him and make him the man he is.

A little more than two centuries ago the Mayflower brought across the ocean a little band of pilgrims who sought in the wilds of the New World that free dom of opinion which the tyranny of the Old World had denied them. The scene which first met their vision as they beheld for the first time the land of the West was not an inviting one. No genial climate or pleasant landscape welcomed their approach. No gentle zephyr whispered for them its soft music among the leafy tree-tops. The naked rock and the icy shore greeted them at the threshold of their new home, while the stern blast of winter howled among her rocky caverns or sung its solemn anthem amid the leafless branches of the boundless forest. They landed where the forest alone offered them its shelter; but its dreariness and desolation could not dishearten them. Higher than the howl of the storm or the roar of the ocean waves arose their song of praise to Him who had borne them safely across the deep:

"Amid the storm they sang,
And the rocks heard and the sea;
The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free."

The solemn arches of God's great temple echoed back the music of that hymn and its tones still find a response in every true American heart. That anthem of freedom has rolled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and will yet surge back in one mighty wave that shall wash all stain from the nation's honor and bury the dark record together with the tears of the oppressed in the bottom of the sea, and there shall be no resurrection. The true beacon light of liberty that was lighted at the camp fires of the pilgrim Fathers still burns with unfading lustre on every household hearth all over the rugged breast of New England. It is by the light of these that the sturdy sons of New England have pursued their course since the time Plymouth rock first echoed to the white man's tread down to the present time. Accustomed to the forest wilds and nurtured in the rigid school of puritanism, the love of liberty grew to be a part of their being. When the storm of the Revolution burst upon them it found men whom bribery could not swerve from the path of duty and who yielded not an inch to the encroachments of arbitrary power. His love of freedom is not that fire which like the French revolution burns only to destroy, but is rather the clear steady light that illumines the surrounding darkness and is free for all. It lights the hut of the Irish peasant and casts a ray into the gloom of the Cornish mines. To enjoy its blessings the Italian forsakes the sunny skies of his native home and the German forgets the endearments of his fatherland.

Such, then, is New England. Fond associations will ever cluster around her name and embalm it in the hearts of a grateful people. Stern winter may lower darkly around her coasts and bind her streams in icy bands, but the hearts of her people are always warm. Her bosom is rough and wintry winds whistle around the hill-tops but nestled lovingly in the vales are tender hearts and happy homes;

The nursery of giant men
Whose deeds have linked with every glen
The magic of a warrior's name.

It is to these men, the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill, that we are proud to trace our ancestry. They lifted the dark cloud of ignorance that draped the world in mourning and let in the glad sunshine of knowledge and freedom. They made a garden where once was but a mighty wilderness and planted the corner stone of the temple of liberty on their own granite hills. Amid the terrible storm of the Revolution New England battled in the foremost ranks, and again when treason struck its impious hand at the government she had helped to establish, the blood of her sons was the first to be shed in its defense. In '76 she helped to establish the government under which we live. Now she is helping to make that government truly free, and to day is writing the death warrant of oppression and wrong with the heart's blood of her bravest sons. The sullen booming of cannon that the southern gale brings to our ears is sounding the knell of tyranny in the Western world.

When the sounds of war shall again be followed by the hush of peace, when our land shall be free in truth as well as in name, then posterity will do justice to the record of New England. Her sons will ever be free for the hearts of her people are her strongest bulwarks. No Toombs will ever call the roll of his slaves from Bunker Hill, but the waves as they beat against her rocky shore will still echo the hymn of the pilgrim fathers, and the free wind of heaven will waft it from one end of our broad land to the other. The whole world will hear it. Its whisper will tell to Rome the story of her former glory. It will cross the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the once mighty republic of Greece, but where now, alas, the sad sea waves only echo back from her voiceless caverns the dirge of her lost liberties, and show her what she might have been. Kings will tremble at the sound, thrones will crumble and be forgotten; but the weary and oppressed all over the world will hear it and rejoice.

NICK NETTLE.

☞ An Indian had gone to Albany one cold winter's day, and got very drunk. On his way home, he became completely overcome, lay down, and was frozen to death. His tribe were at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of the white men, and accordingly held an inquest on the dead body. After a long pow-wow, they agreed to the verdict that the deceased came to his death "by mixing too much water in his whiskey, which had frozen in him and killed him."

☞ Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

COURTING IN THE DARK.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"Almost divine, eh?"

"I think so."

At that moment a lady entered the ball room. The above observations were made by a couple of gentlemen who stood directly in front of me, and who had seen the fair creature's face.

I am very susceptible to female beauty, and therefore my curiosity was slightly aroused at the mention of something almost divine. "Ah! good evening, Ned," said my friend Bangs, coming in and tapping me on the shoulder. "Did you see Miss Leighton?"

"Miss Leighton—the lady that just came in?"

"Yes, don't you know the Leightons?"

"No."

"Why, my boy, Miss Leighton is the most splendid woman in town—the belle in fact. Shall I make you acquainted?"

"Certainly."

I was soon making my prettiest bow before the lady aforesaid. She had dark, languishing eyes, that could speak the language of the heart much more eloquently than the tongue; a fine complexion,—rose and lily blended: a voice as sweet as your loved one's, and a form—but I can't describe it. I did my best to make myself agreeable to that being, who, robed in something soft and gauzy, which I do not know enough about even to tell the name of, but which seemed to me—if I may use the expression—part blood and part angel.

"Then I was flying—she had wings, or seemed to have—over the smooth floor, with this fair one leaning upon me, to the sound of music that, in my ecstasy, seemed heavenly.

I passed a delightful evening, and at last had the pleasure of helping Miss Leighton into her carriage, and securing a smile and a sweet "Good night," as the carriage rolled away.

Next morning I saw Bangs, and my first words were "who is Miss Leighton?"

"Why, my boy, has Cupid been up to his old tricks?"

"Never mind—answer the question."

"Well, then, Ida Leighton is Mr. John Leighton's daughter. The old gentleman is wealthy and has a fine house in town. Miss Ida has a sister, older than she, who, as their mother is dead, takes charge of their household affairs, and does the motherly for her sister; who, considering that she is an orphan, ought to have the protection of some nice young man like yourself. No one as yet has been able to find the tender spot in Miss Ida's heart.

"Twenty sought her hand to gain,
And twenty sought her hand in vain,
Were cut, and did not come again,
In the ordinary fashion."

I'm going to call upon her to-day," said I.

"Beware! Don't get entangled in the meshes of her net, for she will laugh at you then."

"Don't make me faint hearted."

"Well, go on, you have my best wishes," replied Bangs, as he turned and went whistling down the street.

An hour later I was sitting in Mr. Leighton's drawing-room. Ida looked as lovely as upon the previous evening; and the contrast between her sister Sally and herself added, I doubt not, very materially to her charms.

Sally was at least thirty years of age. She had looked at her face in the mirror so many times and tried to make her immense mouth into a small one, that it had at last settled into an aggravated pucker, and her sharp nose hung over it, as some giant might bend over to look into the crater of Vesuvius.

I did really pity poor Sally, for I knew her face must have felt uncomfortable.

Ida was very social, and when I rose to go, I felt that I had made an impression upon her heart. I told Bangs so.

"Really, now, Ned, I must confess that I can't see it," he said, taking out his cigar case, and proceeding to light a weed.

"You can't, but I can. Don't you suppose I can tell?"

"Well, no. You see, my boy, that woman understands her art to perfection. You'll slip up in your calculations, and then take the arsenic train for eternity."

"You are quite cool about it."

"Yes. I have several friends gone over the same road, and I am getting used to it. I always warned them."

Bangs wasn't congenial, at least that time, and so I immediately left him and sought the solitude of my chamber.

Solitude! Bridget was washing and dusting, and had turned everything in the room topsy turvy.

"Ned," soliloquized I, "you want a house of your own, and you want a wife to keep it in order. I will see about it."

For two weeks I was with Ida the greater part of the time. We rode together, read together, and my love grew stronger, and I didn't doubt but it was returned.

But there was one thing that troubled me. I was fearful Mr Leighton would not consent to his daughter marrying a poor man like myself.

"We can elope," thought I; and as the old gentleman has a cork leg and the gout, he will not be apt to catch us before it is everlastingly too late.

But then I thought she would not consent to that she was altogether too good to disobey her father, and so I must win them both.

Bangs was better acquainted with Mr. Leighton than I, and so I went to ask his opinion of the chances of my suit being successful with that gentleman.

"Ned," said he, "don't borrow any trouble at all if you win the daughter, I'll vouch for the father."

"You think I cannot do that?"

"Exactly."

"I will show you that you are badly mistaken, then. To night I shall lay my heart at her feet."

"I want to know!" cried Bangs, putting his finger on one side of his nasal organ. "Perhaps she'll step on it. I don't think it would be safe, Ned. However, I should like to go to a wedding, and I hope you'll succeed"

What did I see? A carriage passed me at that moment; Ida was setting beside a young gentleman, her face turned up to his. I bowed but she did not see me. They were chatting gaily. What could it mean.

It was just in the edge of the evening. I did not stop a moment, for I was determined to know the meaning of this. I would be at the house when Ida returned, and know if it was in reality an arrival. I was hoping that it might be a cousin, for I could not believe her false. I could not believe she would even smile upon another. But, then, how confiding she was looking up to him.

I had walked *very fast, and soon found myself* at the door, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder I turned my head, and Bangs was standing beside me.

"Take laudanum—it's the easiest way."

He laughed and went on. I entered the gate and walked up into the house. No one was in the drawing room, and I passed off into the library, where I found Mr. Leighton.

"Ida has gone out, has she not?" I asked.

"No, she is in the drawing-room," he replied.

I went back. The gas had not been lit, and it was quite dark, but on the lounge I saw Miss Leighton. How it relieved me.

"I thought you had gone out," said I taking a seat beside her.

"No. Sister went out with Mr. Davis, riding."

"But haven't you been out?"

"No"

"I thought I saw you."

"No."

"Who is Mr. Davis?" I asked.

"He is an old friend of ours. He came from New York to-day."

"Only a friend?"

"I believe he and sister are engaged to be married."

That was consoling. I could hardly believe that I had not seen Ida in the carriage, but if Mr. Davis was engaged to Sally, I had nothing to fear.

The moonlight was just stealing into the room. That and Ida's bright eyes was light enough; I needed no other. I hardly dared to speak, fearing that it would break the spell, and the dear one would vanish, like the angels in our dreams. To-night decides my fate. I bent over her, took her hand. It lay passively in mine. I felt her warm breath on my cheek

"Dearest," I whispered.

She pressed my hand. It thrilled me strangely. I felt the blood tingle to my finger ends, and shoot from heart to the tip of my toes I knew then that she loved me. I stole one arm around her waist.

"It is needless to tell my love, dearest; you know it already."

"Oh, Edward, this is too much happiness for me!"

She flung herself upon my breast, crying like a child.

I kissed her brow; I wiped the tears from her eyes; I sipped the sweet dew from her soft lips.

"When will you be mine?" I asked when she had become calm.

"When you will, darling."

"Will your father consent?"

"Doubt it not. He will do nothing that will not tend to our happiness."

"But I am poor."

"I know it, but father already regards you as kindly as if you were his son. Let us go to him now; he is in the library alone."

We got up and went hand in hand to the library. Mr. Leighton had gone out. It was dark, all but where the moonlight shone through the windows, and lay in silvery sheets upon the carpet.

"We will wait here till he comes in," said my charmer.

Then we sat down on the sofa, and her soft cheek was pressed against mine. I almost dreaded the coming of Mr. Leighton, I was so very happy. It thought to myself what will Bangs say when I tell him all. Then I heard footsteps in the hall, and the voice of Mr. Leighton. There was some one with him.

"Sister and Mr. Davis have returned."

"Yes. I hope they will not come in," and I advanced to meet him, leaving Ida sitting on the sofa. The gas was lighted.

"Mr. Leighton," said I, "perhaps you have anticipated the request I am about to make."

"Well, well, don't know—what it it?" he asked, looking somewhat surprised.

"You must be aware that my frequent visits to your house were for some purpose."

"To tell the truth I hadn't thought anything about it"

"What! never suspected my intentions?"

"No."

He looked at the sofa, then at me, while a look of surprise came over his face.

"I think I begin to understad what it is all about now. But, then, who would have thought it?"

"Was it strange?"

"Why, gracious! boy, she is old enough to be your mother!"

What could he mean? I looked at him inquiringly. It was only for a second, for Mr. Davis came in at that moment, and Mr. Leighton turned to him.

"What do you think is up? Sally is going to be married, Frank. We'll have two weddings instead of one."

"Sally to be married?" cried some one whose voice I knew too well.

I turned round quickly. Sally was sitting upon the sofa blushing like a tiger lily. Horror! I turned again to see Ida standing besides Mr. Davis, almost ready to burst with suppressed laughter.

"Why, what's the matter with you, my boy? you look pale," said Mr Leighton.

"Nothing, sir," I managed to articulate.

"Yes there is. Bring some water, Ida, quick, he's going to faint!"

They laid me upon the sofa, for I was too weak to stand.

"Leave the room, all of you; he is mine—mine only!" cried Sally, bending down and putting that lovely mouth to my lips.

That revived me. I sprang up. The window was open, and without stopping to say "Good night," I sprang through it, and did not stop till I found myself at Bangs' door.

"What's the matter now?" cried Bangs, as I rushed into the room where he was sitting. "Where's your hat?"

"I've left that at Leighton's."

"Your hat and your heart, I suppose, are laying at the lovely Ida's feet."

"Worse than that."

"Worse?"

"Yes. I have been courting in the dark, and have offered myself to—to—Sally."

"*O ye gods, that is rich!*"

Bangs threw himself upon the floor and rolled and laughed until I thought he would die in convulsions. I left him in that state and hurried home to pack my trunks.

At twelve o'clock that night I took a private conveyance and left the town never to return

I saw Ida's marriage in the paper soon after; but Sally doubtless mourns for her lover as for one dead.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

"Oh mamma, I have been reading such a funny story," said little Lucy, one evening. "It was about an old woman who lived all alone in a little cottage, with a great black cat. But by-and by the neighbors began to think it strange that they never saw the little old woman and the big black cat at the same time. Whenever they went into the cottage and saw the cat sitting by the fire the old woman was gone, and when the old woman was there the cat was gone—at least, so the people said. So they began to be afraid to go to the cottage after dark, for fear the old woman might be a witch. At last, one night some boys crept up to the window, after it was dark, and peeped in. There they saw a wonderful sight. The old woman was sitting by the fire, making strange motions and muttering to herself. Then her hair turned to black fur, her eyes became round and green, and whiskers grew out of her cheeks—and lo! the old woman became a black cat. The boys ran home to the village, and told this strange story—and I do not like what comes next for it was really too bad. They said the woman was really a witch, and they drowned her in the pond. Do you think it can be a true story, mamma?"

"True that the old woman turned into a cat, do you mean? or that the people said so, and drowned her?"

"Oh! I know she couldn't really turn into a cat; but did the people ever believe such things?"

"I am sorry to say they did. Many years ago, before you or I were born, they did believe in witches, and used to punish them most cruelly. I do not know whether this particular story is true; but such things did happen. If any poor old woman had enemies, they got up such stories about her, and sometimes even frightened her into confessing that she was a witch, and then drowned or burned her."

"I am glad we don't live in such times; though it would have been fun to see the woman turning into a cat!"

"But remember, Lucy, that is just the part that is not true in your story. Now, since you have entertained me so well, I think I must tell you a story. It shall be about a strange transformation which I have seen take place in this very house, and not very long ago."

"What does *transformation* mean?"

"It means changing from one form into another, as the old woman was said to have changed into a cat."

"But such a thing never happened really, and in this house, did it?" said Lucy, with wide-open eyes.

"You shall see. Two little girls lived in this house. One was a good little girl, with such a bright, happy face that it was pleasant to see her—She had a soft, merry voice, and was often heard laughing and singing. She liked to help her mother in her work, and to sit beside her and sew, and she thought going to school very pleasant. Her lessons were always easy, and she learned them very fast; and altogether she was like a sunbeam in the house.

"The other child had a very different face. It was so cross and discontented that no one liked to see it, and her voice was as different from the other little girl's as her face. Sometimes she muttered so low that no one could understand her, and at other times she cried, but she never laughed merrily, and no one ever heard her sing. She did not like sewing, nor practicing, nor studying, and it sometimes took her several hours to learn one short lesson.—Two more entirely different little girls were never seen, except that they were just the same size, and both had brown hair. Their eyes were brown too, but so different that you would not think of their being alike even in color.

"Now comes the strange part of my story. I have seen one of these little girls change into the other! Not very long ago, the bright, happy-looking child was sitting there on the sofa with her doll, singing sweetly to it, and she looked up when I came in and spoke in a pleasant tone to me. I said a few words about a lesson that ought to be learned, when suddenly she changed into the other child. A frown came on her forehead, her lips were puckered up, and her whole face changed into that of the other little girl. Her voice changed, too, and was gruff and cross, and she threw poor dolly down as if she hated her. But I am glad to tell you that after a time there was another change, and my bright, pleasant little girl came back What do you think of such transformation, Lucy?"

But Lucy did not answer. Her face was buried in her mother's lap, and I think some tears were falling there in the dark.

"Cannot you think of any way of preventing such a sad transformation, so that I may always keep my good little girl here, and never see the naughty one any more?"

"I will try mamma," whispered the little girl.

"That's right, for only you can do it. I cannot send away the little girl who troubles me so, but you can prevent her coming, if you are careful and watchful, and ask God to help you."

Again little Lucy answered softly and earnestly, "I will try," and I believe she will try, and will succeed too, so that the naughty child will visit the house more and more seldom, and at last will vanish altogether, and never be seen again.

THE MISSOURI STATE CONVENTION.

ST. LOUIS, Wednesday, Feb. 1.

After three days' spirited debate in Committee on the Whole, the Committee amended and adopted the third section of the State Constitution, defining the qualifications of voters.

The section takes a wide range, and, among others, embraces the following provision:

No person shall be deemed a qualified voter who has been in armed hostility to the United States, or, after the 31st of July, 1861, to the Government of this State, or who has ever given aid, comfort, countenance or support to the persons engaged in such hostility or disloyalty, communicated with them, advised or aided persons to join them, manifested adherence to them, or expressed hope for the triumph of their cause over the arms of the United States, or has ever, except under overpowering compulsion, submitted to the authority or been in the service of the so-called Confederate States, or been connected with any society inimical to the Government of the United States or this State after July 31st, 1861, or been a guerrilla or bushwhacker, or who has harbored such, or left the State to avoid the draft, or who has not enrolled himself, or who has been a Southern sympathizer, or who has, after having exercised the elective franchise of this or any other State, under the claim of alienage obtained exemption from military service.

HOW TO SAVE.

Charles Lynford was a good mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Eustice, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household, under the stern teachings of necessity.

It was well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this description, as he himself found it difficult to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing. She could not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living fully up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, though now flourishing, might become less so. Accordingly, one day she purchased of a tin peddler who came to the door, a little tin safe, such as children frequently use as a savings-bank. This she placed conspicuously on the mantlepiece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hallo, Carrie, what's that, eh?" he asked curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife, playfully.—"Have you a ten cent piece about you?"

Charles drew a dime from his waistcoat pocket.—His wife, taking it from his hand, dropped it into the box through a little slit in it at the top.

Charles laughed.

"So you have taken to hoarding, Carrie? My wife become a miser!"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night."

"What—drop a dime into this new fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well, that will be easy enough. A dime is no great harm. But may I know what you are going to do with this newly commenced hoard?"

"Lay it by for a rainy day," answered Caroline.

Charles laughed merrily.

This ended the conversation for the time.

The plan thus inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those of whom there are so many—who enter upon a plan zealously but soon tire of it. In the present case she was fully satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime, and every morning it was added to the accumulation. Frequently he had not the right change, but would toss her a quarter instead. She would assure him, laughingly that it would answer her purpose just as well.

More than once Charles bantered her on the subject of her savings bank. This she bore gaily.

But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make her an ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so; but Caroline, who was in the habit of making her own dresses, provided herself with a good wardrobe at much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done.

After considerable calculation she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that she had exacted from her husband. Of this, however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charles, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able at some future time to surprise him with the unexpected amount of her savings

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied and the contents transferred to a savings bank of more pretensions, where interest would be allowed

When the sums deposited here become large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them, and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a large per cent Of her mode of management her husband was in complete ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not having any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which time he had been unusually favored by prosperity in business and uninterrupted health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income, but that, on the other hand, he had saved absolutely nothing.—Twenty-five cents stood to his credit.

"Running pretty close, ain't it, Carrie? I take credit to myself, though, for keeping on the right side of the line.

"But then, I suppose you have saved up an immense sum?"

"How much do you suppose?" asked his wife.

"Perhaps a hundred dollars," said Charles Lynford carelessly, "though it would take a good many dimes to make that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture. So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be remembered how universally trade and business of every kind were depressed at this period—among others, the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered.

One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face

Caroline, who had watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this. She suspected that her husband's business was affected.

"What is the matter, Charles?" she asked cheerfully

"The matter is, that we will have to economize greatly"

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think there had. I will have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You haven't an idea, Carrie, how dull every kind of business has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly, "I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we can reduce our expenses one-half?" asked the husband, doubtfully.

"I think we will be able to do so. Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and will not need any more for a year at least. This will cut off considerable expense. Then there are a great many little superfluities you are accustomed to buy—little things which you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cakes—and I have no doubt it will be an improvement as far as health is concerned."

"What a calculator you are, Carrie," said her husband, feeling considerably easier in mind. "I really think after all you have said that it won't be hard to live on half of our usual income—for the present, at least. But," and again changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife smiling, "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why no, I didn't think of that," said her husband, "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

His wife smiled.

"And in those few weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," said her husband. "Well, I guess it will be all right—I will try not to trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford gave expression proved to be only too well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation just recorded, the limited supply of work he had been able to secure, failed and he found himself without work of any kind, thrown back upon his own resources.

Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it really did come upon him, and again he returned home in a fit of discouragement. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon them.

"And the worst of it is," he added, "there will be no better times till spring."

"Do you think that the business will revive then?"

"It must by that time. But there are five or six months between. I do not know how we are going to live during that time."

"I do," replied his wife, quietly.

"You!" exclaimed her husband in surprise.

"Yes, your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and I have no doubt we can live six months on two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, certainly, but where is that money to come from? I don't want to get in debt, and if I did I should not know where to borrow."

"Fortunately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, and six hundred more," said his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute and I'll prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment, and reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars and a book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you sure you haven't had a legacy?" demanded Charles in amazement. "Surely a dime a day would not produce this."

"No, but two dimes a day have, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, that we can ward off starvation for a time."

"All this I owe to your prudence," said Charles, gratefully. "How can I repay you?"

Charles Lynford remained out of employment some months. But in the spring, as he anticipated, business revived, and he was once more in receipt of his old income. More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was not less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin saving bank stands on the mantlepiece, and never fails to receive a deposit daily.

THE OPENING OF GIRARD'S WILL—SATURNALIA AMONG THE HEIRS.

The January number of the *North American Review* contains an interesting article on Stephen Girard and his college, in which article the following graphic account is given of what took place when his will was read. The people of Philadelphia will be amused to learn how his "affectionate relatives" received the intelligence that he had given his estate to the orphans and the poor, rather than to them.

Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few men had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able, personally, to enforce it. The old man lay dead in Water street.—While the public, out of doors, were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money, there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house by bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wine, and kept up a continual carouse. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Girard's death, and who remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor he told them that there was, and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this, the desire to learn its contents rose almost to fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will was not instantly produced; and, at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the directors.

When he had opened it, and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity—the frenzy of expectation—expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions;—for no one had dreamed of the probability of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be a gentleman upon his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty thousand; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children.

Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting for years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain.

A STRANGE STORY.

A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without notarial vouching, but still as endorsed by being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily *bavards*. A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he has had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold No one ventured to ask the character of the ring of the cause of its being worn, and placing the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual.—A lady, however, who was piqued to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said; "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one should be delighted to know its origin." The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand, as though he would like to hide it, while he replied: "Madam, the ring is not a jewel, as you suppose, but a tomb." The curious gathered round while he continued—"This jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was an Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which would enable me to wear it as a *souvenir*. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, whom, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

THE TOAD-FISH.

A tenant of most of the shores around Sidney is the toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery skin and a bloated body, dark mottled brown above, and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad, but swims very swift, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said Mr. Meredith did not fish with a rod, I might have added that he could not; for the toad-fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped into the water than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the honor of swallowing your hook, generally taking the precaution to bite off your line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned, were the greedy little wretches fit to eat, but they are highly poisonous: and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know of one instance at least of their fatal effects.—A lady with whose family I am intimate died in consequence of eating them.

As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling by biting off every hook dropped into the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing spear, upon which many hundreds, if not thousands, have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with the toad-fish; from those who are, I fear no reproof. When speared, they directly inflate leathery skins like a balloon, and eject a stream of liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about, and begin eating; and should one be less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack him, and eat him up.—*Letters from Australia.*

THE EMPLOYMENT OF SLAVES IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY.—Whatever persons North may say, there is undoubtedly a strong feeling in some of the States of the South in favor of filling up the depleted army with negro recruits. Everywhere in our rebel exchanges we find this feeling set forth in strong and unmistakable forms. The South expects much from these troops—some of the more sanguine complete and speedy victory over the Yankees. The following from the Richmond *Whig* sets forth this hope as clearly as anything we have seen: "Now, let us say to the North we are on the defensive; that they can stop this war immediately by withdrawing their troops. If they refuse, let Congress put three hundred thousand slaves in the army; put deeds of emancipation in their pockets; march one hundred thousand to Pennsylvania, one hundred thousand to Ohio, and one hundred thousand to Indiana; tell them to spare nothing but the old men, women and children; to live on the country; lay waste as they march; to rob the banks; to take every kind of property they want; to have it as their own; to load every wagon, horse, mule, and ox with their spoils, and bring it back to their old homes, and enjoy it and freedom for life. How long would Grant stay at City Point? I have heard officers of high rank say they would cheerfully volunteer to command the negro troops. Under the late law to consolidate companies, &c., hundreds of officers will be without commands, who will willingly command these troops. Let Congress do this, and, in the language of this intelligent Virginian, before the next 4th of July the war will end, and our independence be acknowledged. Keep the men over forty-five at home and put the negroes in the army."

TEST OF INSANITY.—Perhaps no question has more often perplexed juries than the question of insanity; and on no fact is the testimony more variant or contradictory. It is said, however, that there is one invariable test: insane persons never tell a story twice alike. Dr. Wigan says, "I cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, and social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series. To repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person, is, I believe, always impossible in the very mildest case of insanity."—Shakspeare knew of this, for he makes Hamlet say, whose sanity was called in question—

"Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from."