Patriot & Union.

VOL. 3. HARRISBURG, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1861. NO. 138.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less constitute half a square. Ten lines or more than four, constitute a square.

Half sq., one day	$0.25	One sq., one day	$0.50
" one week	1.00	" one week	1.25
" one month	2.00	" one month	3.00
" three months	3.00	" three months	5.00
" six months	4.00	" six months	8.00
" one year	5.00	" one year	10.00

☞ Business notices inserted in the LOCAL COLUMN, or before marriages and deaths, FIVE CENTS PER LINE for each insertion. To merchants and others advertising by the year liberal terms will be offered.

☞ The number of insertions must be designated on the advertisement.

☞ Marriages and Deaths will be inserted at the same rates as regular advertisements.

Books, Stationery, &c.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—School Directors, Teachers, Parents, Scholars, and others, in want of School Books, School Stationery, &c., will find a complete assortment at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Market Square, Harrisburg, comprising in part the following:

READERS.—McGuffey's, Parker's, Cobb's, Angell's
SPELLING BOOKS.—McGuffey's, Cobb's, Webster's, Town's, Byerly's, Combry's.
ENGLISH GRAMMARS.—Bullion's, Smith's, Wood bridge's, Monteith's, Tuthill's, Hart's, Wells'.
HISTORIES.—Grimshaw's, Davenport's, Frost's, Willson's, Willard's, Goodrich's, Pinnock's, Goldsmith's and Clark's.
ARITHMETICS.—Greenleaf's, Stoddard's, Emerson's, Pike's, Ross's, Colburn's, Smith and Duke's, Davie's.
ALGEBRAS.—Greenleaf's, Davie's, Day's, Ray's, Bridge's.
DICTIONARYS.—Walker's School, Cobb's, Walker, Worcester's Comprehensive, Worcester's Primary, Webster's Primary, Webster's High School, Webster's Quarto, Academic.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHIES.—Comstock's, Parker's, Swift's. The above with a great variety of others can at any time be found at my store. Also, a complete assortment of School Stationery, embracing in the whole a complete outfit for school purposes. Any book not in the store procured at one days notice.

☞ Country Merchants supplied at wholesale rates.
ALMANACS.—John Baer and Son's Almanac for sale at E. M. POLLOCK & SON'S BOOK STORE, Harrisburg.
☞ Wholesale and Retail. my1

JUST RECEIVED AT SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
ADAMANTINE SLATES
OF VARIOUS SIZES AND PRICES,
Which, for beauty and use, cannot be excelled.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE,
NO. 18 MARKET STREET. mar2

NEW BOOKS! JUST RECEIVED
"SEAL AND SAY," by the author of "Wide, Wide World," "Dollars and Cents," &c.
"HISTORY OF METHODISM," by A. Stevens, LL.D.
For sale at SCHEFFERS' BOOKSTORE,
ap9 No. 18 Marke st.

JUST RECEIVED,
A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
RICHLY GILT AND ORNAMENTAL
WINDOW CURTAINS,
PAPER BLINDS,
Of various Designs and Colors, for 8 cents,
TISSUE PAPER AND CUT FLY PAPER,
At [my24] SCHEFFER'S BOOKSTORE.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!! Just received, our Spring Stock of WALL PAPER, BORDERS, FIRE SCREENS, &c., &c. It is the largest and best selected assortment in the city, ranging in price from six (6) cents up to one dollar and a quarter ($1.25.)
As we purchase very low for cash, we are prepared to sell at as low rates, if not lower, than can be had elsewhere. If purchasers will call and examine, we feel confident that we can please them in respect to price and quality. E. M POLLOCK & SON,
ap3 Below Jones' House, Market Square.

LETTER, CAP, NOTE PAPERS, Pens, Holders, Pencils, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, of the best quality, at low prices, direct from the manufactories, at
mar30 SCHEFFER'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

LAW BOOKS! LAW BOOKS!!—A general assortment of LAW BOOKS, all the State Reports and Standard Elementary Works, with many of the old English Reports, *scarce and rare*, together with a large assortment of second-hand Law Books, at very low prices, *at the one price Bookstore of*
E. M. POLLOCK & SON,
my3 Market Square, Harrisburg.

Miscellaneous.

AN ARRIVAL OF
NEW GOODS
APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON!
SILK FANS! LINEN FANS!! PAPER FANS!!!
ANOTHER AND SPLENDID LOT OF
SPLICED FISHING RODS!
Trout Flies, Gut and Hair Snoods, Grass Lines, Silk and Hair Plaited Lines, and a general assortment of
FISHING TACKLE!
A GREAT VARIETY OF
WALKING CANES!
Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest!
Silver Head Canes! Loaded Canes! Sword Canes! Hickory Canes! Fancy Canes!
KELLER'S DRUG AND FANCY STORE,
NO. 91 MARKET STREET,
South side, one door east of Fourth street je9.

B. J. HARRIS,
WORKER IN TIN,
SHEET IRON, AND
METALLIC ROOFING,
Second Street, below Chestnut,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Is prepared to fill orders for any article in his branch of business; and if not on hand, he will make to order on short notice.
METALLIC ROOFING, of Tin or Galvanized Iron, constantly on hand.
Also, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Spouting, &c.
He hopes, by strict attention to the wants of his customers, to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage.
☞ Every promise strictly fulfilled.
B. J. HARRIS,
jan7-d1y] Second Street, below Chestnut.

FISH!! FISH!!!
MACKEREL, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3.)
SALMON, (very superior.)
SHAD, (Mess and very fine.)
HERRING, (extra large.)
COD FISH.
SMOKED HERRING, (extra Digby.)
SCOTCH HERRING.
SARDINES AND ANCHOVIES.
Of the above we have Mackerel in whole, half, quarter and eighth bbls. Herring in whole and half bbls.
The entire lot new—DIRECT FROM THE FISHERIES, and will sell them at the lowest market rates.
sep14 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

CHAMPAGNE WINES!
DUC DE MONTEBELLO,
HEIDSIECK & CO.,
CHARLES HEIDSIECK,
GIESLER & CO.,
ANCHOR—SILLERY MOUSSEUX,
SPARKLING MUSCATEL,
MUMM & CO.'S,
VERZENAY,
CABINET.
In store and for sale by
JOHN H. ZIEGLER,
de20 73 Market street.

HICKORY WOOD!!—A SUPERIOR LOT just received, and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, by JAMES M. WHEELER.
Also, OAK AND PINE constantly on hand at the lowest prices. dec6

FAMILY BIBLES, from 1$ to $10, strong and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, with elegant clear new type, sold at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Cheap Bookstore.

CRANBERRIES!!!—A SPLENDID LOT just received by
oct10 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

FOR a superior and cheap TABLE or SALAD OIL go to
KELLER'S DRUG STORE.

THE Fruit Growers' Handbook—by WARING—wholesale and retail at
mch31 SCHEFFER'S Bookstore.

SPERM CANDLES.—A large supply just received by
sep18 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

KELLER'S DRUG STORE is the place to find the best assortment of Porte Monnaies.

Coal.

TO THE PUBLIC!
JOHN TILL'S
COAL YARD,
SOUTH SECOND STREET,
BELOW FRATT'S ROLLING MILL,
HARRISBURG, PA.,
Where he has constantly on hand
LYKENS VALLEY BROKEN, EGG, STOVE AND NUT COAL.
ALSO,
WILKESBARRE STEAMBOAT, BROKEN, STOVE AND NUT COAL,
ALL OF THE BEST QUALITY.
It will be delivered to consumers clean, and full weight warranted.
☞ CONSUMERS GIVE ME A CALL FOR YOUR WINTER SUPPLY.
☞ Orders left at my house, in Walnut street, near Fifth; or at Brubaker's, North street; J. L. Speel's, Market Square; Wm. Bestick's, corner of Second and South streets, and John Lingle's, Second and Mulberry streets, will receive prompt attention.
jy12-d6m JOHN TILL.

COAL! COAL!!
ONLY YARD IN TOWN THAT DELIVERS
COAL BY THE
PATENT WEIGH CARTS!
NOW IS THE TIME!
For every family to get in their supply of Coal for the winter—weighed at their door by the *Patent Weigh Carts. The accuracy of these Carts no one disputes*, and they never get out of order, as is frequently the case of the Platform Scales; besides, the consumer has the satisfaction of proving the weight of his Coal at his own house.
I have a large supply of Coal on hand, consisting of
S. M. CO.'S LYKENS VALLEY COAL all sizes,
LYKENS VALLEY do " "
WILKESBARRE do. "
BITUMINOUS BROAD TOP do.
All Coal of the best quality mined, and delivered free from all impurities, at the lowest rates, by the boat or car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, September 24, 1860.—sep25

UP TOWN!
PATENT WEIGH CARTS.
For the convenience of my numerous up town customers, I have established, in connection with my old yard, a Branch Coal Yard opposite North street, in a line with the Pennsylvania canal, having the office formerly occupied by Mr. R. Harris, where consumers of Coal in that vicinity and Verbeketown can receive their Coal by the
PATENT WEIGH CARTS,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE FOR HAULING,
And in any quantity they may desire, as low as can be purchased *anywhere.*
FIVE THOUSAND TONS COAL ON HAND,
Of LYKENS VALLEY and WILKESBARRE, all sizes.
☞ *Willing to maintain fair prices, but unwilling to be undersold by any parties.*
☞ All Coal forked up and delivered clean and free from all impurities, and the *best* article mined.
Orders received at either Yard will be promptly filled, and all Coal delivered by the *Patent Weigh Carts.*
Coal sold by Boat, Car load, single, half or third of tons, and by the bushel.
JAMES M. WHEELER.
Harrisburg, October 13, 1860.—oct15

LYKENS VALLEY NUT COAL—For Sale AT TWO DOLLARS PER TON.
☞ *All Coal delivered by PATENT WEIGH CARTS*
JAMES M. WHEELER.
☞ Coal delivered from both yards. no17

Medical.

HELMBOLD'S HELMBOLD'S
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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
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FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
FOR SECRET AND DELICATE DISORDERS.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
A Positive and Specific Remedy.
FOR DISEASES OF THE
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
BLADDER, GRAVEL, KIDNEYS, DROPSY,
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And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
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And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
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And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
And all Diseases of Sexual Organs,
ARISING FROM
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
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Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
Excesses, Exposures, and Imprudencies in Life.
From whatever cause originating, and whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE.
Females, take no more Pills! They are of no avail for Complaints incident to the sex. Use
EXTRACT BUCHU.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is a Medicine which is perfectly pleasant in its
TASTE AND ODOR,
But immediate in its action, giving Health and Vigor to the Frame, Bloom to the Pallid Cheek, and restoring the patient to a perfect state of
HEALTH AND PURITY.
Helmbold's Extract Buchu is prepared according to Pharmacy and Chemistry, and is prescribed and used by
THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS.
Delay no longer. Procure the remedy at once.
Price $1 per bottle, or six for $5.
Depot 104 South Tenth street, Philadelphia.
BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS
Trying to palm off their own or other articles of BUCHU on the reputation attained by
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU,
The Original and only Genuine.
We desire to run on the
MERIT OF OUR ARTICLE!
Their's is worthless—is sold at much less rates and commissions, consequently paying a much better profit.
WE DEFY COMPETITION!
Ask for
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.
Take no other.
Sold by JOHN WYETH, Druggist, corner of Market and Second streets, Harrisburg,
AND ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
no14 d&w3m.

EXTRACTS! EXTRACTS!
WOODSWORTH & BUNNEL'S
SUPERIOR FLAVORING EXTRACTS
OF
BITTER ALMOND,
NECTARINE,
PINE APPLE,
STRAWBERRY,
ROSE,
LEMON AND VANILLA,
Just received and for sale by
fe20 WM. DOCK, Jr., & CO.

The Patriot & Union.

TUESDAY MORNING, FEB. 12, 1861.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON.

A London reviewer justly remarks that "the most characteristic tendency of literary and historical investigation at the present day is to throw doubts upon opinions of time honored currency, and to show that the traditional verdict upon some of the famous personages and remarkable events of the past is essentially erroneous;" and in support of this assertion he alludes to Grote's "new and improved views of Cleon and the Sophists," Carlyle's and Macaulay's laudations of Cromwell, and Froude's defence of Henry VIII. There cannot be a more harmless, even if it be a mistaken tendency. It is comforting to think of the great men of the earth—of the grand names of history, of literature or of art, as free from the lower vices and frailties of ordinary minds.—With the exception of those whose only claim to the memory of posterity has been their crime, the waves of time gradually wash out the darker shades in their characters. Shakespeare was mortal and possessed a mortal's faults, but who can venture to discern them now? It would be like trying to look with naked eye at the noon-day sun to see its dark spots. Milton committed errors, but how few can tell what they were? Futurity will probably do the same good service for the great men of modern times. Byron's heartlessness and littleness, Napoleon's petty meannesses, Humboldt's ungrateful twaddle about his benefactors, will be forgotten, and only their greatness remain.

Lord Bacon's reputation though long tarnished, has at last found an earnest and industrious defender. The illustrious philosopher has been long accused of ingratitude and treachery toward the Earl of Essex, his friend and benefactor, and Macaulay, accepting the received tradition, revivified it with all his peculiar trenchant vigor, and Lord Campbell wrote a volume to uphold the same opinions. Against both of these writers, and against the received judgment of the reading world, Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon arrays himself, and sends to the public his defence of Lord Bacon in these "Personal Memoirs," dug out of unpublished manuscripts, and certainly evincing the untiring industry of the writer. Mr. Dixon, too, has a style peculiar to himself, though by no means original. It is a sort of mixed imitation of Ruskin and Carlyle. We make the following extracts, as giving the best idea of Dixon's style, while, however, we abstain from selecting those few which contain inelegancies of thought and expression unworthy so experienced a writer.

BACON'S BOYHOOD.

"Sweet to the eye and to the heart is the face of Francis Bacon as a child. Born among the courtly glories of York House, nursed on the green slopes and in the leafy woods of Gorhambury; now playing with the daisies and forget-me-nots, now with the mace and seals; one day culling posies with the gardener or coursing after the pigeons, (which he liked, particularly, in a pie,) the next day paying his pretty wee compliments to the Queen; he grows up into his teens a grave, yet sunny boy; on this side of his mind in love with nature, on that side in love with art. Every tale told of this plaything of the court wins on the imagination, whether he hunts the echo in St. James Park, or eyes the juggler and detects his trick, or lisps wise saws to the Queen and becomes her young Lord Keeper of ten. Frail in health, as the sons of old men mostly are, his father's gout and stone, of which he will feel the twinge and fire to his dying day, only chain him to his garden or his desk. When thirteen years of age he goes to read books under Whitgift, at Cambridge; when sixteen, to read men under Paulett in France. If he is young, he is still more sage. A native grace of soul keeps off from him the rust of his cloister no less than the stain of the world. As Cambridge fails to dry him into Broughton, Paris and Poicters fail to melt him into Montjoy. The perils he escapes are grave; the three years spent under Whitgift's hard, cold eye being no less full of intellectual snares than are the three years spent in the voluptuous court of Henri Trois, among the dames and courtiers of France; of moral snares. In the train of Sir Amias Paulett he rides at seventeen with that throng of nobles who attend the King and Queen-Mother down to Blois, to Tours, to Poictiers; mixes with the fair women on whose bright eyes the Queen relies for her success, even more than on her regiments and fleets; glides in and through the hostile camps, observes the Catholic and Huguenot intrigues, and sees the great men of either court make love and war. But Lady Paulett, kind to him as a mother, watches over his steps with care and love—a kindness he remembers and repays to the good lady and to her kin in later years. For him the d'Angelles sang their songs, the Tosseuses twine their curls in vain."

BACON'S YOUTH.

"No one lapse is known to have blurred the beauty of his youth. No rush of mad young blood ever drives him into brawls. To men of less temper and generosity than his own—to Devereaux and Montjoy, to Percy and Vere, to Sackville and Bruce—he leaves the glory of Calais sands and Marylebone Park. If he be weak on the score of dress and pomp; if he dote like a young girl on flowers, on scents, on gay colors, on the trappings of a horse, the ins and outs of a garden, the furniture of a room; he neither drinks nor games, nor runs wild and loose in love. Armed with the most winning ways, the most glozing lip at court, he hurts no husband's peace, he drags no woman's name into the mire. He seeks no victories like those of Essex; he burns no shame like Raleigh into the cheek of one he loved. No Lady Rich, as in Sydney's immortal line, had cause

"To blush when he is named."

When the passions fan out in most men, poetry flowers out in him. Old when a child, he seems to grow younger as he grows in years. Yet with all his wisdom he is not too wise to be a dreamer of dreams; for while busy with his books in Paris he gives ear to a ghostly intimation of his father's death. All his pores lie open to external nature. Birds and flowers delight his eye; his pulse beats quick at the sight of a fine horse, a ship in full sail, a soft sweep of country; everything holy, innocent and gay acts on his spirits like wine on a strong man's blood. Joyous, hopeful, swift to do good, slow to think evil, he leaves on every one who meets him a sense of friendliness, of peace and power. The serenity of his spirit keeps his intellect bright, his affections warm; and just as he had left the halls of Trinity with his mind unwarped, so he now, when duty calls him from France, quits the galleries of the Louvre and St. Cloud with his morals pure."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF BACON.

"How he appears in outward grace and aspect among these courtly and marshal contempararies, the miniature by Hilyard helps us to conceive. Slight in build, rosy and round in flesh, tight in a sumptuous suit; the head well-set, erect and framed in a thick starched fence of frill; a bloom of study and of travel on the fat, girlish face, which looks far younger than his years; the hat and feather tossed aside from the broad white brow, over which crisps and curls a mane of dark, soft hair; an English nose, firm, open, straight; mouth delicate and small—a lady's or a jester's mouth—a thousand pranks and humors, quibbles, whims and laughters lurking in its twinkling, tremulous lines; such is Francis Bacon at the age of twenty-four.

BACON IN LOVE.

"More than a year ago, in writing to his cousin Cecil, Bacon mentioned his having found a handsome maiden to his mind. She loved him and he loved her. But her mother, a widow and again a wife, having made two good matches for herself, has set her heart on making great alliances for her girls. In part to please her, still more to glorify his bride, Bacon waits and toils that he may lay at her feet a settled fortune and a more splendid name. The family into which—when he can steal an hour from the courts of law and the pursuits of science—he goes a courting, and in which he is now an accepted lover, consists of four girls, their pretty mother and a bold, handsome, heady stepfather of fifty-six: a group of persons notable from their private stories, and of romantic interest from their loves and feuds with the philosopher, and from the part they must have had in shaping his views of the felicities and infelicities of domestic life. The four young girls are the orphan daughters of Benedict Barnham, merchant of Cheapside and alderman of his ward; an honest fellow, who gave his wife a good lift in the world, and left his children to take their chances of rising among men who, with all their sins, are never blind to the merits of women blessed with youth, loveliness and wealth. Alice is the first fall in love; but the three hoydens who now romp around her, and perhaps get many a hug and kiss from her famous lover, will soon be in their turns followed for their bright eyes and brighter gold. Elizabeth will marry Mervin Touchet, earl of Castlehaven, that miserable wretch who, when his first young wife, the hoyden of to-day, is in her grave, will expiate on the block the foulest crime ever charged against an English peer. The two little things now playing at Alice's knee will become in due time Lady Constable and Lady Soames."

BACON'S WEDDING.

"The day is named; the 10th of May. By help of Sir Dudley Carleton we may look upon the pleasant scene, upon the pretty bride, the jovial knight, the romping girls and the merry company, as through a glass. Feathers and lace light up the rooms in the Strand. Cecil has been warmly engaged to come over from Salisbury House. Three of his gentlemen, Sir Walter Cope, Sir Baptist Hicks and Sir Hugh Beeston, hard drinkers and men about town, strut over in his stead, flaunting in their swords and plumes; yet the prodigal bridegroom, sumptuous in his tastes as in his genius, clad in a suit of Genoese velvet, purple from cap to shoe, outbraves them all. The bride, too, is richly dight; her whole dowry seeming to be piled upon her in cloth of silver and ornaments of gold. The wedding rite is performed at St. Marylebone Chapel, two miles from the Strand, among the lanes and suburbs winding towards the foot of Hampstead Hill. Who that is blessed with any share of sympathy or poetry cannot see how that glad and shining party ride to the rural church on that sunny 10th of May? how the girls will laugh and Sir John will joke, as they wind through lanes now white with the thorn and the bloom of pears; how the bridesmaids scatter rosemary and the groomsmen struggle for the kiss. Who cannot imagine that dinner in the Strand, though the tiny hunchback Earl of Salisbury has not come over to Sir John's lodging to taste the cheer or kiss the bride? We know that the wit is good, for Bacon is there; we may trust Sir John for the quality of his wine."

LADY ANN'S ADVICE TO HER SON.

"Like the ways of all deep dreamers, his habits are odd, and vex Lady Ann's affectionate and methodical heart. The boy sits up late of nights, drinks his ale-posset to make him sleep, starts out of bed ere it is light, or may be, as the whimsy takes him, lolls and dreams till noon, musing, says the good lady with loving pity, on—she knows not what! Her own round of duty lies in saying her morning and evening prayers, in hearing nine or ten sermons in the week, in caring for her kitchen and hen roost, in physicking herself, her maids and her tenants, in making the rascals who would cheat her pay their rent, and in loving and counselling her two careless boys. Dear, admirable soul! How human and how humorous too, the picture of this good mother, warm in her affections, scolding for us our broadt owed awful Verulam!

"'Grace and health. That you increase in amending I am glad. God continue it every way. When you cease of your prescribed diet, you had need, I think, to be very wary both of your sudden change of quantity and of season of your feeding, specially suppers late or full; procure rest in convenient time, it helpeth much to digestion. I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed and then musing, I know not what, when he should sleep, and then, in consequence, by late rising and long lying in bed, whereby his men are made slothful and himself continually sickly. But my sons haste not to hearken to their mother's good counsel in time to prevent. The Lord our heavenly Father heal and bless you both, as His sons in Christ Jesus.'"

THE MOTHER AND SISTERS OF ESSEX.

"As Lettice Knollys, as Countess of Essex, as Countess of Leicester, as wife of Sir Christopher Blount, this mother of the Earl has been a barb in Elizabeth's side for thirty years.—Married as a girl to a noble husband, she gave up his honor to a seducer, and there is reason to fear she gave her consent to the taking of his life. While Devereux lived she deceived the Queen by a scandalous amour, and after his death by a clandestine marriage with the Earl of Liecester. While Dudley lived she wallowed in licentious love with Christopher Blount, his groom of the horse. When her second husband expired in agonies at Cornbury, not a gallop from the place in which Amy Robsart died, she again mortified the Queen by a secret union with her seducer, Blount.

"Her children riot in the same vices. Essex himself, with his ring of favorites, is not more profligate than his sister Lady Rich. In early youth Penelope Rich was the mistress of Sydney, whose stolen love for her is pictured in his most voluptuous verse. Sydney is Astrophel, Penelope, Stella. Since Sydney's death she has lived in shameless adultery with Lord Montjoy, though her husband, Lord Rich, is still alive. Her sister Dorothy, after wedding one husband secretly and against the canon, has now married Percy, the wizard Earl of Northumberland, whom she leads the life of a dog.

"Save in the Suffolk branch of the Howards, it would not be easy to find out of Italian story a group of women so detestable as the mother and sisters of the Earl."

A HIT AT LORD CAMPBELL.

"Of all the sins against Francis Bacon, that of Lord Campbell is the last and worst. I wish to speak with respect of so bold and great a man as our present Lord Chancellor. He is one who has swept up the slope of fame by native power of heart and brain; in the proud course of his life, from the Temple to the peerage, from the reporters' gallery to the woolsack, I admire the track of a man of genius—brave, circumspect, tenacious, strong; one not to be put down, not to be set aside; an example to men of letters and men of law. But the more highly I rank Lord Campbell's genius, the more I feel drawn to regret his haste. In such a case as the trial of Bacon's fame he was bound to take pains; to sift every lie to its root; to stay his condemning pen till he had satisfied his mind that in passing sentence of infamy he was right, beyond the risk of appeal. A statesman and law-reformer himself, he ought to have felt more sympathy for the just fame of a statesman and law-reformer than he has shown. Not that Lord Campbell finds fault with Bacon where he speaks by his own lights. Indeed, there he is just. He has no words too warm for Bacon's reforms as a lawyer, for his plans as a minister, for his rules as a chanceller.—When Lord Campbell knows his subject at first hand, his praise of his hero rings out clear and loud. But there is much in the life of Bacon which he does not know. He has not given himself time to sift and winnow. Like an easy magistrate on the bench, he has taken the pleas for facts. That is his fault, and in such a man it is a very grave fault."

THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

We find in a late nuber of the Boston *Transcript* the most graphic account yet written of the grove of mighty trees at Mariposa, California. We quote the most striking passages:

The flowers are plenteous along all the steadily rising trail. Here and there we must pause before one of the seductive sugar pines, which looks so full of melody that it seems as if the first breeze that brushes it would make it break forth into a Mozartish song. * * What if we should meet a grizzly on a flowery bank under one of the graceful sugar pines? While we were discussing this possibility, we came upon fresh traces of a very large one. I was eager to get a glimpse of him, but the majority of the company prayed that they might not see one of the shaggy monsters, and their prayer was answered.

There are two large groves of the mammoth trees in California. The one which is usually visited is in Calaveras county. It contains hardly a third as many trees as the Mariposa cluster which we were in search of in this letter, but it is much more easy of access. It covers about as much space as the Common, and a good carriage road leads to the heart of it. At the portal of the grove stand a pair of sentinels, twenty-five feet apart, which are sixty feet in circumference and three hundred feet high. They are well named the "Two Guardsmen." What a pity, for Dumas' sake, that there is not one more? Passing these warders, you drive up to a hotel, and find the grounds trimmed up and the trees named and labelled for guests. Some of the labels are of gilt letters on marble, we are told, and are tastefully inlaid in the bark from six to twenty feet above the ground. The "Hercules" in this group is ninety-three feet in circumference. The "California," seventy-three feet in circuit, shoots up straight as an arrow three hundred and ten feet. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a tree which has been burnt out; it is eighty-three feet in circumference, and will lodge twenty persons. The "Mother of the Forest" is three hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and nearly eighty feet in girth.
* * * * One of these Calaveras trees, three hundred feet high, was cut down a few years ago, eight feet from the ground. Part of the trunk is used as a bowling alley, and the stump, twenty-five feet in diameter, covered with a canopy of green boughs, is now a dancing saloon. To cut it down, pump augurs were used from either side, until the tree was completely severed from the base. Only by driving in large wedges with immense battering rams, could its equilibrium be disturbed sufficiently to make it top-heavy. Five men were at work twenty-five days in this wretched drudgery of destruction.

The Mariposa grove stands as the Creator has fashioned it, unprofaned except by fire, which long before the advent of Saxon white men, had charred the base of the larger portion of the stalwart trees. We rode on for an hour, climbing all the time, till we reached a forest planted five thousand feet above the sea. This, in New England, is the height of Mt. Madison, where not a shrub can grow.

Riding on a few rods, through ordinary evergreens with dark stems, we at last catch a glimpse of a strange color in the forest. It is a tree in the distance, of a light cinnamon hue. We ride nearer and nearer, seeing others of the same complexion starting out in the most impressive contrast with the sombre columns of the wilderness. We are now in the grove of the Titans. The bark has a right loonine effect on the eye. We single out one of them for a first acquaintance, and soon dismount at its root.

I must confess that my own feelings, as I first scanned it, and let the eye roam up its tawny pillar, was of intense disappointment. But then I said to myself this is one of the striplings of the Anak brood—only a small affair of some forty feet in girth. I took out the measuring line, fastened it to the trunk with a knife, and walked around, unwinding it as I went. The line was seventy-five feet long. I came to the end of the line before completing the circuit. Nine feet more were needed. I had dismounted before a structure eighty-four feet in circumference and nearly three hundred feet high, and I should not have guessed that it would measure more than fifteen feet through. It did not look to me twice as large as the Big Elm on the Common, although that is only eighteen feet in circumference, and this was twenty-eight in diameter. During the day I had seen a dozen sugar pines which appeared to be far more lofty.

The next one we measured was 89 feet and 2 inches in girth; the third was 90 feet. There are nearly three times as many of the giant species in the grove as in the Calaveras cluster. Divided into two groups, there are 650 of them within a space of a mile and three-quarters. Colonel Warren, the faithful and self-sacrificing friend of agricultural interests in this State, proprietor and editor of the *California Farmer*, measured the principal trees of one group on this ridge, some three years ago, and found one of 102 feet, two of 100 feet, one of 97, one of 92, one of 82, one of 80, two of 77, three of 76, and thus gradually diminishing, till more than a hundred trees were on his list that measured fifty feet and upwards in circumference.

This crowd of majestic forms explains the disappointment in first entering the grove. The general scale is too immense. Half a dozen of the largest trees spaced half a mile apart, and properly set off by trees of six and eight feet in girth, would shake the most volatile mind with awe.

We ought to see the "Fountain Tree" of the Mariposa grove, a hundred and two feet in circuit, rising near the Bunker Hill Monument, and bearing up a crown eighty feet above it, to feel the marvel of its bulk and vitality. Think of that monument as a living structure. Conceive it as having grown from a granite seed, whose outpouring life absorbed from the earth, and attracted from the winds fine granite dust, to be slowly compacted, by internal and unerring masonry, into solid squares, of its strength and its tapering symmetry. A work far more marvellous than this, has been wrought by each fragment of a cone that took root five thousand feet on a ridge of the Sierras, centuries ago, and now is represented by an organism of thirty feet diameter. Indeed, it is quite probable that there have been a few trees in both the Mariposa and Calaveras groves, which have built their sublime columns out of the air, through the energy of a single seed, in whose trunk Bunker Hill monument could have been inserted and hidden, while the stem would still spring more than two hundred feet above its apex stone. For the ruins of one now lie in the Mariposa grove, which was forty feet in diameter, and must have towered more than four hundred feet high.

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Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

FAITH AND FIDELITY.—A short time ago a dog, well known to the railway officials, from his frequent traveling with his master, presented himself at one of the stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Longridge line. After looking round for some length of time amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid himself down under the seat. Arriving at Longridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and after waiting until the station had been cleared, he went into the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the ground-floor, then went and made a tour of inspection over the adjoining grounds; but, being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took his old position just as it moved off. On reaching the station from which he had first started, he again looked round as before, and took his departure. It seemed that he now proceeded to the General Railway Station at Preston, and after repeating the looking-around performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train which he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping in and out, and in due time arrived in Liverpool. He now visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom, as it afterwards appeared he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known; but he remained all night, and visited Preston again early the next morning. Still not finding his missing master, he for the fourth time "took the train"—this time, however, to Lancaster and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as the perseverence and tact he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual. —*English paper.*

FROST MUSIC.—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off, but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned—as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence, but they would come out with an explosian when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

A TERRIBLE SUICIDE.—The most intense excitement was created among the citizens in the vicinity of No. 32 Pleasant street, yesterday morning, by the frantic cries of a woman whose husband had committed suicide, during a brief absence on her part, and while holding their child in his arms. The particulars of this heart-rending affair, as gathered by our reporter during the examination before the Coroner, are as follows: Thomas Neander, the suicide, was a mechanic, of exemplary habits, with the exception that occasionally he would indulge in the use of liquors, and during that period was unfitted for business. A few days ago he left his employment and spent the time in drink. On Wednesday he got the impression that some one had been guilty of stealing and that he was falsely accused. This infatuation took possession of his mind, and haunted him during his hours of waking and sleeping, until yesterday about 7 o'clock, he became so uncontrollable that his wife stepped out of the room to get some neighbor to stay with her.—She was absent not over five minutes, and when she returned her husband was lying on the floor with a child in his arms, and his throat severed from ear to ear. As she approached him he moved his hand and instantly expired, so thoroughly had the work been done. A razor was lying on the floor by his side.

Neander was about forty years of age, in moderate circumstances, and leaves a wife and two children.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Feb. 9.*

A STORM IN A MENAGERIE.—On Wednesday afternoon, the mammoth elephant Hannibal, now exhibiting in Van Amburgh's menagerie in Philadelphia, suddenly lost his temper, and indulged in some Herculean antics, which for a while diffused terror among the spectators. Hannibal, who had been securely chained by three legs and a tusk, lifted his enormous trunk and snapped into pieces an