ADVERTISING RATES.

	3t.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 yr.
One Square,	1.50	1.75	3.50	6.00	10.00
Two Squares,	3.00	3.50	5.50	10.00	15.00
Three Squares	4.50	5.00	8.00	15.00	20.00
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WILLS & IREDELL,
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Financial.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

AND

CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R. CO.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Over *fifteen hundred* (1500) *miles* have been built by two (2) powerful companies: the Union Pacific Railroad, beginning at Omaha, building west, and the Central Pacific Railroad, beginning at Sacramento, and building east, until the two roads shall meet. Less than two hundred and fifty miles remain to be built. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the through connection between San Francisco and New York will be completed by July 1.

As the amount of Government aid given to each is dependent upon the length of road each shall build, both companies are prompted to great efforts to secure the construction and control of what, when completed, will be *one and the only grand Railroad Line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.*

One Hundred and Ten Million Dollars ($110,000,000) in money have already been expended by the two powerful companies engaged in this great enterprise, and they will speedily complete the portion yet to be built. When the United States Government found it necessary to secure the construction of the Pacific Railroad, to develop and protect its own interest, it gave the companies authorized to build it such ample aid as should render its speedy completion beyond a doubt. The Government aid may be briefly summed up as follows:—

First. The right of way and all necessary timber and stone from public domain.

Second. It makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which when the road is completed, will amount to twenty-three million (23,000,000) acres, and all of it within twenty (20) miles of the railroad.

Third. It loans the companies fifty million dollars ($50,000,000), for which it takes a second lien.

The Government has already loaned the Union Pacific Railroad twenty-four million and fifty-eight thousand dollars ($24,058,000,) and to the Central Pacific Railroad seventeen million six hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars ($17,648,000), amounting in all to forty-one million seven hundred and six thousand dollars ($41,706,000).

The Companies are permitted to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as they receive from the United States, and no more. The companies have sold to permanent investors about forty million dollars ($40,000,00) of their First Mortgage Bonds. The companies have already paid in (including net earnings not divided, grants from State of California, and Sacramento city and San Francisco), upwards of ($25,000,000) twenty-five million dollars of capital stock.

WHAT IS THERE YET TO BE DONE?

In considering this question it must be remembered that all the remaining iron to finish the road is contracted for, and the largest portion paid for and now delivered on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad, and that the grading is almost finished.

WHAT RESOURCES HAVE THE COMPANIES TO FINISH THE ROAD?

First. They will receive from the Government as the road progresses about $9,000,000 additional.

Second. They can issue their own First Mortgage Bonds for about $9,000,000 additional.

Third. The companies now hold almost all the land they have up to this time received from the Government; upon the completion of the road they will have received in all 23,000,000 acres, which at $1 50 per acre would be worth $34,500,000.

In addition to the above the net earnings of the roads and additional capital, if necessary, could be called in to finish the road.

WAY BUSINESS—ACTUAL EARNINGS.

No one has ever expressed a doubt that as soon as the road is completed its through business will be abundantly profitable.

Gross earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad Company for *six months*, ending January 1st, 1869, were upwards of		$3,000,000
The earnings of Central Pacific Railroad, for six months, ending January 1st, 1869, were		$1,750,000 gold
Expenses	$550,000 gold	
Interest	450,000 "	
		1,000,000 "
Net profit of Central Pacific Railroad, after paying all interest and expenses for six months		$750,000 gold

The present gross earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads are $1,200,000 monthly.

HOW LARGE A BUSINESS IS IT SAFE TO PREDICT FOR THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD?

We would give the following facts derived from Shipping Lists, Insurance Companies, Railroads and general information:—

Ships going from the Atlantic around Cape Horn, 100	80,000 tons.
Steamships connecting at Panama with California and China, 55	120,000 "
Overland Trains, Stages, Horses, etc., etc.	30,000 "

Here we have two hundred and thirty thousand tons carried westward, and experience has shown in the last few years the return passengers from California have been nearly as numerous as those going.

HOW MANY PASSENGERS ARE THERE?

We make the following estimate:—

110 Steamships (both ways)	70,000 (actual for 1868.)
200 Vessels "	4,000 estimated "
Overland "	100,000 " "

Present price (averaging half the cost of the steamships) for both passengers and tonnage, gives the following result:—

174,000 passengers at $100	$17,400,000
460,000 tons, rated at $1 per cubic foot	15,640,000
	$33,040,000

Basing calculations upon the above figures, without allowing for the large increase of business, which can safely be looked for, then estimate the running expenses at one half and we have a net income of $16,520,000; which, after paying the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds and the advances made by the Government, would leave a net annual income of $9,000,000 over and above all expenses and interest.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company and the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company are both, principal and interest, payable in gold coin; they pay six per cent. interest in gold coin, and run for thirty years, and they cannot be paid before that time without the consent of the holder.

First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad for sale at par and accrued interest, and First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad at 103 and accrued interest.

DE HAVEN & BRO.,

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, GOLD, ETC.

NO. 40 S. THIRD ST.,

PHILADELPHIA. [jan 27

THE OLD WORLD SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er in our land till now was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old World Sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,
But snug built homes on the friendly tree;
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old World Sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Flint so well describe
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their bane, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray,
And the nectarine, by the garden walk,
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk,
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear,
For the Old World Sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk
Who signs with his crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be slized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear,
For the Old World Sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die,
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek,
In vain, to escape that busy beak.
And fairer harvests shall crown the year,
For the Old World Sparrow at last is here.

Hearth and Home.

THE MISSING GLOVE.

BY A RETIRED LAWYER.

The Criminal Term of the Middle County Court had just commenced, and I had my full share of engagements for the month; no less than a dozen cases of greater or minor importance having accumulated upon the docket, in which I had accepted retainers, and which, for various reasons, had been postponed from time to time up to the present Session.

With this complement of prospective business before me, I was really indisposed to engage in any fresh cause. The briefs in the cases mentioned, and upon which I had been pre-engaged, had all been duly prepared with the aid of my junior law-partner, the authorities had been consulted and appropriately noted, and I was ready to leave my office, one morning, on the way to the court room, when a gentle knocking at the door aroused me from a temporary reverie into which I had relapsed.

"Come in," I said, mechanically, and a youthful female, richly but modestly attired, entered the apartment where I was seated, alone.

Her manner and address were sufficiently graceful to arrest courteous attention, though there was a palpable hesitation in her efforts to conceal her identity—or, perhaps, what she deemed any unnecessary details regarding her mission. A thick veil hung over her face, and I had no idea whether she were comely or plain. Young, I quickly felt assured she was, from the tone of her voice and the earnest bearing and object of her words. And, though I could not but experience an earnest desire to see her features, yet so dignified and reserved was her whole demeanor, and she so plainly wished to avoid being known, or recognized, I did not overstep the barrier she evidently intended, from the outset, to place between us.

"My business with you," she said, in a low, but earnest tone, "will be very brief, Mr. H. Your legal repute is publicly appreciated. You are in attendance upon the present term of the Criminal County Court, I am informed."

"Yes, madam."

"A friend of mine," she added, with much feeling, "a young man in whom I am deeply interested, was arrested five days ago, and stands charged with having robbed his employer of a considerable sum of money. His trial is set down for to-day. He is innocent, sir. He never committed the robbery. But he has very few friends, and needs able counsel in his present unfortunate dilemma. I desire to engage your services in his behalf, and I wish it distinctly understood that no one may know, save ourselves, that I have called upon you in this delicate mission, which you, I am sure, will appreciate without further hint on this point."

As she finished this sentence, she laid a one hundred dollar note on the desk before me, as a voluntary retainer, and said, "will you defend my friend?"

I was already fully engaged, but there was a singular novelty in the case now brought to my notice, and I determined immediately to undertake the defence of the young lady's "friend," of whom, up to the moment of our present interview, I had heard nothing whatever.

"He is charged with purloining money, you say?" I asked, as I laid the hundred dollar note aside.

"Yes, sir."

"What is his name?"

"Mordant, sir. Robert Mordant."

"A young man?"

"Three and twenty, sir. I repeat it, he is innocent."

"You have *proof* in readiness, then, to substantiate his innocence," I inquired earnestly.

"No, sir; I know nothing of the circumstances—absolutely nothing. Still, I am sure he never committed the robbery he stands charged with."

I was disappointed at this reply, for I saw at once that the young lady's good opinion of her friend had alone induced this wholesale assertion. Upon further inquiry, I ascertained that the case was a difficult one to meet, inasmuch as circumstances bore heavily against Mordant, who simply denied the charge, but could in no natural way account for the suspicions which had caused his arrest, and which very plainly pointed towards his guilt.

I assured my visitor that I would respect the confidence she had tendered, and that I would give the case my earnest attention. As she rose to go, she said:

"I will repeat, sir, that Mordant has very few friends, and no ready means. Your charges will be liberally and honorably met, however. But for God's sake, sir, do not neglect him!"

"You may rely on my best endeavors, madam," I replied, encouragingly. "He will be brought up to-day, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be there, and will look after him."

"You will not mention our interview?" she urged.

"I comprehend you, madam."

"Good morning, sir. I shall wait on you again," she said.

And ten minutes afterward, I sat at my table within the bar of the Criminal Court.

The Judge who presided at the present term was a man of excellent qualities, whose only fault (if fault it be in a judicial officer) was a natural kindness of heart that full often, in the opinion of the government attorney, at least, leaned to the side of the unlucky prisoner who chanced to be arraigned before him, and whose constant custom was the allowance to the culprit of the largest possible lenity, and the widest chances for defence—if defence he had—on all occasions.

Two or three unimportant cases were called, and postponed for cause, when the clerk called:

"Robert Mordant!"

A neatly dressed young man rose quickly in the prisoner's dock, and looked calmly upon the court and the clerk, while a low whisper ran around the bar and through the room, in reference to the youth's pleasant appearance, and the crime with which he was charged.

"Robert Mordant," repeated the clerk, "hearken to an indictment found against you by the jurors for the Middle County of this State, and returned, duly attested, by said jurors, to the Honorable Court now in session, in said County, for the consideration of Criminal business," etc., etc.

The slightest possible shade of emotion passed over the young man's face, perceptible only to those who were nearest to him, and who watched him carefully, while the indictment was being read, in form; and then he was called upon to plead. In a clear, manly tone, he answered "not guilty," and sat down, awaiting the further customary proceedings, with deep interest, but with singular calmness and decorum.

Immediately upon his responding to the indictment, I approached the dock where he sat.

"Have you counsel?" inquired the court.

"*I* appear for him, if your honor please," I answered. And I extended my hand towards Mordant, whom I had never seen before.

He grasped my hand warmly, and said: "you are very kind, sir. I am innocent, innocent—so help me God!"

"Briefly, Mordant," I asked him, "what are the circumstances of your case?"

"I can answer nothing," he said. "I know nothing, except that I was arrested a week ago, charged with robbing my employer of a thousand dollars. The most of the money was found in the corner of the mattress upon which I slept. I was forced away to prison, and here I am—at their mercy.

I saw that the "general issue" was only to be met and combatted, and I resumed my seat near the prosecuting Attorney with many misgivings; though I did feel that if Mordant were guilty, in the whole course of my legal experience I had never met with one who so palpably seemed, to my vision, to be innocent and apparently honest. Still, appearances are too often very deceptive.

Young Mordant had been in the service of the house of Emerson Bangs, for some six years, during which time he had made himself a favorite with his employer—so much so, that the wealthy old gentleman had invited him to his own residence, often, and had evinced an extraordinary interest and confidence in him, while he omitted these social favors and compliments to the two elder clerks in his counting-room, who had long been jealous of the attentions alone paid by Mr. Bangs to the junior book-keeper. He had also found favor in the eyes of another personage resident with Mr. B., and in whose welfare that eminent merchant took a very deep concern. This last named individual was the only daughter of Emerson Bangs, the distinguished financier who had been robbed of a thousand dollars, in bank notes, which bank notes had been entrusted to young Mordant's care, which he had had in his possession on the day the money was missed, and which had been traced directly to Mordant's mattress, where the officer who arrested him found it concealed.

Here were circumstances that told fearfully against my new client. Besides this, Mordant roomed alone, and carried his key with him when he left his lodgings. His apartment was locked and unlocked by himself, and even *he* deemed the whole proceeding inexplicable, as well as astounding, upon its face.

If he had not himself carried the money to its hiding place, who had done it? And how—or when? No one had access to his chamber, that he could think of. He knew the jealousy that existed towards him, on the part of his two associate and senior clerks, but he could not imagine that either of them would go so far as to thus compass his ruin. If they had, how did they get into his apartment? How did they come possessed of the money, too—which was also under his own private lock, in the counting-house, when last he saw it?

The government Attorney stated his case briefly to the court and jury, animadverting not over-strongly upon the enormity of the crime alleged, but calling attention to the simple facts that the youth now arraigned had been confided in by his employer, implicitly; that he had evidently been tempted to abuse that confidence; that he had plainly robbed him; and he expressed his profound regrets that one so young, and whose prospects in life appeared to be so promising, should thus at once impose upon his liberal employer and friend, and forever dash away the fortune which already seemed within his very grasp, through such inexcusable and ungrateful cupidity and treachery.

He informed the jury that he was prepared to prove that the money had been lost by Mr. Bangs; that it was last in the custody of the prisoner; that it was missed, and when called for, the defendant confusedly answered that he knew nothing of its whereabouts; that officers had been put upon the search, and most of the identical bank notes had been found by them concealed within the casing of the very mattress on which Mordant slept! And finally that the accused had simply protested his innocence of the theft, but could explain in no way how the money came in his own private room, or when it had been conveyed there.

The witnesses against Mordant called by the District Attorney were sworn. They were Burton and Ames, his fellow clerks, Mr. Bangs, his employer, and the officer who found the money.

While Mr. Bangs was making his simple statement regarding his loss, and identifying his money which was produced in Court, I took the opportunity to speak aside with the officer as to the facts connected with Mordant's arrest—how he appeared, what he said, etc., and I learned from him but little except that when he discovered the bills in the mattress, and was about to move away, he saw *a black kid glove* near the head of the bed, which he removed with the money, and had retained since in his own private possession.

"Where is that glove?" I asked, quickly.

"Here," said the officer, drawing it from his breast coat pocket.

It was a plain glove, with the French maker's name stamped upon the inside, at the wrist. I examined it, and as the thought struck me, I said, "keep this out of sight, and do not mention the fact of your having found it, until I call upon you. It may serve this young man materially—and justice will thus be attained, if I am not mistaken in my estimation of the merits of this singular case."

The officer replaced the glove in his pocket, and the case proceeded. The testimony of Mr. Bangs was given amongst unfeigned grief, and only affirmed his loss of the money he had placed in Mordant's custody. He was profuse in his commendations of the prisoner during my cross-examination, and he left the stand evidently hoping that his evidence had done his favorite clerk no harm, even if he were guilty.

Burton was called, and testified that the money was last in Mordant's hands. Ames was then put upon the witness stand, and he corroborated Burton's as to the possession of the thousand dollars by Mordant. When I turned to cross-examine this witness, I looked him straight in the face, and I fancied that I discovered an uneasiness there—an evidently concealed wish that the case might be concluded, or that he was out of it altogether.

"Mr. Ames," I said, "you are a fellow clerk with Mordant, are you not?"

"I have been," he said, gruffly.

"Yes. Are there any duplicate keys to his private safe?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"Have you ever had occasion to open his room?"

"Never."

"You board in the same house—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are often in his chamber?"

"Yes—when he has been present only."

"Will you oblige me by exhibiting to the Court and the jury the gloves you wear?" I asked without any apparent concern or effort.

"Certainly," he replied, putting his hand into his coat pocket, and producing a single glove, and then searching for the other—which he could not find.

"Here is one of them, sir. I do not find the other," he added, without the slighest faltering or embarrassment.

I laid the glove on the table before me.

"Now, Mr. Ames—if you please once more,—let me ask you, on your oath, sir, have you never had access to Mordant's room in his absence?"

"Never, sir."

"Nor to his safe?"

"Never."

"When did you last have these gloves on your hands?"

"To-day—yesterday—every day for a week, sir," he answered, emphatically, and without qualification.

"You are certain of this?"

"Quite certain, sir. I wear them constantly."

"When was Mordant arrested?"

"Near a week ago?"

"When the money was found by the officer, concealed in Mordant's mattress, Mr. Ames, was there anything else discovered there, to your knowledge?"

"Nothing that I have heard of, sir."

Turning to the officer, I asked him to give me the odd glove he had found, and preserved after the arrest. And placing it on the bar, before the witness, I asked him:

"Do you know that, Mr. Ames?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, with the least possible hesitancy.

"What is it?"

"It is my missing glove."

"Are you sure of it?"

"O, yes," he added, smiling—"I cannot mistake it. There lies its fellow, on the table before you."

"That is all, sir," I remarked, quietly. "You may step down."

The last witness called was the officer. He swore very clearly to the details of the arrest, and stated how and where he had found the money, in Mordant's room, etc. He also described the appearance of the prisoner when taken, asserting that he was deeply confused and could give no account of the affair in any way.

Upon the cross-examination, I asked him:

"Mr. Officer, you say you found the money in Mordant's mattress?"

"I did, sir—seven hundred of it."

"Who suggested to you the idea of looking there for it?"

"No one, sir. That is, no one suggested the *mattress*. But Mr. Ames, who was just now on the stand, hinted that it would be well to search Mordant's *apartment*."

"Exactly. Then Mr. Ames advised you to do it?"

"He advised searching the room, the trunk, and so forth, of Mr. Mordant, in a general way."

"Yes. Now, officer," I added, earnestly, producing the glove which Ames had missed, (and which he swore he had had upon his hand the day before—and every day, since the arrest,) "do you recognize this glove?"

"I do, sir."

"What is its late history?"

"I brought it into Court this morning, sir."

"How long have you had it in your possession?"

"Since the night of Mordant's arrest."

"Constantly?"

"Yes, sir; since eleven o'clock that evening."

"Then Mr. Ames has not had this glove, for a week?"

"That is simply impossible, sir, since it has been in my pocket all that time, certain."

"Now, sir, state to the Court and jury where you found that glove!"

"Well, sir, I first saw the glove *under the edge of the mattress, where I found the money concealed;* and I took it away with me when I removed the seven hundred dollars."

"And it has not been out of your possession since?"

"Never, until I laid it on the table here, in Court."

"That is all," I said, calmly.

"We rest here," said the Government attorney, not a little disconcerted at this unexpected point, apparently so providentially made.

However, the District Attorney argued his case with great ability, and so far as all the circumstances—save that of the missing glove—were concerned, everything, certainly, bore strongly against my youthful client.

I rose to address the Court and jury with feelings of sincere interest in my client's behalf, for I now felt assured that he was innocent; but I also felt that I had a weak case; unless the extraordinary fact regarding the mysteriously discovered glove should have struck the minds of the jury, as it had my own.

The Government Attorney had touched upon this point, briefly, arguing that Ames' glove might have been accidentally dropped in Mordant's room—where he often called. It might even have been placed there by Mordant, himself! who was bad enough to do this, if he were bad enough to commit the robbery, of course. As to the discrepancy between Ames' and the officer's testimony, the former might have forgotten that his glove was not in his own possession. (Such was not his own sworn declaration, however?)

With all the power of language I possessed, I appealed to the jury in Mordant's behalf, and asserted what was fact, to wit: that this was a case of simple circumstantial evidence against him.

The charge of His Honor to the jury was highly favorable to *my* theory. The jury retired. They were absent a long while—full ten minutes! And ten minutes *is* a long while, when one is waiting to hear the fiat that shall send him forth, in such a case, to liberty or to a dungeon!

The door opened and the jury returned. The clerk asked:

"Mr. Foreman, have you agreed?"

"We have."

"What say you, is Robert Mordant, guilty, or not guilty?"

"NOT GUILTY!" said the Foreman.

Mordant was immediately discharged, and as he stepped out of the dock, he said to me.

"I am innocent, sir, of the charge, and it will yet be substantiated," he continued, and we stepped from the door out upon the walk.

A handsome carriage stood near the portal of the Court-house, and as we emerged from the hall, I saw a little white hand beckoning me, or Mordant, I knew not which, and as we advanced to the window of the vehicle, I recognized, by her dress, the young lady who had called upon me in the morning, to engage my services in the young man's defence. Her veil still covered her face, but I knew her voice as she exclaimed:

"Robert! Robert!" and thrust the carriage door open.

The young man sprang into the vehicle, and pressed the form of the girl to his heart, passionately, as she hastily exclaimed to the driver, "home, Morris!" and the prancing horses hurled the carriage away from the further observation of the crowd.

The vehicle halted before the door of an elegant house, in the fashionable part of the town, and Mordant handed the lady out, and up the steps. Upon the silver-plate on the door of this fine residence, appeared the name of BANGS. The young lady was his daughter. The old gentleman was at home, awaiting the result. All three were deeply agitated, but very happy when they finally met together, and the verdict was made known.

"Innocent, father!" exclaimed the fair girl, enthusiastically. "Innocent, as I always declared he was, from the moment the vile accusation was made against him."

Mr. Bangs congratulated his favorite clerk upon the verdict, and referred at once to the point of evidence concerning Ames' glove, found in his chamber.

"That is sufficiently significant, of itself," said Mordant, quietly. "But what has become of the three hundred dollars, still undiscovered, of the ten hundred you placed in my charge, Mr. Bangs?"

"I do not know, or care," said Bangs. "I am satisfied that you are the victim, in this outrage, and not the thief."

"But *I* care about it, sir, and it must be found," responded Mordant, with emphasis.

"And how will you find it, pray?" inquired the old gentleman, doubtingly.

"If it cannot be otherwise accomplished, Ames shall be arrested," said Mordant. "He will then have the opportunity, at least, to explain the missing glove matter, about which, at any rate, he testified falsely to-day."

And Mordant forthwith followed up his plan with reference to Ames, whom he strongly suspected of having caused him all this trouble and peril.

He repaired at once to the counting-house of his employer, and boldly charged Ames with having obtained access to his private safe, and with having secreted the seven hundred dollars beneath his pillow with ulterior designs.

Ames was dogged and uncommunicative, and could give no explanation whatever regarding his lost glove. But, being pressed by Mr. Bangs, he expressed his willingness to resign his position in that gentleman's service, since he had evidently lost confidence in him. Farther than this nothing could be got out of him.

"Go, then," said Mr. Bangs, warmly. "I *have* lost all confidence in you, and I firmly believe you are the cause of this trouble," and Ames left the house of Emerson Bangs in disgrace.

Three years afterwards the affair of the robbery was forgotten, and young Mordant then had been nearly ten years in Mr. Bangs employ. He had for a long ime been the accepted suitor of Miss B., and one day I rather unexpectedly received an invitation to be present at the wedding of my former client, with the daughter of the wealthy merchant, who had called on me so modestly on the morning of the well-remembered trial, to solicit my services in her lover's behalf.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FRENCH MODE OF FATTENING POULTRY.

In Vichy (France) a very singular mode of fattening poultry has for some time been successfully pursued. A large circular building, admirably ventilated, and with the light partially excluded, is fitted up with circular cages, in tiers rotating on a central axis, and capable of being elevated, depressed, or rotated, which are so arranged that each bird has, as it were, a separate stall, containing a perch. The birds are placed with their tails coverging to a common centre, while the head of each may be brought in front by a simple rotary movement of the central axis. Each bird is fastened to its cell by leathern fetters, which prevent movement, except of the head and wings, without occasioning pain. When the feeding time comes, the bird is enveloped in a wooden case, from which the head and neck alone appear, and which is popularly known as its *paletot*, by which means all unnecessary struggling is avoided. The attendant (a young girl) seizes the head in her left hand and gently presses the beak in order to open it; then, with her right she introduces into the gullet a tin tube about the size of a finger. This tube is united to a flexible pipe, which communicates with the dish in which the food has been placed, and from which the desired quantity is instantaneously injected into the stomach. The feeding process is so short that two hundred birds can be fed by one person in an hour. The food is a liquid paste, composed of Indian corn and barley saturated with milk. It is administered three times a day in quantities varying according to the condition of each bird. The food seems to be very satisfactory, for if any chances to fall they devour it all as soon as they are released from their paletots. The poultry house is well ventilated; but of course it is impossible for any place in which six hundred fowls are confined to be entirely free from smell. It takes about a fortnight to fatten a bird by this method. Before being killed the birds are left in a dark but well ventilated chamber for four-and-twenty hours without food. Each fowl is then taken up by its feet, is wrapped up so as to prevent all struggling, and then bled so adroitly in the hroat, that its death seems instantaneous. The blood is then allowed to flow from it, and finally, after being plucked, washed, and cleaned, it is wrapped in a damp cloth, and is ready for sale. From forty to fifty fowls are thus killed and sold daily.

—Tenement that is not occupied half the time—The room for improvement.

THE VIRTUE OF PERSISTENCE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I THINK the world is very generally misled by that vague term, *genius*. Far be it from me to deny that some are born with loftier capacities, quicker perceptions, happier mental constitutions, than others; yet I think what is best in a human intellect is not *capacity* but *tendency*. Of the three decidedly most gifted and brilliant young men I have known, one died in a poor-house, of *delirium tremens;* another sunk into an early grave, respected, but also a victim of alcoholic distillation; and the third, though hardly thirty, is to-day a vagabond and a cumberer of the ground, to whom it would be very unsafe to lend a dollar. All these had not merely brilliant capacities—they really achieved decided success in their better days; they could be industrious and efficient if they would, and for months at a time were so; but they had not the purpose, or they could not have faltered and fallen as they did. Had they lived less to self and more to human good, they would never have been thus deserted by their guardian angels.

I know there is a small class of whom the world says, "They see to the heart of things by intuition; they are poets from impulse only; orators, statesmen, critics, sages, because nature would have it so." I beg leave to doubt that men of this stamp are a whit more abundant than white crows. I know there are enough who take pleasure and pride in surprising the public with prodigies of easy and rapid achievements—who would have us believe that they have thrown off their epic a canto per day, and can write you their quire of clever epigrams or sonnets before dinner. Now, I do not question the facility of rapid and brilliant execution, *as the result of past labor and acquirement;* in fact, I know of such instances; but look at Virgil's four lines per day—written that day to be read through all future time; consider how Demosthenes made himself an orator against a host of natural impediments; examine a *fac simile* of a manuscript page of Byron's poems, and mark the numerous erasures and interlineations, arguing slow composition and a puzzled brain, and note well that the man who writes a poem, a sermon, an elaborate review, an oration in a day, has been many years acquiring that facility, and you will agree with me that the vulgar supposition that some are so gifted by nature that they may achieve distinction without effort, is contradicted by a thousand facts where it seems to be sustained by one. My sometime friend, who perished miserably of *delirium tremens*, often affected to write without labor; yet I happen to know, from his intimate family connections, that he repeatedly shut himself up for months and devoted his whole energies to study. In these days of hibernation the sparkling effusions which he seemed to dash off *impromptu*, after his return to society, had essentially their origin.

At all events, be sure there is no Chance in the universe, and, when we say there is, we can truly mean only that we are ignorant of the relation of cause and effect in that instance. All things are governed by Law, from the falling of an avalanche to the growth of a violet. "Sire," said an envious courtier, to [illegible] crals, who had just achieved a brilliant triumph, "Sire, Marshal Villars is very lucky." "Lucky, sir!" promptly responded the grand monarque, "Marshal Villars 'lucky,' did you say? No, sir! he is a great deal more than that!"

A true and noble success is within the reach of every human being who rightly apprehends and will diligently seek it. It may very well be quite other than the aspirant meditates—it may even seem defeat to the superficial observer—but God still reigns, and no heroic and unselfish aim can really ever be defeated. If five thousand aspire to fill the Presidential chair, it is very certain that all cannot have precisely that outward and visible stamp of success they covet; but, were there fifty thousand, and there aspiration rather essential than circumstantial, to enlighten and bless their countrymen rather than rule them, there are ample work and scope for them all. One may be privileged to teach thousands to loath indolence, frivolity, display and vice, and love industry, sobriety, modesty and virtue, while another inculcates the same lessons only in a narrow, secluded neighborhood, unpraised, unsung, unchronicled, save in the books of the recording angel. The scope of influence in these two cases is different, but the measure of essential success is the same. Whoever has learned to find delight in doing good, and in nothing inconsistent therewith—to do whatever good is within his reach, and not repine that his opportunities are such only as Heaven has been pleased to vouchsafe him—can never esteem his life a failure. Should sickness or casualty confine him for years to a bed of suffering, and dependence, he will thenceforth radiate a glow of heartfelt resignation, of benign humility, of grateful piety, whereof the influence will be diffused more widely and enduringly than he could have imagined. In the ever proceeding warfare of Good against Evil, Right against Wrong, Truth against Error, there can be no real defeat, no absolute discomfiture—only postponement, repulse, and the ill-success of a misdirected attack—an unwisely planned manœuvre. In that great contest, whoever plants himself firmly on the side of Good is allied with all the moral forces of the universe, and is certain of ultimate triumph. The evil and the base, the selfish and the sycophantic, may seem to flourish for a season; but their verdure soon passes away and is forgotten, leaving the good to stand forth like the evergreens of the forest in Winter, when the Summer foliage which dwarfed and obscured them lies shriveled at their feet. Happy they who learn in childhood, and treasure through their after trials and temptations, the grand lesson of the age—the philosophy of living to noble ends.

—A Boston reporter thus describes his experience in search of items: Reporter, seeking information, boards the French bark St——, and asks the captain a question. "No speake de Anglais on zis sheep, ze negro cook Espanal." Reporter to cook—"Hablar Espanal, Senor?" Cook—"No mucho, per la carpentair speake la Eng lingua little bit." Reporter to carpenter—"What was that missing man's name?" Carpenter—"Ya vol, nix spraken mit her English joost yae, fri, ocht." Reportert leaves in disgust.

—A gentleman recently received an unpaid letter commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

—There is a family of five persons in New York, who require three brown-stone houses to live in, and 17 servants to wait on them. They keep no carriages in the city, "owing to their houses being too small to accommodate the necessary servants."

HOW A COMPASS AND A FIRE-FLY SAVED A PRISONER.

[In Mr. Parton's very interesting account of *The Invention of the Compass*, in OUR YOUNG FOLKS for February, is the following curious story told him by a Lake Champlain boatman:]

"He said that he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and forty miles distant, he and his comrade determined to escape, and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a box of matches, so as to be able to strike a light now and then, to look at their compass. They delayed their departure for six weeks, trying to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave one of their negro friends their last five dollar bill. He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor for any other number of dollars, and so at last they made up their minds to start without them.

"Assisted by their black friend, they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go, as nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest.—*Seemed*, I say; but it might not, and, if it did not, it would lead them to capture and death. The night was not very dark, but the stars were hidden by clouds; else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. Anxious as they were to get on, they stood for several minutes comparing recollections, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

"There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them,—the boatman who told us the story. He caught a firefly, and, taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass.—Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose: and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union army.—Eight miles of travel brought them safely to it."

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small, simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangle at the end of a watch-chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for many thousand dollars.

—Happy children, who are yet unacquainted with Joe Miller, will laugh at the following:

During the Nelson and Wellington war an old woman went into a village shop to buy a half pound of candles. Being told the price, she found it more than she had been used to, and asked the reason. The shopman said it was *because of the war*, on which the old woman exclaimed, "Deary me, Sir, have they taken to fight by candle-light?"

—An Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said, "If it was not for your bowing and scraping your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

—On one occasion "Damon and Pythias" was being played at a theatre in Washington. In the last act, as Damon, about to be led to execution, was straining his eyes in the effort to discern his friend in the distance, and asking, "Is he coming?" the locomotive whistle sounded close by. "He'll be here in the next train!" shouted a wag, and in an instant the emotion was changed to laughter.

—An American put down a braggadocio Englishman by explaining that the reason why the sun never set in the British empire was because the English could not be trusted in the dark. Another reply to the same boast was: "Wa'll I don't know about the sun; but this I will say—there's is a deal more moonshine about your empire than there is about any other I know of."

—The Boston *Transcript*, which has an editor who knows something of horses, says: "No one need fear getting out of the road on a dark night if he unchecks his horse and permits him to pick his way. His scent is infallible."

—An Eastern contemporary says: "It is easy enough to find villages in New England where there are twenty admirable girls under thirty years of age, and not one marriageable young man."

—A subscription paper was lately circulated with the following object in view: "We subscribe and pay the amount opposite our names for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

—An Illinois paper chronicles the arrival of a citizen "with a complete outfit of a Camanche Indian, consisting of bows and arrows, shield, &c., and also the gentleman's scalp."

—It was not Mrs. Partington who thought "Ed." must be a great newspaper boy, because his name was attached to so many paragraphs in the papers.

—Fact and Inference.—"At the Cape of Good Hope," whites a traveler, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably long tails!"

—Papers in Idaho not only publish lists of births, but add to the announcements the weight of the several additions to the territorial population.

—Since the commencement of the war the subscription book publishers of Hartford, Conn., have sold five and a half millions worth of books.

—A Southern editor, about whom many rumors are in circulation, says; "Thank fortune, half the lies that are told about me ain't true."

—Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at a dessert, if he would not venture on an orange. "Madam, I should be happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

—Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite of the apple.

—"Mamma," said a promising youth of four or five summers, "if all people are made of dust, ain't colored people made of coal-dust?"

—A wag lent a clergyman a horse which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aid in spreading the gospel."

—If the good all die early, why are the bad like the pupil of an eye?—Because they *dilate.*