

Ruffin's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

When do I mean to marry?—Well—
This is to dispute with fate;
But if you choose to hear me tell,
Pray listen, while I fix the date:
When daughters haste, with eager feet,
A mother's daily toil to share;
Can make the puddings which they eat,
And mend the stockings which they wear;
When maids look upon a man
As in himself what they would marry,
And not as army soldiers scan
A sutler or a commissary;
When gentle ladies who have got
The offer of a lover's hand,
Consent to share his "earthly lot,"
And do not mean his lot of land;
When young mechanics are allowed
To find and wed the farmers' girls
Who don't expect to be endowed
With rubies, diamonds, and pearls;
When wives, in short, will freely give
Their hearts and hands to aid their spouses,
And live as they were wont to live,
Within their sires' one-story houses;
Then, madam—if I'm not too old—
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,
I'll brush my beaver, cease to scold,
And look about me for a wife!

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

It was a woman's face I saw as I drew rein at Cuthbert Hall—a pale, calm, almost proud face, with large Creole eyes and coal-black hair, looped away from the cheeks in heavy and shining folds. I had seen many more beautiful faces during my winters in New York and Washington—my summers at Cape May, Newport and Nahant, and besides, I was expecting to meet at the Hall a certain belle and heiress, a sister-in-law of the friend who had invited me to his home. So I gave only a passing glance at the pale stranger, and dismounting, rang the bell. A servant answered the summons, and, conducting me into the library, went to call his master. In a few moments the door opened, and the lady whom I had seen at the window came in, with two curly-headed children clinging about her. She bade me good morning in a voice sweet as the thrill of a lute string, and said, with some embarrassment:

"I am sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert are both out riding."
"Ah! and so am I," was the answer, "but I suppose they will not be long, for, though they did not expect me to-day, I wrote to them I should probably be here this week."
"Then you are Mr. Vincent?"
"Washed Vincent, at your service, and now please introduce yourself."
"—I—me—she paused, wound one of the little girl's ringlets about her finger in her confusion, and began again, "I am"—once more she hesitated, and I resumed—
"I have guessed it: you are the governess!" She smiled, but the color mounted to her very temples.
"Poor and proud," I soliloquized, "how that blush becomes her!"
At this moment I heard the tramp of horses' feet, and saw Cuthbert and his beautiful wife dashing up the broad avenue leading to the mansion. The governess hastily left me, and I shortly after saw her talking to my friends on the veranda; their brief conference over, my host and hostess entered, and gave me the cordial welcome which is the characteristic of the South. When the greetings had been interchanged, I turned to Cuthbert, and said:
"Pray, where is Miss Dupont, the charming sister-in-law of whom you spoke?" He and his wife exchanged significant glances, and I continued: "I am all impatience to see this paragon—don't keep me long in suspense!"
"I will not—you will meet at dinner!"
The next moment the dressing bell rang, and he led the way to the guest chamber where he left me to make my toilet. In those days I was not indifferent to my personal appearance, and with the aid of an attentive servant I arrayed myself in the most elegant suit my wardrobe afforded.
"I wonder if I shall suit the heiress?" I queried, mentally, as I took a last survey in the mirror and descended to the dining hall. There, near the table, sat Cuthbert and his wife, the face I had seen at the window, and, not far from the governess, a young lady with fair complexion, a blooming cheek, the sunniest of blue eyes, and a profusion of golden hair. I was a connoisseur in ladies' dress at that period, and I took in at a glance her costly India muslin robe, with frills of Mechlin lace, the splendor of her bracelets, earrings, and necklace, and the exquisitely wrought golden comb which lopped up the rich tresses. Why was it that my face wandered from her to the pale, calm governess, with her bands of raven hair, great eloquent eyes, and a dress that fell about her like a saint's habit?
"Blanche," said my host, "allow me to present an old and valued friend—Richard Vincent!"
The blonde beauty colored, smirped, and with an inclination she intended to be like that of a prima donna to an applauding crowd, acknowledged my bow.
"Miss Marguerite," resumed Cuthbert, "this is the guest we have been expecting!"
She bowed with the grace of a queen, and I respectively as if she had indeed been one, as I said:
"We have had the pleasure of meeting before, Cuthbert?"
"As I told you," murmured the governess, "I went down to tell him you were absent."
The ceremonies of dinner now began, and as a seat had been assigned me beside Blanche, I tried to play the agreeable, but I often found my thoughts wandering to the pale, silent girl opposite. When the meal was over, and the ladies had left the room, we lingered at our wine.
"What do you think of my sister?" asked Cuthbert.
"She is very beautiful," I replied.
"And have you fallen in love at first sight?"
"If I have I shall not tell you," I exclaimed, and then went on chatting in a merry strain. When we adjourned to the great, cool, luxurious parlor, I found Mrs. Cuthbert and her sister, but the governess was walking and strolling on the terrace, apparently absorbed in thought. The usual small-talk ensued, and at last, at my request, the heiress sat down at the piano, and played and sang with much skill. I had observed a harp in the boudoir adjacent, and begged her to sweep its strings for me.

"I cannot," she said; "but Miss Marguerite can; I will call her," and moving to the window she exclaimed, imperiously: "Come, Marguerite, we wish you to play some airs on the harp."
The governess hesitated a moment, and then came in and took a seat at the harp. As she sat there I noticed for the first time the superb proportion of her figure, the graceful poise of her head on the stately neck. But I forgot those when she smote the chords of the harp and began to sing. Was she an improvisatrice? I thought she must be, so full of soul was the music she poured forth, and when she concluded I asked Mrs. Cuthbert whose composition it was.
"Her own," she replied; "and she never knows what she is going to sing when she commences."
I uttered no fulsome words of commendation to Marguerite, but my eyes must have spoken volumes of approval.

That night when I retired to rest my dreams were not haunted by the heiress, but by the pale face I had seen at the window—the face of Marguerite, the governess.
The next morning I was awake at an early hour, and glancing out, saw Marguerite gliding across the lawn. I hastened to join her—her cheeks wore a rich glow, her dark, lustrous eyes were full of light, her lip tremulous with smiles; her white apron was full of snowy blossoms, and she had wreathed a spray of jessamine amid the backness of her hair. How we began to talk I scarcely know, but I was never so entertained by any woman as by her. I could touch upon no subject in literature or art with which she was not familiar, and Madame de Staël might have coveted her conversational powers. On the lawn we separated, but when we met at breakfast in the presence of the Cuthberts and the supercilious heiress, I saw that the old governess look had again come back to her fair face, and she was more reticent than ever. My friend proposed a horseback excursion to a boiling spring in the neighborhood, and when our party assembled on the veranda, I noticed with the keenest disappointment that the governess had been excluded. I rode at the bridle rein of the fair Blanche, who looked very pretty in the blue habit, and with her velvet cap set coquetishly above her golden tresses, but I found it an effort to interest myself in the commonplace chit-chat. I felt a sense of relief when we dismounted at the Hall, and as soon as I had led my partner in, bounded up the staircase. On the way to my chamber I passed an open door, and through it caught a glimpse of Marguerite. The two children were busy at their tasks, and she sat patiently correcting a sketch which one of them had made. A portfolio lay beside her, which, I doubted not, was filled with her own drawings. She heard me, and looking up, saw me on the threshold.

"What!" she exclaimed, "have you returned so soon? I did not expect you for an hour or two. I hope you have enjoyed yourself."
"No, I have not. I was really disappointed because you did not go."
A faint smile passed over her face.
"I—I," she murmured, "you can't understand etiquette if you expect a governess to be made an equal."
I felt the blood rush to my brow as I replied:
"There are many false notions in society. I am sure Mrs. Cuthbert's governess is the equal of any one here, and as such I regard her."
Her face crimsoned, and for a time there was silence, which I broke by saying:
"—Is this the schoolroom?"
"Yes."
"It looks very cool and pleasant. May I come in?"
"I suppose Mrs. Cuthbert would have no objection."
"I hope not!" and with these words I moved to the table at which she was sitting.
"Does that portfolio belong to you?" I inquired, laying my hand on the article in question. She bowed assent, and I resumed:
"—Shall I have the pleasure of examining its contents?"
"Certainly, sir."
She was calm, grave, quiet, but when I drew forth the pictures and began to expatiate, then her patience vanished. Her eyes lit, the pale cheek glowed, her lips—those mobile lips of hers—parted, and she talked with the enthusiasm of girlhood. The sketches were indeed wonderful, and at last I said:
"—It is a shame for your genius for painting, to drudge as a governess."
Again that peculiar smile flitted over her features as she murmured:
"—The poor must do what they can, not what they would."
At this moment we were interrupted by the children, and I left her.

In the afternoon I was lounging on a luxurious sofa in the library, the door opened, and Marguerite appeared, but at sight of me she precipitately retired.
"Stay! stay!" cried I, following her.
"No, no, I cannot—I did not dream you were here; I was lonely, and came down for a book."
"Come and get it." With some reluctance she entered and took a splendidly bound copy of Tasso from the shelf. I glanced at it and said:
"—What do you read Tasso?"
"A little."
"—Then take a seat beside me and we will read together."
She hesitated an instant, and then assented. The liquid Tuscan language sounded very beautiful in her accents, and the spell with which the governess had bound me deepened with every passing moment.
A month wore on and one night I sat in my chamber, holding communication with my own heart. The face I had seen at the window on my arrival—the face that had seemed so calm and cold, had since assumed every variety of expression. I had come hither to woo Blanche, I had fallen in love with the governess. Yes! I was in love at last—Marguerite haunted all my sleeping and waking dreams. I was musing thus when I heard a tap at the door, and Cuthbert entered.
"Well," said he, "a penny for your thoughts."
"I am thinking," I replied, "how mysterious a thing love is."
"You are in love, then—glad of it—Blanche will be a happy woman."
"—'Tis not Blanche!" I stammered; "'tis not Blanche my heart has chosen—I love the governess!"
"—The governess!" said Cuthbert, "zounds, man, what do you mean?"
"—I have to-day laid my heart, hand, and fortune at her feet; if she accepts me, I shall envy nobody in the wide world."

Cuthbert meditated awhile ere he resumed: "You must be sincere, Vincent, or you would not marry Marguerite."
"—Sincere!—I do not know I am?"
My host gazed at me and laughed a merry laugh, that rang loud and long through the hall.
"—My dear fellow," he began, "you are the victim of a little ruse. My sister-in-law has had a mortal fear of falling a prey to some fortune-hunter, and when you, on your arrival, mistook her for the governess, she could not resist the temptation to carry out the imposture. In the bit of confab we had with her on the veranda, she begged us not to undevote you, and she humored her whim. She coaxed the cousin who was staying with us to act the part of the heiress, and as she had taught the children during the absence of their French governess, they were not likely to betray her secret. Blanche Marguerite Dupont, come here and confess!"
"—Dear, dear Richard, I know I can trust you."
Blanche is now my wife, and peeping over my shoulder at my manuscript, she bids me tell the world she has never repented the stratagem that won my love.

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

The doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between the two social systems of the North and the South, after having been cited for a time as one of the most signal evidences of "Northern fanaticism," has come to be a most accepted criterion of "loyalty to the South and its institutions." For a while this dogma was held up to the abhorrence of every Southern citizen, and any word of explanation ventured in the premises by way of reference to the context of Mr. Seward's Rochester speech, in which the Senator was supposed to have promulgated that idea, only subjected the candid journalist to the imputation of being a willing apologist for "Black Republican besery." Now, however, we find this same dogma warmly espoused at the South by those who assume to be *par excellence* the custodians of Southern rights and the champions of Southern interests. To this effect the *Charleston Mercury*, echoing the language recently held in the name of South Carolina by her Commissioner, the Hon. L. W. Sprunt, before the Florida Convention, says as follows in its number of the 18th of January:

"The social and political organization of the South is, in all respects, theoretical and practically, different and opposed to that of the North. Southern institutions are essentially conservative. It recognizes distinct orders and classes. It establishes them. One-third of the whole Southern population do not cast a single vote. They are disenfranchised. They are not recognised as citizens of the several States. They are slaves. In South Carolina one-half of the population of the State are in this category. The distinctive feature of South Carolina is its conservatism in all things; its obedience to its laws; its love of order; its respect for authority, divine and human. Southern society is unquestionably of an aristocratic cast. Every white man is of a favored class. He is, among others around him, a Roman citizen. Facing his own authority, he recognizes that which he has established. As the great political philosopher, Burke, defines it, he yields a proud submission and dignified obedience. Through habit, association, and education, it becomes his second nature. Southern society individualizes men. Northern society conglomerates, centralizes men. They are two distinct systems of political organization, based on two radically different theories of government. Hence Mr. Seward is quite right when he says there exists between them an irrepressible conflict. They are in direct conflict, the one with the other. It is, therefore, quite impossible to conceive how, under one ballot-box, the two can co-exist in one Government. Men may theorize that if the North would adhere to the Constitution there would be no difficulty. They beg the question. The *if* is in opposition to the nature of things. Men cannot be moulded, in their inherent nature, to our wills. There are certain laws which will always govern them. Under the existing Union the theory and institutions of Southern society, or that of Northern society, will eventually give way. For both to exist, continue and work out their own ends, they must be separated. If there existed no other reason, policy and theory alike would demand that the Southern people should be a separate, independent people."
Here, then, we have the "irrepressible conflict" doctrine set forth by the *Charleston Mercury* in stronger terms than were used by its reputed author, and looking to a contingency which he never contemplated. It remains to be seen whether Democratic editors will be as ready to denounce that dogma now, when advocated by the South, as they were to vilify Mr. Seward for making his Rochester speech.

THE EXTRADITION CASE.—An item of news by the latest steamer, to the effect that the Court of Queen's Bench in England had granted a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of the negro Anderson, a fugitive from the State of Missouri, where he shot a gentleman, who attempted to arrest him, now in jail at Toronto, Canada, is likely to impart much importance to the case. It has been already stated that the Canadian Court decided that he ought to be surrendered, on the requisition of the Governor of Missouri, but that the surrender is applicable to the case. If the action of the Court of Queen's Bench shall have the effect to remove the prisoner to England, and to discharge him from custody, it may become a subject of diplomatic correspondence between the two countries. The principle involved is similar to that in the case of Kentucky against Ohio. The offence committed is against the laws of the State from whence the fugitive fled; but as slavery does not exist in the British dominions, it cannot be a crime *there* for a negro to kill the person attempting to prevent his escape from slavery. If the British Government intended to limit the operation of the treaty to crimes pronounced such by English, and not by American law, it should have done so by express terms, instead of seeking to evade what appears to be a plain agreement between the two countries.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Among the great natural curiosities of North America, the great saline body of water in Utah Territory, known as the Great Salt Lake, stands in the first order. The Lake itself is not individually so great a curiosity, as when viewed in connection with correlative indications which give us a combination of natural wonders, truly astounding. The water-marks show that the Lake is now a mere remnant of what was one of the mighty water-collections of the earth—perhaps of a body of water that spread itself throughout the whole Utah basin. Provo Lake, a body of water distant perhaps seventy-five miles from the Great Salt Lake is surrounded by indications of a like character, that directly point to the entire valley, when the individuality was lost within the limits of a mighty sea that absorbed both itself and Great Salt Lake. Along the base of the mountain-walls of the valley, if we may so term the limits of the basin, are distinct water-marks, of various elevations. They are clearly discernible at a distance of twenty-five miles, the more elevated being from twenty-five to one hundred feet above the level of the valley. They are all rivers in the spring and summer that empty into it, and when this melting is prevented by the coldness of the fall and winter, those rivers fall, and by evaporation the lake rapidly declines—the evaporation carrying off more water than the streams deposit. It is in this declining condition that coarse salt is obtained from the beach of the lake in quantities *ad infinitum*. Now, so long as the same meteorological system prevails, the lake must continue the same as now.

No theory is settled upon by scientific men as to the cause of the salty nature of the lake. We have an opinion of our own, which we believe to be rational. The rivers emptying into it—Canaan, Jordan, Webber, Malade, and numerous smaller streams—head in the mountains, where they are supplied by myriads of mountain brooks, some of which undoubtedly have their salt springs. These brooks impregnate the great water-carriers of the lake with a large amount of salt, through it being that it is not perceptible to the taste, and they carry it into the lake, where it must forever remain and accumulate, as evaporation increases the proportion of the salt to the water. The salt may have been carried to the lake over a hundred miles, and it has perhaps been accumulating there for thousands of years, and thus it must continue to accumulate through all time if the supply should be inexhaustible. The volcanic indications surrounding the lake are peculiarly impressive, and could well be made the subject of the natural philosopher's study. The whole face of the country appears to have passed through caloric influences of the intensest character. Enormous rocks fringe its margin, which are charred as black as ebony from the operation of heat, and their fragmentary condition bespeaks the mighty convulsions which they have passed through. Near the lake's centre there is quite a large island, small and unimpressive, but indications are equally emphatic. This island is very fertile, and is owned by the Church, which institution holds it for the exclusive purpose of grazing. All the stock which comes into the tithing-office—all Mormons are compelled to pay one-tenth of everything that they make or raise, to the Church—are taken to this island, and there must be thousands of head upon it. It is reached by small sailing vessels. So extremely salt is the water of the Lake that piscatory life is impossible. Its average depth is thirty feet.—*Oregon News*.

COL. BENTON ON THE SLAVERY AGITATION.—In his 2d vol. of "Thirty Years in the Senate," Col. Benton says:—"The regular inauguration of this slavery agitation dates from the year 1835; but it had commenced two years before, and in this way: nullification and disunion had commenced in 1830, upon complaint against a protective tariff. That, being put down in 1833 under President Jackson's proclamation and energetic measures, was immediately substituted by the slavery agitation. Mr. Calhoun, when he went home from Congress, in the Spring of that year, told his friends that the South could never be united against the North on the tariff question—that the sugar interest of Louisiana would keep her out—and that the basis of Southern union must be shifted to the slave question." Then all the papers in his interest, and especially the one at Washington, published by Mr. Duff Green, dropped tariff agitation, and commenced upon slavery, and in two years had the agitation ripe for inauguration on the slavery question. And, in tracing this agitation to its present stage, and to comprehend its rationale, it is not to be forgotten that it is a mere continuation of old tariff disunion, and preferred because more available."

THE UNION IN ARKANSAS.—Arkansas is not reckless in plunging into the abyss of disunion as some of her Southern sisters. The bill for an immediate State Convention has been voted down, and the question whether a State Convention shall be held or not is to be referred to the people. Strong hopes are entertained that her people will recognize that their true interests are amongst those who can and will construct the Pacific Railroad, and that, with the exhibition of a conciliatory spirit on the part of the North, the secession movement will be crushed out.

There is an old gentleman in Georgia, named Hershby, who has 944 grand-children, all are married and live in the same county. The amount of property owned by them is said to be upwards of \$60,000,000.

Coal has been selling in Charleston, South Carolina, at \$15.50 a ton.

A GALLANT PENNSYLVANIAN.

Lieut. Adam J. Stlemmer, born in Norris-town, Penn., was appointed a cadet at West Point on Pennsylvania in 1846, and graduated in 1853, entering the army as a second lieutenant of the First Regiment of Artillery. He is at present first lieutenant of one of the companies of that regiment, and, by the temporary absence of the captain, in command of the company at Fort Pickens, which it occupies. At the commencement of the present troubles, the artillery were quartered in the barracks near the navy-yard and the old Spanish fort of San Carlos de Carracans. Two very strong works, Forts Pickens and McRea, built at the entrance of the harbor, command the harbor, navy-yard and ship channels. Finding that Florida was determined to secede, Lieut. Stlemmer abandoned his unfortified position, and took post in the strongest of these two forts, Fort Pickens, which, on account of its being on an island, is more easily protected. Forts McRea, Barrancas and the navy-yard, however, being in possession of the southern troops, and forming a crescent line of forts, by concentrating their fire on Lieut. Stlemmer, can greatly annoy him and his handful of men, the distance at any one point not being over a mile and a half. Lieut. Stlemmer has already been summoned to surrender, to which his answer was "not until he is ordered to do so by his government." Had the commander of the navy-yard acted with the same gallantry as this young lieutenant, both Forts McRea and Pickens would have been occupied, and could have held the harbor against any force the insurgents could bring. It is to be hoped that Commander Armstrong, who is an old officer of the navy, had good and sufficient reason for not doing so. In a military point of view, Pensacola is of much more importance than Charleston harbor, and the conduct of Lieut. Stlemmer is just as praiseworthy as that of Major Anderson.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.—The coming months are most critical for the state of Europe. Napoleon arms, and recommends a Congress for settling the pending question; England is uneasy; the new King of Prussia, William I., declares, in his first manifesto to his nation, that the confidence of Europe is shaken; Bavaria prepares for war, and Austria is still in the convulsions of a financial and political crisis. Russia, though deeply engaged in the immediate emancipation of the serfs, concentrates an army on the Pruth, and threatens Moldo-Wallachia with an invasion in case the Hungarians should try to organize an invasion from the Principality into Transylvania. Prince Couza suddenly turns round, and after having for a time favored the schemes of Hungary, proclaims now the strictest neutrality, and expels the Hungarian refugees. The Prince of Servia is likewise frightened, and no longer dares to put himself in opposition to Austria and Russia. But Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro are still agitated, and it is scarcely possible that the year 1861 will pass away without serious commotions in European Turkey. Besides these greater questions there remains still the squabble about Schleswig-Holstein and the Constitution of Hesse, which may be a pretext, both by Napoleon and the Czar Alexander, for disturbing the state of Germany. The American difficulties greatly influence the money market, and there is an uneasy feeling prevalent that Europe is on the brink of a great war or revolution.

HEAVY FRAUD.—The Nashville, Tennessee, Banner, of Jan. 26th, says:—"We learned yesterday from a citizen of Columbia that the community of Maury county have just been subjected to a wholesale swindle by Sam'l Jones, deputy Sheriff, who absconded on Monday a week with over \$100,000. Mr. Jones stood high in the confidence of every one. He had been twice elected Sheriff, though opposed in politics to the dominant party. The means adopted by the swindler were very novel and deliberate. He forged judgments upon good men in the county, and sold them to capitalists at a discount of twenty five per cent, at the same time agreeing to collect them without charge. He was engaged for several weeks in selling these fictitious judgments. Shortly before he left he also borrowed money from several parties. One gentleman in Mt. Pleasant is muled for \$25,000, and others in different parts of the county, in amounts from \$10,000 down to a few hundreds, the aggregate reaching over \$100,000. Mr. Jones abandoned his wife and six children. His wife, we learn, is absolutely deranged on account of the affair. No clue to the direction which he has taken has been obtained. The fraud, indeed, was not discovered until last Wednesday."

A MOTTO FOR THE DAY.—And now, Sir, coming from a Slave State as I do, I owe it to myself, I owe it to truth, I owe it to the subject, to state that no earthly power could induce me to vote for a specific measure for the introduction of Slavery where it had not before existed, either south or north of that line. Coming as I do from a Slave State, it is my solemn, deliberate, and well-matured determination that no power—no earthly power—shall compel me to vote for the positive introduction of Slavery either south or north of that line. Sir, while you reproach, and justly, too, our British ancestors for the introduction of this institution upon the continent of America, I am, for one, unwilling that the posterity of the present inhabitants of California and New Mexico shall reproach us for doing just what we reproach Great Britain for doing to us. If the citizens of those Territories choose to establish Slavery, I am for admitting them with such provisions in their Constitutions; but then, it will be their own work, and not ours, and their posterity will have to reproach them, and not us, for forming Constitutions allowing the institution of Slavery to exist among them.—*Henry Clay's speech in the U. S. Senate, Jan. 29th, 1850.*

AN INDEBT TO MRS. LINCOLN BY SOUTH CAROLINA CHIVALRY.—A box shipped from Charleston, South Carolina, and directed to Mrs. Lincoln, was received in Springfield a few days ago. On being opened, it was found to contain a picture representing Mr. Lincoln with a rope around his neck, his feet manacled, and his back adorned with a coat of tar and feathers. It is said that the shippers were *ladies*.—*Heaven save the mark!*

A WILD CAT, weighing twenty pounds, was shot in Somerset county, on the 4th inst., by a Mr. William Black.

You have a splendid car, but a very poor coach, as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

MRS. SLEMMER AND MRS. GILMAN.

Mrs. Lieut. Stlemmer and Mrs. Lieut. J. H. Gilman, the two ladies whose names have been most prominently connected with the late proceedings at Fort Pickens, took rooms at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York. They are both ladies of much refinement and intelligence, and the events through which they have so lately passed have made a deep impression upon them. They have related many things of interest concerning affairs at Pensacola.

The exodus from the Barrancas Fort was made necessarily in much haste, there being little time except to hurriedly pack up the most valuable of their articles of furniture and wardrobe. No personal violence was offered to these unfortunate women and children, but the sudden and peaceable breaking up of so many peaceful households, and the violent separation of family ties, were cause of great distress. To marry the parting of husband and wife was as if for the last time, and tears bedewed many a hardy cheek when the last "good-bye" was spoken.

The excitement produced upon the officers when they saw their flag at the Navy yard hauled down, Mrs. Stlemmer says, was most intense. It was a sight they never expected to see, and they had never conceived of the deep feeling of humiliation and vexation the spectacle excited in every breast.

During the day and night of the evacuation of Barrancas, and the transfer of the garrison to Fort Pickens, every person, men, the officers, and their wives, performed prodigies of labor, and never obtained a wink of sleep for nearly twenty-four hours; and the hard work fell about equally upon all, without regard to rank or sex. The ladies cheerfully performed their part throughout the trying ordeal.

On the day following the embarkation of the families on board the Supply, Mrs. Gilman, and Mrs. Stlemmer, accompanied by officers from the storeship, went on shore under a flag of truce, to obtain a last interview with their husbands. Every step of their progress was met by armed officials. They were obliged, first, to obtain permission from the new Commandant of the Navy yard—Randolph—who ten days before had resigned his commission in the Navy. This was very reluctantly granted, after appeals had been made to him as a husband and father. They then had to pass the Barrancas forts, whose commander, after some hesitation, allowed them to pass. In this place, so lately deserted by these peaceful and happy families, all was now confusion. The undisciplined soldiers or their undertraps had broken open some of the boxes and trunks containing books, late commander's relics of Colonel Winder, late commander, probably in pursuit of clothing for their own use, and they saw ladies' dresses, and family daguerreotypes, scattered about with little regard to their wanted respect for the rights of personal property. In justice to the officers, these ladies wished to exonerate them, personally, from these acts of vandalism, and believe they were done by the baser sort, upon whom discipline had as yet exerted no control.

Lieut. Stlemmer asserted that he could hold the place against five thousand men, and declared he would do it. It is needless to say that both these ladies exhorted their husbands to stand by their country's flag to the last, and never to haul it down except to an overpowering force. All the prisoners in the Navy Yard were permitted to leave after giving their parole, and those who could get away left. Such as decided to remain were compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the State of Florida.

THE PALMETTO FLAG.—The "Independent Republic of South Carolina" has at last fixed the design of her flag. It is to consist of a blue field, with a white palmetto tree in the middle, and a white crescent, with the horns pointing inward, at the upper corner. The first attempt of a vessel to enter a foreign port under the new flag was made at Havana by a brigantine from Charleston. She sailed in past the Moro Castle with her "Palmetto" flag flying aloft. But immediately, by order of the officer in command of the fortress, she was brought to anchor under its guns, and kept there until the flag of the United States was displayed at her mast-head, when she was permitted to proceed up the harbor. We wonder what they are going to do in Palmetto-dom about this outrage upon a foreign flag in a foreign port. This insult ought to be met with a new-born nationality cannot afford to have its emblematic ensign thus dishonored.

An idiot at Salsburg, Germany, being very fearless, an experiment was made to test his courage, by setting him to watch a corpse, but which was in reality a live person enveloped, and, unfortunately, confined in a shroud. As the supposed corpse began to move, the idiot told it to lay still, and being disobeyed, seized a hatchet and cut off first one of the feet, and in spite of opposition, the head of the helpless impostor, after which he calmly resumed his watching.

TENACITY OF THE "SACRED TIE."—It has been judicially decided in New York that where a husband knocks his wife down twice by blows on the nose, once by a blow on the cheek, and then shakes a billet of wood at her, "the provocation is too slight to dissolve that sacred tie which binds her to her husband for life, for better or worse." The husband must keep doing so if he wants his wife to be freed from him. *Aut how long?*

A FRENCH VIEW.—The *Journal des Debats*, the most influential paper in France, says of the proposed Southern Confederacy:—"Let it pursue its own way; but once more must it be pronounced that there is not a corner upon the earth where it will find sympathy and assistance." Not very encouraging, that.

In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey, and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head, without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, at length exclaimed: "Struck away white man—his child don't mind dem pebbles no how! yah! yah!"

John Tyler, who imagined he had a snake in his stomach, died at Roscopel, Wis., on the 28th ult., from starvation. He had been attempting to starve the snake out, and touched no food for twenty-seven days.

OUR FLAG IS THERE!—The Stars and Stripes still float in Northern Alabama, and the people there defy the secessionists to come and take them down. All honor to the patriots of Northern Alabama.