

Rafferty's Journal.

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THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home, how bright it beams,
When evening shades around us fall!
And from the lattice, far it gleams
To love, and rest, and common call.
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will hush our name,
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest glom he spies!
It is the light at home—he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there;
And softly through his bosom steals
That joy that makes his care
Around the light at home.

The light at home! when'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled
Since dear ones gave a parting kiss,
But the sad tears which then were shed
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door,
The weary laborer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er.
See! the soul that does not know
The blessings that the beams impart—
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart,
Around the light at home.

HE IS NOT MY CHOICE.

Stuck away from the gaze of the vulgar, and almost hid from the gaze of everybody who chose to pass the road, was a neat cottage—painted white, trimmed with green, and green window-shutters laying back against the pure, spotless sides of the cottage. The top of the building was ornamented in the Chinese style of architecture, with various hooks and crooks twisting about it in fantastic curves. This cottage was hid away like a rich treasure in a forest of trees and shrubbery. In the summer time—and of course that is the season of which we write—tens of thousands of roses were hanging in carmine clusters in different parts of the forest, while many of them were climbing and clambering up the sides of the cottage. Grapewines were reaching out their curled fingers, and with their apple-like arms were ascending from bar to bar, and covering the summer-house with their broad, green leaves. The timid little pinks, though by far the richest, flowers, were standing like sentries around the flower-beds, guarding their most sturdy neighbors from trespass and ruin. Great trees stood up bold and strong from the earth, to guard this delicate scene from the fierce rays of the sun.

This cottage was occupied, as all such places of beauty should be, and one of its occupants was Miss Cordelia Vance. She had parents, as almost every young and beautiful girl have or has, but they loved her as all good parents should do, and she loved them in return, as all good and obedient children will. The home was all peace, pleasure and quietness, as all homes are when well conducted.

Miss Cordelia Vance was the angel of this fairy abode; and a beautiful angel she was, tripping, dancing and singing all day long about the cottage. She was about eighteen years of age, sprightly and spirited, but not cross and irascible; kind and amiable, with a good word for everybody, and a smile to lighten the cares and woes of the afflicted. She was a girl that one might love, and everybody did love her, and especially the beaux in the village. How she smiled upon their petty intrigues and plots against each other, and how gently she chided them when their jealousies were excited, and made them ashamed of their weakness. Miss Vance was the leading beauty, and well she knew it; but it did not make her proud and ostentatious, overbearing and domineering. She was a girl of sound sense, educated by sensible teachers, and guarded over by a kind, good mother, who was very proud of her amiable daughter.

Squire Vance was a well-to-do farmer, possessing a sufficient quantity of this world's goods to make him independent. He was a good, honest man, straightforward in all dealings, and strictly upright and conscientious in his conduct. Above all things in the world, he loved his daughter, and valued her happiness more than gold.

Taking this view of Squire Vance, it is natural to suppose that in the choice of a husband, the squire would regard his child's happiness instead of the quantity of gold her husband should possess. But this is a queer world, and there are many wonderfully queer things doing in it, and we shall see how Squire Vance stood upon this subject when it came to the test.

There were two young men in the village who were extremely anxious to possess the hand of the beautiful Cordelia. Aaron Miller was poor—“Bah!” thought Squire Vance—but was smart, intelligent and industrious. He was the village schoolmaster, the village pedagogue, and the village philosopher. He was the learned man of the village, and of course wore a three-horn coat, as all modest, learned men do. Aaron Miller was good looking, amiable and kind.

Hallam Douglass was a rich young fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, wore a moustache, sported an exquisite cane, and encased his fingers in tight kid gloves. He was a silly pimple, possessing more money than brains, and carried a tongue in his mouth that shuffled out childish words by the score. He was a spoiled child, and it seemed when he grew up to be a man, all the sweetmeats he ate when an infant, had soured on his stomach, and become incorporated in his disposition. He did not like the thread-bare schoolmaster because, he was a rival, and it was evident a favored one. He depended upon his riches, and had no doubt the charm that had so often been successful world, in his case, meet with unbounded success. This was the position of things when Cordelia was eighteen years old.

It was Cordelia's birthday, and she had given a party to her friends and companions on the occasion. Among the guests assembled, were the two rivals. Miller was dressed in a seedy coat—and what smart man cares if his coat is seedy and torn?—and it was out under the arms. His boots were not blacked—smart men do not wear blacked boots, and some of them wear no boots at all—and his head was not combed—smart men don't comb their heads, they like to have all in them they can. Douglass was dressed superbly—a sign of no sense—and looked exquisite as a dandy. He

made an impression, as all dandies do—but not a favorable one.

Squire Vance and his wife were sitting in their easy chairs near the door, and watching the young folks as they laughed and played away the hours.

“Mother,” said the squire, “Cordelia is eighteen years old; she ought to begin to look about for a husband. What do you think of it?”

“Time enough yet,” was the short but pointed answer of the old lady.
“Procrastination is the thief of time, and that ‘time enough yet’ has made many girls husbandless. Cordelia is a smart, sensible girl, old enough to marry, and ought to marry within the year.”

“She is old enough, goodness knows; but then she is young enough to wait a while. I don't like girls to be in too much of a hurry—it sometimes doesn't do well.”

“We are in no hurry, but I want a son, a full grown fellow, who can talk and keep me company, and oversee the farm. Now, who would you choose? Look into the room, and consider well before you decide.”

The old lady replaced her specks, leaned forward on her chair, and with the greatest interest peered into the room. For a few moments she studied the features of each gentleman, and more especially the schoolmaster.

The squire noticed this, and his eye twinkled mischievously, as she removed her specks and turned toward her husband.

“I would take the schoolmaster,” replied the old lady candidly.

“Bah! a thread-bare, penniless orphan. You're getting old, your sight is bad,” replied the squire pettishly.

“Well, who would you choose?” she asked.

“—I—I would choose Hallam Douglass, the gentleman.”

“Bah!” said the old lady, as a gentle smile gathered about her mouth; “he is as shallow as the cream on skimmed milk.”

“You're no judge of human nature. He is rich, worth money—no shallowness about that.”

“There may be some day.”

“Call Cordelia, we'll have her opinion—she will take Douglass.”

“I'll bet you a new hat against a new dress she won't,” proffered the old lady, as she took his hat from the table—“you need one.”

“That will do me a year yet.”

“But think of the wedding.”

“She don't get married within the year, I'll wear your bonnet when that memorable event takes place.”

“And I'll wear your old hat if she does,” replied the old lady laughing.

“I'll take that, and hold you to your bargain,” said the squire, as he grasped the old lady's hand.

Thus the two old folks enjoyed themselves while the children were merry-making, not for a moment thinking they were the subject of remarks. Cordelia was called, and with a skip and jump she came to the side of her parents.

“Cordelia,” said her father, gravely, “you are old enough to get married, and I have selected a husband for you.”

“And I have selected another,” replied her mother.

“For me?” she asked and started with surprise and curiosity.

“Yes, my dear for you.”

“Is he here?” and she turned her eyes with interest into the room, while a look of anxiety and doubt gathered on her features.

“He is in the room.”

“Who is he?” she asked with a trembling voice.

“Hallam Douglass.”

“Douglass?” and her face became pale, a tear quivered on her eyelid and her lips trembled—her head dropped as she said, “He is not my choice.”

“There, father, I'll take the new dress,” said the old lady laughing at the squire's discomfiture, and seized him by the arm.

“But you have not won yet—she has not decided who it shall be. Who do you say?” asked her father.

It was a hard question, but Cordelia had been taught to pay implicit obedience to any command without a moment of equivocation.

“Mr. Miller would be my choice,” she replied, hesitatingly.

“Now I have won,” insisted the old lady.

“Verily, you have, but it's a conspiracy to cheat me out of the dress.”

“Now, daughter, you can return to your company,” and away she tripped gay and lively, like a bird, to join its companions.

“She must marry Douglass,” said the old man, as he prepared to retire.

“But he is not her choice,” said the mother, offering an objection in behalf of her daughter.

“No matter, she must marry the man of my choice,” and the old gentleman closed the stair door after him.

The party ended and the guests retired.

Cordelia was informed of her father's resolution, and it grieved her to the heart. A few days after the party, Miller called on Cordelia, and without a moment of offering, he declared his love, and asked her hand and heart.

“My heart you have,” she replied, “but my hand my father has decided shall be another's.”

“You do not love him?”

“I hate—I despise him.”

“Then it is your father's command—obey him. I was taught to honor and obey my parents—you do so, though the thought that you would marry one you do not love will kill me.”

“It is death to me, but my father's command is imperative law.”

“Then farewell, Cordelia, we must not meet again as lovers. I have no right to inquire the cause of his rejecting me,” and tottering to the door, he departed.

Cordelia trembled a moment and fell helplessly in an arm chair.

“He!” said the squire, as he moved away from a place of observation, “he takes it like a philosopher and gives her good advice.”

A day or two following, Douglass presented himself, declared his passion, and in silly sentences besought her to bestow her hand on him. He had riches, money in abundance and would lavish all on her.

“I am not to be bought, sir—I refuse your hand, but I am compelled to marry you, then I will do it but of my own accord.”

At this speech, Douglass became incensed, swore, abused and upbraided her with deceit. She took it very calm, and replied like a lady. In a powerful rage the squire took himself from the house, much to the satisfaction of Cordelia.

“He takes it like a fool—she don't faint this time,” and the squire turned away a second time from his place of concealment.

Things were a very sad aspect for a few months. One day the squire came in with a new hat on his head, but in a terrible state of excitement. Grasping Cordelia and her mother by the wrists, he dragged them into the little kitchen.

“I am ruined!” he exclaimed; “bankrupt, and only one thing can save me—money—and if Cordelia will marry the man of my choice, she can save me—if she will not, there is an end of Squire Vance,” and he seized a huge butcher knife and held it close to his throat, but was sure to have the back of it next to him.

Weeping bitterly, Cordelia threw her arms around his neck, and proclaimed herself ready to sacrifice her life and happiness for his sake. The knife dropped from his hand and he pressed his hand to his heart, he kissed her.

“Put on your bonnet and come right along to church, the minister is waiting.”

Remonstrance was in vain; the mother and daughter were hurried off to church without time for reflection. To hide her grief and her pallid countenance, Cordelia wore a thick, heavy veil. She walked up to the altar, where she was joined by the man who was to be her husband. The mother sat back and weeping bitterly for her daughter. The conduct of the squire was so singular that she began to think him crazy.

The ceremony was performed, and the father removed the veil from Cordelia's face. She turned a glance upon her husband—it was Aaron Miller, the schoolmaster. With a cry of joy she fell into his arms; his mother was aroused and came forward to greet them.

“You'll wear my old hat,” said the squire, as he drew his old hat from his pocket and placed it on her head.

The squire was explained as they returned from the church, so large that it won the bet—get a son to take care of his property, and to prove his daughter's love and obedience.

LIFE EVERYWHERE.—Under this caption a interesting and instructive article makes its appearance in one of the literary journals. How mysterious the world we live in! How it seems with life! What lessons it teaches of creative skill and providential superintendence! But read the article:—

“Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender and intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety—the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the sea is alive with polyps, corals, starfishes and, with shell animals. The rugged face of the rock is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless muscles, barnacles and limpets. Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the woods tempts us to saunter into its sheltered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed task. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting their development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals under the microscope. The same microscope reveals that the blood rain suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terror, is nothing but a collection of minute animals (*Monas prodigiosa*), and that the vast tracks of snow which are reddened by a single night owe their color to its checkered rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*). The very mould which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, in nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the oars in lines of jeweled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.

WHITE LABOR AT THE SOUTH.—It is often asserted that none but the colored race can endure the heat of the South. To this it is replied: “There is not one single rod of the Southern States beneath a tropical sun. Every acre of our Slave States lies within the temperate zone. The isothermal line which passes through Savannah, Georgia, also passes through Madrid and Rome, where no white man dreams of his incapacity to labor. In the extreme South,” says Cassius M. Clay, “at New Orleans, the laboring men, the stevedores, and hackmen, on the levee, where the heat is intensified by the proximity of the red brick buildings, are all white men, and they are in the full enjoyment of health.” “The steady heat of our summers,” says Governor Hammond of South Carolina, “is not so prostrating, as the short, but frequent and sudden bursts of Northern winters.” “Here, in New Orleans,” says Dr. Cartwright, “the larger part of the drudgery work requiring exposure to the sun, such as railroad making, street paving, drag driving, ditching and building, is performed by white people.” Every well informed man knows that in Texas, where the Germans will not employ slave labor, these hardy emigrants from the North of Europe, produce with their own hands, more cotton to the acre than the slaves.”

Chinese mothers exercise the benignant right of flogging their children even after they have grown up and have families of their own, and the old boys admit the right and dutifully stand and take it. A fond Chinese son, having daily endured this discipline for forty years, wept piteously as he discovered daily in the more enfeebled blows of his mother, who was eighty, that she was growing old.

The secession leaders dare not submit their work to the people. The Louisiana Convention voted down the proposition to refer the Constitution of the Confederacy to the popular vote for ratification or rejection.

THE VICTORY OF MRS. GAINES.

The annals of litigation furnish no two more interesting or peculiar cases than those of Madame Paterson Bonaparte, and of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, both of which have, for many years, occupied prominent positions before, not only the legal profession, but the eyes of the world. These cases are singularly suggestive, and peculiarly illustrative of certain phases of American society, and as such, possess other interests than those of a merely pecuniary character. Each has reached, after protracted struggles, a decision, the one adverse to and the other in favor of the claimant—the one loses all she deemed worth living for, while the other gains not only a fortune of fabulous amount, but establishes forever the honor of her mother. Had the Imperial Court been more kind, the American claimant of a kingly hand would now be in possession of a vast estate, with her son's legitimacy acknowledged before the world, while, as it is, these are denied her, and perhaps forever. In view of the interest of the celebrated cause which was recently decided in favor of Mrs. Gaines, by a full bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, a brief resume of its material facts will be not misplaced.

Daniel Clark, who was one of the early settlers in the colony of Louisiana, was a very remarkable person. His sagacity, prudence and business tact, soon placed him at the head of its monetary world, while his beauty of person, popular character, and agreeable manners afforded him a similar position in the social circle. In 1802 he became acquainted in Philadelphia with a lady of extraordinary personal beauty, named Zulime Carriere. She was born in the old French colony of Biloxi, and her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—Provence—the favorite home of the Troubadours. When Clark first met her, she had been living in wedlock with a swindler named Jerome De Grange, who, having dazzled her with a glittering career, married her, and then disclosed the astounding facts that he was a confectioner and a bigamist. Zulime appealed for protection to Clark, who being warm-hearted and chivalrous, at once espoused her cause, and after being convinced that De Grange had another wife living, espoused her himself. The marriage was kept secret, and in 1806 Myra, now Mrs. Gaines, was born. Being naturally desirous of having her connection with Clark publicly acknowledged, Zulime went to New-Orleans to obtain legal proofs of her first husband's rascality. While she was gone, Clark, who had grown into an influential politician, became enamored of Miss Caton, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll, with whom he contracted an engagement, though when reports were brought to Zulime, she at once insisted upon a release from the engagement, and she eventually became the Marchioness of Wellesley.

In the meantime, Zulime had returned to Philadelphia, and sought to obtain proofs of her marriage with Clark, who had, with singular treachery, destroyed all that he could discover. Finding herself helpless, in a strange country, and with a child dependent upon her, she was wholly at a loss what to do, and, in her destitution, driven almost to despair, she accepted the hand of Dr. Gaudette, who, with kindness and generosity, united his fortune with hers. Clark, in the meantime, had become penitent, but, on hastening to find his former love, ascertained that she was the wife of another. He took the child Myra, placed her under the care of a friend, and had her more liberally educated. Zulime lived for a long time after that, attained the age of 78 years, and died at New-Orleans but a few years since.

Clark, whose business talent was proverbial, amassed an immense fortune in Louisiana, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, which he bequeathed by will, in 1813, to his mother, Mary Clark, naming Beverly Chew and Richard Relf, bankers of New-Orleans, as executors. Charges have been preferred against the executors of bad faith and mismanagement, but however that may be, Myra—then Mrs. Whitney—having discovered at maturity that her mother had been the wife of the deceased millionaire, with an impulse of honorable affection for which she cannot be too highly praised, determined to assert her right, as the legitimate child and consequent heiress, to the entire property.

That she met with opposition and with obstacles of all sorts may well be imagined, but she battled for her mother's honor, and evinced the most commendable spirit and perseverance, in spite of most fearful odds. Her husband died, but she remained, and in so doing enlisted a powerful auxiliary in the person of Gen. Gaines, who believed in her legitimacy, and aided her with all his might. It would be wearisome merely to index the various legal struggles, the attempted social ostracism, the treacheries, the sorrows, the hopes and fears experienced by Mrs. Gaines in this work of her lifetime. She sued in numerous Courts, and with varied success, until by her mother's death, her friends convinced of the uselessness of further trial, and of her own indomitable spirit fled. She still struggled on, and as a last resort, brought the case in its amplitude and its labyrinth of legal technicalities to the Supreme Court of the land. There, after a long and patient hearing, she obtained her victory. The Court has unanimously decided that Myra Clark Gaines is the only legitimate child of Daniel Clark, and that, as such, she is entitled to all the property left by him. Nor are the years and energies of the courageous woman too far spent to prevent her enjoyment of her vast wealth.

Mrs. Gaines, though now in her fifty fifth year, is represented as being an agreeable specimen of what old people delight in calling “ladies of the old school.” She is in good health, and possesses an abundant flow of animal spirits, which have buoyed her up for over thirty years under circumstances of an unusually trying nature.

Mr. Justice Wayne, in closing the decision of the Court, seems to have placed peculiar and significant emphasis on the words, that the Supreme Court would see that the provisions of the decision were carried into effect—a statement of more than ordinary importance when we reflect that possibly the State of Louisiana may decline to take cognizance of, or be bound by, a decree emanating from no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the “late United States of America.”

In a remote district of Canada, a few weeks since, fifty moose were caught in the deep snow, and easily butchered by hunters.

LEGISLATION PICTURED.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, writes from Harrisburg, as follows: “It is said to be in contemplation to compile a vocabulary of slang phrases in use at Harrisburg, so that the uninitiated may speedily learn. A ‘Dirigee’ in the language of the Solons, means the proceeds of the sale of a vote. ‘Getting one's in,’ which is understood to be quite a recent acquisition, indicates that an individual has been so fortunate as to become a participant in a scheme. ‘The Ring,’ is an unwholly alliance, which common, and of course vulgar, report says, is instituted for black mail purposes. A member who is ‘fixed’ on any measure, is understood to have had influence brought to bear to such an extent that he has finally decided how to vote. When the project is ‘set up’ it is known that a plan has been arranged by which success will probably follow. Every one understands what a legislative ‘snake’ is, and how liable the ‘little Williams,’ (i. e. Bills,) are to contain the afore said serpents. ‘To satisfy the brethren,’ is to make all the arrangements for the passage of an act. ‘A striker’ is one who remains in the city and hunts up the game to be slaughtered at Harrisburg. His is the province to suggest to parties interested in corporations the advantage of a little supplement, or an act explanatory of an act incorporating the company. ‘A stake’ is a deposit made in advance of the passage of an act for the purpose of paying supposed expenses. ‘A caution’ is an indefinite form of a promise made to keep outsiders quiet, and mystify the correspondent of some newspaper. ‘An outsider’ is any one who is not ready or able to assist in some scheme for plunder. ‘The Twenty fifth Ward’ is the entire State, exclusive of the city of Philadelphia. ‘Merit’ is synonymous with money. ‘To knock’ a bill is to defeat it. The writer of the present article regrets his inability to furnish a more copious glossary of this description. New words are coined, however, almost every session to meet exigencies. Parties interested further will please make application to a member of the Legislature.”

MEAT PRESERVED IN MOLASSES.—“Sugar-cured hams” have long been in fashion in this country. They are moderately salted, and sugar or molasses added to assist in their preservation. In France, all sorts of fresh meats have been preserved by molasses alone. An article in *L'Invention* asserts that meat may be preserved by molasses alone in the most perfect manner, and with the following important advantages:—It has an agreeable flavor, it produces no scurvy or other disorders which result from the use of salt food, and it may be prepared at a moderate price. The process consists simply in cutting the meat in pieces of moderate size and dropping them into the molasses, such as is obtained from the sugar manufactories or refiners. By a natural process of exosmosis the lighter juice of the meat passes out, and the heavier molasses penetrates inward to every part of the meat. When the external molasses has acquired a certain degree of liquidity from the mixture of the juice of the meat, it is a sure sign that the meat is thoroughly impregnated.

It is now taken out of the molasses, thoroughly washed, and hung in the current of air to dry. After it is completely dry, it may be packed in boxes and sent all over the world without experiencing any change whatever.

AN OWNER'S RIGHT TO THE SOIL FRONTING ON STREETS.—Judge Mellon decided on Wednesday, says the *Pittsburg Dispatch* of March 5, that all parties owning ground fronting on streets and alleys, are entitled to the soil to the middle thereof, and that a city or borough has no other than a right of way therein, and such other acts upon them as may be necessary to keep them in repair; that a city or borough cannot excavate the stone, gravel, sand, or other material therein, for the purpose of making merchandise of it, nor authorize any one to do so; and that the owner of a lot or alley can sustain an action of trespass against any one entering into the street or alley in front of him, between the line of his lot and the middle of the street, for the purpose of taking out material, or for disposing thereof to others. Under this decision, the jury in the case of Charles Slipper, and David Graham vs Samuel Hood rendered a verdict of \$100. The authorities of Manchester gave defendant the privilege to remove sand from the street fronting plaintiffs' property in that borough, and a suit for trespass being brought, it resulted as above stated.

THE DARK SPIRIT OF SLAVERY.—The Atlanta (Georgia) *Intelligencer* gives the following notice of Judge Harris' charge to the Grand Jury in that town, on Monday, the 4th instant: “Judge Harris said, among other good things, that our Government was now permanently, stable, and fixed, and that it was the duty of all good citizens to maintain and support it. There must be no looking back, no working for a reconstruction, for in the nature of things this could not be. Men who reside among us must work for us, and with us. If they take any part directly or indirectly, against us, it is plotting treason, and they must suffer the consequences. Incendiaries and incendiarism must be crushed out.”

Few more atrocious sentiments were uttered in France during the rule of Robespierre, Murat and Danton than the above. A government actuated by such a spirit must of necessity be short lived, and end in a bloody catastrophe. Let them alone—they will do the work themselves.

FRAUDULENT HUNGARIAN NOTES.—An injunction had been granted against persons engaged, in London, in lithographing notes of the kingdom of Hungary, purporting to be signed by Louis Kossuth, bearing the arms of the kingdom of Hungary. It is said that the issue contemplated was of 150,000,000 florins; that three thousand persons have been engaged in the manufacture, and that the notes were all printed and ready for delivery.

A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts. “How much are they?” “Why,” said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, “you shall have them for a kiss.” “Very well,” said the lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers, “and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and let me know when you collect it,” and she hastily turned out.

Franklin said, “If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.”

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Those earnest and ardent Republicans whose impatience at the bare suggestion of the withdrawal of the force from Fort Sumter is unbounded, and who denounce the Administration in advance for its supposed purpose of “surrendering” to the secessionists, forget that Congress has given to the President no authority to raise and equip armies to defend the fortress, and that the blame, if blame exists, must rest upon the shoulders of a majority of Congress, and upon the late President Buchanan. It is now almost physically impossible to relieve Fort Sumter with the slender means at the disposal of the President.

Equally unreasonable are the complaints that no steps are taken to collect the revenue in the seceded States. It is well known that the revenue laws on the statute books contemplate the active co-operation of the people of the several States in their enforcement, as well as the acquiescence of the State authorities. There must, by the terms of the law, be Custom-houses in the seaport towns, with collectors and other officers, together with public warehouses in which goods may be stored “in bond,” until the merchants choose to draw them forth. Suits may arise for attempted frauds upon the Government, which suits must be tried before the Federal Courts and local juries. But in the seceded States there are no Courts, the Judges, Marshals, and District-Attorneys having resigned and acknowledged exclusive allegiance to the State authorities. It is, therefore, impossible to collect the revenue in the ordinary way. Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, in view of this state of things, proposed to apply a remedy, known to the public as the Force bill. This bill proposed to collect the revenue at the bays and rivers, by stationing vessels of war at convenient points, to command the entrances. This bill was held by Mr. B. to be essential to the object it had in view, and was urged upon the House of Representatives, with his usual zeal and ability; but that body voted to take it up and pass it, thus leaving the President without the power to collect the revenue in the States which have taken a hostile attitude to the Government. Mr. Bingham now consistently admits that the enforcement of the revenue laws has become impracticable by the failure of Congress to take up and pass his bill. At the door of that body, therefore, the fault lies, and not at that of the Executive mansion. Mr. Lincoln has been left powerless to enforce the laws, and yet by the ignorant and unthinking he is held responsible for the failure.

The fact must not be lost sight of, regret it as we may, that our Federal Government is theoretically and practically weak. It was hoped by the framers of the Constitution that the defects of federal forms of government, as exemplified in the history of Greece, Holland, and Germany, had been provided against in our instrument; and that by the aid of the Government, which they organized, would have possessed sufficient strength, if the subject of it had been homogeneous, or even free. But it has become evident that a confederacy of slave holding States can never be strong and compact. Slaveholders, from an innate consciousness that their cherished institution is contrary to natural justice, are prone to be jealous, especially of consensuses which condemn and proscribe slavery. There can be no such thing as perfect harmony between men. Like the wicked, they “see when no man pursueth” and are given to much babbling upon “the reserved rights of the States,” and to the assertion of the rights of resistance to the Federal Government, as often as their favorite policy of slavery extension is threatened with overthrow.

While this element of evil remains in our system, we must be patient under indignities to Federal authority. The President and Cabinet are conscious of this fact, and being anxious to cement the bonds of Union, they are now disposed to adopt a policy of peace and forgiveness toward the rebels, as best calculated to destroy the morbid sympathy for them, which to a greater or less degree pervades the Border and Middle States.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOOD WILL.—The inevitable Gen. Geo. Buckley, K. G. C., turned up in Louisville. He denoted most energetically that the organization of which he claims to be the head aims to subvert the Government. To use his own emphatic language: “The K. G. C. is an institution, even in Louisville, and will be the very first to respond when a call is made for the defenders of the State. It has tendered 12,000 troops to South Carolina, and will give 50,000 if he needs them; and it can give the Federal Government 135,000 to fight a foreign foe, but not one to fight a Southern State. Now, sir, I hope I shall be clearly understood. We took only to the Americanization of Mexico; yet the defence of our own homes is a paramount duty. If ever there has been a movement set on foot to settle forever the Slavery question, and balance the political powers of the North and South, and thereby perpetuate the Union, the K. G. C. have made the movement.”

TAKEN ABACK.—One of the ridiculous mishaps which will sometimes befall soldiers, befell a whole file of the snugly attired military of New Orleans on the day of Twigg's reception. They were drawn up along the street in front of a building in course of construction, and close in their rear was a long mortar bed, two feet deep, with that plastic composition ready for the workmen. The space between the files for the passage of the carriage being rather narrow, the officer ordered his men to take a step back. They did so, and about twenty feet of “sogers” instantaneously disappeared from sight back-wards, the front file, in close order, preventing the rear rank from recovering themselves when their heels stumbled against the mortar bed. They were submerged, and every soldier of them had his pretty uniform spoiled. They took cabs and absquatulated instantly.

The Anti-Slavery Standard denounces the President's Inaugural with a degree of vigorous vehemence which will be eminently consoling to those who have feared its radical tendencies. It denounces him for not being sectional in his sentiments and his policy, for not recognizing disunion as an “accomplished fact,” and for trying still to preserve the Union. These are precisely the reasons why sensible men approve it.

Oil has been discovered in Kansas, and preparations are making for extensive operations in that line.