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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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Baptist.—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—
Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

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Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock.

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In Absence.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Watch her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies,
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes o'erwearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine;
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should hear;
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss!
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place,
Kiss her softly, winds!

The Coiners.

A STORY OF A DETECTIVE.

During the year of 1847 the West was flooded with a counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform that duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I proceeded. I spent five weeks in the city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting me to send some money, as she was out of funds. I went to the bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of them back to me, saying, "Counterfeit."

"What?" said I, "you don't mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"
"I do."
"Are you certain?"
"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably executed, but are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former.
"This is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"O dear, no," the clerk replied, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great many in my time. Here is some of the money that is circulating here," he added, taking some half dollars from a drawer. "You see that the milling is not so well done as Ned Willett's, although this is pretty good, too."

I compared the two and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeit half dollars with good ones, and returned the former to my pocket.
A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a small village about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer as to whether I could have a lodging there that night I noticed the host gave a particular look at his wife, and after some whispering, I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible that I could have a bed.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable sleeping apartments into which I was ushered after I had finished my repast.

The chamber was of small size, and certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheet or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer and oppressively hot.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and save the croak of the tree-toad and the hum of the locust, not a sound reached my ear. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged in deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose from my bed and went to the window. The moon was now in the western horizon, by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated a hundred yards from the house.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irrepressible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity, that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opened the door of my chamber and noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the window, and unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound I have mentioned grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stepped down and peeped through the hole, and to my extreme surprise saw half a dozen men, with their coats off and sleeves up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of mining.

In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed,—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, and the woman packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough and was about to return to my apartment, when I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head around to my horror found myself in the grasp of an ill-looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed giving me a shake. "Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to retain my composure.

"Well, perhaps you will just take a stroll inside, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door, and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's all this?" they exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peepin' outside," said my captor.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern last night and asked for lodging; the last I saw of him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would increase the probability of more harm than good, for it has always been a maxim of mine, to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be ended, for the blackest of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed,—

"I say, stranger, look here, you must die!"
I did not move a muscle or utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."
I was silent.

"A pal—you a pal?"
"I ain't nothin' else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What is your name?"
"Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?" I replied.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he the head of our profession?"
"Well, then, I'm Ned."
"You Ned Willett?" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that their doubts were not all removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a roll of the money. "Well, all I have to say is that if you can't do better than this, you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us any better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't, I'd hang myself."
"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which my life depended.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket that had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job, what do you think of it?"

It was handed hand-to-hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, and some saying it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit?" asked one.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard a man whisper to another.

"Try these," I said, taking the other two out of my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

Cyrus W. Field and the Atlantic Cable.

There is an unwritten history of the connection of Mr. Field with the Atlantic Cable that may have a peculiar interest at this time. Mr. Field desired to change his business, and looked around for some sphere for his peculiar talent. He called one day on Moses Taylor, a wealthy and public-spirited man, and proposed to open a new line of railroad across the Isthmus, and so create a new line to California.

This new project was opened in the mind of Mr. Taylor to serious objections, and so far as he was concerned, was abandoned. Soon after Mr. Field called again; he had now a new project, he said, that was not open to the objections stated by Mr. Taylor, and to which Mr. Field asked attention. It was to purchase the telegraph lines in the Provinces, and connect them with the United States. The Company held a valuable charter from the New Brunswick Parliament. It was unable to carry on business, and the whole franchise could be purchased at a small cost, and, when put in complete repair, would prove a valuable investment.

The charter was examined and found not to be satisfactory. But it was said if the charter could be changed and amended, and the lines put at a low price, the purchase would be made. Mr. Field agreed to visit New Brunswick, and obtain the changes needed in the charter, and to do this he paid \$1,000 and his expenses.

The desired alterations were made. Moses Taylor, Peter Cooper, Marshall O. Roberts, Wilson G. Hunt, and C. W. Field put in the sum of \$10,000 each and became the Company.

The success of this line did not equal the anticipations of the new Company. It seemed likely to be a failure. The boats had agreed to stop at the telegraph stations, and to add from Europe. They did so for a time. But the fog made the stopping at times dangerous, and ships refused to call, and so business seemed to take its flight from the line. Soon, Mr. Field met the Company with a new suggestion, why not lay a cable across the Atlantic, and so be independent of steamships and steam companies? Mr. Field was full of it then, as he has been ever since. He won over his little company. He obtained subscriptions to stock. He crossed the water on the one great mission that now filled his soul, and to which he has since devoted his life.

Mr. Field began the work of raising money in London. He had to stretch out his hands and lift up his voice to a gainsaying people. He put a coil of ocean cable about his neck, and went from banker to banker, from capitalist to capitalist, working day by day, never weary, never disheartened by refusals. Persecuted or repulsed in one place, he went to another. He gained his point day by day till the first cable was sent down to its ocean bed.

The first failure was repaired and the second cable took the place of the last one. Weary and sad, but with strong faith in the ultimate success of the work, Mr. Field came home after the failure of the second attempt to lay the cable. Few spoke words of cheer and hope. The little company who had raised the infant \$10,000 up to among the fifties and the hundreds of thousands, had no more they wanted cast into the depth of the sea.

They regarded the thing as impracticable and wanted to hear no more about the cable. But Mr. Field told the gentlemen that he would never give it up—while life lasted he would renew the attempt till it was a success. Like Peter the Hermit he began the new crusade. Partly from pity, partly from the love of the pluck Mr. Field displayed, from one cause or another, quite a liberal subscription was obtained for the third attempt.

England was more obdurate than America. No man wanted to see the face of Mr. Field and he was made to know that fact. Doors were closed against him. Millions would not hear him talk. Some thought his tongue like that of the charmer, and fled from his approach. He was regarded as an enthusiast merely.

But steadily Mr. Field proceeded. He went where he was not wanted. He came at odd times and in odd places—in the counting-house and at the country-seat; in the city home and in the mart of trade. He gained his point. Some were convinced; some wanted to get rid of the importunity; some were willing to throw away a small sum because they liked the persistence of the man; a few had their waning faith revived, and like the old hunter Henry Clay told of, were willing to pick flint and try again. But Mr. Field cared not what the motive so long as he had funds and the two continents were united.

By the side of Fulton, who started in his little boat up the Hudson amid the jeers of the multitude, who expected and wished a failure; by the side of Goodyear, in poverty and reproach pursuing his marvelous inventions to their completion; by the side of Morse, who, in the pocket-ship on the ocean, while conversing with a Boston physician, announced that he could send a message around the world, and was laughed at for his avowal, Mr. Field will now take his place among the world's benefactors, because of his success.

The Door for the Capitol.

The great Washington door for the new Capitol at Washington is being finished at the Ames works in Chicago, where two entire years have been spent upon it. Many of the panels are already completed, and the work is progressing as fast as its peculiar complexity will allow. Designed by the lamented Crawford just previous to his death, it was his *chef d'œuvre*.

Had he survived, undoubtedly the contract for casting, would have gone to Munich, like its predecessor, the Columbus-historic door, such was his prejudice against his country in this respect. The massive door has eight panels, four on a side, emblematic respectively of peace and war. On the side devoted to peace, commencing at the bottom, is a group of Washington and his family, representing the peaceful condition of the country at the close of the Revolutionary struggle. Next above is the oration at Trenton, then a scene representing the administration of the oath of office, and crowning this section is the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol building. The war side has first a panel symbolizing the stern ideal of deadly strife—a British grenadier, fully armed, attacking a peaceful farmer, near a rude log cabin, whose sinewy arm has sent him reeling to the ground, while the stalwart yeoman's wife is seen handing her husband his trusty firelock, in case he should need it. Above this is the bayonet charge at Trenton—then the rebuke of Gen. Lee by Washington, at Monmouth—and finally the death of Gen. Warren.

The panel representing the reprimand of General Lee is a most striking and life like scene. Washington had always, it seems, suspected Lee of disloyalty, and on this occasion found that he had not only failed utterly to carry out his express orders, but had actually ordered and commenced a most cowardly retreat. Washington is seen as having ridden rapidly to where he meets Lee under a tree, and rising in the stirrups of his saddle, administers a rebuke that droops the traitor's as much as Lee's military salute to his chief.

Washington has his sword. It is said that this was the only instance in which Washington was ever known to use language even bordering on profanity. The singular thing about this particular panel is, that Jeff. Davis was one of the commissioners to examine Crawford's designs for this historic and conspicuous piece of work for the new Capitol—the wonder being that he, or any other Southern man should have consented to emblazon this withering shame on one of the most chivalric sons of the South. Yet so it is—and let the sympathizers with their fitting representative, in the person of Robert E. Lee, remember the prophecy of the panel, and its historic verification of to-day.

The quick promotion of Sherman to the rank lately held by Grant, and Porter to that of Farragut, will please everybody. The army have in the establishment of the new rank of General an especial and professional pleasure, as it completes the round of grades. Hitherto we have had no rank to correspond with the highest commands in our army.

During the late war a Major General commanded a hundred other Major Generals, which is as though a Colonel should command an army corps. This anomaly is now remedied. The promotion of Hancock to a Generalship in the regular army will be regarded as a fit recognition of the brilliant and important services of one of the most prominent subordinate commanders of the army of the Potomac, who was always—from the first fight at Williamsburg to the last campaign under Grant and Meade—distinguished for the vigor of his movements, as well as for a gallantry which continually led him and his command into the hardest and thickest of the fighting. Of General Ord, who is promoted to the Brigadier Generalship made vacant by Hancock's elevation, we can say that there is not in the service a more thorough or faithful officer. In the West he was a favorite of Gen. Grant, and in the Eastern army he fully maintained his reputation and standing.

The Generals of the regular army now rank in the order of their names in the following list: General, Ulysses S. Grant; Lieutenant General, Wm. T. Sherman; Major Generals, Henry W. Halleck, Geo. G. Meade, Philip H. Sheridan, George H. Thomas, Winfield S. Hancock; Brigadier Generals, Irwin M. Dowell, Wm. S. Rosecrans, Philip St. George Cooke, Jno. Pope, Joseph Hooker, John M. Schofield, Oliver O. Howard, Alfred H. Terry, E. O. C. Ord.

Of all these, General Terry, the brilliant captor of Fort Fisher, and faithful commander in Virginia, is the only officer drawn from civil life. All the others were educated at West Point; but Grant, Sherman, Hooker, Howard and Halleck were in civil life when the war broke out, having resigned from the army after the Mexican war.

A Western paper, in describing the debut of a young actor, says that "he broke the ice felicitously with his opening sentence, and was immediately drowned with applause."

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