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Selected Poetry.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

BY MINNIE MOORE.

"O wrap the flag around me boys,"
And lay me down to die,
Where the cannon roars around me,
And the carnage rages high,
While the last thoughts of my country
And my mother—oh my God!
Let thy strong right arm support her
While she passes neath thy rod.

There's a cottage on the hillside
Of the noble "Prairie State,"
Where a golden willow droopeth
O'er a little rustic gate,
And my gray-haired sire is sitting,
With his bible on his knee,
By its hearthstone, while he prayeth
Even now perhaps, for me.

And further on another still.
But, oh, the maddling thought,
What misery to thee, beloved,
Treason's black hand hath wrought;
But thine is not the only heart
That bows in woe to-night,
Nor thine the only stricken soul
That looks above for light.

But be ye strong, and bear ye up—
We have not bled in vain—
The letters we have stricken off,
Will ne'er be forged again:
And had I now a thousand lives,
I'd give them all for thee,
My native land, my precious home,
If they might make thee free.

Then "wrap the flag around me, boys,"
The Red, the white and Blue,
In every thought and every act,
To them I have been true:
Living I fought beneath its folds;
Dying my prayer shall be,
That every star may typify
A country truly free.

Miscellaneous.

THE ENFORCED DUEL.

Thomas Cooley Grattan, the well-known Irish author, has recently given to the public a new work, entitled "Beaten Paths, and Those who Trod Them." It consists of a series of desultory sketches, one of which we take pleasure in transferring to our columns. During a somewhat prolonged residence at Bordeaux, some years since, chiefly devoted to literary pursuits, and to an extraordinary plunge into revolutionary society, which finally led to a hasty abandonment of the neighborhood, Mr. Grattan made a visit to Bagneres, where he was a witness to the following extraordinary incident:

An Irish gentleman, whose name, like my own, began with G and ended with N, was certainly one of the most amiable and least quarrelsome among the visitors. He neither drank nor gambled, nor talked politics nor scandal, the great provocatives to disputation and ill blood, and he led a most quiet and domestic life with a young and pretty helpmate, as unlikely as her husband to excite any feeling that might involve him in danger.

Mr. G——n one day strolled into the public billiard room with a friend of his, a lieutenant in the British navy. They found a table disengaged, took up their queues, and began to play. Scarcely had they commenced their game, when two or three Frenchmen of good appearance came in, and one of them, a young man of military air, placed himself close to Mr. G——n, stared at him, followed his different movements, and watched every stroke he made with a marked and most troublesome attention. The player did not know what to make of it, but smilingly said something to his friend as to the singularity of the stranger's behavior. The other thought it equally odd, and as it was persevered in for some minutes longer, Mr. G——n felt irritated, stopped, turned short, and begged his friend (for he did not himself speak French,) to ask the meaning of this conduct, now evidently intended as a personal insult. The lieutenant, fortunately a man of great coolness, and of some experience in such affairs, fulfilled his mission with politeness, telling the Frenchman that he was convinced he had mistaken Mr. G——n for some other person, as he could have no reason for pursuing so offensive a line of conduct to a gentleman who had never before seen him.

"Pardon, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, with a perfect sang froid, and an air of provoking politeness. "I am not at all mistaken. I know who Monsieur G——n is quite well, and I beg you will do me the honor to tell him *de ma part*, that he is a colomniateur and a coquin; and there is my card, so that he may know where to find me in ten minutes from this time—and these two gentlemen are my friends."

It was not easy to translate all this to G——n without rousing him to knock down his unknown insulter with the queue which he still held in his hand; for mild and humane men are at times very subject to an excess of rage on great provocation. He was astounded. He knew the meaning of the two epithets evidently applied to him, but still he believed as his friend had done, that he had been mistaken for somebody else.

"Let us go out and think what is to be done," said he to his friend. They took their hats, and went out on the promenade (I forget the name,) in which the Cafe-Billiard stood. Half the beaumonde of Bagneres were walking or lounging about, ladies and gentlemen together. The two friends, arm-in arm took a couple of turns, discussing the strange and embarrassing occurrence, when suddenly the three Frenchmen met them and stopped; and the one whose behavior had so outraged Mr. G——n deliberately spat in his face—a beastly form of insult then rather national in France (and very lately resorted to at a scientific meeting in London by a traveled foreigner, and to his own great disgrace) saying:

"I hope you understand *that*, if I was not sufficiently explicit just now. *That* requires no interpreter."

G——n rushed at the fellow—he had disinherited himself of his title if he was a gentleman born—but before he could strike a blow, the two companions and some other persons interfered.

"There is nothing for it now but an immediate meeting—explanation or apology are out of the question. Let's follow them!" exclaimed G——n, as the Frenchman walked away.

"Stop a bit," replied the lieutenant; "I'll settle the matter in a minute."—And he stepped after the party. He returned almost immediately to G——n.

"It's all arranged—they are going to the old burying-ground—come to my lodgings—my pistols are there—you must shoot him dead."

The few words struck wildly on G—n They fell with an ominous sound on his mind. He had never fired a pistol in his life. The place of meeting was awfully suggestive The name on the card was that of a young officer *en disponsabilite*, a notorious duelist—the pest of the neighborhood—a crack shot, who had killed and wounded several, and insulted most wantonly almost every one he had quarreled with. G——n felt himself a doomed man. He thought of his wife, just expecting him home for his then usual walk.

"Come quicker," said he to his friend. "There's not a moment to be lost—*she* will be sure to hear of it—every one saw what passed—somebody will, no doubt, tell her. For God's sake, make haste before the police can know anything!"

G——n's friend had picked up an acquaintance as they hurried on, and engaged him to stand behind him as second *temoin*. He acceded willingly to the request. He did not dislike a fight, and he said openly he hoped to Heaven G—n would rid the neighborhood of its worst disgrace. Poor G——n shrugged his shoulders, cast up his eyes towards Heaven, and pushed on without saying a word.

The conditions were soon arranged. Two lines were drawn at ten paces apart, a walking cane was laid down on each. The combatants were placed each at ten paces farther back than the respective lines, so that they stood thirty paces distant from each other. They were then left to their own discretion to fire when they pleased, with liberty to advance, each before doing so, up to the respective canes, but on no account to put a foot beyond them, so that in any case they could not approach each other closer than ten paces; and supposing them to reserve their fire till they got to that short distance, even then they might stand, take aim, and shoot without any signal whenever they chose. This was a well-established way of settling these affairs in France, trying to the nerves of the coolest and most experienced duelist, terrible to the uninitiated.

Each of the parties were provided with pistols. Those of the Frenchman were of ordinary make, rather old and battered, and both of them marked with two or three slight notches, to note the number of times they had been used by their owner, G——n's antagonist. He poised one of them carelessly in his hand. But when his eye fell on the beautiful English feather-spring weapons which the lieutenant took calmly out of their case, it glistened with delight and ferocious longing.

"I must fight with one of those," said he.

"No, monsieur," replied the Lieutenant; "we are not to provide you with weapons." And he explained to the impatient G——n the request and his refusal.

"Oh! let him have it, for God's sake—what matter? Do go on quickly. She will be sure to hear of this, and—"

"Take it, sir," said the lieutenant; "my friend is too generous."

"He'll be a dead man in two minutes," was the fierce and ruffianly reply, as he snatched the proffered weapon. And the four pistols were loaded by the seconds.

"Be steady, for Heaven's sake! On no account fire till you both reach the canes. The short distance is your only chance," said the lieutenant, as he placed a pistol in G——n's hand. An instinct of common sense made him point it straight before him; but he was afraid to put his finger on the trigger, for he was was warned that the slightest touch on the feather-spring would cause it to go off prematurely.

The Frenchman flourished his weapon, leveled it with a theatrical air, called out loudly some words that G——n did not understand; but all was done clearly with the object of throwing him off his guard, and hurrying him into firing at the farthest distance, with a certainty of missing. Failing in this design, the Frenchman then stepped rapidly up to the cane, his barrier, his arm at full length, and G—n could see into the barrel of the pistol leveled straight at him. He had just presence of mind to reflect that a good shot at twenty paces—the distance now between them—was sure to hit his man, while he would be as certain to miss; so by a sudden impulse he *ran* impetuously up to his barrier, giving the idea to all the spectators that he had utterly lost his head, and was rushing full tilt against his foe, whom he covered straightly enough. So thought the latter. And he, astonished and startled by the extraordinary movement of his intended victim, unconsciously pulled the trigger with a jerk—the sensitive feather-spring threw the bullet wide of its mark—and at the same instant the report of G——n's pistol told that he, too, had fired, having stopped firmly and steadily at the barrier; and with a scream of agony the desperate duelist bounded into the air, shot through the brain, and he dropped forward stone dead, on one of the weed-covered mounds which dotted the burial ground.

G——n stood utterly stupefied He knew no difference between life and death, or who had fallen, who escaped. From first to last he had given himself up as lost. He never dreamt of killing his enemy with his unpractised hand, nor of having a chance of safety from the unerring skill opposed to him.

"Come, come on, come on; don't you see the wretch is dead? The people will tear us to pieces."

And so it would have been had not the two friends bolted through the crowd that, insatiably curious, thronged round the corpse; and before they could disengage themselves to look for the two foreigners, they had scrambled over the broken wall, ran through some narrow lanes, and found shelter in Mr. G——n's house, where he met his wife, entirely ignorant of the fearful scene that had been acted. The second *temoin* had escaped by another route.

Almost immediately the yells of the people were heard outside. Their fury against the Englishman was roused to the highest pitch, and could not be controlled by the few gentlemen who were present at the catastrophe, and not one of whom lamented it, for the lot had fallen on him who deserved it, and who left none behind to mourn for him G——n and his friend fastened up the doors and windows as best they could, but they would not have long resisted the assaults of the crowd, had not fortunately a small detachment of mounted gendarmes galloped up and surrounded the house. The officer commanding it demanded admission, which was gladly given to him. His conduct was admirable. His first care was to tranquilize the lady, who, like a true woman, was calm, resolute, and active for her husband's safety; generous and unselfish for herown. The officer assured her of his protection, and also undertook to guarantee the safety of the lieutenant; but as he was unable to answer for that of the principal in the homicide, knowing the nature of the infuriated mob and the state of national feeling at the time, he devised the only plan for his escape, in case they overpowered the half dozen gendarmes and forced an entrance. He therefore called on one of his men to come inside while the rest sat on their saddles, sabre in hand; and he made G——n at once change clothes with the soldier policeman. This was done quietly and speedily. Then leading him to the door, he saw him mount the horse of the man he personated, putting an apparent letter hastily prepared into his hand, professedly for the magistrate of the town G——n well played his part. He rode calmly through the people, who offered no remark, trotted along in the direction he was told to take, and very soon left Bagneres behind him, relying on the courage and chivalry of the Frenchman who saved him, to protect his wife, and the friend less compromised than he was.

He was joined on the same evening by both those objects of his solicitude, who came under safe escort, and he turned his back forever on the place where he seemed to have experienced such a fearful dream. And now comes the explanation of the startling event.

Mr. G——n, naturally, for a man of his quiet habits, was fond of reading He was a subscriber to the circulating library; and he one day had in his turn a volume that touched on the great war against Napoleon, and contained some sentence rather disparaging to the French army in connection with the battle of Toulouse. Some reader of the book had written in pencil a short remark on the passage, approving its tone, and enforcing its truth by a severe epithet. Mr. G—n scarcely observed this, if he saw it at all; but he in due time returned the book to the library, and forgot all about it.

Passing from one subscriber to another, the volume fell into the hands of the young fire eater whose unhappy fate I have just narrated. Hurried away by passion, by furious hatred of all Englishmen, so indiscriminate that he cared not on whom he vented it, he rushed to the circulating library, inquired who among the subscribers last had the volume, and was answered vaguely; but the name of Mr. G——n was mentioned as one of the last, and the person in the shop pointed out that gentleman, who happened to be passing at the time. That was enough. The self-doomed victim, the virtual suicide rushing on his fate, darted out, engaged his two attendant friends to accompany him, followed the two unsuspecting Englishmen into the billiard room—and the reader knows the rest.

☞ A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East, this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Begone Sir! don't insult!" The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her.—"No?" she replied archly, "well, if you didn't you may do it again!"

☞ There was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of true modesty either, who remarked when other girls were making fun of her short skirts and white hose and affected to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party; "If you'd only pull up your dresses about your necks, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled any more.

BEWARE!

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter—
Take care!
He loves with the ladies to gossip and chatter—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee!

He has a voice of varying tone—
Take care!
It echoes many, beside thine own—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

He has a hand that is soft and white—
Take care!
It pressed another than thine last night—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

His letters are glowing with love, I ween—
Take care!
One half he writes he does not mean—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

He talks of truth, and of deep devotion—
Take care!
Of loving truly he has no notion—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

Your heart he will gain with his dangerous wiles!
Take care!
Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his smiles,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—he is fooling thee!

Stereotypes of a Flying Trip.

THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

At the steamboat wharf in Washington of Alexandria boats, two horses were to be landed, and one of them fell from the gangway into the water. The excitement was intense among the hackmen, and all rushed to see a horse in the water. An intelligent contraband, who drove a pair of trotters, came back to where we were standing, and we asked if they would save the horse.

"Oh, lord, yes, captain," (they call everybody captain, these intelligent contrabands do,) "he isn't a Gov'ment hoss."

VIVID LETTER-WRITING.

"How do it," inquired a gentleman of a war correspondent, "that you are able, when a battle is taking place, to give such a cool and lucid explanation of the fight?"

"Oh, that's easy enough; we fall to the extreme rear, and write about what is going on in front."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

A sleeping car is of comparatively recent date, and with the exception of those on the Erie railroad, where the broad guage enables a man to retire to his own state room, (why are closets aboard steamboats called state-rooms? This is not a conundrum but a query,) there is but little comfort if the weather is at all muggy or tepid. One sleeps because he cannot keep awake, and fifty miles are sometimes accomplished between two nightmares, one of which leaves you trying to crawl out the side of the car to get a drink of water, and the other finds you trying to hold on to the curtain, which you imagine is a barn door flapping you in the face. A sleeping car now runs from Jersey City to Washington, crossing ferry-boats and bridges without disturbing the inveterate snoozer, but the nervous traveler, who wants to know what is going on, is apt to wake up at every full stop.

Leaving Washington, we took a tier of shelves, and consequently were not much crowded; but the sleeping car on that occasion was not occupied by a company particularly inclined to pay their devotions to Morpheus. Fatigue, however, was getting the better of us, when two gentlemen hung up next to us began a conversation.

"Do you know, Joe, that this car runs across on two ferry boats, and just imagine if we should get too much impetus we might pop off into the water."

"Is it deep?" asked Joe.

"About forty feet."

"Well, I don't think we shall to-night," replied Joe, emphasizing *to-night* as though it was quite likely they would some *other* night, and in a few moments we almost wished Joe might get a cold bath, for he evidently was a very expert snorer, and seemed to be trying to induce the brakeman to brake up by an occasional nasal whistle. This colloquy was at an end when the sleeping car overseer, or conductor, or perhaps more properly master of the snoozers, opened the door and exclaimed:

"Isn't there a gentleman here who took a double berth, who said he'd no objection to sharing it with a gentleman?"

"I'm the individ'," said our vis-a-vis or dos-a-dos.

"I should like it, then, for an officer who has just got in."

"Trot him out, Mr. Overseer, and if he's a decent fellow, he can stretch his legs here."

"How much do you want for it?"

"I'm not on my berth-sell: he may have it for just what I gave."

The officer entered, hung up his coat, thanked his companion and assumed the recumbent.

"Been to the war, sir?" said the first occupant.

"Yes, sir."

"So have I."

"What part of the country?"

"I was all the way from Yorktown to Malvern Hill and back again."

"So was I."

"Were you at Fair Oaks?"

"Yes, sir."

"So was I."

"Were you in the retreat?"

"Yes, sir."

"So was I."

"Are you going to leave the army?"

"No, sir; I'm on Gen. G——'s staff, and I'm going to join the Banks expedition."

"So am I," said occupant No. 1, who was joining a regiment bound for the same destination. The conversation continued, and though the two had probably shared the same field for weeks, it was reserved for them to form an acquaintance aboard the sleeping car.

A pause of perhaps twenty-five miles then took place, when conversation at the other end of the car attracted attention.

An officer's head was projecting from his roost, and he was addressing a man who had strayed into the car in some unaccountable manner, and was talking about a ticket he had lost.

"Well, suppose you have lost your ticket, what do you want to come into this car and make such a —— fuss about it. Here, conductor, put this man out."

As the conductor didn't answer the summons, it is presumed he was asleep on a pile of wood near the stove.

"If you've lost your ticket you can't find it," continued the officer, who paused a moment, and then resuming, said:

"Aren't you a sutler?"

"Yes, sir, I am," replied the man.

"I thought so, you look like a —— thief."

This complimentary remark appeared to rather discomfit the man, and he left We fell asleep wondering how the officer knew he was a sutler, and whether, having been wronged by some sutler, he had taken a holy oath to insult all sutlers for all time to come. They do say that sutlers are not half so bad as some people make them out, and that at times the boys had rather be without a colonel than deprived of a sutler, but this is private.—*Boston Bulletin.*

JACKSON AND CALHOUN.

A scene at the White House in 1833, at the lodgings of John C Calhoun the same night, and a death bed scene at the Hermitage, were thus graphically portrayed by Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, in the debate on the Confiscation Bill. It is a very striking picture:

MR. PRESIDENT:—If Calhoun had been executed for his treason in 1833, there would have been no rebellion now; and perhaps he came nearer his execution than most people are aware You well know the conspirators in South Carolina proceeded to the commission of the overt act.

Calhoun was the chief adviser. General Jackson knew it well, and determined that the law should be put in execution against him; not against the poor misguided men that followed, but against the chief conspirator. He had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and if convicted, his execution for treason He said that if he had an Attorney General that would not draw an indictment, he would find one that would. Things were approaching the crisis. Calhoun became aware of Jackson's determination, and sent Letcher of Kentucky to confer with him on the subject, and to learn his real intentions. He went to the President's house.—It was already late at night. The President received him with his usual courtesy; but, sir, then mild blue eye, which at times would fill with tears and overflow like that of a woman's, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He reasoned with him for a while, then paced the floor. His indignation became fully aroused. At times he stormed in passion towering and sublime, till, rising to its full height, his frame dilating and quivering, every feature glowing with the living fire within, with that oath which in him never seemed profane, but the struggle of a great soul to take hold of the Almighty for the strength of his purpose, he declared to Letcher that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal," he would try Calhoun for treason, and if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman's.

Letcher could not misunderstand his purpose He saw that he was terribly in earnest. From that interview he hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun. He had retired to his bed. He knocked at his bed chamber and was admitted. Calhoun received him sitting up in bed, with his cloak around him. Letcher detailed all that occurred, giving the entire conversation between him and Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath.

There sat Calhoun, drinking in eagerly every word, and, as Letcher proceeded, he became pale as death, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Yes, sir, Calhoun, great as he was in intellect, quaked in his bed! And for what? Was it from fear or cowardice? Ah, no. It was the consciousness of guilt. He was the arch traitor, who, like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate, and voted for every section of Mr. Clay's bill, and General Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

I have been told, upon authority upon which I rely, that during the last days of Gen. Jackson at the Hermitage, while he was slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption—that mysterious disease, which, while it wastes the body, leaves, if possible, the mind more clear, and nearer to inspiration—he had a conversation with his family physician and friend.

While lying upon his bed one day, and speaking of his past Administration, he inquired:

"What act in my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?"

The physician replied that he was unable to answer—that it might be the removal of the deposits.

"Oh, no!" said the General.

"Then it may be the specie circular?"

"Not at all!"

"What is it, then?"

"I can tell you," said he, rising up in his bed, his eyes kindling up: "I can tell you. Posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor than for any other act of my life."

Sir, does not this seem inspiration now? If Calhoun, the originator of this conspiracy to dissolve the Union, and to build up the Southern Confederacy, had been executed for his treason, we would have had no rebellion now.

A HARD WIND.—Old Peter H—— lived in a one story wooden house of not very extensive dimensions, and when it was subjected to the force of wind its powers of resistance were insufficient to withstand so great a pressure, and it yielded the point without a struggle; however it was not upset or torn to pieces, but merely moved a few rods. In the course of the journey, the stove was upset and the fire was spilled out, and the danger of conflagration was imminent. Old Peter was too much excited to notice the removal of his house, and seeing the necessity of immediately applying water to the burning embers of the floor, he seized a bucket and darted out behind the house, when great was his astonishment to find all traces of his well obliterated. After looking in blank astonishment a moment he called to his wife: "Sarah, I'll be blamed if the wind hain't blown the well clear out of the lot! There is not so much as a stone left!"

☞ A pail of milk often drinks as much water as a cow.

Man and the Monkey.

It is true that no man can stand before a cage of monkies, or see a cleverly trained one in the street without an awkward feeling of possible relationship. The imitation is too close to be agreeable. But when a careful comparison is made, this feeling vanishes There is a wide difference between the highest type of the Caucassian, and the lowest Bushman or Australian; but he that pretends that the lowest human being that walks the earth is a nearer relation to the gorilla than to himself, has not given the subject proper examination. He should go at once to the British Museum, and inspect the *skeleton, and particularly the skull of* the gorilla. It is the head of a beast. Its brains are not one fifth the size of the smallest normal human brain ever exhibited. Its skull is more like that of a tiger than of a human being. With the first look at the naked skeleton all idea of relationship vanishes. It is true that there are other specimens of the monkey tribe, with larger brains in proportion to their size; but there is no resemblance which can give one moment's support to the idea that any ancestor of Homer or Shakspeare was even ever a chimpanzee. Place the skulls of all the varieties of humanity side by side in a descending series, and we find a well marked gradation—an improvement from the lowest to the *highest*, and a degeneration from the highest to the lowest. Now, by the side of the lowest form of a human head, place the highest that ever existed in the dumb races that mimic humanity so execrably, and you have instead of a single step in a gradual series, an immense gulf, which it would require a long chain of gradations to fill. In one you have a man gifted with speech and reason, capable of education and improvement, with *an intellect which can expand until it measures* the stars and invests systems of ethnology; in the other a brute, which can never be capable of speech, or reason, or faith; a cunning brute perhaps, but not equal to the dog, or horse, or elephant, either of which would be for us a more respectable relative than the finest specimen of four-handed favorites of the Zoological gardens.—*Temple Bar.*

A MYSTERY OF THE CRISIS.—*Hard Times and Brilliant Displays—Desolation and Death with Luxury, Pampered Fashion, and Wilful Extravagances*.—What holds good in other cities is equally discernible in the State Capital What our contemporaries abroad complain of and are puzzled with, equally arrests our attention and confounds our understanding There are some things in the world, which the wisest cannot fully comprehend or understand, and which it is difficult to solve by any recognized mode of reasoning or rule of ciphering Harrisburg at the present time presents one of those anomalies in view of the prevalence of the war, the exorbitant prices charged for everything eatable or wearable, in the scarcity of labor, all taken in connection with the expenditure that seems to pervade every class of society. The streets never made a finer exhibition of well dressed women, and it only needs a pleasant afternoon to draw them forth. The markets were never better supplied, and even the high prices charged do not seem in the least to decrease the patronage bestowed upon them.

Silks of the costliest character, and dress goods of the most valuable fabrics are to be found in the public promenades, and produce at the highest price goes home for daily consumption Fuel ranges at exorbitant rates. Labor remains at figures that are comparatively low, yet, this apparently unwarranted extravagance continues from day to day, without any evidence of cessation.

In the meantime, everything is taxed. The check by which a man draws his money, the note on which he loans it, the protest which signifies its non-payment. He contributes to the revenue on every telegraphic despatch he sends to enquire as to the health of a sick relative, and pays additional if he takes a seat in the cars to visit one he may never behold again He pays for the stamp which must be affixed to the deed which conveys to him purchased property, and is charged an additional tax on the property he has acquired.

Yet in spite of all this additional taxation, money certainly seems as plentiful in our city as in the most prosperous times. Everybody is well dressed. Every hand, almost, is ornamented, with jewelry—diminds sparkle on bosoms that never before even dreamed of their lustre. One of our principal jewelers states that his sales are larger now than ever before. He also states that his information from those with whom he deals in New York and Philadelphia, is that the sales of diminds and other precious stones had been larger in those cities, than at any previous season.—He could not account for it in no other manner than that army contractors or employees, formerly of limited means, had acquired such wealth in Government transactions that they were setting up on an extensive scale, and beginning life in a magnificent style.

So we go. War is a source of aggrandizement to some, while to others it is a leveler whose approaches cannot be withstood.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

James A. Stone, a private in Edgraton's Battery, 1st Reg. O. V. A., died of fever on the 26th of Oct. last.

"Jimmy Stone" was born and raised a slave in Kentucky. Thirteen years ago he ran away from his master and found the precarious freedom which the infamous Fugitive Slave Law has of late years, allowed the poor fugitive in Ohio. A mason by trade, he found work and a home in Oberlin He leaves here a wife and five children, with a little home, partly paid for by his own savings during the struggling years of his freedom. He belonged to the white slaves of the South. Hundreds who knew him never dreamed that African blood coursed in his veins. Many of those who were aware that he was tainted by remote ancestry from the outcast race, never *suspected that he had been a slave*. Nor was it known to his comrades in arms. Why should they know it! There was nothing in manner of appearance to excite suspicion—But a soldier of the Union, commanded by his officers and respected by his comrades, it fell to him to re-visit his native state to help to put down the treason begotten by slavery, for aught we know to re visit the very soil that, in the years of his bondage, drank the sweet of his unpaid labor. In that service he gave up his life. One soldier, at least, has been given by the despised, chattel race, to the cause of the Union. Who doubts that thousands of his brethren, blacker though they may be would not fight as well and bravely for their liberties—and *ours*—were they allowed?—*Oberlin (O.) News.*

NOVEL WAY TO CURE A BREACHY HORSE.—A *correspondent of the Iowa Homestead* was out riding the other day with a friend, and observed that one of the horses had a hole in each ear. On inquiring the cause, he learned that it was to keep the horse from jumping. "Why," said he, "a horse don't jump with his ears." "You are mistaken," replied his friend; "a horse jumps as much with his ears as with his feet, and unless he can have free use of his ears he cannot jump. He ties the two ears together and has no more trouble with the horse.

☞ An editor in Minnesota is determined to break up housekeeping and go boarding with his delinquent subscribers the remainder of his life.

Report of the Secretary of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy devotes the larger part of his report to the history of the operations of the navy during the war. Almost every engagement and reconnoissance is described, which although interesting, is not new. When he entered upon his duties in March, 1861, there were but forty two vessels in service. *Government has now afloat* or nearly completed four hundred and twenty seven vessels, of which one hundred and twenty-three have been constructed, carrying in all 3,268 guns. Mr. Wells claims success in his blockading service, the most formidable one ever undertaken by any *Government*. He believes that Southern ports will be in our possession at an early day, and thus relieve the vessels for other duties. Mr. Wells declares himself in favor of League Island as a *naval station*, as in the matter of fresh water for the laying up in ordinary, our iron clads, it possesses superior facilities to New London. The committee appointed to inspect the sites reported, four to two, in favor of New Landon, but Mr Wells deems League Island the better place, and unless Congress should otherwise direct, proposes to accept it for the purposes. He is also in favor of the establishment of Government Iron Works, as private establishments are unable to furnish the large quantities required. He advises continual constructions of new vessels as a reserve naval force, ready for all emergencies. The Secretary regards the fitting out of the *Alabama* or 290, as a breach of English neutrality, and thinks the British government might well be called on by our authorities to make up the losses which our merchants have suffered. The report is exceedingly lengthy, and the abstract we have given hardly deserves the name. The statistics show that Mr. Wells has infused great energy and activity into this department, and bids fair to raise the nation to the first rank of naval powers.

A HINT TO UNMARRIED TOBACCO USERS.—A paper having started the inquiry, with alarm, "how is it that there are so many nice young girls in our community unmarried, and likely to remain so?" is answered by the Phrenological Journal in one word—Tobacco In old times, when you could approach a young man within whispering distance without being presented by his breath, he used—when his day's work was over—to spend his evenings with some good girls or girls, either around the family hearth, or in some pleasant walks, or at some innocent place of amusement. The young man of the present day takes his solitary pipe, and puffs away all his vitality, until he is as stupid as an oyster, and then he goes to some saloon to quench the thirst created by smoking, and sheds crocidile tears every time his stockings are out at the toes, that "the girls now a-days are so extravagant, a fellow cannot afford to get married" Nine young men out of ten deliberately give up respectable female society to indulge the solitary, enervating habit of smoking, until their broken-down *constitutions clamor for careful nursing*; then they cooly ask some nice young girl to exchange her health, strength, beauty and unimpaired intellect for their sallow face, tainted blood and breath, and irritable temper and mental imbecility. Women may well hate smoking and smokers. We have known the most gentle and refined men grow harsh in temper and uncleanly in their personal habits under the thraldom of a tyranny which they had not love nor respect enough for women to break through.

IT PAYS TO TAKE THE PAPERS.—A capital story is told of an old farmer in the northern part of the county, who had been "saving up" to take up a mortgage of $2,000 held against him by a man nearer the seashore.—The farmer had saved up all the money in gold, fearing to trust the banks in these war times. Week before last, he lugged down his gold and paid it over, when the following colloquy ensued:

"*Why, you don't mean to give this $2,000* in gold do you?" said the lender.

"Yes, certainly" said the farmer, "I was afraid of the pesky banks, and so I've been saving up the money, in yellow boys for this long time"

"All right," respouded the lender "only I thought you didn't take the papers, that's all"

"Take the papers! No, sir not I. They have gone on so since the war's been agoing that I won't have one of the d——lish things about. But the money is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, all right. $2000 in gold. All right, here's your note and mortgage."

And well might he have called it all right, as the premium on gold that day was 22 per cent., and his gold was not only worth the face of the bond, but $440 besides, enough *to have paid for his village newspaper for* himself and posterity for at least three centuries. It pays to take the papers.—*Norwalk Gazette.*

THE LAST OF THE BYRONS.—The dullness of London at this season of the year, has been relieved for the day by a strange glimpse into the romance of the peerage. Last week there died at Brighton, at the early age of twenty seven, Byron Noel, Baron of Ockham and Wentworth. The heir of a large fortune, the grandson and last direct representative of the greatest of English poets, the young peer had—so the world might have judged—a brilliant career before him. He was the son of Ada Byron, the poet's only daughter, and this is almost all that is known of him positively. For some cause unknown, and only faintly surmised, the young Baron never assumed his rank, never took his seat in the House of Lords, never even made his appearance in the fashionable world. Very early in life he broke off his connection with his family, willingly or not, served on board ship as a common sailor, then supported himself as a hired laborer in a Thames dock yard, and became engaged (if he was not actually married) to a bar-maid in a sailor's public house in Wapping. Then, in the first bloom of his young life, he dies suddenly by hemorrage of the lungs, and the court papers mention his existence after years of silence. The last of the Byrons is dead; and the story of the latest descendant of that strange race is buried in the grave with him.—*London Letter.*

A NEW WRINKLE.—It is becoming quite common in New York to append to marriage notices in the papers. "no cards sent," thus obviating the misunderstanding and offence which would necessarily arise among friends and acquaintances from want of knowledge of the fact, and escaping the responsibility of the omissions and discriminations always incident to the custom.

DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.—Henry McNash, the boy who was thrown into a state of lethargy, from the effects of swallowing a quid of tobacco, on the late trip of the steamer Cottage No. 2, died from the effect of the poison, on Saturday previous, and after working in convulsions for more than a day, a death like lethargy followed, from which he never recovered. The deceased was about sixty years of age, and was about sixteen years of age, and was a most inveterate chewer.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*