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Select Poetry

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Choice Miscellany.

CLARENCE AND PHILIP CRANE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HE KNOWLY WISH

I

was perpetually slipping upon marbles, and treacherous hooks and fishing tackle were wont to entangle themselves in her stockings and feet She invoked no end of storms on his head, and the boy would gather his playthings together and decamp with them; but, the next day, they, or others more troublesome, would be laying about again What provoked Mrs Crane worse than all was, that she could not put Philip out of temper When she attacked him with passionate anger, he replied by a laugh and a merry word, sometimes an impertinent one, for, if the truth must be avowed, Philip was not always deferent towards his step-mother She had the ear of their father, not they; and she got the children put to school Millicent was eighteen and Philip sixteen before they returned home, and then Mr. Crane was dead, and the money, which ought to have been theirs, was left to the widow for her life, and to them afterwards —and she but twelve or fourteen years older than they were. Mrs. Crane was charged to pay them £50 each, during her life; an additional fifty to Philip until he attained the age of twenty one, then to cease; and Millicent was to have her home with her step-mother, unless removed from it by marriage.

"It's a wicked will," burst forth Philip, in the height of his indignation; "my father must have lost his senses before he made such"

"We must make the best of it, Philip," whispered his gentle sister, soothingly; "it is done, and there is no remedy You shall have my £50 as well as your own. I shall not want it"

"Don't talk nonsense, Millicent," returned the boy "You'll want your £50 for clothes and pocket money; do not flatter yourself that deceitful old crocodile will furnish them? And if she did, do you think I would take the paltry pittance from you?"

Philip said he would go to sea, but Millicent cried and sobbed, and entreated that he would not, for she possessed a dread of a sea life, in digeons in many women; and Philip, who loved her dearly, yielded to her Then he said he would go into the army; but where was his commission to come from? Mrs Crane declined to furnish funds for it At length an old friend of his father's obtained for him an admission into one of the London banking houses He was then seventeen; but he was not to expect a salary for ever so long a period after admission, and his £100 a year was all he had to keep him, in every way Enough, too! as Mrs. Crane said, and as many others may say. Yes, amply enough; when a young man has the moral strength to resist expensive temptations, but very little to encounter those which bubble up in the vortex of London life From five o'clock in the evening, about which hour he left business, was Philip Crane his own master, without a home, save his solitary lodgings, and without relatives. Friends (as they are so called) he made for himself, but they were friends that he had better have been without; for they were mostly young men of expensive habits, and of means superior to his As the years went on, debt came; embarrassment came; despair came; and, in an evil hour, it was on his twenty second birth day, Philip Crane took what did not belong to him, and detection followed Hence the letter which the reader has seen addressed to Mrs Crane by the firm, in which they gave vent to the fullness of their indignation.

Millicent sat with her eyes and thoughts concentrated on the letter; and a slow conviction of its truth came to her "Oh Philip! Philip!" she wailed forth, "anything but this! I would have worked to save you from dishonor—I would have died to save you from crime Mrs Crane! mamma! what he has taken must be instantly replaced"

"Not by me," was the harsh reply "You will never find me offering a premium for theft He deserves punishment, and I trust he will meet it. If he attempts to come here, I shall assuredly give him up to justice"

Millicent did not answer, did not remonstrate, but sat with her head bowed in her clasped hands She knew how resolute was Mrs Crane, where her dislike was concerned, and she knew, now, that she hated Philip: she had long suspected it A knock at the house door aroused Millicent

"Mamma," she exclaimed starting up, "that is Mr Crauford He must be told this Perhaps—when he knows—he will not—I am going up stairs," she added, more hurriedly, as she heard a servant advancing to admit the visitor "Do you tell him"

How many phases of thought pass through the mind in an instant of time! In the interval of Millicent's escaping from the room, and Mr Crauford's entrance to it, Mrs Crane had run the matter with herself and taken her resolution. She would not tell Mr Crauford. He was on the point (within a few months, for it was to be in spring) of marriage with Millicent; she desired the latter to be married with all her heart and wish, and certainly she would not give information, of any kind, which might tend to stop that marriage Mrs. Crane was a vain woman, fond of admiration, her head had latterly been running on the possibility of a second marriage, and she wanted Millicent gone, that hers If and her movements might be left without encumbrance

Mr Crauford entered, a gentlemanly man of about thirty His manners were pleasing, and his countenance was handsome, but its chief expression was that of resolute pride. He was in business with his father, a flourishing manufacturer of the town, and was much attached to Millicent People said how fortunate she had been, what a desirable man he was, and what a good match

He sat with Mrs Crane the whole evening, and took tea with her Millicent never came down Mrs. Crane told him Millicent was not well, and, she believed had retired to rest When he left the house, Millicent came shivering into the parlor, and crept close to the fire, for she was very cold

"Mamma, how is it? What does he say?"

"Millicent," said the elder lady, turning away her face, which was blushing hotly for her untruth, to tell which was not one of Mrs. Crane's frequent faults, "it will make no difference in Mr Crauford's attentions towards you. He must feel the degradation Philip has brought, but he will not visit it on you—upon one condition"

"What condition?" asked Millicent, raising her eyes to her step-mother.

"That you never speak of your brother to him; that you never, directly or indirectly, allude to him in his presence; and should Mr. Crauford, in a moment of forgetfullness, mention Philip's name before you, that you will not notice it, but turn the conversation to another subject."

"And is this restriction to continue after our marriage?" inquired Millicent.

"I know nothing about that. When people are married they soon find out what matters they may, or may not, enter upon with each other. It is enough, Millicent that you observe it for the present"

"It is no difficult restriction," mused Millicent. "For what could I have to say now about Philip that I should wish to talk of to him?"—She laid her head against the side marble of the mantlepiece as she spoke, and a sort of half sigh, half moan escaped her. Mrs. Crane looked at the silent tears trickling down. "And for an ungrateful rake!" she contumptuously uttered.

II.

The weeks went on, several, and, with them, the preparations for Millicent Crane's marriage with Mr. Crauford. For once—rare occurrence! it was a union of love, and Millicent's happiness would have been unclouded but for the agitating suspense she was in about her brother His hiding-place had not been traced, but it was the opinion of the banking firm that he had escaped to America And there they quietly suffered him to remain, for his defalcationhad not been great—not sufficient for them to go to the expense or trouble of tracking him out there Millicent's days were anxious and her nights weary: she loved this brtoher with a lively, enduring love: like as a mother clings to her child; so did Millicent cling to him. She pictured him wandering the earth, homeless, friendless, destitute; overwhelmed with remorse, for *she* knew that an honorable nature, like Philip's, could not commit a crime and then forget it; or she pictured him revelling with companions, sinking deeper into sin, day by day — Before Mr Crauford alone she strove to appear cheerful and happy, not wishing him, after his restriction, to think she dwelt too much on this erring brother

One day, in the beginning of February, she was walking unaccompanied into the town, when a man, dressed loosely in the garb of a sailor, wearing a large, shabby pilot-jacket, and with huge black whiskers, stepped up to her and put a note into her hand without speaking, touched his hat and disappeared down a side-street. Millicent, much surprised, stared after the man and opened it

"MY DEAR SISTER,—Come to me this evening at dusk, if you can do so without suspicion at home I have been days on the watch, and have not been able to get speech of you I am now writing this, hoping to give it you, if not to day, some other Be very cautious, the police are no doubt on the look-out for me here, as they have been in London I am at 24, Port street: the house is mean and low, and you must come up to the top story, and enter the door on your right hand Will you dare this for my sake?

"P C"

Millicent had unconsciously stood still while she read the note, and her face was turning as white as death So intent was she as not to perceive Mr Crauford, who happened, by ill-luck, to be passing through the street—an unusual part of the town to be in, at that hour of the day He crossed over the road, and touched her on the shoulder, and Millicent, whose head was full of officers of justice looking after Philip, positively screamed in alarm, and crumpled the note up in her hand; and thrust it into her bosom

"What is the matter?" cried Mr Crauford, looking at her in astonishment.

"I thought—I—is it only you?" stammered Millicent

"Only me! Whom did you expect it was?—What has happened Millicent, to drive away your color, like this? What is that letter you have just hidden, with as much terror as if it were a forged banknote?"

"The letter's—nothing," she gasped, her teeth chattering with agitation and fright.

"It must be something," persisted Mr Crauford "I saw a sailor-fellow come up and give it to you Very strange!"

"Indeed it is nothing," repeated Millicent—"nothing that I can tell you"

"Do you want to make me jealous, Millicent?" he asked, in a tone that she might take for either jest or earnest.

"I will tell you all about it sometime!" she said, endeavoring to assume a careless, playful tone, I promise it, Richard"

He left her as she spoke, for he was in pursuit of hasty business; but as he walked on, he pondered over what he had seen, and Millicent's agitation, and repeated to himself that it was "very strange"

Evening came, and Millicent, arrayed in the plainest garb she could muster, a cloth cloak and dark winter bonnet, and making an excuse to Mrs Crane that she was going to spend an hour with some friends who lived near, started forth to meet her brother She knew perfectly well the locality of the street he had mentioned, Port street, but never remembered to have been in it, it was tenanted by the very poor, and partly let out in low lodging houses

As she turned rapidly into it, she saw, by the light of the dim evening, that it was an unwholesome, dirty street, garbage and offal lying about, in company of half-naked children; squalid men were smoking pipes, and women with uncombed hair, tattered clothing, and loud, angry tones, stood by them Millicent drew her black veil tighter over her face as she peered out for No 24

To turn into the house and up the two flights of stairs, was the work of a moment Peeping out of the door indicated, and holding a light in his hand, was the same man who had given her the note He retreated into the room before Millicent, and held the door open for her She stood in hesitation.

"Millicent, don't you know me?" he whispered, pulling her in and bolting the door behind her And whilst she was thinking that it could not be Philip, she saw that it was. For one single instant he took off the black curls, like a sailor's, and the false black whiskers; and his own auburn hair, his fair face, with its open gay expression and its fresh color, appeared to view

"Oh Philip? Philip!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "that it should come to this."

He sat down beside her and told her all.—How the temptations of his London life had overwhelmed him, its embarrassments had drowned his reason and his honor, and, in a fatal moment of despair, he had taken a banknote which he could not replace. Not for an hour since had he known peace, and had it not been for the disgrace to *her* of having her only brother at the felon's bar, he should have twenty times over give himself up to justice. He had been in hiding ever since, in poverty, and was now in scanty clothing, for his clothes, what few he had brought with him when he took flight, had gone article after article to procure food. He had made up his mind to leave the country for Australia, if Millicent could help him with the passage-money, the less amount that the lowest passenger could be conveyed for, and clothe him with a few necessaries for the voyage

"I would not ask it, Millicent," he said, "for I do not deserve help from you; I would not, on my word of honor, but that that country holds out a hope of my redeeming what I have done; and for your sake, if not for my own, I would endeavor to redeem the past and atone for it, for I well know the severe trial this has been to you. Large fortunes are made there by the cultivation of land—don't look incredulous, and stop me, Millicent, they *are* If I can gain money, my first step shall be to refund what I took, and perhaps in time, it may be—in time, Millicent—you may acknowledge a brother again. Should this luck not be mine, I can at least work honestly for the bread I eat, work and rough it—and I have had enouggh of crime. Here work is denied me, for I may not show myself in the face of day"

Millicent, good, forgiving and full of love, promised, with alacrity, all he wished. She had not the money at command, but determined to procure it. After her own wants were supplied out of her yearly 50l. she had always forwarded the remainder to Philip, and latterly her spare cash had been spent in making preparations for her wedding.

"I will come here to-morrow evening, Philip," she said, "and bring what I can with me that you may be getting some clothes together. I will get you all in a few days. Is—is there nowhere else where we could meet instead of here?"

"Of course there's not," he answered. "It will not do for us to be seen meeting in the street, lest the officers catch the scent. Nothing will harm you here, my darling sister.—If the house is poor, it is honest; and the way to it, though filthy with poverty, is not depraved"

"No, no, there's nothing to harm me," she pleasantly acquiesced "I will be here again to-morrow night, Philip."

The next evening circumstances appeared to favor Millicent She was invited, without Mrs. Crane, to take tea at a friend's house, and nothing would be easier, she thought than to go out ostensibly to pay the visit, and run first to Philip. So she attired herself in the same dark cloak and bonnet, and when ready went in to say adieu to Mrs Crane

"You are going very early!" exclaimed the latter "And what a dowdy you have made of yourself, Millicent! I thought that old coal-scuttle of a bonnet was discarded last winter."

"It is raining fast, mamma."

"Is it? I hope you have got your dress up. Where's Nancy?"

They went out together, Miss Crane and Nancy Soon Millicent dismissed the latter, saying she wished to proceed alone, but that Nancy need not mention this to her mistress. The girl promised; she was pleased to have an hour for herself, and went gossiping off to some of her acquaintances, and she thought her young lady was going to steal a walk with Mr Crauford

Millicent walked swiftly, heedless of the dirt and the rain It was a windy night, and as she was turning the corner of the alley, which led from the broad, lighted street to Port street, her umbrella, a light one, turned inside out. So Millicent had to make a stand there, and battle with it

On the other side of the wide street, picking his way, that he might not soil, more than necessary, his evening boots, was advancing a gentleman, likewise under cover of an umbrella.—He glanced at the figure opposite, struggling and fighting with hers, and a smile at her efforts came to her eyes and his lips; but it was speedily superseded by astonishment, for as the figure threw its face upwards, in the contest with this obstinate umbrella, the rays of a street gas lamp fell on it, and discovered the features of his own betrothed wife It was Richard Crauford.

Millicent and the umbrella disappeared down the alley, and Mr Crauford, after a short mental debate, strode after her. He traced her into Port street, and he saw her enter the house No. 24 Mr Crauford, his senses turned upside down with wonder and perplexity, took his standing within the entrance door of one opposite, and watched.

It was half an hour before she came out, and she went quickly up the street in the rain, without putting up her umbrella, fearful perhaps of another collision with the wind. Mr Crauford came from his hiding place, and kept her in view till she was knocking, heated and out of breath, at the house of their friends, where he had likewise an invitation He went up, as she stood there waiting for admission, but he said nothing of what he had seen, not a word; he had resolved to watch her future movements and pursue the matter up. But he was pointedly cool to Millicent, and did not see her home in the evening. He was a proud, vain man, and to have any doubt or suspicion cast upon his future wife, was to his spirit bitter as wormwood And yet to doubt Millicent Crane!—open, honorable, right minded Millicent Crane! Mr Crauford was sorely perplexed, and worried himself on his sleepless bed that night

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Peep into a Washington Hell.

Having heard much of the magnificence and grandeur of the Metropolitan gambling houses, I, with several Cleveland friends, paid one a visit the other night The entrance was through a narrow, lighted way, opening from the Avenue, just east of the National. A pair of stairs at the further end of the hall brings you abruptly against a small door, fastened on the inside; a colored man looks through a latticed pannel, to see that all is right If he discovers a well known customer or a frequent visitor of such places, the whole party is admitted; on the principle of course "that a person is known by the company he keeps" Gamblers understand human nature better than anybody else, and they know this old adage is as true in hell as it is out We were admitted first into a room beautifully carpeted, fresco painted, with chairs, sofas, lounges, &c., of rosewood, a large centre table, on which were the leading newspapers of the country, and around which sat several well dressed gentlemen, leisurely reading and discussing the news of the day. This was but the half of a double parlor; the reception room, or as Milton would say, "the vestibule of hell.

Our guide, who was a well known Washington gentleman, introduced us to the keeper of the establishment, telling him that we had never been in such a place before, and were led by curiosity to explore his infernal domains. He appeared highly delighted, and immediately opened up the "inner temple," we entered and found the half had not been told us—a chandalier costing from three to four hundred dollars, brilliantly lit up, flung its glittering rays on gold papered walls, satin damask curtains, sofas, &c. In the centre, and near one end of the room, stood a long six-legged table, with carved limbs and lion paws, covered with a richly embroidered spread, falling in folds nearly to the floor; on the wall over this table hung a massive gilt frame, and large as life a huge crouching tiger, with eyes of glaring fire, lips apart, and apparently ready for a spring upon his unsuspecting victim The cloth being removed from the table beneath, revealed a "Faro Bank," with all the implements of that well known fascinating game—chips, ivory chips, representing $1. $5, $25, $250 each, lay piled up in one corner, for the convenience of the betters; in a strong box beneath lay piles of bank bills and heaps of double eagles for the redemption of these ivory issues

It was early in the evening, and the players had not got in. The keeper entertained us with tales of the table—how foolishly young men came there as we had, out of curiosity, and were induced to "try their luck" out of curiosity, which generally left them out of cash, out of character, and out of friends; in the end. We proposed leaving, when he politely invited us to stay to supper; he showed us his bill of fare, which included soup, roast beef, oysters in all styles; ducks, venison, quail, fish, chocolate, coffee, nuts, and all the wines and liquors to be found in the best restaurants. Whoever is admitted to the room, either as players or spectators, are also admitted to these suppers *free of charge*; don't gamblers understand human nature? The keeper was impatient to have the house organized, so members could draw their mileage and make his business better (!) This is but one of the many such institutions in this city, and the Tiger is bound to be fed though the people starve —*Plain Dealer.*

VESSEL FIRED AT —It will be seen by reference to the ship news, that the American ship Liberty, on her voyage from New Orleans, was when off Matanzas, fired into without provocation, very probably under some misconception, by a brig pierced for ten guns, which bore the Spanish flag.—*N. Y. Journal of Com.*

BEAUTY.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Why look all men upon me so
With passing glances, or full-eyed stare?
In field or town, where'er I go,
I pay the price of being fair!
Yet not myself, their eyes admire
'Tis but the spirit's frail attire.
The peach's bloom, which soon departs,
That stirs their fancies—not their hearts!

The sweet red rose is fair to view!
The bending lily's snowwhite breast,
The timid violet's eyes of blue,
Like children's opening from their rest!
The heaven that watches morning break
And blushes like a woman's cheek!
Day's glorious sun—the stars of night—
These give me deep and pure delight.

To gaze on beauty ne'er impels
Through burning veins, my quickened blood
My tranquil bosom never swells
Before the loveliest works of God!
I feel my nature purified,
Ennobled, calmed—not flushed with pride,
For, what, compared with those I see,
Are all the charms adorning me?

Why cannot nobler feelings move
Men's lengthened view and passionate eyes
Not manly reverence nor love.
For love due honor ne'er denies,
Is always in their looks expressed,
Broad admiration, coarsely dressed
And lust—that dares his eyes to raise!
These, these too often wound my gaze.

NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1856.

A limner when he paints the "human face divine" always makes the best of the *beauty spot*. So when we write of this young and growing hopeful of the Western Continent, New York, we like to paint its beauty spot, Broadway, in its best colors, and in all its varied phases, for the amusement of the present, and the instruction of the future. Even its every day localities, and its kaleidoscope crowds have their own peculiar romance and sentiment, which the hurrying passer-by would never observe were there not some "picker up of trifles" to jot them down and preserve them. Some day—it may be a century hence—these trifles will be consecrated by time and history, and the antiquities of Broadway will possess as much interest as those of the Acropolis of Athens or the Forum of the Eternal city. We have seen some symptoms in the pages of our rising rivals "down East" and in the precocious West, which lead us to think that they are growing jealous, and, it may be, nauseated by overdoses of Broadway. They are beginning to assert the claims of their own beautiful Avenues, and spreading thoroughfares, and to hand up their daguerreotypes along side of our riper beauty, as though their young and straggling minxes could dispute the palm of beauty with the belles of the metropolis. Well, they have their good points doubtless, and time will bring them the rich charms of maturer years, but they have't the ever varying clouds and sunlight, the rare experiences and commerce of the world, the diamonds, and laces, and range which bring out the graces of our city avenue. And yet it is not all sunlight, and beauty, and peace on Broadway There are dark days, and storms, and deformity, and peril, even here. Death stalks by the side of life and health, and every hour could point to some event where the hand of Providence is stretched out to spare and save from destruction. Very few who tread the pave know what dread accident has preceded their path but a few minutes before. The crossing of a street is almost as perilous as a charge of infantry. A day of wind and storm brings down a load of bricks along the street from the weather beaten chimneys to the sidewalk. The tall flagstaffs topple from their frail fastenings on the crushed heads of the thoughtless mortals, an awning blows down and its heavy iron posts mutilate all who are caught among its folds, a rain storm succeeds a heavy snow, and the mass of solid ice sides every minute from the slated roofs and demolishes umbrellas and beavers. A vault hole is carelessly left open, and some absent minded philosopher, goes down below like the ghost in Hamlet. Nor are these all. Bright eyes are on the hunt for hearts, whited sepulchres stud the way, fairy palaces of sin tempt the unwary, the false glitter of gold and jewels dazzles but to lead astray, and Satan promenades Broadway in daily and never failing triumph. How many hopes have here first been sapped? How much innocence has here first soiled its snowy robes. Sorrow's rank weeds spring eternally among its flowers, death's mourners pass in never ending trains, and every stone of this beautiful Hades is the trodden memento of some good intention.

There! Messieurs of the fields and hills! we have supped you with the horrors of truth to make amends for the surfeit of fancy's charms.

And yet—and yet—Broadway is the world! the battery without whose acid, corroding though it be, the wires of our lands life would scarce vibrate. We must still, now and then, hang our yarns to its folds.

New Year's day has passed. The gentlemen have duly made their Tuesday calls and the ladies their Wednesday returns. The uptown parlors welcomed the broadcloth greetings, and the dingy down town offices gloved with unwonted smiles, and now we all return to the sharp angularities of business. The line of beauty must be varied by the right angle and the square, and music and poetry must give place to the ledger, else the landlord and the grocer would cease to believe in the doctrine of compensations.

By the way, this doctrine of compensations, when applied to political economy is a tough nut to crack. We have some statistics in this connection upon which to string a question or two. We find in a city daily the fact recorded that during the year 1855 this ever-craving giant Gotham consumes the enormous amount of 176,000,000 pounds of beef. In return for the beef we have given the country candy—comprehending under the trade candy all the finery of silks, satins, jewelry, teas, sugars, wines, imports generally—all as much superfluities as candy is. (It is true the calico and broadcloth, are necessary as garments, but the linsey-woolsey and hom espun of our ancestors would be sufficient as mere necessaries, without the print and the polish of the foreign manufacturer.) Our South are cotton goes to Europe to receive the aforesaid print and polish, and comes back to us manufactured, and our California gold goes after it merely to pay for the process. The quarter portion of the aforesaid beef is used in feeding the army of merchants, clerks, cartmen and laborers who aid in keeping an account of, and handling the aforesaid cotton, and who form the bulk of our population. Now the questions are, would not this cotton be just as good cotton, if it were to be "put through the mill" on some of the splendid lakes and streams on this side of the Atlantic, and would not the gold ring as truly by staying at home? Would not the pale clerk and his family be healthier and happier in some quiet village, and would not the great army of middle men, such as merchants, clerks, &c., become more useful as the producers and manufacturers of the interior? Would not a dozen manufacturing communities be better than one large festering sore such as a city? and had not this great mess of beef eators better meet their breakfast half way on their journey? They would taste better and cost less *Quem Sabe?* Who shall decide? ERIE.

From the Detroit Advertiser.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We do the printers the justice to say that we have never known, in our long experience, an instance in which they have violated the confidence of their vocation in regard to official or other documents. It is a point of honor with them to guard their trust, and we believe that, so far as investigation has been made into delinquencies of the kind, it has been satisfactorily shown that other parties than the printers have been accountable for the occasional premature disclosures that have been made of the Message and other documents. We would entrust them to our compositors at any time with an assurance that they would not be improperly divulged.—*National Intelligencer.*

It was on a clear, cold moonlight evening of November 184—, that the special messengers of the Post Office Department, selected to take charge of copies of the President's Message and to convey them in advance to the principal cities of the Union, were notified that the document was ready We had been many days awaiting the order to start, and nothing but the undetermined condition of the precious document we were to convey, which arose from the frequent alterations rendered necessary by circumstances, had kept the forms open and the printers and messengers impatient The time had now come when the President felt the necessity of terminating this suspense, and right glad were we all to receive our marching orders

Seizing our empty carpet bags, and presenting ourselves at the locked and guarded doors of the Republic office, each one reported himself ready for the route. There were some twenty of us all, young, thoughtless and gay, and the expedition promised to yield more of pleasure than of toil, notwithstanding the season and the necessarily break-neck rate at which we were to travel, might have deterred older and more cautious men.

We were shown into a large room, surrounded by tables, and odorous of gas, printer's ink and damp paper. Mr G———n, then the public printer, was there to superintend the processes of folding, sealing and delivering the copies of the Message, the gas-jets were flaming furiously, and as the door was closed and locked behind us, it seemed as if some mystic rite, only to be celebrated in an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke and flame, was about being consumated Our names were called and compared with the list furnished by the Department, and we were about proceeding to the work of the night, when an announcement from the White House where the President and his Cabinet were in close conclave, put a stop to our progress. It was a request for the presence of certain named gentlemen among us, at the Council Chamber Two of us stepped into the carriole of the Department and were soon whirling round the broad carriage sweep in front of the Presidential Mansion As we drew up under the lofty portico, the door was thrown open, and the old porter, with an air of deep mystery said in a whisper: "Right up stairs, gentlemen; they're at it." It might have been a murder or a dissection, so solemn and ominous was the manner of the speaker, and of the bare-headed, deferential looking persons whom we met upon the stairs and in the long passages.

It is not a cheerful building, at best, the residence of our Chief Magistrate, and now, with its dim lights, paling before the silver moonbeams that gushed in at the windows, and spread them over the dusky carpets in a broad flood of radiance; with the stealthy footfall of servants in the corridors, and the occasional muffled bang of a door remote, which echoed through the ill furnished house, the old mansion seemed doubly gloomy and its dank atmosphere polluted by politics, and musty with reminiscences of by-gone days, when Jacksons ruled and Van Burens smiled, seemed heavy and difficult to breath. Once, while we were waiting, twirling our traveling caps and trying to make ourselves believe that we *felt* entirely at ease, there was an unearthly snort, which startled us from our brave attitudes. On examination, the sound was proved to have emanated from a figure ensconced in a distant corner, where the gloom lowered about him like oblivion We could just discern an antique, leather cushioned chair, with brass nails, which glittered around a spot that we took for a face On nearer approach, for we became emboldened by the non-repetition of the sound, we discovered a red spot, which we then knew as a nose, and which, relieved against the square yellow countenance, reminded us of nothing so much as the bread seal on a government envelope; it appeared as if the only thing wanting to send this curious antiquity free, through the mails were the words "On Public Service" printed across the upper edge—perhaps they were already there —the darkness prevented our determining the fact. The figure never moved or uttered another sound, and we left it where we found it, uncertain as to its character, attributes or value. Perhaps it was some ancient office seeker, perhaps one of the principles of '98: it was musty enough and obscure enough for either The virdigris covered statue of Jefferson in the yard was not more pitably non-resistant.

At last the library door opened; the President and his cabinet were seated at a round table and gaily rubbing his hands as we entered, the Postmaster General rose from his chair, smiled as he handed us the memorandum of the last alteration, and bidding us God speed and a safe journey, he politely signified that the interview was at an end. We breathed more freely as we emerged from the haunted precincts, and mounting the carriole drove rapidly away.

Our absence had been prolonged an hour or more, and we found on our return, that our companions had taken advantage of the oppostunity to snatch a little sleep, and as we entered the room we beheld the others of the corps of messengers, stretched out upon the tables, their heads pillowed upon carpet bags, and sleeping soundly, obviously and stertorously. In the next apartment the presses, grim engines of enlightenment, reposed also, and from below we could catch the manotonous whirl of the balance wheel as it revolved, and the occasional hiss of the steam escaping from the cylinder. It was now getting late, the streets were still, and, save by an occasional individual, whose hurried step and muffled form told that the air was keen and nipping, deserted.

The forms were soon unlocked, the necessary alterations made, at the word from Mr. G. the steam engine was connected with the presses, and the work of printing the message commenced. The little circle was now enlarged by the presence of the second assistant Postmaster General, a man beloved and respected by all who knew him, the generous, genial F——z, H. W. He had come to see "his boys" off, as he said, and to furnish them with the necessary funds and commissions, which were to ensure to them respect, assistance and despatch from mail contractors and their agents

Rapidly as the press could throw off the sheets, they were counted, folded and envelored. The huge sticks of wax flickering, smoked and melted away, as the great seal of the Department was brought into requisition, and the air soon became impregnated with orders unearthly and diabolical. Toiling there, in that pandemonium atmosphere, our coats off, our hair dishevelled and the perspiration coursing down our ruddy cheeks, a stranger might have taken us for a gang of printers' devils busy at some horrid incantation, or casting magic bullets for some charmed shooting stick As we toiled on, folding the wet sheets, enveloping, sealing the packets, the time was beguiled by stories of mail robberies and detections from the clerks of the depredation bureau; of droll letters found down "among the dead men," by the youths from that office, and of attempts made in former days, to obtain the message by stealth, told by the public printer. How on one occasion the gigantic and great hearted R——s, coming to his office on a Sunday morning, found an agent of a New York paper emerging from a back window, with a copy of the recently printed document in his hand. How the giant was moved to anger in every fibre of his system, and how, raising his elephantine foot, he by masterly and uninterrupted strokes compelled that luckless wight to acknowledge the force of retributive justice and to beg for mercy from chastising wrath. Thus the time was whiled away, and as the heavy boom of the church clock sounding one, echoed through the silent streets, and among the grim, ghostly public buildings, so calm and solemn in the cold moonlight, our carpet bags were packed, and we sallied forth into the deserted city. Then we parted, some for a journey of weeks, far off into the regions of the cotton and sugar plantations; some for the snowy hills of the distant north; some for the sparsely settled districts of the West, and some for the densely populated neighborhoods and cheerful villages of New England and New York

Before sunrise the following morning, several hundred copies of the message were on their way to the remotest parts of the country, confided to the hands of young men, many of them without any particular stake in society—save their good names, and to most of whom such a sum of money, as we know to have been offered for a copy of the message, would have been a fortune Yet the sacredness of the trust confided to them was respected, and save in the instance of two of the messengers, the parcels were all delivered, unopened, into the hands of the respective Postmasters, to whom they were addressed Of these two, one gentleman becoming involved in the intricacies of southwestern mail routes, lost his way and did not turn up until a fortnight after the opening of Congress The other, poor, fainthearted creature, found himself one evening alone in a cutter, with a snow storm coming up, somewhere in Maine.

He got back to Washington alive, and reported to the Department, that rather being out for full two hours in the most inhospitable night he ever experienced, he was compelled to draw up at an opportune road side inn, where he recruited his exhausted energies," and whence he returned without accomplishing his mission. But the "inhospitality" of that night was his undoing. He never again asked for special service, but finally resigned under the constant quizzing to which he was subjected, and died shortly after, of some acute disease.

Young, the Pirate.

Charles B Young, whose piratical doings in the Gulf of Lower California, have been chronicled of late, and who promises to become, in case his career is not checked, as terrible as Morgan ever was, was formerly a lieutenant in company "A" of Colonel Stephenson's regiment of New York Volunteers, in which capacity he came to California in 1847 He was stationed at La Paz, in Lower California, with his company during the war, and gained there a reputation for his bravery, while, at the same time, he was detested for his acts of theivery and meanness. Since then he has been engaged in a variety of things

He went from here, two years ago, to Sonora, with letters of introduction and recommendation to Governor Gandara, from Bishop Allemany, the Mexican Consul, and a number of other prominent persons, and there acted as a spy upon the Americans, causing the arrest and imprisonment of a number of them at Mazatlan.

He has been once imprisoned himself, at Mazatlan, for stealing, and was once sent to the mines and set to work with a ball and chain to his leg, as a convict He managed, however to escape, and came to Upper California. He is one of the most plausible men living; and although having a wife living in Brooklyn, he was engaged to be married in 1849, to a daughter of Senor Pacheco, a wealthy ranchero, living in what is known as, "Pacheco Pass," in whose confidence he ingraciated himself By some means, however, Pacheco was informed that he was a married man, and broke the match Once before he had endeavored to marry a young girl at La Paz During the time he was in the regiment he was guilty of a great number of larcenies, from the disgrace and punishment of which he escaped. He speaks Spanish like a native, is a fine looking, bold, dashing fellow, as brave as a lion, and without any conscience to trouble him for his evil deeds

An interesting scrap in his history is that he was once a member of the Society of Shakers, at New Lebanon, New York, but was obliged to leave on account of being discovered in stealing some of the funds.

It is said that after his last [illegible] from La Paz, he shipped on board of a [illegible] at Magdalena Bay.—*Alta California.*

REFRESHINGLY COOL.—A [illegible] on a New England road was sent [illegible] President or Superintendent of the road one day, and rather summarily informed that after that week the company would not require his services.—He asked who was to be his successor, and the name was given him. He then asked why he was to be removed. After pressing the question some time, and failing to obtain a satisfactory explanation, a little light dawned upon him, and he addressed his superior officer nearly as follows: "You are making a great mistake, Sir, a great mistake. You know, Sir, I have a nice house, a fast horse, a splendid gold watch, and an elegant diamond ring The fellow you have chosen to take my place has got to get all these things." It is said the argument was conclusive, and the conductor was allowed to retain his position.

A FEMALE ROBBER.—A Miss Hume, of Williamsburg, Indiana, was on trial last week at Indianapolis, on a charge of robbing the United States mail.

"John, what is a gentleman?"

"Stub-toe boots, long-tailed coat, and a high shirt collar, sir."