The South-Western.

VOL. VII. | SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1859. | No. 33.

TERMS.

The South-Western is published weekly at Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—four dollars if not paid at the time of subscribing. Persons wishing to discontinue must give two weeks' notice. No paper stopped, except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequen one. Ten lines, or less, constitute a square. Liberal deductions made to those who advertise by the year.

J. P. BENJAMIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 49 Canal street, New Orleans. Will also practice in the supreme court of the United States, Washington.

C. ROSELIUS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Custom-house street, New Orleans.

G. L. KOUNS & BROS.,
COMMISSION, RECEIVING & FORWARDING Merchants, No. 2 Front street, (opposite the Canal street ferry.) New Orleans. Particular attention given to filling and shipping orders for Western Produce [illegible] the Levee. Agents Upper Red River Packets, Ela No. [illegible] and Ela No. 2. june9

[illegible] P. J. Weaver, Jr.
WALLACE & WEAVER,
COTTON FACTORS, Commission, Receiving and Forwarding Merchants, No. 62 Carondelet street, New Orleans. oct6

W. A. B. MURRAY.
[illegible] & MURRAY,
(Successors to Shelby, Seymour & Co.)
[illegible] GROCERS and Commission Merchants, [illegible] of Common, New Levee and [illegible] New Orleans. sep18

[illegible] FELLOWES & Co.,
[illegible] COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 149 Common [illegible] New Orleans. july28

[illegible] OLEDANO & TAYLOR,
[illegible] COMMISSION MERCHANTS and Cotton Factors [illegible] of Union and St. Charles streets, N. [illegible] apl4

[illegible] VAN BIBBER & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS, Commission and Forwarding Merchants, 44 Carondelet street, New Orleans. Special personal attention will be paid to all [illegible] consigned to my care, and to the purchase of [illegible] Plantation supplies, Provisions, Western [illegible] apr14

A. D. DONOVAN,
COTTON FACTOR, Commission and Forwarding Merchant, No. 51 Carondelet street, (Union Row,) New Orleans. march17-1y

J. B. VALENTINE & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 51 Common street, New Orleans. Collecting, Receiving and Forwarding, and Planters' orders specially attended to. june2

THOMAS L. WHITE,
No. 105 Canal street, (second door below the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank,) New Orleans,
Bookseller & Stationer,
LAW, Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books, Writing Paper, viz: cap, letter and note. Wrapping paper of various qualities; quills, steel pens, ink, and a general assortment of Blank Books. Country merchants and teachers are requested to call and examine the stock. j26-1y

F. F. FOLGER & CO.,
Hardware, Iron, Ship Chandlery, &c.
New Levee and Tchoupitoulas sts., (between Gravier and Poydras streets,) New Orleans.
Agents for **Straub's Celebrated Queen of the South Corn and Wheat Mills.** my20-1y

TUFTS & COLLEY,
Successors to Neilson, Wardwell & Co.,
Importers of and dealers in Foreign and Domestic
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
Guns, Rifles, Pistols, and
HEAVY GOODS,
of every description, Nos. 7 and 9 Barclay street, opposite the Astor House, New York.
Walter Tufts, Jr.
Chas. Oates Colley. February 9, 1859

TAYLOR & CHURCHILL,
successors to
TAYLOR & HARTT,
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE DEALERS,
29 Magazine street, and 52 and 54 Gravier street, New Orleans.
Refer to...Oglesby & Griswold.
W. W. Smith, Esq.
John Walters, Esq sept 10, 1856*

REMOVAL.
TAYLOR & RADDIN,
Wholesale Dealers in **BOOTS, SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,** have removed from No. 41 Magazine street, to the large and commodious stores Nos. 31 Magazine and 47 Common street.
New Orleans, September 30, 1857-1y

TIRRELL & BATES,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS,
No. 9 Magazine street, New Orleans.
Manufactory, at South Weymouth, Mass. march 12

FURNITURE.
C. FLINT & JONES,
Nos. 41 & 46 Royal street, New Orleans.
Would invite the attention of their friends and the public to their large and well selected stock of **Cabinet Furniture.** Having within the past year greatly enlarged their establishment, they are now enabled to exhibit the best and most varied assortment of Cabinet Furniture ever offered for sale in the south, comprising everything necessary in the furnishing of a dwelling.
In addition to Furniture, we keep for sale Plush, Hair Enameled Cloth, Gimp, Cord, Tassels, Springs, Tacks, Twine, Varnish, Glue, &c.
Spring, Hair and Moss Mattresses, Patent Spring Bed Bottoms, a new and economical invention, Comforts, Spreads, Sheets, Pillow Cases and Musquito Bars.
MIRRORS OF ALL SIZES,
in endless variety; Plain and Checked India Matting. Refrigerators of all kinds, together with Ice Boxes of every size.
Furniture carefully and securely packed for shipment to the interior.
City and country purchasers will always find our stock ready for their inspection, and are cordially invited to visit our store and examine for themselves.
New Orleans, April 14, 1858.

REMOVAL!
D. KELHAM,
FURNITURE STORE,
Has removed from Nos. 43, 45 and 48 Bienville street, to
No. 53 Royal Street,
NEW ORLEANS.
Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Furniture, such as mahogany and [illegible]:

Bedsteads,	Bureaus,
Armoires,	Centre Tables,
Chairs,	Sofa do
Sofas,	Card do
Tete-a-tetes,	Extension Tables,
Easy chairs,	Washstands,
Secretaries,	Book Cases,
Ottomans,	Lounges,
Canopies,	Cribs,

Feathers, looking-glasses, spring, hair and moss mattresses, etc. [april 9, 1858] D. KELHAM.

CARPETING.
J. D. DAMERON & Co.,
34 Canal street, (Touro's Buildings,) New Orleans.
HAVE constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of Velvet Wilton Tapestry Carpeting;
Brussels Tapestry Carpeting;
Three-ply and Ingrain do
Matting, rugs, baizes, door mats;
Stair and hall Carpeting, etc.
Floor Oil Cloth,
from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, which we cut to suit any size room or hall.
Together with window cornices, curtain pins, transparent window blinds, ect. my27-1y

REMOVAL!
FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
Texas street, one door below Edwards, Shreveport.
The undersigned, thankful for past patronage, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his large and well selected stock of Furniture to the spacious brick building recently put up by Messrs. Buckner and Cutliff, and heretofore occupied by Mr. Reynolds, where he is prepared to furnish every article in his line.—Having made arrangements with northern manufacturers for his supplies, he can sell as cheap as any.
All work, such as Cabinet Work, Turning, and Upholstery, done with neatness and despatch, by experienced workmen. [mey12] WM. ENDERS.

SCHMIDT & ZEIGLER,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
175......Old Levee Street......175.
Between Hospital and Barrack streets, New Orleans.
Are daily receiving from Europe and the North the Choicest Liquors, Wines, Brandies and Groceries, to which they call the special attention of families, planters and country merchants.—They pledge themselves to furnish their friends on as favorable terms as any house in the trade in the city. The following comprises only a small portion of their extensive stock:
150 casks Claret Wine;
100 bbls White Wine, (H[illegible] sauterne;)
50 do do do Bar[illegible]
25 quarter casks Alexander Seignette Cognac;
40 eighth do do do;
10 quarter do Louis LeBreton, 1805, Cognac;
10 do do Castillon Cognac;
20 do do John Morris, 1815, Cognac;
40 do do Burgundy Port;
16 do do Old Madeira VP;
60 bbls very old Bourbon Whiskey;
100 bbls New York Brandy and Gin;
50 baskets Champagne, pints and quarts;
300 do Annisette and assorted Coldials;
250 cases Brandy Cherries;
200 do Fruits in brandy, and in their own juice;
20 boxes Swiss Cheese;
500 Limburger Cheeses;
200 kegs Holland Herrings;
150 cases Sardines;
Goshen and Western Butter and Cheese;
Loaf, crushed, powdered and broken Sugar;
Rio, Havana and Java Coffee;
Green and black Teas, of every quality;
Tobacco, candles, soap, spices, pickles, ketchups, sauces, mustard, peppers, preserves, Havana sweetmeats, olives, capers, anchovies, almonds, raisins, figs, prunes, currants, dates, filberts, chesnuts, cranberries, mackerel, salmon, shad, codfish, buckwheat, salad, olive and lard oils, sugar-cured hams, buffalo tongues, family beef, pork, etc., etc., all of the best quality.
Orders from the country punctually and carefully filled. Country merchants and others visiting the city are invited to call at 175 Old Levee street.
march25 SCHMIDT & ZEIGLER.

JOS'H. WATERMAN. CHAS. M. WATERMAN.
J. WATERMAN & BROTHER,
HARDWARE MERCHANTS,
Corner of Common and Magazine streets, New Orleans.
Have on hand and are daily receiving by foreign and domestic arrivals a general assortment of articles, comprising in part as follows:
Hardware, Cutlery, &c.
Iron, Steel, Nails, Rope,
Axes, Chains, Scythes,
Carpenter's Tools, complete,
Cooper's Tools, complete,
Anvils, Vices, Bellows,
Stock and Dies, Screwplates,
Ploughs, Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers,
Agricultural Implements,
Mill, Cross-cut and Pit Saws,
Ox Yokes, Bows, Singletrees,
Turning Lathes,
Platform Scales,
Corn Mills, Cob Crushers
Hoes, Hames, Shovels and Spades,
Andirons, Fenders, Shovels and Tongs,
Copper and Iron Coal Hods,
Single and double barrel Guns,
Coffee Hecins, Chafing Dishes
Chinese Gongs, Iron Bedsteads,
Britannia and Plated Ware,
Meat Cutters, Sausage Stuffers,
Stock Kettles, Portable Forges,
nov 15, 1857 Seines, Fishing Tackle, etc. etc.

Drugs, Medicines, &c.
THE subscriber having recently been supplied with a large and fresh stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, etc., would respectfully notify all country merchants, planters and physicians that every thing in my line will be sold at very small advance for cash, or city acceptances. Below are a few of the articles on hand:

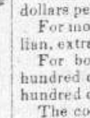
900 ozs sulph: quinine,	300 lbs pow'd rhubarb,
100 " sulph: morphine,	200 lbs ipecac,
100 " strychnine,	500 lbs senna,
100 " nitrate silver,	2000 lbs gum arabic,
15 bbls ref'd camphor,	600 lbs tartaric acid,
100 kegs sup: carb: soda,	300 lbs blue mass,
10 bbls cream tartar,	300 lbs calomel, E.&A.,
20 bbls epsom salts,	1000 lbs indigo,
20 bbls copperas,	2000 lbs madder,
15 bbls castor oil,	50 lbs chloroform,
20 bbls linseed oil,	20 gross seid'z powders
20 bbls spt: turpentine,	20 " yeast "
20 bbls alcohol,	25 " soda "
40 kegs salt petre,	40 gross sugar lemons.

2000 bxs druggists' glassware, patent medicines, perfumery, medicine chests, instruments, etc., etc.
G. N. MORISON, Wholesale Druggist,
dec 27, 1857 12 Magazine st., New Orleans.

Cottage Grove Female Seminary.
Six miles south of Collinsburg,
Bossier Parish, Louisiana.
Mrs. Louisa M. Ricks, - - - - - - - - - - Principal.
Mrs. Louisa M. Doles, - - - - - - - - - - Matron.
Mr. Zac. Doles, - - - - - - - - - - Agent.
Terms per Session of Five Months:

1st Primary Department,	$12 50
2d do do	15 00
1st Academic Department,	20 00
2d do do	25 00
Contingent Fee, for each pupil,	1 00
Music on Piano, Harp, Guitar, Melodian or Violin, each,	25 00
Use of instrument,	5 00
Embroidery, Drawing, Painting, Wax Fruit Flowers, French and Latin, each,	10 00
Boarding, per month $8, per session	40 00

Boarding, payment required one-half in advance, or note to draw interest.
Boys, under twelve years of age, will be received into the school, and when the number shall have reached twenty-five, a competent male teacher will be employed and the boys taught apart from the females.
Pupils will be received at any time, and be charged from the time of entering, yet all will see, at once, that the sooner they enter the better for themselves as the classes will be formed at the commencement and advance steadily all the time.
D. E. DICKSON,
JOSHUA J. LEWIS, } Trustees
D. A. CHILDERS.
REFERENCES:
G. W. Sentell, G. Nattin—Collinsburg.
A. Hughes, James H. Hughes, and B. F. Stewman, Rocky Mount.
B. F. Looney, K. P. D. Taylor, Sentell's Store.
W. A. Kelly, W. C. Mitchell, Bellevue.
James Cooper, Shreveport. dec15

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

This Institute, situated two miles from Shreveport, re-opened for the reception of pupils on Monday, 4th October.
Circumstances have compelled the proprietor to change the order of his establishment in some particulars.
He will strictly limit the number of his pupils, and receive day scholars as well as boarders.
He prefers to receive pupils from 10 to 16 years old.
His rates of tuition will in all cases be twenty-five dollars per session of five months.
For modern languages, viz: French, Spanish, or Italian, extra charges will be made.
For board, tuition, washing, fuel and lights, one hundred dollars, per session of five months, or two hundred dollars per year of ten months.
The course of studies will be such as is uniformly pursued in our best high schools and colleges.
No pupil will be received for less than five months.
Charges must, without exception, be strictly paid half in advance.
Boarders must come prepared with a sufficient amount of bedding, towels, and clothing, properly marked. S. P. HELME. A. M.
October 6, 1858.

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY
STEAM ENGINES.
Hoard & Sons' Southern Depot,
FOR the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, is established at No. 70 Gravier street, New Orleans, where the subscriber, who is sole agent for the above States, is receiving from eight to sixteen every month, of sizes from 2 to 34 horse-power, of these celebrated Engines, which after a test of nine years of upwards of 800 Engines in all the states of the Union—all giving the most complete satisfaction, as being THE ONLY Portable Engine having a cylinder boiler, **WHICH IS ALL UTILIZED HEATING SURFACE and PERFECTLY ACCESSIBLE INSIDE and OUT for CLEANING;** requires no brick work to put them in operation, no special skill to set them up, and but the smallest proportion of fuel to run them.
Also—Constantly in store, sash and circular Saw Mills, Staub's iron frame Corn and Flour Mills, Newell Cotton-screws, for steam or horse powers, Carver improved Gin-stands, with shafting, pullies, stands, boxes and bolts, ready to fit out complete, at the shortest notice; steam cotton gins, saw, corn and flour mills which can be put in operation in a few days after being received. Descriptive pamphlets, with 140 testimonials, will be sent by mail to any address.
SAMUEL H. GILMAN,
sep30-1y 70 Gravier street, New Orleans.

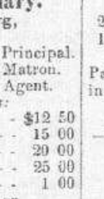
H. P. BUCKLEY,
(Late Young & Co.,)
8 Camp street, New Orleans,
Watchmaker, Jeweller & Silversmith,
Importer of fine Watches for ladies and gentlemen, of the most celebrated makers of England and Switzerland, made to his own order expressly in heavy cases (gold and silver,) and warranted standard fineness.
Ladies' chatelaines and neck chains;
Gent's guard, fob and vest chains, seals, keys, etc.
Finger rings, ear-rings, breast-pins, cuff-pins, etc.
Diamond pins and rings,
Spectacles for every age, in gold, silver, steel and tortoise shell frames;
Silverware, warranted pure as coin, consisting of table, tea and dessert spoons;
Silver table and dessert forks, ladles, butter knives, mustard and salt spoons, sugar tongs, etc.
Plated ware, consisting of castors, candlesticks, waiters, etc.
Having been always engaged in the mechanical part of the business, all watches sent for repairs will have the strictest personal attention; and having every facility for making any portion of a watch, he will be enabled to work on very reasonable terms.
☞ Jewelry made to order and repaired. Diamonds reset in the latest style. Canes mounted in gold and silver. nov 15, 1856

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.
R. MARSH DENMAN & Co.,
81, 83 & 85 Common Street,
Between St. Charles and City Hotel,
NEW ORLEANS.
CALECHES; ROCKAWAYS;
BRETTS; BUGGIES;
COACHES; JERSEY WAGONS.
And a general assortment of HARNESS; for sale low for cash or city acceptances.
March 25, 1858—1y

W. W. CRANE & Co.,
Late H. R. Beach,
CARRIAGE DEALERS,
LOUISIANA
Carriage Repository,
☞Nos. 49 and 51 Carondelet street—Union Row—New Orleans. Always on hand a large and complete assortment from the best manufactories. march26

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.
HENRY GOLDMANN,
180 Poydras street, and Corner Canal & Levee streets,
New Orleans.
Physicians, Druggists, Planters and Country Dealers are invited to examine my stock which embraces every article in the Drug Line, and Apparatus for Pharmaceutists, Schools of Medicine and Natural Philosophy.
All articles warranted, and offered at the most favorable prices.
A large stock on hand and ready for delivery of Henry Goldmann's Fever and Ague Remedy.
— — Tropic Cough Syrup.
— — Southern Gonorrhœa Mixture.
New Orleans, F[illegible] 16, 1858 6m

WATER COLORS.
Newman's, Ackeman's,
Reeves & Son's, Osborne's.
PAPER HANGINGS, &c.
JUST received a large stock of the above Colors, in cakes and in mahogany and rosewood boxes, with lock and key. Also, **German Colors,** in cakes and boxes, a fine assortment.
Oil colors, in tubs---English and American;
Canvases for Portraits in frames of 8x10 to 42x56
Canvas in rolls, from 36 to 66 inches wide;
Strechers for canvases, of all sizes;
400 doz fine sable and camel hair pencils;
160 " paint and varnish brushes, all sizes;
80 packages gold and silver leaf;
100 bundles of duck metal---white and yellow;
Tin foil, in sheets and books;
Tinsel of all the usual colors.
☞ French and American Paper Hangings.
Doors, Window Sash and Blinds, of all sizes and description, for sale cheap.
......**WINDOW GLASS, &c.**......
5000 bxs American Window Glass, all sizes;
700 do English and French, from 8x10 to 33x65
300 lights fine Plate Glass;
120 bxs double thick American, from 8x10 to 20x30
1000 lights colored glass;
100 Glazier Diamonds;
500 bundles glazier tins;
10 tons White Lead, in 25 to 700 lb kegs;
5000 canisters and kegs colored paints, in ½ oz to 100 lb packages;
2500 lbs fine French Green, dry and ground in oil;
1000 bbls Whiting and Paris White, of my own manufacture, fire dried.
Paint Mills of all sizes and every article usually kept in a general Paint, Oil and Color Store, will found at
R. CLANNON'S,
nov 2, 1857 98 Canal street, New Orleans.

LEEDS' FOUNDPY,
CORNER OF DELORD & FOUCHER STREETS,
NEW ORLEANS.

Is prepared to furnish vertical and horizontal Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Vacuum Pans, Sugar Kettles, Clarifiers, Filters, steam and horse power Draining Machines, Saw Mills, Gin Geering, Iron Columns and Fronts for buildings Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars, etc., and all machinery required for the South.
They respectfully call the particular attention of the planters of Louisiana and the adjoining States to their style of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Vaccuum Pans and Draining Wheels, which for strength, durability and convenience, have not been excelled.
New Orleans, February 7, 1856.

To the Public!
THERE is now an opportunity (at least to the people in the vicinity of Shreveport) for the Southern man who feels the interest of his country and the galling insults heaped upon him by Northern fanatics, to say, "No more of your Trash will I have!" By so doing, the country would soon become rich in manufactories which will buy what you have to sell, even things which you no further use for, such as timber which you now burn up, and old cast iron which is in your way, and many other things too numerous to mention, and in return will furnish you with such articles as you need, and exactly as you want them, and of the best material.
T. W. JONES, proprietor of the BRASS AND IRON FOUNDRY, has determined to put down the price of Castings, such as grate bars and gin gearing, to the low figure of **Five Cents a Pound,** also the Hall and Spear Ploughs Improved, Nos. 1 and 2, to $4 50 and $5; the Scooter Plough Improved at Fifty Cents only.
He is also prepared to do any kind of Machinery that the country may want in a workmanlike manner.
He has on hand Iron Railing, of beautiful patterns, for Galleries, Grave Inclosures, etc. Also, Metallic Packing, second hand Boilers and Steam Engines, which he will sell on reasonable terms. Circular Saw Mills made to order, and all kinds of Machinery repaired.
Terms will be made to suit purchasers by they giving good city acceptance on any responsible house.
Shreveport, July 17, 1858. T. W. JONES.

STEAM ENGINES.
SAW MILLS, CORN MILLS,
SHINGLE MILLS,
LATH MILLS, COTTON GINS,
BELTING, NEWELL SCREWS,
CIRCULAR SAWS,
HOSE, &c., &c., &c.,
Constantly on hand and for sale by
D. C. LOWBER & Co.,
73 Camp street, New Orleans.
☞A price list will be sent by mail to any one desiring it. jan5

The Shreveport Brewery.
Managed by A. SCHAFFNER.
HOME Manufacture of **WHITE CREAM ALE,** brewed from pure and fresh White Malt.
Brewers' Yeast, for Family Use, always on hand, and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers.
Barley Malt for feeding cows and hogs. This article is celebrated for causing cows to yield an extraordinary quantity of rich Milk, and is guaranteed to be free of any deleterious effect.
The Ale is put up in 5 gallon kegs, half and whole barrels, and together with malt, and yeast, can be had at all times at the Brewery, or at Jacob Marks, on Texas street, corner of Edwards. nov24

PAINTS, &c.—200 kegs and hf kegs White Lead; 10 bbls Turpentine; 5 bbls Varnish; Linseed and other Oils. For sale by
s7 HOWELL & BUCKNER.

A Blind Heart's Story.

I had not been blind from my birth. Sitting alone, in utter darkness, my closed eyes could make pictures. I could call back glories of nature and of art; blue sky and wind-swept fields; and, above all, dear faces—faces whose very memory lightened my night-time—my father, my gentle mother, my young dark-eyed brother. There was another, too, (not of our blood,) whose face I saw oftener than any. This was strange, for Leona Ashland, the daughter of my mother's most intimate friend, was but a child of ten—six years younger than myself. She was, however younger, very dear to me. She had been in and out of our house as familiar as a daughter. She was the pet of every one save me; but, child as she was, my own feelings for her was too tender and reverent to admit of gay familiarity. I had never heard any one call her beautiful; but to me her face always seemed like that of an angel. I used to tremble, lest some day she should be taken from us forever; her features, framed in those long brown curls, seemed so spiritual, so delicate! When I looked into her thoughtful eyes, life seemed holier, a more earnest thing. But the time came when I could see them no longer.

For fifteen years the world was visible to me, with its beauty, its mystery, its romance. Then darkness began to steal gradually over me. It was a whole year before the last ray of light had faded. I was stone blind at sixteen. I was thankful that it was not a sudden stroke. Day after day I had sought in vain for some cherished object of vision. Once it had been the far off hills; again, the familiar outline of a distant tree. After a time the darkness came nearer. Day after day some tender grace would fade out from a beloved face, and I could only reproduce it in fancy. At length I seemed to dwell in a world of shadows; shades, whose dim outline I could only faintly catch, floated by me; still I could tell day from night—still heaven's blessed light was welcome. But what shall I say of the anguish of desolation when the last ray was gone? when they told me the mid-day sun was shining clear and bright, and I, alas! sat in blindest, deepest midnight?—no light, no hope!

I had so much to give up, it was not alone the joy of sight, the dear faces, the beautiful world; but all my high hopes, my plans for the future, my ambition, my pride. I had had visions of fame in the profession I had chosen. There were months of storming, surging discontent, before I could settle calmly down to my destiny. I secluded myself from those dearest to me on earth. The very sound of their voices maddened me, for it made more intense the longing to look upon their faces. Day after day I sat alone in my room, where I had besought them to not come to me.

Sometimes my mother, who loved me more than ever in my sorrow and my helplessness, would steal into my room, and sit for an hour beside me in silence. She was so still I could scarcely hear her breathe; but I know at those times she wept much. Once, in an irresistible impulse of maternal tenderness, she folded her arms around me, and drew my head to her bosom. "Oh, my child! my dear child, be comforted! Believe there is something left in life, or this blow will kill us both!" she cried. But my rebellious spirit would not struggle with its despair, even though I felt it was breaking my mother's heart.

Once—and I think this did me more good than anything—Leona came to me. She had so long entreated me to see me that at length mother consented. She came to my side. She laid her hand, her little child's hand, upon mine. I knew as well as if I had seen it, the sorrowful pity with which her eyes were lifted to my face. She seemed striving to gather self-command enough to speak calmly. At length, low and quiet, yet earnest, her words fell upon my ear, "Oh, Allen, the book says our heavenly father knows what is best for every one! He is our father; and he does not make us unhappy. This is the passage Mr. Green told me to repeat to you: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' "

Her childish voice had deepened into a thrilling energy as she recited the words of inspiration. Then she turned to leave me; but I detained her. Already she had comforted me.

"How came Mr. Green to tell you to repeat those words to me?" I asked.

"You are not vexed, Allen?" she said.

"No, I am grateful," I replied. "I only wish to know how it happened."

He was at our house last night and he spoke of you. He pitied you very much; he said you had a great deal in life yet, if you would not despair. After a while my mother left the room, and I told him you was very good to me, and I wanted to tell you something to make you feel better. Then he said I might repeat that verse to you. Does it do you good?" said she.

"Much good, blessed child! Your words have helped me more than you can ever know," I replied.

She left me then. I did not strive to detain her. I felt the need of solitude, to receive reverently the light, brighter than earthly dawning, which was rising upon my spirit. Her words had thrilled me, as if they had come from some angel's lips. "A great deal left for me yet in life!" And as I repeated these words, my blessings seemed to rise up before me and reproach me. For me, Hagar's prayer had been answered. I had neither poverty nor riches; but a competence was mine in my own right, which would secure me against want. I had health and strength and many friends. The paths to our little village were all familiar to me. I could traverse them without a guide; I could feel the free winds sweep my brow; I could inhale the sweet breath of the flowers; I could hear the beloved voices of home. Verily my heavenly father had not forsaken me. I had been willfully shutting his mercies out of my heart. I knelt now, and thanked them for what had been left—prayed him to teach me to bear patiently the loss of what had been taken.

When the tea bell rang I rose, and went quietly down stairs. They gave no noisy greeting to the son who had not sat beside them there since the spring flowers had blossomed, though, now the summer lay green and luxurient upon hill and woodland. But I understood my father's welcome—the unutterable tenderness which deepened my mother's voice—the eager grasp in which my brother Richard held my hand. I found my chair in its old place. After that I never secluded myself from them again.

When tea was over I went out to go to evening prayers at the church. I had not thought I could ever go there again I had dwelt morbidly on the curiosity with which the congregation would look at me. I never thought of that now. The Almighty had opened the eyes of my spirit. I went there to thank him for this great mercy. I had never before been so deeply thrilled with the church music. Hearing seemed to me like a new sense; through it I drank the deep draughts of pleasure. I had sat in the choir; and, when prayers were over, I entreated the organist to play for me again. Soon we became firm friends. I think that my enthusiasm pleased him, for twilight after twilight found us alone in the church, with only the little boy who blew the bellows—John Cunningham playing, and I listened and dreaming.

But I soon felt—I think an intuitive sense revealed it to me—that the organist was no artist. Sometimes I longed to sweep him off the stool, and interpret with my own fingers the music that was in my soul. The idea, that I could be a musician, dawned upon me clearly but day by day the sense of power strengthened.

At length I asked him to let me try. I think he was astonished. My soul was flooded with harmony. Wild, sweet strains came to me like the whispers of angels. From that night I was the master and he my pupil. Sometimes I would persuade my brother to go with me to church; and for hour after hour the organ would be the voice of my soul. I breathed out in music all the dreams of my long dreaming boyhood, before the one stern stroke had come, under which I bowed my head, and rose up a man. God was very merciful. With this resource I could never be entirely lonely, wholly desolate.

When I was twenty-one John Cunningham had left Ryefield, and I had been chosen the organist of our village. It was my business, for which a small salary was paid me. This was all I ever could be; but I was content.

My brother was at college. He was taking my place; he would realise my place; he would realise my early dreams. The world would call him a brilliant young man. At home there was little change, save that Leona's light footsteps now but rarely crossed our threshold. For some years she had been away at school. In the vacation she came home, and then I could tell by her voice that she was good and innocent as ever. The next spring—it was winter now—her schooldays would be over. At last the time came. Oh, how joyfully I welcomed her! though I scarcely knew why her presence seemed so infinitely precious. We wandered together into the fields; and she told me how fresh and green the grass was springing under foot—how blue and bright was the May-timed sky. I could smell the bloom of the fruit-trees, which were dropping their fragrant blossoms in our path. She never wearied in making all things visible to me. She would tell me how the mist was lying white and purple in the valley—how the far, hazy hills, were sleeping in the sunshine; and seeing with her eyes, I scarcely realised that I was blind.

But that dream also had an awakening. My brother Richard came home. He had finished his course at the university with high honors; and his return to Ryefield was the signal for a series of parties, and picnics, and merry-making, in which I could not join, and which took Leona from my side. I heard from all quarters the praises of my handsome, manly brother. He was only nineteen now; he was six feet high and they said, looked much older. I was not surprised to hear that his wit and his manly graces were making sad havoc with the village girls. Already a presentiment of sorrow had begun to steal over my soul.

I think my brother loved me very much. He had always made me his confident. One night he came to my room, and said with a hesitation which seemed very singular in his frank, fearless nature, that he had something to tell me. Then he talked of indifferent subjects for awhile; and at length, suddenly—alas! it seemed to me pitilessly—the blow fell. He loved Leona Ashland! Oh, heaven pity me! I knew in that moment I, too, loved her. I—blind, helpless fool as I was—had made her my idol. I had not known before what the spell which bound me to her, or rather I had resolutely closed my heart against the conviction. The veil was ruthlessly rent away. I could not choose but look on my own stupid imbecility. A voice in my soul mocked me. It cried "You cowardly idiot! You thought, did you, to darken her life by fastening yourself upon her!—a blind helpless shadow! You thought that young girl could love you that girl radiant with youth and hope, all the glory and brightness of life, before whose feet the future stretches out green, and fresh, and smiling. You tho't you could win her! Selfish, insensate, mad!"

I bade the voice cease its upbraidings; I shut my ears against it. I ordered my brother from the room. For the first time in my life I was harsh and and stern with him. He had a generous temper. I do not think he blamed me. He reproached himself rather for speaking to me of a love from which my misfortune had shut me out forever. Begging me to forgive him, he went from my room.

I shut the door behind him. I locked it.—The key turned with a sharp click. Then I threw myself down upon the floor, as a traveler might prostrate himself before the poison wind of the desert. Lying there, this fierce, schorching simoon swept over me. Unknown to myself I had been cherishing one sweet flower to my heart, watering it day and night, with the dew and hope. It lay there now, torn up by the roots, its buds blighted, its fair blossoms withered.

Blind, helpless idiot! So the voice in my heart had called me. Ah, but the blind idiot could love. Who else could pour such wealth of tenderness on one who could never grow old to his sightless eyes—whose brow would always be smooth—whose hair would never lose its brightness—whose eye could never grow dim, because forever he could clothe her with the fair garment, of his fancy! And a new voice in my heart answered, "I am worthy, for I love!" With those words strength came to me; and I rose up, and stood erect in my darkened world, lonely and grief-stricken, but still a man.

I was not one to inflict my sorrow upon others. I strove to go out into the world with a cheerful face. But I listened with tremulous eagarness to every inflextion of Leona's voice when she talked with my brother. I knew she must love him; but there was a curious fascination in watching how this passion would spring up in her pure heart—how the tenderness, which could never be for me, would grow into her beloved voice. Day after day it seemed to me to become full of a sweeter pathos. Richard was constantly by her side. Often they roamed together over the fields. Sometimes they asked me to go with them; but I was too sensitive to intrude. I always refused. Once or twice, when I had declined going, Leona insisted on remaining with me. Then she would be so cruelly kind to me, read to me, talk to me and bewilder me with torturing glimpses of an impossible happiness. Then Richard would come back with a floral offering—a spray of honeysuckle or a bunch of wild roses; and sitting beside her afterwards, I smelt all day the fragrance of his flowers upon her bosom.

One night she asked me if she might go alone with me to evening prayers, as she used to do before Richard came. It was a pleasant walk, that half mile between our house and the church, in the summer sunset, with the trees over our heads all odorous with bloom. There was a curious joy, which was more than half compounded of pain, in knowing that she was by my side, in feeling the pressure of her hand on my arm.

When the services were over, she asked me to stay a little longer and play for her, as I had often done before. Hitherto, at such times she had chosen the tunes; but now the fit of aspiration was upon me. I poured forth the story of my hopeless love. I used no words, but the music explained itself. It thrilled, it trembled, it pleaded, it despaired, it struggled, it hoped, then, as if for the dead, it wailed, and died out, at last, in a long, hopeless cry of sorrow. I heard Leona sobbing. She stood, at a little distance, alone in the darkness. I left my seat. I went to her and took her hands. In the darkness she laid her tender, pitying arms, around my neck. I felt her wet cheek against my own. Alas! I knew the language of that silent caress. She loved Richard; but, with all the fullness of her angelic nature, she pitied me. She would be my sister.

No word was spoken by either of us. We went out of the church and went home, under the night and the trees.

Soon after this, Richard was obliged to leave us for two or three weeks, on some business for my father. I did not know whether he had declared his love previous to his departure. I watched Leona's voice jealously for signs of sorrow; but it was clear, and full of music as ever. Indeed, I thought it more joyous than ever. I said to myself, "How certain she must be of his love, to bear his absence so calmly! The joy of knowing that he is her own forever, makes her insensible to sorrow."

Oh, how kind she was to me during those two weeks. It was almost like the old days before Richard came, save that a barbed arrow was rankling in my heart. The unconscious hope I had cherished in those other days could never come back again.

At last the time came for Richard's return. Leona was with us. Frankly, as one who has nothing to conceal, she talked of the pleasure there would be in having him back again. At noon he came. With eager step he entered the room; but his voice trembled when he spoke to Leona. I could only tell by that token how his heart thrilled to be once more by her side. She was not demonstrative. The voice with which she replied to his greeting was very quiet; but I had never known Richard's manner so eager, so restless as that afternoon.

In the evening we three were alone in the long parlor. I sat at one end among the shadows. Richard and Leona were at the other, where the moon—for I heard them talking of it—shone in at the open window. Perhaps Richard thought I could not hear, or that I slept. He did not know what a second sight hearing is to the blind. Not a murmur, not a quiver of their voices escaped me. It seems that he had never told her of his love before. He poured it forth now with passionate, fervid eloquence. I listened breathlessly for her answer. I held tight to the chair where I was sitting; I commanded every nerve to do its duty; I bade my self-control to be vigilant at its post; I would bear the torture without a moan; I waited to hear her low words of love. Her voice fell on my ear. Hush, rebellious heart!—thou hadst no business to throb so wildly!

"I cannot," she says; "oh, I cannot! I tho't you knew—I thought you must have known." And here the tender, troubled voice broke up into pitiful sobs as she beseeches him to leave her—only to leave her. Richard makes no attempt to comfort her. I hear him go out. Then I cross the room—I kneel at her feet—I tell her I have heard all, and then a mad impulse seizes me; I pour out at her feet the libation of my love! I cannot help it. Blind and poor, and helpless as I was, I had dared to love her. I did not mean to tell her. I knew she could never return it. But, when I heard her grieve, I longed so to comfort her. I wanted her to know how gladly I would die to give her peace.

Oh! how can I tell the story! She did not spurn me! Once more, in the darkness, her tender arms were laid about my neck. For the first time I felt upon my forehead the kisses of her fresh, pure lips. Her words were solemn and earnest: "Do not die for me. Live! live, dear Allen! and, if you love me, let me be your wife."

When our betrothal was made known, there was a struggle in my brother's heart. He loved me; he strove to rejoice in my happiness, but he could not stay to witness it. I, who knew Leona's worth, did not blame him. He left home the next week for a year of foreign travel and three weeks after, Leona became my wife.

Leona insisted on a short bridal tour. She must take her blind husband to her friends in town. I was, however, a little sensitive about exposing any misfortune to strangers. This step seemed unlike Leona; but I wished to please her, and I consented.

The next morning after our arrival, we sat alone in our room. I wanted to talk to my wife, but she could scarcely listen; she fluttered around the apartment, arranged and disarranged the furniture a dozen times. I had never known her to be so restless. Every now and then she would drop down for a moment upon my knee, and, lifting up my face, would cover it with kisses; but even there she would not sit still.

At length there came a tap at the door, and she sprang hurriedly to open it. There were a few whispered words with the new comer, and then Leona said, gravely, "My love this is Dr. ——— I have heard much of his skill; and I brought you here because I longed, for my own satisfaction, to have him examine your eyes. I did not wish to mention it at home, for there was no use in making any one else a sharer of my suspense."

The doctors' voice was very kind. I liked that. He proceeded gently with his examination. For five minutes I was in an agony of hope. In fancy, I say again earth and sky, and dearer still, the sweet face of my bride. Leona held my hand tightly.

At length the doctor's verdict came. I know he pitied us—two poor young things, looking to him to crush or confirm a hope as precious as life. His voice trembled. He said, in low, earnest tones, "God soften it to you. There is no hope!"

He went out of the room. Leona closed the door after him, and then came back, and threw herself into my arms. I could feel her heart throbbing tumultuously against my side. But she commanded herself, and strove to comfort me. "My poor, poor darling!" she said, tenderly, "can you forgive me for disturbing you with this vain trial? I did so long to know the worst! I could not help hoping before. Now we shall be at rest. It will not be like a doubtful sorrow."

"And you, Leona," said I, "can you, indeed be content to share a blind man's darkened life?"

She stopped my words with kisses. "Hush beloved?" said she. "I will be your light, your eyes."

She has kept her word. I miss no pleasant sights or sounds of nature, for in her I have all things. I do not even need to look on her beloved face, for I see it in my heart forever, fresh, and young, and fair as when my eyes last beheld it. She was but a child when she first aroused me from my blind despair. She was my comforter then; she will be all the days of my life. The two years since our bridal have been full of joy. My heart has hardly space for more. And yet Leona told me, last night, at twilight, with her glowing face buried in my bosom, that I must find space in my love for a new claimant. I am to be a father.

A month ago Richard brought home his bride. They call her more beautiful than Leona; but her voice is not so thrilling in its music.

I am full of content; I know that when my vision shall be unsealed—when, in heaven, the blind shall see again—then fairest among woman fairest and truest, will stand by my side my wife Leona.

Who are Filibusters.—Somebody has sententiously declared that the Anglo-Saxons and their offshoots have been stealers of land and shedders of blood from the remotest periods of their history. The remark may be true, but is entirely too limited in its application. Few nations, whether of Saxon, Scandinavien, Celtic or Sclavonic origin, have attained any prominent position in the civilized world, without developing the same lust of territorial acquisition, and the same sanguinary propensity. England, as the most powerful realm in Europe, has usually been considered the great exempler and model of filibusterism, but England is surrounded by a galaxy of imitators. If she has forced her way to India and annexed an almost boundless territory and countless millions of population; if in the western continent she has extended her rule over Canada and portions of the West Indies; if in the broad Pacific she has founded a new empire, and elsewhere has carried her flag in all directions, till the map of both hemispheres is dotted over with her powers and possessions, other nations are only behind her in the strength and ability, not in the desire to add to their dominions. France once held a goodly portion of North America, and still owns important colonies in the Caribbean sea, while of late years she has put forth all her vigor in conquering and keeping Algeria, which is the key that must unlock the treasures of northern Africa. Austria has placed her bloody finger on the fairest portion of Italy, and subjugates that country to her rule, despite its frequent and frantic struggles for release. Russia is steadily encroaching on the domains of the Circassian, wresting millions of acres in northern Asia from the grasp of the barbarian, and adding them to her already unwielded empire. Even Sweden has been infected with the territorial fever, and by force or fraud has incorporated Norway into her dominions. Everywhere the strong prey upon the feeble, and states and sovereignities are absorbed and disappear.

We of the United States are constantly reproached by Europeans with our disposition to forage on the rights of others, but in point of fact we are far more innocent than our censors. It is difficult to conceive a government more moderate, more studiously careful to avoid offense, more unwilling to trespass on the privileges of others than our own. Situated as we are, in near proximity to countries characterized by salubrious and delightful climates, fertility of soil, splendid seaports, and every possible advantage which nature can bestow, it is amazing how we have thus far resisted the temptation to colonize and annex. It is our firm conviction that had Great Britain been placed in the same relations to Mexico, Cuba and Central America as the United States, every one of these possessions would have long since contributed to swell the aggregate of English power. Yet we have respected the imbecile rule and effects nationality of all them. The State of Texas presents a solitary example of successful private filibusterism, while portions of Mexico, such as California and New Mexico, now forming integral parts of our territory, have been acquired by us, so to speak, accidentally; not torn violently from the mother country, but obtained at the close of war by peaceful negotiation and purchase. In reality, invincible reluctance to engage in national projects of aggrandizement would seem to be one of the weaknesses attendant upon our peculiar form of government. As a republic, we know that we are amenable to the prejudices and dislike of every nation subject to monarchical rule and hence we evince a jealous and overstrained respect for other governments, and especially for those which assimilate merely in name to our own—seeking invariably to convince the world of the intrinsic justice, magnanimity and good sense of a republic.

There are undoubtedly many citizens of the United States who appreciate the advantages of territorial expansion, and would gladly witness an organized effort by our government to increase its broad domains by the annexation of those wretched mockeries of republics which occupy a material portion of South America; but the policy of every administration has been hostile to these attempts, and whenever private adventure and enterprise have planned the work, this mousing policy has uniformly interfered to thwart or defeat it. To call the American people filibusters is therefore a misnomer. As individuals we may yearn to plant the American flag on foreign soil, but it is a barren wish which has thus far striven fruitlessly for gratification. As a government we are anti-filibusterish to the last degree. Every appeal to the federal authority to imitate the policy which has rendered England formidable, and is enriching and strengthening France, falls still-born against its stolid vis inertiœ. We see no proximate hope of a change. If ever the United States become possessed of Mexico, or Cuba, or Central America, it will be through circumstances almost beyond our control; through that inherent law in the history of the human race which decrees disappearance and annihilation to those scions of the great family of nations that are destitute of self-sustaining power. No doubt the period will arrive, in the fullness of time, when the Anglo-Saxon mind will pervade and control the entire continent; but that period might be hastened several generations were our government, discarding musty traditions and obsolete axioms of political ethics, boldly and bravely to inaugurate a system of energy, independence, self-reliance and indifference to the clamors and complaints of distant nations. [N. O. Bee.

The French Slave Trade.—Washington letter writers have been induced to believe—or have been instructed to say—that Napoleon, the relentless, iron-hearted dictator of France and England, had changed his nature and his plans, and repented of having reöpened the slave. "He is about to retire from the business and join the anti-slavery ranks with all the fervor of a convert," says our believing cotemporary of the New York Times. If the Times has studied the silent, steady, inexorable policy of Napoleon, it will find no change in his programme. He is laying the foundation of French colonies with the keels of his French war-steamers. The Antilles and the isthmus will be—what is better than colonies—tropical appendages which will feed French commerce and create new markets for French manufactures. These can be called into existence only by supplying the human sinews of production to those fertile wastes on our borders from which our own policy is now excluding American enterprise. These sinews of production is the want which Napoleon has taken upon himself to supply with a daring and energetic hand.

The French press says that all contracts for the supply of immigrant labor from Africa, "even to five or six millions of hands, shall be protected," and we all know that England dare not gainsay him, and that no other power will care to interfere with this policy. As we have before stated, a member of his cabinet converted the most thorough and influential of the Cuban revolutionists from their dream of annexation by a few simple figures of arithmetic. "In the American Union," said he, "your slaves will cost you twice or thrice what they now stand you in, and the expense of maintaining them will not be diminished. Out of the Union you can receive fresh supplies of athletic laborers at $200 a head, whom you can feed and clothe after their native fashion for a tenth of what it costs an American planter to take care of his producers. [W. States