EUSTACE BENTON;

OR

THE TWIN RIVALS:

BY VERNON MALONE.

In a spot made bright and beautiful by nature's lavish hand, and situate upon the banks of the darkly flowing Chattahoochie, which ever rolls its turbid flood impetously to mingle with the placid Flint, their lived two brothers, whose names were Adrian and Thornton Shelby.—They were twins in birth, and each the counterpart "presentment" of the other in form and feature, though with that strange pychological freak for which we are at a loss to account, they were as dissimilar in temperament as if they had sprung from different parentage, and represented the type of manhood peculiar to countries widely separated by space and clime.

These two brothers were handsome almost to a fault, and it seemed impossible that the combined charms of their little muscular and yet graceful forms and white browed dark-eyed aristocratic faces should fail to win for them a reciprocal regard, from any maidens whatever upon whom their favor should center, and more particularly as they were not lacking intellectual gifts or the advantages of education and foreign travel.—This however, they had not put to the test, up to the time of arriving at twenty-three years of age, at least, not in any way that effected their life long happiness, though they had experienced the ephemeral fancies, which are to youth, what butterflies are to the flowers. About this period the personages were assembled together, in whose breasts were engendered the various and succeeding the places of passion, which not unfrequently culminate in some dreadful tragedy.

Adrian and Thornton Schlby were the sons of a planter, whose wealth almost beyond his computation.—His estates spread over half a county, and his slaves were numbered by hundreds. The bales of fleecy cotton that were gathered from his fertle acres would have freighted a staunch ship with a goodly cargo, and the books of the safest banks would have given evidence in figures, which marshaled themselves into columns of six, of deposits that would yield a fair inheritance for his numerous offspring, had they been his all of worldly store.

With such vast possessions, as a matter of course the Shelby family had all that could be provided in the way of magnificence in home, raiment and fair, and general surroundings. Besides the considerable retinue employed in the immediate personal and household service, there had belonged to their establishment since a couple of years a tutor for their younger boys, whose name was Eustace Benton. The Shelby family were not the kind of people to have ordinarliy much consideration for anyone who stood in the position of their hireling, but this admirable young man, without any assumption of manner, had commanded their respect, and forced even the haughty lady of the house to yield to him the same measure of politeness awarded to her most favored guest. Adrian and Thornton sure of their worldly superiority, could afford to meet young Benton on equal ground, and with a touck of generosity natural to youth, they had acknowledged that in many respects, both in learning and accomplishments, as well as in those athletic feats upon which both prided themselves, that he had the advantage over them. They learned to appeal to him as an umpire in the disputes or contests which continually arose between them, and made him a referee upon all knotty or tangled questions which occurred, altogether leading with him a friendly life, which afforded much pleasure to each of the three.

When Mrs. Shelby's eldest daughter, arriving at the age of ten years, was declared ready for promotion from the nursery to the school-room, a necessity existed for a governess, which want they endeavored to supply by writing to the lady by whom Mrs. Shelby's own education had been conducted, and asking her to forward the article desired. A reply announcing the speedy arrival of Miss Madelaine Hall, who was perfectly well qualified to fill the responsible position, prepared them to meet an austere and pedantic New England spinster, whom the lady mother much feared would bore her with an excess of knowledge.—No one, however, gave themselves any serious concern about the matter, and the afternoon which witnessed the arrival of the new teacher, for whom the driver had been instructed to have the carriage in waiting at the railroad depot, found the father and mother, and their two grown-up sons doing the honors of a dinner party to an assemblage of the neighboring gentry.

Eustace Benton upon rising to open the door when the ladies withdrew, had himself passed out from the sumptuous room, wherein was spread the sumptuous board around which the gentlemen still lingered in feasting and revelry, and having escorted the fair bevy to the spacious and airy drawing room, with words of gracious and graceful jest and compliment, turned away to find his hat, and stroll awhile in the garden walks, there to smoke his cigar amid the perfume of flowers, and with the silent stars which had begun to come out for his only companions.

When he reached the front door, a form both strange and fair met his eyes—a girlish creature, standing half in the outer gloom and half in the indoor brightness, and apparently hesitating between an intention to enter and a desire to run away. Her traveling plight gave him assurance who it must be, though she differed so widely from the personage that had been sketched more than once by the different members of the household to tease and terrify the little open-eyed Augusta, that he could scarcely refrain from smiling.

The young girl who stood thus unwelcomed upon the threshold of the mansion to which she had been summoned, appealed quickly to his tender and manly nature as she stood forlorn and unsupported, and he came quietly forward, pronouncing her name and words of welcome in kindly tones.

The new comer did not seem quite abashed and overwhelmed, but, with a little air of graceful resolution, responded in a lady-like manner, though tears trembled as well in her voice as in her eyes.

After Eustace had escorted her to the library, which was the only place below stairs where the least degree of privacy could be obtained, he withdrew and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Shelby with information of the arrival

He did not know, but he could have given a shrewd surmise, that that lady simply gave orders that Miss Hall should be shown to her room and provided with refreshment, and that she permitted the young stranger to sleep, if sleep she could, beneath her roof, without the words of welcome or cheer, which are so sweet to those whom circumstances condemn to be wayfarers on the by-paths of life.

II.

Those who find shelter under one roof, let them be separated as widely as they may by tastes and habits, must in the end arrive at a degree of intimacy; and it was not long after Madelaine was established as governess to little Augusta Shelby, before the house seemed to have acquired a new charm, and the occupants to be drawn more closely together.

There is nothing which can give so sweet an interest to the home circle, as an intelligent, unaffected and amiable girl, who in this respect owns a power belonging to herself alone, if she but choose to exercise it.

Mrs. Shelby soon discovered that her sons had grown more domestic; and in the person of the fair stranger, found one whose presence seemed for a while at least, to harmonize the discord which had always been more or less apparent in their lives. She foresaw that it was not improbable that one of them might love her; but then, she did not consider that occurrence as being irrevocable; and indeed, in time, she came to think that even should it prove serious, she would not object; for her fastidious taste and critical eyes could see nothing of which to find fault in the intelligence, beauty and quiet elegance of the young girl, and it had always been her wont to remark with a glow of satisfaction that her boys "were not obliged to take money into consideration in marrying." She had an idea that it was most probably Thornton who would get her; but some knowledge of a never ceasing tenacity of purpose, which belonged to Adrian, made it doubtful, should his desires clash with those of his brother

It was a strange thing, but none the less true, that this fair and unpretending flower, of whose very existence they had been in ignorance but a few short months gone by, was now fanned by the sighs and sunned by the glances of these two curled and perfumed darlings of prosperity, who desired nothing better of fortune than to be allowed to transplant her permanently where the fragrance of her life would exhale away, untouched by the frosts of poverty or care, and sacred alone to them.

Each loved after his own fashion and temperament. Adrian, with a meek supplication, the power of which lay in the fact that he exacted nothing, claimed nothing, and yet expected all things of the generosity of the beloved. Thornton with the deep, fervid and consuming passion which could better brook the destruction of the thing he loved than yield it to another. Each wooed after his own fashion, and yet each was quickly conscious that they not only contended one against the other for the prize, but that another one, who had not unfrequently maintained and proven his superiority of skill—Eustace Benton—had also entered the lists.

If they grew to look askance at each other when unrestrained by the presence before whom they would fain preserve their utmost seductive guise, how much more readily did they learn to infuse hatred in the glance that fell upon the accomplished tutor.

The spring had passed away, and the summer come and gone, ere Madelaine became aware that she whose life had hitherto been so uneventful, so free from deep emotion or contending feeling, was now surrounded by this circle of fire, and even then the knowledge came so gradually that she saw no difficulty in escaping from the encroaching flames.

The three lovers had not always opportunity to make their suit at will, what with the claim that Madelaine's employment made upon her time, and the perpetual tide of fashion and festivity that set about the house. Under this deprivation, Adrian would sigh and allow his melancholy to become apparent, lay in wait, and maneuver for the interviews which had become the salt of his existence. Thornton, when disappointed, stormed and cursed, sprang upon his horse, and dashed away, galling the poor brute as he went, until the blood ran trickling down its trembling flank, or he else kicked the dog, whom he would ordinarily fondle, until he sent it yelping to its kennel, and tyrannized and hectored generally, until his own man, Pomp, would mutter, "Marse Thornton is powerful"—leaving then a hiatus to be supplied by the hearer's imagination.

Eustace Benton neither sighed nor stormed, though doubtless he was not free from a lover's impatience, and longed and hoped for a time when it would be his right to seek the society which was now granted only upon occasion at any and all times. Each of the three young men, when it was possible, would secure to himself unhesitatingly the coveted pleasure of having her with him, disembarrassed of the presence of the others.

Eustace would lead her forth, with her little charge, to share his twilight walk, and while the child disported among the flowers he found opportunity to impart to her his hopes and aspirations for the future, and to learn her that they ever turned and twined around her own dear self.

Adrian would coax his mother to suggest that Augusta, accompanied by her governess, should sail upon the lake, which artificial means had created in his father's grounds, and as he showed his small pinnace from the shore, with only her and the little one, to whose presence he was indifferent, he would tremble with an ecstacy of bliss, and in whispered words would declare that he required nothing more, but there with that placid and gleaming expanse, those blue skies and shadowy depths, would be content to sink and disappear forever from sight, if only he might perpetuate that bliss, and she be always beside him.

Thornton loved to place her on his blooded mare Rosabelle, stand a moment near her gathering up the reins, when, per chance, her slender fingers met his own, and sent the blood rushing through all his frame, to receive the perfume of her breath upon his cheek, and then to mount his black courser and away with her over the green and smiling valleys, up the rugged hills, and down through the broken fastnesses of the dells, until he came to the cool, dusky shades of the primeval forest. Then he would pause, and glorying in the absolute and solemn grandeur of sight and hearing, he would pour forth the impetuous current of his love. He never thought, he never asked, he never cared if this period or place suited her. He loved her, why should he delay himself expressly? As a matter of course, she loved him, she would be his wife, and if love and gold could bring happiness, it should be hers. Although he intuitively felt in her not a little with his air of firm resolution, she found courage to reprove him with spirit, for the insulting confidence with which he thus appropriated her, without her consent.

"The love of one heart alone, does not suffice, or the marriage vows, Mr. Shelby."

"Perhaps not," he answered, sarcastically, "when made of such stuff."

"And you do not care whether your love is returned or not," she persisted.

"I do most positively. I do care to that excess that I am jealous of any thought, sigh, or glance even, that wanders to another."

"Yes, but if there is no other, simply it is you who are not loved."

"Madelaine, you are a puritanical little hypocrite. Does it stand to reason, that you are different from your sex? Look at my oriental beauty, Thyrza Beaufort, with her great lustrous, moonshaped eyes, she would give her pretty ears, aye, and the precious jewels she hangs upon them, for one kiss from my lips; and is it to be supposed that a plain little nobody like yourself cares nothing for the homage that I offer, and that you will not gratefully repay it by life-long devotion?"

Madelaine was divided between an inclination to shed some tears of vexation over this superb insolence, and an almost irresistible desire to laugh at its ridiculous exaggeration.

A glance at Thornton's face, convinced her that, absurd as it seemed, it was a truthful outpouring of the seething lava of his nature, and she maintained silence, wishing devoutly to be once more at home. Directly she proposed to return, whereupon Thornton declared, somewhat sulkily, and quite rudely, that he was not going until he had her promise to be his wife.

"Mr. Shelby, that can never be."

"Why?"

"You have no right to ask why."

"I have."

"Should not some little consideration for my comfort, some respect for my isolation, deter you from—from—" and poor Madelaine's voice failed."

"No," Thornton said, unmoved; there is no reason why my suit should annoy you, if you love no one else," and he looked searchingly and inquiringly in her eyes.

The demon in his own breast whispered to him, and the demon of destruction moved, though as yet against no specified object.

Madelaine could not read all the workings of his perverted soul, and even as the fugitive, breathless and hotly pressed, flies to sanctuary, so she took refuge in the sweet and sacred love of Eustace Benton, and in her dilemma hesitatingly and with much confusion acknowledged her preference.

The color paled on Thornton Shelby's handsome face to an ashen hue, and the flashing fires of his dark eyes faded out, and left deep and threatening shadows behind. His lips were tightly pressed, and in the deadly silence that followed he led the way homeward, using his spurs restlessly, while holding his horse with a cruel bit.

III.

The crescent moon had risen and hung in the west with a soft and tender light. The sounds of the "outer world" were hushed, and the drear and mystic harmonies of night came low and plaintive to the listener's ear, when the gate, at the foot of the carriage drive, which led up to Mr. Shelby's home, swung lightly open, and Eustus Benton entered with Madelaine leaning on his arm.

Lurking beneath the shade of a clump of trees, a few yards distant, the form of one who had lingered since more than an hour, awaiting their return, might have been perceived, had they been suspicious that their movements were watched—But now they had eyes only for each other. A short interval, a few moments only had elapsed, since these two had spoken the solemn words that gave them to each other as husband and wife. They had not so intended, but hurried on by a sudden fear that the crafty and insinuating Adrian, or the imperious and resolute Thornton, might mar their happiness or separate their lives. Eustace Benton had secured her to himself, past recall and past interference.

Their plan was to fulfill their present engagements to Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, by which time Eustace would have completed his course of reading and be qualified to obtain a license to practice his chosen profession of law, when their marriage should be made public to the world. Better far for them, had they proclaimed their intentions aloud from the housetops. Then—then perchance violent hands had not been lain upon their new found happiness, and their evening hours might have sped in delightful realization of that purest bliss that fallen mortals share.

Beneath the fatal shadows of those trees, amid whose branches the vines dripped thickly, and the little birds chirped their vespers, the married lovers paused to speak their parting words.

Alas! and alas! They were low, [illegible] and trembling, and [illegible] sight [illegible] and [illegible] on his [illegible] upon her [illegible] Madelaine's exceeding grief [illegible] in the gravel walk with a blanched spot upon his temple from which welled an ensanguined stream.—Madelaine's scream of terror and wild despair startled the household, and the first comer found her senseless by the dead man's side, and so dabbled with gore, that for awhile they believed two lives had been violently taken.

For many days all was confusion, and that confusion settled down only into mystery. This mystery deepened ever as months passed away and created a pall so dense, that it obscured the good name, happiness, and apparently boundless prosperity of the Shelby family.

When Madelaine revived to a sense of her cruelan fortunely bereavement a deep horror possessed her. The murderer, for one instant she had seen beneath the moon's pale beams—but who was it? One of the young Shelby's beyond a doubt, but whether Adrain or Thornton, she could not have sworn in a court of justice—In her heart she believed it to have been Thornton, who had so crowned her with his love—and yet a certain crafty malace in his face, an intonation in the sardonic laugh—might it not have been Adrian? Evidence gleaned in a coroner's examination tended in no wise to implicate either, and could she take upon herself the awful possibility of making the innocent suffer for the guilty.

Her outraged nature cried huzzaingly against the murderer, but her woman's conscience "piped trumpet tongued" against injuring him who had not sinned!

In her widow's garb, and bearing the name which was hers of right, she passed out from the household, by one of whose members she had been so deeply wronged, without an effort to injure them, but the stigma which attached to them was to direct to escape the world's verdict, visited upon them perhaps all the more surely, because they were never brought to answer before any legal tribunal.

Their sumptuous home was abandoned, and the Shelby family with lowered crests crossed the ocean never to return, the twin rivals separating in the speechless bitterness that follows suspicion, sneers and reproaches, to live proscribed of those whose esteem they valued, and without aim or hope for their future years.

In the 9th Kentucky Congressional District, the Union party nominated Capt. Samuel McKee for Congress.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, Va., May 18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

Afore I comments this letter from the late rebil capitol I desire to simply say that I hav seen a few and skurrilas noat in the papers from a certin purson who signs hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* hav a berruther of that name but I do not recognize him now. To me he is wus than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backy nalian mood on rum & right in sight of the audience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whereby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots and his Beard fallin off his face thus roinin my prospecks in that town, and likewise incurrin the displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was trifin with the feelin's of a intelligent publik. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. Upon perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds himself once more in a sunny clime. I cum here a few days after the city catterpillerinated.

My nabors seemed surprised and astonished at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quake in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sailor in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin' to pay him in the fall; but Lafy sed he couldn't see it in these lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our language was a little shaky.

Immediately on my arrival here, I proceeded to the Spotswood House, and sittin' to my assistant a young man from our town, who writes a good runnin' hand, I put my orthograph on the register, and handin my umbrella to a bareheded man behind the counter, who I sposed was Major Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she ruff?"

He called a colled person, and sed, "Show this gentleman to the cow yard, and give him cut an' run."

"Isn't Grant here?" I sed. "Perhaps I yaysis would'nt mind my tarrif in while him."

"Do you know the Grantal?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Well, no; not exactly; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's aunt bought her cow-cual of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi died, goin' West."

"Don't prevent," said Spotswood, "I'd rather not," and he shov'd my umbrella onto the floor. "Oh-will! I'm not to be sassed heartless with thy sarpent. I accompanied the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, mair you aware that you've bin immigrated? Does you realize how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreamy one do you realize the greatness in all its Bells and holy surgestical?"

He said he would like some gin.

I was showed to the cow yard and laid down under a one mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I had'nt gone to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should have slept comf'ble enuff if the bedbugs hadn't bin pulled off in droin' the night by a scoundrel who cum and b'rrowed a mule to the cart and drew it off. I thus lost my coverin', and my throat feels a little hoarsy this mornin'.

Gin'ral Halleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambooolance.

UNION SENTIMENT.

There is truly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on every hand.

I met a man to-day—I not at liberty to tell his name, but he is an old and influcontial citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' agin the old flag! I kan bless me, how ang'lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and burst into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standing and formerly a bitter reb), "let us once stop this effoosion of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuf for me Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of crusted pie about you?"

I told him no, but I know a man from Vermont who had just organiz'd a sort of a restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Sed another, "There has bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the first. But we was kept down by a tetror. Have you a daguerrotype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me 4 dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people?"

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was chowin' them a good of consideratoon when we reflect what his conduck has bin. Her captur in femail apparil confooses me in regard to his sex, and you see I speak of him as a she as frekent as otherwise. & I guess she feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he would not have draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of of military clothes on hand which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath school for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others leaves the Contedrit Army in a rather shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is moving rapidly to'rds Texis.

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER.

Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes; and them as he did wear looked onhealthy. He trown'd on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trubble, do you?"

"No," sed I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed sneeringly, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin' over a fallen people. Others may basely succumb, but as to me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav suthin' to eat?" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions?" he sed furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'll you hav your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham fat!"

He eat very ravenus. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had been turned over by travellers in the bread tray at the fair.

He got full at last, and his heart softened a little to'ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum people at the North who air not wholly both sum hosts!"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-blooded scoundrel." "Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crool war is over, and you're licked! It's rather necessary for somebody to lick in a good square, lively fight, and in this city, 'cause it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but he was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & be as all give in and put the Republik on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortune, my young friend. Far from it. I'm an old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my specimen chewing 'all with sullen like tears. I'm thinkin' of the scene of good rich blood that has been spilt on each other in this decided wha' I'm thinkin' of our widders and orphans North, and of you'n in the South. I think my ter lorn. I love to see a man fight for his principles. I love place my old hand proudly on the furrowing head of the Virginian mule, whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a rebel bullet, and exclaim, fervently and as piously as a venerable sinner like me kin say anything, 'God bless you, my poor dear, my poor dear!'

I riz up to go, & takin' my young Southern friend kindly by the hand, I sed, 'Young man adieu! You Southern fellers is peddlin my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a rough way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all jine and make a kantry on this conclusion that shall giv' all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us! Adieu! adieu!'

And as I am the agly, I'll likewise say adieu to you, gentle reader, merely remarkin' that the Star Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be any thing the matter with the Goddess of Liberty but a slight cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

We find the appended notice in the Natchitoches Times, of the 16th inst., and it affords us pleasure to learn the good luck of our friend, a more trustworthy man than whom, we know not. It is a pity that the postmaster at this place could not be retained in the same manner, as he is a young man, well acquainted with the duties of his office, and every way capable to conduct the business to the satisfaction of all parties!

We notice with pleasure by order of Col. Van Aiden commanding this Post, our energetic Post Master has opened the office and will make up mails for all points on the Rivers; we will have to do with our inland mails until arrangements can be made for their transportation.

While we are glad to see Mr. Taber again in the office, we would be much satisfied to know of his being appointed Special Agent of the Post Office Department, and set to work, righting and restoring our mail facilities. We know of no one better qualified for the arduous task. With *ten years* experience as Deputy Post Master and Post Master, his extensive acquaintance and energetic business habits, we feel secure in saying that he would, in a very short time have things righted.

We earnestly hope, the Post Master General will prevail on Mr. Taber to accept the position, at least, until our mail service is restored to healthy action.

The Atlanta road is progressing very slowly.

FRESH NEWS.

President Johnson is said to be the hardest worker that ever occupied the Presidential chair.

Dispatches from Fort Abercrombie 250 miles west, on Red River, state that 3000 Indian warriors, from Devil's Lake, are preparing to attack the fort. Col. Adams writes that he is ready for them.

The people of the border, beyond Mankato, have raised about $1400 to buy bloodhounds for frontier protection.

The track laying on the Minnesota Valley Railroad is progressing finely. The company advertises for 500 more hands.

It is estimated by farmers that the wheat harvest will be at least a week earlier than usual throughout the State. In central Michigan wheat is already heading, and it never promised better.

The propeller Pliny F. Barton took fire at Babsy landing, St. Clair River, and was totally destroyed.

The Commercial's special says the returning volunteers are to be paid up to the date of their arrival at their respective State rendezvous, where they are to be mustered out.

The application of Gen. Longstreet for pardon is regarded as a test case as to the treatment of the large number of rebel military, not included in the terms extended to the various Confederate armies.

The Charleston Courier, of the 28th ult., learns from Columbia that Gov. Magrath had issued a notice stating his functions as Executive had closed, and that State was now in the hands of the United States. After issuing this notice, he decamped.

The Savannah Herald says that a large public meeting was held on the night of the 30th ult., at which resolutions were adopted endorsing the policy of President Johnson, that sympathisers with secession are not to be appointed to office and asking a Military Governor for Georgia.

Mr. Davis, Mrs. C. C. Clay and their party have reached Savannah.

Bermuda papers of May 30th state that the rebel steamer Imogen has arrived at St. Georges with 1000 bales of cotton from Galveston. She reports nine steamers there loading with cotton and that ingress and egress is very easy.

President Lincoln was a Mason—also an Odd Fellow.

It has been decided that the aids on the staffs of Brevet Gen'rals are not entitled to the extra pay allowed by law to aids of Generals of the full grade.

A monument to Napoleon the First was inaugurated on the 15th, in Corsica, amid much enthusiasm. Prince Napoleon made a long speech upon the occasion, eulogistic of the life of the first Emperor.

The Russian squadron, conveying the remains of the Czarowitch, put into Plymouth and received appropriate honors and tributes of respect.

The new cardinal of England Dr. Manning, is a convert from the English Church. The London Times is very severe in its strictures upon his accession of the red hat.

The notorious Dr. Tumblety, lately arrested on being concerned in the fabrication a yellow fever cases, has been released, no case being found for him in confinement.

Col. Biddle, in Gen. Lee's Chief of Artillery, has issued a circular to the citizens and soldiers in the Valley of Virginia, enjoining them to bring in and deliver to the United States authorities all arms and Government property in their possession.

Col. Mazzy, one of the private secretaries of President Johnson, has recently been brevetted a Brigadier General of the United States volunteers. Gen. Mazzy entered the army as Captain in the 19th United States Infantry, from which he was appointed Colonel of the 100th regiment of Negro Infantry.

Gen. Mazzy's recent promotion was for faithful services in raising negro troops.

The Presidency of the Boston Suffolk Bank has been tendered to Hon. S. H. Walley, now President of the Revere Bank.

The Boston Post-Office receives about one hundred thousand dollars a quarter for the sale of postage stamps.

It is understood that President Johnson has appointed Brevet Brigadier General Mussey as his Military Secretary, Colonel William Browing, Private Secretary, and Edward D. Neill, Secretary to sign Land Patents.

The number of soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and Sherman's army about to be mustered out number, according to the National Intelligencer, 122,310. Of these there are:

139 three year regiments of 1862	55,600
Three year recruits of 1862	20,000
22 one year regiments of 1864 and one battery	14,840
One year recruits of 1864	31,720
Total	122,310

One of the Shetland mares imported by John S. Raney, of Ohio, lately gave birth to a colt, which is considered as the smallest specimen of the horse kind in the world, being only twenty inches high, and only weighing twenty-one pounds. The mother of the colt weighs only 75 pounds.

A Frenchman cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing and an Ironclad, he said to a boy: "Ish dish a war-sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."