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LIFE.

BY FATHER RYAN.

A baby played with the surplice sleeve
Of a gentle priest, while in accents low
The sponsor murmured the grand "I believe,"
And the priest bade the mystic water flow—
"In the name of the Father, of the Son,
And of the Holy Spirit"—Three in One.

Spotless as a lily's leaf!
Whiter than the Christmas snow!
Not a shade of sin or grief—
And the babe laughed sweet and low.

A smile flitted over the baby'sface—
Or was it the gleam of its angel's wing
Just passing then, and leaving a trace
Of its presence as it soared to sing
A hymn, when words and waters win
To grace and life a child of sin!

Not an outward sign or token
That the child was saved from woe—
But the bonds of sin were broken,
And the babe laughed sweet and low.

A cloud rose up to the mother's eyes—
And out of the cloud grief's rain fell fast;
Came the baby's smiles and the mother's sighs
Out of the future or the past!
Ah! gleam and gloom must ever meet,
And gall must mingle with the sweet!

Yes, upon her baby's laughter
Trickled tears—'tis always so—
Mothers dread the dark hereafter—
But her babe laughed sweet and low.

And the years, like waves, broke on the shore
Of the mother's heart and her baby's life—
But her lone heart drifted away before
Her little boy knew an hour of strife!
Drifted away on a summer eve
Ere the orphaned boy knew how to grieve.

Her humble grave was gentle made,
Where roses bloomed in summer's glow;
The wild birds sang where her heart was laid,
And her boy laughed sweet and low.

He floated away from his mother's grave,
Like a fragile flower on a bright stream's tide!
Till he heard the moan of the mighty wave
That welcomed the stream to the ocean wide!
Out from the shore and over the deep,
He sailed away—and he learned to weep!

Furrowed grew the face once fair,
Under storms of human woe;
Silver gray the bright, brown hair;
And he wailed so sad and low.

And years swept on, as erst they swept;
Bright wavelets once—wild billows now;
Wherever he sailedhe ever wept,
And a cloud hung o'er his brow.
Over the deep and into the dark,
But no one knew where sank his bark.

Wild roses watched the mother's tomb,
The world still laughed—'tis ever so;
God only knew the baby's doom,
That laughed so sweet and low!

[For the Sunday Republican.]

RUTH GREY'S SECRET.

BY ZOE.

Only heed my advice, darling, and all will be well. I beseech you do not encourage his attentions. I have never formed so unfavorable an opinion of any one before. Now will you promise me, Ruth? "Yes; and do calm your fears, my dear aunt, for he who wins my heart will be the very antipodes of Harry Somers." Aunt Kate resumed her knitting after a heavy sigh which was the escape valve to her fears and troubles. Ah! well would it have been for me had I heeded her injunctions, and remained true to my first resolution. Oh these weary, weary years which have passed since then, and she, the good and pure, who passed away with them; she whose life was woven in the fabric of mine. All the woofs and threads are parted now. And when so many cares and troubles load the wings of time, and memory sweeps with electric power across the regions of the past, in my heart's agony I cry out, oh! the gift of memory is too cruel! and were a fairy to offer me the choice, I would pray instead for a brimming full goblet of the waters of forgetfulness.

Without entering into a minute and tedious account of my former life, I will only give a slight sketch of my birth, parentage, and a few other etceteras, which constitute a person's individuality. My father died when I was quite young. The climate of India, and a too close devotion to the business which called him there, caused his death. He had, however, succeeded so well that he bequeathed a large fortune to his wife and child. The shock which my mother received was too much for one who had always been delicate. She lived on some years in silent suffering, growing more and more frail, until at last the silver cord was loosened, and "The Finger of God touched her, and she slept." So then, when I was but fifteen years of age, the kind aunt to whom I was confided by my mother, was my only comfort and protector. I knew I was an heiress, but, in my overwhelming grief, that was no solace. Wealth is the touchstone of friendship; so I had enough to offer condolence. Sympathy falls as the dew from Heaven on some hearts; not so with me. I had ever preferred to hug my sorrows in secresy. My dry and arid heart was best alone with its grief. The season spent in mourning afforded me great relief. At length I noticed a desire on my aunt's part that I should throw aside my habiliments of woe and mingle in the gay world. She felt that "I was too young to remain so excluded, and she also told me that society had claims upon us, which inclination, however strong, could not resist." Unwilling at first to obey (for I had learned to love my quiet life), I had at last to yield to the mandates, and after being three years a recluse.

Each day found me in consultation with milliners and dress-makers, in an *effort* to make me presentable in the beaumonde. For by the face which was reflected in my mirror morning, noon, and night, I was compelled to acknowledge that it certainly was not one calculated to make men's hearts ache—for I was ugly—there was no denying that. I could not discover anything smooth or regular about my face, and I was too much inclined to obesity to find any soft outlines about my figure. All these homely truths cost me many a sigh. My education and intellect were pretty fair, and my disposition, all said, was amiable. True, I was never thwarted, being the pet and idol of my aunt. I had not loved; but what was that craving at my heart that nothing filled? A void which not even my aunt's affection, nor my books, or music, could satisfy. I found out why to my sorrows! The winter was one of unusual gaiety. Cards were received to a large party, and *I*, plain and unattractive Ruth Grey, made expensive and *extensive* preparations for the same. I felt *too* painfully conscious of my want of beauty, to *think of* being a belle. It was in vain that Madame P. fitted me, as she raised her eyes and said: "*A merveille!*" for my unwieldy figure *would* run out *everywhere* in redundancies, and my parure of flashing diamonds *would* not set off my sallow complexion.

The rooms were already thronged with guests when I entered. A nervous and shrinking trembling almost convulsed me, for I was a *debutante*. It did not continue long, however. I was soon surrounded, for it was generally known in a short time that the heiress had come. One after another of the guests were introduced. Oh, money! money! What magic there is in that word. What a combination of fantasies float upon the brain at the mere mention. How much lies crowded within the shadow of that dissyllable. I accidentally overheard a sharp-visaged lady, with marriageable daughters, say: "How very plain Miss Grey is, yet her dress is very elegant." I felt the sickness of despair creeping over my heart as the words struck my ear. Yet all paid me homage, for money is a cosmetic more powerful than all the efforts the most famed *parfumeur* could accomplish. It gives beauty to the most hideous and grace to the most deformed. It is a wonderful elixir, for—

"In dumb gold
What virtue lies!
Makes young the old,
The crooked straight,
And blockheads wise."

In my delirium of delight, after a while I forgot the conversation so unwillingly overheard, and I did not pause to attribute my attractions to my golden charms. Among the many who did homage to my—wealth, so called, was the identical Harry who my aunt so feared. It was there I met him. There my destiny was decided. Circumstance is a mighty monarch, and few things in this world are more potent than chance. But Harry was very graceful and entertaining, and I confess that his handsome appearance somewhat fascinated me. As the evening advanced he became more affable, owing, as I have since learned, to vinus excitement. He requested permission to call the next day, which I readily granted. Sleep was a stranger to my pale blue orbs that night, for the coming morning was gilded with such bright anticipations of that visit. Accordingly he came. After that I saw him daily. I can not say I loved him then. I was only bewildered by his devotion. At last he succeeded. The citadel to my heart was stormed, and I surrendered. The friendship commenced in wine and was cemented by love. Party succeeded party. He was my constant chevalier. One evening at a brilliant entertainment I declined to dance, and with Harry walked in the conservatory, and found seats near the fountain. The music was softened by distance. The fragrance of the flowers, and the silvery tinkle and plash of the falling water, all combined to make me forgetful of my promise: "That I would guard my heart against Harry." But as I drank in the delicious air so scented with the aroma of choicest blossoms, I involuntarily laid to heart his every word, and believed, as millions of guileless maidens have implicitly believed before, in the truth of every honeyed compliment he uttered. I considered him to be "a piece of gold among the lumps of masculine dross around."

The next morning I sought my aunt and confessed *all*, and urged her consent; she was inexorable; I could not move her by my entreaties. She felt that he was unworthy, and had accused, tried and convicted him before the tribunal of her own judgment, but not without some cause. She felt that he was only endeavoring to marry me for my possessions, and that love did not actuate him to propose. As I had ever yielded to her wishes, I acquiesced with the agreement that we should remain engaged, and if she discovered that she judge him causelessly, and if he could satisfy her that all was fair, and upright in his character, and that he loved me truly, she might relent—all of which I informed him. He demurred at first, and tried to overcome my scruples of obedience, but finding that I would only agree to the engagement, he soon after took his leave.

I did not see him until a day or two after, when I was summoned to the parlor, quite early. He had called.

"Pardon me for coming at this hour," he said, "I am only here to bid you farewell; I leave the city at one o'clock."

"Ah!" said I, almost stupefied, "when did you decide on this."

"Only within the last day or two did I meditate it, but it was only last night that I brought myself to an irrevocable decision."

I could not conceal my agitation. "He vowed constancy, and that he would soon return, and produce satisfactory letters, and show my aunt how he loved me, and in time all would be bright." After a promise to write frequently, he left. Though so sad at pa[illegible]et I was so full of confidence an[illegible]but a small cloud obscured the sky of my life. My dreams by night and day were happy and full of hope. Eagerly expecting his promised letter, after many disappointments, one day I became the possessor of one which struck an arrow through my heart. It was not from Harry, but some unknown person, and ran thus:

"I do not desire to wound you, lady, but allow me to warn you against the man who calls himself Harry Somers. He deceived you; he bears a dishonored name. He can never re-establish it, bright and untarnished. Besides being a reckless gambler, he is already a *married man!* His wife and child are living in Europe, where he has by this time joined them." To say that I gazed upon this letter with ill-concealed agitation would be but a feeble expression of that look. The fear of something ominous had seized me when I opened it. Ah! how soon was I called upon to drop the rosy, sparkling foam of my cup of life, and drink its muddy lees. Goethe, speaking of the Christian religion, says: "Faith in it must be immovable if it would not be instantly undermined. Every doubt of it is fatal." It is equally applicable to love. I fully believed in his honor. I had faith in his integrity. That foundation was now shaken—that faith dislodged. I was in utter despair. The laws of life were not more visible on the tables of stone than this was engraven on my heart. I wish I could have shattered that inward table. I was the sole possessor of that fearful secret. For only a short week before, my poor aunt was seized with paralysis, from which she did not recover, and again was I left an orphan. My grief was doubly bitter, as it was on the succeeding day after my letter that she yielded up her pure spirit to him who gave it. So my secret was so pent up and pressed down that I thought my heart must burst.

Truly it seemed as if the reins of my life were in the hands of fiends whose delight it was to drive me to torture. The wish came that I would like to die. What saved my hand from self-destruction? It was this—the fear of the great future. Often I had asked myself—where are my dead ones?

"Oh Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be."

Life was such a barren waste. Why did not the clay and its breath go out in peace?

Soon after, I was seized with a raging fever, and for many days I was hovering between life and death. A strong constitution, and a good physician and nurse triumphed, and I convalesced much to my regret. But oh, so altered! I was determined to leave my native land, and waited patiently for restoration and healing to try and attain forgetfulness, by taking on me the curse which lighted upon Adam. It is rather a blessing than a curse, for though I am rich I will labor until I die, and endeavor by that means to remove the arrow which is lodged in my heart.

I glanced at my ring, that fatal engagement ring. My first impulse was to destroy it; yet, somehow I could not, for his fingers had placed it there. It was a bitter reminder of my own lost hopes, although it seemed a tremendous iceberg, bearing down and crushing this poor weak hand. I took no interest in anything at home, now all my dear ones had left me, so I soon made my preparations for a foreign land. I must go forth girded in the armor of good intentions; trusting to God for the rest. Just as a boat pulls away from a blazing ship did I pull away from all my old associations and home, and soon found myself in a small German town, where I proposed receiving a few pupils for Englizh instruction. As no one ever succeeds unless they give themselves up entirely to their vocation, I was faithful.

In one of my daily walks I accidentally passed by a house where a crowd had assembled. On inquiring the cause I found that a gentleman and lady had been thrown from a carriage and the former instantly killed. The latter was severely injured. I do not know what impulse directed me, but I entered the house, when oh! merciful Father, what did I behold? The man whom I had so loved lying in the cold embrace of death! I could only think of my wrongs; I could not forgive; I could not weep; but I laughed, aye, like any fiend! All at once the bitter waters of disappointment were changed to the wine of joy, which drops seemed to charm me. I felt he was swept away. I was rejoicing over the death, perhaps everlasting death, of that sinful creature. Was I not offending my Heavenly Father? I never knew how to pray as I ought, and what is human life without it? It is rudderless, and soon drifts to wreck and ruin. I did not feel that I was a being of soul—a candidate for eternity. Why should I regret his death? No, no, the dominant sentiment of my soul was relief, for she, his wife, would also be deprived of his love.

I returned to my home and the next morning I retraced my steps to the house of death. I inquired for his wife, finding that she could admit me, and went to her room, where I found her terribly injured, although perfectly conscious, and nearly wild with grief. She allowed me to speak with her, but those words came from a heart like the streets of a ruined city, the marks of the chariot wheels of grief had so cut it up, and bitter jealousy still lingered. It was not until I saw him consigned to his tomb that I could humanize myself to softness; then I wept, for I felt that the cold, dark, silent grave should shelter all from animadversion. I was a wiser and a better woman afterward, for every spare moment from my pupils I would pass with Inez and her lovely little child, to whom I was only known as Miss Grey. Of course Inez knew nothing of my heart history. We have sought his throne together, I praying to be guided through my difficulty. She became calmer, and thanked me for it and said "I had converted her from the darkness of her ways." She spoke with unreserve of herself and the bereavement which smote her so sorely. Oh! had she but known that heart of mine at the beginning; I am not at a loss to know the treatment my consolations would have received.

Her trials sanctified her. She recognized her grief as the agent of the "Refiner and Pacifier of Souls;" how human life fades as a leaf, and contrasted it with the hope that is unchanging. Her injuries did not prove fatal, but she can not ever be anything but a cripple. Having only arrived a few days before her accident, she consequently had no friends near, so that my society was more than welcome.

Her means being limited, I shared gladly with her, and took her to my home to attend to her; and well does she repay me for my care and kindness. The little "Lina" is more than a "well spring of pleasure." I instruct her with much pains. I have often controlled myself with a mighty effort, when called upon by little "Lina" for a "little story," for fear I might relate some incident in my own life.

I am now an old woman, but the friendship of Inez and the companionship of this dear young creature have helped to unlock my spirits by the secret magic of sympathy and love. They do not see the disappointed spinster who appears before them in the person of "good kind Aunt Ruth." My feelings of sorrow, though not extinct, are very much fainter now then they were, and I can no longer call life a disappointment, though I would gladly do away with all memory of the past.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

WOMAN AND HER EDUCATION.

A good education, agreeable to an old adage, is a handsome fortune. True, if rightly applied; if abused, a curse. It is not intended here to elucidate the advantages of a good education or the evils of a bad one, neither to discriminate between the two or cavil at the branches now taught. On the contrary, we hail with pleasure the opening of free academies and public schools, thus offering facilities for the acquirement of knowledge to all classes.

Why should not the mechanic and the laboring man and their children have the some opportunities afforded them as the mammon-raised gentry? Should crippled means present barriers to those who live by the sweat of their brow? Enough; the chains which have so long bound the public mind are burst asunder, and wisdom crieth out that it is only the ignorant who have anything to fear from the dissemination of knowledge.

The establishing of free schools is one of the brightest epochs in the onward and rapidly progressing career of America. This one step of a republican government will stand translucent, scattering far and wide its rays.

Now-a-days, seminaries for young ladies are plentiful. Here they are instructed in all the branches requisite to enable them to move in the highest sphere of life. French, Spanish, Italian, German; and science, with all her sister arts, and even classics, are not withheld.

Certainly there can be no objection to this wide range. A woman has the same capacities as a man in the way of acquiring knowledge, and is equally capable of rightly applying it. Time was when the education of females was limited. Civilized society at present justly affords them facilities for a high and liberal education. Collectively this is well; but when we come to analyze the consequences which result therefrom, some evils will stand prominent.

The brightest hopes of a mother, in gazing on her infant daughter, is when she grows up to give her that which no human hand can snatch from her—an education—to be a lady in every sense of the word. This done her duty is performed.

Balls, parties and gaieties of every shape and form, are next had recourse to, in order to ensnare some wealthy man; a little "cooing," and then is launched forth into the world this accomplished young lady as a married woman!

Girls are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hue are rather guessed than known.

Now she has different duties to perform. Singing, dancing and music must be partially laid aside for that which she lacked most the knowledge, of which while under the maternal roof she is totally ignorant to perform; why, because she was not brought up to it.

Important household duties are neglected, extravagancies encouraged, and domestic happiness thus ruffled. This fault, and a great one it is, rests with mothers. Daughters often have to thank them for the misery they endure in wedded life. However high the station of woman may be, she should not be above applying her hands to the fulfillment of domestic duties; for who can tell when adverse fortune may compel her to employ those hands as nature intended them. Certainly to be able to do so is no disgrace. Men when they marry need domestic comforts, and to whom are they to look for them but to their wives.

But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs—their honors none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert or not at all.

So with every wife, the more domesticated she is the greater will she be prized.

Our modern mothers think if they have their daughters taught to sing, to dance, to thump the piano, and to be able to dress them well, their object is accomplished. Yes, vainly done! but without any practical benefit. If her ambition be gratified, she exults in the idea of having her daughter styled as "Miss such a one, being a fine accomplished young lady." She is forbid the kitchen as being *infradig*, likewise she might chance to soil her too delicate fingers by kneading pastry, and they would, by that process, render them too clumsy to touch lightly the notes of a "Pleyel or Superior Grand." At the idea of washing a collar, or a cuff, she would faint. And should her wearing apparel need the assistance of a seamstress, "Miss" is too much of a lady to ply her needle, except it be to the tasty arrangement of a point of Brussels lace on her dress.

This, then, is often the present case pursued by mothers and guardians—no exaggerated statement, a plain, unvarnished fact.

Women possess a vast share of influence. Man may advise and think his power supreme; but without noticing it, to the will of woman he must be subservient.

Be it either a weakness or vanity in woman, this system of education is highly censurable; its evils are every day apparent. Families are being ruined. The seeds of discontent are being sown, maturing so as to make married life still more wretched.

One great bane attending the instilling of high and lofty notions in the minds of young girls may not, perhaps, have been noticed; nevertheless it is a lamentable fact.

A young man with a moderate competency, and very desirous of entering the matrimonial estate, is deterred from doing so by the extraordinary expectations of his lady love. Mark the result: A prey to disappointment, he yields to all kinds of extravagances; the bar-room, the billiard table, the bowling saloon, cards, and every species of dissipation he resorts to, and the most reckless companions are his bosom friends.

Thus does he continue to squander money, vowing eternal celibacy, or stupid old age, when as a rational and civilized being he might live in the happy society of a domesticated and affectionate wife had he but the chance to marry.

Profligacy and vice become thus encouraged, hardened and endured. Young men pursue this reckless course till fortune sees fit to smile upon them once more, and they either quiet down as married men or die old bachelors!

The evil rests not with men alone. Eventually young ladies suffer. Finding their expectations unrealized, they are compelled at a comparatively advanced age to choose between two alternatives—either to accept that which they before refused or pass their remaining days as happy old maids!

These, then, are the evils—many more might be enumerated. What, then, is to be done? How is this reformation to be wrought? are queries easily propounded. Mothers, it rests with you. Shake off the pomp and vanity of worldly notions, or combine them with utility. Teach your daughters to be thoroughly domesticated. This can be done without neglecting the higher branches of education. By doing so you make your daughters ornaments to society—blessed companions to husbands, and worthy mothers.

Heroes have been immortalized for their deeds; statesmen for their actions, orators for their eloquence; divines for their example. Work but this reformation, modern mothers, and your names will be immortalized and held up as bright examples for centuries to come and for future generations to follow. The greatest boon conferred on society will be due to your exertions.

BELLE BURNLEY.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

CONSCIENCE.

Each and every individual has within himself a tribunal where his thoughts, words and actions are passed to be judged; thoughts, even before they have assumed the shape of thoughts; words before they are spoken; actions before they have been committed. They are judged truly, and oft rigidly, and await but the confirmation of a divine Arbiter for their sentence.

How often do we hear it said (and how often do we not ourselves say it), that we spoke heedlessly; that we acted without suspicion of wrong. How far is this true? Does not conscience, with lightning-like rapidity, decide, before we have time to speak or act, the justice or the iniquity of the word or action? That faithful minister never relaxes its vigilance. Its zeal is ever on the alert to guard us from evil, for well it knows how our poor human nature is prone to it.

Some there are who attempt to deny the existence of conscience, but they know in their inmost hearts that they speak not truly. They may have stifled it for a time, and on this foundation base their denial, but the tiny voice is not effectually stilled. Do what they may, and let them call it by whatsoever name they please, conscience is still there, and its existence at one time or another will be known to them, for no accumulation of vice can dethrone it from its position in the human heart. What is that in man which causes him to be so exhilarated at the performance of a noble action, and, if he is not entirely lost to all sense of virtue, so humiliated at a low, degrading one, if it is not conscience? But since many may cavil at the term, let s call it reason, and thank God that this faculty has been given alike to us all.

In this world Providence has placed a standard of right and wrong within every one's breast. This standard, fortunately for man, is varied in each individual; what one may think right another may deem atrocious, and so on, as we constitutionally differ. Still, there are some actions upon which men concur in their judgment, thus leaving us without doubt as to their committal or non-committal. But it is only of that class upon which there is difference of opinion that we would now speak. We see women (I shall not say men, for devotees among the stronger sex are so few and far between) prostrating themselves daily before some altar, or humiliating themselves in some tribunal of confession. We see these zealous Christians go about slandering their neighbors, or reviling those whose devotions are not so great as their own, as soon as their steps are turned from the house of God. Do their consciences here entirely acquit them of sin? or do they think these are some of the many privileges accorded them on account of their fervor? They go through a certain formula, and there their religion ends. They forget that a *little consistency* of piety in their lives would do more toward bringing souls to God than the hearing of a thousand sermons! They feel that having attended to the command of God, which bids all hear his word, that they are exempt from the fulfillment of that one which tells us to practice what we hear.

Bigots deem that theirs will be a crown of glory hereafter, since on earth they are so firm in the belief of their own church. So secure do they feel in this belief that they think themselves justifiable in ridiculing and denouncing the religion of all other denominations. We see their most devout wearing away their lives in prayer and fasting at the same time, culpably heedless of the many virtues whose practice would do more toward procuring that crown of glory than years passed in mental and physical starvation within that living tomb—a convent's walls! Many among them look upon the faith of others simply as a combination of outward forms which go toward satisfying the craving we all have for something to raise and ennoble us, but which will avail but little in procuring either temporal or eternal welfare. They think sacraments can only benefit when administered by their own clergy; that dying outside the pale of their church, one's salvation is extremely doubtful; that the sacraments of baptism, confirmation, matrimony, etc., receive their validity only from the hands of their own ministers. They hesitate not in expressing these opinions, perhaps, indeed, they even do it with clear consciences, and yet such narrow-mindness and contraction of opinions in those to whom we should look up with reverence, do more toward turning erring ones further from their mother church than anything else has power to do. They say the "Corruption of the Best is the Worst," and the caustic saying has in it much truth; for, when we see those far above us degrading themselves with such prejudices, our imagination soon takes them from their lofty pedestals; our infatuation passes, and our idol becomes clay. We heard once of a minister, one, too, who was adored and feared by his congregation, refusing to perform a funeral service, on the plea that his services would not be requited; the petitioner was poor and could not satisfy his demand, so the body of one who, in life, had been a sincere Christian, was consigned to the grave without one prayer being said over her. We charitably hope his conscience did not torture him afterward for this act; there may, it is true, have been some extenuating circumstances which governed his conduct on this occasion, but, at present, our imaginations are not sufficiently vivid to draw excuses for such a want of charity.

It is a necessity, sometimes; indeed, a most deplorable necessity, that compels man ever to deny the existence of conscience; following which denial he doubts the immortality of the soul and the existence of an avenging Deity. One doubt is the inevitable forerunner of the other! Where would be the justice of God in placing us here as responsible beings, if he had not also given us this guide within to direct? Where would be our virtue or morality, with all our downward, sinful tendencies, if it were not for this guide never failing to show us what is right or what is wrong; what course to adopt; what one to avoid? In spite of all subterfuges, we hear a voice in the recess of our souls protesting so loudly against the mere idea of such a supposition, that we are forced to acknowledge this divine attribute of intelligence, which was prior to nations and kingdoms, and as ancient as that God by whom all are governed.

July 9, 1871. L. A. V.

A Groom's Blunder.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

On Friday night, about ten o'clock, Officer Hinkle, of the fifth precinct, while walking down Twelfth street and when near C., saw a young girl with two men enter a notorious drinking place. He was informed by some pas ers-by that the men intended to get the girl drunk. The trio entered and drank. Soon the officer entered and took one of the men and the girl in custody. When they arrived at the central guard-house the man gave his name as James M. Austin and said the girl was his wife. He informed the officers that he had been married at Baltimore on the same day. The officer asked the certificate, license, etc. A look of blank astonishment stole over the face of the girl, who, in a plaintive voice, remarked, "Jim, did you forget it?" Jim replied that he did. The officer then asked who married them and at what church. The newly married man forgot, and the whisky he had drank helped to mix his thoughts. The officer began questioning him, when he made the following statement:

"You see, sergeant, me and Sip (the girl's name is Mississippi Burks) wanted to get married, and we left our homes up in Liberty, Virginia, and came to Baltimore; I went to a preacher's house to-day—I forgot his name, and what street it is on—and got married to Sip; indeed, she is my wife. We then came to Washington, got the seventh room at the Columbia House—here's the key now if you want to see it—and put our baggage in it. I met a fellow named Charley; he said he would show us where the theatre was; we started; he brought me to where the officer found me, and told me it was the theatre, and we got to playing cards, I took two drinks of brandy. Sip took half a glass of pop. Now I'm here if I've done wrong."

The officer informed him that they would have to lock them up till morning to investigate, and they were allowed to rest in separate cells. Yesterday morning they arose, and, thinking they had not been married right, sent after a detective, who procured a license for them, and they were pronounced man and wife by Rev. Dr. Newman, in the parlors of the Metropolitan church, in the presence of several officers and reporters. The happy couple then started for Liberty, Virginia. The girl looked as if she was about fifteen years of age. She was attired in a neat-fitting calico dress. It was the intention of "Charley," whoever he is, to rob the groom, and for that reason enticed the verdant couple into the house above named. They thanked the officers profusely for assisting in having them protected, and, what was better, "married right."

TWO WOMEN.

She held him in her bare, brown arms,
His baby face her own beside—
His red lips smiling daintily—
His dark eyes startled, opened wide.
So like a high born heir he looked,
In regal pride of babyhood;
His mother but a gypsy tramp,
That by the village fountain stood.

My lady's carriage passed so close
The dust fell on the girl's dark hair,
Who frowned to note its coat of arms
And powdered footman standing there.
A passion kindled in her eyes,
She worked the problem out with fate,
Why one should beg and starve and steal,
And one should ride thro' life in state.

My lady saw the boy look up,
With soft rare wonder in his face,
And poverty, nor dust, nor soil,
Could hide his beauty and his grace.
My lady clenched her fingers close
Above her bosom bitterly,
Where once a mother's heart had been,
And now was hopeless agony.

What story of a broken troth,
Of sorrow, shame, and weary days
Was hers who stood beside the well,
With anger in her bitter gaze?
God knows, not I. Unequal fate!
She envies gold and gems; heart wild,
My lady fain would yield them all,
For this one gift, the gypsy's child!

THE VANDERBILT RAILROAD DEPOT.

Completion of the Building—Its Appearance.

[From the New York World.]

The great railroad depot erected by Commodore Vanderbilt at Forty-second street is at last completed and ready for its occupants. This building fills a want long felt by New Yorkers, aside from which it is a magnificent ornament to the city, and will doubtless prove a lasting monument to its builder. New York can now boast of the largest railroad depot in the country, and her railroad men will no longer be compelled to transact their business in the little, low and incommodious inclosure at Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth streets. The new edifice is designed for the accommodation of all the roads that have a terminus in the city, and is provided with the necessary waiting rooms and ticket offices for the different passengers, as well as the lines of tracks for the various trains. The building proper, which extends from Forty-second to Forty-fifth street, is 692 feet in length and 240 in width.

The materials used are smooth red brick and iron painted white. The front or principal elevation is on Forty-second street, and rears its magnificent proportions high in the air, presenting a most imposing appearance. The centre of the facade is covered with a tower 130 feet in height and flanked at each end by towers 110 feet high. The west elevation, as seen from the new street formed by the depot, exhibits similar features, and is surmounted by three towers 110 feet in height. The north end is constructed entirely of iron, and has ten iron arches for the ingress and egress of trains, while the eastern side, which is the least imposing, is for the most part built of brick, and will be used chiefly for the freight department. On the south side, fronting on Forty-second street, the whole width of the building, to the depth of forty feet and to the height of three stories, is devoted to the waiting rooms and offices of the New York and New Haven railway.

On the ground floor, there is, first of all, an ample baggage-room; next, the gentlemen's waiting-room, and that for ladies. These rooms are handsomely fitted up in black walnut and oak, and supplied with every convenience. Adjoining the ladies' waiting-room is the ladies' dressing-room, which is furnished with all the modern conveniences, and is a model of elegance and luxury. On the second floor are the offices of the superintendent, the stationery and store-rooms, the chief clerk, treasurer, attorney, president and the directors. On the third floor are the conductors' room, store-room for tickets, general ticket office, printing-room, and five small offices for undetermined purposes. The west side of the building, for its entire length, to the same depth and heighth as on the south side, is similarly designed for the business and traffic purposes for the New York and Harlem railway, the Hudson River railroad, and the New York Central railroad. In this way the west and south end, to the depth of forty feet, are occupied solely by offices, and the central space, six hundred and fifty feet by two hundred, forms a monstrous car-house, to which admission is gained by the ten iron arches at the north end of the building.

The height of this immense car shed is ninety feet. The roof is formed of glass and corrugated iron, and is supported by thirty one semi-circular trusses of iron, each measuring four feet in width by one foot in thickness. These trusses are painted in rich colors, and on the lower sections there is a good deal of gilding, while the iron sheeting extending between the arches is painted a blue tinge. The effect of the whole is perfectly gorgeous. At night the interior is lighted up by twelve chandeliers, each provided with one hundred lights and a large reflector. High up on the walls, in letters six feet high, are inscribed the names: "C. Vanderbilt, president; W. H. Vanderbilt, treasurer." There are twelve lines of railway running the entire length of this stupendous shed, divided into groups of two or three by raised platforms, composed of stone and cement, for the accommodation of the four lines which start from the Union depot. At the southeast corner of the building, at the junction of Fourth avenue and Forty-second street, are two lines of railroad, which form the terminus of the Fourth Avenue railroad, by which passengers will be enabled to step on board the steam cars from the street cars without exposure to the weather.

The Washington special of the New York *Tribune* says:

A gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, reports that the members of the Ohio Democratic Central Committee have considered the statements, that if the vote of the late convention had been correctly announced, Mr. Ewing would have been the nominee. The committee took no formal action in the matter, but the facts submitted were such as to show, beyond question, that if correct tallies had been kept, they would have shown a majority for Ewing. It is understood that the friends of the latter did not insist upon public action upon the matter, and that Mr. McCook's friends assert that Ewing will stump for the ticket, as announced.

The New York *Citizen* has an acount of a team of trained sturgeons which draw a boat on the Lehigh canal. The driver has his seat in the bow and directs their course with a goad, which is a long pole, as thick as one's wrist, with a sharp spike sticking out at right angles from the end, and it is surprising with what alacrity they obey. When they are to be turned to the right or left, a sudden prick on the opposite side of each sturgeon causes the pair to take the desired course. When a greater speed is desired they are pierced near the tail; when they are required to halt the goad is reached forward and they are pricked in front of the head.

Colonel Cyrus C. Carpenter, the Republican candidate for Governor of Iowa, is a native of Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, and was born in 1829. He is self-educated, having begun life in a woolen mill, and studied surveying during his leisure hours. He went to Iowa in 1854, where he was engaged for a time in surveying and teaching school. He served three years in the army during the rebellion. In 1866 he was elected register of the Iowa Land Office, in which office he served until 1870. He is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Louisville boasts of an eighteen year old belle who can lift a tub of clothing from the ground to an elevation of four feet, and have the clothes line white with the results of the labor of her own little hands in a short while. Meanwhile her mother sits in the parlor taking her ease in her old age. As soon as this becomes generally known the railroads running into that city will have to run extra trains.

A distressed father found his fugitive daughter in a low den in Rochester, and proposed that she should abandon her present course of life, return to the city where her family reside, and go into an asylum, where her wants would be supplied. These terms she refused; but she signified her willingness to return if she could be received at home and forgiven. The father rejected this overture, and returned alone to his home.

A HISTORIC SPOT.

Reminiscences of an Old Landmark Soon to be Effaced.

[From the Nashville Banner.]

Since the demolition of the City Hotel has been contemplated, its history and that of the ground on which it is located has been discussed with much interest by our old citizens. It seems that the site has been occupied by a hotel almost from "time out of mind."

The first place of entertainment of which our oldest citizens have any recollection was a frame house kept by Eli Talbot, and known during its time by his name. Parton says that in 1813 this was known as the City Hotel, but one of our informants, who was living there at the time, insists that not until several years after was the City Hotel erected.

It was in the Talbot Hotel, 1813, that the famous rencontre occurred between Andrew Jackson and the Bentons. The difficulty originated remotely from a duel between General Carroll and Jesse Benton, in which General Jackson had been the second of the former, and from a bitter correspondence subsequently had between Colonel Thomas H. Benton and General Jackson, though the two had been warm personal friends. The circumstances which led to the rencontre have become matters of history, and we propose only to recall the particulars of the fight itself, as locally connected with the annals of the spot on which the City Hotel now stands.

On the third of September, 1813, the Bentons were regitsered at the Talbot Hotel, and General Jackson at the Nashville Inn, then located on the northeastern corner of Market street and the public square, the site now occupied by the wholesale house of Evans, Gardner & Co. The next morning about nine o'clock General Coffee and General Jackson started around the square, via the Talbot Hotel, to the postoffice, which was then located where the house of Bolivar H. Cook now stands, with the ostensible purpose of obtaining their mail. On returning, General Jackson attacked Colonel T. H. Benton, who was standing in the doorway of Talbot's Hotel. Benton fumbled in his pocket for a pistol, and retreated slowly backward, Jackson close upon him with a pistol at his heart, until they had reached the back door of the hotel. At that moment, Jesse Benton, seeing his brother's danger, shot a slug into Jackson's shoulder, shattering it in a fearful manner. The latter fell across the entry and remained prostrate, bleeding profusely. At this juncture General Coffee fired at Colonel Benton, and missed him. He then "clubbed" his pistol and was about to strike, when Colonel Benton, in stepping backward, came to some stairs of which he was not aware, and fell headlong to the bottom. Stokely Hays then coming upon the scene of action, made a lunge at Jesse Benton with a sword, snatched out of a cane, but the point struck a button, and the sword broke in pieces. He then drew a dirk, got Jesse Benton upon the floor, held him down with one hand, and was about to plunge it into his heart, when a spectator caught him by the arm. This ended the rencontre.

Some time subsequent to the year 1813, the first house of entertainment, known as the City Hotel, was erected in the place of Talbot Hotel, which had been torn down to give place to it. This hotel was burned, and in 1833 the present City Hotel was built. Up to within the past few years it was a favorite place for holding political caucuses and other meetings of a public character.

It was at this hotel, in the year 1845, that a very notable event happened in the life of E. Z. C. Judson, better known under the *nom de plume* of "Ned Buntline." Having shot and killed a citizen of Nashville, he took refuge in the City Hotel from the excited populace. He ran to the third story of the hotel and was so hotly pursued that he jumped to the ground, a distance of thirty-six feet. He feigned to be dying and was taken to the jail. That night he was taken out and hung up to an awning in front of the house now occupied by Bolivar H. Cooke & Co., but was soon after cut down by some unknown person.

Did space permit at present, we might recall many other interesting incidents, political and otherwise, connected with this time-honored place of entertainment.

Railroad to San Antonio.

The following dispatch from Galveston was a special to the *Times* of last evening:

GALVESTON, July 7.—At the election in San Antonio over two-thirds of the registered voters have voted in favor of the subsidy of five hundred thousand dollars to extend the Galveston and Harrisburg railroad from Columbus, or Eagle Lake, to San Antonio. The engineers compute the difference at $100,000 in favor of the Eagle Lake road. That west of Columbus is subject to overflow.

The Indianola and Victoria railroad is completed to within four miles of View Victoria, and will be in running operation in six days.

The mails in the interior are greatly deranged, some of the contracts for which expired on the first. The old contractors will not now renew on the terms rejected by the Postoffice Department. The *Bulletin* calls a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce to take action in the matter, and a telegraphic memorial will be sent to the Postmaster General at Washington to send special agents to make contracts.

An Ohio paper publishes a pitiful letter, purporting to have been written by a Mormon woman to her brother, a resident of that State. It says the woman some years ago started overland for California with her husband, that he was murdered by "the Saints," and his effects confiscated, and that subsequently, not aware of the manner in which he met his death, she was induced to marry a Mormon. Everything was pleasant for awhile, but at length he grew more and more matrimonially inclined, and married other wives. With every new comer—they now number fourteen—her sorrows were increased, and she writes: "My troubles have no end, but keep coming, one after another, until my cup of bitterness is running over. I can not endure it any longer. My husband has got another little red-headed imp that he calls his wife, and she says she has got just as good a right to everything as I have, and he tells her the same, and then because I can not submit to it he whips me like a dog. I can not stand a whipping. No pen can tell what I suffer. I can not wear the yoke any longer; and now, dear brother, for the love of Heaven, help me away, and I will thank you more than I can tell. I have had quite a number of rivals, and have managed to put up with all, until the last one came, and now forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and being abused beyond endurance, I must and will leave this den of infamy, and I hope to live a few of the last days of my life in my native land among my friends."

An exchange gives some interesting statements concerning the effect of the now completed Alabama and Chattanooga railroad in developing the vast iron interest of Alabama. It says that by the completion of this road vast beds of Alabama iron ore have been made accessible at a low cost, of a quality, it is asserted, better suited to the manufacture of steel than any other native or foreign ore. It is to be hoped that this will tend to the development and utilization of these inexhaustible supplies, that can be made to be of more real value to that State than are the White Pine silver mines to Nevada. Pig iron is now made in Alabama, it is said, thirty-three per cent cheaper than in the most favored regions of Pennsylvania, and the experiments recently made by Messrs. Holly, Winslow & Griswold, at Troy, New York, on iron manufactured in Shelby county, Alabama, were entirely satisfactory, and conclusively proved the great value of the product. The Alabama ores are free from sulphur, and by care in manufacturing them into pig iron, the phosphorous they contain can be reduced to 5-100 of one per cent in the pig metal.

Yankee enterprise makes itself felt in South America as well as at home. The latest triumph is the completion of a railroad from Arequipa to Molendo, Peru, which was built by a New Yorker, backed by the Peruvian government. This is not only a great triumph of American engineering, but will tend to develop the resources of Peru and the trade between that country and the United States. We have no cause for jealousy of the growth of our republican neighbors, for every step in advance which they make is of direct benefit to us.