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[For the Sunday Republican.]

THE DYING SAILOR.

BY AUGUSTUS PITOU.

Four bells had struck, and sounded like a knell
To those who lingered of the ship's stout crew
To hear the dying sailor's last adieu.

'Oh! lift me up, that I with ease may speak.
I fear that this frail craft has sprung a leak.
I'll soon go down—I can't much longer float—
I'm wrecked, and there's no taking to the boat!
Mutineers, before the morning watch is set
My wife and child in Heaven I shall have met.
I'm quite content to die, for soon I'll be
With those I love for all eternity.
My townsman's at the wheel—pray, send him quick!
Will one of you, kind friends, go steer his trick?'
When he had said one of that hardy crew
To do his bidding noiselessly withdrew.
'You know to-morrow is God's day of rest:
I would be buried when the sun is west;
Just as he sinks from sight behind the sea,
Then let the dark blue waves close over me.
Oh! Bill, my chum, you've come! Give me your hand,
And listen to your friend's last sad command.
Since we left home five long, long years have passed—
That home on which, Oh! God! I've looked my last!
When you reach there go to my mother's cot,
And break to her the news of her lone lot;
Her picture, Bill, you'll find it in my chest—
I'd kiss her face before I go to rest;
My dear wife's, too, with baby in her arms—
We'll soon meet there where free from earthly harms,
Repentants find homes in the world above,
To live forever with the ones they love.
My mother's very old, poor widowed heart—
The only tie on earth I'm loth to part.
She lost my father, while quite young, at sea,
And all her cherished hopes now set in me;
I am her only child; 'twill grieve her much,
But 'tis God's will—she'll bear her loss as such.
A Christian she, in every act and thought,
One of those Christ-like souls who bow to aught
Their great Creator burdens them withal;
Her let their trust and faith in Him once fail.
Could I but see her ere I close life's page
I might with soothing words her grief assuage.'
He paused, and gently wept, while nearer drew
Around his bunk his shipmates brave and true.
'Quick! quick! your hands; these moments are my last—
Wife! child! I come! Kind Christ, plead for my past.'
His anguished townsman eased him down and said,
'Look here, my chum, my noble friend is dead!'

TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Tell my wife!" said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half troubled way. "Tell my wife, indeed! Much good that will do! What does she know about business, and money matters and the tricks of trade! No, no; there's no hope there."

And Aaron Little sat musing with a perplexed countenance. He held a paper in his hand, and his eyes had just been lingering over a paragraph in which the writer suggested to business men the propriety of consulting their wives.

"Talk to them freely about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly your condition. Tell them of your difficulties, of your embarrassments, and your plans of extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it, you will get help in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a nearer way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question long before your slow moving thoughts bring you near enough for accurate observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, all about your affairs! Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter, the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it! A man must be hard pushed, indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his maturing payments were to be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital must come a partner. I don't like partnerships. It is so difficult to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. It's a risky business. But I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I am doing; and as a measure of safety more must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and he says he can command ten thousand pounds. I don't like him in all respects, he's a little too fond of pleasure. But I want his money more than his aid in the business. He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call and see him this very night, and have a little talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand pounds, I think that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind, Aaron Little returned home, after closing his warehouse for the day. Tea being over, he made preparation for going out, with the intention of calling on Mr. Lawrence.

As he reached his hand for his great coat, a voice seemed to say to him:

"Tell your wife. Talk to her about it."

But he rejected the thought instantly, and commenced drawing on his coat.

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining-room.

"Out for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in half an hour or so."

"Out where?"

"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her about it," said the voice, speaking in his mind.

"Nonsense; she don't understand anything about business. She can't help me," he answered firmly.

"Tell your wife!" The words were in his mind, and would keep repeating themselves.

"Can't you say where you are going, Aaron? Why do you make a mystery of it?"

"Oh, it's only a matter of business. I'm going to see Mr. Lawrence."

"Edward Lawrence?"

"Yes."

"Tell your wife!" The words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears.

"What are you going to see him about?"

"Tell her!"

Mr. Little stood irresolute. What good would telling her do?

"What's the matter, Aaron? You've been dull for some time past. Nothing going wrong with you I hope?" And his wife laid her hand upon his arm, and leaned toward him in a kind way.

"Nothing was wrong," he answered in an evasive manner. "Business has been dull this season."

"Has it? I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"

"What good would it have done?"

"It might have done a good deal of good. When a man's business is dull, his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circumstances. I think that men ought always to tell their wives when anything is going wrong."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do. What better reason can you want than the one I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat, and sit down and talk with me a little before you go to see Mr. Lawrence?"

Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced on the hat-rack. Then returning to the parlor, she said:

"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I see it coming, and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent," said his wife.

"Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Little's eyes fell on the floor, and he sat for some moments in silence. Then looking up, he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more capital in my business. There will be no getting along without it. Now, Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least he says he can command, £10,000. I think he would like to join me. He has said as much two or three times."

"Are you going to see him on that business?"

"I was."

"Don't do it," said Mrs. Little emphatically.

"Why not?" asked Aaron.

"Because he isn't the man for you—not if he had £20,000."

"Because is no reason," replied Aaron Little.

"The extravagance of his wife is," was answered firmly.

"What do you know about her?"

"Only what I have seen. I have called on her two or three times, and have noticed the style in which her house is furnished. It is arrayed in palace attire compared with ours. And as for dress, it would take the interest of a little fortune to pay her milliner's and mantua-maker's bills. No, no, Aaron, Mr. Lawrence isn't your man, depend on it. He'd use up the ten thousand pounds in less than two years."

"Well, Betsy, that's pretty clear talk," said Mr. Little, taking a long breath. "I'm rather afraid, after what you say, that Mr. Lawrence is not my man. But what am I to do?" and his voice fell into a troubled tone, "I must have more capital, or—." Mr. Little paused.

"Or what?" His wife looked at him steadily, and without any signs of weak anxiety.

"Or I may become bankrupt."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Aaron," and Mrs. Little's voice trembled perceptibly. "But I'm glad you've told me. The new parlor carpet, of course, I shall not order."

"Oh, as to that, the amount it will cost can make no great difference," said Mr. Little. "The parlor does look shabby, and I know you've set your heart on a new carpet."

"Indeed, and it *will* make a difference then," replied the little woman in her decided way. "The last feather breaks the camel's back. Aaron Little shall never fail because of his wife's extravagance. I wouldn't have a new carpet now if it were offered to me at half price."

"You are a brave, true woman, Betsy," said Aaron, kissing his wife, in the glow of a new-born feeling of admiration.

"I hope that I shall ever be a true, brave wife," returned Mrs. Little, "willing always to help my husband, either in saving or in earning, as the case may be. But let us talk more about your affairs; let me see the trouble nearer. Must you have ten thousand pounds right away?"

"Oh, no, no; it is not so bad as that. I was only looking ahead, and was seeking to provide the means for approaching payments. I don't want a partner, so far as the business itself is concerned. I don't like partnerships; they are almost always accompanied with annoyances or danger. It was the money I was after; not the man."

"The money would come dearly at the price of the man, if you took Mr. Lawrence for a partner. At least that is my opinion. But I am glad to hear you say, Aaron, that you are in no immediate danger. May not the storm be weathered by reefing sail, as the sailors say?"

"By reducing expenses?"

"Yes."

Mr. Little shook his head.

"Don't say no too quickly," replied the wife. "Let us go over the whole matter at home and at the store. Suppose one or two thousand pounds were saved in the year, what difference would that make?"

"Oh, if that were possible, which it is not, it would make a vast difference in the long run, but would hardly meet the difficulties that are approaching."

"Suppose you had £500 within the next two months, beyond what your business will give you?"

"That sum would make me safe for the two months. But where is the £500 to come from, Betsy?"

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, replied the brave little woman in a resolute way. "I'm not afraid of the red flag."

"What do you mean by the red flag?"

"Let us sell off our furniture at auction, and put the money in your business. It won't bring less than £500, and it may bring more. My piano alone is worth nearly a hundred. We can board for a year or two, and when you get all right again, return to housekeeping."

"We won't try that yet, Betsy," said Mr. Little.

"But something must be done. The disease is threatening, and my first prescription will arrest its violence. I have something more to propose. It comes into my mind this instant; after breaking up we will go to mother's. You know she never wanted us to leave there. It won't cost us much over half what it does now, taking rent into the account. We will pay sister Annie something to take care of little Eddie and Lizzie through the day, and I will go into your warehouse as chief clerk."

"Betsy, you're crazy!"

"Not a bit of it, Aaron, but a sensible woman, as you will find before you're a year older, if you'll let me have my way. I don't like that Hobson, and never did, as you know. I don't believe he's a fair man. Let me take his place, and you will make a clear three hundred pounds a year; and, may be, as much more."

"I can't think of it, Betsy." Let us wait awhile."

"You must think of it, and we won't wait awhile," replied the resolute wife. "What is right to be done is best done quickly. Is there not safety in my plan?"

"Yes, I think there is; but—"

"Then let us adopt it at once, and throw all buts overboard; or," and she looked at him a little mischievously, "perhaps you would rather have some talk with Mr. Lawrence first."

"Hang Mr. Lawrence!" ejaculated Aaron Little.

"Very well; there being no help in Mr. Lawrence, we will go to work to help ourselves. Self help, I've heard it said, is always the best help, and most to be depended on. We may know ourselves and trust ourselves, and that is a great deal more than we can say about other people. When shall we have the sale?"

"Not so fast, Betsy, not so fast. I haven't agreed to the sale yet. That would be to make a certain loss. Furniture sold at auction never realizes above half its cost."

"It would be a certain gain, Aaron, if it saved you from bankruptcy, with which, as I understand it, you are threatened."

"I think," said Aaron, "we may get on without that. I like the idea of your coming into my warehouse and taking Hobson's place. All the money from retail sales passes through his hands, and he has it in his power, if not honest, to rob me seriously. I've not felt altogether easy in regard to him of late. Why, I can hardly tell. I've seen nothing wrong. But if you will take his place, £300 will be saved certainly."

"But I have my house to keep," Mrs. Little answered to this, "how can I help you at the warehouse? The first thing in order is to get the house off my hands."

"Don't you think that Annie could be induced to come and live with us for a few months until we try this new experiment?"

"But the money, Aaron; the money this furniture will bring! That's what I am looking after. You want money now."

"Very true."

"Then let us hang out the red flag. Half way measures may only ruin everything. I know that mother will not let Annie leave home, so it's no use to think of it. The red flag, Aaron—the red flag! Depend upon it, that's the first right thing to be done. Five or six hundred pounds in hand will make you feel like another person—give you courage, confidence and energy."

"You may be right, Betsy; but I can't bear the thought of running out that red flag, of which you talk so lightly."

"Shall I saw coward? Are you so afraid to do what common prudence tells you is right?"

"I was afraid, Betsy; but am no longer faint-hearted. With such a brave little wife as you to stand by my side, I need not fear the world."

In a week from that day the red flag was hung out. When the auctioneer made up his accounts, he had in hand a little over eight hundred pounds, for which a check was filed out to the order of Aaron Little. It came just in the right moment, and made him feel, to use his own words, "as easy as an old shoe." One week later Mrs. Betsy Little took the place of Mr. Hobson as chief manager and cash receiver in her husband's warehouse. There were some few signs of rebellion among the clerks and shop-girls at the beginning, but Mrs. Betsy had a quick, steady eye, and a self-reliant manner, that caused her presence to be felt, and soon made everything subservient to her will. It was a remarkable fact, that at the close of the first week of her administration of affairs, the cash receipts were over thirty pounds in excess of the receipts of any week within the previous three months.

"Have we done more business than usual this week?" she asked of one clerk and another, and the uniform answer was, "No."

"Then," said the lady to herself, "there's been foul play here. No wonder my husband was in trouble."

At the end of the next week the sales came up to the same average, and at the end of the third week were forty pounds better than before. Mrs. Little undertook to manage the retail department. Whether there had been "foul play" or not, Aaron Little could never fully determine; but he was in no doubt as to one thing, and that was the easy condition of the money market after the lapse of half a year.

For four or five months previous to Mrs. Little's administration of affairs he was on the street nearly half his time during business hours, engaged in the work of money raising; now his regular receipts had got in advance of his payments, so that his balance on the morning of each day was usually in excess of the notes to be lifted. Of course he could give more attention to business, and of course business increased and grew more profitable under the improved system. By the end of the year, to use his own words, he was "all right." Not so a neighbor of his, who, to get more capital, had taken Mr. Lawrence as a partner. Instead of bringing in ten thousand pounds, that "capitalist" was only able to put down three thousand; and before the end of the year he had drawn out six or seven thousand, and had given notes of the firm for as much more in payment of old obligations. A failure of the house followed as an inevitable result.

When the fact of the failure, and the cause which led to it, became known to Mr. Little, he remarked, with a shrug:

"I'm sorry for B——; but he should have told his wife."

"Of what?" asked the person to whom he addressed the remarks.

"Of his want of more capital and intention to make a partner of Lawrence."

"What good would that have done?"

"It might have saved him from ruin, as it did me."

"You are mysterious, Little."

"Am I? Well, in plain words, a year ago I was hard up for money in my business, and thought of taking in Lawrence. I told my wife about it. She said, 'Don't do it.' And I didn't; for her 'Don't do it,' was followed by suggestions as to his wife's extravagance that opened my eyes a little. I told her, at the same time, of my embarrassments, and she set her bright little head to work, and showed me the way to work out of them. Before this I always had a poor opinion of woman's wit in matters of business; but now I say to every man in trouble, 'Tell your wife!'"

The Wealth of the United States.

[From the New York Sun.]

The returns of the census of 1870 make the total value of the real and personal estate in the United States, exclusive of the possessions of the general government, to amount to $30,068,518,507. If this estimate be accepted as correct, it shows that, notwithstanding the war, there has been a remarkable increase in the wealth of the nation since 1860, when the entire valuation was placed at $16,159,616,068. But from the remarks of General Walker, the Superintendent of the Census, which are prefixed to the statistics of wealth and public indebtedness, it becomes evident that this estimated valuation must be far from accurate, although no pains have probably been spared to render the returns as complete and precise as possible.

It is impossible to obtain a correct idea of the value of property from the returns made of assessments for taxation, for although undervaluation for this purpose is the rule, the proportion of undervaluation to the true value varies in every State, and in almost every county. There are States in which the assessed value of the whole body of real estate does not fall short of its selling price in a favorable market by more than ten per cent, while in others the true value is said to exceed the assessed value by 200 per cent, and even more. Under these circumstances, the census office has prepared tables giving the value of the real and personal property, separately, as assessed for purposes of taxation, and supplemented these with an estimate of the true valuation of both descriptions of property, derived from investigations carefully made by officials specially commissioned for the service. The results of their work must be regarded rather as guesses than as well-grounded opinions; but it is probable that they are as nearly correct as it is possible to attain with the machinery at the disposal of the government.

Another very serious defect in the census valuation of the wealth of the country arises from the omission of all attempt to deduct from the amount of personal property debts secured by mortgages of chattels and real estate. In respect of such debts the returns present a double valuation. Not only is the property of the debtor counted at its full value, but the money borrowed to pay for it or other property is counted likewise. Hundreds of millions of dollars, for example, are owned in the East in the form of mortgages on the real estate of the West, all of which is represented twice in these returns; first as real estate in the West, and second as personal property in the East. The work of reducing the aggregate valuation by separating these duplicated values would have been of almost insuperable difficulty, and even had it been accomplished, would most likely have led to serious misrepresentations of the comparative wealth of sections. For if any property was excluded, it would naturally have been the personal property, and the nominal holders of mortgaged property would thus have been credited with its entire ownership, while the persons really entitled to the greater portion of it would not be represented at all.

The assessed value of the real estate in the United States is given at $9,914,780,825, and that of the personal estate at $4,264,205,907, making a total of $14,178,986,732. In order to arrive at the magnificent sum total which the census office gives us as representing the entire wealth of the country, it has been necessary to add the enormous sum of $15,889,531,775, as an allowance to offset alleged under valuation. It is possible that this allowance is not too great; but few will doubt that it fully covers any deficiency that may have occurred from the lenity of assessors in the discharge of their duties. Assuming this to be accurate, it remains that when the vast sums invested in loans secured by pledges of real and personal property in this country, amounting to thousands of millions of dollars, are deducted from the general estimate, the amount must be very seriously diminished. Debts are not property, and when they are represented as such in the census, it only gives a false impression of the resources of the country. The United States is tolerably prosperous; but leaving out of sight entirely all public indebtedness, and viewing the subject wholly in relation to the property of private citizens in their individual capacity, we have made no such gain in wealth during the past ten years as the census tables would lead one to believe.

General J. M. Imboden, late of the confederate States army, now captain of a militia company in Richmond, Virginia, in answer to the invitation extended to his command by the Washington Grays, of Philadelphia, to participate in their semi-centennial anniversary, wrote: "There is no lingering political feeling within the borders of our State so strong that it can interfere with our people hailing with lively satisfaction every new evidence of returning good will between the sections, and there are no fitter people to restore this good feeling than we, the soldiers of the two armies, who so severely learned what it cost us to quarrel about ideas."

Lobsters will be very scarce this year—"probably because the long winter has killed the vines," suggests Mr. Greeley.

Value of Property in the South.

[From the Louisville Commercial Bulletin.]

The fearful destruction of property at the South during the war, and the baneful influence of the corrupt governments that have held sway in these unfortunate States, are clearly shown in the recently published tables of taxation and public indebtedness, according to the census of 1870.

The valuation of property in the slave States in 1860 was $5,202,160,000, and in all the States, $16,086,519,000. One-third of the wealth of the country at that time was concentrated in the cotton States.

In the year 1870 the total wealth of the country had increased to $30,068,518,000. On the other hand, the value of property in the South had fallen to $3,329,334,000. While the value of property in the South has decreased $1,872,826,000, that of the rest of the country has increased $15,855,825,000.

	Prop. Value. 1870.	Prop. Value. 1860.
Alabama	$201,855,000	$495,337,000
Arkansas	156,394,000	219,526,000
Florida	44,163,000	73,101,000
Georgia	268,169,000	645,395,000
Louisiana	326,125,000	662 115,000
Mississippi	209 177,000	607,324,000
North Carolina	260,757,000	358,739,000
South Carolina	208,146,000	543,138 000
Tennessee	498,237,000	494,903,000
Texas	159,052,000	365,200,000
Virginia	409,589,000	793,249,000
West Virginia	190,651,000	
Total	$3,329,334,000	$6,202,160,000

Compare this table, with the statement for eight of the leading Northern and Western States:

	Prop. Value. 1870.	Prop. Value. 1860.
Connecticut	$774,631,000	$444 274,000
Illinois	2,121,629,000	871,869,000
Indiana	1,368,176,000	528,325,000
Massachusetts	2,132,148,000	815,237,000
New York	6,500,941,000	1,843,338,000
Ohio	2,235,430,000	1,193,898,000
Pennsylvania	3,888,340,000	1,416 501,000
New Jersey	940,076 000	467,718,000
Total	$19,762,526,000	$7,581,631,000
Increase	12,800,565,000	

It will be seen that New York is worth nearly twice as much as the entire South.

While property values have undergone such a fearful decline in the South, the expenses of local government have increased 125 per cent. The table contains a statement of the taxes collected for State, city and county purposes, from which we collate the following amounts collected for taxes in the several States in 1870, compared with 1860:

	Taxes, 1870.	Taxes, 1860.
Alabama	$2,982,953	$651,157
Arkansas	2,866,898	635,393
Florida	496,166	159,121
Georgia	2,627,929	747,895
Louisiana	7,060,722	4,960,789
Mississippi	3,736 372	954,806
North Carolina	2,363,808	1,044,732
South Carolina	2,767 675	1,280,336
Tennessee	3,381,879	1,102,756
Texas	1,129,577	533 265
Virginia	4,613,798	3,672,689
West Virginia	1,722,158	
Total	$35,737,727	$15,833,021
Increase	20,000,000	

The whole amount of local taxation in the United States in 1870 was $281,180,312, of which one-eighth was collected in the cotton States. The State, county and city debts aggregated $808,676,758, of which the twelve States enumerated above owe $249,508,000, exclusive of their contingent liabilities.

A Matter of Interest to Sculptors.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "In view of the Royal Academy and International Exhibitions, it may be worth while to draw the attention of sculptors to the use of paraffin for saturating the surface of plaster-of-paris casts, instead of employing stearine, or clogging them with coats of paint. Paraffin, from its comparatively unchangeable nature, its few chemical affinities (*parum affinis*), the varieties obtained from peat or mineral tar, indeed, having been tried for ages by exposure to all sorts of cosmical vicissitudes, seems, *a priori*, more likely to be durable in color and other qualities than stearine. It softens at 110°, melts at 130°, and is then easily applied, in one or more dressings, to casts made previously warm in an oven or on a covered stove. It imparts to the plaster an agreeable appearance of subdued transparency, combined with solidity, far preferable to to the effects produced by stearine. The casts soon acquire an ivory-like tone, and their surface is destitute of any greasy feel or any unpleasant glare, unlike those dipped in stearine, they do not appear, after a trial of many month, to turn yellow—moreover, paraffin is very cheap. Of course the casts to be treated with it must be clear to begin with, and any seams should be neatly finished off.

When properly saturated for half an inch or less in depth from the surface, the paraffined casts are smooth and dry to the touch, so that dust, if it gathers upon them, does not adhere to them, but may be removed by a fine brush, or may be washed off with a soft sponge and cold water, either with, or better, without soap. Warm or hot water makes them adhesive, melts the paraffin, exposes the pores of the plaster, and causes dirt to sink into the surface in patches or streaks. Any exposure to undue fire heat or solar heat also affects them injuriously, and, of necessity, oily dusters or greasy fingers will soil them. With care, however, they may be kept, even in London houses, without the hideous covering of a glass shade. This process of paraffining casts appears to be admirably suited for works intended for public exhibition, which are necessarily subjected to the influence of many atmospheric impurities. It not only enables them to be preserved in a comparatively clean state, but it substitutes for the dull, cold and ghastly whiteness of the raw plaster an agreeable hue, substance and surface. The suggestion of this use of paraffin was made by Professor Marshall, and it has been practically tested by Mr. Thornycroft and his son.

Berwick's Bay Railroad Bridge.

We copy this from the New Iberia *Sugar-Bowl:*

Since our last issue we have obtained from the road official some additional particulars about the construction of the railroad bridge over Berwick's Bay, at Brashear City.

The bridge will certainly be built, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary.

The water, instead of being eighty feet deep, as commonly believed, is only about fifty feet deep at one point, and less at all other points.

There are no water worms in Berwick's Bay, as has been fully tested by the timbers in the wharf at Brashear. The fresh water prevents their visitations.

It is probable that the upper portion of the bridge will be all iron, while the portion under will be all wood. The opening for steamers will be left at the deepest point in the bay.

It is feared that there will be considerable delay in the commencement of the work, on account of the difficulty in obtaining suitable timber until after high water.

When finished this will be the greatest railroad bridge in the South.

Lincoln's Dream.

The President remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war. I inquired the particulars of this remarkable dream. He said it was in my department—it related to the water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was making with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumpter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. General Grant remarked, with some emphasis and asperity, that Stone River was no victory—that many such victories would have ruined the country, and he knew of no important results from it. The President said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but whatever might be the facts, his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the events and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place or was about being fought, "and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."

Great events did indeed follow. Within a few hours the good and gentle as well as truly great man who narrated his dream was assassinated, and the murder which closed forever his earthly career affected for years, and perhaps forever, the welfare of his country.—*Galaxy.*

WHAT CARE I?

SHAKSPEAN METRE, 1646.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads of May,
If she be not fairer for me
What care I how fair she be!

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind,
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such for me
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me
What care I for whom she be!

NEW BOOKS.

A NOBLE LORD, a sequel to "The Lost Heir of Linlithgow," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

All who have read that most fascinating of modern novels, "The Lost Heir of Linlithgow"—and who has not, as it has passed to four editions in five weeks—will be pleased to learn that its gifted authoress has provided a sequel to the wondrously interesting story. "A Noble Lord" is the title of the conclusion of the last entrancing narrative from the prolific and graphic pen of Mrs. Southworth. It takes up the thread of the absorbing romance where the final chapter of "The Lost Heir" left it, and from the woof and web of the thrilling incidents, mysterious circumstances and interesting and sharply individualized characters the practiced and talented novelist has wrought out a literary masterpiece in the popular field of prose fiction. Those desiring entertaining reading of the highest order should secure both Mrs. Southworth's last great novel and its sequel. Published in uniform, elegant and durable style by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of $1 75 in cloth, or $1 50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail to any place, post paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them. For sale by George Ellis & Brother, No. 82 Camp street.

GOOD BYE SWEETHEART. By Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York. Ellis & Brothers.

THE FIRST GERMAN READER; to succeed the "First Book in German." By George F. Comfort, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Æsthetics, Syracuse University; author of "A German Series." New York. Harper & Brothers. Ellis & Brothers.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM. By Miss Muloch.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have just issued a superb edition of this popular work, beautifully illustrated. For sale by Ellis & Brothers.

Harper's edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit," beautifully bound in green and gold, illustrated, is just received. For sale by Ellis & Brothers.

THE CANCELED WILL. By Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "Why Did He Marry?" "Michael Rudolph," "How He Did It," "The Planter's Daughter," "Who Shall Be Victor," etc.

"The Canceled Will" is a story of American life, tracing the career of a beautiful young girl, who is left in ignorance of her family, though carefully prepared to fight the battle of life when the time comes in which she comprehends that on her own efforts must depend the future, she pants to make a brilliant success in society. The story shows what means are used to this end, what experiences she passes through, how strangely her parentage is revealed to her, and the use she makes of that revelation. There are many characters, all well sustained, who are thrown into relations toward each other of the most thrilling character, and few readers will be found willing to skip a page of this charming delineation of home life.

Sydney Smith says a novel "is only meant to please; it must do that, or it does nothing." Judged by that test, "The Canceled Will" deserves a high place, for it absorbs the interest of the reader from the first page to the last. In imaginative power, management of plot, and delineation of the various passions and interests which move its characters, this novel will prove to be a brilliant success.

It is issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of $1 75 in cloth, or $1 50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail to any place, postpaid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them. Published in uniform, elegant and durable style by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The above is just received by Kain & Co., 130 Canal street.

AROUND THE WORLD: By E. D. G. Prime, D. D. Numerous illustrations.

The Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the New York *Observer*, a short time since completed a journey around the world. Leaving New York, he reached San Francisco by way of the Pacific railroad, stopping for a while at Salt Lake City. He made an excursion to the Yosemite valley, of which he gives a graphic account. From San Francisco he steamed straight across the Pacific to Japan; thence through the inland sea to China; then through the straits of Malacca to Calcutta; from Calcutta he made a long trip into the interior of India, its limit being Lodiana, 200 miles north of Delhi; thence he went, by way of Allahabad, to Bombay; through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and the Suez canal to Suez; and onward, through the Mediterranean, to Jaffa and Jerusalem, whence he made a trip to the Dead sea. On the return journey the route led from Beyrout to Constantinople and Athens; thence to Brindisi, in Italy; then overland, by way of Naples, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Berlin and Cologne, to Paris and London; and thence across the Atlantic home to New York. The route followed by Dr. Prime thus belted the globe around its fairest zone. In such a journey no man could fail to see much. Dr. Prime saw more than most men could, and describes what he saw better than most men can. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

A $2,000,000 fortune is reported to have fallen from the skies (Ireland) upon the doomed head of a La Salle boy. His father says he don't believe it, and is likely to be right.

The Two Conventions.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

The country had almost forgotten that any convention whatever is to be held at Philadelphia, so completely has public attention been engrossed by the more representative assemblage which will convene at Cincinnati. Never before in the history of American politics has so comprehensive and magnificent a popular movement developed so spontaneously, or in so short a space of time. The whole country feels that at Cincinnati will assemble the only convention possible in which there is, at the same time, an opportunity of choice of candidates and a prospect of success in electing them. The Grant convention would have had a prospect of success in electing its candidate, if no Republican nomination were made against it, but it presents no opportunity of choice.

For three years every person opposed to Grant on any point, however small, has been read out of the "party" by some whipper-snapper assuming to speak for the White House, the Senate caucus, or the office holders. On the other hand, a Democratic National Convention would have some latitude in the choice of candidates, but no possibility of electing them, and, hence, would excite no interest. A godsend of freedom and vigor, therefore, is the Cincinnati convention, combining every reasonable latitude in the choice of candidates with an increasing certainty that if the nominations there to be made are made with sound judgment and deliberation they will be elected by overwhelming majorities.

Much is said by the administration papers about the supposed feuds and rivalry between the various aspirants for the Cincinnati nomination. Such a rivalry between men of as much political sagacity as Lyman Trumbull, Gratz Brown, Governor Palmer, Charles Francis Adams, Horace Greeley, Judge Davis, Charles Sumner, and the like, indicates a strong belief that the candidate of that convention will be elected. There is no such rivalry for the Philadelphia nomination. On the contrary, the rumor has already started that its candidate has under advisement the policy of thwarting the Cincinnati movement by declining altogether to run. We do not believe the President has yet entertained such an idea, for the double reason that it is too early in the campaign, and that, whatever other qualities the President may lack, obstinacy is not one of them. Though this course has not entered into his mind, it has acquired sudden prominence in the minds of not a few of his followers. At least two independent movements of soldiers of the war—one including many prominent Generals, and the other consisting of privates only—are already on foot in the Eastern States, not to obtain representation in the Cincinnati convention, or in any way further its aims, but to "draw its fire" and thwart it by securing the retirement of Grant, and the nomination of another candidate at Philadelphia, in the hope of uniting the Republican party. Such amiable workers mean well enough, but they do not understand the forces with which they are dealing on either side. There is no danger that any compromise will be either accepted or tendered in this war. We will have a clean victory or a square defeat.

As to the candidates, we predict that the ancient Democratic game of taking a man without a political record in order to get something against which and about which nothing can be said, will not be followed by the assembled Reformers at Cincinnati. That course would do for a party that depended on ancient prestige and organization for its votes, and that wanted dirty work of its candidate after his election. But the Liberals are in just the opposite stage of their career. Their campaign must be aggressive, and their candidate, when elected, must not prove a swindle to those that elected him. He must have a known record as a statesman, and that, too, of the longest, purest and most searchable kind. In this way only can we go before the people with credit and ask Republican votes. It can not be done with a man of putty, nor with an unknown or negative quantity. It must be a sound, tried, experienced statesman, of impartial judgment and really liberal mind, who knows enough about American politics not to be tricked by politicians, and so thoroughly comprehends our statesmanship as to keep abreast of the times and alive to their true exigencies. We should nominate no man whose past exemption from the ordeal of national politics would cause the people to ask, "What proof has this man given of statesmanship, more than Grant himself?" Let not the Cincinnati convention fear to trust that the intelligence of the people in judging of statesmanship is as high as their own. Let them not try to get down to the level of the people with their candidate, but to get up to the level of the people. If they do this we do not apprehend that it will be necessary for anybody who now looks to the convention with hope, to "bolt" its nomination.

Served Him Right.

A genuine bully called upon a Friend, avowedly to thrash him.

"Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking aside his visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou take some dinner?"

The bully was a glutton and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfill his original errand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "Wilt thou not take some punch?" And he supplied abundance of punch.

The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer; but quoth the Quaker:

"Friend, wilt thou take a pipe?"

This hospitality was now accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the door, and pulling him toward it, exclaimed:

"Friend, thou camest here not to be pacified. I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage. I gave thee a drink offering; still thou wert beside thyself. I gave thee a burnt offering; neither did that suffice. Now I will try thee with a heave offering." And with that he tossed him out of doors. That sufficed him.

This is from the Homer *Iliad:*

Constant flings are thrown out from the Customhouse "pack" at Governor Warmoth and his "tax collectors." Opponents who indulge such a style only show lack of decent argument, and intimate strongly that they would steal if they had a chance. Such characters are constantly suspecting somebody of meanness. But rascals often make a vital mistake in judging honest men by themselves. Because the Louisiana officials of President Grant are willing to lick his spittle for continued favor and sell the State government to the common foe for aid to keep their master in power, the poor devils must not infer that Governor Warmoth and his officials are equally base.

The late M. de Paris, guillotinist, had one favorite machine, which he christened Jacqueline, and its perfections ever excited his ardent delight. He practiced with calves upon it, and handled its machinery with a precision that few have attained. His salary was 9000 francs a year. He lived in a pretty villa just out of Paris, and maintained his children at fashionable institutions of learning under false names. They did not know their father's occupation. When work was to be performed he was notified at midnight, and, to get his hand in, he beheaded a calf or two on Jacqueline, had a nice breakfast and subsequently executed his victims with a neatness and dispatch that challenged public admiration. Thiers liked his manner so well, and gave him such abundant opportunity of displaying it, that the old man declared the President would kill him with overwork. It seems he did.

The Washington *Star* says: "Colonel D. D. Morrison, of Ill