New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

TELL ME HOW.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"You vow you love me, dearie!
So many a man might vow;
But now, before I trust you,
Suppose you tell me how?"

"I love you as the wind does
The beauteous summer rose."
"I know; he stoops to snatch a kiss,
And then away he goes.
No wind's love for me, sir;
I can not be your rose."

"I love you as the bee does
The purple meadow clover."
"I know; he drains it of its sweets,
And then its day is over.
No bee's love for me, sir;
I will not be your clover."

"I love you as a lady does
Her wreath of orange flower."
"I know; she only wears it once,
To grace her bridal hour.
No lady's love for me, sir;
I'm not your orange flower."

"I love you as a man does
The woman he loves best."
"I know; a pretty plaything, she,
To wear upon his breast.
Still—if there's nothing better—
I like man's love the best.

"So, if you love me, darling
(But do you really, now?),
Here is the kiss I promised—
Because you told me how."

BASHFUL BOOTS.

"Tell me, Bashful Boots," I said, "how far is it to Whitby?"

"Please, thir, my name ithn't Bathful Booth," answered the child; "it'h Mary Cumru."

I was just eighteen, and, after having taken my degree in the time-honored University of Pennsylvania, was making a pedestrian tour through the eastern counties of my native State. For several hours I had been traversing a wild, wooded region that the inhabitants called "the forest," and which stretches for nearly thirty miles, from the northeast to the southwest, back to the Blue Ridge between Whitby and Heidelberg. It was a primitive, picturesque district, with small farms scattered through the valleys, while the hills on either side were densely clothed with the original forest trees. There were so many little lateral valleys, and so many cross-roads, that at last I began to fear I had lost my way.

Suddenly there rose before me, over the crest of a low hill, the chimney and roof of a time-worn, stone farm-house. The fences were moss-grown, the woods around were bushy and wild; lush grasses grew in the meadows, and the whole air was fragrant with the scent of water flowers that bloomed in the little brook near by. A scientific agriculturist would have turned from the scene in disgust. But a poet or painter would have been charmed by it. The tangled, luxuriant growth carried the imagination back for a century to the landscapes that Fielding described and Gainsborough painted.

Crossing the field between me and the house, and advancing in my direction, was a little girl. She wore an old sun-bonnet and loose sack, and carried an earthenware pitcher in her hand; yet in spite of these comparatively coarse accessories there was a bright, intelligent look in her eyes and an air almost of refinement in her face. Observing a stranger, she stopped shyly, with her finger in her mouth. It was then I addressed her.

We soon managed to get quite well acquainted. Whitby, she told me, was "just over the mountain, not more than an hour's walk." She lived with her maternal uncle, who owned the farm-house, which had been her grandfather's and her great-grandfather's before. "Papa was minister," she said. "We lived in the city till he and mamma died."

I was about to walk on, when she asked me slyly if I wouldn't like a drink of milk. She was going to the spring-house, she added. I assented most gladly, and she tripped gaily before me, flitting along like a free, happy bird.

Have you ever, my dear reader, seen a real old-fashioned Pennsylvania spring-house—a one-storied, one-roomed stone edifice, built over a natural spring, generally shaded by a weeping willow or some ancient forest tree, and floored with brick and stone? My little hostess, kneeling down, dipped some milk up from a pan that floated in the ever-running stream which made the circuit of the spring-house inside. Never, before or since, have I had a draught so delicious.

Afterward I sat down on the low, turfy bank outside, and chatted with my little friend.

"Do you know," said she, artlessly, "I like country better than town? You hear the birds at daybreak; you can hunt for wild flowers. Oh! such violets, and blue bells, and quaker ladies we have here."

"And buttercups, too, I hope."

"Yes, yes, buttercups. Do you know how to tell if you like butter?" she asked, gleefully.

"Don't I! You hold the buttercup to your chin."

She clasped her hands, and laughing said—

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I know more than you think," I answered coolly, but feeling a young man's pride, nevertheless, in her admiration. "Can you tell me, for instance, what is this?"

I had been, as my habit was, poking with my stick into the turf, and now I had loosened a heavy, rusty-looking bit of stone that rolled at my feet.

"No," she said, with some contempt; "I don't care for dirty rocks; I care for flowers and trees."

"But this dirty bit of rock," I answered, "is hematitic ore," quite willing to show off my geological knowledge, and forgetting that she would be wholly ignorant of the matter. "If there's a vein of it on your uncle's farm it will make his fortune. I shouldn't wonder if there was," I added. "This ore is always found in just such localities, where the trapdykes," and I waved my stick in the direction of the ragged, knife-edged hills that rose in front, "break through the sandstones. Why, it's as good as a gold mine, my dear."

"A gold mine!" Her eyes were bigger than ever now.

"Yes, as good as a gold mine. If the farm was mine, I'd sink shafts at once. Is your uncle at home?"

"No. He has gone to Whitby."

"Well, then, mind you tell him when he comes home to-night. It will do no harm, at any rate." As I spoke I rose to go.

She looked down and put her finger to her mouth again. At last with a shy blush she said:

"Would you mind writing it down? the big word, I mean."

"Oh! the name of the ore. Certainly not," I said, laughing. I tore a leaf from my memorandum book as I spoke, and wrote the word as she requested.

"Do you often come this way?" she asked, bashfully, as I offered my hand and said good-bye.

"I was never here before, little one, and don't know that I shall ever come again."

Her face fell.

"But I should like to come. I will try next summer," I added.

She brightened up again.

"Oh, do come," she cried. "Do you know I like you—ever so much?"

When I reached the turn of the wood, at the top of the hill above, I stopped to look back. My little acquaintance stood just where I had left her, gazing wistfully after me. I took off my hat, she curtesied, and then I plunged into the forest.

That night, at Whitby, I had occasion for my pencil-case, a thin, golden one, with my name engraved on it. I could not find it anywhere. "Where have I left it?" I had quite forgotten that I had used it in the springhouse, and might have dropped it there.

I never returned to the old farmhouse. The next winter I went abroad, for I had a competent fortune, and I wished to finish at a German university. Afterward I became an attache, and subsequently traveled extensively. Ten years in Europe had only made me love the institutions of my country the more. But before I returned to America I went to Rome on a farewell visit. To me, as to many others, that wonderful city was the one city of the world, to which to go back again and again, with ever-increasing affection.

The morning after I arrived, I walked to St. Peter's to hear, in the canon's chapel, the music of Plestrina. While listening to the chanting, I happened to glance up at one of the private galleries on the left, and saw there a woman's face, so wrapt, so exalted that for the time she looked like one of Fra Angelica's angels.

"It won't do," said my friend, Charley Hargrave, putting his arm into mine, when the congregation was dispersing. "I saw whom you were looking at, but she's above even your reach. She's been the belle of the season, my dear fellow, and has had lots of earls and counts disputing her smiles. Stop, here she comes and Prince Borgia is with her, to whom many say she is engaged."

We had by this time reached the aisle outside. As the lady passed she looked up, as if some instinct had told her she was the subject of our conversation. For one moment our eyes met. A thrill went through me. Never before had I known what love was, but from that moment I was hopelessly lost.

"Who is she?" I stammered, when she and her escort had passed out of hearing.

"Miss Vonberg, a great heiress."

"German?"

"No, American, though of German descent, as the name shows. The gossip of the last week, that she has finally made her choice, must be true; for that was Prince Borgia, as I said before; and only some influential person, one of the Pope's guard, as he is, for example, could have got a permit to that gallery. The stately old dame with them, too, was his mother; the other was Miss Vonberg's chaperon, for she is an orphan. You'd have known all this if you had been here through the winter, as I have been. Why, the young English swells used to crowd to the *table d'hote* at Miss Vonberg's hotel in the Corso just to catch a sight of her at dinner. At last she had to move to private apartments in the Palazza Goldona, to avoid being stared out of countenance."

Why was it that, notwithstanding this friendly warning, I went back to my hotel to think of Miss Vonberg? Was I mistaken in fancying that, in passing, she had looked at me with evident interest? All that day her image was before me. At night I dreamed of her; dreamed she had made me happy, and woke to find out my delusion, and to wish I could have slept on forever, with dreams so blissful.

But sleep would not come again. Besides I had an engagement with an old diplomatic friend to accompany him, his wife and his wife's mother on a drive out on the Campagna. There had been some remarkable excavations made lately at the Scava, which he wished me to see. So I dressed, breakfasted and joined my friend.

We had finished our investigations, and were about to re-enter our barouche, when I heard shrieks and the rush of wheels, and, glancing up the road, saw a carriage approaching at full gallop. In vain the coachman tugged at the frightened steeds. On, on they tore, the barouche bounding from side to side behind them, threatening the lives of the two ladies who seemed to be the only occupants of the carriage, and from one of whom came the shrieks.

It was but the work of an instant for me to rush forward, seize the nigh horse, twist the bit until I threw him against his fellow, and stop the carriage with a lurch that snapped the pole and sent the coachman reeling from his seat. In another instant my friend had come to my aid, the traces had been cut, and all danger was over.

I stepped to the door, hat in hand, to assist the ladies to alight. The one nearest me, an elderly woman, whose shrieks had rent the air, fairly tumbled into my arms. It took both my friend and myself, she was so helpless, to carry her to the bank by the roadside, where we put her down. Then, leaving my companion and the ladies of the party to attend to her, I hurried back to the barouche. But before I could reach it the other occupant, springing lightly out, had met me half way. Apparently, she was as cool and composed as if in her drawing-room at home. As I began to apologize for my delay she threw back her veil and smiled, revealing the face of Miss Vonberg.

I felt as if I walked on air.

"How can we thank you sufficiently?" she said, in the softest, most musical of voices. "I had given ourselves up for lost, when you rushed forward so bravely."

Never shall I forget the emphasis on these last words, or her looks as she spoke them. "It was nothing," yet my heart beat high and proud. "Nothing more than any other would have done."

"Pardon me," she answered, "I do not think so. It was an even chance that the horse would trample you to death, and only heroes take such risks as that." Her great Juno-like eyes blazed as she uttered these words.

She had stopped in her enthusiasm. But now, as if sensible she had been too frank, she colored violently and moved quickly forward, saying, "Excuse me, but aunt, I perceive, is calling me."

"How shall we ever get back to Rome?" cried the poor old lady, who had recovered from her faint. "I never, never can trust myself behind those horses again."

"If you will accept them, the seats of my friend and myself are at your service," I said.

"But you will have to walk back to Rome."

"That is a trifle," I replied.

"The distance must be four or five miles. But for my aunt I could not think of accepting." She hesitated. "I suppose there is no other alternative. How can we ever repay you?" She gave me her hand in parting, smiling bewitchingly.

The long miles back to the Latearn gate seemed but a few steps, I was so intoxicated with happiness.

Intoxicated with happiness, and with dreams that I soon found to be, alas! hopeless ones; for, calling the next day at the Palazza Goldona, the first person I saw in the saloon was Prince Borgia, to whom Miss Vonberg introduced me. He had heard of the event of the day before, and he scowled at me as if I had interfered with him. Miss Vonberg herself was ill at ease. She watched the Prince anxiously—so anxiously that in a little while I rose to go.

I think I never was so angry. Miss Vonberg was evidently engaged to the Prince, and, moreover, was afraid of him. She was as different in his presence from the bright, frank, enthusiastic girl of the Campagna as it was possible to be. "Another sacrifice to rank," I said, wrathfully. "What fools our American girls make of themselves!" You see, I had gone there expecting a warm welcome, dreaming impossible dreams, and this was my revenge.

Now came days and weeks of intolerable misery. Angry as I was I could not get rid of Miss Vonberg's image. Her blushing, eager face, as she thanked me on the Campagna, was rising up before me constantly; and at every recurrence of that seductive vision I was more madly in love than ever. More than this, whenever I happened to find her alone she was graciousness itself, natural, frank, sympathetic and charming beyond words. But if the Prince happened to come in, she froze toward me at once. Was she a flirt? Everything contradicted this idea. No, she was pledged to the Prince, and was afraid of awakening his jealousy. Yet I loved her in spite of all.

The reader will say it was insanity. Perhaps it was. Perhaps all love at first sight is. Again and again had I laughed at such a passion; had called it boyish; and said it was impossible for a man of sense; yet here I was, at eight and twenty, as much a slave to love at first sight, as the veriest lad of seventeen. Night and day I thought only of Miss Vonberg. I haunted every place I thought I might meet her—the Pincian hill, the Bergese gardens, the Ville Pamphilia, the opera, the Corso. Her sweet, low voice, her enchanting smile, her divine face and figure were always in vision before me.

At last came a crisis. The Prince's originally cold hauteur deepened into almost surly insolence. Once or twice Miss Vonberg, I thought, feared an explosion. I shall never forget the imploring look she gave me at a ball, when the Prince, finding me at her side, quite forgot he was a gentleman. That look was the last drop in my cup of bitterness.

"She is grateful to me for that day on the Campagna," I said to myself, "and has not the heart to refuse me an occasional dance; but she throws herself on my mercy; she begs me by her looks not to incense the Prince. Why do I stay here to complicate matters? I can not trust myself much longer if the Prince continues to be so rude! there will be an affray and a scandal, for her name will be dragged into public gossip. Had I not better leave Rome, and so relieve her from anxiety?"

I lay awake all night revolving this sacrifice, and fell asleep in the early morning, having resolved upon it. There was a train at midnight by the way of Civita Vechia—I would take that, and put the Atlantic, as soon as might be, between me and my hopeless love.

"One last glimpse," I said, "is all I ask. I can not even trust myself to a farewell. Mrs. Townsend told me they were going to a concert at the Barberini palace this evening. I am not asked there, but I will go to the Golden, about the time they will return, and catch, unseen, a look at her as she descends from the carriage.

The Palazza Goldona is one of the smallest of its rank, and has not even a court yard. It is situated on a side street that runs at right angles with the Corso. Up and down this narrow street I paced between ten and one o'clock that night. Once or twice I fancied that another cloaked figure was engaged on the same errand; as once or twice before, when watching for a light in Miss Vonberg's window, I had also fancied I was not alone. At last the rumble of approaching wheels was heard, and I had just time to conceal myself behind one of the huge columns that flanked the portal, when the coach came rattling up. In another moment Mrs. Townsend, followed by Miss Vonberg, had descended; the great entrance swung wide open, and the elderly lady disappeared under the glowing archway. But her companion paused for a moment and looked up and down the street, as if expecting some one. Had the Prince promised to follow them home? Or had he been prevented from attending the concert; and did she hope that, even at this late hour, he would pay her a visit? As she stood there, her rounded white shoulders gleamed like Parian marble in the doorway; never had she looked more dazzlingly beautiful.

A jealous pang shot through me. It was only for a moment, however, that she waited. After a hasty glance up and down the street, and an instant of eager listening, she turned and entered the portal, the carriage, meantime, driving rapidly away. As she went in, I stepped noiselessly forward, my eyes hungry to follow her till she disappeared entirely. I was so absorbed that I did not observe another cloaked figure which had been concealed on the opposite side of the portal, and which sprang lightly forth after me. All I noticed was that Miss Vonberg suddenly turned, as if detecting footsteps behind her. To escape recognition, I darted to one side, throwing the cloak over my face. A dagger, that would have penetrated my heart if it had gone where it was intended, struck me on the shoulder-blade and glanced off; but it was driven with such force, that coming unexpectedly as it did, it prostrated me prone on my face.

A piercing shriek cut the still night air, there was a rush of woman's garments, and Miss Vonberg was kneeling beside me, endeavoring to lift me up.

"He is murdered!" she cried; and never shall I forget the agony of that voice. "The Prince has done it." Then in a whisper, as her arms clasped me frantically, "Oh! my love—"

Could I believe my ears? Was it me she called by that endearing epithet? For a moment I remained passive in the dear arms that encircled me, till, hearing the footsteps of the porter and Mrs. Townsend, I was compelled to rise.

"I am not hurt, darling," I said; "I was only stunned for a moment—"

"Thank God!" she cried, with a long, eager look. Then she started back, the color deluging her face, her hands went up to hide it, and she burst into tears.

My arms were around her immediately, in spite of the spectators. "You knew me," I cried; "you return my love—oh! merciful father! what happiness."

She looked up at me timidly.

"Yes, I knew you," she replied softly. "I have seen you watching my window some nights. I wanted to warn you against the Prince, but I never had a chance. I knew your life was in danger——" and she broke down again.

The next morning found me an early visitor at the Palazza Goldona, for, as the reader may suppose, I did not leave Rome by the midnight train. My mistress met me, all smiles and blushes.

"In love with Prince Borgia," she cried indignantly, when I confessed my jealousy. "I am too thoroughly an American ever to have married any foreigner, least of all Prince Borgia. For weeks I have done everything short of rudeness to get rid of him. His mother, before he came to Rome, was very kind to me, and I could not, for her sake, treat him as I otherwise should. Ever since that day on the Campagna, or rather the day after, when I saw his manner toward you, I have dreaded some such attempt as this, for I know his jealous, vindictive nature."

"It was just that anxiety I misinterpreted," I cried. "It made me sure that you loved him. I thought it was for him you were anxious."

She laughed lightly. "You ought to have a better opinion of yourself. I declare!" she added suddenly, starting from my side, "I do believe it was I that proposed, after all. Fie on you! 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' sir."

But I drew her again to me, and kissed her, and she nestled on my bosom, blushing and happy, and forgiving me. At last she glanced up, shyly.

"But I have a confession to make," she said. "You won't be angry?"

"Certainly not. How could I?"

"Promise."

"I promise."

"It is something you ought to know before I become your wife. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps—it may make you change your mind."

She hid her face on my bosom again.

"Nothing can make me change my mind."

"Not if I tell you," and she spoke in a voice so low I could hardly hear her, "that I was—in love—before?"

I started. Her hesitation, her whole manner sent a sudden chill through me. Was it but the ashes of a heart, then, that I had won?

"You promised," she said hurriedly, "not to be angry. And it may make a difference if I tell you it was a long time ago."

"Ah!" I cried, forcing a smile, but no words can describe my torture.

"But—but—" she resumed, "I kept on loving him. Nay! don't start:—forgive me. It was a sort of youthful dream, you see. He was my ideal of everything great and noble—my Bayard, my Sidney, my Sir Lancelot."

I winced more and more. What was the rack to this?

"But, darling" (she had never stopped, but went on, hurriedly), "it is you I love now—remember that! Only I must tell you all. I worshipped my youthful fancy till—till the day on the Campagna. And now I have something to return to him—not exactly a love token, but what I have kept as a memento——."

"And you wish me to write to him and send this—this memento?" I interrupted curtly, and quite withdrawing from her. I came very near saying, "never."

"If you please," she answered demurely, rising and courtesying. As she spoke she drew from her pocket a small faded bit of paper, that had apparently been torn from a memorandum book, and a thin, worn, gold pencil case.

For an instant I was dumb with amazement. I looked at the pencil-case, and then at the merry face, which was now rippling all over with fun. Like a flash everything came back to me; the wild, wooded hills; the stone farm-house; the lush grasses; the water-cresses; I saw the shy, bashful child, with her milk-pitcher. I recognized the face, too, at last, in the one before me. "How could I fail to recognize it before?" I said to myself, half angrily. All my jealousy was gone in an instant. For it was I who had been her ideal through all these years; it was I who had been her Bayard, her Sidney, her Sir Lancelot.

I gazed like one transfixed, stammering:

"And you are——"

"Bashful Boots," with another courtesy, and so roguish a look, "or Bathful Booth, as I believe I said in those days."

Then she told me how it all came about. She had given my memorandum to her uncle, who began immediately to look for ore, and was happily rewarded by finding a vein. He was soon a rich man.

"We all shared in the good fortune," said my mistress. "My cousin and I were sent to the Moravian school at Bethlehem, and my uncle's two sons went to college. We often thought and spoke of you as our benefactor," she said, nestling close to me, "and even inquired after you in the city, but found you had gone abroad."

"Three years ago," she continued, "a terrible calamity befel us. My uncle's health failed, and he was ordered to New Orleans for the winter. The family all went, except myself, for I remained at Bethlehem in order to perfect myself in my studies. There was an explosion," she shuddered all over, "you may have heard of it—and they were all lost, father, mother, sons and daughter."

"It was in that way," she resumed, after a while, "that I came by the name of Vonberg. It was my uncle's (he was my mother's brother), and I was to take it, with the property, till I married; for my uncle, strange to say, as if by a presentiment, had made a will for this very contingency."

"This is why I never recognized you," said I. "The name threw me off the track completely."

"That won't do, sir," she said, "for I recognized you at once. I knew you the first day, when I saw you at St. Peter's. But a woman is always the most faithful."

Prince Borgia left Rome that morning for an indefinite period, as was given out. His sudden flight confirmed our belief that he had hired a bravo to assassinate me.

Some one is looking over my shoulder as I write.

"It is a shame to tell all that nonsense about your wife," she says. "People will say I made love to you."

But I answered with a kiss, which brings blushes to her cheek, for, though she has been married for six years, she is still my "Bashful Boots."

A Visit to Laura Fair.

A San Francisco correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* writes:

By peculiar good luck, and the help of some friends, three of us obtained an interview yesterday with Mrs. Laura Fair, of the famous Fair-Crittenden murder case. Mrs. Fair, it will be remembered, was tried and convicted; an appeal was made to the Supreme Court, and a new trial was given her. This will commence early next month. For the present she is an inmate, as she has been since her first incarceration, of the county jail.

To reach it you toil up, through evil looking streets, one of the steepest hills in the city. The jail is a narrow, cramped structure, not uninviting externally, but ill ventilated and poorly arranged within, suggesting that, like the boy of the fable, who was admonished to steal shorter fish or wear a longer coat, San Francisco must soon decrease the number of her criminals or build them more commodious quarters. After rambling through the corridors, past cells where half a dozen persons we huddled together, and where strange Chinese names adorned the portals, we gave our cards to the sheriff, a good-natured, gentlemanly fellow, who spent without a murmur the better part of half a day in our service. The sheriff disappeared through a plain doorway, and after a few moments absence returned, with an invitation for us to enter.

A young girlish-looking woman advanced to give us kindly greeting. It took a second thought to be convinced that this was Mrs. Fair—a fair-haired, tall but slight person, with an abundance of ringlets caught back and allowed to escape through the knot of a loosely tied ribbon, large expressive eyes, pretty, even teeth, and a mouth that committed the paradox of being at the same time the homliest and the most beautiful feature of an altogether attractive face. Her expression is constantly varying, owing to the changing color of her eyes, and the play of smiles about her large but regularly formed mouth. She has, perhaps, been a handsome woman—certainly a fascinating one—but confinement is telling on her. She was dressed, as most San Francisco ladies are at this time of the year, in a white pique dress, with an over skirt and plait trimmings. A neat-fitting red flannel sack encased her shoulders, and a simple pin confined the plain collar at the throat.

The room, which is painfully small, is furnished with a cottage set, to which a work basket and a low rocking-chair added something to the appearance of womanly comfort. We apologized for intruding, and half explained our errand. She toyed a moment with our cards, and seemed to be weighing our names.

"You are newspaper men?"

"Two of us, madam, and the third an alderman."

"Ah, well, I have nothing to fear from aldermen—they are harmless—and I think you gentlemen of the press are my friends," and so she dropped into an easy conversation, entertaining us without any apparent embarrassment and with abundant humor, and far better than the most accomplished society lady would entertain three strange gentlemen who had forced themselves upon her.

At first badinage ruled, and she proved a full match for her guests, parrying and thrusting in the liveliest manner, and with the quickest repartee. She avoided all reference to the circumstances of the crime with which she is charged, but conversed freely upon her early life, much of which was spent in Mississippi, where she was born, and in Alabama. She laughingly remarked that she was posted upon the object of the St. Louis delgation in San Francisco, and was strongly in hopes the thirty-fifth parallel road would soon be built—so strongly, in fact, that she was half a mind to tell her lawyer to buy her a quantity of its stock. Nearly an hour was spent in easy conversation, which was only terminated when the sheriff suggested that we had tarried long enough. She gave us messages to friends in St. Louis, whom she hoped soon to visit, and asked us to call again if it would afford us any pleasure.

She is writing a play, it is reported, and if this be true, and she gives half the spice to it she did to the conversation in our interview, it will have no danger of dragging or lacking in any way in interest. Whatever else she may be, she is a clever woman, and hanging, to speak harshly, would be about the worst use she could possibly be put to. Public sentiment here is, however, set against her and unless she obtains a change of venue to some more favorable county, it will require the brightest wits of the legal profession to procure her release.

Better than Gold.

Good habits are better than gold. A wise business man will give a poor man having no bad habits credit rather than a dissipated rich man.. The following illustrates this fact:

Horace B. Claflin, a prominent member of the Baldheaded Club, is as quaint and humorous as he is keen witted and rich. They tell the following good story about him: On the fifteenth of February, about five o'clock, Claflin was sitting alone in his private office, when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered. "Mr. Claflin," said he, "I am in need of help. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me, and would like to have $10,000. I come to you because you were a friend to my father, and might be a friend to me." "Come in," said Claflin, "come in and have a glass of wine." "No," said the young man, "I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?" "No, I never smoke." "Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can." "Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room, "I thought perhaps you might. Good day, sir." "Hold on," said Mr. Claflin; "you don't drink?" "No." "Nor smoke?" "No." "Nor gamble, nor nothing of the kind?" "No, sir; I am superintendent of the —— Sunday school." "Well," said Claflin, with tears in his voice and his eyes too, "you shall have it, and three times the amount if you wish. Your father let me have $2000 once, and asked me the same questions. He trusted me, and I will trust you. No thanks—I owe it to you for your father's trust."

The malicious New York *Commercial* is responsible for this: "A charming young lady at the Homeopathic fair last night was trying to induce a married gentleman, accompanied by his wife, to take a chance in a $600 diamond cross. 'Do take a chance, dear!' asked his wife in a plaintive voice. 'Pshaw! you are cross enough for me, Miranda,' said the cannibal husband, who afterward took his wife home, but returned alone to flirt with a pretty young lady."

Mazzini's large fortune will be inherited by his grandniece, a young lady of considerable literary ability, and at present art-critic of a daily paper at Turin.

[For the Sunday Republican.]

ADIEU.

[Respectfully inscribed to Miss Marie E. Gordon, late of the Varieties Theatre.]

Adieu, sweet lady! Not a last good bye;
For we thy memory will long retain;
Kind zephyrs waft with many a gentle sigh
Thy homeward step o'er valley, hill and plain.
We'll meet again!

Thou flyest far from fever, heat and drought,
But summer skies do not forever reign;
The Northern winter drives the swallows South,
Thou, too, we trust, will fly to us again
From winter's bane.

There are not many faithful, kind and true
As thou art, lady, in earth's pageant vain.
No last good bye, but this, à Dieu!
For surely, Marie, there we'll meet again,
Beyond earth's pain!

FLORENCE M——.

JEAN INGELOW.

Some Account of Her by Laura Curtis Bullard.

[From the Golden Age.]

Jean Ingelow lives in the western part of London, that "great sprawling city," as Robert Browning aptly calls it, which sprawls every year over a wider and wider area. The home of the poetess is in one of the dingy rows of unpretending dwellings which line the miles and miles of London streets, and which differ from each other only in their degrees of age and consequent dinginess. There is nothing cheerful about the exterior of any London house. This is a mild way of stating the fact that of all dismal-looking abodes for the human race those erected for and occupied by the London citizen are the most dismal.

"Every Englishman's house is his castle," as we all know; for the true Briton, whether at home or abroad, takes especial delight in reiterating this truth for the instruction of the stranger and foreigner. "Every Londoner's house is his prison," is the free translation of this statement, which the stranger is inclined to make for himself, as he sees for the first time the blank walls, substantial, grim and grimy, behind which the British householder entrenches himself. If, in the vain attempt to add a little cheerfulness to these sombre habitations, some of the Londoners do fill the balconies outside their windows with flowers, the bright blossoms only bring the heavy background into more vivid contrast and make the gray, dirty bricks behind them look dirtier and grayer than before.

Miss Ingelow is too sensible a person to be betrayed into any weakness of this sort. Though a poetess, she is pre-eminently a judicious woman, with "no romance" about her; so she leaves the exterior of her house to its own native ugliness, and makes of the interior as cozy and comfortable a nest as we would desire to see. The little parlor is bright with warm-hued furniture and a cheerful coal fire; books and needle-work lie side by side on the centre-table; pictures, birds and flowers betray the taste of the womanly woman who has made the place such a comfortable, cheerful and tasteful spot, so full of the atmosphere of home, that a return to a hotel seems to the chance guest, from sheer force of contrast, so dreer a necessity as to be almost unendurable.

Miss Ingelow herself is a buxom, fine-looking woman, somewhere near her forties. She has an abundance of soft brown hair, which she winds in a graceful fashion of her own about her head; bright, dark eyes, and a lovely changing color, which comes and goes in her cheeks at the slightest provocation. She is shy, delicate and reserved, and has a true English aversion to being looked at, and a still greater horror of being written about. Miss Ingelow is a thorough conservative in ideas as well as in tastes. She is horrified by the commune and all its works. For the French republic she has little sympathy, while for the English Liberal party she harbors sentiments as nearly approaching detestation as it is in her gentle nature to feel toward any person or thing. She shares the convictions of the loyal Briton, which are briefly these: That the English government, as it now exists, is as near to perfection as any humanly-devised form of government can be. This, of course, explains the national dread of any change in the old landmarks.

Tea and Kisses.

I have already alluded to the fact that there is one thing which you may be morally certain what an American woman will do when she sits down to a table, in any clime, at any hour, and under any circumstances, and that is, if she be a free agent, she orders a cup of tea. But, before going any further, I wish to qualify this sweeping assertion. She is almost equally as likely to kiss a baby on first sight. Now, kissing a baby means, with most women, almost devouring it bodily. Strangely enough, such kisses as men give only to women, women only give to babies. No lover and no husband in the world can throw one of them in so fine a frenzy as the sight of a small, roly-poly mass of pink and white flesh, done up in embroidered flannel, tucked nainsook and pink ribbons. But the charm gradually wears away after the child is a year old; and I am not able to certify whether its first freshness lasts over that time in the man's case.

At the close of one of Mrs. Swisshelm's orations, she asked if any male citizen was present who was opposed to woman suffrage; if so she would like to have him stand up and give his reasons. To the surprise of every one present, the serious minded chaplain of the Ohio penitentiary arose. Some one hinted to Mrs. Swisshelm his calling and position, when Mrs. Swisshelm inquired if he had any women in the penitentiary. "Yes," replied the chaplain, "we have twelve, and they make more trouble than the whole nine hundred men."

Mr. Levy, a blind Englishman, asserts that he can not only tell when he is opposite a solid body, but "can discriminate whether it is tall or short, slender or bulky." If a fence he can tell whether it is open like a board or a rail fence, or closed; whether it is of stone or wood, or a close hedge. Another blind man could tell when thick clouds obscured the horizon. Mr. Levy calls this "facial perception," as covering his face with a thick veil entirely obscures objects from this sensational discernment.

A very attractive dress for the promenade was made of steel colored Irish poplin. Upon the underskirt were four narrow flounces, cut in scallops and bound with the same. The polonaise was scalloped and looped high at the sides. Over this was a cape which was open in the back, being cut in scallops and having a bow and ends of steel colored ribbons near the neck at the back.

Henry Ward Beecher said to his congregation in a sermon on home life and hospitality, Sunday: "I honor the woman who comes to me when I call, in the dress suited to her work. I don't like to sit buried in plush in the parlor waiting three-quarters of an hour for a toilet. What is good enough for you is good enough for your friends."

A lady, fond of reading Bulwer's works, went into a book store a short time since, just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see 'What Will He Do With It?'" said she to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you'll step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot."

A discussion is going on between the press of St. Louis and Chicago as to which of the two cities is the greater "railroad centre." St. Louis claims as grain feeders eleven roads, of an aggregate length of 2932 miles, which figures are knocked out of sight by a Chicago list of twenty-one roads, with a total of 6291 miles.

Daniel Webster once said: "I well remember a marked difference between those of my shoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always superior to the latter in debate, composition and general intelligence."

"Cast iron sinks" is the legend on the sign of a Hartford plumber. "Well, who the devil said it didn't?" was the inquiry of an inebriated man of sin, who read it over three or four times, and chuckled when he thought he saw the joke.

Revolution and Repudiation.

During the progress through the South of the national forces toward the close of the war a large quantity of cotton was seized at different points belonging to private citizens.

This cotton was taken under color of the captured and abandoned property act, which, in fact, had no application whatever, and no more justified the seizure of a bale of cotton that a man was in possession of than it did his watch, or his horse, or his grain, or anything else. It was neither abandoned property—for it was taken from the possession of its owners—nor was it captured property, according to any definition of that word to be found among any people living under the Christian dispensation.

It was a lawless seizure of private property—a sequestration by force of the private property of certain persons—not because of any offense they had committed, but because it was cotton, easily converted into money, found in large quantities; and after all it was only spoiling the Egyptians—they were mere rebels. Why stand upon a mere question of abstract justice? True, the same reasoning would have justified the sack of the city; but no matter for that.

Well, this cotton was sold. Large private fortunes were made by loyal treasury agents who manipulated the business. What remained—some $26,000,000—found its way into the treasury. Congress kindly said to the sufferers: If you choose to go into the Court of Claims, and admit that we captured your property, and did not take it by mere high-handed robbery, and can prove that you have always been a loyal citizen, etc., why, you may have what we received for your cotton, though that is a small part.

Claimants, representing about half this sum, brought suit within the time limited by law, and if they all recovered judgment the treasury would unjustly retain half of the proceeds of this disgraceful enterprise.

The Supreme Court of the United States has solemnly decided that this cotton, or its proceeds, never belonged to the United States, but still belongs to the original owners; that these owners, who have taken the amnesty oath or been pardoned, may prosecute their suits, if commenced in time, in the court of claims, and have judgment for the proceeds, on proving ownership and seizure. Many judgments have been recovered and not yet collected. It is almost incredible that any one, in either house, or in any department of the government, could be fool or knave enough, for the sake of perpetuating the original injustice, to make another attack upon the judicial department of the government.

The amendment was pushed through the Senate by Senator Morrill, asserting that unless passed the treasury would be robbed by rebels of $70,000,000.

But it is asserted that the judgments in the captured and abandoned property suits will absorb a large amount of the public funds. Without any commentary on such a proposition, let the facts be examined.

By the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, May 11, 1868, ex. doc., No. 56, Senate, 2d sess., 40th Congress, p. 53, the total amount of proceeds of sales captured and abandoned proper covered into the Treasury will be found to be $25,257,931 62. To this can be added sales of the quartermaster of the Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, A. B. Holabird, (see ex. doc. No. 97, H. R., 39th Congress, 2d sess., p. 39) which amounts to $834,529 34, or a total receipt from this source of $26,092,460 96, and this balance remains after the Secretary of the Treasury has paid out of the fund on an ex parte showing $2,210,476 96. See ex. doc. H. R. No. 114, 39th Congress, 2d sess., p. 13.

By the law of March 12, 1863 (vol. XII., Statutes at Large, section three, page 820, etc.,) suit could be brought by owner for proceeds "at any time within two years after the suppression of the rebellion."

This limitation expired August 20, 1868; therefore, no suits could be brought thereafter, and none have been. After the statute of limitation commenced to run, an abstract of all cases pending in the Court of Claims shows as follows:

Suits pending were for—

22,849 bales cotton from New Orleans, average value in Treasury	$2,779,809 34
23,616 bales from Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee and Northern Georgia	5,092,953 40
37,346 bales Savannah Upland Georgia	6,457,874 18
851 bales Sea Island	197,253 29
3,417 bales Charleston, South Carolina, upland	460,539 30
468 bales Charleston, South Carolina, Sea Island	83,526 64
30,173 bales Mobile, Alabama	493,877 45
949 bales North Carolina	71,952 75
92,571 bales, worth	$15,727,788 35

It will be seen that if every dollar sued for was recovered under judgment, the case would stand as follows:

Amount of proceeds of sales of captured and abandoned property in treasury, $26,092,460 96; total amount of all suits pending when limitation commenced to run, $15,727,788 35, leaving in the treasury a balance of $10,364,672 61.

By reference to House of Representatives document No. 97, hereinbefore alluded to, it will be seen (page ten) that there were receceived and disposed of by the United States treasury agents 156,387½ bales of cotton; the number sued for being 92,571 bales, leaving yet unclaimed 63,816½ bales.

The first suits for cotton came to a judgment at the December term, 1866, since when, up to the fourth of April, 1872, last month, the whole amount paid out has been $2,858,612 02, as per first controller's record in Treasury Department, being but $648,135 06 more than was paid out by the Secretary of the Treasury prior to March 30, 1868, when the fund was ordered to be covered into the treasury, and which was paid out without the authority of law.

When this country was governed by statesmen the independence and dignity of the judicial department of the government were respected—private rights, established by solemn judgment, were secure; but with ignorance and fanaticism nothing is safe or sacred.

The time was if the Supreme Court had decided that the government had in its possession money that did not by law belong to it, but did by law belong to another, no Senator could have been found either to question the decision or to vote to withhold the money. In other days they respected the independence of the judicial department, and no Senator inquired whether it would *pay* to be just or how much it would cost to be honest.—*Washington Patriot.*

On Choosing Men.

Almost all rules are bad which tend to limit the choice of men for employment of any kind. Any rule, for instance, about excess of age, is injudicious. The powers of different men are so various, that it is not too much to say, that men are often twenty years younger or older, than their age according to years. If we look at the great events, not only in ancient history, but at those of the last few years, we shall see that the greatest of those events have been carried to a prosperous issue by men who were anything but young.

Now, why should we confine our view