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THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

THE HEART OF FIRE!

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Oh! wildest heart that ever beat,
On faithful breast reposing,
Oh! fondest truth, oh! passion sweet,
Oh! love beyond disclosing!
Come, round thine eye-lash to the cheek,
And veil its tortured quiver,
Too sad, dear friend, their anguish bleak,
Too wild this angry shiver;
Oh! Heart of Fire!

There—close thine eyes! I lay my hands
In love's divinest greeting,
And all thy forehead's beauty stands
Pale white, as steel in heating;
Thy heart to mine, and mine to thee,
Two rocks that in midcurrent,
Breast boldly out the whirling sea,
And dash in wrath the torrent,
As ours, fond Heart!

Too late we look upon the Past,
Wrecked in that wild disaster,
The pain that bound those moments fast,
Shall bind the Future faster.
I'll tear each fibre of my life—
That but for thee was growing—
Thy faithful heart hath felt the knife,
And I mine shall stanch the flowing:
Thou wounded Heart!

For through it all, so lost to fame,
Our purpose dared not falter—
Oh! faithful soul, thy heart of flame
Burned pure on passion's altar;
In field of Heaven, when angels bright
Rise up to praise God loudly,
They ne'er will turn their foreheads white
Toward Him more pure or proudly,
Than thine, true Heart!

The Past has been like branding steel,
That stamped its anger deeply,
And what we felt, as what we feel,
But proved us more completely.
We read with dry eyes more than all
That living death erases,
Nor feared to tear the funeral pall
That hid our dear hopes' faces,
In scorn, brave Heart!

And when in pain we smiled with lips
Dead-white in pitying quiver,
The Past grew all one blank eclipse,
Our souls more clear than ever;
I kiss thine eyes, I kiss thy brow,
I kiss thy bosom's whiteness,
Dear friend, I never knew, till now,
That Love could wear such brightness;
At rest, calm Heart!

Ah, me! What fountains of surprise
Lie in a midnight tremble
Down the deep convex of thine eyes,
That Love's full heavens resemble,
While golden stars and magic dreams
Float upward to a sweetness,
So full—Hope stands for what it seems,
And Love o'erflows completeness;
Hushed Heart, at rest!

Oh! loved once! in a heartfelt love,
Be trustful in the loving,
For sadly oft we strive to prove
What scarce is worth the proving;
For loving once let life suffice,
And full content content us,
Lest Heaven take back the sweet surprise
She trembled when she lent us;
Heart, filled at length!

LIFE IN PARIS.

PARIS, *May* 6, 1858.

*The Effect of the New Police and Passport Regulations in France—The French Press on Yankees—The Prefect of the Seine at War With the Corps Legislatif—Miss R** Cruelly Treated by Her Ami de Voyage, Master H.—Professor Morse's Invention Appreciated and Remunerated in Europe—Latest Fashions.*

To the Editor of the National Era:

The new political regulations are in full operation throughout France. General Epinasse enforces them with military exactness. The police stations in the suspicious quarters of Paris, in the provinces, and especially on the frontiers, have all doubled and tripled in number the gend'armes and secret agents. I have learned that the principal train to Marseilles daily takes many political prisoners, destined for the interior of Algiers. Men continue to be taken from their beds, and hurried to the dungeons to await transportation, without trial.

The present passport system in France is the most vexatious that has ever existed, and it is impossible either to get in or out of the country without a passport in due form, which is an intolerable nuisance to travellers, who now avoid France as much as possible—a system not calculated to benefit the already stagnant trade. The stock exchanges are in a continual feverish excitement, and the most insignificant rumors cause it suddenly to rise or fall. The result of all the present state of affairs is not to be fathomed. Everything is considered possible under this arbitrary Government.

The press is, as I once before stated, completely gagged. The French newspapers now look much like our country papers, three sides being filled with advertisements, and one with puffs.

The *Independance Belge*, as good a Napoleon paper as the *Constitutionnel*, is interdicted for four weeks. The only paper which is received without control, and quoted very extensively, is *Le Courrier des Etats Unis*, published in New York. That paper seems exceedingly to please the anti-republican and anti-liberal party in France; it portrays all our sins with a masterly pencil and vivid colors—to a day predicts the unquestionable downfall of the American Republic. It sometimes happens, greatly to our amusement, that the *Moniteur Universel*, the official Government organ, shows forth one of those favorite articles of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* as a fair specimen of American immorality, whilst in the next column it gives an account of some outrage on society committed in France, far exceeding in depravity that mentioned in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. If we could balance the number of crimes committed in France and the United States, the former would unquestionably be our superior.

The guillotine is unfortunately as often at play here as the trap is with us; and as to the honesty of French speculators and tradesmen, the world is now convinced that that inestimable quality is exceedingly scarce among the children of ancient Gaul. The official papers vie with each other in abusing the United States, and the term "Yankee," for "American," is now universally adopted as a reproachful sobriquet. Yet, in defiance of all these compliments, the greater number of the Americans in Paris are in ecstasies with this Government, especially when most graciously permitted, in embroidered livery, to parade in the vortex of Imperial splendor, at a reception or a Court ball; and should we be induced to judge of the state of our Republic by those very *soi disant* Democratic patriots, our institutions bid fair to be of short duration.

The time of the meeting of the International Congress is not yet made known, though some of the members have already arrived, and we hope soon to have made clear the political future of the Danubian Principalities.

It is whispered that Prince Napoleon will be appointed Viceroy of Algiers.

Mr. Hansman, Prefect of Paris, is at open war with the *Corps Legislatif*. He unscrupulously asked for one hundred and eighty millions of francs, making about thirty-six millions of dollars, to continue the embellishment of Paris. The Emperor seconded the motion, but the *Corps Legislatif* objected to so large an amount, in the present state of mercantile prostration. The Prefect, being a true type of the Napoleon school, became outraged at such an unprecedented act of daring, and called the members of that body a set of miserable demagogues and *crétins*, unworthy of the confidence of their almighty Emperor, &c. This noble speech of the Prefect, prompted by *patriotic* motives, and the interest he takes in handling thirty-six millions of dollars, was reported to the *Corps Legislatif*, which in a body refused the Prefect's invitations to the last Hotel de Ville ball, given on the 28th ultimo, in honor of that body and the Grand Duchess Stephanie, of Baden, causing quite an alarm in the Imperial camp.

The *Moniteur Official* of the first of May states that at the late conference held by the representatives of the different Powers who have made use of the invention of Professor Morse for electric telegraphs, the sum proposed to allow him was an annuity for life of $10,000, or a sum once paid of $80,000.

Our countrymen are remarkable, I think, for the warm interest they take in each others' affairs, and that propensity, if it may be so termed, accompanies us into whatever country we chance to meet. Paris being the *point de réunion*, we are kept *au courant* of all that transpires among us in Europe; the following account I have selected as a fair sample for your columns.

Miss R***** X****, of the city of brotherly love, a lady verging on the horizon of half a century, and possessed of a snug little fortune, whiles away time pleasantly loitering about the Old World. When in her spring-time of life, she was a beautiful, charming girl, well known for her eccentricities, which report says prevented her from tying the gordian knot of blissfulness. R. nevertheless loves the society of the fierce sex, and resorts to every pardonable art to gain favor with the lords of creation, and sometimes even courts, by way of inducing them to take charge of her in those bewitching rambles of hers. In the early part of the past summer, she took fancy to a young man of the tender age of nineteen, for her *ami de voyage*. The favored young H**** was partly educated in the chilling climate of the Russias, where his father made a large fortune, and master H. is now enjoying the benefit of his sire's exertions. R., accompanied by young H., came to Paris as a matter of course; and when tired of the gayeties of this capital, they took refuge among the quiet and lofty Swiss mountains, *les extremes letouchent*. Vevay, lovely Vevay, was chosen as a temporary summer abode, where they enjoyed the charms of the unparalleled Helvetia to their hearts' content.

They rambled over mountains and through valleys, glided over the blue waves of the noble lakes from one place to another more beautiful. Rebecca, a true connoisseur of the human race, soon discovered the obnoxious influence Russian society had had on the character of her young friend, and resolved to reform his morals. With great delicacy she proceeded to point out to him the pernicious consequences of idleness, "the root of all evil," and held up to him as a forcible example the frugal, industrious, and contented Swiss population, to prove that happiness depends on upward resources, exercised for the benefit of self and our fellow man. The Russian ideas of H. refused to be influenced by the fair sex. But R., like a true missionary from the New World, perseveringly continued her curtain lectures, and sometimes even allowed herself to resort to strong language, when the subject under treatment was laboring under the effects of exhilarating spirits. One unfortunate day, when E. had too freely quaffed the golden drops of the Geneva lake shores, R.'s injudiciously renewed admonitions suddenly enraged H.; he forgot he was no longer under the protection of the Czar, seized the favorite knout presented to him by Prince Skinoff, and mercilessly spent his over-excited animosity on the once beautiful shoulders of R. The poor lady left her savage pupil, and sought the protection of an eminent American physician temporarily residing near Vevay. The Doctor received R., with her shoulders as black and blue as the threatening clouds of a mid-summer thunder-storm. H. could not be made to understand the shocking barbarity of his conduct, and persisted in his firm conviction that woman should be held in bondage, and that she should be careful not to contend with man. R., we hope, will never again be tempted to undertake the reformation of a wild Russianized American youth.

Spring, which had openly declared itself during the month of April, has assumed an unwelcome and unusually chilling May garb. But the Compagnie Lyonnaise on the Boulevard de Capucines continues notwithstanding to display with great splendor a renewed assortment of silks and light woollen spring materials, at reduced prices, enabling us patiently to await muslins and bareges, which we hope will soon be more seasonable. Thus the *Chiné* silks of several tender shades, tastefully blended, have attracted the attention of our fashionables, who adopted them for the spring races. The dresses from Madame Roger's establishment, and also that of Madame Seitz, No. 288 Rue de Ste. Honore, an accomplished pupil of the first mentioned, always remarkable for variety and richness, have this year a cachet peculiarly their own. The Pompadour silks of the beautiful Eugenie lilac, much worn by the Empress herself, blended with white, is eminently successful. Another dress of plain green silk, with a very full skirt, covered with eleven or thirteen narrow flounces, was most elegant, the deepest not being over four inches, and the upper or last, not being over two and a half inches in depth. Those narrow flounces are graded, each being about one-sixth of an inch narrower than the one below it. A beautiful silver-gray silk dress also attracted attention, being made with eleven flounces, edged with narrow green silk, flounces pinked on either side, making a light and elegant dress for dinner or evening spring toilets.

The crinoline is still unfortunately leaning towards an increase of rotundity. And the all-ruling fashion has at length been successful in gaining the mastery in the struggle for the downfall of that most becoming and convenient fashion of basques; and we may justly attribute the victory in that all-important contest to Dame Crinoline, who is not possessed of taste irreproachable.

Waists continue to be buttoned up to the throat, with one or two points in front, one behind, and sometimes accompanied by one on either hip, simply bound, and without trimmings. Many bodies or corsages are still made plain; both belts and sashes, with a bow in front or on the side, are much worn, ornamented with a buckle. Low-neck or decollete bodies will be greatly in vogue this season, to be worn with that pretty little fichu Marie Antoinette, so much admired last year. Trimmings made of thick cord for high bodies and for skirts, arranged in brandebourgs, or in bows with tassels, are still worn. Sleeves continue to be made very wide, trimming corresponding to that on the skirt and waist.

Very wide plain and double skirts continue to be made. The former, trimmed down the sides with two rows of wide ribbon gathered at either edge with bows placed between at an equal distance of six inches, is new and elegant. Double skirts, with the above mentioned trimming at the sides of the upper skirt, or a plain silk edge five inches in width, bordering both the under and upper skirts, is also greatly in favor. Colored muslin dresses made with double skirts are to be bordered with a narrow flounce of white muslin, edged off with black lace, and the flounces of silk muslin dresses are sometimes fringed, but preferred bordered with narrow pinked flounces of plain silk, as before described.

Drab and green are the colors most in vogue, and the former appears likely to be worn in full dress, as well as for morning negliges, the difference being principally in the materials and trimmings. Barege, grenadine, toile de soie, taffetas laine, in checks, stripes, or chiné, Chamberry gauze, printed muslins, and Pekin, with colored patterns on a white ground, are the materials which will be most in demand.

Mantles will generally be worn high in the neck, ... of black silk, plain or embroidered, ... of ... same material as the dress, cut with a ... on the shoulders and one behind, to make ... fall more closely to the figure; the point ... and reaches to the bottom of the waist. ... mantilla is bordered with a deep lace, or ... pinked silk flounces of the same material, gathered ... and headed with pinked ruches or ... wide ... these are called *à la vielle*. The large bournous ... of rich plain black silk, trimmed with wide ... fringe, *à la vielle* and *à capuchon*, are now ... much ... worn.

Bonnets are decidedly worn larger than they were last winter. Full dress bonnets continue to be made of white tulle or crape, bordered with ... velvet, and sometimes covered as they were during the winter with a black chantilly lace ... fichon. Straw and chip bonnets are trimmed ... with wide green, lilac, pink and white stripes ... taffetas, or plaid velvet ribbon. Grass ... bonnets are used for ornamenting the exterior of ... the bonnet ... the strings are very long, and of rich ribbon ... Three roses or other flowers placed at the ... of the forehead is very becoming.

MY GODFATHER'S GUINEA.

My godfather was a man of a thousand. He possessed an iron will and a degree of perseverance which impelled him, having once resolved on a thing, to execute it at all hazards. His career was cited generally as a wonderful example of "luck;" but the word "luck" ought never since to be used with respect to him, for no man ever owed less to mere good for luck than himself. He had worked his own way, as I believe, by hair-breadths at first; and, I believe, one of his grand elements of success was the determination never to owe to the aid of another that he could, by any amount of labor, accomplish himself. Self-dependence, persevering ... steady resolution, and industry, were his ... component parts of which my godfather's ... "luck" was made up. I can see this, now I am old and gray; but who reasons thus in his ... sixth birthday? I did not; but having heard so often the above much-abused term "lucky" applied to him ... to my godfather, I regarded his genius ... the favored by some good protecting ... those invisible hands removed every ... calculated to obstruct success.

My godfather always dined at our house on my birthday. On its eight anniversary, he filled his usual place at the board, and, to this day, I can picture him exactly as he looked then. His hair, ... enough by nature, was powdered, and ... in a *queue*. He had a wide and also high forehead, with thick snowy-white shaggy eyebrows overhanging coal black eyes. His dress was always handsome; his shirt frills like ... snow flakes, and his buckles resplendent with diamonds. He dressed becomingly, because he considered that, like everything ... well, being done well, if worth doing at all. ... On each succeeding birthday especially, ... he gave ... (his presents), I received substantial proofs ... his good-will towards myself—always wonderfully appropriate, generally something I had ... long longed for.

Doubtless his keen appreciation of character and ... habit of observation enabled him to guess what ... would afford me most pleasure. I thought he invariably ... godfather followed me, and reported according to ... I therefore received his gifts with awe, and ... cherished them as I did no other of my early ... possessions.

It was after dinner, then, on my eighth birthday. I was full of wonder as to the coming present, for, contrary to usual custom, no outward sign, no parcel, heralded the gift. "Hallo," thought I, "can he have guessed what I ... wished for?"

My longing, be it known, was, that the secret of his "luck" might be revealed to me.

I could feel my heart throb, though my breath was suspended, as, in compliance with his request, I went to his side.

"Francis," said he, "hold out your hand."

I obeyed. He placed an antique guinea in the ... palm. "Francis, that guinea was given to me when I was eight years old. Had I not exercised the care you take of my gifts, I should ... be, after preserving it more than half a century ... now give it to you. Yes," he said, "that guinea was the foundation of my fortune. I had never parted with it. ... Before he owned much as a sum when it came into my possession; but I determined to gain ... more ... Some people," he added, "would call it a ... lucky guinea; and if it be, I am satisfied to transfer it to you. May you be as prosperous as ... I have been, and from the same cause! Pray guard it carefully; and as long as you possess that, you will never be in want of money."

Even now I see the stately smile on my godfather's face, or understand the laugh of my father's other elders at the old-fashioned commonplace which concluded his harangue. I was absorbed in an ... awful feeling of responsibility—in the ... presence of my godfather indeed possessed ... supernatural power, and had divined my wish, and ... placed in my hands the talisman which should ... secure my own. For many nights I scarcely slept. I exulted in the possession of the treasure; but it was with trembling, ... lest I should lose it! A cold perspiration covered me at the bare idea of such a calamity.

I was sorely puzzled where to find a safe repository for it. At length, I persuaded my mother to make a little wash-leather bag, with an outer covering of silk, in which I placed my guinea, ribbon, and hung it round my neck by a black ribbon. A year after I saw the feeling that its preservation was essential to my well being predominated; and, long after the gentle mother who smiled at my whims, and whom I was ... upon, the guinea hung by the black ribbon in its usual place. My career at school and college proved successful; my tutors praised my industry, fellow-students said I was the hardest reader in the University, my friends called me a genius, and I smiled, and looked fondly at the talisman whence I ... upon ... weakness ... imagine ... ambition ... How could I be otherwise ... fortunate? You may laugh, and call this weakness, but it influenced me; nevertheless, I laughed, too, with good cause—I won. At twenty-three, I left college, free. Free from all care for the morrow, since those who were dearer ... before me had taken that upon themselves ... I was engaged at the usual time, and his jurisdiction ... my godfather was the individual—happening soon after my majority, greatly increased my already abundant means.

I had been a great student; but now I resolved to do something of life: I would spend the first ... in travel before settling down. But first I must go to see Dr. Carleton, an old friend of my father's, resident in Derbyshire, whose ... just taken possession of ... by vacating ... rooms at Cambridge.

Most studious men are awkward on entering society—I was extremely so; but Mrs. Carleton ... possessed good genius, for she had the art to make me ... of ... When I saw her, with her group of olive-branches and genial-hearted husband again in ... round the hearth, I was a very boy party ... delight at forming one of the social circle. ... Dr. Carleton's profession engaged much of his time ... known ... when it was rumored at the roof with Mrs. Carleton. With Carleton ... ramble, ... she ... and ... invariably called for a relation of ... the rug ... whom forthwith I flung myself on ... the ... ar ... account, and gave a full and particular ... "I ransacked my memory to ... amuse ... "Mamma," as I called her; and, ... picturesque ... descriptions, she drew her a half-jesting, half-sad ... native, by ... narrative which mutual imagination ... history of my godfather's guinea. She ... in turn ... wished to see the talisman. I drew ... expressed ... the case, still sealed up; the ... known ... her merry laugh conquered; and the guinea ... vain ... years' concealment, the guinea ... saw the light.

I scarcely ... it was in any hand but my own, ... when I was in a manner compelled to ... was ... at ... it was examined, duly compared and ... with ... it, and ... reposing in my hand just ... before, and ...

Next ... day, Dr. Carleton and I went for a long drive through the most charming parts of that romantic district "the High Peak," and combined the agreeable with the useful by calling on such of Carleton's patients as lay in our way. Wending homeward towards evening, we stopped at the house of a gentleman on whom he had lately been in attendance; but the patient was convalescent, and the call—the most agreeable a doctor can make, at least for the patient, and let us in charity hope for himself also—a friendly one. I awaited his return, sitting in the gig; and feeling chilly, enveloped myself in the servant's cloak, by accident brought with us. I was running over in my mind all the lovely bits of scenery I had passed through, when a smart tug at my cloak aroused me; and a pretty damsel handed me up a glass of beer, accompanied by the whisper, "I have brought you something to drink."

I had the affair in a moment. The pluck at my cloak, and the verbal intimation that followed, convinced me I was mistaken for the servant; so I determined to have a laugh at the expense of my generous Hebe. I readily accepted the brimming cup, saying, "O, thank you; I just wanted such a draught, and I believe Providence has sent you with it, for I see you are an angel." She tried to put on a frown, but the pretty face would not accommodate itself to the needful lines and angles. She then looked up slyly in my face, pouted out her lips as far as a struggling smile would permit, and replied, "Hold your bother, and drink your beer; your master will be here in a minute." I readily complied with the first and most material portion of this advice; I drank the beer—no difficult task, when a man is thirsty, and the draught good Derbyshire home brewed; but hold my bother I did not; on the contrary, as I returned the glass I heaved a deep sigh, partly to relieve suspended respiration after my draught, and partly—I like economy even in sighing—to express the state of my fellings toward herself. I was sadly puzzled how to say something complimentary, not being used to that sort of thing, and at length blundered out, awkwardly enough, "I wish I'd never seen you; I don't believe I shall ever be happy again; and if I'm not, won't you have something to answer for, that's all."

"How you talk!" answered she. "Why shouldn't you be happy? I've done nothing to hinder you."

"Do call it nothing to come giving a fellow beer, just to steal his heart?"

"You're only poking fun at me," was the reply; but her pretty coquettish air and conscious half smile, which, try as she would, she could not screw into a frown, convinced me my compliments, though clumsily executed, were duly appreciated.

"Now do," said I, "be serious, and tell me if you have a sweetheart; and if not, if you think you could manage a little shop. To my fancy, you're just the right sort of article; for I know lots of customers would come for the sake of being waited on by such a pretty smiling girl."

Again she looked in my face, but this time as grave as a judge, and, with an expression on her own of the most complete innocence and candor, answered thoughtfully, "Well, to be sure, there's Jim Allen has followed me this good while; but if I look at anybody else, he quarrels, and is always saying he'll go 'list for a soldier; so there's no depending—and—and I always *did* think I should like to keep a shop."

At this most critical moment a step was heard, and the noise sent off my fair enslaver with the speed of an antelope. Little was she, or for the matter of that was I, prepared for the approaching *denouement*. Carleton had accepted for both of us an invitation to dinner, which meal happened to be unusually late, as his friend had company.

After the best toilet circumstances would permit, we entered the dining room. From my knowledge of our host's family habits, I felt sure of seeing my shopkeeper in perspective; and the first bustle of introduction over, I glanced round, and soon caught sight of her. Exactly opposite, still as a statue, her month open to no great width, the said feature being of most moderate dimensions, with her eyes round as a bird's, she stood the picture of astonishment. In one respect she was unlike a statue, for she was as red as scarlet—face, neck, and arms, all in a glow. The instant she caught my amused look, she busied herself at the sideboard, and vouchsafed no second glance.

We stayed very late; and when about to depart, I went to ask from her a light for my cigar, taking the opportunity to slip a little present into her hand, by way of atonement for the trick I had perpetrated, telling her in a quiet whisper, the while, "It will help to stock the shop."

At breakfast the next morning I told the joke to Mrs. Carleton, who good-humoredly rated me for cheating the damsel, though she laughed at the speedy discovery of my imposture.

Two days afterward, in packing up my goods and chattels, preparatory to departure, I missed my godfather's guinea. I ransacked every place; examined every article again and again; the ribbon and case were round my neck—the guinea was gone. At first, I thought Mrs. Carleton had contrived to possess herself of it, in order to have a laugh at my discomfiture; but no, she assured me she knew nothing of my lost treasure.

At this distance of time I can own how much I was affected by its disappearance; then I was ashamed to let it be known. I sat down on a portmanteau, and surveyed the rest of my possessions with a species of calm despair. I half expected they would vanish from before my eyes. Begin with your nursery-books, dear reader, and gaze in fancy on every picture of despair which your upward course of reading has presented to your spiritual vision. Fancy Mrs. Bluebeard when the blood wouldn't come off the key—Little Red Riding-Hood when she found the wolf was her grandmother. Pooh! these are mere nothing; Aladdin, when his lamp was gone, would be nearer the thing; but I thought myself fully as desolate as Marius amongst the ruins of Carthage. He did not feel his desolation more than I did the loss of that guinea. With it, I was a perfect Samson of strength, ready for any undertaking; without it, I was the hero shorn of his locks, and consequently powerless.

"Absurd!" say. Well, it was. But it was my pet absurdity; and which of you shall say that you can look back and say you've not been at some period of life influenced by a superstition equally ridiculous? I believe there are few who, searching into the memories of early days, cannot recall some incident, insignificant in itself, which still retains the power to influence their actions; or a sentence, uttered perhaps thoughtlessly enough, which possesses a charm for them which only death can dissolve.

If the child be indeed father to the man, so are the impressions received in early youth as a strong man to a puny child in comparison with those of a later age; and I frankly confess my superstitious feeling with regard to the "lucky" (?) coin increased tenfold after I had lost it.

I declare I was not one bit surprised when, on the morning fixed for my departure from Carleton's, I received news of a very serious change of fortune. I expected a blow from some quarter, and was almost indifferent whence it should come.

Just after coming of age, I placed in a certain individual unlimited confidence; and in addition to that, I trusted him with a sum amounting to many thousands of pounds. The man was honest, but unfortunate; and my one lost coin was immediately followed by all these thousands of his golden brethren. So said a letter I received. It was a great but not a ruinous loss. Strange, it affected me less than the disappearance of my godfather's guinea. I considered it only as a beginning of my misfortunes.

I started for the continent two days after leaving Derbyshire, not in quite the same style I originally intended, and very far from feeling in the same spirits. I left England at twenty-three; I was eight-and-thirty when I saw it again.

As to giving a detailed account of my ill luck during these years of wandering, it is more than I dare do. Imagine all the evil fortune you ever read of happening to a solitary wanderer—adventures at the gaming-table excepted—and you will have about hit mine. I never did gamble; I felt too sure I could by no possibility win, to risk my cash thus. I had a disappointment in love, too, which I also attributed to the loss of the guinea. Some of my friends say it was not the disappearance of *that* coin, but of the number which followed, that did the mischief, and doomed me to old bachelorhood.

Well, as I said, I returned to England; and though I knew Carleton and his family had long since left Derbyshire, I felt a great longing to see it again. I resolved to go to the old place, take up my abode at a country inn, and indulge in long rambles as I had done fifteen years before. It was dark when I descended from a stage-coach at the hostel-door, where, if I found the arrangements to my liking, I intended to take up my quarters, about four miles from the town where Carleton formerly lived. Outside was a cold evening in early spring; inside, a bright fire, jovial looking landlord, and a smiling comely landlady. As the latter bustled about, I could not help thinking there was something about her strangely familiar to memory; but I vainly turned over all the faces I ought to remember, and certainly hers was not among them.

Tired after my journey, and allured by the comfort of my dormitory, I let the sun be high in the heavens ere I rose the next morning. Then I breakfasted, ordered dinner, intimated my intention of making a lengthened stay, provided I found things suitable, and prepared for a stroll. The landlord was lolling by the door-post, and gave me a civil "good day" as I passed him. In the act of crossing the threshold, my eye was attracted by a large circular signboard swinging in the wind, on which was painted with tolerable accuracy a representation of a golden coin, and encircling it these words: "The Lucky Guinea." The sight of this was like a dagger to my breast. I had never forgotten my misfortune: how could I? But the signboard was a mockery of my woe, an aggravation of the discomfort *that* recollection always caused me. I felt tempted to assault the landlord, who, having reason to remember the luck a guinea had brought him—for doubtless it was so, the sign being no common one—must post up a flaring advertisement of his good fortune, to deride, in a manner, his less prosperous fellow-creatures. I felt aggrieved, indignant, and yet curious to know all about it. I was tempted to ask the landlord why he adopted such an emblem; but I reflected that I should do better to inquire when a little acquainted with the characters of mine host and his comely wife. I therefore took a long stroll, gazed on the scenery, but remembered little; for I thought of my lost guinea.

I returned, dined, and carefully praised the provisions and cookery to the landlady; the wine I lauded in her husband's presence, thereby winning the hearts of both. Dinner past, I begged permission to sit in their parlor rather than my own apartment, and invited the landlord's aid in consuming some of his excellent wine. Finally, I completed my conquest by stating, that I never considered tea was tea, unless poured out by female hands, and begging the landlady to undertake that office for me.

Having thus got all in trim, I artfully alluded to the sign-board, and, in less time than I shall be able to write it, I was in possession of the history of its adoption. I could hardly believe my ears when the comely landlady gave an account of her having, fifteen years before, received a guinea as a present from a gentleman to whom she had given a glass of beer, mistaking him for Dr. Carleton's groom. Suffice it to say, I heard the story I have told above, only she was the recipient, I the giver of that guinea. I now recollected what for fifteen years had never entered my mind—that, on receiving my godfather's guinea back from Mrs. Carleton, I did not at once replace it in the case, but retained it in my hand after the visitor's entrance. Doubtless, in a fit of absence, I had slipped it into my pocket, and thence transferred it to the damsel who brought me the beer in the gloaming.

"After I got that guinea," said she, "I don't know how it was, but I began to put a little money by. I suppose it started me like, for a servant doesn't often get so much given her all at once. I told Jim—that's my husband—about it, and the joke the gentleman played on me, pretending he wanted me to marry him, and keep a shop. Well, Jim was as cross as anything; he never could bear me to look the side any other man was on; and whenever we disagreed about the least trifle, he would sneer, and ask 'when the fine gentleman was coming to start shopkeeping with me.'"

"Don't you believe her, sir," interposed the said Jim. "She used to sneer and turn up her nose at me, besides flirting and laughing with all the chaps about, till she nearly drove me crazy."

"Be quiet now, and let me finish. At last he made me cross—he was so jealous—and I declared, whoever came, I wouldn't marry *him*. When he thought I was in earnest, and I would neither walk out with him nor let him come to see me, he got quite desperate, and one day he 'listed for a soldier, as he had often threatened to do when I vexed him. I only meant to punish him for being so jealous, and never dreamed he would take on like that; and a fine way I was in when I knew. This was two years after I first began to save. I had a tidy bit of money, for I had many a present after that first—'the lucky guinea,' as I used to call it. I had lived four years in one place, and the mistress was very kind to her servants; so, seeing me in trouble, and fretting, she asked what was amiss. I told her, and she said, 'Never mind; he must be bought off.' She gave me a good talking to for teasing Jim; but she saw I was sorely grieved, and she spoke to the master. He got to know all particulars for me, and all the family gave me something toward taking my sweetheart out of pawn, as they said. Would you believe it, I had just enough, and that guinea to spare! After that, Jim and I got on well enough, and in time we took this place, and got married. Jim said, though the guinea made us quarrel in a way, it had brought us together better friends than ever: so we thought we'd keep it, and call our house the Lucky Guinea."

There was a little more joking between husband and wife; after which, I asked if they still kept the guinea.

"Yes," was the answer of my hostess, "and we shall whilst I live."

From all I had heard, I could draw but one conclusion, viz: that I had transferred my godfather's gift and its accompanying luck to Jim Allen's "missis," fifteen years before. I was bewildered at the whole concern. That I should, after this lapse of time, and when all hope of its recovery had gone by, hear tidings of my treasure, was to me little short of a miracle. I sought the privacy of my own room to think about it. It was certainly fortunate I had not called at any of my former visit to this part of England, and I knew I could not be recognised, for not my own mother would have been able to trace any likeness between the pale student of twenty-three and the weather-beaten visage I now owned. But what need of concealment? Simply this: I was resolved to regain that guinea, or perish in the attempt. I could see mine host and his wife, in their way, attached as much importance to it as ever I had done in mine, and would not part with it on any account. However, I argued thus: When the coin left my possession, I never intended to bestow anything but simply a guinea; and having inadvertently transferred my luck along with it, I had a perfect right to reclaim the latter.

It would take too long to tell how my stay in Derbyshire was prolonged from weeks to months, and how I listened to every word which might tend to discover the hiding-place of the treasure; or how I at length overheard a conversation between the husband and wife, which revealed the secret. I had previously taken considerable pains to procure a guinea of the same reign, possible the same date, with the intention of substituting it for its "lucky" brother, when a favorable chance for purloining the latter should present itself. But before this occurred I was placed in a tantalizing position. My landlady being in an especial good humor one day, unlocked the old-fashioned bureau—her domestic bank—drew out what she called "the secret drawer," and unfolding a piece of dirty paper, which, however, proved to be a bank note for ten pounds, showed me "my godfather's guinea." I knew it was the same, from a particular mark I had myself made upon it, and, had I only had the other in my pocket, should have found little difficulty in effecting the exchange there and then; but of course, as usual in those days, I was doomed to ill luck, not a rap had I about me.

It was like draining the very life's blood to replace it in the owner's (?) hand; but I did it, enduring the while a true martyrdom. "I always," she said, as she refolded it, "wrap it up in one of these notes;" and coiling the dirty tissue round it, my guinea was under lock and key in a trice. There is, however, some comfort, thought I; I now know the exact spot on which it lies; I could find it in the dark; what a comfort they do not keep it in their bedroom! I had carefully noticed the key belonging to the bureau, and that very night I borrowed it in this wise. The landlord not being very well, (this was Mrs. Allen's way of conveying an intimation that he had taken a drop too much,) went early to bed. Just before retiring, I entered my landlady's peculiar sanctum, and noticing her keys on the table, I asked for something, which would, I knew, oblige her to leave the room, and during her absence detached the one I so coveted the loan of from the bunch. I took from her hand the article she had been to fetch, bade her "good night," and before my back was turned, heard her clatter the rest of the keys into her capacious pocket, where I was well convinced they would rest till morning, unless anything very uncommon occurred to prevent. My landlord was already snoring. I heard him ascending the stairs; and in his happy condition there was little fear of rousing him by anything short of a vigorous shaking. My landlady, honest woman, worked hard during the day; and when she sought her couch, fell asleep at once, and paid attention to it. I know this fact well, because my room was divided from theirs by a rather thin partition, and at times the united conjugal snorers were more powerful than agreeable.

On this occasion I hailed the addition of her nasal treble to her husband's sonorous bass, as the most enchanting union of sounds that had ever saluted my ears. The servants slept in a distant part of the house. I had no fear of them; and living in the hostel as I did, anything short of being caught in the act of "prigging the cash," I was prepared for. Softly, noiselessly, I stole down stairs. The moon was shining through the window, iron-barred but shutterless, and gave me light enough for my purpose.

I succeeded in opening the bureau. I took out the little dirty-looking parcel, replacing it by the other guinea duly wrapped in a ten-pound note as dingy as the one enclosing my guinea. Again I locked the bureau, and finally deposited the key on the floor close to the table where the bunch had lain three hours before, that it might seem to have been accidentally dropped there. I could have shouted and committed all sorts of absurdities in my extravagant delight at recovering my treasure; but I was compelled to restrain myself. I did not unfold the paper—I was too sure of my game to need the confirmation of sight—but hastily pushed it with the guinea into a new case prepared beforehand, and stitched it up.

I slept not; I was too much excited; and when morning came, I feigned illness, and lay in bed, for fear my intense delight should manifest itself. As to describing what I felt, it would be ridiculous to attempt it. I stayed a week after recovering my treasure; I witnessed the finding of the bureau-key by my landlady before she was aware of its loss, and became pretty well convinced that detection was impossible. Then, pretending business, I bade farewell to the Lucky Guinea, its burly landlord and smiling landlady; and, leaving "the Peak" in its autumn beauty, I journeyed to London. Arrived there, I chanced to take up a newspaper, and in it saw a piece of news which deserved the name of a "staggerer." It was to the effect that my former banker, having been fortunate in his second start in life, was in a position to make amends to those who had suffered by his first false one.

Such things had been done, I knew; but when I saw the printed request that his old creditors would assemble and receive their own, principal and interest, I rubbed my eyes, believing they deceived me. Happening to touch the ribbon which was attached to my guinea-case, I felt it was all right enough, and I went to the meeting, and received my cash, which made me really a rich man again. From that time I was very cautious, and began to be esteemed a lucky fellow also; "Indeed," said I to myself, "that *must* be; have I not once more 'my Godfather's Guinea?'"

Two years after my burglarious act, I bethought myself I would open the little shrine which contained my golden idol, and burn the note in which it was wrapped, that no trace of the deception might remain. I should like to pause here *ad libitum*—I hardly know how to relate the rest.

Believers in "luck," cherishers of crooked sixpences, and all the thousand-and-one articles esteemed efficacious in bringing it, tremble for your faith. *My* pet superstition was shivered to atoms with a precipitancy which causes a cold perspiration to come over me when I think of the shock my nervous system then received. I would defer the end, if I could; nay, rather let me hasten it. I opened the case, unfolded the greasy note, and saw in it, in place of my godfather's ancient guinea, a bran new bright sovereign. They were just coming into fashion when I left worthy Jim Allen's; which, no doubt, was the first of its kind which fell into his wife's hands, had been wrapped up in another of *those notes*. I need scarcely add, that from that time I abandoned all hope of recovering "my Godfather's Guinea."

RUTH BUCK.

MR. BLIFKINS'S BABY.

That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command in the house. Everything was subservient to him. The baby was the balance wheel that regulated everything. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me. For the first six months of that precious existence, he had me up on an average six times a night. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "bring that light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm so afraid it will have a fit!" Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist like a little white bear, as he was. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "I think I feel a draught of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick." Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well. "Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration." I arranged the light, and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again, "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma to-day for the baby?" "My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?" She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scape goat. I forgave her, and, without saying a word more to her, I addressed myself to sleep. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so; you will wake the baby." "Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle. "Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up, and hand me the warm gruel from the nurse lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for her mother, I don't know what she would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?" "I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it is because I am tired." "Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby." I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping. "Mr. Blifkins," said she, in a louder key. I said nothing. "Oh dear!" said that estimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?" I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead by some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in the bed, adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pin-cushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling things for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to that young immortal required the surrender of my forehead for a pin-cushion. This was one of many nights passed in this way. The truth was, that baby was what every other man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolute and unlimited. Such was the story of Blifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*.

THIRTY-FIFTH CONGRESS,

FIRST SESSION.

Wednesday, May 26, 1858.

SENATE.

Reports From Committees.—Mr. Brown, from the Committee on the District of Columbia, to which was referred House bill to provide for the lighting with gas certain streets across the Mall, reported back the same without amendment, and recommended its passage.

Also, from the same committee, to which was referred House bill regulating municipal elections in the city of Washington, reported back the same with an amendment.

[This amendment consists of restoring the bill to its original shape as reported by Mr. Goode from the Committee on the District of Columbia, by inserting the words, "and shall have paid the school tax and all taxes on personal property due from him, shall be entitled to vote," &c.]

River and Harbor Bills.—Mr. Seward called for the consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, being the bill making appropriation for repairing and securing the works at the harbor of Chicago, Illinois; which was taken up and debated by Messrs. Toombs, Clay, Davis, Polk, Douglas, and others; when the question was taken on the passage of the bill, and decided as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Benjamin, Bigler, Broderick, Chandler, Collamer, Crittenden, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Hamlin, Harlan, Jones, Kennedy, King, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Stuart, Thomson of New Jersey, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—26.

Nays—Messrs. Bright, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Hammond, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Polk, Reid, Slidell, Toombs, and Wright—17.

The Senate then proceeded to consider the bill making appropriations for the preservation and repair of the piers at the mouth of Milwaukee river, Wisconsin.

This bill was discussed by Messrs. Clay, Durkee, Davis, Polk, and others, and passed on a call of the yeas and nays—26 to 18.

The Senate then took up the bill making appropriation for repairing the piers at the harbor of Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Mr. Pugh moved to amend the bill; when it was announced that the hour for taking up the special order had arrived.

Mr. Seward moved to postpone the special order, with a view to continue the bill under discussion, which was decided in the negative—yeas 18, nays 30.

Fifteen Million Loan.—The Senate then proceeded to consider the special order, being the bill to authorize a loan not exceeding the sum of fifteen millions, the amendment pending being that of Mr. Simmons, to add new sections to the bill, providing for the prevention of fraud in the collection of the revenue by a system of home valuation.

Mr. Bell rose and addressed the Senate at great length in favor of the amendment, and reviewing the general system of the tariff.

The question was then taken on the amendment of Mr. Simmons, and it was decided in the negative by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Bigler, Broderick, Chandler, Crittenden, Fessenden, Foster, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Thompson of Kentucky, Thomson of New Jersey, Wade, Wilson, and Wright—17.

Nays—Messrs. Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Douglas, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Hammond, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tennessee, Jones, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Pugh, Reid, Rice, Sebastian, and Shields—25.

Mr. Hunter moved to further amend the bill, so as to make the certificate not less than $1,000 instead of $100; which was agreed to, and the bill was then passed by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bigler, Bright, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Douglas, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Hammond, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Jones, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Reid, Rice, Sebastian, Shields, Thompson of Kentucky, Thomson of New Jersey, Wright, and Yulee—28.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Broderick, Chandler, Crittenden, Fessenden, Foster, Hamlin, Harlan, Johnson of Tennessee, King, Pugh, Seward, Wade, and Wilson—14.

And the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

The several pending appropriation bills were pressed by Mr. Jones, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. The House first considered the amendments of the Senate to the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of Government, and refused to concur in several of them. The bill consequently goes back.

The bill making appropriations for the preservation and repairs of fortifications and other works of defence was rejected by a vote of 99 to 86.

The naval appropriation bill was considered in Committee and reported to the House. The sum appropriated is $13,149,544. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Bocock advocated the construction of ten small sloops of war, which, he said, had been asked for by the Navy Department without reference to the present condition of our foreign relations. The force of the recommendation is enhanced by recent events, and Mr. B. expressed the hope that an amendment would be adopted, to provide for the construction of ten gunboats, of light draught of water, but capable of carrying three of Dahlgren's heavy guns.

An amendment proposed by Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, was adopted, to make a discrimination in favor of American hemp for the use of the navy; and an amendment by Mr. Taylor, of New York, increasing the appropriation for the Brooklyn Navy Yard to $329,166, was also adopted. The bill was finally laid aside to be reported to the House.

The bill making appropriations for the support of the three volunteer regiments, being likely to give rise to discussion, was not considered. The Committee then took up the bill concerning the expenses of collecting the revenue. An amendment offered by Mr. Garnett was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report at the next session his plan for reducing the expenses of collection.

The bill was then laid aside to be reported to the House, as was also the bill making appropriations for the service of the Post Office Department. These appropriation bills will be the first in order for a vote on their passage to-day, the previous question on each of them having been ordered by the House.

Thursday, May 27, 1858.

SENATE.

Mr. Seward called for the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the repair of the piers at Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Mr. Seward yielded, and the resolution was taken up, and debated at some length, and passed—yeas 31, nays 12.

River and Harbor Bills.—Mr. Seward called for the consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, being the bill making appropriation for repairing the piers at Sheboygan harbor, Wisconsin.

Mr. Pugh's amendment was read; which was in effect to include the appropriations in all the bills recommended by the department in the bill before the Senate.

This was debated by Messrs. Hunter and Toombs, until the hour for taking up the special order, the latter having offered an amendment to the amendment of Mr. Pugh, the effect of which was to require a loan for the purpose of effecting the improvement named.

Homestead Bill.—The Senate then took up the special order, being the homestead bill; when

Mr. Clingman moved to postpone it until the first Monday in January next.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, demanded the yeas and nays on the motion; and it was decided in the affirmative by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bigler, Brown, Clay, Clingman, Crittenden, Davis, Dixon, Fessenden, Fitzpatrick, Foster, Green, Hamlin, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Polk, Reid, Sebastian, Slidell, Thompson of Kentucky, Thomson of New Jersey, and Wright—30.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Bright, Broderick, Chandler, Douglas, Durkee, Fitch, Foot, Hale, Harlan, Jones, King, Pugh, Rice, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Stuart, Toombs, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—22.

Mr. Seward then moved to postpone all the prior orders, with a view to continue the discussion on the Sheboygan bill; and it was decided in the affirmative by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bell, Bigler, Broderick, Chandler, Crittenden, Dixon, Durkee, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, Jones, Kennedy, King, Pugh, Seward, Shields, Simmons, Stuart, Thomson of New Jersey, Trumbull, Wade, and Wilson—26.

Nays—Messrs. Bright, Clay, Clingman, Davis, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hayne, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tennessee, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Polk, Reid, Rice, Slidell, Toombs, and Wright—20.

The Sheboygan bill was then taken up and discussed on amendments until near the hour of 6 o'clock, by Messrs. Pugh, Bell, Hunter, Simmons, Bigler, Gwin, Houston, and others; when

The Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Uniform Bankrupt Law.—Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, on leave, submitted a report from the Committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the subject of a uniform bankrupt law, closing with a resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That there be no further action upon the recommendation of the President "to pass a uniform bankrupt law applicable to all the banking institutions throughout the United States."

The report was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Naval Appropriation Bill.—The House took up the bill making appropriations for the naval service for the year ending June 30th, 1859.

The amendments making a discrimination in favor of hemp of American growth, to be purchased for the use of the navy, and appropriating $16,800 for the completion of barracks, quarters, &c., at Pensacola, Florida, were agreed to—yeas 110, nays 75.

The bill was passed.

The Revenue Bill.—The House next took up the bill making appropriations for the collection of the revenue from customs.

The yeas and nays were ordered on the passage of the bill, and resulted—yeas 102, nays 93.

So the bill was passed.

The Tariff Investigation.—Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, rose to question of privilege, and submitted the report of the select committee appointed to investigate the alleged tariff frauds of last session, and the disbursements of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., of Boston.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, presented the views of a portion of the minority.

Mr. Purviance, of Pennsylvania, presented the views of another portion of the minority.

The majority report concludes with the following resolution, which, under the operation of the previous question, was adopted:

Resolved, That the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject, and that the report and evidence accompanying it, together with the views of the minorities of the committee, respectively, be printed.

Delegate from Minnesota.—Mr. Cavanaugh, of Minnesota, rose to a question of privilege, and offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee of Elections be authorized to inquire into and report upon the right of W. W. Kingsbury to his seat upon this floor as a Delegate from that portion of the Territory of Minnesota outside of the present State limits.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, moved to modify the resolution so as to provide that, until the Committee of Elections shall report on the subject, no delegate shall be recognised from Minnesota.

The modification was accepted, and the resolution, as modified, was adopted.

The credentials and papers presented by Mr. Harris were also referred to the Committee of Elections.

Books and Documents.—Mr. Winslow, of North Carolina, on leave, reported from the Joint Committee on the Library a bill providing for the keeping and distributing of public documents; which was read twice, and ordered to be printed.

[The main provisions of the bill are, that the Secretary of the Interior shall hereafter be charged with the custody and distribution of all printed journals of Congress and other books and documents printed and purchased for Government, and shall set apart a room in the Patent Office building for that purpose; that he shall keep a register of all books, &c., received and distributed, and report to each Congress; that he shall distribute only upon the recommendation of proper officers, and to those that are entitled by law to receive the works; and that all books, charts, &c., now deposited in the State Department shall be transferred to the Department of the Interior, which is charged with the duties in relation to copyrights heretofore exercised by the State Department.]

Post Office Appropriation Bill.—The House went into Committee of the Whole, (Mr. Houston, of Alabama, in the chair,) and took up the bill making appropriations for the Post Office Department during the year ending June 30, 1859.

The bill was then laid aside to be reported to the House.

Army Bill.—The Committee next took up the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1859.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, addressed the Committee in opposition to the bill, and also in opposition to the fifteen million loan bill. He contended that the Administration had shown no disposition to economize; that the expenditures of the Government, on the contrary, had largely increased, and were likely to increase still further.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, was glad the question of public expenditures was beginning to attract some degree of attention, and only regretted that the gentleman from Ohio had not waked up a little sooner.

Mr. Seward, of Georgia, reviewed the policy of the Administration, in which in some respects he was opposed, and contended that the South had been untrue to herself, and had pursued a policy ruinous to her commercial interests.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, denied that the