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Poetry.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill; [flowers,
The houses are thatched with grass and
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep,
Never again to sow or reap—
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still.
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

Miscellany.

A DUEL BY CANDLELIGHT.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

It was in the winter of 1851—the 17th of November. Well do I remember the day—not alone from the circumstances I am about to relate—but no matter.—The experience of an early adventurer here is dotted with enduring landmarks, to guide the noiseless step of recollection back through the dim vistas of the past, and lengthen the great way of life. Broad, this evening, is the road we traveled to-day, and flowers still blossom beside it, and thorns still linger in the sight; but further back it narrows into a thread-like path, along which the flowers lie dead and scentless, and touching here and there at a moment of bliss the sepulchre of hope approaches the confines of memory, and is soon lost to our sight.

Well, it was the 17th of November.—The day had been a dreary, drizzling one, and as night approached the wind lulled, and a heavy fog rolled like a mighty avalanche of snow over the hills west of San Francisco, and settled in a thick, almost drenching, mist over muddy street and housetop. Twas, indeed, a cheerless evening, and we did not wonder then, nor do we now, that the gambling houses were crowded, and the bars of the drinking saloons crowded, for the city was thronged with strangers, and promenading the half-paved streets, by the uncertain light of an occasional door lamp could scarcely be deemed a positive enjoyment.

The "El Dorado" was the great center of attraction. It was not only one of the largest and most substantial structures in the city, but its proprietors were men whose wealth was counted by tens of thousands; and every bank in its capacious saloon was loaded with golden slugs and ounces. Through the room were ranged no less than twenty tables, at which were played faro, monte, vingt-et noir, lansquedet, and a variety of other games, the very names of which have escaped me; while from a raised platform poured forth a continual flood of exquisite music, from a band of the best musicians in the country. The finest musical talent in the State found employment in the gambling saloons of San Francisco and Sacramento, and many of the most noted performers in the country to-day, made their *debut* before an audience of gamblers. Simonton, the well known violinist, and Pettinos, one of the best pianoists in the State, for two years occupied together the platform of the El Dorado at Sacramento, receiving sixty-four dollars per day for their services, and the very first musicians in the city once led an orchestra at another gambling house in the "City of the Plains."

As we said before, the El Dorado was crowded. Many were betting and venturing their last dollar with an uncertain characteristic of the times, while as many more were elbowing their way from one table to another, with no other object than the gratification of their curiosity, and the vain hope of seeing some desperate gamester "tap a bank and win." A dozen or more were reeling through the saloon, entirely too wealthy, in their own estimation, even to covet the piles of lucre around them, while not a few might be observed with hands jammed in their empty pockets, staring abstractly at the progress of a game that had relieved them of the last ounce.

The band had commenced its second performance for the evening, and seemed intent, in boisterous execution, to drown the clamor of clinking gold, when a tall, muscular looking miner stopped in front of the door, and gazing a moment at the scene within, buttoned his thin coat around him, and started slowly down Washington street. He was coarsely but comfortably clad. A pair of heavy brown whiskers completely covered his face, and the broad brim of a slouched hat rested almost upon his shoulder.

"This way, Jane," said a voice to a female who had just emerged from a small wooden building immediately below the El Dorado, and stood hesitating beside a pool of mud and water.

The miner stopped, and as the woman carefully selected a stepping-place and sprang to the pavement, he involuntarily caught her by the arm. Somewhat surprised at the prompt assistance, she gazed into his unshorn face for a moment, and thanking him politely, passed on with her companion, who had taken a more circuitous but less dangerous (to his polished boots) route to the sidewalk.

Hesitating a moment, the miner turned and followed. He started as he saw her enter the gambling saloon. Pushing his way through the crowd, he next discovered her seated behind a monte table. We do not wonder that he looked at her more than once, and that his heart beat, and that his dark eyes flashed—for her sweet face was pale and careworn, and the smile that played upon it was as a wayside sunbeam. Her companion, who "called" and "cashed" the game as she turned the cards, was what any lady, without a too careful scrutiny of his face, would have pronounced a fine looking man. He was dressed in the extreme of good taste, with the exception, perhaps, of too great a display of jewelry. His features were regular, and his eyes piercing and restless; but that proud curl of his lip, which not unfrequently denotes firmness and manly independence, in him was a repulsive indication of recklessness and disdain.

The cards were shuffled and a "lay out" given.

"Make your bets, gentlemen," sang out the gambler, while he jingled a pile of silver lying before him; "a jack and a ten—make your bets."

Pulling his hat over his eyes, the miner approached the table and carelessly tossed an ounce upon the ten. The dealer looked up, and again her eyes met those of the unshorn stranger. She knew not why—for a thousand eyes had gazed as intensely into her's before—but the color mounted to her cheeks, and she involuntarily admonished the miner to withdraw his bet. The indication, slight though it appeared, was not lost to the gambler, who answered it with a frown as dark as midnight, and turned a searching stare upon the stranger, who met it with such a glance of defiance that it brought the hand of the gambler to the handle of the revolver in his belt. The woman observed all. The miner quietly folded his arms, and the dealer, with trembling hand, assorted the cards. The jack won. Again the cards were dealt, and two ounces were thrown instead of one. He lost a second time, and again and again, until a pile of gold pieces had been transferred from his pocket to the table.

"Let your husband deal," said the loser, addressing the woman, "perhaps it may change my luck."

"Certainly," said the gambler, reaching for his cards.

At the mention of the word "husband," a peculiar smile rested upon his lips, and the eyes of the woman dropped to the table, as if to avoid the scrutiny of the stranger, that he might not read in them a confession that she had no husband, although she was a mother.—But he read all—knew all.

Again the cards were dealt. There was a perceptible nervousness of the hand, and a strange twinkle in the eyes of the miner as he drew from the pocket of his overcoat two purses. All eyes were turned toward him.

"I'll bet two hundred ounces on the ace," he exclaimed to the astonished gambler, dropping the sacks of dust upon the table, "and will draw the cards myself."

"Five hundred dollars is the limit," exclaimed the gambler.

"There is no limit to your rascality!" thundered the stranger, "nor should there be to your game," and he placed the purses in his pocket.

The gambler sprang to his feet with his hand upon his revolver, but ere he could draw it, a blow from the horny fist of the stalwart miner sent him reeling on the floor.

In a moment all was confusion. A dozen gamblers rushed hurriedly from the adjoining tables, to the rescue of the fallen blackleg, with pistols and knives glittering in the lamplight. The woman had risen to her feet, and stood speechless behind the table.

"Stand back!" shouted the miner, drawing from a belt with his left hand a huge Bowie knife, and swinging an eight inch navy revolver in the other, "stand back!" he repeated, retreating against the wall as the gamblers attempted to close in upon him, "or by the Mother of God I'll strew the floor with your carcases."

"Shoot him down!" cried one of the gamblers, brandishing a pistol above his head, and evincing little inclination to undertake the job himself.

"The first man that pulls a trigger dies," said an elderly man, breaking through the crowd, and placing himself beside the lion-hearted miner. "Ten to one is too great an odds for any man.—He is a perfect stranger to me, but he shall have fair play."

"Right! right!" shouted the crowd, beginning to understand the nature of the broil, "give him a chance, and a dozen more pistols suddenly found the light.

"Let me at him!" yelled the gambler who had been knocked down, attempting to get to the offender through the throng.

"Make way for him," hissed the miner, "and I will use nothing but this!" and he raised his twelve inch Bowie knife, and put himself into an attitude of defense.

"Hold," said the elderly man, who had first insisted upon fair play, "if you really want to fight, select some spot where there are fewer spectators; if not put up your weapons."

"You are right, my friend," said the miner, "but I will meet yon scoundrel where he will, when he will, and with what he will."

"Enough," said the gambler, rendered desperate in his rage, "follow me with a friend, and I will accommodate you in ten minutes."

"I am completely at your service," said the stranger, but I have no friend here," he continued, turning to the man beside him, "unless I may call you one, from the friendly part you have already assumed in this difficulty."

"I will not desert you now," said the old man, extending to him his hand, for you are a brave man, and a Kentuckian knows how to appreciate courage."

The miner smiled, and stepping toward the table where the woman was sitting, pale and trembling, said to her in a low tone of voice:

"Fear nothing—if you are sent for, do not fail to come;" then taking the arm of the Kentuckian, he followed the gambler, who was just quitting the saloon, accompanied by a friend.

"My friend," said the miner, as soon as he had reached the street, "the fight must be in a room alone, and without seconds—with what weapons I care not. Let whatever may transpire hereafter excite no inquiry, and I will explain all to you to-morrow."

The Kentuckian bowed. Both parties passed down Washington street for some distance, and halted in front of a small two story brick building. The door was opened by a Chinaman, and taking a lighted candle, the gambler led the way up a flight of stairs to a small back room. It had one window, and was furnished with a cot bedstead, a wash stand and two chairs. Placing the light upon one of the latter, the gambler strode toward the stranger, who had just entered, and said:

"Here is the place, and now the time."

He expected the miner to manifest symptoms of terror at the announcement, and ask to defer the meeting; but he was in error, and the cool reply of "exactly" rendered him alarmingly cognizant of the fact.

As a last effort to shake the resolution of the belligerent mountaineer, and to avoid the encounter, for which he felt no inclination, the gambler said, with affected calmness:

"If we fight at all, it must be alone, and in this room, armed with a revolver and a Bowie knife."

"I am fortunately provided with both," was the resolute reply.

"Then, d——n you, take the consequences," returned the gambler, determined to fire before the word, and finding courage in the dishonorable resolution. He found little consolation in the smile just perceived through the beard of his antagonist.

The arrangements for the desperate encounter were soon made. The principals, each armed with a Bowie knife and revolver, were placed on each side of the room; the door was to be locked on the outside, and at a word from the seconds, the fight was to commence with either weapon, and to continue for ten minutes, at the expiration of which time the seconds were to interfere.

The weapons were examined, and the combatants placed for the slaughter by candlelight. The door had scarcely been closed and locked before the gambler raised his pistol and fired. The ball lodged in the ceiling, not an inch from the other. With the spring of a tiger, the latter threw himself upon the gambler, and crushed him to the floor before he had time to again use either pistol or knife. Wresting the weapon from his grasp, he seized him by the throat, and, holding the knife to his breast, the miner swore he would bury it there if he uttered a loud word:

"All right, there, outside—give the word," said the miner, as the seconds were about to enter to ascertain the reason of the report.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Fire—one—two—three."

No report followed, and the seconds looked at each other in silence.

"Now tell me, Mark Brigham, why I should not slay you, who attempted to assassinate me?" said the miner.

"The shot was accidental—indeed it was," returned the gambler. "Spare me, and I will return every dollar I have won of you—give you all I possess."

"Let me tell you now why I SHOULD slay you. It is not for the dollars you won from me, for I do not value them—not for your cowardly attempt to murder me, for I expected it. Listen:

"Ten years ago, you stole a young girl by the name of Jane Farley from a boarding-school in New York, and, under promise of marriage, induced her to elope to New Orleans. Her parents, who lived three miles from the city, did not know you, for you were not a resident of the place, and never visited the family but once. You did not marry the girl. You made her your mistress—the mistress of a gambler—and as such she became a mother. Shame prevented her from communicating with her parents, and they are still ignorant of her fate. Three years ago she accompanied you to California. Her brother, who had become a man, and vowed to terribly avenge the dishonor of his sister, should he ever meet her seducer, followed shortly after, unaware of her presence here. One night he heard her name pronounced in the street. He followed her to a gambling hell, and recognized her, and by her side her seducer, whom he had seen but twice before. In venturing his money, he found a ready means of bringing about an encounter, in which he determined to kill you. He met you in a room alone. You attempted to assassinate him. Do you know me now?"

"Mercy!—spare me!" said the gambler, and—"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you marry the woman you have dishonored, and abandon your thieving vocation."

"I consent—but when?"

"This very hour."

"I promise."

"But your promise is not sufficient," replied Farley. "I will have a better guarantee. This pistol shall not leave my hand, or I your side until the promise is fulfilled; and, by my hopes of heaven, if you hesitate in the performance, or show a disposition to escape, I will put a ball through your body."

Placing all the weapons in his pockets except the pistol which he held cocked in his hand, Farley released the gambler, and ordered him to send for Jane and a carriage. Through the half opened door, which the seconds had opened in response from a kick from within, Brigham repeated the order to his astonished friend. Learning that no blood had been shed, the latter left the house, and in a few minutes Jane was in the presence of the silent combatants. She requested an explanation, but was told that all would soon be made clear, and the whole party entered the carriage and were driven to the residence of a clergyman on Stockton street, where, at ten o'clock at night, with a pistol ready to use upon the bridegroom should he falter, Mark Brigham and Jane Farley were made man and wife. The unshorn miner then called her sister, and as she hung upon his neck, she thanked God that the same hour had sent her a husband and a brother.

Brigham sent for his child, which had been left in New Orleans, purchased a tract of land in Los Angelos county, and is now a wealthy and respected resident of that region of the vine and fig-tree. Farley is still a miner in Old Tuolume, and "Old Kaintuck," as the world reverently called him, was killed by the Kalamath Indians in 1855.

How Dick Cured His Wife of Jealousy.

Our old acquaintance, R. P. S——, or as he is better known, "straight back Dick," has been exercising his vocation in a new direction. Not content with running sharp saws upon unsuspecting males, he has turned his attention to the females, and selected, as his victim, his own wife.

Now, be it known, Mrs. S., while she possesses all the ordinary graces of mind and body which adorn her sex, is very jealous, withal, and has ever watched her loved spouse with a care which might have proved troublesome to any but himself. If Dick spoke of going to the theater, Mrs. S. admired the piece for that evening above anything she had ever seen, and begged him like a kind, good, darling "hubby," to engage her a seat too, and Dick had it to do. If Dick told her he was behind with his books, and he was obliged to go down town after supper and write them up, Mrs. S. flatly pronounced it a lie—in her own mind—and would torture herself with a thousand thoughts as to *where* he was going, who he was going to see, and what *she* was like; "for of course," thought Mrs. S., "it must be a she." Often as she watched him, and truth demands that we should add—followed him in his nocturnal rambles, until satisfied that nothing was wrong, she would slip back home; and when, a few minutes after, Dick, entered the house, he would find her sitting demurely by the fire reading a book, or perhaps engaged in the manufacturing of some article of baby apparel, looking for all the world as though she hadn't been out of the house for a month.

Now Dick, although he never mentioned it, was not blind to his wife's pet failing, and last week an excellent opportunity was offered for him to break her of it. The family had retired to bed, and all were asleep, apparently, save Dick and his wife. While Madam lay awake, Dick gradually went off into a snore till satisfied of the impression created upon her mind when he began:

"With thee conversing, I forgot all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike."

"Ah!" said she, "talking in his sleep, and of a woman, too. Well, we'll see Mr. S—we'll see who she is." She raised her head and listened more attentively. Not a word was to be lost. She did not wait long, for the sleeper, as though in conversation with an angelic fair one, coutinued:

"I love thee! and I feel
That in the foundation of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee!"

"Great Heaven!" whispered madam, "and do I live to hear him talk in that strain? Is it possible that I, his wife, am to be treated in this manner? Oh! but I'll tear my eyes out! I'll teach them that I can find out a thing or two."—Tears came to the poor woman's relief, and she fell back upon her pillow. Dick was about to reveal the trick he was playing upon her, but a second thought determined him to carry it through.—He went on:

"Sweet child of Italy! could you but share
This careless, loveless heart, it should be thine."

"Oh, ye Gods!" exclaimed the now distracted wife, "if he isn't making love to some sunburnt *Dago*, then I'm no woman! Oh! that it should come to this!"

Dick, with all his efforts, could scarcely repress a "snort"—

"Adieu, adieu, thou fulness of everything perfect. But stay! ere we part—I'll meet thee here again. At eight o'clock I'll meet thee!" Here something marvelously like a full grown "buss" escaped the lips of the sleeper.

Mrs. S. was frantic with rage. She arose from the bed and made a light, sat down in a rocking chair, and sobbed and shivered in the cold, till at last Dick found it convenient to awake.

With a terribly long yawn he turned his face in the direction of his wife, and somewhat confusedly, asked:

"Why, Sarah, what's the matter?"

"Me? Matter? Oh! ah! yes! Nothing, dear, only that tooth—[oh, the villain! and she a *Dago*, too."]

"Why, my dear, I told you to go to the Dentist and have it drawn. You should get it out at once." And Dick, that scoundrel, composed himself, and this time went fast asleep, sure enough.

Madam sat in the chair and rocked, and rocked, till at last she formed her plan of action. She would not hint to him that she knew what was going on; but when the next day had passed and eight o'clock drew nigh, she would watch him. If he went out, she would follow him. If he met this "sweet child of Italy," as he calld the artful minx, she would confront them in their *tete-a-tete*, and there, with all the eloquence of an injured wife, would she charge him with his perfidy. Having formed her plans, she retired to bed—

"To sleep—perchance to dream."

The morning came, and save a slight swelling and redness about the eyes, there was nothing to show that she had spent a miserable night. By frequent glances, when she was not aware of it, Dick saw what was going on in her mind, and chuckled to himself at the prospect of success.

The day wore away slowly, and Dick made his appearance to the house about half past five o'clock. He selected from his wardrobe his best suit, and was unusually nice in arranging his dress to advantage.

"Sarah," said he, "I'm going down town to-night. I have an engagement to meet a—ah—a friend, and will not be home before 9 o'clock."

Madam felt very sick at heart. "Very well, Richard," replied she, "I'll stay up then, till you come home. (Aside—Oh! but won't I settle you though? A *Dago*.")

At 7 o'clock, a finely dressed individual might have been seen wending his way southward from the direction of the house, while about thirty paces behind him walked a female closely veiled. Occasionally he turned his head, and a chuckle would escape him when he saw who followed. On he went till he reached the large building, the Odd Fellows' Hall, where in the shadow of a door, he snugly ensconced himself, to be sure who it was following him. On she came, and as the light of a gas lamp fell upon her, he was satisfied. He stepped from his hiding place, and walked into the main entrance of the building. She followed him. At the second door to the right disappeared and the next moment madam had crossed the threshold and stood in the presence of her husband and—*Barbee's Coquette*.

Dick burst into a loud laugh, threw himself into an attitude before the beautiful statue, and commenced—

"Sweet child of Italy."

Madam couldn't stand it. She threw up her veil and caught him round the neck shrieking—

"But the woman, Dick, the woman! who is she? where is she?"

"There she is—the Coquette!" replied Dick. "It was a trick, Sarah, to cure you of your jealousy. I feigned sleep and talked sweet nonsense to an imaginary female! But here comes some one my dear, we will go home and talk about it there."

A carriage conveyed them home.—With a drooping head she listened to the way in which she had been sold by the incorrigible Dick, and the reader would lose his money were he to bet that Mrs. S—— will ever again bother her head about Richard's "Diegos."

THE WORK OF LIFE.

"Most truly did Theodore Sedgwick say that it is the man of robust and enduring constitution, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott with his manly form. It is Brougham with his superhuman power of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out on his way to rouse the Canadas, as our hardiest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondack or on the Miramichi. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and on horseback twenty. It is Washington, with his splendid frame and physical strength."

Why not say, It is Paul,—"in bodily presence weak." It is Timothy, with his "often infirmities." It is Baxter, never robust, never a well man. It is the blind Milton. It is Johnson, bravely carrying through life the weight of a diseased and suffering body. It is Channing, with his frail, clay tenement. It is the pale Amos Lawrence, scrupulously weighing from day to day the slight morsels of coarse bread which alone his debilitated system allowed him to eat. It is Adolphe Monod, uttering on his death-bed and under the pressure of torturing disease, words that shall be a power among men in distant lands and in other generations.

A sound body is a good thing—a blessing to be thankful for and to be preserved; but history is full of the triumphs of the soul over all physical obstacles, including those of weak and shattered frames. If robust health has its advantages, so has the want of it, if there is disability to a certain extent and in a certain form with the latter, the former is beset with its peculiar temptations, and strong men rush to destruction with no sense of their responsibilities. Of what use is a good body, except as the dwelling place of a better soul? What soul purified, cultivated, filled with the love of Christ, ever failed to shine like a star, and to be a blessing among men, whatever might be the condition of the clod of earth enveloping it? And who does not see that this excellence belongs to a higher and better sphere than Scott's, or Brougham's, or Napoleon's, or Franklin's?—*Vt. Chron.*

Beautiful Anecdote.

A happier illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer it by the greatest of questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, perhaps was never given than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked in writing, "who made the world?" He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question, "In the beginning God created the heavens and earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise. "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the resignation which sat upon his countenance as he took the chalk and wrote: 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in Thy sight.'"

Much of the Dutch.

At the last election in New York, a stolid Dutchman was standing at the precinct house in the Sixteenth Ward. As he had been before inquiring for "de reglar demogratic dicket," a shrewd fellow instantly stepped up and supplied him with the genuine thing.

"Vell, now," says Hans, "vat vill I do mit 'im?"

"Put it in that box," pointing to the ballot-box, said one and another.

The cunning one who had accommodated him with the "dicket," whispered in his ear—

"Don't let them fool you; don't put it in the box; keep it; put it in your pocket; it's your own; and don't let them cheat you out of your vote;" and so he did, ramming his ticket away down to the pocket in his coat, and walking off as mad as could be at the rogues who wanted to cheat him out of his vote by putting it in the ballot-box.

Which End of Trouble.

Not long ago a bridegroom returning home from his wedding was met by a friend, who thus addressed him:

"Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trouble now."

"Thank thee lad," was Jack's answer, "I hope I have."

About a month afterward the friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed:

"Bill, thou tellest me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen the end of my trouble?"

"I did," said Bill; but I didn't tell thee *which* end."

Anecdote of Prof. Grimm.

The pleasant Professor Jacob Grimm, tells with glee the following pretty anecdote:

A child of about 8 years of age, and bearing upon her person and dress the stamp of a good family and position, rang one day at his door, and informed the servant that she desired to speak to the "Herr Professor." Supposing her to bring a message, he led her to the Doctor's study, who gently inquired her errand.

"Is it thou," she asked with animation, "who hast written those fine Marchen? (fairy tales.!)

"Yes, my dear," replied the Doctor, "my brother and I have written the Haus Marchen."

"Then thou hast also written the tale of 'The Clever Little Tailor,' where it is said at the end, 'Who will not believe it must pay a thaler?'"

"Yes, I have written that, too."

"Well, then, I do not believe it, and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen, on account, and pay the rest by and by."

The Doctor was, as may be supposed, not a little amused at this literal understanding of the humorous conclusion to his sprightly story, and learning the name of his little reader, sent her carefully home.

A Touching Incident

A correspondent writing for the Louisville *Democrat* relates the following:

"While an aged and poorly-clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart-looking young sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing intently for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him, and extended her hand in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his capacious pocket, and when he drew it out, it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept, saying:

"'There, good mother, take this; you may as well have it as the landsharks.—The last cruise I had out of New York, found me with $400 in hand; but as the neighbors told me my old mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, spent it all inside of a week, and then shipped again.'

"'Oh! good—good sir! you are too good to an old body like me. For your sake, I will take it. Oh! you remind me of my poor son George, who shipped and was drowned. Oh! George! George White! where are you now!'

"'George White!' hurriedly exclaimed the sailor. 'Why, that's my name—you—you are my mother!'

"With this, he seized her in his arms, and caressed her affectionately, while the big tears, of joy ran down his bronzed cheeks. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene."

Taken at his Word.

A few years ago, when it was the custom for large girls and larger boys to attend district schools, an incident took place in a neighboring town, which is worth recording.

One of the fairest and plumpest girls of the school happened to violate one of the teacher's rules. The master, a prompt, energetic fellow of twenty-five, summoned her into the middle of the floor. After interrogating the girl a few moments, the master thundered out:

"Will you give me your hand?"

"Yes, sir, and my heart, too," promptly replied the girl, at the same time stretching forth her hand to the master, and eyeing him with a cunning look. A death-like silence reigned for a moment in the school; a tear was seen to glisten in the master's eye; the ruler was laid upon the desk, and the blushing girl was requested to take her seat, but to remain after the school dismissed. In three weeks after the school finished, the teacher and the girl were married!—*Schenectady Star.*

A Thought or Two.

This life cannot be lived over again. The moments that pass, pass forever. I now behold the clock—there, that tick is passed, and still another. So pass days, months and years; so pass days, opportunity neglected, and half of our time without the proper effort. Young man a word with you—you cannot rub out the figures of life as the boy does the arithmetical question upon his slate. The great blackboard of life it is upon which you make the mark in the sight of God and men, and once made it is there forever. If we make a wrong mark it will not serve us to sit down and repent because we cannot rub it out The true principle of life is to go on, not with the mistakes but with the corrections. The mark you made yesterday, improve it to-day. Let every day be a witness of a greater good.

☞ A certain vicar once said to Mr. P., a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. P., how is it you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. P., "I never ask a *gentleman* for money." "Indeed," said the vicar, "how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. P., "after a certain time I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

Seeds from the Patent Office.

A member of Congress writes to the Ohio *Statesman* that no seeds will be sent out this year, the money appropriated to that department being applied to plants, the tea plant among others, and to meet old balances due on past expenditures.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The Kansas *Press* (Cottonwood, K. T.) concludes a leader declaring for Gov. Chase, in 1860, thus: "We repeat, had Fremont been out of the way in 1856, Gov. Chase would have been the Philadelphia nominee for President. That he will not only be nominated, but elected in 1860, we do not now entertain a doubt."

☞ When we see carts, sleds, wagons, plows and other tools left unsheltered through the winter, we conclude that the man who owns them is either shiftless, or lazy, or drinks too much brandy for his own good.

SPEECH

OF

Hon. BENJ. F. WADE, of Ohio,

Delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the 14th of Dec., 1859.

The following are the concluding remarks of Hon. B. F. Wade, on the amendment of Mr. Trumbull, to the resolution offered by Mr. Mason on the 5th prox., providing that a committee be appointed to inquire into the invasion of Harper's Ferry. The amendment of Mr. Trumbull was to the effect that said committee also inquire into the facts attending the invasion, seizure, and robbery, in December, 1855, of the arsenal of the United States, at Liberty, in the State of Missouri, by a mob or body of armed men, and report whether such seizure and robbery was attended by resistance to the authorities of the United States, and followed by an invasion of the Territory of Kansas, and the plunder and murder of its inhabitants.

Mr Wade introduced his remarks thus:

It was not my intention, Mr. President, to say anything upon the subject of this resolution until late yesterday, when my name was called in question by one or two of the Senators on this floor. I made up my mind, on the introduction of this resolution, that I would vote for it; not, however, with the hope that any beneficial result would flow from it, for it seemed to me from the first that the only effect it would have would be to increase that state of excitement that seems already to be sufficiently strong, at least for all practical purposes. But upon this resolution the whole subject of controversy between the Northern and Southern States has been discussed, and I have been alluded to in such terms as renders it essential that I should say something. I have no desire to speak frequently on this most hackneyed subject. * * * * * *

MR. PRESIDENT: I am not one of those who suppose that all slaveholders are deeply criminal. I know very well how habit and custom, and even necessity, modify all our abstract opinions. I understand that well, and I never mention it in the North without the proper qualifications, notwithstanding the Senator thinks I hate slaveholding and slaveholders so much. I give you here, on this floor, my worst version of your institutions. I hold no such doctrine as the Senator charges us with. I do not charge Thomas Jefferson, nor Mr. Madison, nor General Washington, nor Mr. Randolph, nor Mr. Tucker, nor any other of the great statesmen to whom we look up with such reverence, with hypocrisy, or anything sinister or wrong; because, when they made this declaration, and declared that the word "slave" should not be in the instrument which they were framing, for the reason that it grated harshly on their ears, and they knew it was an infringement on natural right, they held slaves in the States themselves. The fact that they held slaves did not prevent their making this declaration, nor did it prevent them, on all occasions, from inveighing against the institution, and wishing they could find some means by which they could do away with it. General Washington himself was, according to your understanding of it, just as much an Abolitionist as you charge me with being. He believed the system wrong—morally, politically, in every way—and he hoped some means would be found whereby it might be abolished. Yes, sir, that was the word. He wished that some means would be found by which this system should be done away with, and he declared that, whenever there was an opportunity, his vote should not be wanting to accomplish it. How long do you suppose that he could remain on the soil of Virginia to-day, with this declaration upon his tongue?

In the administration of public affairs, you cannot govern a nation upon an abstraction. You cannot impeach a man with inconsistency because he cannot live in the administration of public affairs up to the finest-spun theory that you may produce. All I ask of these great men they performed. They found themselves surrounded with this institution; they saw its working and its operation; they saw that it was all wrong, in policy and in theory; they saw that in morals it was equally wrong, and they wished to get rid of it; and on all proper occasions they constantly declared it to be a wrong, and they invoked the people about them to come up to the work, and, as fast as it could be done, to do away with it. Therefore, sir, they were consistent. They knew that their slaveholding in the States was in direct contradiction of that great and Godlike declaration that they had put forth to all mankind, and they sought to get rid of it.

Mr. President, it is not a great while ago since the view that those great men entertained on this subject was universal, North South, East, and West. I wish Senators would bear that in mind; because, perhaps, it would moderate their asperity of feeling against those who still stand where, but a very short time since, we all stood together. That Slavery is to be justified as a divine institution, is a doctrine that is not five years old, in my judgment. Mr. Clay, at the head of the old Whig party, denounced it down to a very late period in his valuable life, in stronger, infinitely stronger terms than I could denounce it upon this floor, as wrong, continually wrong; and the great party that adhered to his standard in the South were all equally orthodox upon this subject; there was no discordant note there; there was not a Clay Whig in all the South who would stand up and say, "this institution of our's is to be justified upon principles of moral right and justice;" not one.

So well known was this fact, that I remember it is not much more than four years ago since the speakers in the South, and the leading papers in the South, put forth that doctrine—the Charleston *Mercury*, I recollect, was one—that the framers of our institutions were all Abolitionists, agreeing precisely with our doctrines, (and it cannot be denied, because the record evidence that they left behind them is perfectly overwhelming,) but that they did not understand the subject; they had not made it their study particularly; but now the South have reviewed the whole doctrine, and have come to another conclusion. They now find that the old doctrine was altogether at fault; that the relation of master and slave is the true relation of man, upheld by divine inspiration, instituted of God, and approved of and in accordance with nature itself. The Charleston *Mercury* went so far as to say that if this was not so, the Abolitionists were right. Yes, sir, it staked everything upon the new light that had broken in in modern times, which shines so fiercely that it has dimmed and obliterated even the Sermon upon the Mount.

Yes, sir, this is a modern light that has sprung up since you began to raise the standard of Slavery, declaring that it should dominate over this great nation, and should prostrate every other interest. It grew up along with your new Territorial doctrines; it grew up along with your Dred Scott decision; it grew up with your meditated design of opening the African slave trade. It is a key to them all. It grew as cotton grows; and we were told here not long since that cotton was king, and dictated this new code of morals. I challenge any Senator to deny that I state this doctrine aright.

Is it not a fact that you claim that on a review of the question of Slavery you have got new light? The old doctrine was, that it was wrong in morals, and could not be justified; but now you hold the contrary. We, sir, adhere to the old doctrine. We have not seen the new light that has broken in upon the South. We were not admitted into the great council where the investigation was had, which resulted in finding out that the institution of Slavery is in accordance with nature and approved by God.

It is true, sir, that I cannot touch the institution within the boundaries of the States where Slavery is established by law, for there the Constitution does not enable me to reach it. I am no more responsible for it in your States than I am for it in Turkey or any other foreign country, where I hear of it with regret, and where I have nothing to say upon the subject; but when you undertake to thrust it forth where it has no foothold, where there is no necessity that it should go there, like Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, I meet you to contend inch by inch; nay, with him in the last noble sentiment that he uttered, I would suffer my arm to fall from its socket before, with my consent, this accursed institution should have one inch of territory now free.

One word more as to the effect of this doctrine. Do I stand here to accuse a gentlemen who is a slaveholder of the South with crime? I have never done so. You may say, that if we regard Slavery as wrong, and as a robbery of the rights of men, we should accuse you of being criminal. Well, sir, the logic would seem to be good enough, were it not modified by the fact that with you it is deemed a necessity. I do not know what you can do with it; I was almost about to say that I do not care what you do with it; I will say, it is none of my business what you do with it, and I never undertake to interfere with it. To be sure, believing it to be wrong—wrong to yourselves, and wrong to those whom you hold in this abject condition—I wish that you could see the light as I see it; but if you do not, it is a matter of your own concern, and not of mine. I can very well have charity toward you, because, with all my opposition to your institution, I can hardly doubt that if ye had changed places, and my lot had been cast among you, under like circumstances, my opinions on this subject might be different, and I might be here, perhaps, as fierce a fire-eater as I am now defending against fire. I can understand these things, and I accuse no man.

There is one thing more which I will notice in passing. The Senator from Georgia [Mr. Iverson] saw fit, in his place in the Senate, to assail my colleague in the House of Representatives, (Mr. Sherman,) and to impeach him because of a transaction which he characterized as exceedingly dishonorable, and which he thought should go to destroy that confidence that is reposed in one so situated. When I heard his denunciations, I was happy to find that the Senator did not accuse Mr. Sherman of any erroneous vote, or of any wrong action. Mr. Sherman's course, in the other branch of Congress, has been known of all men for some years past. He has been a very active and a very worthy member; and if there was anything wrong in any principle that he has advocated or any vote that he has given, I am sure that the vigilance of that astute Senator would have found it out. I say, then, I was exceedingly gratified to find that my friend in the other House was so little assailable upon this floor, or anywhere else. We consider him as one of the brightest ornaments of our State.

That great State seeks to do him honor, and I rejoice to know that the great party to which I belong repose in him the utmost confidence. They have found nothing in him but what they approve; and the Senator, after all his investigations, could find nothing more than this: that Mr. Sherman had recommended the circulation of a certain book. Now, I want to ask the Senator if there is anything in that book that he thinks dangerous to the people of any section of this country? I want to know from that Senator if he believes that book cannot safely be intrusted to the hands of any freeman in this Government? The Senator does not choose to answer me.

Mr. IVERSON.—Mr. President, I do not choose to stultify myself by answering any such question as that. It is too apparent to any man of common sense who has read the book, what would be the effect if its recommendations were carried out.

Mr. WADE.—Well, sir, since the question has been up, I have taken some pains to look through that book, and I find nothing there but arguments addressed by a non-slaveholder of a slaveholding State to his fellow non-slaveholders in those States, laying down rules and regulations for their proceedings, and arguing this great question of Slavery as it affects the interests of non-slaveholders in the slaveholding States. Unless such arguments are unlawful there, I see nothing in the book but