LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office, Whitthorne Block. feb26-tf

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whitthorne Block. mch15-tf

J. T. L. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. And General Collecting Agent. Columbia, Tennessee.

JOHN V. WRIGHT..... W. J. WEBSTER. WRIGHT & WEBSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee.

WM. H. TIMMONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. mar-20-1y

S. SAMUELS, Jr., Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity. Columbia, Tenn. Office with L. D. Myers, Esq. Strict attention to all legal business guaranteed to those who entrust the same to his care. May 30, 1873. 1y

W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. feb14-6y

R. P. & Z. M. CYPERT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Waynesboro, Tennessee. Will practice in the counties of Hardin, Wayne, Lawrence, Lewis, Perry, and Decatur, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. They also prosecute claims for pensions, patents, and bounty lands, before the departments at Washington. feb14-73-1y

HOTELS.

GUEST HOUSE, South Main Street, COLUMBIA, ... TENNESSEE. Board, $2 per Day. Carriages, buggies or saddle-horses furnished on application to the proprietor. JAMES L. GUEST. Columbia, Jan. 1, 1873.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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C. L. Rynolds, PORTRAIT PAINTER, COLUMBIA, TENN. Portraits Crayon up to life size from photographs. Old portraits retouched and cleaned. Studio—Fleming's new block, Garden street, early opposite the Presbyterian church. Oct. 3, 1873. 1y

W. C. Shppard, SURGEON DENTIST, COLUMBIA, TENN. OFFICE—Fleming's new block, Garden street, early opposite the Presbyterian church. I keep constantly on hand a full stock of teeth, pastes, soaps and lotions for the mouth and gums; Recommended by the United States dental association. Call and see me.

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A NON-TALKATIVE DANBURY NEWS MAN.—James Montgomery Bailey, of Danbury, writes to A. J. Demarest, of the Newark Industrial Institute, that he cannot address that body. He says: "I am sorry to write you that I must decline the invitation. I do not talk, sing, or dance in public. I sometimes feel that I ought to sing, and occasionally think I have a call to dance, but my partner is opposed to dancing on religious grounds, and everybody connected with me appears to have a most unaccountable antipathy to singing. I can't talk. If, however, Mons. Fabar succeeds in perfecting a machine that will express its views in a more beautiful articulation than a discharging soda bottle has yet been able to attain, and will throw into its face an appearance differing from two opposing boot heel taps, then I shall gladly mount the rostrum, and endeavor in my humble and unpretending way to make it hot for the masses."

THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1874. VOL. XIX., NO. 30.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

There are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived, and without encroaching upon the sphere of the works devoted to this purpose, we may mention a few of them:

"There is death in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings, iv, 10. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, Samuel2, i, 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Samuel, xiii, 14. "The apple of his eye," Deut. xix, 12. "A still small voice," 1 Kings, xix, 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job, xix, 20. "That mine adversary had written a book." Job, xxi, 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalms, xxxvii, 35. "Hanging our harp upon the willows," Psalms cxxxvii, 2. "Riches certainly make (not take, as is often quoted) themselves wings," Proverbs, xxiii, 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," ibid xxv, 23. "No new thing under the sun," Ecclesiastes i, 9. "Of making many books there is no end," ibid xii, 42. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." (made famous by Patrick Henry,) Jeremiah viii, 11. "My name is Legion," Mark v, 6. "To kick against the pricks," Acts ix, 5.

"Make a virtue of necessity," Shakspeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. "All that glistens is not gold," usually quoted "All is not gold that glistens," Merchant of Venice. "Screw your courage to the sticking place," (not point,) Macbeth. "Make assurance doubly sure," ibid. "Hang our banners on the outward (not outer) walls," ib. "Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, but break it to our hope," ibid. "It is an ill wind turns none to good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," Thomas Tassar, 1518. "Christmas comes but once a year," ibid. "Look ere thou leap," ib., and "Look before you ere you leap," Hudibras, commonly quoted. "Look before you leap," "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," ibid. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," ibid. "That old man, eloquent," ibid. "Peace hath her victories," ibid. "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Roger L'Etrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool," (not little wool), Hudibras. "Count their chickens ere (not before) they're hatched," ibid. "Through thick and thin," Dryden.

"When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of the two evils, I have chosen the least," Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classical ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1763. "A good hater," Johnsonians. "A fellow feeling makes one (not us) wondrous kind," "My name is Norval," John Home, 1808. "Ask no questions and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear," (not none the worse) Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Thomas Morton. "No pent up Utica contracts our powers," Jonathan Sewell. "Hath given hostages to fortune," Bacon. "His (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh in 1791, though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow citizens," (not countrymen), resolutions presented to the house of representatives, December, 1779, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pickney. "The All-mighty dollar," Washington Irving.

"As good as a play," King Charles, when in parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's divorce bill. "Selling a bargain," is in Love's Labor Lost. "Fast and loose," ibid. "Pumping a man," Otteway's Venice Preserved. "Go snarls," Pope's Prologue to Satires. "In the wrong box," Fox's Martyrs. "To lamn in the sense of the heal," King and no King, by Beaumont and Fletcher. The Hackney newspaper Latin quotation, "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was "Omnia mutatur," &c., and this is found in Bourbonins, a German writer of the middle ages. "Smelling of the lamp," is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pythias. "A little bird told me," comes from Ecclesiastes, x, 20. "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

These lines, usually ascribed to Hudibras, are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Meander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in Hudibras is:

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

"Hell is paved with good intentions," though found in Johnson and Herbert, was obviously in their day a proverbial expression. Walter Scott ascribes it to "some stern old divine."

"That's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in Rob Roy, and has, doubtless, for a long time been a familiar saying in Scotland.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis, was a line upon Franklin written by Turgot, the minister of Louis XVI. It is, however, merely a modification of a line by Cardinal Polignac, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœbique sagitas*, which in turn was taken from a line of Marcus Manilias, who says of Epicurus, *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresqui Ionanti.*

Vox Populi, Vox Dei. The origin of this familiar phrase is not known, but it is quoted as a proverb by William of Malmsbury, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century.

Ultima ratio regum. This motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end."

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully-observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate.

Mild Winters.

The mildness of the present season, both here and in Europe, has induced some of the book worms to look up precedents. The result is that, so far, at least, as Europe is concerned, for we have not the same records here to fall back upon, the present bears no comparison to some of the winters long gone by. In 1172 the temperature was so high in England that leaves came out on the trees in January, and birds hatched their broods in February. In 1289 the winter was equally mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and corn flowers at Christmas and on twelfth day. In 1421 the trees flowered in the month of March, and the vines in the month of April. Cherries ripened in the same month, and grapes appeared in May. In 1572 the trees were covered with leaves in January, and the birds hatched their young in February, as in 1172; in 1585 the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in the ear at Easter. There was in France neither snow no frost throughout the winters of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1617, and 1659; finally, in 1662, even in the north of Germany, the stoves were not lighted, and trees flowered in February. Coming to later dates, the winter of 1846-7, when it thundered at Paris on the 28th of January, and that of 1866, the year of the great inundation of the Seine, may be mentioned as exceptionally mild.

—A female lecturer in California, speaking in behalf of her sex, says: "Man's pleasures would never suit us, and his profits we have. We allow him enough to dress respectably, and to take him to lectures and other intellectual circumsess; but the bulk of his income we appropriate."

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"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT."

The original of the following poetic gem was found in the pocket of a soldier of the southern army who died in camp on the Potomac during our civil war, and was subsequently published very extensively in the journals of both the south and the north:

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of a battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning alone, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldier is peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle breeze wind
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
Thinking of the two on the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain;
His gun falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Glows gently with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For the mother, may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leap'd up to his lips, and when murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footsteps lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of a forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary good bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

I always did think my brother Solomon a little hard on me, though I confess that there was reason for it. Mine were not exactly his ways, you see; for mine were more the ways of pleasantness and his the paths of peace.

But could I help it that I was not born a parson, like Solomon? Everybody isn't born a parson. Indeed, I don't find that as a rule it runs much in families; and even if it did, you couldn't expect that two such parsons as Solomon could be born and reared in the bosom of one homestead.

A long time ago, when we were boys together in tight blue jackets, with gilt buttons, and deep frilled collars, I used to try with all my might and main to imitate Solomon, and when we were exhibited in society I always echoed verbatim every remark I heard him make, so that I might share his fame. But that was as I tried long ago, and gradually such close following in Solomon's steps grew tedious, so I chose a wider way. I was warned a great deal against this wider way, but somehow I lounged easily into it when I found how difficult it was to be always as good as Solomon.

After a very particularly jovial evening at the squire's, or at Jo Fleming's at Blagly (the squire bred the best fighting cocks in the country except Jo's, and Jo's whisky was the primest that ever escaped duty), you may guess that my heart didn't bound with joy at the sight of Solomon's long figure and long face; still on ordinary occasions Solomon and I were good friends, and I locked forward to the day when he should convert me to his own ways, and we should read the book of sermons along by turns through our old age. But then I knew there was plenty of time for that.

Well, we had marked the fight of the season and I had backed Jo's bird heavily. The little affair was to come off on Sunday afternoon, and for all the week before we were so excited (Jo and I, and our chums, and the squire and his chums) that we spent every evening together; discussing our birds and our bets; not to mention the dispatching of a good deal of the squire's home brewed, and of my old port, and of Jo's scotch. You see we didn't read so much in those days as you do now, and so spent more time over these light duties. We didn't talk very much either, one of Solomon's sermons divided among us would have lasted us all for a week; but we smoked—well, pretty steadily.

The Sunday came at last, and in the morning I sat in my corner of Solomon's pew, paying the greatest attention to him: for I wouldn't for the world he should know where I was going in the afternoon, or that I had the slightest interest either in Jo's bird or the squire's. What was my horror then when Solomon, right in the middle of his discourse (I always knew it was the middle when he began to say "lastly"), alluded darkly to a "besetting sin of the age," as a sport at which only Satan could laugh. "And he," concluded Solomon, and I felt his eye upon me, "chuckles with glee to see men degrade themselves." I broke out into a damp heat. Could anyone here turned traitor and told Solomon? I kept my eye down upon the carpet, and tried to make a resolution that should be my last cock-fight; but somehow the resolution jumbled itself up with speculations as to how the squire would feel to-night when he was beaten, and how I should feel when I pocketed my £100 winnings.

"I should certainly buy that colt of Jo's; and now I think of it, I may as well get Solomon a new umbrella. I dare say he didn't mean anything about cock-fighting after all. He always had whims for attacking our sports, and of course that innocent diversion must take its turn, like bowls and billiards.

I had forgiven Solomon by the time he had doffed his gown and joined me in the church-yard, and I only said, amiably, "You were rather hard upon us all to day as usual, Sol."

"Was I?" he questioned, in his slow way. "Hard or soft, it does but little good Jacob."

I turned the conversation gingerly. I could not easily prove his words to be untrue, and it wouldn't be polite if I did—so I didn't.

"Good-bye, Sol," I said with great relief, when we reached the parsonage gate.

"Shall I see you at the service this evening?" was Solomon's most unfortunate inquiry, as he slowly removed his umbrella to his left hand preparatory to giving me his right.

"I hope so, but I cannot say I am quite sure." I answered in that way for the purpose of breaking it to him as gently as I could. I knew Solomon felt this sort of thing as sharply as I felt a razor scratch in shaving, so I put it that way, that I hoped so, but could not say that I was quite sure.

"I'm sorry you are not sure, Jacob," said he; "I should have liked to have seen you at church to-night. I don't feel very well to-day, so will you come in now and stay the afternoon with me?"

"I wish I could, Sol," said I as jauntily as possible, "but the fact is I've promised an old friend at Luckheaton" (Luckheaton lay in the direction exactopposite to Blagly) "to go over and have a quiet chat with him. He is not able to go about himself."

I suppose Solomon was shaking hands in his ordinary manner, but his long fingers seemed to me to have tied themselves about mine to hold me back.

"You want a new umbrella, Sol," remarked I, neatly preparing the way for the gift I had in store for him; and, I thought, turning the conversation with consummate tact.

"Do I?" asked Solomon, looking down upon the machine as if he had never seen it before in his life. "We both of us want a good many things, Jacob; new habits, new aims, new—

"Ah! yes, indeed we do," sighed I, cheerfully, as I felt the grip of his fingers relaxing. "You're looking all right, I'm glad to see. Don't go and fancy yourself ailing, Sol, it's a womanish trick, and not at all like you."

"No, I am not fanciful," he said, tucking his book tenderly under his long arm. "Good-by, then, Jacob; I shall see you again sometime to-night, shall I?"

Awkward, that query at an end, but I nodded yes to him just as if I had known— Let me see,—where was I? Well, Solomon and I parted very good friends. He looked back at me with a smile as I waited; and afterward I looked back at him—with a smile, too, for the moment I turned, a branch of his old pear-tree caught his hat (which he always wore at the very back of his head), and kept it; and he walked on to the parsonage door without an idea that his head was bare. I hurried on cheerfully then, feeling pretty sure I was safe. Solomon would be in his study all the afternoon, and in his pulpit in the evening. Then he would drink his cup of strong tea and sleep the sleep of a parson until morning, with his lattice window wide open and a square of the night sky exactly before his eyes.

"My sleep is calm," he used to say, "if my last look has been on heaven."

And calm I believe it always was, though his bed was narrow and short, and he—though narrow too—was long. Sol never could be induced to spend on himself any money which he could spare to give away, and so he persisted in using the bed he had had as a boy. As for mine, I had been glad enough to discard it for a better.

Well, we had rare sport on that Sunday afternoon, and our bird came off the winner, though the squire's was as plucky a little cock as ever got beaten. There he lay when the tussle was over, with his comb up and his mouth a little open, as if he was only taking in breath for a new attack; yet as dead as if he were roasted with stuffing.

Jo gave us a supper after the fight; then we dispatched a bottle of port apiece over settling our bets; then we gave our minds to pleasure, and enjoyed a good brew of Jo's punch; and the squire, though he had been beaten, was one of the cheerfulest of us all.

As it was Sunday, we determined to separate in good time; so when it got toward 12, we set out, while Jo stood in his lighted doorway shouting hearty good-nights after us. I had waited to make an appointment with him for the next day, that we might conclude the bargain for the colt, so I was a little behind the others in starting.

"Take care of yourself," called Jo, "you have the most money and the furthest to go. Mind the notes. Five twenties, and I've copied the numbers that we may be safe. Tell the squire so, if he waylays you in the dark."

This was Jo's parting joke, and when I answered it I gave a kindly touch to the pocket-book in my breast pocket; and the squire, who heard us, called out that he daren't try to-night as there was a moon behind the clouds.

I was riding a favorite little mare who knew every step of the way between my own stables and Jo's, so I rode peaceably on in the dark, recalling the flavor of Jo's whisky, and singing over one of the verses of a song the squire had given us:

With five pounds your standing wages,
You shall daintly be fed:
Bacon, beans, and a cabb-ages
Buttermilk and barley bread.

Suddenly the mare made a deliberate stop, and roused me from my melodious dreaminess. Certainly at the end of the lane a gate opened on the heath, but then she understood quite well that she had only to lift and push this gate, and she had never before roused me here when I had been riding sleepily home from Blagly.

"Steady, my girl! Why, what is it?" cried I, for she was shying back into the lane, and behaving in every way like a lunatic. I gave her such a cut as she had not felt since she was broken in; and then, without a word or warning, she reared entirely upright; took me at a disadvantage, and sent me sprawling into the ditch; then turned and galloped back toward Blagly without me.

I was none the worse for my fall, only shaken a little, and astonished a great deal; so I picked up first myself and then my hat, and stumbled on to find the heath gate. I had my hand upon it, when the moon came smiling from under a cloud, and the whole level waste of heath was made visible in a moment. But the sight of the heath, in all its barren ugliness, was not what struck me with such a chill, and made my eyes prick and my throat grow apoplectic. I never gave a second glance in that direction, for there close to me, only on the opposite side of the closed gate, stood my brother Solomon. I could not have mistaken him if there had only been the faintest flicker of light. There he was, in his long coat and his high hat, with his arms folded on the top bar of the gate, the brown book under one of them as usual, and his eyes fixed steadily on me.

"Solomon," I said, growing very cold and uncomfortable under his gaze, "it's getting chilly for you to be out."

He did not answer that, and so presently I went cheerfully on: "I've been—you remember where I said I was going—" I stopped again here. I did not want to confess where I had been if he did not know, and I did not want to tell another falsehood if he did know. So I put it to him that way, intending to be guided by his answer. It was so long in coming that I took heart of grace to try another tack. "Where have you been, Sol?"

Another pause, and then he answered in his old slow way:

"I've been at home, expecting you, Jacob; waiting for you until I could wait no longer."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, feeling a little cheerier to hear him speak. "I would not have been so late, only I had to go round by Blagly on business. I dare say you notice I'm coming from there now. I only went on business, Sol."

He made another pause before he answered, and though it was a trick of Solomon's, and always had been, I felt myself growing uncomfortably cold. Why could he not have staid at home, as persons should on Sunday nights?

But the icy chill thawed all at once to a clammy heat when Solomon asked me quietly, and without turning his steady gaze from my face: "How much of that filthy lucre have you won, Jacob?"

"You—you have been dreaming, Solomon."

Unlinking his long fingers, which had been clasped together in the gate, he stretched one hand toward me. "Five notes," he said, still with the unmoved gaze. "Five worthless, ill-won notes."

I clasped my breast pocket anxiously. "I *have* a little money here, Sol," I said, as airily as I could, "a few pounds, more or less; and I want to buy you a new umbrella, yours is getting shabby. I'll go into town to-morrow and choose one."

I tried to get up a little cheerfulness over it, but Solomon's gaze damped it all out of me; and, besides, he had taken back his long hungry, outstretched hand.

"Five notes," he said again; "five worthless, ill-won notes, Jacob!"

"Even if I had the notes, Sol," I began, trembling like a leaf in a storm, "even if I had them—ha, ha! what an absurd idea, what should *you* want with them? And—and," I added clutching desperately at a straw of courage, "what right have you to them!"

"There is no right in the question," said Solomon, and his face grew longer, "It is all wrong."

"You don't often joke, Sol," said I, pretty bravely, though I was trembling like any number of aspens, "but of course you're joking now, and it's rather late for a joke, isn't it? Come along home with me."

"I'm not going your way now," he answered.

"Shall you be home to-night?" I asked, trying to finish up the scene in my natural tones.

"To-night! It is midnight now."

"God bless my soul, is it really?" I exclaimed, not so much surprised as ridiculously flurried and nervous under my brother's intent gaze.

Solomon had shivered as the words passed my lips, and for the first time he looked away.

"Good night," he said in his slow, absent way; and then I think he added three other words, which he often did add to his good byes; but he spoke so low that I scarcely heard, and I felt so angry with him, too, that I didn't even try to hear.

I walked on moodily across the heath. All the benign effects of Jo's punch had evaporated; all the pleasures of the sport had been swept away in one chill blast; the only definite idea that possessed me was the determination *not* to tou my brother Solomon a new umbrella.

I always carried my own key, and forbade the servants to sit up for me, so you may guess I was surprised to find my groom watching for me at the gate.

"Walking, sir?" he exclaimed, meeting me with a hurried step and worried face. "I hoped you'd ride home, that you might be the quicker at the parsonage. They've sent for you twenty times, at least, sir. Mr. Solomon—"

"I know," I interrupted; "Mr. Solomon is missing. I've just met him. I'll go and tell them so, for I'll be bound the parish is all up in arms."

All the parish was up in arms, and had all gathered at the parsonage, as it seemed to me; but—strangest of all!—Solomon was there too; lying on his narrow bed opposite the open window, with the square of moonlit sky before his closed eyes.

They told me something about a swoon or some such womanish trick; and it may be true and it may not. At any rate, I remember nothing after the first few sentences they uttered. Solomon had been ailing for some time—so the words went—and had felt worse than usual that day, and lonely and restless. Still he had insisted on preaching in the evening, and afterward toiled up to my house to see if I had returned. Just once he had risen excitedly in bed, then his strength had failed; and those who were listening heard him bid his brother good-night, with the whispered prayer "God bless you." Then he had lain quietly back with his fading eyes upon that glimpse of heaven beyond the lattice window, and died quietly at midnight.

Why? The money? Don't ask me what became of the money. Over these five notes I worried myself at last into the most serious brain fever that ever man came back from into life again. They were gone. No trace could I ever find of my old pocket-book, though I made it known that the numbers of the notes had been taken. When I had offered £50 reward and that did not bring them I doubled it and offered one hundred. Who would care to keep five notes which were stopped, when they could receive five available ones of equal value by only bringing the worthless old pocket to me? But no one brought it, and then I advertised anew, offering £150 reward for those five £20 notes. Of course, I tried to make out that it was the old pocket-book that I set the value on, but after all I didn't much care who had the laugh against me if I could only set this matter straight, and give it an air of daylight reality. But no—that never brought them.

Another cock-fight? No, I never saw another cock. Don't ask me any more. It's five-and-thirty years ago—let it rest.

Confederates in Congress.

Mention having been made of the number of late Confederate officers in Congress, it may be well to append their names and states. Alabama has Lieut-Col. John H. Caldwell, Maj. James H. Sloss and Captains Charles Hays and Charles Pelham. Senator Goldthwaite was also the adjutant-general of the state during the war. Georgia has Major-Generals John B. Gordon and Pierce M. B. Young, Brig-Gen. Philip Cook, Col. Hiram P. Bell, Lieut-Colonels Morgan Rawls and James H. Blount, and Major R. H. T. Whiteley, the latter a republican. Mississippi has Brig-Gen. James L. Alcorn and Col. L. Q. C. Lamar. Missouri has Brig-Gen. John B. Clark and Maj. Robert A. Hatcher. North Carolina has Major-Gen. Matthew W. Ransom, Brig-Gen. Robert B. Vance, who lately declared himself on the floor of the House ready for another rebellion, and Colonels James M Leach, Alfred M. Waddell and Wm. M. Robbins. Tennessee has Lieut-Colonels W. C. Whitthorne and John D. C. Atkins. Texas has Colonels DeWitt C. Giddings, Roger Q. Mills, Major Asa A. Willie, and privates W. S. Herndon and W. P. McLean. Virginia has Brig-Gen Eppa Hunton and Major Thomas Whitehead. James B. Senter, republican representative from the Fredericksburg district, also campaigned with the Confederate army as correspondent of the Southern Associated Press.

Barbarous Nomenclature.

Charles Nordhoff writes in Harper's Magazine: "When, at Kalma, you enter Washington territory your ears begin to be assailed by the most barbarous names imaginable. On your way to Olympia by rail, you cross a river called the Shookum-Chuck; your train stops at places named Newaukum, Tumwater, and Toutle; and if you seek further you will hear of whole counties labeled Wahkiakum, or Snohomish, or Kitsap, or Klikatat; and Cowlitz, Hookium, and Nenolelops greet and offend you. They complain in Olympia that Washington territory gets but little immigration; but what wonder? What man, having the whole American continent to choose from, would willingly date his letters from the county of Snohomish, or bring up his children in the city of Nenolelops? The village of Tumwater is, as I am ready to bear witness, very pretty indeed; but surely an emigrant would think twice before he established himself either there or at Toutle. Seattle is sufficiently barbarous; Steilacoom is no better; and I suspect that the Northern Pacific railroad terminus has been fixed at Tacoma because it is one of the few places on Puget sound whose name does not inspire horror and disgust."

—"I say, Josh, I war gwine down de stree de odder day, an' I seed a tree bark." "Why, dat am nothing Sam. I seed one holler once." "Wal, I seed de same tree leave." "Ya! ya! ya! Did he take his trunk wid him?" "No; he left dat for boar I."

—At a recent dinner of shoemakers the following toast was given: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe and all the men to boot."

—At a Susan B. Anthony meeting in Rochester the other day, they took up a collection and netted three breeches' buttons and an old pair of spectacles.

—The St. Louis Globe calls the New York and Omaha double-track air line the mildest-mannered subsidy that ever cut the pocket or scuttled the finances of a nation.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The house committee on appropriations have had before them the chief of the loan branch, Vanderbilt, and clerk of the treasury department on the subject of reducing the clerical force and making other economical reforms.

The secretary of the interior has submitted to the house of representatives the proposed amendments to the Indian intercourse act of 1835, designed to secure the Indians in any locality against the liquor traffic. It provides heavy penalties against any person, including Indians, who shall sell, exchange, give, barter or dispose of any spirituous liquor or wine to Indians under the charge of the Indian superintendent or an Indian agent or any Indian not a citizen of the United States within such jurisdiction.

The war department has prepared a statement in response to a resolution of the house of representatives, showing that from April 12, 2861, to August 20, 1866, during the late war, the disbursements by army paymasters were one thousand and ninety-four and a half million dollars. The whole number of paymasters was 541. The number whose accounts are closed is 386, and open 165, with cash balances unpaid amounting to $778,206. Many of these balances are in suit. Others are considered worthless, and a few are to be collected by note. Maj. Isaac N. Cook is set down as owing $151,147, which he lost gambling during the war.

The army bill now pending in the house of representatives provides in its fourth section that all claims of citizens who were loyal to the United States government during the war for stores and supplies taken or furnished to the United States army, including those now pending in the army department of the government, shall be transferred to the southern claims commission. This section of the bill is regarded as virtually repudiating this large class of claims, and a vigorous effort will be made by southern representation to have it stricken out. The committee will endeavor to retain the section, but may be compelled to give up the provision in order to save their bill. These claims as now adjusted in the quartermaster's office.

Gen. Harney, whose name was such a terror to hostile Indians years ago, was before the house committee on military affairs recently, and was asked to give his views in reference to Indian matters. He gave it as his opinion that if the Indians were treated fairly there would never be any difficulties with them. He had known but two instances in which they had ever violated the treaty stipulations, and in these two instances the Indians were to be excused as the treaties had grown old before they were sought to be enforced by the government, and the chiefs and head men who had made them were all dead. The troubles with Indians were principally caused by fraudulent agents and by whisky dealers. He had never known an agent who had not grown rich in office except one. On being asked how whisky dealers could be suppressed he answered without hesitation, that they should be hanged or shot by the nearest military officer. He would have the officer take that responsibility. He was decidedly of opinion that the management of the Indians would be much more efficiently and honestly conducted by army officers than by civilians, unless army officers had changed very much since he knew them.

The bill to facilitate the execution of and to protect certain public works at the mouth of the Mississippi river has passed the senate. The bill directs the secretary of war to assume full control of the particular channel at the mouth of the Mississippi river, in course of excavation or improvement by the government of the United States, so far as it may be necessary to the carrying on and protection of such excavations or improvements, and until the same be completed; and he may establish such regulations as he shall deem needful to fully protect the channel and to facilitate the excavation, improvement and use thereof. Such regulations shall be promulgated by the publication thereof for ten days consecutively in two daily papers published in New Orleans, La., and in the same manner be changed from time to time, and any person interfering with and obstructing or attempting to obstruct the said improvement, and any person who shall willfully or negligently strand or sink any boat in the channel, or shall willfully or negligently obstruct said channel or cause any impairment, injury, filling up or shoaling therein, shall be guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or imprisonment for not more than six months or both, in the discretion of the court.

Refunding the Cotton Tax.

Mr. Cook, of Georgia, has introduced a bill in the house, which provides for the refunding of the tax collected on raw cotton from 1863 to 1868. Recognizing the depleted condition of the public treasury, and the fact that sufficient revenue may not be collected to meet the current expenses, the present bill proposes to issue thirty-year bonds, bearing five per cent. interest, payable in gold, to an amount equal to the whole tax collected; and provides "that since the several states can more conveniently and satisfactorily refund said tax than the government of the United States," therefore these bonds shall be issued to the several states in which the tax was collected. The amounts awarded to the several states are as follows:

Alabama	$10,388,072	Connecticut	$ 195
Arkansas	5,555,638	Illinois	379 144
Florida	918 945	Indiana	92,727
Georgia	11,895,995	Kansas	486
Kentucky	553,327	Maryland	51,350
Louisiana	10,098,801	Massachusetts	66,679
Mississippi	8,742,006	Missouri	592,098
New York	867,943