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MISCELLANY.

Original Novellette.

[Written for the Clarksville Chronicle.]

IDA HOLMES, OR THE Belle of the Fort.

BY R. W. THOMAS.

Author of the "Young Colonel," the "Refugees," "Lilly Dale," the "Convent Prisoner," "Jane Weston," the "Bride of an Hour," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

SOME ten days had elapsed since the return of Charles Wilmer to the fort, ere Capt. Fritz was satisfied that he had sufficiently punished Ida for her fancied attempt to excite his jealousy, by flirting with Maj. Dade. During this period, he had maintained a haughty and distant demeanor towards her, and with a self-satisfied smile, saw her morning after morning, ride off with the Major, whilst he, as often, accompanied Bell Brown, and always contrived to meet with Ida in the course of her ride, manifesting, on each occasion, supreme indifference to her, and the utmost devotion to his companion.

At length he relented and became all smiles and attention—fancying that he saw in Ida's every look, delight at the change in his manner. Meeting her, one bright afternoon, as she was strolling along the bank of the river, he offered his arm, saying:

"I am surprised, Ida, to find you enjoying this fine evening, unattended by the Major, who seems to claim a monopoly of your society."

"I am aware of no such claim, sir," she replied, "though I am free to confess that his company is more agreeable to me than that of most of the occupants of the fort, male or female."

"That is very evident, ma'am, unless he forces himself into your company, or is encouraged in his attentions for a purpose of your own." He replied, with a knowing smile.

"A purpose of my own!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her arm from his, and looking up with a flashing eye. "What purpose can I hope to subservise by a line of conduct unjust to him, and disgraceful to myself? Will you explain, sir?"

"Come, now," he replied; "don't fly all to pieces because you find that I understand your game. Explain, indeed!—Why, I am astonished that you feign ignorance of my meaning!"

"Capt. Fritz, you are impertinent—no gentleman would dare address such language to a lady, and I command you to leave me!"

"Are you indeed angry, Miss Holmes?" He asked, with a look of astonishment and incredulity. "Then I beg pardon; and to prove that no offence was intended, listen to my confession."

"I will listen to nothing you have to say, sir. Your excessive vanity has taught you to believe that you have won my heart, and that I am ready, as soon you grant permission, to throw myself into your arms and return thanks for the high privilege. I have viewed, with mingled pity and contempt, your flirtation with Bell Brown, with the confident hope that it would give me pain; and the Major has joined me in many a hearty laugh at your consummate folly. And now, sir, that you may no longer indulge vain hopes and make a fool of yourself, understand, once for all, that contempt is the only feeling I can ever entertain for you."

She turned upon her heel, and hastily returned to the fort, leaving the Captain fixed to the spot, the picture of amazement. The yells of a thousand savages, at the gates of the fort, could not have astonished him more than this speech of Ida's, and vain as he was, he had sense enough to know that she spoke as she felt. His eyes were riveted upon her retreating figure until, turning a sharp angle, it disappeared—his last glimpse—hoops were not then in vogue—being her long brown curls floating on the breeze, and flashing like threads of gold, as the rays of the setting sun danced through them.

Fritz, like all men of his stamp, knew no medium between love and hate—the

rejection of the one, eliciting the other, as naturally, in such characters, as insult excites anger. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the worst passions of his nature were called into active play; or that, forgetting he was a man and she a woman, he resolved to be revenged. How it was to be effected, he could not determine, at the moment; though the presence of her father, and his own subordinate position were sufficient to satisfy him that cunning was his chief reliance for success—any open demonstration would but ensure defeat and disgrace. But when the heart is bent on evil, the head is weak, indeed, that can not devise the means for its accomplishment.

Unconscious of the lapse of time, the Captain stood upon the same spot for many minutes, ruminating schemes of deadly vengeance, and was at length aroused by the voice of Bell Brown, exclaiming—

"Why, Captain, you here! I promised to meet Ida at this place and join her in a walk; have you seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her." Was his curt reply, as he struggled to compose his features and collect his thoughts.

"Ah, I see how it is, Captain," she said, with an arch smile, "I am one too many here, and interrupt a contemplated—perhaps appointed tete-a-tete; is it not so?—Say yes, and I'm off."

"No, Bell; there was no such appointment. Our meeting was accidental, and accident, alone, can ever bring about another. You know but little of my character, if you think I covet the society of a heartless flirt."

"You astonish me, Captain Fritz! Ida a flirt! No, no, that can not be—she is the very soul of truth and candor. Something unpleasant has occurred between you; and you speak the language of passion."

"That is, no doubt, your opinion," said he; "but some characters are not fathomed without many soundings. Doubtless, you believe the current report, that Ida has discarded Maj. Dade!"

Bell winced under this remark, and the Captain, who had long since divined her secret, watched closely, to see its effect upon her. After a moment's hesitation, she replied:

"Certainly, I believe it, and have her own word for it."

"Perhaps you have never loved, Bell; yet you must know, by intuition, if not experience, what love is. Now, tell me, is it natural—is it reasonable, that the Major, after a definite rejection of his suit could be the same devoted and cheerful suitor that his every action proves him still to be? Or could Ida, if not a flirt, or engaged, so openly encourage him?—They ride together almost daily; he is her constant—almost her sole companion; and yet you believe that she has discarded him, and is not a flirt."

"But, Captain why should she tell me an untruth about it?"

"That is a question for you to decide," he answered, with a sneer, as he saw the poison working its effect upon the rather feeble mental constitution of his unsuspecting dupe. "But let me not prejudice you against her. Unfortunately, reason will assert its sway, and force the truth upon us on occasions when delusion would be a blessing; and gladly would I be credulous on this point, did the facts permit it."

"We should be cautious, sir, in forming harsh judgments; and though not prepared to say that you reason falsely, I can not adopt your opinion without further investigation. Now, you must admit that there has been a very sudden revolution in your feelings towards Ida, and for that change, there must be a cause. Has she not discarded you, too?"

"That she could not well do, before I proposed." He answered, with a toss of the head intended to simulate offended dignity. "It is true, I admired her once; that I do not now, is for the reasons already assigned. I never courted her, and never will—of that you may rest assured."

"Still, Captain, in spite of your reasons, I can not believe that she is a flirt, and do believe that she has discarded the Major. And may it not be possible that her heart has been won by another, and that she has confided that secret to Maj. Dade, and hence their continued intimacy?"

"Another! Who, besides the Major and myself, could be so highly honored? There is no other in the fort."

"Beg your pardon, sir; there is one Charles Wilmer—"

"That upstart underling! Pah!"

"Sneer at it, Captain, if you will; but neither you nor Maj. Dade ever wrung a sigh from her bosom, or wreathed her lips with smiles that seemed luminous with the sunshine of a joyous heart, and bespoke a deeper feeling than mere mirth, as his absence, or presence had done."

"Then she has spoken to you on this point—made the humiliating confession!" He exclaimed, in a tone of anger and surprise.

"No! She never speaks of him—rarely to him, and my impressions result from observation of her manner. But why are you disturbed about it, Captain, if you have no regard for her?"

"The presumption of that puppy," he replied, "is enough to excite my anger.—But, since your confidence in Ida is so implicit, will you tell me whether it is mutual? Have you ever given her any cause of offence?"

"Surely not! But why do you ask so strange a question? Has she ever spoken unkindly of me?"

"To your questions, Bell, I can give no definite answer. I have reasons for my opinion; but can only say to you—watch for yourself; observe her manner to you, and to Maj. Dade; combine circumstances, analyze motives and then decide for yourself. And now, as it is time to post the sentinels, I must bid you good evening."

It was now Bell's turn to be confounded—bewildered by doubts and fears. For the first time, suspicion of Ida's truth and candor was aroused, by the assertions and insinuations of Fritz; and though far from being convinced that such suspicion was well founded, its impress was made upon her heart, and the corrosive power of jealousy was quietly at work, deepening that impress and undermining an affection worthily bestowed and sincerely reciprocated. For what unworthy purpose, the Captain thus undertook to estrange two hearts long cordially united, perhaps he himself could not have told; but the evil spirit, at work within him, suggested a blow wherever its force might be felt by the innocent object of his vengeful temper.

To crush Ida's happiness, to blast her character, if possible, was the impulse of his heart, and he already gloated over the idea that she would some day, be a suppliant, at his feet, for mercy and forgiveness. Yes, he would yet make her his wife, and not till then would his victory be complete—his wounded vanity healed—his vengeance satiated.

Such were the thoughts that engrossed him, as he went the round of evening duty, and neither the inferior officers nor the soldiers, with whom he came in contact, had need of an interpreter to tell them that some one had crossed his humor, or wounded him in his tender point—his vanity. But greatly as he was excited, his rage did not reach its maximum until he came in full view of Ida's window, through which he saw her in animated conversation with Lieut. Wilmer. He stopped, bit his lips, then wiped his eyes to satisfy himself that he saw clearly.—There was no mistake. Wilmer's face expressed pleasure, and Ida's lips were wreathed with smiles—luminous smiles, as Bell had described them, a few minutes before.

So long did he stand gazing upon the torturing scene, that several persons strolled within view of it, curious to know what had so deeply interested the Captain. At length Wilmer retired, and passing through a door fronting towards Fritz, he found himself facing that officer before the sudden transition from light to darkness had ceased to obscure his vision.

"I have been seeking you for some time, sir," said the Captain, addressing him in a voice that hissed like a serpent.

"I was not aware," said Wilmer, "that I had neglected any duty; and know of no other reason why you should seek me."

"I would thank you, sir," said Fritz, "to use less emphasis when you address me. I said, sir, that I have been seeking you, and let me add that I did not expect to find you dallying with the female followers of the camp."

"Capt. Fritz, do you dare apply that phrase to the lady whom I have just left?"

"And if I do, Lieut. Wilmer, what then? Dare you question my right to say what I please?"

"Sir," said Wilmer, in a calm tone, but terrible from its calmness; "Your insolence to me, I have long borne because I despise you; but as the slanderer of Miss Holmes, you become insufferable, and for want of a cowhide—the only fit instrument of punishment for such as you, take this!"

And throwing into his muscular arm all the strength of his body, he dealt a blow full in the offender's face, who fell beneath it as one dead; and, quick as thought, Wilmer's knee was on the chest, and his left hand grasped the throat of his prostrate foe. But ere he could inflict further chastisement, several men interfered, and Fritz was borne, insensible, to his quarters, and Wilmer looked calmly about him for some proper officer to whom he might surrender himself, as an offender against the discipline of the army. But there was no such officer present, and he quietly retired, followed by a few who wished to enquire into the cause of the disturbance. Obtaining no satisfaction, they withdrew, and soon all was seemingly as peaceful as if nothing unpleasant, or unusual had occurred.

CHAPTER IV.

WE, rather ungallantly, left Bell Brown standing alone on the bank of the river, endeavoring to unravel the tangled web of emotions which her interview with Fritz had woven; but as night was fast gathering its sable folds about the earth, she tarried not long, and on turning to retrace her steps, uttered a cry of alarm, on seeing immediately before her, the form of a man, magnified by her fears, into the proportions of a giant. The intruder, was however under the medium size, had passed middle age, and began to show some of the symptoms of old age. These things Bell did not observe, because there was not light enough, even had not her want of presence of mind disqualified her for such close observation. He was dressed as a man of peace—carrying a staff instead of a rifle; and his voice was gentle and reassuring.

"Be not alarmed, fair lady!" He said, "I am a man of peace, and my mission, also, is one of peace and good will to all the dwellers in the fort. But as a stranger may not be welcome without vouchers for his character, will you not do me the favor to bear a message to a young officer within?"

"Certainly, Sir," she answered, hurriedly, "But be quick, Sir—I must hurry on—it is getting late and I shall be missed."

"Thank you Miss; and all I desire of you, is to tell the officer, so often employed as a scout, that a friend wants to see him, within an hour, on important business, and will wait for him where the little brook empties into the river."

"Is it Lieut. Wilmer that you mean, Sir?"

"I know not his name, lady; but he is known to the traders as the scout, and to the Indians, as the 'Evil eye,' for they say none survive upon whom his keen vision falls."

"It must be Wilmer, Sir," she remarked, "though I know nothing of any such nicknames. To him I will deliver your message; but should he ask me who sent it, what name shall I give?"

"None, Miss! I have no name now. Tell him I am a friend." And bowing respectfully, he stepped aside and motioned to Bell to pass on, a sign which she gladly obeyed, and lost no time in getting into the fort. It was not, however, until after his rencounter with Fritz, that Bell delivered the message to Wilmer, who cross-questioned her closely, but learned nothing beyond what is known to the reader, of the character, or designs of the stranger. He hesitated for some time—not knowing what course he should adopt under such peculiar circumstances; but an utter indifference to danger, and a love of adventure at length overruled the suggestions of prudence, and he resolved to encounter whatever hazard might attend the meeting. And arming himself with pistols and sword he set off, avoiding observation, and passing the sentinels by means of the counter-siga.

Getting beyond the enclosure, he was aided by the light of the rising moon to tread the narrow and rather precipitous path that led down to the mouth of the brook, and passed over ground admirably calculated to subserve the purposes of a lurking enemy. Wilmer was aware of this and with a careful step and watchful eye, he descended the hill, every moment increasing his confidence that there was no danger. On reaching the narrow strip of level bottom, intervening the hill and river, Wilmer saw the stranger leaning upon his staff, and unprotected by shrub or tree—an evidence of deep cunning, or of the fullest confidence in his own safety. The latter supposition was most consonant to Wilmer's own generous nature, and, without a pause, he advanced, and was met by the stranger, who said:

"You are the man I expected see, Sir—I should have known you among a thousand."

"I was not aware that we had ever met," Wilmer answered; "at least I have no recollection of having seen you before."

"Perhaps not, sir; but I have seen you, several times, in forest and prairie, and once or twice was near enough to have taken your life, had I desired it; and you had no idea that any one was in reach."

"That is very possible," Wilmer remarked; "but had you been an Indian, your presence would have been known to me long before you were within rifle-shot. My horse never fails to warn me of the proximity of a savage, night or day, and not unfrequently when the distance is a quarter of a mile; and what is better still, he never mistakes the direction, so that I always know how to shape my course. But you requested this meeting—may I know for what purpose?"

"To warn the fort of threatened danger. The Dacotah chief, Tatunkah Nahsee, is approaching with a small band of warriors, and meditates an act of deep treachery. He will send in a white flag, and request your General to meet him at a point some distance from the fort, under pretence of

negotiating a peace, and then take him prisoner."

"This is, indeed, a daring scheme," said Wilmer; "and I scarcely know how to credit it. How did you learn the fact?"

"From himself!" replied the stranger. "Day before yesterday, seeing a mounted band of Indians advancing towards me, I concealed myself in the cleft of a rock; they halted close by, and Tatunkah explained the plan of operation. Their language is familiar to me, and I lost scarcely a word of what he said. It seems that he has been in the fort, and there took a fancy to the General's daughter, and his object is to seize the father and make his liberation depend upon the delivery of the daughter into the hands of the Chief. As soon as they left the spot, I set off for this place, and by travelling night and day have reached here in advance of them. By noon, to-morrow their messenger will reach the fort, and it is for your General to decide what had best be done."

"In the meantime, sir," said Wilmer, "go with me into the fort, and receive the thanks of the General for your timely warning, and there rest from your labor."

"Excuse me young man; my mission is ended, and I must return. Long has it been since I held intercourse with my race, and long will it ere I desire to renew it."

"And will you not, at least, let me know sir, to whom we are indebted for so important a service?"

"Should we ever meet again," said the stranger; "I may give you the information you seek; but a story of wrongs endured, and now past remedy, is painful to relate. Those wrongs have driven me from the walks of civilization to seek a home in the forest where the savage still holds dominion, and whose worst traits of character are borrowed from the white man."

"I know not that we shall ever meet again," said Wilmer; "but ere we part, tell me if you have seen much of the mixed tribe of whom Tatunkah is the chief, and whether you have heard of any female captives held by him?"

"This tribe," replied the stranger; "is made up of Hurons and Apaches—fragments of the broken body of Dacotahs, once so powerful; and the young Chief bears the name of his father—assumed since the death of the latter. A trader once told me that he saw, in their village, two female captives—mother and daughter who had been adopted into the tribe, and that Tatunkah had tried to marry the daughter, but in vain."

"And how long have they been captives?" asked Wilmer, with a show of interest.

"Several years," was the reply; "but the trader did not know exactly how long; nor did he learn their names or their history further than that they had been brought from east of the Mississippi. It has been some six months since the trader related these facts to me; but the probability is that the captives are still in the village, on Red River, near the Raft. Now will you tell me why you have made such particular enquiries about females captives?"

"I, too, have a story of wrongs to tell you, perhaps, should we meet again," said Wilmer, in a tone of deep feeling; "and that we may the more readily meet, will you not say where I may find you?"

"The Indians and traders know me as the 'Hermit of the Washita,' was the reply; "and my cave lies about due South from here, and on the bank of the river. So good a woodsman as you, will have little difficulty in finding it, and I have a presentiment that the day is not distant, when you will be my guest, and the only one ever invited to my abode."

"I, too, have a similar presentiment," Wilmer said. "What you have told me quickens the hope that I may yet accomplish a purpose which I have sworn never to abandon until success crowns my labors, or deep vengeance repays, in blood, the wrongs I have endured at the hands of the savages. As an inmate of the fort, I can do nothing towards the attainment of these ends, and care not how soon I leave it, free to enter upon the sacred task of liberating the captives and punishing the captors."

"My sympathies are with you, young man," said the Hermit; "and great must be your wrongs to nerve you for such a task as that you propose to yourself. Should you attempt to effect it by force, it will be fatal to those you would serve; and to undertake it alone, would seem to be madness; did I not know your powers of endurance and the consummate skill with which you pursue and evade the savages?"

"Alone, I must undertake it," replied Wilmer; "and have no fears of the result, can I but get on the right track."

"Come to me, Mr. Wilmer, when you get ready, and you shall have such a map of the country as will guide you to the point you may seek; and in the meantime, I may glean such information of the fair prisoners as will enable you to say whether they be those you would free. Remember my warning against Tatunkah, and good-by!"

Turning hastily away, the Hermit strode rapidly up the hill, seeming not to hear Wilmer's entreaty that he would spend the night in the fort; and when his retreating form was no longer in view, Wilmer retraced his steps, pondering deeply upon the strange interview, and the results to which it might probably lead. On reaching the General's quarters, he concluded to report, at once, what he had heard of Tatunkah's designs; but, on knocking for admittance, was informed that General Holmes would see no one that night; so he passed on to his own lodgings.

Simultaneously with the interview, just reported, another had taken place between Ida and her father, and this fact may explain the reason why the latter refused to see Wilmer. Scarcely had the handsome Lieutenant retired from Ida's room, as already mentioned, when her father entered, and abruptly remarked:

"You have had a visitor, this evening?"

"Yes, Sir," was the reply; "Mr. Wilmer has been with me."

"Does he visit you often?"

"This is the second time, Sir."

"And must be the last!"

"Why, what mean you, father? Why this angry tone?"

"I speak more in sorrow than anger," he replied; "and fear you have deceived me in regard to the state of your affections—there is a clandestine air about these visits that savors of more than mere courtesy."

"Father," she said, a flush pervading her whole face; "the word, 'clandestine,' conveys an imputation of gross impropriety, if not dishonor; and against such a charge, even from you, I have no defence to make."

She met his eye with a look so firm, yet respectful, that he felt he was in the wrong, and hastened to say:

"I did not intend, my child, to give to the word so harsh a meaning as you have put upon it. I can never believe you capable of gross impropriety, much less of dishonorable conduct. But the young man certainly seems to have sought your company when I was out of the way, and such a course may well arouse suspicion, as to him."

"I can not agree, father, that you shall wrong him, any more than me. He has visited me twice, as I before stated, but both times, by invitation."

"And do you think, Ida, that you know enough of him, or his family, to authorize such a step?"

"I certainly believe him to be a man of honor, father; but of his family, I know nothing."

"Neither does he," said the General, with a sneer. "He bears the name of his benefactor, who reared and educated him, with that condition, and another now holds the property left by Wilmer's father, because he could not legally inherit it. Such being the case, you should not wonder my child, that I am displeased at his visits to you, or that I should be deeply grieved at the thought that you might feel for him a tenderer regard than mere friendship."

"His is, indeed, sir, a grave misfortune; but it should not be allowed to detract from his individual merits. Even, however, were he not thus unfortunate, my heart could never bestow its affections upon him, in the face of the fact that he loves another."

"Then I have wronged you both, my dear Ida. Still, after what has been said of his unfortunate condition, I hope you will not again invite him to see you."

"Certainly not, sir; and I have only done so, that I might make enquiries about mutual acquaintances in New Orleans, whom he saw during his late visit to the city."

Thus ended an interview which left a cloud upon the General's brow, despite his efforts to feel perfectly satisfied; and Ida felt a pressure about the heart, that amounted almost to pain. With her father, Wilmer had never been a favorite, though his own sense of justice and honor constrained him to acknowledge that his prejudice was based solely upon the misfortune already mentioned. This was a weakness, of which he was ashamed, yet could not entirely conquer. And when he found the young man on visiting terms with his daughter, and remembered the care with which she qualified her declarations, in a previous conversation, a feeling of distrust oppressed him, and increased his dislike for the young Lieutenant.

Ida, too, was dissatisfied with herself. With no intention to deceive her father, she had said only what she believed to be true; but, self-deceived, she was not so heart-whole as her language implied, and a conviction of this fact was forced upon her by the pang she felt on learning that her father disliked Wilmer, and disapproved of any social intercourse between them. Humbled and wretched, she sought her pillow, fully resolved to leave the fort as soon as her father could make arrangements for her departure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ENGLISH TOBACCO CIRCULAR.

The following is Mr. H. N. Davis' English Tobacco Circular, presenting a review of the markets for the past year:

The year 1857 opening with a stock in Europe of 24,483 hhd. of United States' tobacco below an average of the nine preceding years, together with the deficiency in the crop of 1856, from which the requirements of consumption were to be supplied till the autumn of 1858, placed the article in a position so favorable as to encourage an opinion that extreme prices would be realized, and a retrospect of the course of markets during the year just terminated confirms the accuracy of that impression—except when the monetary disasters exercised a depressing influence at New Orleans, and in some of the open markets in continental Europe. The shipments from America during the fiscal year of 1857 to Great Britain were 5,738 hhd., more than in 1856 and to the north of Europe 13,101 hhd.; but to France they were 6,174 hhd. less, and to the south of Europe 7,643 hhd., being an increase, on the aggregate, of 10,122 in the shipments over those in 1856, notwithstanding which the present stock in Europe does not show a corresponding increase; and it should be observed the distribution of the supplies has been more ample to the open markets where stocks are exhibited, and less to Government monopolies where they cannot be ascertained, and are, consequently, omitted in the statistic statements of European stocks. This, however, does not alter the general question, and those who are conversant with all facts bearing upon the future are aware that the great deficiencies known to exist in Government stocks will have to be made up from the crops fast secured, owing to the non-existence of stocks of old in the hands of American planters, which is an event of rare occurrence, but one of much importance at this time, and hence it must be the approach of next autumn before supplies can be made available in the markets of consumption, and before that period the stocks will have reached a very low ebb. That the consumption throughout the world has increased cannot be questioned—still it may, with some show of reason, be contended that such increase consists of other than North American growth; in France the home and colonial grown has latterly entered largely into the consumption, and in this country a variety of other growths has been used. The estimated production of 1857 in the Western States, Virginia, Maryland, and Ohio, is 190,000 hhd., to which must be added the stocks in America and Europe, making a total of 240,000 hhd. to meet the requirements of the world till towards the autumn of 1859. Looking to the enormous item of about 50,000 hhd. for distribution to Germany, Holland, and the North of Europe, independent of the wants of Austria, Lombardy, Tuscany, Naples, and Sardinia—Spanish contracts outstanding—and the remainder of the three years' French contract to be executed, together with the usual quantity to be apportioned for the consumption of the United Kingdom and America, there would appear to be sufficient competitors to absorb the surplus production of 1857, and to leave the stock in Europe towards the autumn of 1858 less than upon almost any former occasion. No doubt the planters are aware of these facts, and it may be expected they will endeavor to obtain high rates during the forthcoming season.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Post says:

The resolution expelling Matterson was postponed to one month from to-day, on motion of Mr. Kelt, Mr. Harris, the mover of the resolution, was not in his seat but it was understood to be postponed with his concurrence. Judge Moulton, of Orinda, is here, as agent of Matterson, to prevent the further prosecution of the matter, and represent that the leading Democrats in New York would like to have the matter dropped. The action to-day indicates that the Judge has accomplished his purpose, and that it was facilitated by the threats of Matterson to expose the participation of some of the Administration men in the same corrupt practices as are charged on him.

WHAT DEMOCRACY HAS DONE.—The Baltimore Clipper very properly asks, "what has Democracy done for the country, that it should aspire to rule its destinies. It has inundated the nation with foreign fanatics, and paupers. It has deprived operatives of earnings, and honest livelihood. It has produced a destructive financial panic—generated bread riots, and endangered the safety of the public funds. It has emboldened foreigners to demand that they shall be supported at the public expense—and it is leading to anarchy, bloodshed, agrarianism, and ruin."

Men are like bugs; the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.