

## THE CHRONICLE.

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### WINNING A WIFE.

BY FALCON BIRD.

Walter, why don't you marry? A young man of your age should not be so lonely.

This leading and somewhat abrupt question was asked by Edward Leeton, the chosen friend of him to whom it was addressed, as they sat together over a cheerful fire, indulging in a running chat upon almost every conceivable subject, and after a moment of silence, Leeton had asked the question, "Walter why don't you marry?"

Walter Maurey gently laid down the glass but half emptied of the sparkling wine, turned a full look direct upon his companion, then burst into a low musical laugh, saying—

"Ed, that is a new idea of yours, emanating from your too prolific brain. You know that I boast of my power to retain my liberty, against all the array of beauty ever presented. I have never yet seen the fair lady who would stand the least chance of becoming my wife. My dear friend, how could I, with my impatience, brook a well-turned lecture, because I ventured to remain out late with some choice friend? I am very happy as I am, don't excite my fancy."

"Were you not tempted by the many beauties we saw at Mrs. Belden's party last night?"

"Yes, Ed; I counted them twice—seventeen lovely creatures, young, all waiting to be asked. Out of respect for the kind hostess, I danced with nearly all of them, but whisper it not, it was a great bore, and at supper I felt tired with the exertion—so much so that I dropped a plate of oysters right into the lap of Miss Dell, and spoiled her *moire antique*. I heard some kind expression of sympathy near by, but I only caught the words, "How stupid!" With what a sweet smile Miss Dell relieved my embarrassment. Then Mrs. Belden asked me to turn the music for Lottie, while she performed some favorite operatic (vocal, you know), and while the rest of the delighted company retired to the extremity of the room to enjoy the enchantment that distance lends, I was forced to take the whole thunder of it; but Lottie is a grand performer. By the way, Leeton, I did not learn the name of the modest young lady dressed in pure white, who occupied the musical throne a few moments later? I was charmed with her manner. How sweetly she gave my favorite air, "Evar of thee." I envied your office, that brought you so near her side. Ed if I ever fall in love, it will be with one like her, who prefers simplicity to affectation. Up to the present moment I have not found out why I suffered myself to go without an introduction; but I was so engaged."

"You need not have sought an introduction, for I overheard her asking for one from the hostess; and as a moment after, Mrs. Belden asked you to be introduced to a charming partner for the next dance, you pleaded a previous engagement, and went up stairs to smoke, thus losing the only chance of becoming acquainted with one of the loveliest of her sex."

"Oh don't, Leeton," replied Walter, half serious and half playful. "Who was she?"

"The same, I suppose, that she is now—Miss Julia Alltrieve—a non-resident of this city, who returned to her own home this morning. Walter, you will never recover what you last evening lost—a place on her list of friends."

"It was really too bad, Leeton. I will decline Mrs. Belden's future invitations, out of pure spite."

"My dear friend, you will make me think you are in love; but never mind, keep up a good heart, and in future never refuse an introduction when it is offered; for by so doing you may recover the past. There, it is nearly nine o'clock, and I must leave you to meet an engagement; so let us take a parting glass, and I will give a toast, one I know your bachelor heart will echo. Now fill: "Life, a good long dinner; Matrimony, a fine dessert." Good-bye, Walter," and away went the light-hearted Edward Leeton, leaving his friend to amuse himself for the remainder of the evening as best he could.

"There," thought Walter Maurey, as the door closed upon the form of his retreating friend, Ed has set me thinking. He little knows that my boasted pride of liberty is only a mask, under which I forward my plans. He does not think that my greatest wish is to find a heart that will answer to my own and when I find it I will transfer my so-called liberty into its safe keeping; but I will never choose a wife from Mrs. Belden's *colerie*, they are not at all suited to my taste." And with these reflections Walter managed to raise numerous tall castles, which he furnished with the strongest fancy. Strange that his dream that night should be of Julia Alltrieve.

A few months have passed since we left Walter Maurey and Edward Leeton, and the springtime has given way to summer skies and summer heat. The country, with its delightful retreats, cool nooks, and shaded walks, is sought by all who can escape the noise of the crowded city, and leave its walls behind.

Upon the quiet shores washed by the blue waters of the Narraganset Bay, there is a small town, in itself a paradise. Wide, clean streets, shaded on either side by trees of giant growth, where the noisy bustle of hurrying crowds never falls upon the ear, make it indeed a pleasant home.

Though the name is seldom heard, it bears an important part in the history of the past. There lived and died the celebrated Philip, the last of a noble race; and the little hill bearing the name of Mount Hope, still remains covered with forest trees, under whose shade the rude homes were raised.

"Philip's seat" is even now pointed out to the few visitors. There it is, a small stone chair, with a back of huge rock rising fifty feet into the air, covered with green ivy. At the foot flows a small, clear spring, whose waters on a burning day retain an icy coldness.

This is not all in the history of this spot. Many years since, when on a summer morning the sun rose bright and clear above Mount Hope, its beams fell upon a strange sight, for there in the waters of the bay was ranged the warlike fleet of England's king.

The peaceful inhabitants thronged the shore with staring eyes, and wondered what it meant. The sun rose higher, and the only sign of life was a small boat leaving one of the ships and nearing the shore. As the boat grounded upon the hard sand, a young officer leaped upon the beach and demanded an interview with the principal men of the town. At this summons four gray-haired men stepped forth, and through them, in the name of the king, a demand was made for one hundred sheep; upon refusal of which the town would be destroyed.

The answer to the strange demand came at once—a decided refusal.

Astonished at such boldness, the young officer granted two hours longer for consideration, and returned to his ship. An hour passed and no answer came, the shores were deserted, and no sign of life was visible. Another hour moved slowly onward, and ere the last stroke of the iron tongue ceased to echo, a light cloud of smoke rose from the ships, and over the water came the dull roar of cannon. Crash after crash followed in quick succession; and not until the fact was before them that the town was doomed, did they deem it best to accede to the demand.

A flag was run up from the old market near the shore, the roar of artillery ceased, and boat after boat went to and fro, carrying the number of sheep required. As the sun went down, way off in the distant south was seen the fast receding sails that bore away so much treasure. Evening brought its waning light, and here and there small groups of men talked over the recent invasion and vowed revenge. It came a few years later, and in the wake of richly laden ships hovered the daring privateer. To this day the successful voyages of some of them cannot be accounted for.

But we will dwell no longer on tales of war—our story is one of peace.

In one of the shaded streets of this built stood at this period a large mansion, built of wood, owned and occupied by Mr. Alltrieve—a man reputed wealthy, and greatly beloved by all who knew him for his many deeds of charity. His only child—Julia—now grown to womanhood, was his heart's idol. His wife had been dead some years, and this his daughter, was all in all to him.

Without describing her features, save to say that none looked upon them that called them not beautiful—her mind was the gem, the true worth. She was of a determined nature, yet gentle in her greeting. And this was the one who had so deeply wounded the hard heart of our friend, Walter Maurey, who was by some strange coincidence, spending a few weeks in that place, in blissful ignorance how near he was to the only one he loved.

One Sabbath afternoon, Walter Maurey found himself beneath the roof of the village church, listening with more than common interest to the solemn service; and more than once he fancied, as the hymns of praise went heavenward, that he knew a voice that rose so sweet and clear above them all, but he would make no show of idle curiosity by gazing around him, so he patiently awaited the conclusion of the now tedious service; and almost the last in the parting throng came Julia Alltrieve. Their eyes met, and a gleam of recognition lighted up the face of each; but neither bowed, for they were strangers as yet.

A few days more, and Walter Maurey was a constant visitor to the home of Julia Alltrieve, but he wore an air of one in doubt. Though far from being vain, he knows that he is young, rich, and some say very fine looking, but in Julia this is lost. He walks beside her, rides long hours with her for a companion, and together they sing the songs they both love, yet there is a reserve about her, and without knowing why, he finds the pretty love compliments of every day lost upon her ear. He touches upon sentiment, she laughs; offends he leaves her; she does not call him back, yet he carries not long away.

At evening, as they stroll arm in arm beneath the trees, murmuring soft words of friendship, she wishes the morrow a pleasant one, that she may ride. The morrow finds Walter before the door, waiting with her favorite horse; but she will not mount, she has changed her mind, and the horses are sent back.

Poor Walter! he loves the fair, strange girl, but he grieves that she is so fickle; and as, day after day, he sees her strange moods, he breathes a deep sigh, and almost wishes he had never loved.

motion; and as he raised her into the saddle he resolved, come what might, the word should be spoken that would decide his fate.

The ride was a long one—through the dark woods, where the rich green carpet was thickly covered with the drying leaves, that cracked beneath their feet. The rich hue upon each tree and bush spoke of the coming autumn, and the fruit hanging from orchard trees, past which they swept in their joyous haste. Walter's companion was full of delight, as the ever changing scenery, like a great picture, opened to their view, and the noonday had passed ere the happy riders gave one thought of retracing their steps.

From 'Philip's seat' they gazed out upon the water, alive with white sails, and in the distance the rising smoke plainly showed the site of thriving towns sprung from the forest shades.

Walter Maurey, in his happiness, had written a long letter to his friend, Leeton, and it brought an answer, bidding him hold fast the "boasted liberty." Walter thought in the epistle he detected a small amount of friendly sarcasm; still further as he read, "Don't fall in love with Miss Alltrieve," he murmured "too late, I have done it already," and thrust the letter into his pocket.

The time for Walter's departure was at hand, and no word of love had fallen from his lips. "Does she love me?" he often asked himself; then every word, look, smile was recalled, but in their memory he was again lost.

The evening of the day upon whose morrow he must say farewell drew near, and with a thousand fancies in his fertile brain, he walked the hall. A footstep broke his reverie, and bonnet in hand, Julia Alltrieve stood before him.

"Will you walk with me, Walter," said she.

"I awaited your presence to extend the like invitation," replied Walter. "I wished you once more to view our old familiar friends, and say adieu together, for I must return to-morrow to gladden other hearts, from whose love I have too long been separated."

His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he could not see the paleness of that face, neither heard he the quick beating of her heart, but both told how his love was returned.

An hour later, and beneath the old willow on the bank of the river, Walter Maurey and Julia Alltrieve were seated. She no longer answered his sentiment with her laugh, and her mild blue eye was more than once filled with tears.

"Look! said Walter, "see where the setting sun sinks beneath the waters, sending over the waves, even to our feet, a path of burnished gold. I can but breathe the earnest prayer that our future paths be alike bright and joyous."

His voice was low and the words trembled upon his lips as a tear fell from his eye.

Again he spoke: "Mine I fear must ever be darkened by a cloud which hides the sun of happiness, I would not sorrow that we ever met, for we have been happy, and I carry with me the sweet memory of it, but—"

Their eyes for the first time met, and each at that moment read the other's heart.

"Julia," said Walter, holding out his hand, "I love you. Am I mistaken if sometimes I have dared to think you loved me in return?"

"No, Walter; I do love you; have loved you since we met; and if at times my seeming coldness has pained you, forgive me now, for it is no part of my true nature; it was but to test your love for me."

What more need be written? Our imagination can picture the lovers seated beneath the old willow, until the stars came out and smiled upon their joy—can follow them to their homes—hear the low "good night!" and fancy the moment's silence—a kiss, sealing the lover's vow; but imagination must do all, our story closes.

Walter Maurey returned to his city home. Again he sits in his little room with his friend Leeton, and the silence at times is broken by a low conversation, carried on in the tones of confidence.

Leeton smiles as he asks "What will be done with your boasted liberty?"

"Not a word about it, Ed; I don't know where it is. I lost it without knowing how; but should you see a friend of mine, you need not mention it, Good night!"

A month later and Walter Maurey married Julia Alltrieve; and as the wine was round Leeton, who, out of pure joy at beholding so much happiness, could not refrain from gravely proposing a toast, altered to suit the occasion—"Matrimony, a good long dinner; Life, a fine dessert!"

A man, it is said, falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, perhaps, and a very probable misfortune—something which he never intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love, it is like when he runs in debt, it is done knowingly and intentionally, and very rashly and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably and ruinously.

### To A Drunken Husband.

My husband, 'twas for thee I left  
My own, my happy home;  
For thee I left my cottage bowery,  
With thee in joy to roam;  
And where are all thy holy vows,  
The truth, the love, the trust,  
That won my heart—all scattered now,  
And trampled in the dust.

I loved thee with a love untold,  
And when I stood beside  
Thy noble form, I joyed to think  
I was thy chosen bride.  
They told me ere I was thine own,  
How sad my lot would be;  
I thought not of the future, then—  
I only thought of thee.

I left my home, my happy home,  
A sunny hearted thing,  
Forgetting that my happiness  
A shadowing cloud might bring.  
The sunny side of life is gone,  
Its shadows only mine,  
And thorns are springing in my heart,  
Where blossoms used to twine.

I do not blame thee for thy lot,  
I only pray for thee,  
That thou may'st from the tempter's power—  
Oh joyful thought!—be free;  
That thou may'st bend above my grave,  
With penitence sincere,  
And for the broken-hearted one  
Let fall a sober tear.

### A Landlord Outwitted.

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press relates the following amusing anecdote of one of the citizens of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. Ben. W. Morrison is the person spoken of and is said to be one of those free-and-easy, good hearted, humorous fellows, that are always ready to crack a joke or perpetrate a "sell."

Some fifteen years ago Ben was travelling in Butler county on professional business. The roads were intolerably bad, worst of all, stage drivers and the landlord at a certain hotel where they stopped for dinner had an understanding something like this, the passengers were taken into dinner and when cleverly seated, the coach would furiously dash up to the door and the driver would call for his passengers stating that he could not delay a minute on account of making his time. They would rush out, leaving their meals half finished, for fear of being left. For the half finished meal they were charged half a dollar. The victuals were kept for the next load of passengers, when the skinning process was repeated.

Ben had heard of this place, and when they arrived at the hotel he sat his wits to work to see if he could not get the full value of his money. The bell rang for dinner, and the crowd rushed in. They had scarcely got comfortably seated when the coach reined up at the door, and the driver vociferously shouted:

"Passengers all aboard—can't wait but five minutes."

A general rush was made, but Ben sat still, and ate his dinner very composedly. The stage drove off and left him, but he seemed to care very little about it. Having disposed of his dinner, he was enjoying the luxury of a long line in the side room, when the landlord approaching him, said:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but did you see a set of silver tea-spoons on the table when you were in to dinner?"

"I did sir."

"Well they are missing—can't be found."

"Ay, yes," replied Ben, "one of the passengers gathered them up—I saw him do it."

"Would you know him again?" gasped the landlord.

"Certainly I would," replied Ben with great coolness.

"Will you point him out to me if I hitch up my horse and buggy and overtake the stage?"

"Certainly I will."

Ben was ready in a few minutes, and getting Ben in with him, drove like Jehu for seven miles, till he overtook the coach. He drove up alongside and hailed the driver. The coach stopped, the driver looked frightened, and everybody wondered to see the landlord covered with mud and his horse foaming with sweat.

Ben jumped out of the buggy and got into the stage, when the driver, thinking that he had hired the landlord to bring him after, was on the point of driving off, when the latter yelled out:

"Is that passenger in there?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir," shouted our bachelor friend. "Which one is it?"

"It's me," replied Ben with a grin.

"You?" thundered Boniface; what the devil did you do with them spoons?"

### Fishing Anecdote.

Among the many celebrities of Washington, Judge Bibb, lately deceased, was not the least notable. He was a gentleman of the Old School, and knee-breeches and ancient manners until the day of his death. He constantly devoted himself to angling; so much so, indeed, that he was regarded by our juvenile fishermen as derelict walking (or boating) edition of Isak Walton.

On a fine spring morning about two years since, I started, in company with a party of friends, for the Little Falls of the Potomac. We were prospecting the chances of rock fish, better known in your latitude as "striped bass." It was quite early in the season, but not too early for Judge Bibb. He had arrived long before us and sat upon a ledge of rock, rod in hand—the very picture of a sentinel patiently unrelieved. Hailing him from a distance I asked, with the natural instinct of a fisherman:

"What luck Jude?"

"Luck, sir? worst luck in the world, sir; been fishing here for four hours, and haven't had a nibble!"

"What bait are you using?"

"Capital bait live frog, sir?"

I ventured to suggest, mildly, that perhaps "live frog" was not such very capital bait; whereupon the Judge burst forth:

"Don't tell me sir! you can't teach me anything, sir! Don't I know? Best bait in the world, sir; the luck! awful luck! four hours without a nibble!"

By this time we had reached the Judge's position; and while preparing our tackle Mr. D—, one of the party observed a frog sitting on the bank, within a few feet of the Judge. Said he:

"Judge, let me catch a fresh bait for you. I see a frog on the bank close beside you."

"Mr. D—shortened his rod, and cautiously striking with the sharp end, pinned the frog through one of its hinder legs. Just then as Mr. D—was lifting aloft his prize, the Judge began winding up his reel, and uttered a joyous cry:

"Hold still, sir! keep quiet! I've got a bite!"

Rapidly wound the reel, rapidly came in the slackening line, till the last few yards of it floated upon the surface of the stream; and then, with a face that boded thunder, the Judge turned to Mr. D—

"Why, sir, you've caught my frog!"

And so it was. The frog, with the impulse of all amphibious animals when wounded had made for shore; and there it had crouched for four hours; and directly under the Judge's nose, and holding his hook out of water.

### LOUISIANA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Bernard Lacourte, who had been driven away from the country by the Vigilance Committee in the Parish of Vermillion, returned on Friday the 23d ult., on the steamer A. W. Baker, and was killed a day or two after by the Vigilance Committee at Cote Gellee. We received this information from Captain Meyer, who came down on Monday last from St. Martinville and New Iberia. The same news has since reached us from other sources.

The Banner publishes the following letter in regard to recent doings of the Vermillion Vigilance Committee:

VERMILION VIGILANCE, Sept. 26, 1859.

There are now numbers of families almost entirely destitute, not only of the necessities of life, but even of water, or a cow to furnish sustenance to suckling babes, and without wood to cook a scanty meal. We have seen a poor woman that was compelled by hunger, with the assistance of a ten year old boy and a dog, to catch a prairie hog to appease their hunger, brought about by the vigilance committees. And also a woman, with a number of helpless children, who has to go three quarters of a mile to get a drink of water, and forced to burn her yard fence, or to take the pickets from her house for cooking purposes. These women's husbands have never been heard of since the 3d of Sept.

The members of the Vigilance Committee went so far as to take a man from the side of his dying child—having told his wife only a week before—tie his hands and take him away, but subsequently let him off on being assured that he was innocent of any crime. They chastised a young lad only fourteen years old most cruelly; and recently a man that had been driven away, returned from having noticed an article in the New Orleans Courier, which he supposed emanated from the Governor, was met on the road by some members of the committee, and at midnight on Saturday last the house in which he had taken refuge was surrounded and the inmates ordered to deliver it up. It was the house of his mother-in-law.

After having sought admission and being refused they—the Vigilants—broke open the door with an axe, and demanded their intended victim, who had secreted himself in the second story. The house was occupied by seven women and eleven children. The Vigilants rushed up stairs in search of their prey, armed with guns, pistols, etc. The lady of the house said she heard the order "fire" given, and her son-in-law fell dead on the spot, receiving a full charge of shot in his face, a ball in his chin, which traversed his head, and another ball in the pit of the stomach.

She further states that after the men left the house, that they discharged their guns at the window, and as she was stooping to raise the body of the dead man, she was shot in the head. Pieces of the window sill struck her about the face. One of the women in the house asked why they shot. They replied that they were soldiers.

On the morning following (Sunday) she came to town to make an affidavit against the parties, but found no officer possessed of a sufficient amount of temerity to perform the duty. She then sought the Coroner to have an inquest held on the body, but that high functionary stated that he had resigned his office. It was with difficulty that persons could be had to aid in burying the dead body.

### Beautiful Hymn.

On the occasion of dedicating the new rural cemetery, at Rose Hill, near Chicago, the following original hymn was sung:

Deep mid these dim and silent shades  
The slumbering dead shall lie,  
Tranquil, as summer evening fades  
Along the western sky.

The whispering winds shall linger here  
To tell their deep repose;  
Like music on the dewy air,  
Like night-fall on the rose.

Light through the twining boughs shall steal  
Its calm and cheerful ray;  
As hopes spring from the dying bed,  
And point to perfect day.

Around each funeral urn shall cling  
The fairest, freshest flowers;  
Emblem of heaven's eternal spring,  
And brighter lands than ours.

Gathered from thousand homes, the dust  
In soft repose shall lie,  
Like garnished seed, in holy trust  
For immortality.

Room for the household, till the morn  
Its glories shall restore,  
And on the silent sleepers dawn  
The day that fades no more.

### THE CORN CROP—THE PORK TRADE PROSPECTIVELY.

During the past week we have received information from various localities in the west regarding the present state of the corn crop and not a little about hogs. Without going into detail we will give the points in a brief summary. In this State, except in light sandy soils, the corn crop is much better than we expected a month ago, and generally speaking, is a full average, taking into consideration the great breadth of land planted. In light sandy soil, however, it never recovered from the effects of the drought in July, and in all such cases the yield will not be over half an average; but the quantity of such land is small, and consequently the effect will not be felt.

In Indiana it is excellent, and in all the Wabash country it is unusually heavy; the ears being longer and better filled than usual. Indeed we have no complaints from any portion of that State; in all parts the crop appears to be satisfactory. A good crop of what has been sown and it looks well.

In Illinois, except from a few counties in the Northern portion of the State, where it was injured by frost, the crop is fair, in many places good, and in all good, rich corn lands, heavy. It is not yet fully matured, but the weather is very favorable, and a large quantity that was supposed would not mature before the frost would come, is now nearly out of danger, and generally exceeds the expectations of the farmer.

In Iowa, there is considerable variety in the crop; in the northern portion of the State we hear of the injury done by the frost about the 1st of September, and some represent it serious, whilst others say it was but slight, as the stalk and ears were not injured, only the leaves. We have not heard from this State fully enough as yet, so as to be able to speak of this crop very definitely.

In Missouri the crop is pretty good, though like Iowa, we have not heard from many points in that State.

In Kentucky the crop is represented a fair average, and is fully matured, the quality being excellent.

In Virginia the corn crop, we learn, is a partial failure, and not over two-thirds of last year's crop.

We have no very definite advices from Tennessee, but from what we have, our impression is the crop is moderately good, though in some places it is short, consequent upon the drought.

In all the places we heard from, hogs are generally fed with great care and industry, and it is exceedingly difficult to purchase stock hogs, showing that the owners feel satisfied they are fully able to feed all they have. The reverse was the case at this time last year. In many cases the farmers have been feeding with green corn since the 1st of September. In some parts of Indiana stock hogs are scarce and in demand, as high as 44 cents gross having been paid for them.

There seems to be no speculation going on, and we hear of no contracts being made. The impression is general with the farmers that they will obtain high prices for their hogs, but all those who went in so freely last fall are now holding off. The indications are that the number of hogs brought to market will be as great as last year and that their condition will be far better.

### Further by the Canada.

The Arctic steamer Fox had returned with interesting records and relics of the Sir John Franklin expedition, from which it appears that Franklin died in 1847, and the boat was abandoned in 1848.

A proposition of the King of Belgium to settle the Italian question, was reported to have been accepted by Napoleon; they include a European Congress to assemble at Brussels. The statements regarding the other provisions are conflicting.

The London Herald had reason to believe that a definite treaty of peace would soon be concluded at Zurich, bearing, however, only the signatures of France and Austria. The preliminaries of Villa Franca will be strictly maintained.

A telegram from Bern, says that a courier from Vienna had reached Zurich with instructions to draw up a treaty of peace and a document for the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia. No allusion made to the Duchies.

The Arctic expedition found at Point William a record dated April 25th, 1848, signed by Capt. Crozier and Fitz James, saying the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previously in the ice; that 105 survivors were proceeding to Great Fish river; that Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June of the previous year; and that the total deaths up to that date were 9 officers and 15 men.

Many interesting relics were found on the western shore of King William Island. Others were obtained from the Esquimaux who stated, that after the abandonment of the ships, one was crushed by the ice and the other kered ashore. Several skeletons of Franklin's men, quantities of clothing, and a duplicate record up to the abandonment of the ship, were discovered.

The English journals continue to discuss the San Juan question, generally in conciliatory language.

Large reinforcements for China were to leave England by the overland route. A part of the squadron for China service had already sailed.

The London Daily News' city article says the funds on Friday were stationary in price, transactions being on a scant scale.

The London Times' city article says that notwithstanding the near approach of the end of the quarter, there is undiminished ease in the discount market, and considerable transactions take place at 2 1/2 per cent.

France.—It is asserted that the result of the visit of the King of Belgium to Napoleon at Biarritz was fully successful, and various rumors are afloat with regard to arrangements entered into.

The Paris correspondent of the London Spectator, who on several occasions has communicated early and authentic news, asserts that Napoleon accepts the plan of the King of the Belgians, which gives the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua, and the States of Parma and Modena to Sardinia, and reinstates the House of Lorraine in Tuscany, and restores the Legations to the Pope after introducing a variety of reforms and an army of his own under the Arch Duke Ferdinand Maximilian, under the title of Grand Duke of Tuscany. These stipulations have also the concurrence of Austria.

An European Congress is also to be held at Brussels, presided over by the King. The Paris Patrie partially confirms the above.

COULDN'T MANAGE IT.—"What is that?" said a greeny, from Illinois, as he was conducted to the bed-room for the night, at Barnum's famous hotel, in St. Louis.—"Why! a 'skeeter net, sar," said the servant. "A 'skeeter net! hey!" soliloquized the greeny, eyeing the mosquito bar which was placed over the bed to protect its occupants from nocturnal visits of the musical and intrusive insects; then looking around he continued, "Wall, there is a considerable quantity of them about; I guess I will set that trap." Accordingly he tucked up one corner of the net and commenced to drive the mosquitoes into it; after he thought he had got them all in, he took his pillows and laid down under the bed and endeavored to sleep, but the fact was, that he had only driven about half the mosquitoes into the net, and consequently they foraged upon him extensively during the night. The next day, at the breakfast table, his face all peppered with mosquito bites, he declared to the landlord his conviction that his "skeeter net" was a humbug, and when he related the experiences of the night he came very near occasioning a dozen cases for the Coroner, by choking his auditors with laughter at his ludicrous mistake.