THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2. NO. 6. LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1854 WHOLE NO 1499

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

T. S. SLAUGHTER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE—Old Public Building—Southeast corner of the Public Square.

TERMS—$1,50 per annum in advance.

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Thursday Evening, June 8, 1854

ALEXANDER HAMILTON ON THE POWERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.—It has often been intimated by politicians not familiar with the early history of the country, that Gen. Alexander Hamilton was an advocate of a strong Government, and favored the idea of a President for life. This imputation is occasionally repeated with an air of confidence which gives it credence with the multitude. But the charge was controverted in a positive manner more than fifty years ago by the distinguished Statesman himself. A letter to Timothy Pickering, first published in 1812, is of sufficient interest to be reproduced at this time:

NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR: I will make no apology for my delay in answering your inquiry some time since made, because I could offer none which would satisfy myself. I pray you only to believe that it proceeded from anything rather than from want of respect or regard. I shall now comply with your request.

The highest-toned propositions which I made in the Convention were for a President, Senate, and Judges during good behavior; a House of Representatives for three years. Though I would have enlarged the legislative power of the General Government, yet I never contemplated the abolition of the State Governments; but, on the contrary, they were in some particulars, constituent parts of my plan.

This plan was, in my conception conformable with the strict theory of a Government purely republican; the essential criteria of which are, that the principal organs of the executive and legislative departments be elected by the people, and hold the offices by a responsible and temporary or defeasible nature.

A vote was taken on the proposition respecting the executive. Five States were in favor of it—among these Virginia; and though, from the manner of voting by delegations, individuals were not distinguished, it was morally certain from the known situation of the Virginia members (six in number, two of them, Mason and Randolph, professing popular doctrines) that Madison must have concurred in the vote of Virginia. Thus, if I sinned against republicanism, Mr. Madison is not less guilty.

I may truly, then, say that I never proposed either a President or Senate for life; and that I neither recommended nor meditated the annihilation of the State Governments.

And I may add that, in a course of the discussions in the Convention, neither the propositions thrown out for debate, nor even those who voted in the earlier stages of deliberation, were considered as evidences of a definitive opinion in the proposer or voter. It appeared to be in some sort understood that, with a view to free investigation, experimental propositions might be made, which were to be received merely as suggestions for consideration. Accordingly, it is is a fact that *my final opinion was against an Executive during good behavior*, on account of the increased danger to the public tranquility incident to the election of a magistrate of his degree of permanency. In the plan of a Constitution which I drew up while the Convention was sitting, and which I communicated to Mr. Madison about the close of it, perhaps a day or two after, the office of President has no longer durstion than for three years.

This plan was predicated upon these bases: 1. That the political principles of the people of this country would endure nothing but a Republican Government. 2. That in the actual situation of the country it was itself right and proper the republican theory should have a full and fair trial. 3. That to such a trial it was essential that the Government should be so constructed as to give it all the energy and the stability reconcilable with the principles of that theory. These were the genuine sentiments of my heart, and upon them I then acted.

I sincerely hope that it may not hereafter be discovered that, through want of sufficient attention to the last idea, the experiment of Republican Government, even in this country, has not been so complete, as satisfactory and as decisive as could be wished.

Very truly, dear sir, your friend and servant. A HAMILTON.

TIMOTHY PICKERING, Esq.

GOODNESS OF GOD.—The silk worm cannot accomplish the object of its creation without the mulberry leaf—the substance on which it feeds—and, as if to insure the continuation of this useful species, has so ordained it that no other insect will partake of the same food, thus insuring a certain supply for the little spinster. This appears a small matter, yet it as clearly exhibits design and goodness in the creating Power as the laws which hold the bodies of our astral stellar system together.

BOSTON, June 5.—The injunction against the Cochituate Bank has been made perpetual, and its affairs have been wound up. A single item among the doubtful paper was sufficient to absorb the capital of all the stockholders.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—I went one night to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one and the theatre was very crowded. The curtain drew up and amidst a burst of applause the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them; and altogether he appeared quite unfitted for the part. His smile was ghastly, his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech and let his eye wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when, in his character of a silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife, and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal attempts to portray the passion that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper; and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquires as to the extent of the of potations he had indulged in that evening. A storm of sivilation and abuse now fell round the ears of the devoted actor; and not content with verbal insult, orange-peel and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and large tears rolled down over his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with inward agony—I saw his boson heave with convulsions of suppressed emotion, and his whole mien betokened such depth of anguish and distress, that the most ruthless heart must have throbbed with pity. The audience was moved, and by degrees the clamor of invective subsided into a solemn silence, while he stood near the footlights, a picture of dejection. When all was calm, he spoke, and in a voice broken with sobs that seemed to rend his bosom, proceeded to offer his explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "though in my acting to-night I am conscious of meriting your displeasure, in one thing you do me wrong. I am not intoxicated. Emotion alone, and that of the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfil my allotted part so badly—my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfil my unavoidable engagement here. If I have not pleased you, I implore of you to forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her, and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here."

He placed his hand upon his heart, and stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief.

The audience was thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy made the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible, thro' the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings. There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the bed of death to don gay attire and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed of the anguish that lay festering under the painted cheek and stage smile. And in the great theatre of life, how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gaily at the multitude, while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.—Ex.

RAILWAYS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—The Philadelphia Bulletin has come into possession of a number of the London Courier, of June 9th, 1829. In giving an account of its contents, it says:

"More than half a column is occupied with an extract from the Birmingham Gazette, describing the opening of "Shutt End Railway." This work which was then regarded as extraordinary, ran from Kingswinford to the Straffordshire and Worcestershire Canal, and was of the enormous length of *three miles and one-eighth!* A locomotive engine—then a marvel of art—drew a train of eight cars, carrying 360 passengers, "from the foot of the first incline plane to the head of the second, and returning, being a distance of 3¾ miles, in half an hour, or at the *rate of 7½ miles per hour!* Subsequently it drew a train of coal and passenger cars, the whole train weighing 131 tons, a distance of 1½ miles, "in 33 minutes, being at the *rate of nearly 8½ miles per hour!* Afterwards the engine, with only the tender and twenty passengers, ran a mile on the road at the rate of 11 miles per hour! All these exploits were witnessed by an immense crowd, who were amazed at them, and his lordship, the Earl of Bradford, graciously "expressed himself much pleased with the extraordinary powers of the engine." It should be remembered that is the only 25 years, or within the age of most of our readers, that these wretchedly slow performances, which would not be tolerated by the meanest railroad now in existence, were regarded as almost miraculous in England."

These curious facts will enable us to calculate the progress we have made, in this direction, in a quarter of a century.

A LARGE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—There are one thousand and eighty-three scholars and sixty teachers belonging to the Sunday-School of St. George's Church, (Rev. Dr. TYNG's.) One of the classes, formed five years ago with eleven members, now numbers two hundred and eight-eight, under the exclusive care of one teacher, all of whom are taught every Sabbath. This is Charity class, composed of children from three to ten years of age. All of those who desire it are furnished every Spring and Fall with a complete suit of clothes, and occasionally with other assistance.—*N. Y. Ex.*

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

RAILROAD EXCURSION TO LANCASTER.—The pleasantest excursion of the season was made by a party of thirty of our prominent business men and by the officers of the Company, over the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad. The particulars of the grand opening festival at Lancaster in the spring were given in the Daily Commercial of the following morning; that was a splendid affair, but the citizens of Lancaster and gentlemen connected with the road, desired an opportunity of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the business men at this terminus of the road, and also desired more time to exhibit the marvellously beautiful suburbs of their thriving town.

On Tuesday morning a party of gentlemen, among whom we recollect the following names, left in the 6 o'clock train for Lancaster, in accordance with invitations sent through Superintendent WOODWARD and others:

Jacob Strader,	Jno. W. Ellis,
Jno. P. Tweed,	Jno. H. Groesbeck,
Wm. Hooper,	Jacob Traber,
Jno. Geddes,	W. E. Ogborn,
A. D. Bullock,	J. L. Franklin,
D. Colby,	J. M. Brown,
W. Brown Butler	M. F. Thompson,
Ebenezer Nye,	H. Emerson,
George C. Hill,	E. Laralde,
John Drake,	Capt. P. Rogers,
E. J. Miller,	D. J. Pearce,
Joseph Reakirt,	H. K. Lawrence,

Judge James Hall.

At Morrow the party—afterwards joined by the officers of the road and citizens living along the line—found a special engine and train in waiting. This munificent act of the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Company is in keeping with its whole bearing toward Cincinnati, of whom it has never asked a dollar; the compliment was duly appreciated. On the train were President FRANK CORWIN, Superintendent E. W WOODWARD, Principal Assistant Mr. STOUGHTON, Engineer, and others.—And of the expected features of the occasion, WM. H. CLEMENT, was unavoidably absent.

The line of the C. W. & Z. road from Morrow, point of junction with the Little Miami to Lancaster, a distance of ninety miles, has already been partially described. Its prominent characteristics are light grades, a remarkably straight line, a country fertile and rich, almost beyond calculation, and, on the Eeastern section, mineral resources immediately upon the line, that may yet entitle it to the appellation of the "coal road," though but little has been published on the subject. Superior machinery and general equipment with Baltimore and Cincinnati connections, that will make it a great "through line," should also be mentioned as noticeable features of the C. W. & Z. R. R. Its entire length from Morrow to Zanesville is 113½ miles; to the city, 167 miles.

There are but *four* curves with a less radius than 1910 feet—eighty-eight per cent. of the road is straight, and seventy-seven per cent. of the grades are less than thirty feet to the mile. Eastward from Wilmington the line is a direct tangent for *twenty-one* miles. The section between Lancaster and Zanesville is now in course of construction, work having been done thereon to the amount of $400,000, and will be completed to the west bank of the Muskingum at Zanesville in December of this year. The largest pieces of masonry, and the tunnel, are already completed. The receipts of the Company to May 1st, were $2,335,674.—Expenditures $2,326,460. So much for some of the leading statistics of this great undertaking.

The excursion train, which was under charge of Mr. JAMES STOUGHTON, Civil Engineer, reached Lancasier at 12 o'clock; the delegation was met at the depot by Gov. MEDILL, DARIUS TALLMADGE, Hon. J. G. BRESLIN and others, who conducted the party to the Tallmadge House, where a dinner had been provided. A word about that dinner. We have sat down to sumptuous meals, to *fete* dinners, great banquets, etc., but *the* dinner set out by Mr. PERRY and his associate GEO. MUMAUGH, of the Tallmadge House, will have an individual memory of its own, like the last feast of Apicius.

At the dinner table very short speeches were made by Gov. MEDILL, Judge HALL and Mr. VAN TRUMP, Mr. TWEED'S demand for more eloquence from the eloquent men present being answered by the announcement that carriages were waiting to convey the entire party to Mount Pleasant.

Mount Pleasant or STANDING STONE as it was more properly named by the Wyandots, is a point in American scenery that will attract more and more attention as the facilities for reaching it are multiplied and the pen of the tourist or the pencil of the artist bears its fame abroad. As the Duke of Saxe Weimar remarked while standing on the curious tumult that crowns its summit. "There is nothing more beautiful—there can be nothing more beautiful." So will all exclaim. From the beautiful Hocking valley this remarkable rock rises some two hundred feet, presenting on the Lancaster side a sheer precipice. The descent from the other side is more gradual. The town lies in a grand ampitheatre of lofty hills that rises—as if reluctant to leave so sweet a valley—so gradually from the plain that a thousand desirable sites for country seats are afforded at every point in the grand circle. From the midst of the valley thus surrounded rises the isolated peak of Mount Pleasant, like the throne-foundation of a MANITOU who would look upon the loveliest panorama in all the hunting grounds of his children.

On the Mount, Governor Medill introduced the party to Gen. SANDERSON, who stood admiringly on the same spot fifty-five years ago. General Sanderson is a character. Entitled to the honors of an Octogenarian, he claims no exemptions for age, but with a glittering eye naively boasted, as he reached the summit in advance of the vanguard, "I beat the Governor (Medill) up five minutes!" The General entertained the Excursionists with a pithy outline of the pioneer history of Lancaster, the character of the Indian tribes living there in 1799, incidents of the war of 1812, etc., etc. The depot grounds of the C. W. & Z. railroad are on the site of the Wyandott village.

Very much gratified with the visit, the Cincinnati delegates left at 5 P. M., in a special train furnished for that purpose by Mr. WOODWARD, and arrived in Cincinnati at 12 o'clock at night.

The names of parties to whom we were indebted for the entertainment at Lancaster, were withheld; but after the officers of the company, we suppose that the mercantile firm of REBER & KUTZ, Mr. TALLMADGE, and others, enjoy the quiet satisfaction of having crowded a good deal of enjoyment into a brief space of time. To J. MCCRACKEN, and Mr. SLAUGHTER of the Daily Gazette, V. GRISWOULD, the accomplished Artist, and to that strongly bound editon of western humanity—Capt. PRES. DEVOL—we are indebted for seeing and hearing and tasting what was ying about loose in the Hocking Valley.

On the homeward trip, the passengers organised a meeting in the saloon car, of which the following is an official statement:

CINCINNATI AND LANCASTER.

At a meeting of the gentlemen who had been invited to a pleasure excursion to Lancaster, Ohio, on Tuesday, June 6th, held in the cars of the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad, Judge Hale in the Chair, and W. Hooper Secretary; the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we hail with the highest satisfaction the completion of the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad, by which the cities of Cincinnati and Lancaster, are brought near together in social and business intercourse, and by means of which, the now luxuriant and beautiful region which the road traverses must become the garden ground of Ohio.

Resolved, That we are greatly indebted to the attention of Frank. Corwin Esq., President, and E. M. Woodward Esq., Superintendent, and others connected with it, for the facilities given us to pass over one of the best conducted Roads in the west, a credit to its projectors and managers who have so noiselessly brought it to its present state of completion, and a pride to our great State.

The President and Superintendent of the Little Miami Railroad, also have our thanks for their courtesies.

To Mr. John Drake of the Burnet House the experienced *Conductor* on the occasion, we are under obligations for the many little comforts which go to make up one of the most delightful excursions that it has been our good fortune to participate in.

Resolved, That to the citizens of Lancaster, we are indebted for their generous hospitality and very cordial reception.

Our thanks are especially due to Mr. Perry, the worthy proprietor of the Tallmadge House, to Governor Medill, General Sanderson, Messrs. Van Trump, Tallmadge, Stambaugh, Martin, Reber and others, for civilities and attention which made the day one to be always remembered with pleasure.

Resolved, That copies of the proceedings be furnished to the papers of Cincinnati and Lancaster for publication.

JAMES HALL, Pres't.
W. HOOPER, Sec'y.

A NOVEL CASE.—We heard yesterday of a singular case, which, unless it is amicably adjusted, will come before one of our Courts in a few days. The circumstances, as related to us, are as follows: About six years ago, a gentleman from this city left for California, leaving behind him a wife, and a lot in the western part of this city, worth $800.

In two years afterwards, the wife received the intelligence of the death of her husband. Within eighteen months, she married the second time, and afterwards disposed of the property lot, in order to set her husband up in retail business, and thus far they have lived happily together, and succeeded in making money off the lot. But to the astonishment of all, the first husband returned home within the last two weeks, alive and hearty as ever, but poorer in worldly stores than when he left for the aurifreous regions. It appears that the report of his decease was occasioned by the death of a person of the same name, which report reached the wife through the newspapers. The first husband had remained only a year or two in California, and migrated to the Sandwich Islands, where ill luck befel him, and in consequence thereof, he neglected writing to his better half. Finding how affairs are now, the first husband seems desirous of regaining his property. Thus the matter now stands, and unless a compromise is effected between the parties, the law will have to test the merits of it.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE WAY IT IS TO BE DONE!—A young man formerly in our employ, in whose veracity we have all confidence, informs us that while at St. Louis a few days since, he saw a number of gangs of slaves en route for Nebraska, under charge of their owners. This is the way in which Nebraska and Knsas are to be made slave territories. Their contiguity to the slave states of Missouri and Arkansas makes it a very easy matter for slaveholders to go with their slaves, while their remoteness from the principal points of emigration in the north offers obstacles to their speedy settlement by northern freemen. The appointment of slaveholding officers for the territories will be immediately followed by the election of a slaveholding council, in each, and slavery will be established and regulated by territorial law. "Squatter sovereignty" is so fully defined and recognized that the laws of the territories cannot be submitted to Congress for revision, and as the last act in the Nebraska tragedy, slavery is established in Nebraska and Kansas territories beyond the hope of eradication.—*Washtenaw Whig.*

CALIFORNIA WHEAT CROP.—It is apprehended in California that the wheat crop of the State this year, will be too large for the mills to be able to grind it all. Breadstuffs, the papers say, will henceforward be cheap, and the money now sent to Chili & the east to buy flour will be retained in the country; thus, while the price of provisions will be low, money will be plentiful. They further say that flour will soon be exported from California.

Friday Evening, June 9, 1854

HORRID MURDERS ON LONG ISLAND—*Three Persons Probably Killed—The Murderer Suspected, &c.*—About twelve o'clock on Friday night, two servant girls in the employ of Mr. James Wickham, at Cutchogue, in Southold town, L. I., were awakened by the cries of some of the inmates of the house, and on listning, heard repeated blows, as if somebody was being struck on the head, and also heard Mrs. Wickham exclaim, "Nicholas, don't kill him, don't kill him." Upon this, the girl supposing that Mr. Wickham was being murdered, got out of an attice window and fled to the nearest neighbors, and gave the alarm.

The house was immediately visited, and presented a horrible spectacle. Mr. Wickman, who was formerly a merchant in this city, and a wealthy farmer, lay weltering in his blood, his head cut literally to pieces and when our informant left the scene he was yet breathing, although unconscious, with no hope of recovery. Mrs. Frances Wickham, his wife, was dead, she having had her brains completely knocked out, which, together with her blood, was scattered about the room. Mrs. W. was but thirty-five years of age. A negro boy, about fifteen years old, who was living in the family, was also beat and cut about the head to such an extent that he cannot survive his injuries; and he, too, is in such a condition as to be unable to give any account of the desperate murder. The deed was committed with a post axe, an implement used for the purpose of holing posts for fences.

From the cries of Mrs. Wickham, which were heard by the servant girls, it is suspected that an Irishman, whose name is Nicholas Dane, and who had been in the employ of Mr. W., but was discharged on Wednesday, is the perpetrator of this horrid deed; but no traces of him had been found up to yesterday afternoon.

It is the opinion of the inhabitants that he sought to be revenged on Mr. W. for discharging him, and determined to murder his whole family. He sometime since desired to marry one of the servant girls—but, on her refusing to have him, he swore vengeance against her. Nothing in the house was carried away, which indicates that revenge instead of robbery instigated the monster to the perpetration of this horrid crime.

THE MURDERER CAUGHT.

The *Express* of yesterday says:

Nicholas Dane, the supposed murder, was captured yesterday (Monday) morning, at about ten o'clock. He was found lying partially covered up, among some brushwood, in a swamp, with his throat partially cut, but not so badly, as to render his recovery doubtful.

It is supposed that Dane, finding himself hard pursued by pursuers, endeavered in this manner to elude discovery and that afraid, after all, that discovery was certain, attempted to shorten his miserable existence, by adding suicide to murder.

Leaves and bushes had been accumulated in heaps at the spot where he was found. It is probable that the party in pursuit would have passed by the murderer and his hiding place, but for the fact of his boots protruding from the rubbish.

As soon as the murderer was drawn out from his lair, he was conveyed to a wagon near by, and driven off to a barn, a short distance off. Two physicians Drs. Lord and Tucker were in attendance, and here made an examination of Dane's wounds.

It was found that the apple of his throat was badly cut, while two deep incisions had been made on his windpipe. A Mr. Joseph Corbyn, one of the party took his handkerchief and tied it around his neck, to staunch the wounds. Bleeding soon stopped, and when our informant left the spot, the opinion prevailed that the wretched man would recover.

Dane seemed conscious enough of his awful condition, and the proceedings all around him, but not a syllable or a whisper escaped his lips.

The spot where the murderer was found is about a quarter of a mile from the Hermitage Station. About one thousand persons were out in pursuit. Indeed the whole of that part of the country seemed to be thoroughly aroused, and never before, we are told, was such an excitement seen on Long Island. The indignation against the murderer was universal, and women even, and children too, for that matter, are said to have joined in the chase.

The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Wickham took place yesterday afternoon, and was attended by an immense concourse of sorrowing friends, relatives and neighbors. Many personal acquaintance of the family had come from New York to attend.

We learn, further, that the colored boy whose life the murderer also essayed to take, is getting worse, and but little expectation is entertained of his recovery. The servant girl, Ellen Holland, is said to be in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

TEMPER OF THE PEOPLE.—A letter from Mansfield, Richland county, the Gibraltar of Democracy, to the Cleveland *Leader*, gives an account of how things stand there. The office-holders and their followers attempted to celebrate the triumph of the Slave-power by burning powder. At the discharge of the "first gun" but a minute passed before the *toll of the bell* was heard; then the solemn beat of the muffled drum as if the dead were nigh, and then streamed forth the National flag, across the street draped in mourning; but over the toll of the bell and above the beat of that muffled drum and proudly outstanding on that draped national flag, were heard and seen, the watch-word of Freemen, "REPEAL—*Denationalization of Slavery.*" The roar of the cannon ceased; the toil and the dead march only were continued; and then appeared a crowd, shouting the watch-word of Freedom. BRINKERHOFF, and othes spoke, all seconding the demand of the People—*the union of the free-men to maintain Freedom.* The supporters of the Slave-power left the ground, defeated and borne down by the force of public sentiment.—*State Journ.*

SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—On the 6th inst, in Cleaveland, JOHN HOWLEY, for the murder of JOHN OSBERNE, was sentenced to be publicly executed on the 8th day of Sept. next.

PRESERVING A BOQUET.

'Why, Lucy, what are you going to do with your bouquet?' exclaimed the Misses F——, as they saw their cousin about to remove it from the parlor.

'I know an excellent way of preserving flowers, and I will help you press them if you wish it, said the eldest.

'Or, if you wish to study its language, I am quite an adept in such things, and will gladly aid you,' sail the youngest sister, mischievously.

'I thank you,' was the smiling reply, 'But I was not intending to do either; there are so many flowers here already that I thought I would put mine where they could be better appreciated.'

'Where it can receive undivided admiration?'

'Exactly!'

'How flattered the donor would feel, could he know it!'

We will not tell him, then, for two very good reasons; first, because we do not know who he is; and, secondly, because I think it wrong to flatter any one;' and with a silvery laugh the young girl passed out of the room.

Well might Lucy say there were so many flowers that hers, elegant as they were, stood in danger of being overlooked. Every antique vase contained a perfect wealth of flowers, while the delicious perfume they diffused throughout the rooms made one forget that the reason was still winter. The two occupants of the parlor were among the reigning belles of the city, and every day they received, from some of their many admirers, presents most attractive flowers the markets could furnish. Their mother often remarked that they had more than they could really admire, and that if some of them could, only be sent to dewellings where there were none, how they would be prized! But they were most amused by an exclamation made by the housemaid one morning, while arranging the rooms. 'Dear, dear!' she said, 'what a pity to see so many flowers withering here, every day, when they could be sold for two or three dollars a bunch! If the young ladies would only let me sell some of them, when they have more than' enough, they might make a right handsome sum of pin money!'

The cousin Lucy introduced to our readers was a country girl who had been brought to the city a few weeks before, by her relatives, to be polished up and fitted to enter society. Though rustic simplicity itself, beside her queenly cousins, there was a certain freshness, a beauty about her, that acted as a powerful charm. She had, that morning received her first bouquet from a nameless friend, and, after it had been duly admired, and pronounced by her cousins 'the most perfect one of the season,' it was placed in water, and the trio sat down to read. Lucy was soon called out to inspect and pay for some of the one hundred and one articles of sewing that a young lady tequires when preparing to go into society, especially if she is just from the country.

While doing this she learned, through the inquiries made by her aunt, that the sewing girl had a sick grand-mother at home. And, as she longed to do something for the invalid, her fingers were instinctively placed upon the clasp of her portemonnoie, but something in the young woman's face and manner made her fear that she would only wound her by offering her money. Then she recollected her flowers, and feeling, with her country tastes, that they would do much towards cheering a sick room, she bought them out and requested her to carry them to her grandmother.

'Oh, thank you, Miss,' was her reply; 'they are too beautiful for us, but grandmother was wishing for flowers only yesterday, and I thought after I received my pay I would stop in the market and get her a few; but I never expected to be able to carry home anything like this!'

That evening Mr. F——'s parlors were brilliantly lighted, and the two young ladies—in most becoming dresses—were doing their best to entertain some gentlemen, while Lucy sat wondering how they could find so much to talk about, with persons who were almost strangers, and feeling herself cast quite into the shade by their brilliant conversational powers. After a while, the talk quite naturally turned upon flowers, when Emma F—— 'simply to tease her cousin, remarked: 'One of the bouquets sent here this morning was too precious to be left in the sight of common people like ourselves. Cousin Lucy prized it so highly that she only permitted us to feast our eyes upon it for five minutes, and then she bore it away! I supposed of course she had carried it to her own room, that she might enjoy it all alone, and fully expected to see it on the table beside her prayerbook, but it was not there!'

'Did you go there on purpose to find it?'

'Yes, and not only that, but I have actually exerted myself so far as to visit every room in the house, in order to discover where the little miser had concealed her treasure, but all in vain. Now such carefulness in hiding away her flowers, certainly looks suspicious!'

'It argues a strong interest in the giver, undoubtedly. Something serious will come of it yet; depend upon it we shall hear more of that bouquet, at some future time.'

'What a happy man must he be who sent it; how I envy him!'

'If we only knew him, that we might offer our congratulations!'

'Well, if she will tell what she did with her pretty flowers, we won't tease her any more.

'Her flowers? I know!' exclaimed the child, 'she gave them to Susan for her sick Grand-*muver!*' If there had been any doubt about Lucy's blushing before, there could be *none* now; preserve me from my friends!' thought she.

'Well, Miss Lucy Blair,' said her eldest cousin, 'I have always looked upon you as a sort of perfect being; yet, sinner as I am, I have now detected you in two most heinous offences; so produce your 'shilling' and come to the 'confessional' at once, as you hope for absolution.'

'As you seem so well aware of my sins already, you need no confession from me to enlighten you."

"I accuse, you, then, you, Lucy Blair—in presence of the company here assembled—of two gross sins! First, of an attempt to ruin all the poor people of the city, by giving them a taste for expensive luxuries, beyond the reach of any but the wealthy! Do you plead guilty,' or not guilty' to this grave accusation?'

'Not guilty,' said Lucy 'of any *intention* to injure the poor of your city, in whose welfare you seem to take so deep an interest. And as to giving them a taste for flowers, a wiser one than I has implanted *that* in the very humblest of his own children; else why do we always see a few roses or morning glories shading the windows of the veriest hovels in the country, and a little spot on the rudest garden redeemed from cabbage and onions, for pink or peonies? And even in this great city a rose bush, a geranium, or a few chrysanthems growing in cracked teapots and broken bowls, ornament the windows of dilapidated dwellings saying to the passers by, that this universal passion for flowers will burn out, in spite of poverty and toil!'

'A most able defence! Not guilty!' said the gentlemen.

'But the second charge' continued her cousin, 'is a still more serious one. I have to accuse you of the base act of giving away a present!'

'I did not think of that,' said Lucy, with heightened color, 'I suppose it was dishonorable; but I forgot they had been a present!'

'I wonder if it was so very mean in me to give away my flowers?' thought Lucy, as she laid her innocent head upon the pillow that night. Could she have followed her bouquet to the place of its destination, and seen the sunshine it brought in that humble abode, she would have dismissed her anxieties. When the aged grandmother first saw the bouquet, she streched forth her withered hands to take it, with an exclamation of joy; but as soon as she saw how rare a one it was, she shook her head saying 'Ah, Susan, you must have spent all your earnings for this! You should not—It was selfish in me to wish for flowers, but old people are apt to be selfish; if we were only in the country again, we could have flowers without feeling the cost of them.'

'We need not feel this, grandmother, for it was a present to you from the young lady who is staying at Mr. F——'s.

'How very kind of her! Tell her I will breathe a prayer for her over each bud and flower of her sweet present;' and the old woman turned her bouquet round and round admiring the colors and seeming refreshed and cheered by their odor.

She declared that they made her feel twenty years younger, and that she could almost fancy herself back again in the little white cottage, standing in the midst of a flower-garden which she had taken so much pleasure in cultivating.

'There were no such roses within twenty miles of us,' she said; and then she went into a full description of each variety; what difficulty she had in obtaining it; how anxiously she had watched it, lest it should not grow; and how proud she felt when all her neighbors stopped to admire the first roses it bore!

Meanwhile, Susan diligently plied her needle, while a greatful feeling stole over her, that the usual petulance of age and sickness had been so pleasantly dispelled.

The next morning, as Mr. T. was passing along the street, his old friend Dr. M. greeted him with, Where have you been hiding yourself, young man? I have been wishing to meet you for the last two weeks. Come with me, and let us have a little chat if you are not engaged.'

'Entirely at your service, and most happy to have met you.'

'By the way,' said the Doctor, 'I have a patient living in that alley—a poor old woman I look in upon occasionally. Will you step there with we? It will not detain us above ten minutes.'

Mr. T. willingly assented, and they entered a neat room. On a little table covered with a white cloth, stood an elegant buoquet, which diffused an agreable perfume throughout the apartment.

'Why, Miss Susan,' asked the blunt old physician, 'how long have you been so extravagant? Those flowers have cost no trifle.'

'A young lady sent them to grandmother, sir, and I think they did her more good than all the medicine she took yesterday.'

A young lady, eh?'

'My buoquet, as sure as fate,' thought Mr. T—.

'Doctor, he asked, as soon as they were in the street again, 'if you had taken great pains in selecting choice flowers to please a young lady, what would you think to see her give them away to an old woman?'

'Think! Why, that she considered the the gift too bright a one to wither among the heartless scenes of fashionable life, and wished to place it where it would awaken sincere pleasure.'

A few days after, Mr. T——managed, as if by accident, to meet Dr. M——again in the vicinity of the house to which his costly bouquet had been transferred. Following his old friend again to the sick room he took from the little, table as shily as he could the withered flowers, and put some fresh ones in their place. Of course, it was only in a fit of abstraction that he conveyed the faded ones to his pocket instead of throwing them away.

Some two years after, when Mr. and Mrs. T——were packing up for a trip to Europe, the former took from his private drawer a withered bouquet, and said, 'There, Lucy, where do you think I found that?.

'I'm sure I cannot tell,' was her laughing reply.

'I stole it from an old woman's sick room' he said. 'Your cousin offered to show you how to preserve it, but it seems you understood the art of doing it better than she thought.'

NEW YORK, June 9,—Private dispatches from New Orleans mention the failure of two Comraission Houses, engaged in the provision and Breadstuffs business of that City.

WASHINGTON, June 6,—The election has resulted in a complete Know-Nothing triumph. Great rejoicing.