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THE UNION RECORD.

PUBLISHED EVERY

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Publishers and Proprietors.

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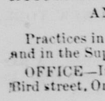
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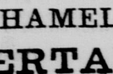
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MARYSVILLE.

Fashionable
C L O T H I N G !
FOR THE ENSUING
SPRING & SUMMER SEASONS.

M. SHREYR & CO.,
Have just received direct from the East a large stock of fine
Custom Made Clothing,
OF BROADWAY STYLE, NEW YORK,
To which the attention of the residents of Oroville and Butte County generally is respectfully invited.

French Cassimere Suits,
Also, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN
Fine Business and Walking Suits,
Of the latest importations and greatest variety. Also a great variety of Furnishing Goods, together with a fine stock of
Youth & Boys' Clothing.

Also, Cassimeres, Beaver Cloths, Velvet, etc., etc. Silk Vestings, Indian Tanned Gloves, Trunks and Valises, Clothing made to order on the most approved Style and at short notice.
M. SHREYR & Co.,
No. 59, D. St. Marysville, opposite Western House.

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Corner of Third and E Streets,
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Has in store and for sale
THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF
Groceries,
Provisions,
And Liquors,
NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO,
All of which he is determined to dispose of
At Low Rates, For Cash.

Wool, Hides, Grain, Meats,
And California Produce Generally,
Bought and sold by A. WALKER.
feb 6 tf

S. R. ROSENTHAL,
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OF THE CHOICEST BRANDS,
Western House, Cor. of D and Second Streets,
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Cigarettes, Pipes, Playing Cards,
MATCHES, ETC.,
Orders from the country solicited and promptly attendrd to. feb6tf

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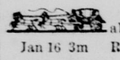
Corner of D and Second Streets,
MARYSVILLE.

THIS HOUSE IS CENTRALLY LOCATED, and will be kept as formerly.
FIRST CLASS HOUSE.
Containing ONE HUNDRED well furnished rooms; it affords the best of accommodations for Families and Transient Boarders.

STAGES LEAVE DAILY FOR all parts of the State
Jan 16 3m R. M. LOWREY & CO, Prop'trs.

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Dealers in
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NO. 46, D STREET,
[Next door to the California Stage Co's Office.]
MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

WEST'S
Feather River Ferry!
NEAR OROVILLE, AT THE FOOT OF MONTgomery Street, is in thorough repair, and the traveling public will find it to their advantage to cross at this point. The roads leading to and from it are in fine condition, and persons approaching Oroville from the west will find it a saving in distance to cross at this ferry. M. B. WEST.
October 28th, 1864. 1y-51

HOTELS.

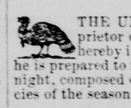
UNION HOTEL.
Corner Montgomery & Myers Street,
OROVILLE.
THIS NEW BRICK AND ELEGANTLY FURnished Hotel stands first in the State for comfort and accommodation for the traveling public—every room being well ventilated and neatly furnished.
The Table
Is supplied with every LUXURY OF THE SEASON, and everything will be done to insure the Comfort of the guest of this House. In connection with this House is the
Bar and Billiard Saloon.
New Billard Tables of the Latest Patterns and Improvements.
The Bar
Will always be supplied with CHOICE LIQUORS and CIGARS. PRICES MODERATE.
The Office of California Stage Company
Is at the UNION HOTEL.
STAGES LEAVE THIS HOUSE DAILY, FOR All parts of the Country.
BIRD & HOPKINS, Proprietors.
CAPT. R. BIRD, formerly of International Hotel.

NOTICE.
O MY NUMEROUS OLD AND TRIED friends that have stood by me so long and faithfully—permit me to inform you, one and all, that I have removed from the International Hotel to the New Brick Union Hotel, corner Montgomery and Myers Street, Oroville—hoping that I may not see less of you, but oftener.
Yours with Respect, R. BIRD.
Oroville, July 12th, 1864. n37

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
OROVILLE.
THIS HOUSE IS WELL ARRANGED, BEING provided with pleasant rooms well ventilated, affording a pleasant home for families and transient and permanent boarders. No pains nor expense will be spared to administer to the comfort of those who may favor the House with their patronage.
The St. Nicholas will always be kept as a
First Class Hotel.
The Table
Will at all times be served up with the greatest variety of eatables—the best the market affords—and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste.
A Splendid Bar.
Is connected with the House, where will be found the very best of Liquors and Cigars. Also,
Two fine Billiard Tables
A fine Reading Room is also attached to this House, constantly supplied with the latest dailies and periodicals.
My old friends and customers are most respectfully invited to continue their patronage.
ROBERT OLIVER, Proprietor.
Oroville, Sept. 24, 1864. n47

Golden Gate
R E S T A U R A N T!
Corner of Montgomery and Huntoon Streets.
OROVILLE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having repaired and fitted up the above Restaurant, will hereafter keep everything usually kept in a
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT!
Fresh Oysters
IN EVERY STYLE, AT 25 CTS. PER DOZEN.
Open Day and Night.
Fresh Oysters furnished Families, Balls, Parties, and assemblies of every nature, at reasonable rates.
Having been engaged in the business for the past fifteen years, he hopes to give general satisfaction to all. Meals at all hours, day and night.
Oct. 15th, 1864. LEWIS CARPENTER.

BARNUM
RESTAURANT.
Corner Montgomery & Huntoon Streets,
OROVILLE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, PROprietor of this establishment, hereby informs the Public that he is prepared to furnish meals at all hour, day and night, composed of all the substantials and delicacies of the season which the market affords.
BALLS, PARTIES,
And Assemblies of Every Nature,
will be supplied with Dinners, Suppers and Collations, in the best style and on the most liberal terms.
Connected with the Restaurant is a BAR, where can always be found the best and every description of Liquors.
TERMS:

Board per Week.....	$5 00
Single Meals.....	25
Board per Week with Lodging.....	6 00
Lodgings per Night.....	25

ap13tf J. REYNOLD, Proprietor.

An Analysis of Mr. Lincoln's Character.

At the New York jubilee over the result of the Presidential election, the first regular toast given was:

The President of the United States—He needs no other eulogy than that which has just been pronounced by the American people in his triumphant re election.

Hon. Abram Wakeman responded:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is usual on festive occasions to pass the name of the President with silent respect. I am told and can well see that on this occasion our voices should join heartily in congratulation upon the overwhelming popular majority that has placed the helm of State in his steady hands for four years more. Yet in trying to speak to this name, I may well be embarrassed. If I mistake not, most of the gentlemen around me have spent a large portion of their time for at least the last three months in defending and eulogizing Abraham Lincoln. This joyous festival shows that they have been successful eulogies, and I congratulate them one and all upon the success of their labors; but I feel that in an assembly of those who have defended and praised him so well, further defence or praise from me would seem useless indeed. It may not be too late, however, for us, his friends, to form some clear and calm estimate of this remarkable and in some respects peculiar man, with whom the fate of our country is now indissolubly connected. It is the peculiarity of great and remarkable men that their characters cannot be easily decided or agreed upon by the people at large, or often by their friends and associates. Great men are original, unique, abnormal—they do not fall in with the ordinary descriptions of men. They cannot be measured nor described by the rules by which the common herd are ticketed and disposed of. Thus, Abraham Lincoln has proved a difficult subject to those who think to solve every man by their own little theory of life and men. Like most great, original, genuine men, he won't lie straight upon any theory.

Thus it is that the public mind has not been at rest about him, and censure and eulogy have been equally free in painting his character, life and aims. His enemies, or rather opponents—for of personal enemies I could never learn he had one—while they disparage, feel that there is more in him than they thought. His friends have been astonished at the quiet strength of his intellect and the persevering energy of his will. Yet, generally, among his well-wishers, there has been an apologetic tone, as though there was something to excuse, overlook or palliate. In this they were mistaken. I do not aver too little in saying that many of the President's friends have not yet learned to appreciate the real greatness and strength of Abraham Lincoln's character. Neither Providence nor the American people would have ever repeatedly committed the regeneration of our country to his hands, if he had not been qualified, and, as it were, especially raised up, for this mighty work. But I do not measure him by a general conclusion. He stands out now as the great, strong and truest American man. A solid, pure, unadulterated work of God and nature. His character is the result of the geography, history and morals of the pioneer West. He is almost as much the product of the great heart of our continent as are its mighty prairies, rivers and forests. These were his teachers. His friends are often trying to make allowances for his want of education. Their excuses are not needed. Nature and adversity gave him an education and training that none but the most powerful minds could stand; but to such minds the exercises of schools and colleges would be trifling and childish in comparison. Poverty, suffering and labor were the fees he paid for this schooling, and year after year his stout mind and heart paid them cheerfully. Why, in point of education, that one trading trip on his flatboat to New Orleans was worth a whole college course. The youth of eighteen, as he passed day after day down the mighty Father of Waters, saw its tributaries and thought of the vast continent it drained, observed and took advantage of its currents and shores, conversed and traded with its people, and fought with midnight robbers, gained an enlargement of soul and intellect, a variety of information, a tact and independence of character that no learned professors could have imparted. He did even the lowest duties he undertook honestly and well, yet his ever-expanding mind called him to higher duties of life. He outgrew and rose up through the commoner occupations of life much as a college boy rises from class to class, always going one step higher.

What a lesson for our youth there is in this progress. Born a "poor white" in a floorless log cabin in Kentucky, without a book or hope of education, he passes on from woodchopper to railsplitter, then a pioneer to Indiana and Illinois, then a farmer, next a boatman on the Mississippi, then a storekeeper and a miller, then a captain in the Black Hawk war—the election to which office, as he says, gave him more pleasure than any success of his life. We next find him surveyor, then an able lawyer, next a politician and Congressman, then a leading statesman and debater of his party; finally, President of the United States by a small plurality vote, and now, in times of great national peril, re-elected President by a majority vote, more overwhelming than any since the time of Washington. Thus, rising step by step, more astonishing than all, he is now modest and unaffected as a child, and still able and willing to learn! Gentlemen, such a career as this is not accidental. The cause, under Providence, is the man himself. Carlyle is the critic of great men. He tells us they must have large, clear intellects and insights, sincere and earnest souls, and a desire to grapple with the duties of life and get them honestly done. Yet he loves to tell us that the highest and richest natures have their minds and purposes rounded and shaded off by a loving, genial humor. And lastly, the man must be so honest that he must not be self-conscious nor proud of his own greatness or strength; but his genius must be a secret to himself—never paraded, but rather concealed. Such qualities, employed upon the higher interests of mankind, give us what he calls a great man. It may excite a smile to think that the crabbed old Scotch hero worshipper—the hater of democracy and ballot-boxes—has so accurately described our self made President. But is it not because he has these very qualities in so great a degree that he has, in these perilous times, become the leader of our nation? Sincere and honest to the bottom of his nature, all who know him know him to be. That he is a powerful and clear-sighted reasoner and thinker, his letters, messages and speeches prove, and such opponents as Douglas, Seymour and Corning found him so to their cost. Bearing the weight and burden of a falling empire, and laboring night and day to place its future on new and solid foundations, how pleasantly does his humor relieve and refresh the jaded intellect, while it enables him, without wounding, to unmask an enemy or deny a friend.

He is not witty, but humorous. Wit is cold and cutting—the product of a keen, sharp but narrow intellect. Humor is a higher quality—the overflowing of a loving, generous and noble heart, the fit and necessary complement of a broad and healthy brain. Lastly, and best of all, he is unconscious of greatness. He does not know his real strength, and does not try to show it. He is incapable of doing anything for effect or show. His strength appears when necessity calls for it, not otherwise. Thus, to the popular eye he does not seem to be brilliant nor striking in mind, style or deportment. This is the rare quality for an American to possess, rarer still for a self-made American. We do not know how to value a public man who has it. We have been called, not without some reason, I fear, a nation of boasters, braggarts and conscious pretenders. The modest simplicity of our President's character and manners is a singular contrast to the assumptions and self-importance of some who hold office at his hands. One other thing unites all these qualities into a complete man, and makes him ours. He is thoroughly American. He comes from working in our soil—from the bosom of the "plain people"—the great middle class, and he represents the average views of his countrymen. He does not force, nor compel, nor seem to lead; he goes forward as their guide, when they as a mass are ready to follow.

Those who have read Herbert Spencer on our legislation will see that this is the quality that peculiarly fits him to be the head of our nation in its transition to a new era of freedom and power. He is of the people, and knows when and how to trust and educate and represent them. Not too old or too wise to learn, he can go forward with them, but is too firm and self-reliant to go back. Because he is with the people, the progress we make with him is safe and sure. There can be no recession. It is not yet time to predict with certainty the position that Abraham Lincoln will hold in history. The life of no man can be called fortunate till it is closed. But of the results of his Administration, two already distinctly appear—a restored and firm nationality, and the final and complete abolition of slavery. The labors of other statesmen and reformers sink into insignificance when we contemplate the results of these two achievements. In view of these results only, it requires no sanguine prophet to see that the future millions of American freemen will cherish in their hearts two names as their greatest men and benefactors—George Washington, the father of their country, and Abraham Lincoln, its preserver.

ARTEMUS WARD—Charles F. Browne—was born at Waterford, Maine, in 1836. A biographical sketch, accompanying his portrait in the New York Clipper, gives some romantic incidents of his recent career in California and Utah: At a little town called Falsom, in a little mining theatre of rough boards, he had $150. The joke of the lecture did not seem to be well understood, however, for in the midst of it, the gentlemen with short pipes, in the orchestra stalls, requested Artemus to favor them with a song, persisting in their call till he gave them a new version of Billy Barlow, after which they treated him to 'can oysters' and California wine. In Oroville and Nevada city he lectured in a church. In Auburn he expatiated in a billiard saloon. In Jackson, the new theatre not being built, he appeared in the basement of the jail, for one night only. The murderers' cells opened into it all the way round, and by throwing open the iron doors, the cells could be turned into private boxes. At San Jose they illuminated the city with tar barrels, which blazed in every thoroughfare on the night of his arrival. At Santa Clara, the building not being large enough, the entire audience adjourned to the open air, while Artemus, supported by Hingston, his agent, holding two wax candles, 'spoke his piece' beneath the canopy of the starry skies. While on his way to Salt Lake City, he was captured by the Indians, who threatened to scalp him and carry him into captivity unless he danced the 'Essence of Virginnity.' It was torture sufficient when miners out in California made him sing a comic song, but the idea of dancing a nigger schottische was ten times worse. Brigham Young being 'in' with the Injuns, succeeded in having the showman restored to liberty and the Mormon women.' Howly Moses! Selah!

TASTE OF THE HEATHEN.—The number of christian missionaries sent out among the heathen this year, will exceed, we are told, the number sent for many years past. The king of Siam has promised not to eat any more missionaries, and a "little cold missionary" is no longer to be a standing luxury, as a lunch, among cannibal islands generally. Perhaps this encouraging fact may account for the increased effort to evangelise the benighted creatures of the Orient. Martyrdom is considered honorable, in the abstract; but practical martyrdom is not a desirable thing among the best of men, and when that martyrdom is contemplated in the light of making a bonne bouche of one's self for an uncivilized palate, no wonder the most zealous shudder at the picture "Boiled missionary," "friend missionary," "roast missionary aux pommes de terre," are all dishes that look very tempting on Siamese bills of fare to gourmands of the Siamese pattern; but we respectfully protest that such a bill of fare is sufficient to make any missionary feel "down i' the mouth," for what worse kind of heathenism can there be than that which will only learn us to stomach the gospel by digesting its ministers? Deliver us from such a destiny!

A MARVELOUS CASE FOR THE DOCTORS.—The San Francisco Flag has the following:

We have been informed of a male child that was born to the wife of a laboring man in this city, some three or four weeks ago, whose eye lids were fleshy sacks, unbroken by any line of division, and without winkers to denote where the partition ought to be. The appointments of the accouchment were conducted by a midwife, who, on witnessing the unheard of phenomenon, called in a regular physician, who made an incision across the lids, which contracted naturally on the completion of the operation, revealing a bright pair of eyes behind them. The physician was of the opinion that the lids would never be fringed with winkers; but in this he was mistaken. A thick fringe, indicating incipient hair, has already revealed itself "in the place where the hair ought to be." This is a very remarkable case, and should come under the close investigation of our numerous able medical men.

DANGER IN TRIFLES.—The road to home-happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The more tender the feelings, the more painful the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with an uproar of derision.

THEY tell of a singular series of coincidences in the lives of two women, named Casseron and Delanney, who died recently at Lagord, near Rochelle. They were born on the same day, gave birth to their first child (a daughter) on the same day; they became widows on the same day and almost at the same hour; and now they have completed this strange series by dying and being buried on the same days.

A YOUNG PUPIL in the non-resident school of philosophy was once elected to the legislature, of course from one of the interior counties. True to his principles, he drew up a bill abolishing all punishment for crime, and then prepared another forbidding people to commit crime.

FEROCITY and gentleness may be relations. The notes of the dove are but the softened tones of the owl.

A Twilight Wooing.

It's an awful thing to lose a friend by marriage! To see him drop into your room occasionally, always with a paper parcel under his arm, suggestive of lace and ribbons, instead of having him all to yourself, day in and day out. To know that the blue breathed evening cigar will inevitably be abbreviated by "Oh, my wife will be anxious, if I'm not at home by eight o'clock." To tell him about the pretty girl with the pink bonnet that you met in the stage yesterday, and be generally confidential, and then find your tongue suddenly palsied by the conviction that he will tell his wife every word you have been saying. There's no use talking about the thing—it's actually indescribable!

Do you suppose I didn't feel jealous when Jack Marclyffe got married! Do you suppose the green-eyed monster didn't inspire me with all sorts of unamiable feelings toward the little brown-eyed beauty who had cut me out so completely? It took me some time to reconcile me to the new state of things. But when I found out that she didn't object to my sitting on the balcony and speaking with Jack—nay, that she actually lighted our cigars for us, and then brought her little foot-stool and sat down beside us—that she laughed like a peal of merry bells at our bachelor chances and mishaps—and that she liked to have me come to dinner on Sundays, then I thought Jack's wife wasn't so bad an institution, after all. And one day, when she brought out her tiny wicker work basket, and stood on tip-toe to sew the loose button upon my coat, I capitulated in good earnest.

"Jack," said I, "your wife is—well, not exactly an angel, for I don't believe in angels about the house—but the sweetest little woman I ever set my eyes upon. You won't be jealous, old fellow?"

"Jealous—no!" said Jack, stretching his neck so as to look after the light, disappearing figure. "But I'll tell you what, Arthur—you ought to see Mary's sister."

Sure enough, about two weeks afterward, as I came in at the sweet briar shadowed gate, and paused to look at the crimson clove-pinks just opening their fringed petals, the silver tones of another voice sounded in the low-eaved piazza, and, almost before I knew it, Jack Marclyffe's arm was through mine, and he was introducing me to a duplicate edition of his wife—a scarlet-lipped, arch eyed girl in white muslin, with a coral bracelet on her arm.

For that moment I was gone—I didn't know whether I sat in Jack's velvet easy-chair or on the top of the rail fence; I said "No, I thank you," when Mrs. Jack asked me how I was—I stirred my cup of chocolate with a pen knife, and tried to put the table cloth into my pocket, instead of a handkerchief—and finally disgraced myself irrevocably by putting the match box into the cradle, and depositing the baby on the marble mantle piece.

"Good gracious, Mr. Arden!" exclaimed Marclyffe, "what is the matter?"

"I believe—I think—I've got a cold in my head!" faltered I, looking at the time straight at Agnes, who was playing with her coral bracelet, and pretending not to laugh.

"Jack," said I, that evening, as he went out to the gate with me, "there's no use trying to mince matters—if I can't win Miss Agnes, I shall take arsenic."

Jack squeezed my hand; he had "been through the mill" himself.

"Do you think she cares for me, Jack?" I asked, plaintively, about a month afterward. "I declare, honestly, I've the greatest mind in the world to jump off the pier, or hang myself, peaceably. Now, what does she mean by flirting with that red whiskered Carew? Oh, Jack, do be merciful—tell me what you really think."

Poor Marclyffe! It was about the thirtieth time he had been asked the same question.

"Why, how can I tell, Arthur? You might as well ask me to read the Hindoo alphabet as to decipher the mysteries of a woman's heart. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

"Me ask her!" and the cold chills ran through me like veins of ice. "Jack, I dare not, for my life!"

Jack burst into a laugh.

"Well, I cant give any better advice," said he, "only remember, my boy, 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

He turned away, and left me standing in the amber flush of the twilight, among the crimson clusters of cinnamon roses, and the tall coronals of gleaming lilies. Up in the rosy sky, the new moon hung, a curved thread of silver, and one bright star bore its lance of pearl against the radiant horizon. I looked absently up to the fair atmosphere—down at the blossoming garden of flowers, thinking in the midst of my perplexity how like the blue heaven was to Agnes' eyes, and marvelling that the pink roses were so near akin to the dainty color that came and went upon her silk soft cheek.

Beside the low French window that opened upon the piazza door, I saw the flow of muslin drapery through the fragrant gloom—it was where Mrs. Marclyffe was wont to sit with her baby. I caught the refrain of the low, delicious cradle song she warbled in the tiny sleeper's ear. A bright thought struck me—I would take woman's wit into my counsel.

"Mary," said I, sitting down on the piazza step, and leaning my head against the rose-wreathed pillar just opposite the window, "I wish you'd tell me what to do—I'm desperately in love with your sister Agnes, and—don't laugh, now—I haven't the courage to tell her so." I paused an instant, and then went on, "I love her better than life. No, that is not saying enough, I would die to make her happy. Oh, Mary, can't you give me a word of encouragement? I dare not tell her my love, because my heart sinks so in dread from the one little word, 'No!' Will she speak it, do you think?"

There was no answer still.

"Mary, will she break my heart?"

I spoke with trembling accents, fresh from the deepest recesses of my soul—the very air seemed to sob around me as I ceased. One instant of silence in the soft, pulsing fragrance of the midsummer twilight, and then there was a fluttering of light, azure robes, the fall of a fairy footstep. Ere I could look up, a soft white arm, gleaming with the clasp of a blood-red coral bracelet was around my neck—a shower of brown curls nestled on my breast.

"She will not—she never will."

The voice was that of Agnes Day; I held the coy, coquettish trembler to my heart.

Life has been brimming with sweets ever since—many a golden moment has paused to sprinkle its chalice of joy around my footsteps, as it passed into the world of the bygone; but in all my existence there never came a second time like that.

"So, I'm really to have a brother-in-law," she said, putting aside the roses and coming forward just as the wicket fastening clicked under Jack's hand, and the fiery spark of his cigar flashed through the purple gleaming, slowly traveling up the garden walk.

"Hallo," said he, pausing abruptly as Agnes tried vainly to escape from my detaining arm. "Oh, I see now! Well—upon—my—word! for such a bashful young gentleman, you've been remarkably expeditious! Accept of my congratulations, Aggie—ditto, Arthur."

BRIGHAM YOUNG, in a recent sermon, told the Mormons that it was more important to raise saints than to raise crops. No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

A DEBTOR that can't pay is apt to run away. Like the lightning, if he can't fork, he bolts.

"Shanghai-ing" Boys.

It appears as if the air of the sea has a bestializing effect upon the natures of some men. "Old Salts," as they are called, get to be distinguished from their fellow-beings by a nearer approach to total depravity, and an entire insensibility to whatever appeals to the finer feeling. Of course there are honorable exceptions; but take the old sailor of long cruises, and he gets to look upon the human race as divided into two classes—namely, himself and the balance of the world; and, having become thoroughly indoctrinated in his favorite dogma, that there's no law off soundings, outrages towards others get to be his daily pastime, and he even forgets his amenability when within the jurisdiction of local Courts. This class of men have their agents on shore, among the most hardened and depraved ruffians to be found, and when any of their acts come under the cognizance of a legal tribunal, the Captain generally manages to prove up a character that angels might be vain of, and escapes. If anybody suffers, it is some less shrewd accessory. Within the past two or three days, we have been treated to a new feature in their peculiar ministrations. Shanghai-ing seamen is an old story, but the abduction of youths from their homes, drawing them into snares and invidiously enlisting them, *nolens volens*, into the service of the ship, leaving their parents and friends in utter ignorance of the whereabout of the young persons, is a branch of Shanghai-ing to which we have yet to become reconciled by custom and repulsive to every impulse and sentiment of the human heart where it is not deadened by crime. The case of young Wood, who was yesterday restored to his father by Judge Sawyer, of the Fourth District Court, was an instance of this latter kind. Mr. Harris Wood is a teamster, residing at No. 16 Louisa street. Two or three days ago, his son was met on one of the wharves by the mate of the whaleship Vineyard. The mate, or a man pretending to be the mate, persuaded the boy to take a glass of beer with him, and thus gradually drawing him into his toils, by various pretences succeeded in getting him on board the ship, which lay out in the harbor. Here he found three or four other boys who had been seduced on board under various pretexts, and there given to understand that they were a part of the ship's crew and under restraint as such. The parents of young Wood searched two days for their missing son, and had about given him up as lost, probably in the Bay. A man who went out from shore to fix something about the ship's anchor, observed the boy crying. As communication was prohibited, he watched his opportunity and stealthily obtained from him the cause of grief. The day following, Wood handed him a slip of paper containing written directions for finding his father's house, and thus information was conveyed to his parents, who at once took steps to recover the boy by a writ of habeas corpus. When young Wood left the ship, there were three or four others still on board under the same circumstances, and in great distress on account of their situation. They cried bitterly at being left on board the vessel. Their parents are ignorant of their whereabouts. Such acts as these on the part of the officers of vessels should meet with the severest punishment, and if there is no penalty under the law, one should be made speedily.—*San Francisco Call, 5th inst.*

LIME IN TRANSPLANTING.—It appears from an English publication of great merit, that a large plantation of trees has been formed in England within a few years past, without the loss of a single tree; and this, says the writer, has been effected simply by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole before introducing the tree. Four bushels of lime are said to be sufficient for an acre. The lime should be thoroughly mixed with the loam, in order that it may be reached by the roots with equal facility in every direction, as its principal effect is to push forward the tree during the precarious stages of its growth, and when the fibres beginning to start and ramify from the top and laterals, require a supply of readily appropriate and corrosive matter throughout their whole extent. I have often used lime—generally in hydrate—in transplanting fruit and ornamental trees, and always with the best results.

IT is related by a French print that a cultivator in the neighborhood of Bordeaux has obtained curious results from planting seeds of different fruit trees in the same hill, tied together. The tree in bloom is beautiful, and the fruit of as many different sorts as seed and excellent. He also planted an acorn, in which he had infused indigo. The tree which it has produced is covered with blue leaves instead of green. With the knowledge of these facts, experiments of this nature may be endless, and perhaps we may yet come to planting roasted apples and harvest them ready cooked.

THE FRENCHMAN'S OPINION.—A Frenchgentleman, after a short residence in New York was asked by a friend how he liked the country. He answered as follows: "If you vant to see de wealthy man, go to Baltimore; if you vant to see de stiff gentleman, go to Philadelphia; if you vant to see de active merchant, come to New York; if you vant to see de intellectual gentleman, go to Boston; if you vant to see de handsome lady, go to Portland; but if you vant to see von pack of d—d fools, go to a Copperhead meeting."

THINK.—Thought often engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be.

PROFANITY.—The North American Review argues that profanity indicates a chronic weakness of intellect and a poor education, for it requires no genius to swear, while it does require some learning and talent to converse in genteel language. Profaners, young ones in particular, should make a note of this.

A GENTLEMAN sat down to write a deed, and began with: "Know one woman by these presents." "You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to be 'know all men.'" "Very well," answered the other, "if one woman knows it all men will, of course."

WOMEN.—According to Haller, women begin to hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions; according to Unger, they grow old sooner and are seldom bald.

THE mind that has learnt things and forgotten them is on a superior footing to that which has never received the teaching. Most things learnt may be forgotten in everything but the training they have given. Cultivation is consistent with a great deal of ignorance.

SIR PETER LELY made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found from experience that, whenever he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. Always apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

EVERY MAN deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

A STUDENT in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Massachusetts, bet his luxuriant moustache and whiskers on McClellan, and lost.