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ORIGINAL STORY.

THE WHITE FAWN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION, BY MARIE.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER X.

Spring, fresh and fragrant, was again shedding its balmy breath, and all was redolent with her spicy gales. Seated upon a log, not far from the camp of Big Thunder, and in an earnest conversation, were two, dressed in huntsman's garb, of civilized refinement, which bespoke for them an assumed, rather than a practical occupation.

"I tell you, Charley, I have seen beauties of every clime, whose charms were enhanced by the graces of fashion and education, but never have I seen so much of loveliness and graceful beauty as I have to-day beheld in that wild Indian girl."

"But she is no Indian, Harry; I tell you her origin is pure, and if her history could be known, I will venture all we have, that she was made a captive when a child, and perhaps her parents murdered, brutally murdered, while in *her* innocent beauty, she was saved, to gratify the whims of that old chief, who seems to be so fond of her."

"Well," said Harry, "her deliverer I now swear to be. I have never bowed a suppliant at any shrine; I have dwelt in the fashionable world, where pride, haughtiness and dissimulation were ever the attributes of those I mostly admired, and never, until now, have I seen one towards whom my heart has yearned in spirit-tones of truth and love. My hunting tour is at an end; here, in this vicinity I shall pitch my tent, and, like Jacob of old, wait, if necessary, my seven years, but what I will accomplish my design."

"You are an impulsive fellow, Harry. I might have known some romantic whim would deprive me of your company, when we left New York, so novel and strange are the ideas you ever entertained."

"Strange or not, Charley, I feel that my destiny is sealed. That lovely creature I can never leave in this wilderness, to become the bride of some savage chief."

"But she is devoted to her adopted parents, and, with the gratitude of a true woman, she will be hard to decoy from them."

"Time and fate, Charley, will decide for me; my determination is fixed, and as our adventures are already wild enough, why not be satisfied to rest awhile upon the borders of these wilds, without venturing farther through the trackless forest?"

"Well," said Charley, I am tired of this romancing, and if you wish to dream away the day, I shall shoulder my rifle and away to the woods, in search of a *deer* for myself."

"And I will reconnoitre," said Harry, "and report my success upon your return. So, farewell for the present."

Harry Lathrop was a young man of fine person and elegant accomplishments. Born and raised in the gay and brilliant circles of New York, he had learned to despise the luxuries and vanities of life, by experiencing their inability to create happiness. With a fortune at his command, he had traveled both in Europe and the United States, and, strange to say, still possessed a heart unstained by the aristocratic splendor with which he was surrounded. He pined for adventure, and to roam through the wild and uncultivated forests of the West, with his friend and companion, Charles Loring, equipped for the chase, they had started forth on a Western tour, but a few weeks previous to their conversation in the beginning of this chapter.

When his friend left him, he remained for awhile absorbed in thought; for, wild with love and enthusiasm, he scarce knew what should be the first step towards the accomplishment of his wishes. But, there seems to be a good genius ever attendant upon the pure and ardent feelings of the heart, and she did not prove recreant in his case. At length, aroused from his meditations, he arose, and darting through the wood, was wending his way, with rapid strides, towards the White Fawn's wigwam, when a splashing of oars, and a scream of terror struck his ear. He hastened on to the river's brink, and there, in her lone canoe, stood his forest beauty, more lovely to him than the "Lady of the Lake," when first discovered by Roderick Dhu—and a tremendous wild cat, just ready to pounce upon its victim. With a steady arm, and quick as thought, he leveled his gun, and brought it, weltering in its blood, to the ground. In a moment more, and the lovely girl had moored her little boat, and in her native simplicity, was thanking her deliverer for what he had done.

Of course, gentle reader, you will sympathize with the fortunate Harry, in his happy adventure, and imagine the joy of his heart far better than I can depict it. But a few moments were lost in thanks, and with all the warmth of Indian hospitality, she insisted upon his accompanying her to Big Thunder's wigwam, where he would receive his reward for her deliverance. With a beating heart he stepped into the canoe, and they floated quietly on, till within a short distance of her home.

Be it remembered, kind reader, that years of peace and tranquility had passed away, and the tribes once at war with the whites, were now in daily communication, and the White Fawn had consequently learned to speak her native language almost as well as the whites who inhabited the frontiers. When they arrived at the wigwam, the fortunate Harry was overwhelmed with presents and thanks, from the old chief, with whom he had to sit and smoke the pipe of peace, as the greatest compliment he could pay him. Every moment that he spent with the White Fawn rendered her dearer to him, as he now met her daily and almost hourly, it was not long ere both were securely caught in Cupid's net.

A few days after his adventure, his friend, Charley told him that it was his intention to join a party of hunters, and leave him to dream alone in his romance. He therefore bade him try and bring matters to a close during the summer, and be ready to return with his bride on his return.

Not far from the Indian territory, and only separated from it by the Missouri, was the little village in which Harry took up his summer residence, dearer far to him than the most fashionable retreat he had ever visited, and every day found him by the side of the White Fawn, who, now that she had found a companion suited to her taste and feelings, had almost entirely forgotten the young War Eagle.

CHAPTER XI.

As we have pursued the existence of the White Fawn until she has attained the years of maturity, and we find her in the entrancing bliss of loving and being loved, let us leave her a while and follow the path of the unfortunate Werner and his friend Joe Hardy, whom we last saw *en route* for Santa Fe.

Many years have elapsed, and we again discover them, still pursuing their unwearied course, with but one aim in view, and that revenge! Having traveled through New Mexico, and from thence to the far off South, and strode in the ancient halls of the Montezumas, and witnessed the wonders and relics of Mexico, they are now wending their way back, and we see them taking up their abode in a little village among the mountains, where a few American traders are almost constantly found.

"Here, Joe," said Werner, "let us stop for a while, at least. I feel as though my wanderings for the future were limited, and a secret feeling of quietude has taken possession of me. I cannot tell why, but I feel like some important event was about to occur to me. What, I cannot imagine. I can but hope for the best, for it has been many a long and dreary year since I felt as calm and resigned as since our arrival here."

"Well, my friend," said Joe, "you know every place is alike to me, and we might as well sojourn here as anywhere; but I expect you are gittin' sorter religious, and these convent walls and churches are inspirin' you."

"No! I fear not; however, I feel like taking a solitary ramble, and while you are engaged in taking care of our mules, and getting us permanent lodgings, I will stroll alone in solitary communings, for I can only think of the past. My heart is not with me, now, and I fain would be alone."

"Very well, but return by sunset, or I shall feel uneasy."

They parted, and Werner, with a heart too full for communication even with his friend, wandered forth, absorbed in his own meditations, which were somewhat subdued by the calmness and beauty of the declining day. Involuntarily, he walked to the outskirts of the town, and found himself under the walls of an old convent. Not far from him stood the little chapel, whose loud toned organ first aroused him from his reverie. The devotees had assembled there to perform their evening service, and the vesper hymns of praise were already ascending.—The spot was wild and romantic, and he was filled with awe to hear the worship of God ascending from such a wilderness. He was standing, gazing in wonder and admiration at the scene around him, when, in a sweet and melodious voice, the following song to the Virgin, in pure English, struck his ear:

Hark! the vesper bell is pealing!
How sweet its music to my ear;
Through woods and meadows softly stealing,
To bid each pilgrim bow in prayer;
Ave Marie! list, oh! listen,
Holy Mother, hear, I crave,
And while thy tears of pity glisten,
Thy erring children save, oh! save.

Now, while we bow the bended knee,
We ask thy aid, oh! Holy One;
And waft our sighs and tears to thee
To bear them upward to thy Son:
Then, Holy Mother, list, oh! listen;
Be thou our guide, o'er life's rough wave,
And while thy tears of pity glisten,
Thy erring children save, oh! save.

Oh! Holy Mother, list, I pray thee;
One boon there is I wish to crave;
My loved and lost, oh! whither stray they?
Their wandering footsteps guide and save.
Thou wast a mother, Holy One;
A mother's love didst fill thy breast;
Then, when our hapless journey's run,
Unite us in a home of rest.

Now, the twilight o'er us closes,
Sweet evening bells have ceased to chime;
The pilgrim's prayers, like perfumed roses,
Are offered, now, before the shrine:
Then Holy Mother, list, I crave;
Be thou our guardian and our friend,
And guide us safe o'er death's cold wave,
To where all earthly sorrows end.

Long before the song had closed, poor Werner was almost breathless with wonder and delight; for he felt assured that he could not be mistaken in the loved tones of his own wife, whose voice he recognized in the sweet and plaintve notes to which he had listened.

"Oh! my God! can it be that I am once more to meet the idol of my heart?"

In a moment more and he was with her. But, alas! how changed were each, for nearly fifteen years had they wandered "many a weary way," and now, by the interposition of a kind providence, they were again united, almost miraculously. Joy, surprise and gratitude were too much for the happy Emma, and she swooned into the arms of her husband. He carried her to the convent gate, and, after a proper explanation he was admitted with his precious burthen, and received the congratulations of the kind sisterhood, who had so long and so earnestly sympathized with their unhappy charge. She was soon restored to consciousness, to find herself with her long lost husband, and while neither could scarce realize the happy event, they listened, in breathless wonder, to the story of each other's wanderings. When Werner learned the misery and wretchedness which his poor wife had endured, he almost sunk beneath it, and the idea that his own child was still a captive, and adopted among those horrid creatures, whom, with him it had become second nature to abhor, made him almost frantic.

"How," said he, "can I hasten to where she is? By what means rescue her and bring her once more to your arms, my beloved Emma?"

"Time and patience, my dear husband, can alone accomplish it, and that kind providence, which has so long protected us, will direct our course. Then, let us not despair now, while we have so much for which to rejoice."

When Werner became sufficiently composed, he concluded to leave his wife for a little while, and go in search of his friend Joe, to whom he was all eagerness to impart his happiness. He found him in comfortable lodgings, awaiting his return with impatient anxiety, and when he heard his joyful tidings, his outburst and surprise almost equaled his own; so true and devoted was he to his friend.

"You are a noble hearted fellow, Joe. I have long felt the sweet influence of your sympathy, and tested the purity of your professions, and now, this wild outburst of sympathetic feeling endears you to my heart, ten-fold. We can never part. My friend and brother you are, and shall be to the last, and my sweet wife will hail you as such, with all the gratitude of her devoted heart."

They immediately began to form plans of travel, and Emma, refreshed and invigorated by her long rest of peace and quietude with the good sisters, and now buoyant with love and happiness, was ready to pursue the journey, looking upon it as a pleasant tour, after the rough journeys through which she had toiled and lived. With ample means to procure all the comforts which such a trip would afford, they were soon ready, and after appropriating a handsome sum [a portion of the immense fortune which they had acquired while sojourning in Mexico, that land of gold,] to the establishment that had saved his wife, with the request to continue to aid the needy and suffering that might fall in their way, they bade farewell to their kind friends.

We will now leave them on their journey homeward, and while they are hastening on in pursuit of their child, let us enter again the vale of love in which we left our little heroine.

(*Conclusion next week.*)

MONT BLANC.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

(*Concluded.*)

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these, rolled about in the mouth, without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked with Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fullness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After a while the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing: we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily that it was quite diverting: and a rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drunk was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest de Saussere had done everything that was wanted by the world of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent with "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we have beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier world in their wildest features; we have gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one-half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which, even now, is shared by a comparative handful of travellers: and we had succeeded!

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half-an-hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit: but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and with the exception of the Mur de la Cote, (which required the same caution as in coming up,) the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zigzags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right around, and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scuffled down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once; but before I had gone a dozen yards I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux;* and, after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow beginning to thaw in the sun, we went up to our knees at every step. We were now not together—little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down, according to his fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and, although I had not had any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-by to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough: every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at ever step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm.—They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a snake of the head was always the signal for a *detour*. One or two of the tracks by which we marched up yesterday had disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and on the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not wide, across the road, but of unknown depth, transversely, and saved him, but the shock pulled me off my feet. Had he fallen, I must have follow[illegible] since we were tied together—and [illegible] of France would have been dragged after m[illegible]ier-king, more startled by this little accident [illegible]stria, his other occurrence during the journe[illegible] decorate [illegible]

At length, after much [illegible] building[illegible] came to the *moraine* of the glacier, [illegible] not sorry to find myself standing upon [illegible] lofty rock of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the Pierre al'Echelle, where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased; but I ordered Jean Carrier to go ahead, and tell his pretty sweetheart at the Pavilion des Pelerins that we should make all the party drink her health there—a promise I had given a day or two previously—and he started off like a chamois. Jean Tairraz was sent forward to bespeak some milk for us at the Chalet de la Para, and then we took our time; and, once more upon solid trustworthy ground, began the last descent. Some mules were waiting at the Chalet, but the road was so exceedingly steep and tortuous that I preferred my own legs; and by five o'clock we had come down the pine wood, and found ourselves at the little cabin, with Julie, all brightness and blushes, busying about to receive us.

Several ladies and gentlemen had come thus far to meet us; and, what with the friends and families of the guides, we now formed a very large party indeed. It was here humbly suggested that we should mount our mules, to render our entry into Chamouni as imposing as possible; so after the men had drunk with their friends and with one another, and indeed with everybody, we formed into our order of march across the fields between the two villages. First went the two Tairraz, Balmat and Carrier, with their ice-axes, as the chiefs of the party, and specially attached to us; then we came on our mules; after us walked the body of the guides, with such of their families as had come to meet them and little boys and girls so proud to carry their batons and appear to belong to the procession; and; finally, the porters and volunteers with the knapsacks brought up the rear. And so we went merrily through the fields that border the Arve, in the bright afternoon sunlight, receiving little boquets from the girls on the way, and meeting fresh visitors from Chamouni every minute.

We had heard the guns firing from Chamouni ever since we left the Pelerins; but as we entered the village we were greeted with a tremendous round of Alpine artillery from the roof of the new Hotel Royal, and the garden and court-yard of the Hotel de Londres. The whole population was in the streets and on the bridge; the ladies at the hotels waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering; and a harpist and a violin player now joined the cortege. When we got into the court of our hotel, M. Edouard Tairraz had dressed a little table with some beautiful boquets and wax candles, until it looked uncommonly like an altar, but for the half dozen of champagne that formed a part of its ornaments; and here we were invited to drink with him, and he gazed at, and have our hands shaken by everybody. One or two enthusiastic tourists expected me there and then to tell them all about it; but the crowd was now so great, and the guns so noisy, and the heat and dust so oppressive, coupled with the state of excitement in which we all were, that I was not sorry to get away and hide in a comfortable warm bath, which our worthy host had prepared already.—This, with an entire change of clothes, and a quiet comfortable dinner, put me all right again; and at night, when I was standing in the balcony of my chamber window, looking at the twinkling pine illuminations on the bridge, and watching the last glow of sunset once more disappear from the summit of the grand old mountain king, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a wonderful dream.

I did not sleep very well when I went to bed, I was tumbling down precipices all night long, and so feverish that I drank off the entire contents of a large water jug before morning. My face, in addition, gave me some pain where the sun had caught it, otherwise I was perfectly well—sufficiently so, indeed, to get up tolerably early the next day, and accompany a friend on foot to Montanvert. In the evening we gave the guides a supper in the hotel garden. I had the honor of presiding; and what with toasts and speeches, and songs, excellent fare and a warm-hearted company, the moon was once more on the summit of Mont Blanc before we parted.—I know it will be some time before the remembrance of that happy evening passes away from those, between whom and ourselves such an honest friendship had grown up as only fellow-laboring in difficulty and danger can establish.

ALBERT SMITH.

We cut the following important news from the Telegraph column of the Louisville Journal of the 15th:

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

NEW YORK, March 12, M.

The steamer Asia arrived from Liverpool with dates of the 28th ult.

FRANCE.—It is stated that despatches have been transmitted from Emperor Nicholas, to the President, intimating that the cabinet of St. Petersburgh would not admit of the transformation of the Presidency into an Empire. Since its receipt the French and Austrian Governments are less friendly, inasmuch as Nicholas declared if Austria moves one step to assist France in disturbing the treaty of Vienna, he will march an army to aid Prussia against France and Austria, and the rest of Europe.

The feeling in Paris is that peace will be maintained.

Some opposition candidates declared that if they were elected they would refuse to take the oath prescribed by the constitution.

Since the receipt of Emperor Nicholas' note to Austria, Napoleon has directed the minister at Austria to protest against the re-augmentation of duties against the French Government.

It is understood that a second note has been sent from France to Switzerland, repeating the demand made in the first, and asserting the right of the French Government to indicate the refugees for expulsion.

THE RULE AND THE REASON.—Horne Tooke, when at Eton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered "I don't know."

"That is impossible," said the master: "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate."

Horne, howevever, persisted, and the master flogged. After the punishment, the master quoted the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied:

"I know that very well, but you did not ask for the rule,—you demanded the reason."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried,

"My brother! oh, my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said,

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel!"

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied,

"That he would never offend him by any unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come to his fond embrace."

The sage replied,

"Then waste no time in useless grief, but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will die one day also."

THE RUMORED DIFFICULTIES WITH FRANCE.—The National Intelligencer says:

We have noticed in circulation, in some of our newspapers, rumors of differences between the Government of the United States and that of France, growing out of occurrences in that country, and the manner of recognizing the existing Government there, by that of the United States. Without having given any credence to these rumors, we have thought it worth while to ascertain if there existed any foundation for them, and find that there is none. We are happy to learn that nothing has occurred to disturb the harmony existing between the two countries nor can we conceive that any differences in that respect could well arise. The Government of the United States has, according to its uniform usage in such cases, recognized the existing authorities of France as the National Government of the country. International duty and respect alike demanded this, and this Government could do no less.

In this connection we may mention that we have lately read a most able speech of Lord Derby, in the British Parliament, on the address to the Queen, and we were struck with the identity of the views and sentiments expressed in that speech, on the subject of non-intervention, with those contained in the despatch from the Department of State of the United States, to Mr. Rives.

THE HONEST BOY.

A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods merchant in —— street. For a time all went well. At length a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited on her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said,

"Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to be informed of his deficiencies.

"Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer.—"Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged, and I lost the bargain.—Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all the fault?" asked his parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world."

NEWS BY THE ARCTIC.

FRANCE.

The policy of Louis Napoleon has suddenly become remarkably peaceful. The correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle has the following in relation to this change:

"The warlike language of the Elyseans has ceased, and the Moniteur announces to the world that Louis Napoleon thinks of nothing but the internal improvement of France, and yearns to promote peace and good will between nations.

This change of language is too remarkable to be without some strong cause. The note of the Moniteur must have been drawn forth by something more substantial than the "newspaper calumnies," which are made the pretext for giving it. I understand that the real reason for the publication of the note in question is the following:

Within the last few days a dispatch has been communicated to the French Government, from the Government of Great Britain, to the effect that in the event of a single French soldier entering the Belgian territory, the city of Antwerp, with its citadel, and the forts on the Scheldt, would at once be occupied by an English army of 10,000 men. It has been at the same time announced that this English occupation would be accomplished with the express sanction and concurrence of all the Great Powers of Europe, including Russia. It appears that the Russian Government, in giving its consent to this important measure, made it a special condition that King Leopold should at once dismiss all the polish officers in his service—a condition which was at once complied with.

BELGIUM.—More intimate relations are expected between Belgium and Russia. The Emperor Nicholas will, it is said, send a minister plenipotentiary to Brussels, and consent to a treaty of commerce with Belgium. The dismissal of the Polish officers is a preliminary of these arrangements. The King of the Belgians has bestowed a diplomatic mission on the Prince de Ligne, to proceed to the courts of Berlin and Vienna, in order to negotiate the support of those powers against all aggression on the part of France.

A London letter of 24th of February, goes further than the above, [but is perhaps too fast,] and says:

Belgium is making vast military preparations and it is reported that a convention has been concluded between Belgium and Russia, whereby the latter engages to furnish 100,000 men for the defence of the Belgian territory, in case it should be invaded, or seriously menaced by France. Prussia also promises assistance to a similar extent, and Holland has agreed to furnish a contingent of, 30,000 men. Hopes are entertained that England, as one of the European Powers guaranteeing the independence of Belgium, will co-operate with a fleet in the Scheldt and a garrison for the citadel of Antwerp. The Belgian army numbers 90,000 men of whom 70,000 would take the field, and the remainder would occupy the fortresses. The whole combined force would amount to 300,000 armed men, which would be quite sufficient to repel the threatened invasion by France.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Chronicle goes still further, and states that a dispatch has been sent to the French Government by Great Britain, to the effect that in the event of a single French soldier entering the Belgian territory, the city of Antwerp, with its citadel, and the forts on the Scheldt, would at once be occupied by an army.

SAN JUAN—MORE TROUBLES.—The New York Times is informed by a correspondent at San Juan that the American residents at that place held a meeting on the 24th ult., and resolved not to pay the taxes imposed upon them by the British Consul, as the agent for the Mosquito King. They then waited upon the commander of the United States sloop-of-war, lying in the harbor, and asked protection in the event of force being used to secure the payment.—Receiving a satisfactory reply, they informed [illegible] Majesty's consul of their determination [illegible] resist future collection of the tribute. In reply, [illegible] threatened compulsory measures, and left [illegible] for Bluefields, the residence of [illegible] at once Majesty. There is a secret organization of Mosquito Americans existing at San Juan, termed "Gallinippers," who are [illegible] and to exert a considerable influence there.—Mob. Jour.

☞ The article which went the round of the public Journals of the country, in reference to the [illegible] Utah Territory [illegible] of [illegible] having declared themselves independent [illegible] was untrue.