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BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure ye pledge with truth—
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For, if we give not heart to heart,
As well as hand to hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of the shining stuff—
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live with yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs, as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

From the Drawing-Room Companion.

The Yankee Schoolmaster.

A SKETCH—BY THE OLD 'UN.

WHEN Elnathan Sawkins—who was as "lean and hungry" as Cassius himself—obtained the District School, in the little Dutch village of New Esopus, on Long Island, and found that he was to board, for the first quarter, with old Hermanus Degroot, the richest farmer in the village, he considered himself, as well he might, the most lucky of itinerate pedagogues; for, accustomed to the lenten fare of a sterile New England farm, he found himself at once in the focus of an unbounded agricultural plenty and social hospitality.—Katrina Degroot, the daughter of his host, was also as buxom and blooming a representative of Dutch beauty as ever greeted the eye of an amatuer. But her heart was either not inflamable or its fire had already been monopolized, for she made no reply to the expressive glances aimed at her by the gooseberry eyes of her Yankee admirer. So, after a fruitless expenditure of this sort of ammunition, the schoolmaster was fain to content hims lf with the grosser delights of buckwheat cakes, pies, puddings, fritters, ham, eggs, shell fish, beef and poultry—luxuries with the weight of which the hospitable table of Degroot daily groaned.

But the more Elnathan devoured, the more he craved—his appetite growing by what it fed upon. Nothing more pleased old Degroot and his wife than to witness his trencher performances, though it must be confes-ed that this vonacity sunk him yet lower in the good graces of Katrina, whose culinary labors it increased.

Katrina had a lover—a very good-hearted, handsome jovial young fellow, named Derrick Van Horne, who, unfortunately did not stand very high with the old people, from some unaccountable prejudice, and whose visits had been formerly forbidden. This youth held Yankees in great aversion and dread, and was very angry when he found Elnathan domiciliated in the house, for with the true feeling of a lover, he was not a little susceptible of jealousy.

Matters stood thus, when one Sunday night, after all the family had gone to bed, the schoolmaster, tormented by his never satisfied craving for good things, arose in the dark and descended into the kitchen, for the purpose of ravaging the pies and puddings in the pantry. He had already marched valorously into the heart of a mince, and was meditating an attack on a pumpkin, when he saw the glimmer of a lamp, and perceived through the crevice of the pantry-door, the plump person of Miss Katrina Degroot. The Fraulien set her lamp upon the table, and then dropped her pretty person into an arm-chair.

Here was a predicament for the schoolmaster! He could not make his escape without a virtual declaration of the pilfering, and Katrina was the last person to whom he was desirous of making the humiliating avowal. So he held the door fast on the inside, and waited in agony for the denouncement, whatever it might be.—Presently a whistle, a low, peculiar whistle was heard outside, and Katrina, running to the door, admitted her faithful lover, the above mentioned Derrick Van Horne.

Then followed a long scene very interesting to the lovers, but inexpressibly tedious to the poor schoolmaster, who was pent up in durance vile. At last he heard his name mentioned by Derrick, and caught up by the young lady.

"He!" exclaimed Katrina, in reply, doubtless to some remark af her lover, "I hate him; he's a great slab-sided glutton—always eating and never satisfied, and keeps me slaving at cooking victuals from morning till night. And then my pies and cakes disappear in the most mysterious manner. I wish I could catch him at it! It would n't be good for him, I can tell him!"

"And I wish I could catch him casting sheep's eyes at you, Katrina," said her lover. "I'd double him up and set him on a shelf! I'd spoil his appetite for one while—I would!"

At hearing these words, the soul of the poor Yankee died within him. What would become of him if he fell into the hands of those tigers!

"Murder! thieves!" shouted a shrill, sharp voice, at the head of the stairs—"Get up Mr Degroot! I tell you there's robbers in the house."

"O, dear! there's father coming!" cried Katrina, where shall I hide you! He must n't find you here! Quick! quick! go into the pantry!"

Derrick was no sooner thrust into the pantry than old Degroot made his appearance, enveloped in a very ancient dressing gown, with a night-cap on his head, and a rusty fowling-piece in his hand. He was much relieved at finding only his daughter.

"But what are you doing here?" he asked.

"You know it's washing day, she answered, "and I always get up betimes."

"Betimes! why it can't be more than eleven o'clock. Look at the clock!"

Fortunately the clock had stopped.—"Well, if it's so nigh morning, Katy, I'll stop and have a smoke."

With that he produced a pipe and set himself to smoking, while Katrine bustled about, filling tubs and boilers, and slopping water over the paternal legs, in the hope of making him uncomfortable, and driving him off again to bed.

"Mr. Degroot!" shrieked a shrewish voice from the top of the stairs, 'aint you never coming to bed?"

"It's most morning," answered Degroot, "and here's Katy going about her washing."

"Morning! nonsense!" retorted Mrs Degroot, angrily, "it aint twelve o'clock.—Come to bed, both of you!"

"Thus urged, both the farmer and Katrina were obliged to go up stairs, but the latter left a light, promising to return speedily and liberate he lover.

As soon as the coast was clear, Derrick burst out of the closet, dragging the terrified schoolmaster after him, and exclaiming, "I'll see who you are. The school master! by thunder!" he added, as he recognized his supposed rival.

"I was only arter the pies," faltered the poor pedagogue.

"You was arter Katrina!" roared Derrick. "If you was my size I'd lick you in a twinkling!"

"Murder! murder!" roared the schoolmaster.

"Shut up, you varmint!" exclaimed Derrick. "What you want! There, then, take that!"

And with these words he plunged the Yankee headforemost, into the largest washing-tub and made his escape at the same moment. It was well he did so, for Degroot, his wife, and Katrina, all rushed together into the kitchen to discover the cause of the outcry.

Degroot seized the victim and set him on his feet.

"Take him off of me!" cried the bewildered schoolmaster.

"Take who off of you?" roared the farmer.

"Derrick Van Horne!"

"He's crazy!" said the old woman.

"He's drunk!" whispered Katrina, in her father's ear.

"I jest went into the pantry, to get a leetle piece of that 'ere last pumpkin," said the schoolmaster, "when Derrick fotched me out by the scruff and throwed me into the water."

"You wasn't after the pie," said Degroot, "you was after that long stone bottle, with the little curly ear. You're sizzled, and you'd better go to bed! Shall I help you up stairs?"

"No, sir!" said the schoolmaster, gesticulating so vehemently that he sprinkled all his auditors with soapsuds, "I am abundantly able to take keer of myself. And I give you fair warnin' now—I shall change my boardin' place to-morrow."

"I pity the man that takes you," replied the farmer.

"And I shall forthwith bring an action for slander."

"Go to bed!" chorused his three companions, "and recover damages!"

"Go to bed!"

"And make you sweat for it!"

"Go to bed!"

"But with the morning cool reflection came." He thought it best not to change his boarding-place or to bring his action, and when, a few weeks afterwards, Miss Katrina Degroot became Mrs. Derrick Van Horne, her husband made a confession of his agency in the misadventures of that memorable night, and completely exhonerated the *Yankee Schoolmaster*.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Boonsboro' Odd Fellow states that at a camp-meeting of the United Brethren, held a couple of months ago, in Huntington co; Pa., a young man professing to seek religion, was told he must confess his sins, and after much hesitation stated that he had been concerned in a murder. He said that he and two other individuals (the names of whom he refused to give) were offered the sum of $1500 to murder a drover then on his way home from the east to Cleveland, Ohio; and that the two men did commit the murder, near Chambersburg. He was subsequently arrested, but, from some cause, was discharged by a magistrate.

DIPLOMATIC SALARIES.—It having been proposed, a year or so ago, to raise the salaries to foreign Ministers from the United States, Mr. Webster addressed circulars to various diplomatic representatives abroad, inquiring the cost of living. The replies of the Ministers, recently published, testify that they cannot live upon their salaries—that every article of food and apparel is very dear; indeed, that it is impossible for them to maintain a reciprocal social intercourse with the members of the government to which they are sent.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence thinks $20,000 necessary for the English Legation, and "deems it proper to add that his own expenses have exceeded this sum." Mr. Rives writes from Paris, that the items of house rent, fuel and carriage hire nearly absorb the whole pay of the minister here," —and that $13.700 is the minimum for which a foreign minister can reside in Paris, with a "decent regard for his position."

Mr. Neil Brown living *en garcon* at St. Petersburg, in what he calls a "medium style," has spent $6,000 the first year.—If his family were with him, his salary would not be sufficient, and he thinks that, from a proper regard to the usefulness and dignity of the mission, "the salary should be increased to $12,000 per annum."

Mr. Folsom reports from the Hague a tabular statement of his expenses, item for item, making a total of $12,479 86 per annum. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Folsom, like Mr Lawrence, can afford to exceed his salary, having a private income of $25,000 a year. Mr. Barringer gives a page of reasons why living is so expensive a Madrid, and puts his disbursements, not including personal expenses, at $8.518, after an original outlay of $12.200.

Mr. McCurdy, of Vienna, has lived in a boarding house! but says, nevertheless, "that appearances are even more important for the purposes of insuring respect and influence here, than at London and Paris. Mr. Schwartz, the U. S. consul, estimates the necessary expenses of a charge at Vienna at $6,862. Mr. Barnard, at Berlin, found himself on the 9th December, 1852, $2,500 beyond his salary.

At Stockholm, the same discrepancy exists between the income of our minister and those of other powers. Mr Schroeder has lived up to his income without being able to do all that he could have wished. Social intercourse he thinks is of the highest international importance, indispensable in fact to reach the ear of very high personages. Still he, and he alone, of all the *corps* in Europe or in South America, finds his salary large enough, and "considers the resources provided for the *charge d'affaires* at this place to be sufficient."

Mr. Bayard puts his annual expenses at Brussels down at $9,881, and fortifies his position by a letter from a comfortable bachelor, Max Vandenburg, Esq, who writes that he lives in Antwerp, and spends 30.000 francs a year. Mr. Haddock, at Lisbon, is another charge who lives at a boarding house, where "additional charges are made for extra dinners or enter-entertainments, or wine, if his habits required it." Three gentlemen whom he consulted think that $7,000 would be barely sufficient to cover the necessary cost of a diplomatic position in Lisbon.

Mr. Schenck, at Rio, thinks he may save $2,000 a year, but there is "his little family of children whom he had to leave behind him in the United States, to be supported and educated."

And so on through them all. Every one sings the same song, a song which we have not inappropriately termed the Beggar's Opera. Every one tells the same story—a shabby genteel story it is, too.—They are sent abroad, with rank and title, by a great nation to represent it—they find themselves, officially, in the first society of Europe, with incomes inadequate to the life they think themselves obliged to lead, and every where meet men bearing the same titles as themselves, whose governments, as a general rule, allow them three times as much money as they themselves receive.

STREET POLITENESS.—"Coming down Broadway, last night," says a writer in the *Daily Times*, "wondering what some rowdy would knock us down for—for every man's turn has to come sooner or later, to be maltreated by rowdies and rioters in New York,—before we knew it, we had run into a stout fellow, whose presence obstructed the side-walk, and knocked ourselves as far out of balance as we knocked him. With our blandest smile, we asked his pardon, and hoped we had not hurt him. 'I'll thank you to look where you are going next time, sir,—running into a man in that style,' was his surly reply.—'Pardon us, sir,' we answered, 'for apologizing to a brute. We mistook you for a gentleman. Please keep out of the way next time," and travelled on, thinking all the while what a surly crew managed matters in this world, growing fiercer with every block, and getting quite indignant at last with the cross world in general. Suddenly, darting aside to avoid three young sprigs, who were pursuing their way, arm-in-arm, we came plump against a pleasant looking gentleman, who must have suffered some from the concussion, unless we received the lion's share of it. Again we asked pardon, not caring a straw, however, whether it was granted or not. 'No consequence, sir,—accidents will happen,' said the gentleman with a bow that put us in good humor with him at once, and with all the world beside."

SENATOR BELL ON THE RESULT OF THE CANVASS.

Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, was recently invited to partake of a public dinner at New Orleans, he declined, and in the course of his reply to the invitation, referred to the recent contest as follows:

"The discomfiture of the Whig party in the late election, effected chiefly by the activity of the new, or what is generally denominated the progressive Democracy, was so unexpectedly complete and overwhelming, as to lead some to despond, and to doubt whether the Whigs will ever be able to make head against them. It is true that the present prospects are far otherwise than flattering, either to the Whig party or to the country. Our opponents may already boast large majorities in both Houses of Congress.

The Executive authorities, it is now decreed by the popular vote, shall be placed under the control of the same political creed; but both the Whig party and the country may derive some hope from the fact, that the party soon to be in full possession of power, is composed of many discordant elements, all of which are not equally bad, and whatever fears may be justly entertained that the Executive administration, no longer in the hands of the Whigs will impose no check upon the impetuous career of the new Democracy or upon the introduction of many theories in the practice of the government, supposed to be demanded and sanctioned by the spirit of the age, and necessary to the accomplishment of our destiny, but which I apprehend would prove eminently mischievous, still, as to the administration soon to be in power, and what they may do, it is the duty of every true Whig and every good citizen, not to be in haste to condemn.

The Whigs, now reduced to the subordinate position of mere breakmen upon the whirling train, may combine with the better portion of those in higher command, and by their united skill prevent the cars from running altogether off the track.—Whatever may betide the Whigs in future, I trust they will never wage a factious opposition, or fail to do full justice and yield a cordial support to those measures of the incoming administration which may appear to be dictated by wise and patriotic views. While party divisions must and will ever exist in the country, yet every patriotic citizen, to whatever party he may attach himself, most ardently desires that the only difference between them, shall come to be the difference of honest convictions on public duty and policy—the only strife, which shall most advance the true interests and welfare of the country. Upon the whole, I see no sufficient cause for despondency, either on the part of the Whigs or the country, in the recent popular demonstration in favor of the progressive Democracy."

A RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.—The gigantic project of a railroad across our territory to the Pacific has been introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Gwin. According to this plan, the road is to have at its eastern end, on the Mississippi river, *two* lines, connecting it with the Atlantic through the North and South respectively, and *two* at its Western end, connecting it with the Pacific through Oregon and California. The contractors for its construction receive in payment alternate sections of public lands forty miles wide through the States, and eighty miles wide through the intervening territories. At the end of thirty years it is to be surrendered to the United States. The mail troops, and other transportations of the Government, shall always be free upon it.

In a memoral to Congress on the necessity, importance, and practicability of a Railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, the question of its profit is considered. Fifty thousand persons go annually to California, and it costs each $300 to get there, making a sum of $15,000.000. Supposing that the railroad can carry them for $200, this travel will yield $10,000,000. The road will be 2,000 miles long, and it is estimated will cost $50,000 per mile, or an aggregate of $100,000,000, so that 50.000 passengers would yield an interest of 10 per cent on travel alone. It is further assumed that at least $5,000,000 will annually be derived from freight, and that it will cost, to keep the road in repair, $5,000.000, which would still leave 10 per cent for the Government, or the stockholders or the contractors, whoever should build it. There are many schemes for this enterprise, and many estimates, but they must all be, in a project so vast, and over a country so little known, nothing better to be relied upon than mere guesses.

SLAVE RESCUE.—The Cincinnati Enquirer gives the particulars of an attempt made in that city a few nights since, by a party of Kentuckians to recover some of their runaway negroes, who were about starting on the cars for Cleveland. The Kentuckians were knocked down by a gang of abolitionists and the slaves rescued, and then ran off.

"Madam," said old Roger to his boarding-housekeeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often a legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender." He looked around the board for encouragement, and found it in the fact that all the boarders who ate the beef held their jaws.

FORTUNES MADE BY ADVERTISING.

From a small pamphlet, entitled "The Art of making Money," an extract has been taken, and is going the round of the principal press, pointing out the facility of making immense sums by the simple process of continuous advertising. Doubtless large sums have been, are, and will be made by such a system by certain persons of ability, who no doubt would make their way in the world if called upon to play different parts on the great stage of life; but to suppose that men in general must, as a matter of course, acquire wealth by such means, is as absurd as to imagine that all the penniless and shoeless of London are capable of rising to the dignity and wealth of an alderman or the lord mayor of London simply by reading the "Young Man's Best Companion." Money is not so easily made as the writer of the article referred to would lead people to suppose; if it be so, few need be poor. But to our text: fortunes made by advertising. Undoubtedly the greatest man of the day as an advertiser is Holloway, who expends the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds annually in advertisements alone; his name is not only to be seen in nearly every paper and periodical published in the British Isles, but as if this country was too small for this individual's exploits, he stretches over the whole of India, having agents in all the different parts of the upper, central, and lower provinces of that immense country, publishing his medicaments in the Hindoo, Oordoo, Goorzratee, and other native languages, so that the Indian public can take the Pills and use his Ointment according to general directions, as a Cockney would do within the sound of Bow Bells. We find him again at Hong Kong and Canton, making his medicines known to the Celestials by means of a Chinese translation. We trace him from thence to the Philipine Islands, where he is circulating his preparations in the native languages. At Singapore he has a large depot: his agents there supply all the Islands in the Indian Seas. His advertisements are published in most of the papers at Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, Port Philip, and indeed in almost every town of that vast portion of the British empire. Returning homewards, we find his Pills and Ointment selling at Valparaiso, Lima, Callao, and other ports in the Pacific. Doubling the Horn, we track him in the Atlantic—Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, and Pernambuco: he is advertising in those parts in Spanish and Portugese. In all the British West India Islands, as also in the Upper and Lower Canadas, and the neighbouring provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, his medicines are as familiarly known, and sold by every druggist, as they are at home In the Mediterranean we find them selling at Malta, Corfu, Athens, and Alexandria, besides at Tunis and other portions of the Barbary States. Any one taking the trouble to look at the 'Journal' and 'Courier' of Constantinople, may find in these, as well as other papers, that Holloway's medicines are regularly advertised and selling throughout the Turkish empire; and even in Russia, where an almost insurmountable barrier exists, the laws there prohibiting the entrée of patent medicines, Holloway's ingenuity has been at work, and obviates this difficulty by forwarding supplies to his Agent at Odessa, a port situated on the Black Sea, where they filter themselves surreptitiously by various channels, into the very heart of the empire. Africa has not been forgotten by this indefatigable man, who has an agent on the River Gambia, also at Sierra Leone, the plague spot of the world, the inhabitants readily avail themselves of the Ointment and Pills; thus we can show our readers that Holloway has made the complete circuit of the globe, commencing with India, and ending, as we do, with the Cape of Good Hope, where his medicines are published in the Dutch and English languages: and while speaking of Dutch we have heard that he has made large shipments to Holland, and is about advertising in every paper or periodical published in that kingdom: we might add that he has also started his medicine in some parts of France; in some portions of Germany; as also in some of the Italian states. We have been at some little trouble to collect all these facts, because we fear that the article before alluded to, "the Art of making Money," is calculated to lead people to spend their means in the hope (as the author states) of making a hundred thousand pounds in six years for their pains, by holding up as an easy example to follow such a man as Holloway, who is really a Napoleon in his way. Many may have the means, but have they the knowledge, ability, energy, judgment, and prudence necessary? Failing in any one of these requisites, a total loss is certain. Holloway is a man calculated to undertake any enterprise requiring immense energies of body and mind. He has made a large fortune by his labours; and is, we should suppose, every day greatly increasing his health. Of course it is not to our interest to deter the public from advertising; but, as guardians of their interest, we think it our incumbent duty to place a lighthouse upon what we consider a dangerous shoal, which may perhaps sooner or later prevent shipwreck and ruin to the sanguine and inexperienced about to navigate in such waters.

The Editor of the "Edinburg Review," in a number published about three years ago, stated, that he considered he was making a desirable bequest to posterity, by handing down to them the amount of talent and ability required by the present class of large advertisers. At that period Holloway's mode of advertising was most prominently set forth: and if these remarks, conjointly with his, should descend to a generation to come, it will be known to what extent the subject of this article was able to carry out his views, together with the consequent expenditure in making known the merits of his preparations to nearly the whole world.—*Pictorial Times*, a London Weekly Paper.

FILLIBUSTERING.—We are glad to see such senators as Mr. Mason, General Cass, and others, rebuking the lawless spirit which prevails, in reference to the island of Cuba. There was great reason to fear that fillibustering expeditions would be fitted ont against that island, as an association for the purpose was said to have been formed. The Crescent City affair also led to the apprehension that some difficulty might arise between the government of Spain and that of the United States; but by the firm and temperate policy of the President, all disputes on that score have been amicably settled; and there is no longer cause to fear that the peace of the two countries will be disturbed. The only apprehensions, of late, has been, that private individuals would undertake the conquest of Cuba—but the rebuke which has been administered in the Senate, to those who would be most likely to engage in the enterprise, will have the effect, it is hoped, of suppressing all such efforts.

Honorable ground has been taken by Senators Mason, Cass, &c., in relation to Cuba. They are not for forcibly wresting the island from Spain, and are content that it shall remain under its present jurisdiction. But if, at any time, Spain should feel inclined to dispose of the island, they think that sound policy would dictate the purchase of it at a fair equivalent—and, at all events, that this country should not permit the island to pass into the hands of any other power. This is the true ground to take; for, if Cuba were transferred to any of the maritime nations of Europe, it would lay our commerce open to the severest injury. We could not stand idly by and witness such a transfer. Self-preservation would require that we should resist it; but we ought to be content so long as Spain may think proper to hold it in possession. Nor should we fail to condemn all efforts which may be made to disturb her in her rights. It is not our mission to propagate free principles at the point of the bayonet, or interfere in disputes between subjects and their sovereigns: We have enough to occupy our attention in preserving our own institutions, and guarding our own liberties—and should leave other "peoples" to shape their own course as they may please.—*Balt. Clipper.*

LUNCH ROOM IN THE CAPITOL.

The best lunch to be had in the "city of magnificent distances," is in the lunch room at the Capitol. The readers of the universal *Cotton Plant* must not be surprised to hear that, within the walls of the Capitol of this great republic, is just as snug and cozy a restorant as is to be found anywhere in the world. Here chubby-looking pigs, that seem to have been caught (as the artists have it) and cooked in the agonies of death; turkeys and chickens kicking up their legs; ducks with folded wings; beef beautifully roasted; ham "in champagne;" suspicious looking bottles; long-necked do., silver-capped do.; black do.; blue do; green do.; short do.; square do., and stout do.; with eggs, and butter, and coffee; and sugar, etc., etc, are congregated to satisfy "the assembled wisdom that all's right in the country." (The roast pig, which looks as though it had died of apoplexy, shows that.)

It is a marvellous sight to see General Cass and General Rusk talking over the "Texas boundary," with their mouths full of bread and butter, to see Soule and Sumner *vis-a-vis* over the agonizing turkey; to deliberate upon the sublimity of Seward, preferring his fingers to a fork as he munches away at the "drumstick" of a chicken, (of which he is fond.) I say it is a marvellous sight.

Just fancy Old Jacinto and Borland, after a tilt in the Senate, to a breathless audience:

Houston.—"Borland, I rather got you on the con-sti-tut-ion-al"—(his voice lost in a huge mouthful of roast beef and dry crackers.)

Borland.—"I don't know, exactly—(piece of pickle)—I think the Constitution is clear on the point. (Piece of ham.)—There may be some slight modification—(brandy and water)—due the question in all its expansions—(unbuttons the lower button of his waistcoat—but I'm of opinion, General—(another piece of ham)—that you are wrong—(finishes his bandy and water.)

Just behind these, Hale is making Hunter laugh his eyes out, while in a corner you will see a couple of Cabinet men (*the "undertakers" of the Administration*) with the "Speaker" mingling the probability of a war with England with a "toddy" that would even tempt Sam Houston.

The room is always open, but conducted with great propriety. There are many other "nice little things about the Capitol. —*Cotton Plant.*

The N. Y. Directory, for this year, contains more than 4,000 names which begin with 'Mc' or 'Mac,' whereas, of names beginning with 'O,' there are only about 550.

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