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Pratt street, Baltimore.
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general assortment of goods in
will sell on liberal terms.

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Tobacco, of various brands, in
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ERAL AGENT,
o all kinds of business entrust-
re, such as
T AND STATE CLAIMS,
aryland or Washington.
ND NAVY CLAIMS,
ed to with dispatch.
Property sold on Commission,
nd Rents promptly collected.
Country will please address me
COND ST., BALTIMORE.

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Feathers, Eggs, Soap, Lard,
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THE EASTON JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MARYLAND.
ARTHUR BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing; if not so paid, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $1.50.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 3. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865. NO. 17

Terms of Advertising.

TERMS—One square—6 lines—one insertion $1. and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued until ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted for 50 cents.

Merchants and others advertising by the year will be charged extra for advertisements out of their regular line of business.

Poetry.

THE FORSAKEN.

It has been said—for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er ever bier:—
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'll watch my life's departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
In "weeds of wo"
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep;
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose—
My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon—
Oh! I would ask of Memory
No other boon.

But ah! a lonelier fate is mine—
A deeper wo;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go—
Draw round me my cold robes of white,
In a dark spot,
To sleep through Death's long dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, 1825.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

"But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—Oh, my leddy, then it is 'na what we hae dune for ourselfs, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly.

Heart of Midlothian.

The assertion that a tale is founded on fact, is a pious fraud of story tellers, too stale to impose on any but the very young, or very credulous.—We hope therefore, not to be suspected of resorting to an expedient that would expose our poverty without relieving it, when we declare that the leading incidents of the following tale are true—that they form, in that district of the country where some of the circumstances transpired, a favourite and well authenticated tradition—and that our hero boasts with well earned and self-complacency, that there is no name better known than his from 'Cape May to the head of Elk.'—That name, however honorable as it is, must be suppressed, and we here beg the possessor's pardon for compelling him, for the first time in his life, to figure under false colors.

In the year 1768, an American vessel lying in the Thames and bound to Oxford, a small seaport on the Eastern shore of Maryland, was hailed by a boat containing a youth, who, on presenting himself to the captain, stated that he had a fancy for a sailor's life, and offered his services for two years, on the simple condition of kind treatment. The captain, though himself a coarse illiterate man' perceived in the air and language of the lad indications of good breeding, and deeming him some disobedient child, or possibly a runaway apprentice, declined receiving him. But William Herion, as he called himself, was so earnest in his solicitations, and engaging in his manners, and the captain, withal, in pressing need of a cabin-boy, that he waived his scruples, quieted his conscience with the old opiate that it was best not to be more nice than wise, and without inquiring too curiously into the boy's right of self-disposal, drew up some indentures, by which he entitled himself to two years' service.

The boy was observed for the first day to wear a troubled countenance. His eye glanced around with incessant restlessness, as if in eager search of some unexpected object. While the ship glided down the Thames, he gazed on the shore as if he looked for some signal on which his life depended, and when she passed Gravesend, the last point of embarcation, he wept convulsively. The captain believed him to be disturbed with remorse of conscience; the sailors, that these heart-breakings were lingerings for his native land, and all hinted their rude consolations. Soothed by their friendly efforts, or by his own reflections, or perhaps following the current of youth that naturally flows to happiness, William soon became tranquil; and even gay. He kept, as the sailors said, on the fair weather side of the captain, a testy, self-willed old man, who loved but three things in the world—his song, his glass, and his own way.

All that has been fabled of the power of music over stones and brutes, was surpassed by the effect of the lad's melting voice on the icy heart of the captain, whom forty years of absolute power had rendered as despotic as a Turkish Pacha.—When their old commander blew the stiffest gale, as the sailors were wont to term his blustering passions, Will could, they said, sing him into a calm. Will of course became a doting piece to the whole ship's company. They said he was a trim built lad, too neat and delicate a piece of workmanship for the stormy sea. They laughed at his slender fingers, fitter to manage threads than ropes, passed many jokes upon his soft blue eyes and fair round cheeks, and in their rough language expressed Sir Toby's prayer, that "Jupiter in his next commodity of hair, would send the boy a beard." In the main Will bore their jokes without flinching, and returned them with even measure, but sometimes when they verged to rudeness, his rising blush or a tear stealing from his downcast eye, expressed an instinctive and unsullied modesty, whose appeal touched the best feelings of these coarse men.

The ship made a prosperous voyage; and in due time arrived off the American coast. It is a common custom with sailors to greet the first sight of land with a sacrifice to Bacchus. The natural and legalized revel was extravagant on this, as it usually is on similar occasions. The captain with his wonted good humor, dealt out the liquor most liberally to the crew, and bade William sing them his best songs. Will obeyed, and song after song, and glass after glass carried them, as they said, far above high water mark. Their language and manners became intolerable to William, and he endeavored to steal away with the intention of hiding himself in the cabin, till the revel was over. One of the sailors suspecting his design, caught him rudely and swore he would detain him in his arms. William struggled, freed himself, and darted down the companion way, the men following and shouting.

The captain stood at the entrance of the cabin door. William sunk down at his feet terrified and exhausted, screaming "protect me—oh! for the love of heaven, protect me!"

The captain demanded the occasion of the uproar, and ordered the men to stand back. They however, stimulated to reckless courage, and in sight of land, and independence, no longer feared his authority, and they swore that they would not be baulked of their frolic. Poor Will, already feeling their hands upon him, clung in terror to the captain, and one fear overcoming another, confessed that his masculine dress was a disguise, and wringing his hands with shame and anguish, supplicated protection as a helpless girl.

The sailors, touched with remorse and pity, retreated; but the brutal captain spurned the trembling supplicant with his foot, swearing a round oath that it was the first time he had been imposed on, and it should be the last. Unfortunately the old man, priding himself on his sagacity, was as confident of his own infalibility as the most devoted Catholic is of the Pope's. This was his last voyage, and after playing Sir Oracle for forty years—to have been palpably deceived—incontrovertibly out-witted by a girl of fifteen, was a mortification that his vanity could not brook. He swore he would have his revenge, and most strictly did he perform his vow. He possessed a plantation in the vicinity of Oxford; thither he conveyed the unhappy girl, and degraded her to the rank of a common servant among the negro slaves in his kitchen.

The captain's wrath was magnified, by the stranger's persisting in refusing to disclose the motive of her deception, to reveal her family, or even her name. Her new acquaintance were at a loss what to call her, till the captain's daughter who had been on a visit to Philadelphia, and seen the Winter's Tale performed there, bestowed on her the pretty appellative of Hermione's lost child, Perdita.

The captain, a common case, was the severest sufferer by his passions. His wife complained that his "venture," as she provokingly styled poor Perdita, was a useless burden on her household—a "fine lady born and bred, like feathers, and flowers, and French goods, pretty to look at, but fit for no use in the world." The captain's daughters, partly instigated by passion, and partly by the striking contrast between the delicate graces of the stranger and their own buxom beauty, incessantly teased their father to send her back to her own country; and neighbors and acquintances were forever letting fall some observation on the beauty of the girl, or some allusion to her story, that was as a spark of fire to the captain's gunpowder temper.

Weeks and months rolled heavily on without a dawn of hope to poor Perdita. She was too young and inexperienced herself to contrive any mode of relief, and no one was likely to undertake voluntarily the difficult enterprise of rescuing her from her thraldom. Her condition was thus forlorn, when her story came to the ears of Frank Stuart, a gallant young sailor on board the Hazard then lying in the stream off Oxford, and on the eve of sailing for Cowes in the isle of Wright. Frank stood deservedly high in the confidence of his commander, and on Sunday, the day preceding that intended for the departure of the ship, he obtained leave to go on shore. His youthful imagination was excited by the story of the oppressed stranger, and he strolled along the beach in the direction of her master's plantation, in the hope of gratifying his curiosity by a glimpse of her. As he approached the house he perceived that the front blinds were closed, and inferring thence that the family were absent, he ventured within the bounds of the plantation, and saw at no great distance from him a young female sitting on a bench beneath a tree. She leaned her head against its trunk, with an air of dejectedness and abstraction, that encouraged the young man to hope he had already attained his object. As he approached nearer, the girl started from her musings and would have retreated to the house, but suddenly inspired by her beauty and youth, with a resolution to devote himself to her service, he besought her to stop for one instant to listen to him. She turned and gazed at him as if she would have perused his heart. Frankness and truth were written on his face by the finger of heaven. She could not fear any impertinence from him, and rather assured by his respectful manner, when he added, "I have something particular to say to you—but we must luff and be far away, for we must not be heard by them—and he pointed to the house—she smiled and followed him to a more secluded part of the grounds. As soon as he was sure of being beyond observation, "Do you wish," he asked with professional directness, "to return to old England?"

She could not speak, but she clasped her hands, and the tears gushed like an opened fountain from her eyes—"you need not say any more, you need not say any more," he exclaimed for he felt every tear to be a word spoken to his heart—"If you will trust me," he continued, "I swear, and so God help me as I speak the truth, I will treat you as if you were my sister. Our ship sails tomorrow morning at daylight, make a tight bundle of your rigging, and meet me at twelve o'clock to-night at the gate of the plantation. Will you trust me?"

"Heaven has sent you to me," replied the poor girl, her face brightening with hope, "and I will not fear to trust you."

They then separated—Perdita to make a few preparations, and Frank to contrive the means of executing his romantic enterprise.

Precisely at the appointed hour the parties met at the place of rendezvous. Perdita was better furnished for her voyage than could have been anticipated, from the durance she had suffered.—A short notice and a scant wardrobe, were never known to oppose an obstacle to a heroine's compassing sea and land, but as we have dispensed with the facilities of fiction, we are bound to account for Perdita's being in possession of the necessaries of life, and it is due to the captain's daughter to state that her feminine sympathy had moved her from time to time to grant generous supplies to Perdita, which our heroine did not fail to acknowledge on going away, by a letter enclosing a valuable ring.

A few whispered sentences of caution, assurance and gratitude were reciprocated by Frank and Perdita, as they bent their hasty steps to the landing place where he had left his boat; and when he had handed her into it, and pushed from the shore on to his own element, he felt the value of the trust which this beautiful young creature had reposed in him. Never in the days of knightly deeds was there a sentiment of pure chivalry than that which inspired the determined resolution and romantic devotion of the young sailor. He was scarcely twenty, the age of fearless project and self-confidence. How soon is the one checked by disappointments—the other humbled by experience of the infirmity of human virtue!

Stuart had not confided his designs to any of his shipmates. He was therefore obliged warily to approach the ship, and to get on board with the least possible noise. He had just time to secrete Perdita amidst bales of tobacco, in the darkest place in the hold of the vessel, when a call "all hands on deck," summoned him to duty.—He was foremost at his post, and all was stir and bustle to get the vessel under way. The sails were hoisted—the anchor weighed, and all in readiness, when a signal was heard from the shore, and presently a boat filled with men was seen approaching. The men proved to be Perdita's master, a sheriff, and his attendants. They produced a warrant empowering them to search the vessel. The old captain affirmed that the girl had been seen on the preceding day, talking with a young spark, who was known to have come on shore from the Hazard. In his fury he foamed at the mouth, swore he would have the runaway dead or alive, and that her aider and abetor should be given over to coadign punishment. The master of the Hazard, declared, that if any of his men were found guilty, he would resign them to the dealings of land law, and to prove that if there were a plot, he was quite innocent, he not only freely abandoned his vessel to the search, but himself was most diligent in the inquest. The men were called up, confronted and examined; no one appeared more cool and unconcerned than Frank Stuart, and every inquiry, after ransacktng as they believed, every possible place of concealment, the pursuers were compelled to withdraw, baffled and disappointed.

The vessel proceeded on her voyage. Frank requested the Captain's permission to swing a hammock alongside his berth, on the pretence that the birth was rendered damp and unwholesome by a leak in the deck above it. This reasonable petition was of course granted, and when night had closed her watchful eyes, and dropped her friendly veil, so essential to the clandestine enterprise of the ingenious, Frank rescued Perdita from a position, in which she had suffered not only the inconveniences, but the terrors of an African slave: and wrapping her in his own dreadnought, and drawing his watchcap over her bright luxuriant hair, he conducted her past the open door of the captain's state room, and past his sleeping companions, to his own berth; then whispering to her that she was as safe as a ship in a harbor, he gave her some bread and a glass of wine, for which he had bartered his allowance of spirits, and laid himself down in his own hammock to the companionship of such thoughts as are ministering angels about.

The following day a storm arose—a storm still remembered as the most terrible and disastrous that ever occured in Chesapeake Bay. There were several passengers of consequence on board the Hazard, among other two deacons who were also going to the mother country to receive [illegible] since taken all rights into our own hands, dared not exercise the rights God has given us, without the assent of the Lords Bishops. Night came on, the storm increased, and then, when the ship was in extremity, when death howled in every blast, when 'the timid shricked and the brave stood still'—then was the unwearied activity, the exhaustless invention, and unconquerable resolution of Frank Stuart, the last human support and help of the unhappy crew. The master of the Hazard was advanced in life, and unnerved by the usual feebleness and timidity of age. He had but just enough presence of mind left to estimate the masterly conduct of young Stuart, and he abandoned the command of the vessel to him, and retired to what is too often only a last resource—to prayers with the churchmen.

Once or twice Stuart disappeared from the deck, ran to whisper a word of encouragement to his trembling charge, and then returned with renewed vigor to his duty. Owing, under Providence, to his exertions, the Hazard rode out a storm which filled the seaman's annals with many a tale of terror. Gratitude is too apt to rest in second causes, in the visible means of deliverance, and perhaps an undue portion was now felt towards the inteprid youth. The passengers lavished their favors on him—they supplied his meals with the most delicate wines and fruits, and the choicest viands from their own stores; he, with the superstition characteristic of his profession, firmly believed that heaven had sent the storm to unlock their hearts to him, and thus afford him the means of furnishing Perdita with dainties that suited her delicate appetite, so that she fared, as he afterwards boasted, like the daughter of a king in her father's palace.

Stuart was kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the mate of the vessel. He knew that this fellow, one of those imbecils that bent like a reed before a strong blast, and had been hostile to him ever since the storm, when the accidental superiority of his station and had been compelled to bow to Frank's superior genius. He was aware that the mate had, by malicious insinuations, estranged the captain from him, and he was but too certain that he should have nothing to hope, if his secret were discovered by this base man. Perhaps this apprehension gave him an air of unwonted constraint in the presence of his enemy; certainly it is, the mate's eye often rested on him with an impression of eager watchfulness and suspicion, and Stuart, perceiving it, would contract his brow and compress his lips, in a way that betrayed how hard he strove with his rising passion. The difficulty of concealment was daily increasing, as one after another of his messmates, either from some inevitable accident, or from a communication becoming necessary on his part, obtained possession of his secret. But his ascendancy over them was complete, and by threats of persuasions, he induced them all to promise inviolable secrecy. There is an authority in a determined spirit, to which men naturally do homage. It is heaven's own charter of a power to which none can refuse submission.

Frank never permitted his comrades to approach Perdita, or to speak a word to her; but in the depths of the night, when the mate's and the old captain's senses were locked in sleep, he would bring her forth to breathe the fresh air. Seated on the gunwale, she would bestow on him the only reward in her gift—the treasures of her sweet voice, and Frank said the winds sat still in sails to listen. There were times when not a human sound was heard in the ship, when these too beings borne gently on by the tides in mid ocean, felt as if they were alone in the universe.

It was at such times that Frank felt an irrepressible curiosity to know something more of the mysterious history of Perdita whose destiny heaven, he believed had committed to his honor and once he ventured to introduce the topic nearest his heart, by saying, "you bade me call you Perdita, but I do not like the name; it puts me too much in mind of redomontade novels, that turn the girls heads and set them a sailing, as it were, without chart or compass in quest of unknown worlds"—He hesitated, it was evident he had betaken himself to a figure, to avoid an explicit declaration of his wishes—after a moments pause he added—"it suits me best to be plain spoken—it is not the name that I object to so much, but, hang it—I think you know Frank Stuart now well enough to trust him with your real name."

The unhappy girl cast down her eyes, and said "that Perdita suited her better than any other name."

"Then will you not trust me?"

'Say not so, my noble, generous friend, she exclaimed—'trust you!—have I not trusted you! you know that I would trust you with anything that was my own—but my name—my father's name, I have forfeted by my folly."

'Oh no—that you shall not say—a brave ship is not run down with a light breeze, and a single folly of a young girl cannot sink a good name—a folly!" he continued thus indirectly pushing his enquires; 'if it is a folly, it's a common one; there's manny a stouter heart than your's that's tried to face a gale of love, and been obliged to bear about and scud before the wind."

"Who told you?—how did you discover?' demanded Perdita in a hurried, alarmed manner.—

Frank's generous temper disdained to surprise the unwary girl into confidence, and he immediately surrendered the advantage he had gained. 'Nobody has told me,' he said—'I have discovered nothing—I only guessed, as the yankees say—now wipe away your tears—the sea wants no more salt water, and believe me Frank Stuart has not such a woman's spirit in him that he cannot rest content without knowing a secret.'

In spite of Frank's manly resolution, he did afterwards repeatedly intimate the longings of his curiosity, but they were always met with such unaffected distress on the part of Perdita, that he said he had not the heart to press them.

As the termination of the voyage approached, Stuart became more intently anxious lest his secret should be discovered. The mildest consequence would be that he should forfeit his wages—that he cared not for. Like Goldsmith's poor soldier, he could lie on a bare board, and thank God he was so well off. "While he had youth and health," he said, "and there was a ship afloat on the wide sea, he was provided for." But his companions who had been true to him might forfeit their pay; for, by their fidelity to him, they had in some measure become his accessories.—But he found consolution even under his apprehension; "the honest lads," he said, "would soon make a full purse empty, but the memory of a good action was a treasure gold could not buy—a treasure that would stick by them forever—a treasure for the port of heaven." There was, however, one apprehended evil, for which his philosophy offered no antidote.

He was sure the captain would deem it his duty or make it his will, (even Frank's slight knowledge of human nature told him that will and duty were too often convertible terms,) to return the fugitive to her soi-distant master in Maryland. Nothing could exceed the vigilence with which he watched every movement and turn that threatened detection, or the ingenuity with which he evaded every circumstance that tended to it—but alas! the race is not always to the swift—the battle to the strong.

One night when it was blowing a gale, a particular rope was wanted, which the mate remembered to have stowed away in the steerage.—Frank eagerly offered to search for it, but the mate was certain that no one but himself could find it, and, taking a lantern, he went in quest of it. Frank followed him with fear and trembling. He has since been in many a sea-fight, but he declares he never felt so much like a coward as at that moment. The mates irritable humor had been somewhat stirred by Frank persisting in his offer to go for the rope, and when he turned and saw him at his heels, he asked him angrily, "what he was dogging him for?" "The ship rolls so heavily," replied Frank in a subdued tone, "that I thought you might want me to hold the lantern for you." Frank's unwonted meekness quite conciliated the mate, and though he rejoined, "I think I have been used to the rolling of a ship a little longer than you, young man," he spoke good naturedly, and Frank ventured to proceed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Illustrative of the War.

The New Orleans Crescent gives an incident illustrating a feature of Southern society since the war. A relic of the past is seen in a man, bearing upon his face and body the impress of many years. This man walks the streets daily, bearing the marks of misfortune, amid the friends he had known in better years, but with an appearance so changed, one can hardly recognize in him the Mercutio of the Crescent City, the gay, witty and elegant gentleman, who was at one time the very leader of fashion. Seedy habliments, a bent body and wrinkled face, have nearly obliterated all in him that was familiar in the past. Inheriting a great fortune, he increased it largely by marriage and from his profession at the bar had an income of forty or fifty thousand a year, and received a single fee of $60,000 upon a claim on real estate in the lower part of the city. This wealth he scattered with princely generosity and royal profusion. He was a Lucullius at home, and his hospitalities aspired to all the magnificence of the ancient Roman nobleman. In 1837 he gave a single soiree that cost $25,000, and which exceeded in splendid anything ever before known here. The very floors over which the dancers moved were covered with scenic paintings, the work of the most accomplished artist then in New Orleans; and in the saloon where gaming tables were arranged stood two baskets—one filled with bank notes and the other with gold, for the use of those guests who were unfortunate with the fickle goddess. The dispencer of this gorgeous hospitality is now dependent upon his relatives. He takes his losses with Christian resignation, and does not fly from the world or rail against it, like Timon at Athens, but moves through the world with a pleasant and urbane manner, as if he had still the princely fortune at command. Such cases as this are common since the war, and in "Relic of the past." The Crescent writer has been happy in bringing out one of the best features of the Southern people. It is not a rare sight here to see a threadbare man passing by his own fine house in possession of the military casting one sad glance toward it, and then moving on as cheerful and resigned as if he had just come from the familiar doors. In every Southern city can be seen the same noble men, ruined by the war, yet content in the thought that the sacrifice was made for conscience's sake.

A drunken man tried the other day to get a policeman to arrest his own shadaw, on the complaint that the ill-looking fellow kept following him everywhere he went.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin.

[From The Richmond Times.]

One of the most remarkable men that figured in the Confederate Government was undoubtedly J. P. Benjamin. As Secretary of State, Secretary of War and Attorney General he appeared in the late eventful struggle of the Southern States.—His versatile genius, if it did not render him competent to fill every and any position that occasion might require, esayed the experiment, and with his usual boldness and energy he would plunge at once in *medias res*. A Federal Senator for many years in the United States Congress, he was the swift-footed, terrible Archiles of the Democratic party brought out in the great Senatorial contest to mercilessly slaughter any over daring, presumptuous enemy, or to chase the opposing hosts back to the barricaded ground of fortified silence. It was he whom the Southern leaders upon Douglas—unwillingly, it is said—and it was his great master effort upon Douglas's "Squatter Sovereignty doctrine that politically killed that gifted and hitherto popular leader of the Democracy. His speech was a master-piece of reason and fact—it was unanswerable. In the Supreme Court his forensic eloquence enchained bench, bar and spectators alike. Not since the days of Hamilton and Pinckney had the Court witnessed such a lawyer. It seemed that he knew everything,—and that in every department of science he was equally at home. Those who knew him have told us that he was frequently to be seen writing some great legal argument and talking at the same time to three or four persons on other matters. Yet no mistake would be made in his manuscript, every word would fit in, be beautifully, be appropriate. His ceaseless activity was the standing wonder of those who knew him well. Nothing ever fagged him: nothing upset his equanimity, nor disturbed his imperturability. A great lawyer and an accomplished courtier, he was said to have more influence with the ex-President of the Confederacy than any one else—certainly than any one in the Cabinet. And yet Mr Davis was a man who dreaded being influenced, and had a horror of any one he suspected of approaching him with that intent. But Mr Benjamin knew Mr Davis well, and the latter would listen to nothing against his old friend and confrere in the United States Senate. As to the effect of that influence on the fortunes of the country and the fate of the Confederate States, whether it was for good or for evil, it is not for us to say. It is sufficient to remark that it is a subject upon which a wide difference of opinion exists. "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" Mr. Benjamin is, in all human probability, civilly dead to the country. His eloquence will never again here, we fear, entrance the Senate or the bar, nor rouse the people, and Richmond will not again hear the fascinating colloquial powers of the most charming conversationist we ever met. This giant among men is in exile, and beneath the broad palladium of the British Constitution has returned to the practice of the law. With his eloquence and mastery of his profession, we doubt not but that the ex-Secretary, truly called by Mr. Reverdy Johnson "the first jurist" at the bar of the United States Supreme Court, will soon take rank with the foremost of the great English lawyers, and that the guineas will roll into his pockets as they did, in a past generation, into those of Sir William Follet and Sir James Scarlett.

Canine Sagacity.

A gentleman, one of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer Anglo-Saxon, gives the following narrative of the escape of one of the boats through the pilotage of two Newfoundland dogs: "The last time I saw Captain Burgess (the commander of the Anglo-Saxon,) he was assisting to lower the small boat, in which were embarked twenty-two men, one lady and myself. We left without food, compass or sufficient clothing. We were knocked about in the fog all day, not knowing whither we were drifting. Towards eve, however, we espied a cliff off Belle Isle, when we steered for Cape Race, which we made. Aproaching the shore, we saw a man carrying a gun accompanied by two large Newfoundland dogs.—He evidently saw us, and made a signal for us to approach the shore cautiously. We followed his course for some time, till he was hid from us by a large cliff, which it was impossible he could descend. The two dogs, however, soon appeered, descending this dangerous headland, and upon reaching the water, dashed precipitately into the sea, howling dreadfully. Having swam out close to the boat, they turned close to the shore, keeping a little distance ahead of us, indicating that we were to follow them. Our singular pilots seemed to understand the danger of our position, as we did not deviate from the course they were leading us without a loud howl being uttered by them. At last we arrived in a natural creek, where a safe landing was effected. No other similar creek was to be seen, which caused us to wonder at the sagacity displayed by these dumb animals. No doubt our preservation was in a great measure attributable to these noble dogs.—An alarm having been raised, a rope was let down by a pully, and we were taken up the cliff, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height. We were shortly after enabled to reach the light-house, where every attention was paid us."

Wanted—An Honest, Industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive and moral lesson. "An honest, industrious boy" is always *wanted*. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character. He will be *wanted*. The merchant will want him for a salesman or clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer. He will be *wanted*. Townsmen will want him as a citizen: acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; aye, girls want him as a beau, and finally as a husband. An honest, industrious boy. Just think of it boys: will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that *you* will be *wanted?* You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you *honest?* You may be capable—are you *industrious?* You may be well dressed, and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both "honest and industrious?" You may apply for a good situation—are you sure that your friends, teachers and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? Oh, how would you feel, your character not being thus established; on hearing the words, "can't employ you." Nothing else will make up for a lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious, must work and labor; then will your "calling and election" for a place of profit and trust be made sure.

The Local Editor.

The following is a very respectable epitome of the necessary qualifications to be a successful local editor:

"It is easy enough to be a local editor if you think so; but some special qualifications are necessary to success. For the enlightenment of young men who have an itching that way, we will enumerate some of the indispedsable virtues, without which success is impossible. A good local must combine the loquacity of a magic with the impudence of the d—l. He must know how to time a race horse, gaff a cock, teach a Sunday School, preach a charitable sermon, run a saw-mill, keep a hotel, turn a double somersault, and brew whiskey. He must be up to thing or two in political economy, *au fait* in the matter of cooking beans. On the trail of mysterious items he must be a veritable sleuthhound. His hide must be like that of the rhinosceros. He must be insensible to the cruelest snubs, and manifest no sense of anger when he is kicked down stairs.—He must throw modesty to the dogs, and let his tiger howl. But above all he must be adept at the art of puffing. The nearer he approaches the blacksmith's bellows, the better he will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something funny in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Flounce's millinery establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbose in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk sixteen squares in the broiling sun, to write a six line puff for a labor-saving churn or a patent washing-machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Dogtose Hotel, and write a glowing account of the excellence of the hash and the durability of the beefsteak. If he feels any sense of humiliation in sitting down to a festal gathering, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword to Captain Sankopanzy, or a set of silver service to a horse inspector, he must smother it, and revenge himself on the champagne and cigars. He must effect to believe that he is invited in a purely social way, and not for the sake of having him write a good account of the ceremonies, with three columns of speeches in full, for the next morning's paper. If he flags in his description of Hodge's premium bull, or let's down, in winding up the oil indications of Shovedyke's farm, he must take it kindly for being reproved for his shortcomings. In the matter of show, the local must always be brilliant. He must talk learnedly of panoramas, with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as 'warmth,' 'tone,' 'foreshortening,' 'high lights,' 'foreground,' 'prospective,' &c.; he must be heavy on concerts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squak's execution of difficult-feats in the 'upper register:' he must be ecstatic in praise of double-head calves, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons. All this, and more, it takes to be a local."

THE NEWSPAPET APPRECIARED.

Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now, I [illegible] to accept this. I have not a sixpence in consols, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by that railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly-married couple so beautifully depicted in the "Illustrated," as they drove off in a chaise, and our old gent at the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of correspondents, with their little grievances about their unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the Lithurgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season. As for the advertisements, I regard them as the class and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "Wants" of any country, and I engage to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness and of story are they!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A COUNTRY friend sends the following:

"Nat, a neighbor of ours, is very poor, rather light fingered, and, it is said, not as bright as his parents could wish.

"The other day, while passing a neighbor's, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road, and not knowing what to do with the chicken, to conceal it, at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat, which he again placed upon his head. But the chichen having a longing for liberty, and being also pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat. Nat was presently accosted with—

"What have you got in your hat?"

"Notning but my head," said Nat.

"But I see a chicken's head sticking through the top of it, Nat."

Nat taking off his hat, and looking in feigned astonishment, exclaimed:

"Wal, how d'ye s'pose that critter come in there? I sware! he must have crawled up my trowser's leg!"

BREACH OF PROMISE.—Before a court of common pleas, a case of breach of promise was recently under consideration. The breach between the parties was apparent enough, but as to the promise there existed a slight shade of doubt, until the plaintiff set the matter right as follows:

Question by the defendant's counsel—"Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"

Answer—"Not exactly, but he courted me a good deal, and he telled my sister Jane that he inted to marry in our family."

☞ A Western editor apologizes to his readers after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

☞ "Mr. Brown, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay."

"Very well, you can have it. Is it for your father?"

"No, 'taint. It's for the hoss. Dad don't eat hay."

Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of de poets." A Wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

☞ The population of Massachusetts is 1,267,329, an increase of 366,263 since 1860.

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