THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE
PUBLISHED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) AT
No. 78 Chartres street,
NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1865.

The Press of New Orleans.

Agreement adopted November 16, '65.

The undersigned proprietors of the Press in the city of New Orleans, agree to be governed by the following uniform

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

| Squares: | 1 month. | 2 mon. | 3 mon. | 6 mon. | 12 mon. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| One | $12 | $20 | $25 | $40 | $75 |
| Two | 20 | 30 | 40 | 60 | 125 |
| Three | 28 | 40 | 70 | 110 | 175 |
| Four | 35 | 50 | 87 | 140 | 225 |
| Five | 40 | 60 | 100 | 165 | 275 |
| Six | 45 | 70 | 120 | 200 | 325 |
| Seven | 50 | 80 | 135 | 230 | 375 |
| Eight | 55 | 110 | 150 | 260 | 420 |
| Nine | 70 | 130 | 165 | 290 | 465 |
| Ten | 75 | 140 | 180 | 320 | 500 |
| Eleven | 80 | 150 | 195 | 350 | 540 |
| Twelve | 85 | 160 | 210 | 380 | 580 |
| Thirteen | 90 | 165 | 220 | 410 | 620 |
| Fourteen | 95 | 175 | 230 | 440 | 660 |
| Fifteen | 100 | 185 | 240 | 470 | 700 |
| Forty | 175 | 350 | 450 | 750 | 1200 |

Monthly advertisements, inserted every other day, to be charged two-thirds the above rates.

Second Page Monthly Advertisements each square, $30 per month.

Transient Advertisements having the run of the paper, first insertion, $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

Second Page Transient Advertisements, each insertion $1 50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals to be charged new each insertion.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from above named transient rates, as may be agreed upon; *provided*, that in no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion; except auctioneers, who shall be allowed the same discount on Business Notices as on Advertisements.

All Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.]

O. F. WEISSE & CO., *N. O. Bee.*
A. M. HOLBROOK, *N. O. Picayune.*
J. O. NIXON, *N. O. Crescent.*
WM. H. C. KING & CO., *N. O. Times.*
EDWIN L. JEWELL, *Southern Star.*

☞ In order that the employes of the *Bee* may have the benefit of the holiday to-day, no paper will be issued from this office to-morrow morning.

Advertisements of auction sales that would have appeared on Tuesday, are published in this morning's edition.

☞ Copies of the Bee can always be found at Mr. Auguste Simon's Bookstore, No. 85 Bourbon street, between Union and Perdido.

NATURE'S FURNITURE—Of the mouth, is far more preferable to any that art can supply. Therefore, keep your teeth clean, and in good repair with that toilet gem, Fragrant Sozodont. Brush them daily with this delicious vegetable preparation, and they will not be likely to crumble or decay.

THE "SUMTER"—We acknowledge from this popular and excellent establishment, opposite the Post office, a most acceptable token of Christmas greeting sent by the proprietor, Mr. Geo. Jacobshagen.

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR — Testimonials, published and private, accumulate in relation to the learning, skill and efficiency of Dr. Gardner in the treatment of those delicate and difficult diseases to which the eye and ear are subject. After practicing with distinguished success in various Northern and Western cities, he has established himself for a season in this city, having his office at 176 Camp street near Julia, where he gives consultations in regard to all degrees and kinds of deafness, disorders of the auditory nerves producing noises in the head, and in regard to every species of impaired sight and diseases or injuries of the eye.

SALE REGARDLESS OF COST GIFT DISTRIBUTION—Barnard & Co. continue to sell out, at 143 Chartres street, their assignment of jewelry, plated ware, &c., regardless of cost, each article purchasable at $1, and each accompanied by a gift delivered at the time of purchase. This affords an agreeable and economical method of getting holiday articles for ornaments and presents.

AMUSEMENTS.

There are not wanting seasonable and attractive amusements adapted to all tastes for to-day and to-night.

For ladies, families, and the whole world of young people is offered the Christmas matinée at the Academy, with a remarkably varied and entertaining programme, a most interesting feature of which will be a distribution of presents to the visitors.

The romantic spectacular drama of Naiad Queen is to be repeated at the Varieties in the splendid style of that theatre.

The Italian Opera Troupe, which has won increased praise at every performance, will give this evening, at the Opera House, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

On Wednesday evening, Mlle. Elise, the accomplished Creole pianist, will give her second concert at Odd Fellows Hall.

VARIETIES THEATRE.—The Cricket on the Hearth has chirped, and trilled, and trembled for an hour, and blessed Christmas Holidays. But hardly enough, alas! for those to whom its chirping such a visitor come. All of us love the little Cricket for many things. We all love it for the pleasant memories it calls up. We love it for those days when its shrill, sharp voice first resounded in our ears, and taught us how much love and beauty could be compressed in so tiny a thing. Like *Bob*, too, we love it for its own sake. And for the matter of that, we love it for the sake of John, and Dot Peerybingle, and old Caleb Plummer—in fact for the sake of all those who look upon us seriously though Dickens' tender story. And it is precisely because we all treasure them so much, that we trust that they may smile upon us again, this season, from the hearth of the "Varieties."

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—We have no doubt that our play goers will hail, with delight, the announcement of Manager Eddy as appearing for a few nights only, during the holidays. He will appear in a series of thrilling plays, which have caused the greatest excitement wherever they have been presented.

Mr. Eddy will inaugurate the series with his great drama of the Polish Spy, which will be brought out with elegant scenery and a brilliant caste of characters. The Polish Spy is said to be of the most absorbing interest from its first to its last scene.

"Dot" has been followed by the grand operatic and spectacular drama of the "Naiad Queen." It has been brought out at enormous expense, and will be played to-night, and every other night until further notice. The scenery, mechanical effects, costumes, and appointments are all entirely new. We know no drama that calls for more gorgeous accessories—for a more lavish display of the talent of the different artists, and we do not remember ever to have seen it presented as superbly as at the "Varieties" this season. But this, by the way, is nothing strange with the "Varieties." Its present management has not broken a promise yet.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Manager Bidwell is determined to bring the "Academy" fully up to the requirements of this "hallowed time"—that is clear. He patrons are promised splendid Christmas pantomimes—brilliant Christmas ballets—and piquant Christmas comedies. All of the favorites are in the bills, and will appear in a series of performances suited to the season.

It must not be forgotten that to-day, at noon, there will be a grand festival, as has been the custom at the "Academy" for many years. Santa Claus will not be there precisely, you see. But then, he has left his presents in the hands of Mr Bob Hart, who will distribute them, in his own funny way, to the visitors at the matinee. Let every lady—there will be enough presents for every one. When did you ever know Santa Claus to fail, eh?

At night, there will be a gorgeous and military holiday pantomime, prepared by Mr. A. M Hernandez, called the "The Refugee, or the Deserters Punishment."

DR BOW'S REVIEW, for January, 1866, is well printed, and comprises 113 pages many financial, and industrial subjects. Among the articles is one upon President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, by Hon. W. W. Boyce of South Carolina, and one on paper currency, by Hon. C. Gayarré, of New Orleans.

The article on the national debt argues that the burden is really very light, in comparison with the resources of the restored Union. It holds out a most cheering prospect to Southern industry and production for the future. The rebellion, it says, "has disburdened the South of an incubus. They have at command all that the temperate climate affords, with the semi tropic added. They lack nothing but the population, enterprise, and diversified industry of free institutions, and these are brought to them by the new order of things."

A lady in England recently applied to Court for divorce, because her husband persisted in hanging his dog to bed with him. The Judge ruled that there was no cruelty in such a proceeding, and no divorce was granted. Perhaps, also, the Judge was not sure *which dog* the lady meant, and which made the most disagreeable companion.

BALLS—We acknowledge invitation tickets to a grand fancy dress and masquerade ball at Odd Fellows' Hall on New Year, by Delta Lodge, No. 15, for the benefit of its Widows and Orphans' fund, also the like compliment from the "Deutsche Company" to attend the second annual dress and fancy dress ball of the Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society, at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Tuesday evening.

# THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.

Office, 78 Chartres street. NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1865. Vol. XXVII—New Series, Vol. XVII—Whole—13,654.

## THE PROSPECT AT WASHINGTON.

It has not been often, in late days, that the telegraph has brought us signs of cheer in the direction of Washington. That electric Mercury has seemed as if bound tight and fast in Radical service, and for some time has been anything but a messenger of good tidings or a prophecier of smooth things. But for a few days his messages have been less sinister. The gloom that deepened over the future at the assembling of Congress is somewhat mitigated; the clouds break here and there, and though by no means dispersed, though still heavy and wrathful, there are rifts through which fitter flecks of sunshine and what, let us trust, are the echoes of the "silver lining."

The open issue made in the House by Mr. Raymond with Mr. Stevens is, if we mistake not, full of favorable significance. Mr. Raymond is a shrewd, cautious, vigilant politician; a Republican, but not fanatical; a party leader and manager, but not blindly devoted to the principles of his party, or to the party itself when the popular tide may set against it and his political interests may not accord with devotion to it. No one need be told what Mr Stevens is. He is the personification of the most vindictive and remorseless phase of Radicalism. He is for terrorizing the Southern States, for perpetuating disruption of the Union, for general disfranchisement and confiscation in the South, for the annihilation of every element connected with the rebellion, in order to find a basis of reconstruction in ashes and ruins. Sumner represents the same hideous programme in the Senate.

At the opening of the session, Sumner and Stevens had it then own way in the Republican caucus, and in both Houses. Mr Raymond went with the caucus organization of his party, and his adhesion did not encourage the hope of the anticipated split, that would result in favor of conservatism and the restoration policy of the President. The prospect, indeed, seemed to threaten a complete Radical ascendency in Congress which would paralyze, as respects legislation, at least, the whole influence and power of the Administration.

But it appears that Mr. Raymond had not committed himself irrevocably to the Radical scheme. He was waiting doubtless to apply the effect on the people of the President's message and the Radical initiative in Congress in a word, he was waiting, apparently, to see how the pendulum would jump. And judging by Mr. Raymond in the light of a politician, the cat did not jump in the way marked out by Sumner and Stevens for faithful Republicans, far earlier in that indicated by the President.

Hence the favorable significance which we have attached to the pronounced opposition of Mr. Raymond to the reconstruction, or rather exclusion and disruption plan of Sumner and Stevens. Mr Raymond awakes, apparently, an impending collision between the President and the Radical Republicans in Congress, and he does not expect, we infer, take it, that the latter in the long run will have the better in the conflict. For, though Radical sentiment might even destroy the independence of each other of the two Houses and nerve them practically into one body directed, very much as the French Convention was, by a court of revolutionary committees, still the Executive would remain independent in its own sphere and position, and if he even could not defeat extreme legislation, the President, armed with the pardoning power, and head of the army and navy which he can command at discretion, could prevent the execution of unconstitutional laws as far as they contemplated criminal penalties and violence to States and Individuals. The President is not bound to take the insertion of Congress as to what is constitutional. Having sworn to support the Constitution he must support it as he sincerely understands it, or he will commensurately stake it. Jefferson and Jackson held this view and did not hesitate to act upon it. Thus the President stands in the way of violent and revolutionary legislation. The Revolutionary Committee of the French Convention was not supreme until the king was despoiled and the legislative authority absorbed the executive power.

Besides this, the President has the appointing function, with all the direct power and indirect influence which it gives. He may give the Southern States all the benefits of national recognition except the seats in Congress denied by a Radical majority which may cease perhaps has already ceased, to represent the sentiments of the Northern masses. In fact nearly all these States have been officially recognized by the President in his late communications to their Governors, with the opinion that they are in a condition fitting them for representation in Congress has been laid on a sufficient footing before that body. It can hardly be that they would give sanction and effect to Congressional measures designed to destroy those very States.

It is not Mr Raymond alone, among Republican leaders, who is alarmed at the threatened conflict between Congress and the President and at the consequent split in the Republican party. Mr Greeley has gone to Washington to represent he is certainly in the Radical camp, but in this other instance he has been brilliantly exercised. He usually mouths at bare Democrats, but now strikes against Republican ones. It makes him, in the beginning, the impending struggle leading to a revolutionary crisis, between Congress and the President would not have outdone him.

He thinks more of his party than of peace then, and he says invokes peace to save his party. Mr Raymond wishes also to save his party from dissolution, but is trusting it with the President's policy of peace. Mr Forney, another shrewd leader of the Radical camp, also shows the same desire. Both Sumner, Wilson, Stevens, school of Republicans are not to be reconciled, and a split in the party in its relations to the President's policy would seem inevitable.

## DOUBLE TAXATION.

The tech in Louisiana is the body of the Union, and offers more attractions to Vertes than to any other spot in a recent letter to the New Orleans correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*. This remark was doubtless quite applicable some time back, and may be applicable to some extent now. We had hoped, however, that the time was at hand, when the people of the State were to feel the governing power, National or local, in more beneficent forms than the hard official exactions or dishonest extortions of its agents. Undoubtedly they have felt it of late in some of its milder and kindlier manifestations, and Gov. Wells is entitled to no slight degree of grateful consideration for his share in such manifestations. But it can not be said that he added to his claims in this respect by his veto of the bill suspending the collection of taxes in this State for 1865, 66, and 67.

The evident intention of the bill was to relieve from double taxation those who had paid taxes for the year named to a *de facto* authority to which they were subject—that is, those who were included within the Confederate limits.

Some time before the meeting of the Legislature, we took occasion to refer to the hardship of that class of our people, to show the inequitable nature, and to cite legal authority against the exaction, and to trace in such circumstances. We quoted the most eminent American precedents to the effect that taxation and jurisdiction must go together, and that taxes once collected by a *de facto* government can be not again legally demanded. Taxation is supposed to be the price of protection, in this case, in the absence of territorial possession, there was, and could be, no protection. The opposite theory leads to utter absurdity and impracticability. If double taxation for four years can be exacted, they can be exacted for ten, twenty, any number of years from a people subject to hostile or disputed government. If they, Wells is right, the Federal Government may justly demand from Southern merchants all the customs duties they paid before Federal occupation, and from the Southern people in general the postage they paid in the same period.

A SCOTCH CRITICISM ON ENGLISHMEN.—The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, writes on the 3d Dec:

Public opinion here is divided and exasperated. I met a very sensible Scotchman yesterday, who was furious about the whole affair. "The English," he said, "whenever there is any trouble, lose their heads and become the most bloody of savages. They are worse than any civilized people. It was so in all the massacres of Ireland and Scotland—it was in the Indian mutiny, and it is so in Jamaica. They run into a panic, and they then kill, kill, kill, furious tiger. There comes over them a fury of rage and murder. Innocent and guilty all perish alike. In India they killed hundreds who were as innocent as babies. No doubt they have done the same with the negroes."

SCIENTIFIC MUSIC.—Alas, attended church last Thanksgiving day, where they have a scientific (quartette) singing, and was surprised at the difference between scientific singing and that he had been accustomed to in the backwoods. He brought me a specimen of the style, which he copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, rawr daw ne raw,
Thaw-ne-ne-ne-ne-ne-ne-ne-ne-naw,
Waw-kaw tow thaw-naw yaw kaw
Aw thaw tow-jaw-naw aw.

Which, rendered into English, reads as follows:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
The new the Lord arises;
Welcome to his reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

Alex says that in the country they are green enough to think it necessary for godly singing that the words of a hymn should be sung. How very verdant! *Nashville Union.*

## Fenian Duel at Liverpool.

[Liverpool Correspondent Glasgow paper.]

One evening last week at Irish gentlemen, carrying on business in Liverpool, and well known on the Exchange, on their way home to his residence at Edgehill, had occasion to call at the bar-room of a highly respectable hotel in Dale street, which at the time was considerably crowded by gentlemen in his own position in society—a very respectable one. The gentleman referred to was carrying a double-barrelled fowling-piece, which had been undergoing some repairs. Among those present in the room was a tall, sallow individual, of unmistakable "Yankee" aspect, but of gentleman-like person and attire. On observing the gentleman who carried the fowling-piece, he addressed him and said, "I suppose you are a Fenian? The other replied that he was not, and that so far from being so, he despised both Fenians and Feinnians. "Then you despise me," rejoined the stranger. "I do not know you, sir; if you are a Fenian, or even a Fenian leader, I have no respect for you."

The stranger took a handkerchief from his pocket, applied it to his nose, and threw it in the face of the other, at the same time exclaiming in a strong Yankee twang: "I am a Fenian general; my name is Wm. Brown. My father was one of the Browns of Mayo, in Ireland; I was born in New York, and thus I treat any one who dares to depreciate Fenianism." And my name is John Green; I am an Irishman and a native of Mayo also; and thus I treat any one who will declare himself and act as you do," accompanying the words by a blow which made the general measure his length upon the carpet. This was done amid shouts of apologize from the company, addressed to the discomfited trans Atlantic Fenian, whose ardor appeared to have been cooled by the Hibernian *argumentum ad rem* he had encountered. Cards, however, were exchanged between the contending parties, and, after considerable difficulty a meeting with pistols was arranged between them.

On Thursday, about noon, the two, accompanied by a single gentleman—who, with commendable good nature, had agreed to act as second to both—met in a field to the south of Bedston Side, 19½ to 19¾ for the Mersey. The requisite preliminaries having been adjusted, both parties fired, but, as both retained an upright position, the double second interposed, and, declaring that both had behaved like men of honor, succeeded in preventing further proceedings of a hostile character. The combatants shook hands, partook of a slight draught from a flask which the accommodating friend had with him, and which is supposed to have been furnished with a trivial supply of some commodity familiarly known as "Dutch courage," and having done so, quietly wended their way toward Birkenhead. Before reaching Wood side Ferry, however, the General was observed to turned very pale and faint. Investigation showed that his antagonist's ball had taken effect in his hip, and that the wound bled profusely, his clothes having become quite saturated with blood.

Proper means were adopted for stopping the hemorrhage, and the Yankee took leave of his "friends, requesting that nothing concerning the affair should be communicated to the newspapers until after his departure by the mail steamer on Saturday for New York, which took place. Another version of the affair, but one equally resulted in a murder in Liverpool on Sunday night. A poor fellow named McManus, who had only arrived in port on Sunday morning, was in a public house at night, when he engaged in a controversy on Fenianism with a young man named Patrick Kenna. Words were quarrel and an apparent reconciliation, but McManus suddenly drew his knife and fatally stabbed McMinne. He also wounded a man named O Grady, who interposed.

## Sports—Liverpool Lines.

Many of our importers seem to be unaware of the fact that a regular semi monthly line of steamers is established between Liverpool and New Orleans, and that fine sailing vessels run between these ports than between Liverpool and any other port of the United States, save and except that of New York. It is worth while, too, to be informed that steam freights are as cheap from Liverpool to New Orleans as they are to any other city, New York included, and the numerous delays of transportation charges to the point higher. At New Orleans, than to any other route. St Louis will, of course, be made a port of entry, at a very early day, and on such an event New Orleans becomes the natural point for the reception of foreign merchandise. It will be found much easier, cheaper and far more convenient for Government as well as individuals, to take advantage of the facilities offered by commodious and regular steamships to the Mississippi for the transmission of goods than those afforded by railway cars.

The above is from a recent number of the St Louis *Democrat*, a journal which, however Radical in its political tendencies, is disposed to favor a liberal commercial policy, and manifests a keen appreciation of the importance of close and friendly commercial relations between the West and the South-West, and of steam connection between Europe and the West through the Mississippi, and via New Orleans.

The idea is fixing itself in the Western mind, generally, that St Louis is destined to be the great interior emporium west of the Alleghenies, associated with which idea, and founded on the same facts and reasoning, is another which concedes to New Orleans the destiny of being the great seaboard metropolis for the same expanded and magnificent region. It is not difficult to extend these suggestions into more specific deductions and speculations, in the light of which the future growth and prosperity of New Orleans, it may be in ten years, if no political or warlike convulsions arrest the progress of events, will be seen attaining proportions that may almost claim for it the place of the first commercial city on the continent. Trade with the West and with Europe will not be the only sources of its commerce. In proportion as Mexico may be reclaimed and developed, and as Central and South America may likewise experience industrial and commercial revival and expansion, New Orleans will find new or enlarged domains of trade in those directions.

## Young Girl Market.

The French correspondent of the Saturday *Evening Gazette* (Boston) thus describes it:—

Another object which make us smile is the crowd of applicants to figure in the new fairy spectacle of the Théatre du Châtelet. The manager advertises for three hundred young, well made, and beautiful girls, and every day, on the morning, we may see the group of candidates. They are mostly as old as fifty, (what woman ever knew her age?) there are some ugly as sin, penitentiary punished on them, in, which is anything but ugly, and there are some pretty enough to lead the best understood heart astray. Jaques has not a greater assortment of pensiveness in his shop than the gay bolds of women. The customer of the theatre is the judge.

Among the applicants was a girl, just turned seventeen, but she had not even that enhancement attraction which is but youth's alone, not her figure attempt to make amends for her homely face. She said: "I know I am neither well-made nor beautiful, but I have thought you might have some remote, obscure corner of the stage which beauty would disdain, and where patience and zeal might compensate the absence of more brilliant qualities. The humility of the tone in which she preferred this request, the painful confession, no humiliating to a woman's and the look of poverty she wore, touched the costumer's heart, and he said: "I'll introduce a young man to you, and give you the part, will you accept it?" She replied: "Gladly!" and was at once enrolled on the list from which more than one beauty had been excluded as deficient of charms or graces. Humility is a powerful talisman in humblesse a hands.

## Resurrection.

[From the Philadelphia Age.]

When the enlightened Washington jury acquitted Mary Harris of the murder of the young man who did not marry her, everybody felt that a great injury had been done to American morals, and that society at large had good cause to fear the most unfortunate results from such an extraordinary precedent. The fruit is ripening rapidly, and the rising generation of American young women are giving each to understand that their determination to follow Miss Harris's example, has unsettled men are becoming seriously alarmed. It is known the fashion for young ladies who are engaged to be married to be armed, and, although we have as yet heard of no repetition of the Washington tragedy in our own groves, we live in daily expectation of it.

In the wild times of our new Western country men carried their Allmans tooth-picks in the side of their boots or down the back of their socks, but concealed weapons are now forbidden by law, and the modern young lady flourishes her deadly weapons in the light of the sun. The "Harr pistol," as they are so appropriately called, are worn in the hat, and are of various forms. Swords, tomahawks, bowie-knives, razors and lances glitter eminently along our fashionable promenades, and woe to the faithless swain who failure for a moment in his allegiance. Firearms have not yet been introduced, but we have to be aught that before the winter is over we shall see the "belle" with a stolen pistol in each of her boots, and a bulgine mounted with the same concealed in her muff, ready to use them upon any suitor who may turn out false to her charms.

The progress of feminine fashion is becoming positively alarming. In months of dress everything has gone wild. When the bonnet emerged into the pork-pie, we knew that the end of our male dominion were gone. When the mantilla gave way to the monkey jacket we contented still nearer to our doom. When the skipper grew up to the stature of the Polish boot we knew we had lower within us. When the stalking chief seemed to creep up to a contemporaneous of our side walks, and were jaunty indeed up to the shoulder of the boot top, we knew our days were numbered. And now, as we pass the irresistible damsels, wearing our own Southern hats, boots, and a Bass, and flourish their fateful pistols, we tremble for our lives, and we repeat our prayer, our beloved pantaloons, with the grasp of death.

We know they must go. We know that the time is close at hand when our modern Goliaths will demand our trousers or our lives, and we shall be compelled to go stalking about in the costume of Le Pelon, and we know that our days are numbered. Our days are numbered, our days are numbered, our days are numbered. Already we have been whispered of a Lodge of Pelons, Club, and next summer will probably launch the diplomatic Pelon Club upon the Babylonish, and we will be to cry as the Lone did to his celebrated "Dirge of Mary March! Mary March! then Mate received the unchilled then heat dange!"

We look back, with heaving sighs, to those good old days, when the "mutton chop" ruled the ladies' needs and the twinkling ankle trees the worthy admirers of the fair directions, and we cling to the belated than the better half of creation were more tenacious, more gentle, more, ... We almost feel and more lovable, but we shall love life, and in the spirit of "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" we accept the situation and declare that "Woman! with all my Heart-ation, we love thee still!"

## TO MINE OLD WIFE.

BY THOMAS SOARS.

Time only makes her love more dear,
Her smiles of kindness more sincere,
Her age with finer thoughts me cheer,
Who sorrows by poor heart oppress.
Time falls upon her rosy form,
In blessed but plays another part,
With deeper glow and richer grace
Does new to warm her older heart;
Sweetheart still ever until I die,
Mine old wife, one year younger than I

Time only sweetens to mine one
For constant gleams of from place love.
Her voice still further soft and sane
Of song and wit and jewell'd store.
Time but more sweetly pains her eyes
To others my home with young orbs bright—
Mine loyal one, all earth's foremost prize,
Sear her blue eyes, with sparkling light.
Sweetheart still ever until I die,
Mine old wife, one year younger than I

Time deeper sets her virtues rare,
Like costly gems, when richly wrought,
My home the lid of her care.
Store for old age her constant thought
Time warns me of a last "good-bye,"
On dreams of life few pure and clear.
To cheer "on high" beyond the sky,
I'd love her there as well as here;
Sweetheart still ever beyond the day
Mine old wife, one year younger than I

A "Spectroscope" is now on exhibition in England which produces strange illusions. The novel portion was that called "Proteus," in which a box is wheeled on to the centre of the stage, and some one is locked up in it. When the box is re-opened, after a lapse of a few seconds, some one else is found therein. Although when at first exhibited the box appears to be empty, yet a young woman and a boy are seated therein, and, in proper order, are let out and walk upon the stage

The London *Examiner* thinks that a great change has certainly come over the political habits of Napoleon the Third. Some years back, he evinced great eagerness to meet his brother sovereigns. He brought personal interviews, and went out of his way to find them. He was fond of congresses, conventions, diplomatic meetings, which used to set the world a talking. But he now seems to have become *blasé*. He no longer seems to think that there is anything either to learn or to enjoy in personal converse with his brother sovereigns. He no longer seeks their counsel, or cures for their ills.

## A Tirade from Lamartine.

The inconsistencies and morbid exaggerations of Lamartine seem to grow on him as he advances in years. His recent pamphlet on the Mexican question abounds with rancorous obituary against the Americans, which appear positively puerile by their fantastical exaggerations, especially when contrasted with the equally extravagant praise which he heaped on them about ten years ago, when he undertook to induce them to pay his immense debts by subscribing to one of his literary enterprises. His disappointment in that attempt may go far, perhaps, to explain his bitterness. Here is a characteristic specimen of his appreciation of American character in a literary and other as poets. It is sufficiently exaggerated to amuse those again whom it is aimed:

One can easily understand that this people have yet scarcely any of the conditions of an American literature. The Mexicans before the conquest had a literature and a language of great sonorous, the Peruvians wrote their poems of hymns, to prove in that respect much more advanced. The signature monuments of the Aztecs have left on the walls traces of intelligence and taste very much superior, the fact, in the exclusively utilitarian abilities of the Americans of the North. The inventions of the Americans have left no other monuments than the steamboat, the telegraphic wire, the cotton gin, the rifle, the Colt, the Bowie knife, the Colt, the Bowie knife, the Colt, the Bowie knife