LANSING STATE REPUBLICAN.

BY HOSMER & KERR. | LANSING, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1859. | VOL. 5, NO. 15.—WHOLE NO. 223.

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3d " BENJ. F. H. WITHERELL.
4th " EDWIN LAWRENCE.
5th " BENJAMIN F. GRAVES.
6th " SANFORD M. GREEN.
7th " JOSIAH TURNER.
8th " LOUIS S. LOVELL.
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10th " WILBER F. WOODWORTH.
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1st Dist. BENJ. L. BAXTER, }
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3d " LEVI BISHOP, }
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5th " E. LAKIN BROWN, }
6th " HENRY WHITING, }
7th " LUKE H. PARSONS, }
8th " OLIVER L. SPAULDING, }

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JEREMIAH P. WOODBURY, }
HENRY MONTAGUE, }
LUTHER H. TRASK, }
ZINA PITCHER, } *Trustees Insane Asylum.*
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CALVIN TRACY, Prof. of Mathematics.
T. C. ABBOT, Prof. of English Literature.
CLEVELAND ABBE, Instructor in Civil Engineering.
R. F. JOHNSTONE, General Superintendent of the Farm.

EAGLE HOTEL,
BY J. M. SHEARER,
LANSING, MICHIGAN.
Stages for St. Johns, Jackson, Detroit and Marshall, leave this house daily.

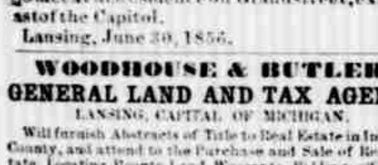
LANSING HOUSE,
Lansing, - - - Michigan.
M. HUDSON, PROPRIETOR.
WM. P. HOUCK, CLERK.
Stages leave this house daily for Jackson, St. Johns, Detroit, and intermediate places.
Lansing, April 1, 1859. 1y

NEW LIVERY STABLE.

M. J. DANIELS,
WOULD INFORM THE CITIZENS OF Lansing, that he has opened a new Livery Stable, with a full stock of fleet, well broke Horses, comfortable Buggies, Double Carriages and Sleighs, and by close attention to business hopes to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Lansing, November 30, 1858.

J. W. & E. LONGYEAR,
LAW AND CHANCERY BUSINESS, Lansing, Mich. J. W. Longyear, Commissioner for the State of New York. Office over Bailey's Banking and Exchange Office. 5y

J. L. LANTERMAN,



Office at his residence on Grand-street, exactly east of the Capitol.
Lansing, June 30, 1856.

WOODHOUSE & BUTLER,
GENERAL LAND AND TAX AGENTS
LANSING, CAPITAL OF MICHIGAN.
Will furnish Abstracts of Title to Real Estate in Ingham County, and attend to the Purchase and Sale of Real Estate, Locating Bounty Land Warrants, Bidding off Land at Tax Sales, Examining Titles, Procuring Releases of Land sold for Taxes, and will take a General Supervision of all Lands entrusted to their charge.
☞Particular attention given to the payment of Taxes and collection of debts.
CHAS. W. BUTLER. WM. WOODHOUSE.

George A. Armstrong, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Lansing, Michigan. Office one door south of the post office.

PEASE & FULLER,
SUCCESSORS TO J. B. KLOSS,
Jobbers of, and Retail Dealers in, all kinds of
PAPER STATIONERY,
Paper Hangings,
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No. 210 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

M. ELDER,
ARCHITECT & DRAUGHTSMAN,
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Will furnish Plans, Specifications and Estimates in the best style of workmanship, and designs for Churches, Court Houses, Hotels, Private Dwellings, &c., and will contract to furnish materials and build anything in the line of Building, or superintend the same on reasonable terms.—Please give me a call.
Lansing, January 1st, 1857. 90

STANTON'S EXCHANGE,
JACKSON, Mich., opposite M. C. R. R. Depot. By STANTON & TIFFANY. General Stage Office at this House.

J. G. & T. J. RAMSDELL, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, Lansing, Michigan. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly attended to. Office over E. P. Boswell's Shoe Store, second door North of the P. O.

THE TEETH.
DR. J. S. WOOD, late of Albany, N. Y., is now ready to attend to any call in his profession. Dr. W. has had an experience of more than twenty five years in Dentistry. Charges moderate—call and see.
N. B.—Village Lots for Sale. Also, 159 acres in parcels to suit purchasers, half mile west of the city. Office and Residence on block fifty-six, corner of Seymour and Saginaw, street. 1y209

BOARDING HOUSE.
MR. JAMES R. CHILDS would respectfully invite all persons wishing Board, by the Day or Week, to give him a call, at the OHIO HOUSE, on Washtenaw Street, opposite the State House Square. Fine Rooms and Good Board can be obtained on reasonable terms.
Lansing, June 13, 1859. 216

From Chambers' Journal.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a hush on the hill;
And bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garner's to fill,
And stern death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster roll sounding—and who shall reply?
For those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not delay,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning,
While the Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The pomps of the peace time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day,
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm wave's retreating—spent, fitful and slow,
With sound like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red glowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they came
In the pride of those numbers they staked the game,
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew,
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and torn,
They stole on our ranks in the midst of the morn,
Like the giant of Gaza their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new day break seemed born,
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye face it once more, O ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye a bed—but a grave!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

Mrs. Jennings: "Who wanted somebody to care for Her."

Theophilus Bullfinch was a bachelor, middle-aged, and sufficiently stout to look respectable. A spare man conveys a feeling of spareness in all things. The eye never rests so contentedly as on a fat, and what is generally termed, a "comfortable lookind" personage. A stout man carries an appearance of wealth in the folds of his coat, and so did Theophils Bullfinch. But alas! although temptation fell not in his way, he fell in the way of Mrs. Jennings.

"Time tells a tale;" and we behold our bachelor located at a watering place no less famous for the civility and unimposing character of its inhabitants than the select nature of its visitors—Margate. This, we are sure, no one will venture to deny who has "seasoned" it for three or four months. The kindly feelings of its inhabitants are perceptible, even in ass-drivers. Where will you find such fatherly boys to their donkeys, such yellow shoes, such society, as at Margate? We are sure our readers will say with us—nowhere.

Theophilus felt this, and ventured a trip and a house; for he bought one, urged thereto by a lady acquaintance, by name Mrs. Palaver; a lady who drove not only her husband, but a pair of ponies, and astonished the eyes both of "quality" and "natives" by the way she did the genteel; that is, as far as he ponies went. For herself, she had a soul above mean approbation. Among the select at the libraries, Mrs. P. was the ruling star, and to judge, not only from the redness of her face, but, as her husband could testify, Mars in petticoats. She shillingloo'd, and one in three'd, even to the hindrance of "the concert" but no one bore interruptions of this nature with so much philosophical sweetness as Old Bones, the proprietor; and as the "one in three's" bore to him a profit of three to one, the dulcet tones of the Signora of the rooms were often eclipsed by Mrs. P.'s *shake*, or "go," as it is called. Our readers may be curious as to the name of the "Signora." It was Mrs. Nobs by day, Signora Nobino at night. And such a voice! The little boys in Hawley Square heard as well as the company inside—in fact, rather better, for they complained of its being a *leetle* too forte.

But although Mrs. Palaver put down shillings, she picked up friends, dear souls of the newest importation, and among the rest Mrs. Jannings. Mrs. Jennings was a widow, "*who wanted somebody to care for her.*" She had a small independence, and, if may venture to judge from subsequent events, a *very* small independence; in fact, it might be doubted if it were an independence at all. She was tall, scraggy, and thin—we use a homely simile—as a pancake; the effect of grief, doubtless. She had lost a husband, she said, who doted on her; and, having lost so great a treasure, can we wonder at her unwearied exertions to obtain a fresh supply of affection? Theophilus was a man of money. Mrs Jennings could not boast of the same golden fruit; and, as she wanted "*somebody to care for her,*" she fixed her eye—a gray one—upon Theophilus Bullfinch.

"They met," not in a "crowd," but at a tea party, at the mutual friend's, Mrs. Palaver, where real eighteen penny cape and diamond-cut sandwiches of the size and thinness of a three-cornered note, indicated the gentility of the lady of the house. Theophilus and the widow were partners—a beginning not to be despised. Mrs. Jennings looked confusion over her hand, and vowed her heart must fall to this king of clubs. Theophilus blushed; she sighed, and, intent upon a *new game*, lost the rubber. Theophilus paid for himself; the widow had a mind above trifles. Theophilus was tempted—what man is not at times?—and paid for Mrs Jennings. The first stone was laid, and the widow saw the the church already built, the door open, and the parson's hand in the same inviting position. The next morning, Mrs. Jennings, the bachelor, and the *mutual friend*, were to perambulate the fields, or rather corn fields, and numerous of the "quality" were drifting along the shaky roads on an equestrian tour; asses were at a premium, and young ladies' legs *going up*. Our party wended their way, and Mrs. J. talked of the days when she and Mr. J. made love in a corn field. If she had only somebody *to care for her*; and Mrs. Jennings squeezed something very like a tear into the corners of her eyes. We know not what effect they might have had on the dear departed; but to our bachelor they appeared the essence of affection—pretty little drops distilled from that great alembic, the heart. Theophilus, we have before hinted, was unused to the sweet witchery of womankind, and, in the simplicity of his soul, thought tears must be a natural production. Let not the wise in the lore of matrimony laugh at his ignorance. Theophilus was a bachelor.

He was touched by this unexampled proof of, to him, affliction; and, drawing himself into closer proximity with Mrs. Jennings than he had before ventured, began:

"My dear madam, don't distress yourself; men are like ears of corn."

"I know it," cried Mrs. Jennings, twisting one round her finger as she spoke.

"Like grass, madam; and Time's scythe mows down husbands and fathers."

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the widow.

"Is there anything I can do to comfort you, ma'am?" asked Theophilus, inquiringly.

Mrs. Jennings looked assent, and kept twisting the ears of corn.

"A good wife, ma'am, is a jewel—the tears are still in your eyes, and will you allow me to make you an offer?"

"An offer?" said Mrs. Jennings; and the tears, spite of herself, shrank back as though ashamed of what they were doing. "An offer?"

"Of my handkerchief," said Theophilus.

A clover field is a dangerous thing to walk in. Philosophers may divine the cause—we only know it is so. Sentiment is not for the highway, love and clover are synonymous. Mrs. Jennings knew this, and trotted the unsuspecting, uninitiated Theophilus into one accordingly.

Poppies, we do not know why, do grow in clover; and Bullfinch—he was fond of botanizing—plucked up one, and, lamenting that violets were out of bloom, gave it to Mrs. Jennings. This was enough and she whispered to the lady who was doing *thirdly*, "He must mean something."

The town residence of Theophilus Bullfinch was in one of the squares in the neighborhood of the Museum. But what is a house, if it wants a woman's smile. So thought Mrs. Jennings, and she let no opportunity pass of "popping in." We are grieved to say the popping was all on her side. She would call as she was passing—the day was so hot—to take a rest; or the day was so cold, and she wanted—the truth must be spoken—a warm. What could Theophilus do? With a grim welcome on his face, and a "d—n the woman" in his heart, he grumbled out, "You'd better take a chair." Mrs. Jennings did, and anything else she could get. But getting was a point not easily arrived at; for, if Mr. Bullfinch loved one thing more than another, it was himself. She would bring him, by way of treat, wrapped in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, five or six nice little ginger cakes, o her own baking, of a size and bearing a strong family likeness to what children call sixes; but finding all her entreaties thrown away, and her ginger cakes likely to be in the same predicament, she would, in the liberality of her soul, take them into the kitchen, by way of present to the housekeeper, who "pshaw'd" as soon as her back was turned, and, enlarging on the merits of her own ginger cakes, gave them to the maid, and she—they went no further; servant maids have good appetites.

What woman could bear these slights of fortune tamely? We can take upon ourselves to say Mrs. Jennings did not; but intent upon the one great object of a woman's life—a husband—she let no opportunity pass of reporting that herself and Theophilus were shortly to be one, fully convinced of the fact, that though marriages may be made in heaven, there is nothing like speculating upon them on earth; and hoping no doubt to discover the true philosopher's stone, that "turneth all to gold." Theophilus was a man of wealth; she left no stone unturned to get him; and to give things an appearance, she sat herself down—we tremble as we write it—in no less a place than his bedroom, determined not to quit it until, as she observed, "there was an understanding between them." Theophilus was horror-stricken, the housekeeper no less so, and the servant maid all flutters and ribbons.

"Oh! oh!" grasped the widow. "You base man; a weak woman as I am."

"Very," grunted Theophilus.

The housekeeper here interfered.—"What's the use of crying about it? Why don't you look after somebody else?"

"Ah!" sobbed the widow; "you don't know what's atwixt us."

"I wish the street door was," thought Bullfinch.

The lady was inexorable. "The poppy," she said, "had done the business." If she had only *some one to care for her*. Her feelings overcome her, and she lay upon the bed in an agony of purely-developed grief—we presume, for the convenience of fainting.

Theophilus was at his wit's end; a something very like a "damme" was at his tongue; but "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," and echoing the words of an Eastern Sultan, that "he who finds himself in a fire ought to be resigned to the divine will; but whoever is out of the fire ought to be careful, and keep himself in his happy state." Thus far he thought with Mahomet; so he put on his hat and sallied forth, leaving Mrs. Jennings in undisputed possession of his bed. Whether this argued a want of tate, or was only a chastening of the spirit, we will not attempt to define; but certain it is, he went out; and the widow finding her efforts ineffectual did the ditto.

Days passed and so did Mrs Jennings the house; the servant maid, with a prudent industry, answering the door in the area. Bullfinch (in a money-getting lane in the city, the curious reader will see the Co. written after it) was a merchant; and as, in the ordinary course of things, it is necessary to emerge into the streets previously to reaching the place "where merchants most do congregate," what was to be done? for never did a cat watch a rat hole more patiently, more hungrily, than the widow the dooway of his house. His modesty was not widow-proof, and the only way to shun her was by a back-door which opened into the mews. Patiently keeping his way through mire and dirty straw, did Theophilus, cursing widows and poppies, wend his way; while she—patience had ceased to be a virtue—vowed vengeance on the streets.

On a wet day, a day of gloom and splash, the streets running rivers, and the skies shedding drops like pebbles, the passengers dripping, drenching, and the new police, all love and oilskin, sheltering themselves under doors and gateways, sat Theophilus Bullfinch, Esquire, in his easy chair, brightening the blaze of a warm fire by a fresh "stir," snugly sipping his wine, and, in the uprising of his heart, wishing confusion to all widows, and devoting a full glass to the particular condemnation of Mrs. Jennings. Every now and then he cast an eye to the patting rain and floating streets, and thanked Heaven, which had sent the fruits of fortune for his plucking, and given him that which make life like a full cup, that he could drink from, not live of. He sat in contemplation sweet.

"Whence comes that knocking?" he might have said, had the servant maid saved him the trouble, by saying a young man wanted to see him.

"Me?" ejaculated Theophilus.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; and after much scrubbing on the door-mat, in a vain endeavor to rub his boots clean, the *young man* was shown up, soaked to the skin, and dripping like a watering pot.

Theophilus opened his eyes; the young man took the same liberty with his mouth, and inquired if his name was Bullfinch. The answer was in the affirmative. A chair was set, the servant left the room, and, looking at the muddy footsteps on the stair carpets, uttered sundry pretty little sayings about "dirty feet," the trouble in the morning, &c., and related her complaints to the goddess of the kitchen.

The young man commenced by saying he had brought a little account.

"And a great deal of wet," gently murmured Theopilus. "A little account?"

"Yes, sir; for board and lodging."

Bullfinch opened his eyes still wider, and echoed, "board and lodging."

"The bill, sir, is four and twenty pounds."

Another echo, and still higher uplifting of the eye-brows. "Where do you come from?"

"Blackheath, sir."

"Blackheath! what, through the rain?" The young man returned a smile, as he replied, 'No, sir; I wish I had."

"Board and lodging? you must have made a mistake."

"Oh, no, sir," said the young man, "here is the bill—'Twenty-four weeks, at a pound a week, as a parlor boarder at Mrs. Twig's establishment for young ladies.'"

Theophilus looked suspiciously at his silver spoons, and eyed the bell rope. But a new light seemed to break in upon him at the mention of the word "establishment," as he replied:

"I am afraid, my good sir, the establishment you come from is in St. George's Fields. I a parlor boarder at a young ladies' school?"

"No, sir; not you."

"Who then?" cried Theophilus.

"Mrs Jennings, sir."

Bullfinch sank back into his easy chair. "Mrs Jennings! Mrs. Devil!" and in the bitterness of his spleen, he deemed her no less a personage. "Mrs. ——" The word, like Macbeth's amen, "stuck in his throat."

There was a pause. At length, plucking his courage by the ears, he continued:

"And do you expect me to pay for this old b——?" We omit the word, no lady admires being likened to a dog.

"If you please, sir, I have put 'paid' to the bill."

"That's lucky, for it's the only way you will ever have the satisfaction of seeing it 'paid.'"

"Four and twenty pounds! not so many farthings!" but the goodness of his disposition got the better of his anger, as he added, "unless to buy her rope."

It is needless to dwell longer on this occurrence, further than by saying, that the young man, finding the bill not in a way of being settled, or Mrs Jennings, either, took his beaver, or—we like to be particular—his four-and-nine-penny, no longer a hat, but a piece of ornamented brown paper, in a fine state of decomposition, and was in the act of leaving the room, when rat-tal-tal! went the door, and another young man was announced, with a bill of acceptance, drawn by Messrs. Lutestring & Co., for silks, flannels, &c., supplied to Mrs Jennings! Monsieur Tonson was nothing to this. Another knock, and a female was ushered up with a yard-long bill for millinery, &c., done for Mrs. Jennings' The storm upon the grand piano was a mere puff to that raised by Bullfinch. He swore, raved, ordered them out of the house, and finally, thrusting his head between his hands, groaned a bitter groan, and, smiting his brow, exclaimed: "Oh! that d—d poppy!"

The following morning, a suspicious looking person, of a pick-pockety exterior, and belonging to a similar industrious calling—he was a lawyer's clerk—knocked at the knocker of Theophilus Bullfinch, and with that gentlemanly ease and accomplished manner so peculiar to young men in the law, handed to the aforesaid personage a letter, prettily worded, and headed, "Jennings vs. Bullfinch." It was notice of action for "breach."

Tremble, oh, ye bachelors! and oh, ye spinsters, smirk! in the hope of one day convincing the world you ought to have been married. Mrs. Jennings was of the same opinion; and in a spirit of justice to her sex, put her case into the hands of Messrs. Twist & Strainer—as respectable a firm as ever undertook a "breach of promise case."

It is needless to say they issued their processes with becoming expedition, and Bullfinch, sorely galled, mastered his antipaty—we cannot but think a very foolish one—and applied to an attorney, in the hope—men catch at straws—that an attorney might be an honest man. Alas! that a person of his years should not have more wisdom. It is, perhaps, necessary to inform the reader that the damages were laid at five thousand pounds.

The day of trial arrived. Theopoilus, with a blushing face and tremulous heart, squeezed himself into a seat beside his attorney, his eyes upon the floor, and his hands feelingly placed in his pockets. He fancied all eyes bent on his, and smarted under them as if they were burning glasses. By degrees his timidity abated, and, at the bustle occasioned by the Judge coming into court, had so far summoned courage as to raise his eyes. They met—"gently beaming"—the eyes of Mrs. Jennings, who was seated in the gallery. He would rather have looked on a wolf's, but a sort of fascination, as birds feel when looking at serpents, kept them fixed—nailed to the eyes of what seemed to him his evil genius; whilst she, with a bland look of injured innocence, jerked a few tears into her eyes, and taking out her pocket-handkerchief—a clean one, for the occasion—wept; that is, she appeared to do so. But a woman's tears, like her ornaments, are not always real.

She looked, and Bullfinch, spell-bound, met her gaze; but, as a friend of ours once said, "he gave her a look."

The proceedings commenced. The learned counsel opened the case by enlarging upon the "enormity of the defendant's crime and the plaintiff's unprotected state;" "a crime," the learned counsel went on to say, "unparallelled in the annals of the law; a crime, my lord and gentlemen, which breaks into the peace of families, and takes from the lovely and the virtuous that jewel no wealth can barter—her reputation, gentlemen, her unspotted, her unblushing reputation. Not that I would be understood to accuse the defendant of seduction. No, gentlemen, the lady whose case I am pleading is too fair a flower to be hurt by his calumniating breath. She is—" here Theophilus uttered a word. We are grieved we cannot repeat it, but the officer of the court bawled "silence" in so loud a tone as completely to drown it. The learned counsel continued:

"Yes, my lord and gentlemen, the defendant—I blush, gentlemen, I blush," and the learned counsel was evidently overcome with the novelty of his situation. "The defendant is a man," he resumed, "past the intoxicating meridian of life, when the feelings of youth flutter like bees sipping flowers of the fairest hue. He has proved himself"—another ejaculation from Theophilus, and again the officer *silenced*—"he has proved himself a monster of the blackest dye, a reptile that ought to be crushed off the face of the earth! Oh! gentlemen, did you but know the lady as I do—have known the sanctity of her private life, and etherial nature of her public one; her loveliness, her virgin excellence, beloved and idolized by her family."

The ladies in the gallery were visibly affected, and looked daggers at the brute of a defendant. The counsel, after a pause, resumed:

"This, gentlemen, is the being for whom I am to plead. Englishmen will, I am sure, never desert the ladies."

The jury-box felt the appeal, and looked proudly dignified; and after dwelling for two hours and three-quarters, on "the villain, who, by his insidious wiles,"—Theophilus looked patiently unconscious of his Don Juan accomplishments—"had wormed himself into the lady's affections, and then basely left her, a daisy on the stalk to pine."

He called upon them as husbands, "think of your wives," continued the counsel; (they evidently did, and looked anything but pleased,) and urging them as fathers and as men to give the plaintiff such damages as the enormity of the crime and the wealth of the defendant warranted, the learned counsel sat down, evidently to the satisfaction of himself and all who heard him.

It is needless to dwell longer upon the interesting trial, as the curiously inclined may read a full account of it in any newspaper of the date, and therein they will see stated in evidence, how the mutual friend bore witness to Mr. Bullfinch picking the poppy, and paying for the widow at cards. Theophilus had often accused himself of the folly, and sundry other et ceteras, "too numerous to mention." The housekeeper, being cross-examined, also bore evidence, though much against her will, to the intimacy of the parties.

The maid—women invariably hold by each other—always considered master '*gaged* to Mrs. Jennings. The jury seemed to think so, too, and roturned a verdict of—Theophilus never recovered the shock—five hundred pounds.

Ye elderly bachelors, and ye bachelors of all degrees, hear this, and pause. There are specks in the sun; can you, in the vanity of your hearts, think woman more immaculate? Alas, the error! Pause, then, and whenever you play at cards with a lady, think of Theophilus Bullfinch, and never pay for your partner; and for the rest of your lives, if you would escape actions for "breach," never pick poppies or walk in clover with widows.

"After all," said Theophilus, as he wrote a check for the amount of damages, and another for the costs, "even this is better than being bothered by Mrs. Jennings, especially as she wanted somebody to care for her."

SETTLEMENT OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY TROUBLES.—It is said that the difficulties between the Imperial Bonapartists and the descendants of Mrs. Patterson, of Baltimore, the former wife of the Duke of Westphalia, are in the way of being composed. The Emperor has offered to make her son Jerome a Duke, and her grand-son Jerome, who graduated at West Point, and is now with the army in Italy, a Count, with suitable pecuniary endowments for the rank, if they will formally renounce all claims to the name of Bonapart. The parties in interest, it is further stated, have the matter under consideratien, and it seems to be the impression of their friends that the proposal will be accepted.

NAPOLEON'S PREDICTION.—Napoleon said on St. Helena—and how strangely has time made good his prediction—"When I am in the grave I shall be for the enslaved peoples the polar star of their rights. My name shall be the war-cry of their efforts, the signet of their hopes. I shall live again in the acts of others."

Theodore Parker on the Italian War.

MONTREUX, Switzerland, June 25, 1859.
To all the Good People of the Twenty-eighth Congregrational Society, in Pic-nic assembled:

Yung Men and Women, and Men and Women no longer young: Far off in body, let me salute you as face to face in spirit; so indeed we are, for I *feel* as near you as if my eye read your welcome and familiar faces, and saw there what you have been doing the last five month. A year ago, when I told you of the great oak tree, near by, about as large as John P. Hale in circumference, who stood up before you as the unit of measure, I had a dim presentment that I should not be with you bodily at your next annual meeting—for I then felt the approach of the evils which have so disturbed me since, and was long in recovering from the night fatigues of that festal day. But I did not then think that when you should again look at Wellington Hill, 400 or 500 feet high, the *Pic du Midi*, 10,000 feet high, sheeted with snow, would seem as near to me. How little do we know what shall happen! That tall mountain—it passes for nothing in this Alpine family of giants—looks in at my window all day, and all night long it glitters white in the surrounding darkness; then blushes rosy red as morning comes up the sky. The snow shifts and varies on its top and sides from day to day; but never wholly disappears, 'tis said. I can throw a walnut from my chamber into the Lake of Geneva, whose blue-green waters are so fair all day. Handsome vineyards are all around me here; yet their crop is not so fair as our own Indian corn—the Pocahontas of the cereal grasses. The chateau Chulsn is within fifteen minutes' walk—built on a rock in the lake a few yards from the shore, where the water is 500 feet deep—*they say*. It is very old; there was a castle there, used as a prison in 830, and the present structure was put in its present shape in 1248.

A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its grey stone church, is perched on the side of the mountain one or two hundred feet above my head. Most picturesque are the pleasant places where the lines of my present lot have fallen to me. So good comes out of evil!

The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, *save more and enjoy more*. The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations. For while in New England, our last cultivation of the soil is not 240 years old, here you count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Cæsar! not to speak of corn and other needful things which human toil wooed out of this sunny land perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and more stoney, too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descents about you. But labor conquers all; the steep mountain sides are notched into terraces, whose sides are protected by the stones which once cumbered the ground; the shores are lined with stone to withstand the plashings of the uneasy lake. The soil is rich by art, and bears enormous crops of costly grapes. I love to see the Indian corn scattered here and there among the vines. Nothing is lost; no foot of soil, no ray of sunshine on a wall, but an apricot, a peach, or a grape is ripening there. Use has not driven Beauty off; men are not content with the sublime of nature, they must have the handsome artifice of flowers. Pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, gillyflowers and the queenly rose bloom in all the little gardens. In the homely windows of a stone cottage in the narrow streets of Montreux, you will find a finer show of cactuses than all tropic Santa Cruz now presents to its proud and lazy inhabitants, equally incapable and regardless of beauty. Here, too, all is peace—it is the incidents of peace I have been speaking of. But only 80 miles off, as the crow flies, are outposts of the Allies; two armies, numbering 300,000 men, are drawing near to kill each other, and before these lines reach you, I suppose they will have reddened the ground with dreadful murder. No doubt the Austrians are the Devil to Italy; their name is Legion, and they have possessed it many a sad year—*i damnati Tedeschi*, as the Italians call them. Now, Napoleon III., the Prince of that class of Devils, the very Beelzebub comes to cast them out. It is good to get rid of the *old German devil* even is a new French one turns him off in this rough fashion; it is of a kind that goes not out, except by fire and sword. I rejoice, therefore in every French victory—it gives Italy some chance for freedom, though I hope little for these effete nations.

You and I may be thankful that our land is not trodden by the hoof of war; not yet I mean, but the days will come when we also must write our great charter of liberty in blood. No man in Europe has so difficult a problem to solve as America; none has so great a contradiction in the national consciousness. The spirit of despotism has a lodgment in the United States of America; 350,000 slaveholders keep 4,000,000 in a degrading bondage which Europe only knows in her ancient story, not from present fact. Besides these are 350,000 Hunkers, entrenched behind the colleges, courts, markets and churches of America, who are armed, in their way, for the defence of this despotism, and are deadly hostile to all the institutions of Democracy.

A great struggle goes on in Europe today, in *all* Europe. The actual war was local, confined to a small part of Italy; it may become general before you read this note, and be spread all over the land—for the *causes of war are everywhere*. It is the great battle of mankind against institutions which once helped, but now hinder the progress of humanity; human nature against the limitations of human history. On the one side are the progressive instincts of the race, demanding development—the enjoyment of their natural rights; on the other are the ecclesiastical and political dynasties which now possess the seats of power and the weapons of authority, and say to mankind, "Thus far, but no farther!" We all know how such quarrels must end. Human instincts are a constant force, continually active, never wearing out, while dynasties perish, and are not renewed.

The Pope with his Christianity will go where the Pontifex went with his Heathenism; and one by one the despotisms of the kings will yield to the constitutional Governments of the people. "Forward! Upward!" is God's word of command. All thrones, all markets, all churches which stand in the way, will be trodden under foot of men! The past life of mankind is a struggle with the elements, and a battle its own rulers; but the handsome vineyards of Switzerland, and the vast cities of Europe, are the results of that struggle; the Constitutional Government of England, Old and New, are the triumphs won in that battle! Alas, the fight must continue for years, perhaps for generations. But peace is sure to come at last. In this great European strife I find no man dares appeal to America for encouragement. Her 4,000,000 slaves, her attempts to revive the African slave-trade, her principles which lay waste the principles of Democracy and Justice, her churches leagued with the stealers of men, are arguments for despotism and against a Republic. No doubt Austria is the hindmost State of Christian Europe, the most medieval and despotic; light enters Russia, and is welcome, while Austria repels the dawn of day. But even this despotism has not a slave while democratic America chains one-seventh of her population, and sets 4,000,000 men for sale! France is the ally of rising Italy; America the helper of Austria, which would hold back the world. Even in your festivities, dear friends, I beg you to remember this, and not be unmindful of what we owe the world. I trust you will enjoy the day before you, and return home the wiser for your delight. I know you will believe me

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

From the St. Joseph (Mo.) West, July 20.

A SLAVE KILLS HIS PURCHASER.

About dusk, evening before last, two young men who work for Thomas Hubbard, residing about four and a half miles from this city, on the Rochester road, were sitting on the fence near the house, when one remarked that he heard a gun go off, and very soon afterwards a pair of horses harnessed to a buggy came walking along slowly, coming west. They started to catch them, and as they neared the buggy, they discovered in the bottom of it what they supposed to be a drunken man, but who, upon closer inspection, proved to be F. M. Wright, in a dying condition. He was not quite dead, though barely gasping, as they took him out of the buggy into the house, where in a few minutes more he breathed his last. Instantly, one of the young men mounted a horse and came to this city for a coroner, who ascertained the cause of the death to be from a pistol ball penetrating the skull about one inch above the ear, and ranging forward. He also ascertained that about a half an hour before, Drs. Knode and Chambers, of St. Joseph, had passed the buggy near Cox's Mill, some three miles further on the road and when they passed it, Mr. Wright and a stout negro man were in it, Wright sitting on the left side with his coat off, the negro on the right side driving. Young Mr. Castle and others saw them about the same time. At the mill, Wright and the negro stopped, and Wright asked the negro if he would have a drink of water. The negro said "no," very insolently, and seemed to be in bad humor.

The trace of blood was discovered for one hundred and sixty yards from the house, and a few yards still further back the sock and boot of one foot were found in the road. In the buggy was a bundle of bed-clothes belonging to the negro. Upon the murdered man's person there were no papers to show from whom the negro was purchased, but it is known here that Mr. Wright had left this city the day before to look at some negroes with a view to buying.

The only paper discovered was a letter from A. Beattie & Co., of this city, addressed to a firm in Gentryville. Mr. Wright was in the habit of carrying his revolver in his coat pocket, and it is presumed that when his coat was off, the negro, while carrying it, stole the weapon from his pocket, and secreted it about his own person in order to perpetrate the fiendish purpose at a more favorable time. Upon the body of the deceased was found the sum of $1,848 06, but no weapons, and no papers except the letter above alluded to. From examination it appears that Mr. W. was afflicted with tetter upon his foot, and a reasonable supposition is that he took his boot and sock off to give it some attention, and while so engaged was shot down by the assassin at his side.

Judge W. M. Carter, of this city, took charge of the money found upon the body, and started yesterday morning for St. Louis after Mr. W.'s family, which consists of a wife and several children. A reward of $500 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and we hope soon to hear of his arrest.

MANUMITTED SLAVES FROM MISSOURI.—A few days since I observed a spectacle not often witnessed in this city. There were assembled on the pavement in the vicinity of the Tehuantepec Shipping Company's office, at the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets, some 18 or 20 male and female colored persons, who arrived here by the steamer on Monday last from the State of Mississippi, where they had been slaves, and were manumitted by the will of their master, who died in December last. Most of them are good looking young men and women, fit for service. Several of them were hired on the spot by ladies, who found the opportunity a good one both to exercise their benevolence and to secure good servants cheap. The remainder of them will look for employment, and find it soon. The master of these slaves was Mr. Norton, of Hinds county, Miss., and the slaves thus manumitted were connected with his household. By directions contained in his will they were sent by the executors to California, their passage paid, and a draft of $1,000 forwarded to be distributed among them on their arrival here. They drew their money a day or two ago.—*San Francisco Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

☞ The New York Tribune was 18 years old on the 18th of May last.