

The Southern Home.

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Little moral tales are not much to the taste of this "reforming" age; but wholesome doses must be administered even though unpalatable, and we present the following from our old friend Mrs. OPIE, apologizing to the "higher civilization" people for introducing so unimportant a subject as *white lies*. They prefer the other color:

The Bank-Note.

"Are you returning immediately to Worcester?" said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit. "I am; can I do any thing for you there?"

"Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Baynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the post-office, as it contains a fifty-pound note."

"Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the post."

"Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust, should put the letter in the box."

"Certainly," replied Captain Freeland. Then, with an air that showed he considered himself as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket-book, and took leave; promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter entrusted to his care; and, having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *sacred duty* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*, which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter into the post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the rencontre with his "brother-officers" banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected with shame and confusion that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him, and vain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognised was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed, "Oh! Capt. Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you put it in the post yesterday?"

"Certainly," replied Freeland; hastily, and in the hurry of the moment, "certainly." How could you, dear madam, doubt my obedience to your commands?"

"Thank you! thank you!" cried she, "how you have relieved my mind!"

He had so; but he had painfully burthened his own. To be sure it was only a white lie—the *LIE OF FEAR*. Still he was not used to utter falsehood; and he felt the *meanness* and degradation of this. He had yet to learn that it was mischievous also; and that none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general post-office, and deposited the letter in safety.

"Now, then," thought he, "I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye."

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them that Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced; and that she feared she had not done her duty by her. "To tell you the truth," Captain Freeland, said she, speaking in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the post."

"It would have been better to have done so, certainly," replied Freeland, deeply blushing.

"Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and as (but owing to no fault of his) he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay their rent by to-morrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter into the post yesterday, they must get the fifty-pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London on a Sunday, you know."

"True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady.

"Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me, when we met, that the letter was not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London; and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time; but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore, I must let things take their chance; and, as I let things seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out."

She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken, to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence of which he had been guilty, could have been

repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, "it was too late!"

But, while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburthened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn; and, though he could not eat with appetite, he *threw down*, rather than drank, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but, in vain. A naturally ingenious and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visitings of conscience, for having committed an unworthy action, and having also been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner; said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson.

"At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault."

But owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses, and finding the ostlers at the inns in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping, not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and her husband's increased illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved, and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had refused to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the mean lodging in which the Bensons had obtained shelter; for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied; but it was some time before he could speak, as he stood by their bed-side—he was choked with painful emotions at first; with pleasing emotions afterwards; for his conscience smote him for the pain which he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasure which he came to bestow.

"I come," said he, at length, (while the sufferers waited in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them), "I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie—"

"Then she has not forgotten me!" screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath.

"No, to be sure not; she could not forget you; she was incapable . . . here his voice wholly failed him.

"Thank heaven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. "I can bear any thing now; for that was the bitterest part of all!"

"My good woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake; pshaw! no, it was owing to my fault, that you did not receive a 50*l.* note by the post yesterday."

"Fifty pounds!" cried the poor man, wringing his hands, "why that would have more than paid all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked, nor I disgraced!"

Freeland now turned away, unable to say a word more; but recovering himself, he again drew near him; and, throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, said, "there! get well! only get well! and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides; the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it—for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced; and he could not help remembering that, however blamable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that *LIE OF FEAR*, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave Somerstown till he had seen these poor people settled in a good lodging. He therefore, hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort.

"My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained, in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty—Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore be easy! and when I go away may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus: "If your interesting proteges have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust that it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently trivial white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficient your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequences of it to innocent individuals, not to mention my own pangs—the pangs of an upbraiding conscience. But forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. However, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amends which her young friend

had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind—as his bounty and that of Lady Leslie had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion; as a lie, when told, however unimportant it may at the time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

Historical.

The Battle of Elkhorn.

HEADQUARTERS, 2ND REGT. 1ST BRIG., MISSOURI VOL., U. S. A., Camp Ben McCulloch, March 21, 1862.

COL. HENRY LITTLE: Sir—I have to report to you the part the Second Regiment took in the late battle of Elkhorn Tavern, in Benton county, Arkansas, on the 7th and 8th inst.

On Monday morning, March 3d, 1862, Col. Rives received orders to draw and have cooked three days rations, to the man; and each soldier to take with him one blanket, and all to be ready to start at 5 o'clock the next morning. Accordingly, the column was put en route at the appointed hour. By 10 A. M., Friday the 7th, we had reached the enemy's lines, a distance of fifty-five miles, where our advance was engaging him. We were ordered to the front, halted, and told to hold ourselves in readiness to act as a reserve.

About 12 M., Col. Rives was ordered to move his regiment forward on the Telegraph road, to support Col. Gates' cavalry regiment, which, at the time, was moving up to occupy the centre of Gen. Price's command. As we gained the top of the hill with our left, we met Col. Gates' command falling back, a portion of them dismounted, and closely pursued by a heavy body of the enemy's infantry. I immediately threw the three left companies of the regiment in line of battle, to the left of the road, and returned the fire of the enemy, which held him in check, until the remainder of the regiment could get into position. Colonel Rives ordered the right of the regiment to hold their fire, until Gates' men, who were falling back to our right, could pass out of range of our small arms. A fire was then opened upon the enemy, all along our line, which soon repulsed him. Capt. Govan, with three pieces of artillery, here came to our support, and was put in position to receive the enemy, who being re-enforced soon rallied for a second charge. He was again repulsed, with considerable loss. You, Colonel, then ordered the regiment to move forward and dislodge the enemy, and take his position; which was done in gallant style. We had only one man killed and a few wounded in these several engagements.

While holding this last position, Col. Gates and Lieut. Col. Chiles brought up one hundred and fifty of their dismounted men, and formed them upon the left of the main road, leading to Fayetteville. The battery came up to our support a second time, and returned the fire of the enemy's battery, which was planted in the road in front of Elkhorn Tavern. After remaining in this position forty or fifty minutes, during which time a sharp cannonading was kept up, the regiment was ordered to advance to the support of Col. Burbridge, who was warmly pressed by the enemy on his left and front. The order was promptly executed. The charge was continued by the Second Regiment with Col. Gates and Little's command, driving the 9th Iowa and 8th Indiana about a mile, and capturing two pieces of artillery, which had played upon us until the gunners were all killed, wounded, or driven from the post.

Meanwhile, Col. Burbridge drove Phelps and Boyd's Regiment of Missouri troops. In this charge our loss was severe, from the well-directed fire of the battery, and a heavy body of infantry supporting it. The infantry of the enemy took positions behind the lot, and yard fences, and behind the houses and out-buildings; and in many instances held them until they were dislodged at the point of the bayonet.—The pursuit was continued until the enemy was driven into the open ground beyond the woods. We were here ordered to fall back and form the regiment to the left of the road, opposite the Tavern, our right resting on the road. Just at this time I discovered a party of the enemy endeavoring to gain our rear, by a flank movement. I immediately threw back Capt. McDowell, Gansse and Kemper's companies and attacked the party. After a spirited engagement of several minutes, we drove them back, capturing fifteen of their number. I then discovered another party of the enemy, still farther to our left and rear, moved back the same companies and captured it, without firing a gun. It proved to be Lieut. Col. Chandler, of the 35th Illinois, with five captains, seven lieutenants and fifty-six privates. I detailed Capt. Kemper, with his company, to take the prisoners to the rear, with their arms and accoutrements, which he did and brought them safely to Van Buren.

By this time, the enemy (having been re-enforced) was preparing to make a charge upon us, when Colonel Rives gave the order to meet the charge by charging him. We met them, and again drove them from the field; held the ground, and bivouacked on it for the night. The men being very much exhausted for the want

of rest and provisions, sank down and slept soundly, on their arms, in line of battle. Pickets were posted out in front of our line, to watch the movements of the enemy. Nothing of moment transpired during the night, except the capturing of a caisson and driver, (which we at first mistook for a piece of artillery), five horses and a sergeant belonging to Gen. Sigel's command.

During the night, Col. Colton, Greene's command, was attached to us, and put in position on our left, and remained with us during the remainder of the engagement.

March 8th.—This morning still found us in line of battle. At the dawn of day, Capt. Wade's light battery of six guns was in position on our right, and Capt. Tull's battery on our left. Col. Burbridge occupied the right of the road, with his left resting upon it, supported on his right by Major Weightman's battalion. Col. Hill, of Arkansas, was ordered up to the left of Col. Greene's command. Thus disposed, we were ready to receive the enemy.

About sunrise, the enemy opened upon us, from one of their batteries on the opposite side of the field. Col. Wade responded; and from that the whole line of artillery, then in position on either side, was brought to bear upon each other. Terrible cannonading ensued for about two hours and a half, when our batteries began to withdraw, one after another, for want of ammunition, until all of them had retired from the field. About the same time, the artillery of the enemy ceased firing, and changed position preparatory to an infantry charge.

The command on the left of the road, held a strong position behind a fence, (during the whole of the cannonading,) which fronted on the open ground, lying between our lines and those of the enemy. Our command being exposed on the left, to a flank movement of the enemy, and not being sufficiently supported, was ordered to fall back within the lines, which we did, and took a position two hundred and fifty yards to the rear, on a line with Col. Burbridge's regiment. We held this position under a most galling discharge of grape and bomb, from several batteries which had been planted on our right, to cover the advance of the enemy. As soon as their infantry line came within easy range, we opened a heavy fire upon them, which, for a time, threw them into considerable confusion. But they were re-enforced by a heavy body of infantry, and concentrated their whole force on the centre of our column, and, after a most unequal and desperate struggle, which lasted thirty or forty minutes, we were ordered to fall back, firing as we retired.

We took a new position about one hundred and fifty yards to the rear, which we held until the forces to our right had time to pass to our rear and take the road leading to Huntsville.

It was during the first engagement with small arms that Col. Rives was mortally wounded and carried from the field.

We were a second time ordered to fall back, firing as we retired. We made another stand over the turn of the hill, and held that position for some time, still holding the enemy in check.

This was the last time they advanced upon us. We moved slowly across the uneven ground, and halted the command about two hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's line of battle, and in plain view of it. I made a short reconnaissance and reported to you the fact, that the position then held by us gave the enemy every advantage in flanking us on the left, and suggested the propriety of moving still further to the rear, in order to secure a stronger position, which you readily agreed to. Whereupon, you ordered the whole line to be faced to the left, and moved us by the left flank. As we moved off, the Federals took off their hats and gave us three cheers, which were returned by our men.

While halted on the last ridge, Col. Burbridge, with a part of his regiment, came across the road and joined us. After leaving the last named position, we were ordered to take the road to Huntsville. Thus closed the ever-memorable battle of Elkhorn. After driving the enemy from his position and holding it for twenty-four hours, we reluctantly retired, leaving the field in his possession.

I have already furnished you with a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 2d Regiment. And I cannot close without making special mention of some of those whose loss we lament. In the death of Col. B. A. Rives, the country has sustained an irreparable loss. He was a man of genius, combining the skill of the soldier with that of the statesman; brave to a fault—in battle he was cool, daring and courageous. Firm in all his decisions, yet kind in all his intercourse with his men. You had but to know to admire and love him.

Lieut. George, of Co. D, and Glascock of Co. F, were killed on the field, while bravely leading their men in a charge on the enemy's lines. They were both pursuing young officers, and had endeavored themselves to their comrades. Also Lt. Burger of Co. A, who fell mortally wounded, Saturday morning, and has since died. These young men had been with the Missouri army from the beginning, and had taken part in all the battles fought by Gen. Price. Sergt. Albert Simpson, of Co. K, fell Saturday morning, by a discharge of grape. He was a young man of the finest promise. We mourn the loss of such men—the country mourns their loss.

Maj. Finley L. Hubbell was ever active and prompt in the discharge of his duties during both days' fighting—ever present where the danger seemed to be the greatest—always present to urge his columns on to victory. He is truly a most gallant soldier.

But it would lengthen this report too

much to attempt to individualize. Suffice it to say, that during both days' engagement, both officers and men under my command behaved themselves in the most gallant manner. After having made forced marches from Boston Mountains, they marched all night Thursday night; had nothing to eat from Thursday evening until Saturday evening, and bore the brunt of the battle during the two days' engagement, without a murmur. Such men deserve the lasting gratitude of the whole country; and they will eventually receive it. I bear the most willing testimony to the good conduct of both officers and men, during the whole action. May they long be spared to enjoy in their peaceful homes the fruit of their labors.

I have the honor to be your ob't serv't. JAMES A. PRITCHARD, Lt. Col., Commanding.

After the reorganization of the "Army of the West," at Corinth, Miss., April, 1862, the number of the 2d Missouri Infantry was changed and became the 3rd, and Lt. Col. Pritchard was unanimously chosen Colonel. He commanded the 3d Missouri Infantry with distinction until October, 1862, when Gen. Van Dorn ordered an attack against Gen. Rosecrans, fortified in Corinth, Miss., where Colonel Pritchard, while gallantly leading the 3d Regiment against the enemy, received a wound, from the effect of which he afterwards died. The 3d Infantry participated in all the infantry engagements in North and Middle Mississippi and was captured when Vicksburg surrendered. After its exchange it formed a part of the army that opposed Sherman until the evacuation of Atlanta, Ga. The 3rd was with General Hood in his Tennessee campaign. After his retreat to Corinth, the 3rd was ordered to Mobile, where it was captured and not exchanged until the close of the war. J. M. A.

RASCALITY OF SENATOR HARLAN.—Sidney Clark, chairman of the House committee on Indian Affairs, called the attention of the Secretary of the Interior, to the fact that Senator Harlan had mutilated and abstracted certain important papers. Secretary Cox replied as follows: DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15. SIR: In accordance with your letter of the 8th inst., I have caused examination to be made, to determine what portion of the papers sent by me to the Senate, in compliance with the resolution of Dec. 13, 1869, calling for papers in relation to the Black Belt lands of the Shawnee Indians, and printed in the Senate executive document No. 40, of the current session. I enclose herewith a copy of the letter to Commissioner Parker, of the 11th inst., from which it appears that the document, in question contains about one-fourth of the papers transmitted by me to the Senate. As it purports to furnish all those papers and not merely a selection from them, and as I am aware of no reason for suppressing any of them, I shall call the attention of the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs to the matter, and shall take pleasure in transmitting to you any explanation which I may receive. Very respectfully your obedient servant, J. Cox, Secretary. Hon. Sidney Clark, Chairman Committee on Indian Affairs, House of Representatives.

Secretary Cox has addressed the Senate Indian Committee on the subject, and the matter is one which will doubtless come before the Senate. The case is pronounced by some of the oldest members as without precedent.—St. Paul's Pioneer.

Mrs. E. Cady Stanton was recently elected to an honorary membership in one of the ladies' literary societies of the college at Monmouth, Illinois. In the *Recolation* she styles it "Our first collegiate honor." She acknowledges the election in the following language: Corresponding Sec. A. B. L. Society: It gives me great satisfaction to learn that I am elected an honorary member of the "Amateur Des Belle Lettres Society" of Monmouth College. I accept the honor with pleasure and with best wishes for the success of a college that freely extends its privileges to the noble daughters of the land. Yours, sincerely, E. CADY STANTON. —St. Paul's Pioneer.

STEALING A STATE.—The *World* calls attention to a recent Act of the bones and banjo Legislature of Florida. It is entitled "An Act to Organize the Aquatic and Tropical Plant Propagating Company," by which, if certain of the carpet-bag gentry infesting Florida will undertake to drain the everglades, they are to receive in fee-simple about one quarter of geographical area of the whole State. The charter gives them the country south of Township 28, which as the reader will perceive from the map, includes about one-half of Mantee county, the whole of Monroe, nearly all of Dade, and all the keys and islands South of Cape Sable. Having stolen about everything else in the State on which they could lay claw, we now find the reconstructed government of Florida actually stealing the State itself, portioning it out, by the two-and-a-half counties at a time, to the thieving crews which environ the Legislature.

The *Boston Post* says: General Butler should be looking after the Massachusetts Ku Klux. Rapes, murders, robberies, are thick enough here, if scattered through the Southern States, to place half a dozen of them under military government, according to the Radical theory.

EDWIN M. STANTON AND ROGER B. TANEY.—In 1836, Roger B. Taney was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He held the office until 1865, when he died, a period of twenty-nine years. Indeed, since the beginning of this century up to 1865, there has been but two Chief Justices, John Marshall and Roger B. Taney. The latter died full of years and honors.—During his long administration the most important political and judicial questions were decided. His integrity was never disputed. He died poor. He left his family destitute. He left two daughters, who now labor as copyists in Washington, in order to obtain a livelihood. His bust is not in the vacant niche provided for the ex-Supreme Court Justice.

While such has been the treatment of an illustrious Chief Justice, who sat nearly thirty years upon the bench, but who disagreed with the party in power, what are the honors meted out to Edwin M. Stanton, who was appointed an Associate Justice, but who never entered one day upon its duties, and never was even sworn into place? His family is to receive a year's salary, although they are not in need of it, being left in possession of an ample estate, which has been greatly added to by subscription of individual friends.

Mr. Stanton's politics agreed with those of the party in power. Hence this discrimination in his favor, and hence the monstrous injustice involved in the treatment of him, as contrasted with Roger B. Taney, who was nearly a third of a century an ornament of the bench upon which Stanton never sat. This is a remarkable instance of partisan unfairness and injustice.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A SAD CASE OF POVERTY.—Gen. Sherman's poverty compels him to oppose any reduction of army salaries, especially his own. He declares, that he can't live in Washington City on a smaller salary than he is now getting, which is \$18,780 a year. He says he has spent his money freely in entertaining his friends and expects to do it again. Therefore, to reduce his salary would be an outrage on the part of Congress. There is some justice in all this, for, in spite of the heroic manner in which he scattered the Georgia women and children on his march to the sea, Sherman—shame upon his ungrateful country—is now almost a pauper! Deprive him of a single dollar of his salary, and he and his family will be forced to find food and shelter in the poor-house. It is true, when he first went to Washington some political speculators, who thought it possible that he might succeed Grant to the Presidency, made him a present of a house; but that house cost but \$65,000 at the outset, and of course it isn't worth any more now. It is also true that Gen. Sherman owns some property in St. Louis, city and county—probably a vacant lot or an old frame building or so—but this fact should weigh absolutely nothing in the argument, for the assessed value of that entire property amounts but to the mere bagatelle of \$235,000. And now, let those say who have tried it, whether it is possible for a respectable person, with but three hundred thousand dollars in real estate, to subsist either in or out of Washington on less than eighteen thousand seven hundred and eighty dollars a year without starving to death in six weeks. It may be possible, but we shall never believe it until we see it done more than once.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SIMPLICITY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—An account that reaches us, once in a while, of a dinner at the Executive Mansion, convinces us that a truly Spartan simplicity obtains there, which beautifully harmonizes with the simplicity that the Radicals, when running Ulysses for President, assumed as was a distinguished trait of his character. This is very gratifying, for nothing could be more appropriate in a Republic, than simplicity in the Executive head, and his surroundings. The severe economy, and classic simplicity so apparent in the style of living adopted by Ulysses, is shown by Colonel Faunoy, of the Philadelphia Press, in a description of a Presidential dinner. Hear the Colonel:

In the beginning of the feast, fruits, flowers and the sweetmeats grace the table, whilst bread and butter only give a Spartan simplicity to the "first course," which is composed of French vegetable soup; and no soup, foreign or domestic, has ever been known to equal it. It is said to be a little smoother than peacock's brains, but not so exquisitely flavored as a dish of nightingale's tongues, and yet "Professor Melah" is the only man in the nation who holds in his hand the recipe for this aristocratic stew. The ambrosial soup is followed by a French croquet of meat. Four admirably trained servants removed the plates after each course, and their motions are as regular as clockwork. These servants are clad in garments of faultless cut, which serve to heighten to the last degree their sable complexion. The third "course" of the dinner is composed of a fillet of beef, flanked on each side by potatoes the size of a walnut, with plenty of mushrooms to keep them company. The next course is dainty in the extreme. It is made up entirely of the insidious legs of partridges, and baptised by a French name entirely beyond my comprehension. As a general rule, wine is served about every third course. Six wine glasses of different sizes, and a small bouquet of flowers, are placed before each guest at the beginning. —St. Paul's Pioneer.

DEFALCATIONS.—"Indebted to the Government" is the polite, official term applied to the ten defaulting paymasters in the Navy. The gross amount is about half a million, and that this "indebtedness" (alias stealing) could have been incurred (alias committed) shows great negligence or rascality somewhere. The Secretary of the Navy has "called the attention" of Congress to the matter. —Observer & Commonwealth.

The Radical women of the North have made such a run upon Revels for locks of his hair that, in order to supply the demand, he has been forced, it is said, to buy up all the black wool in the District of Columbia.

Thomas L. White, the man who shot and killed Mrs. Katie A. Hobbs, in Boston, last August, has been tried. He pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to the State prison for fifteen years.

*Night bag. †Sweet doing nothing.