The Weekly Raleigh Register.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2—NO. 14. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1868. PRICE $3 PER ANNUM.

HOPES AND FEARS.

Our hopes are like the wreaths of foam
That glitter on the shining wave,
When with a gushing sound, they come
The white and thirsty beach to lave,
The waters part—the ripples gleam
A moment on the silent shore,
Then vanish'd the hopes that seem
A moment bright and are no more.

Seeking for love, for hope, for power—
To the fair threads of life we cling,
For hope we call a *withered* flower
And tune a harp with broken string,
And hope will shed a glimmering ray
Of light on pleasure's ruined shrine,
For mouldering columns still look gay
When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though severed ne love's magic chain,
Still to its broken chains we trust,
And hope to mend the links again,
When grief has eaten them like rust,
Frail as the bubbles on the beach
That hope may be—a transient beam,
But reft of joy, 'tis sweet to teach
The heart to hush its grief and ream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom
Upon the mountain's verdant side,
That mountain's heart a burning tomb,
Cleft by the lava's scorching tide,
They spring and flourish, fade and die,
While quenchless fires beneath them lie,
Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed
Their gloom across the summer sky—
When life is fairest some wild dread
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.
The gloom may pass—the shadows fade,
And sunlight only seem to reign,
But still there is a lingering shade,
A fear that clouds will come again.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy,
But fear is hovering there to fling
A shadow on the path of joy.
A canker-worn within the fruit,
A serpent in the linnet's nest,
A sentry ever grim and mute,
Is fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky,
But some dark spirit of the storm,
With sable plume, is hovering nigh,
To watch its soft and fairy form.
Hope never chants a fairy song,
Or bids us rest beneath her wing,
But fear, with all her phanton throng,
Is in the distance hovering.

We seek the laurel wreath of fame,
And all her feeble favors trust,
To live—perchance without a name,
And find the chaplet turned to dust,
Life wears away, 'mid smiles and tears—
The wedding peal—the funeral toll;
But thought o'ershaddowed still by fears,
Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

MY WIFE'S PRAYER BOOK.

I had been settled in Johnsonville some ten years as a merchant, when, as I sat one morning quietly reading the paper in my counting house, the following advertisement met my eye:

"One thousand dollars' reward will be paid to any person who can give information as to how the late James Smithson met his death on board the William Curtis, on the night of the 22d of August, 1864. Address Jacob Sharper, Esq., 346 Fulton street New York."

You will wonder why this should make me turn pale and sick, but it did, and for this reason. I knew the late James Smithson. I was his fellow passenger on board the William Curtis, and I was one of the persons that last saw him alive. We were coming from England—I to make my fortune, he to return to his native land; and I had felt for him an instinctive repugnance that I took little pains to conceal. He was a big, burly, bullying Yankee, who had made a fortune, and was now spending it and boasting of it, after the manner of the worst specimens of his tribe. He disliked me as cordially as I detested him; and being the only two cabin passengers, we necessarily rubbed against one another to an extent almost unbearable.

I remember one day, after dinner, we were sitting in sulky silence over our grog, when a sudden lurch of the vessel sent the scalding fluid out of my glass all over his dress.

"Curse you," he exclaimed, "you awkward fool—what are you doing? Can't you fit out like a man if you want to vent your spleen, and not throw boiling water over me like a dangerous idiot?"

I had already begun to explain, but I was silent for a little after this attack, and then merely said.

"There was no intention to insult or vent spleen; the occurrence was purely accidental."

"Hang accidents! I've found accidents happen very conveniently sometimes; and you shall pay for this as soon as we're out of this accursed tub. If you are a man—which I doubt—you shall give me a meeting for this, I promise you, and I'll try whether you can handle a knife as well as you can throw glasses, you cowardly Britisher."

"If you use such language to me, I'll——"

"Throw another—won't you? you plucky Bantam."

I was maddened beyond all endurance, and I rushed at him and struck him full in the face as he stood up.

He fell, and as he rose up, drew out his revolver and shot at me. I stooped down, and the ball shattered the swing compass in the skylight; in a moment he fired again, and this time grazed me on the shoulder. I ran at him; and the steward and the captain having by this time arrived, the pistol was taken from him.

"Curse you—you shall remember this.—I'll put a pea into you yet, my chicken.—I will."

I explained the circumstances; and the captain at once said that unless we would give our words not to attempt a renewal of the dispute in any way, he would put us both in our cabins under lock and key.

"If you want to fight, gentlemen, I've no objection in life—very happy to see you—but not on board my ship. I'll take you on shore in the first boat, and undertake to bury either or both of you decently, if you fall; but you don't fight on my ship if I know it!"

I went to my state room, and turned in, and determined that I would never again speak to such a brute. In the morning I saw the captain at breakfast, and he cautioned me in a friendly way against Smithson.

"Mind what you're about; don't give him a chance. He'd think no more of dropping you overboard, or putting a knife into you, than I do of cutting this bread. Don't go too near the rail, and see that there's a bit of rope over the side, if you go forward; and if you do find yourself a mile away over the quarter, some fine night, don't say I didn't warn you. Clear away, steward."

"Mr. Smithson hasn't sat down yet, sir."

"Never mind; he's sulking perhaps. Clear away."

I went on deck; and came down again at dinner time. We were all seated—that is, the chief officer, the captain and myself—when we missed Smithson.

"Call Mr. Smithson, steward. We mustn't spoil our dinner with his sulks."

The steward opened his door, and came back. "He's not there, sir."

"Not there! Where the devil is he, then? Has anybody seen him this morning?"

Inquiry was made, and no one knew anything about him. The man at the wheel had seen him go forward at about eight bells, but no one had set eyes on him since.

"Where the devil can he be?" said the captain. "He must be in the ship, unless you took my hint the wrong way, and put him out of the way, youngster."

"I can assure you, I never left my room until breakfast time this morning, captain."

In a further search, we failed to find any trace of the missing man, except one. A large brass belaying pin was discovered jammed between the iron that supported the starboard forechains and the vessel's side. It must have been thrown overboard, and by one of those mysterious chances that sometimes occur, lodged itself there. It could not have been put there, for the man who saw it could not reach it without the assistance of two others. It was brought on deck, and examined. Nothing was found on it; it was as clean as if it had never left the rack. Where did it come from? It was soon found to be one of the spare pins around the foremost rail. The two things looked like foul play. I could not deny it. The steward remembered that Mr. Smithson drank a good deal after I left the cabin the night before; and the man at the wheel thought he seemed a little unsteady, but he lost sight of him as he went forward.

The entries were made in the log; and life went on in its old course, except that I was regarded with a suspicion and mistrust that made me envy the victim of suicide who calmly slept in the sea beneath me.

The voyage ended, the whole story was laid before the authorities at New York; and after a merely formal examination, I was told there was no evidence against me; and as I left the place I made a vow that I would never willingly set foot in it again.

It is no wonder then, knowing all this, that I should be startled to see the advertisement. It had for me the horrible fascination of the snake. I knew that out of it would spring misery and trouble unending, and yet I could not take my eyes off it. Ten years interval shrunk up into a dream time, and the feeling was as I had but that moment heard the steward's voice: 'He's not there, sir.' It upset me for the day. I could do nothing. I tried to write to read. Wherever I went or whatever I did, I heard the words in my ear: 'He's not there, sir.'

The next day my presentiments of evil were stronger than ever, I seemed pressed upon by a weight under which I could scarcely crawl. I could see nothing but a dull, leaden hue on every object, and hear through every sound: "He's not there, sir." I knew myself as innocent of his death as if I had never seen him; but that unhappy quarrel would again point suspicion to me, and all the disgrace and misery of a public trial would fall upon me.

I had not long to wait the fulfillment of my prophetic feelings. About a fortnight after the date of the advertisement, I was waited on by an extremely polite person, who said:

"I called to settle this little account of Messrs. Wilson Brothers. Will you give me a receipt?"

I sat at the desk, wrote out the receipt, and signed it; he looked over my shoulder all the time. When I had turned the pen under my name, and put the dot at the end, he touched me on the shoulder and said:

"I thought so. I arrest you for the murder of James Smithson."

"I am——"

"You know I shall have to repeat all you say, so don't say anything. How's business in these parts? They're rather dull in New York."

I was stunned: I made no answer.

"How will you go? Quietly, I suppose—most gentlemen do, but just as you please;" and he pulled out of his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and opened his coat to show the butt of his revolver. "It's much pleasanter traveling without these."

"Yes, yes; I'll go quietly enough, only I want an hour or two to arrange my affairs here."

"Oh, certainly; only you must pay the excess fare—Uncle Sam doesn't allow express fares on these occasions. I see I can trust you; and mind, I leave my reputation with you. I will call for you for the five o'clock express. You can settle your affairs, and look over your papers, and I'll go and see your town. Don't forget five o'clock;" and he left.

The blow had fallen; I was hit. All the little wealth I had collected was to go to defend my life. I called on my solicitor, and told him about it.

"Awkward, very, for you were a rising man—a very rising man."

"I am as innocent——"

"Oh, of course, my dear fellow; everybody is. But I'm thinking how we'd best administer the estate for you. If it gets wind, you'll have more difficulty in getting in your money. What's the amount out—twenty thousand dollars?"

"About that—say twenty-two."

"Well, sell them. I'll find you a buyer for the whole concern for, say ten thousand dollars in hard cash. You can leave it with me, and I'll see what can be done for you.—Come back here at four, and I'll have the papers ready."

"Ten thousand's rather small for twenty-two clear surplus."

"Well, as you like: name your lowest, and I'll see what can be done; only remember you've but four hours to do it in, and don't put it too high. To-morrow morning your surplus will be, as far as your chance of getting it is concerned, very small indeed."

"Well, get twelve, if you can; if not, ten; and let me see you in New York."

"Right you are: I was going for my recess to that very place, and now I'll combine business and pleasure. Call at four, mind."

I went to my lodging house, and astonished my worthy landlady not a little by giving her child a rather extravagant present of a necklace, and telling her I was going away for a few days, and wandered wearily back to the office; told the chief clerk that I must leave, and had sold the business, and would introduce the purchaser that afternoon; and then I sat with my head upon my hands, and my elbows on my knees, utterly broken.

I was interrupted by a visitor, a big, black whiskered and bearded fellow, dressed like a river pilot.

"Excuse me, sir; your name's Rydon—Gilbert Rydon?"

"Yes; what then?"

"I made so bold, sir," he said, drawing his chair close to mine, "to tell you I've heard about it."

"Well, what then? How?"

"I was in Lawyer Shepherd's office when you were talking inside, and I heard all you said. The carpenters about here use the stuff so green that the joints gape wide enough to put your finger through in a month or so, and I saw you, and heard every word you said."

"What then? Are you come to me to beg?"

"No; I've come to give you a hint as to how to loosen your difficulties, though. You are going to have ten thousand dollars this afternoon, at four?"

"Yes."

"Well then, if I were you"—and he drew his chair close to mine, and put his hand up close to his mouth and to my ear—"I'd——"

"What?"

"Slope!"

Escape! Yes, I would—I would escape. My weariness left me. I sprang up, and wrung his hand. "Good God! I never thought of it."

"I thought not, by your talk with the lawyer, but down in Texas or Oregon you'd be as safe as possible. You must start at once. I'll give you a letter to a brother of mine in Minnesota County, Texas; he'll show you the ways of the place."

I hurried out with him, went to the solicitor's, and told him.

"The best you can do," said he; "for, though you're innocent, it's hardly worth while running the risk; and, as this good fellow says, in Texas you'll be safe; it will all blow over; and you can begin again."

I went to the office, got my trunk, and then to the railway station with my new friend. It was 4:30, and the train started at 4:50. It never struck me, such was my delight at the idea of escape, to inquire what caused this man to take the interest in me he evidently did. I sat in the waiting room, listening to him as he dilated on the advantages of the course I was taking, and at last he said:

"Tain't, you know, as if you were bound by any family ties or anything not to go."

"Bound not to go." My mind was made up in an instant. I put out my hand, and said:

"Good-by. I'm much obliged to you for the interest you have shown in me but I can't go now."

"Not go! Why, what on earth hinders you? Why, it's darned folly now, with your ticket in your hand, and ten minute's clear start. 'Can't go!' Oh, hang it, man, don't say that."

"No; I can't go, I'll go back to the office."

"But in the devil's name why?"

"Because I am 'bound not to go.' I did not think at the time about it; but I promised that officer fellow that I'd be there at five, and there I mean to be."

"Well, I'm cussed, keeping faith with a police officer! It's never done; I never heard of it."

"Nevertheless, I'll go back. I should not like a man to say he had trusted me, and I had deceived him willfully. I'll go back."

"I tell you, man, it's folly. You'll repent it always. You may lose your life by this fool's trick. Go back to the station; there are six minutes yet."

"No; I'll go to the office. The fellow said to me, 'I'll trust you. I leave my reputation in your hands.' I promised to be there at five o'clock. I will be there; so no more of it. There's a good fellow."

"Well, well, I won't go till I've seen you safe; but of all the fools I ever did see——"

"There, that will do. Come back, if you like; I owe you something for your kindness, though why you should have shown it I can't tell."

"Oh, never mind; I always like to help a fellow in distress, if I can."

We went back to the office, to the surprise of my late clerks, and went into the inner room.

Five o'clock struck, and the officer hadn't come.

"I told you so," said my new friend.—"He won't come to time. That let's you off. Here you are at five o'clock; and your promise holds good till five, and no longer."

I was sorely tempted, it sounded so like the right, but I would not forfeit my self-respect.

"No; I'll wait. The man left his reputation in my hands, and he shall not be deceived. When he comes, I am here, if I wait till midnight;" and I sat resolutely down.

"I tell you what, you shan't wait another minute; you're the best fellow I've seen any time this thirty years; 'tain't one man in a million would have cared a curse for me and my reputation. You have, and you shan't lose by it."

Suddenly my new friend, while speaking, had thrown away his wig, whiskers and beard, and stood before me, the police officer I had seen in the morning!

I hardly knew whether to be vexed at the trick, or thankful I had not fallen into his trap.

"You see sir, I had an idea I could do this sort of thing, and I thought I'd try it; but mark me, sir, you shan't suffer if 'headlong Boston' can prevent it. Have you a basin handy? I can't get the brown off without a wash."

He washed himself clean, and tying his disguise in a bundle, called a hackney, and we went away.

During the journey by rail we grew quite friendly, and he told me how the matter came to be revived. It appeared that, unknown to his immediate relatives, Mr. Smithson had insured his life for a very heavy amount in favor of his brother, before going to Europe; the policy he had put in a box of papers left with his bankers. The papers, on his death, had been looked over by the solicitor's clerk, and no one knowing anything of the policy, it had escaped his careless observation by being hidden between the parchments of a lease. Some few months before my arrest, it became necessary to refer to the papers; the policy was found, and a claim made by the brother on the office. The reply was, that there was no evidence of James Smithson's death not being the result of his own act; he might have thrown himself overboard, and in that case the policy would be invalid.

"The row with you," said the police officer "as described in the papers at the time, was remembered, and the advertisement inserted in the hope that some one would remember something to cast light upon the subject. You see, it was not of much consequence to any one whether he was murdered or jumped overboard till it became a question of some fifty thousand dollars on a disputed policy. The brother is, of course, quite willing to spend half in procuring evidence of his murder, and you can get a good deal of evidence of any kind you want for twenty thousand dollars, so you have rather a hard time of it. It's worth, you see, to him about twenty-five thousand dollars to see you hanged, and he'll do it, if he can."

I was horror stricken. The man talked not of any question of innocence or guilt, but of questions of bought evidence and money. It is an awful position to be in, that some one should gain some thousand dollars by your being hanged.

I need not describe the preliminary examinations, the final commitment, and the rest of the modes by which blind Justice fingers her victims to discover their quality before she resolves on the final test—trial by jury. I was two months awaiting my trial, and all the evidence in my favor I could get amounted to nothing. On the other side, there was the evidence of two of the crew, who, on oath, had testified that they saw myself and the murdered man walking on the forecastle, and that I struck him with the belaying pin, and then threw him overboard. They accounted for their silence at the time by stating their dislike to being mixed up in the affair, and afterward by their absence from the country; and they said it was only when they saw the advertisement they made up their minds to tell.

What could I hope for against such witnesses? The steward and captain were missing or dead, and these two shameless fiends had concocted this story under the inducements of the large reward. It was clear I was to be the victim of a miserable speculation to gain money.

(*To be Continued.*)

WIT AND HUMOR.

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

All dogs, like men, from earth must pass;
This one's short life is over;
As people say, "he's gone to grass"—
Let's hope, poor "Patch," it's *over!*

NO PLACE LIKE THE CITY.—The man who has a Stake in the country writes to say that he is longing to get back to a Chop in town.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—"Mephilipenotrascecommtò" is the name given to a new musical instrument on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not at all the more competent to sing "pieces."

A PASSING THOUGHT.—The great difference between the young and the old is this: the young have the world before them, while the old are behind the world.

Thirteen objections were once given by a young lady for declining a match; the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

TIMELY REMARK.—Prentiss thinks it is no more than right that men should seize Time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

THE CAUSE.—Many a man thinks it a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles.

HOME OR NOT A HOME.—"Mary, is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

BREECH-LOADED FEMININES.—Two girls in Wheeling stole their brothers' clothes to go and see the Black Crook, under the impression that male attire was necessary to insure their admittance.

TO MAKE A YOUNG ONE SMART.—"Pray, Mrs. Radriski, why do you whip your children so often?" "La, Mr. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one in my life-time that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a Yankee sitting near by, he bawled out: "I say, friend, don't make that a hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death!"

A SATIRICAL PADDY.—An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up its quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *naiveté*. "Why not?" Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

Boils—A Boy's "Composition."

A boil is generally very small at first, and fellow hardly notices it, but in a few days it gets to be the biggest of the two, and the chap that has it is of very little account in comparison with his boil, which then "has him."—Boils appear mysteriously upon various portion of the human body, coming when and where "they darn please," and often in very inconvenient places. Sometimes a solitary boil is the sum total of the afflictions, but frequently there is a "rushin' lot of 'em" to help the first one. If a boil comes anywhere on a person, that person always wishes that it had come somewhere else, although it would puzzle him to say just where.

Some persons call them "dambolls," but such persons are addicted to profanity—the proper name is boil. If a chap has a boil, he generally gets a good deal of sympathy from others—"in a horn." Whoever asks him what ails him laugh at him for his pains to answer; while many unfeeling persons make game of him, or of his misfortune or boil. It is very wicked to make sport of persons with boils; they cannot help it, and often feel very badly about it. Physicians don't give boil patients much satisfaction as a general thing, although young physicians who are just beginning to practice are fond of trying their lancets on them.

Boils are said to be "healthy," and judging from the way they take hold, and hang on, and ache, and burn, and grow, and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt they are healthy, and have good constitutions. They are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny to see a chap with a good large one prospecting around his couch or a place where his boil will fit in "without hurting." Boils tend to "purify the blood," strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain the profanity, improve the appearance. They are good things for married men who spend their evenings away from home, as they give them an opportunity to rest their night keys, and get acquainted with their families.

It is said that boils save the patient "a fit of sickness," but if the sickness is not the best to have, it must be an a'fired mean thing. It is also said that a person is better after he has had them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these barbingers of health. Job took the first premium at the county fair for having more *ackers* under cultivation than any other person. Shakspeare had them, and meant boils when he said: "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

There are a great many remedies for boils, most of which are well worth trying, because if they don't do any good, they don't hurt the boil. Every man he meets will tell him of a "good thing" for it, among which are: Shoemaker's wax, Mrs. Winslow's syrup, trix, Spaulding's glue, Charlotte russe, gum drops, water proof blacking, night blooming cereus, choloroform, kissengen, etc., etc.

NIGGER DIALOGUE.—"I say, Baz, where do dat comet rise at?" "It rises in the 46th meridian ob de frigid zodiac, as laid down in the comic alminac." "Well, where does it set, Baz?" "Set? you black fool! it don't set nowhere. When it gets tired of shining it goes into its hole!"

FORCE OF LANGUAGE.—A lady passing through a country village, observed a juvenile rustic playing with an infant sister in such a manner as to endanger her life. Remonstrating with him, she exclaimed, "You naughty boy, you might kill that child." "No, *I might not*," said the arch rogue, smiling.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so," said the farmer, "as a general thing the less game there is the more hunting you have."

It is hard to live without a wife—no gentle heart to get up mornings to build the fire.

[From the N. Y. Tribune of the 16th.]

THE GETTYSBURG SWINDLE.

Excitement at the Herald Office—The Ticket Holders after their Money.

The announcement that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and other prominent backers of the Gettysburg Lottery swindle, had, with a sense of justice only equaled by their munificent generosity and their unlimited resources, volunteered to refund to the ticket-holders the amount of their unlucky investment, drew together at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, yesterday morning, one of the largest crowds ever assembled in New York. The people began to gather at an early hour, and some, we understand, were on the ground before dawn. By 7½ o'clock the streets were entirely blocked up, and a detachment of police was ordered to the scene. The struggling multitude—each man, woman and child with tickets in hand, and copies of the *Herald*, containing indorsements of the Gettysburg lottery, in their pockets, were then formed in line, the queue extending from the door of the *Herald* office across the Broadway Bridge and entirely around St. Paul's church. A good deal of impatience was manifested while they waited for the doors to be opened, and we regret to learn that Mr. Bennett's very handsome behavior was not duly appreciated, many ill-conditioned fellows affecting to doubt whether the money would be refunded, and even going so far as to damn Mr. Bennet very distinctly. Some had brought refreshments with them, and whiled away the hours with the help of cold coffee, sandwiches, peanuts and other delicacies, while many more amused themselves by whistling and exchanging uncomplimentary remarks with the omnibus drivers as they passed under the bridge. The reporters and sub-editors coming down to their daily work, were utterly unable to reach their respective rooms, the stairways being so densely crowded with ticket holders that movement was impossible. The employees consequently repaired to a neighboring saloon, where they passed most of the day. Any shortcomings worse than usual which may be noticed in the paper to day will be attributable to this cause. About 10 o'clock the cry was raised that Mr. Bennett was coming, and a spasmodic struggle ran along the line, which by this time extended up Broadway nearly to Chamber street. The veteran journalist soon appeared, arm in arm with Honest Miles O'Reilly, and followed by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jr., who carried in a striped carpet bag the accumulated savings of his father's long and honorable career. The party were afoot, and six of the largest policemen of the Broadway squad accompanied them as a guard. The door of the *Herald* office once reached the difficulties began. The crowd on the staircase was so firmly wedged in place that it was impossible to make way for them, and it was finally determined to pass them over the people's heads. A large Irish woman seized Mr. Bennett, sr., by the leg, several men grasped him by the arms, and so he was passed along. Mr. Bennett, jr., was the next one sent up in the same way, still holding the bag, and Miles O'Reilly came last. What occurred during the passage our reporter could not learn, but a great deal of scuffling and swearing was audible by those below, and the legs of Mr. Bennett, sr., when they disappeared in the doorway were in a state of violent agitation. Payment of the ticket-holders was commenced as soon as the gentleman had adjusted their pockets. The business was transacted in the inner editorial sanctum, Mr. Bennett, sr., seated on a high stool in the middle of the room receiving the applicants, while the younger Bennett paid one the money and Miles O'Reilly took charge of the redeemed tickets. Although every legitimate method was employed to protract the ceremony, and quite a large proportion of the holders were persuaded by the boy to take it out in advertising (principally under the heads of "Situations Wanted," and "Personal"), it became evident by 2 o'clock that the resources of the establishment would be unequal to the demand. Miles generously threw his entire private fortune into the carpet-bag, and the elder Mr. Bennett took the unsold balance of the morning's edition of his paper, borrowed a hand-cart of Mr. Dennis Mulldoon, a respectable licensed porter doing business in Ann street, and carried it to a dealer in paper stock, who bought it for a fair price. All, however, was in vain. At 4 o'clock payment was suspended. By this time about 5,000 persons had received a dollar. The rest of the crowd dispersed with less disorder than might reasonably have been expected, and an hour later Broadway had resumed its wonted appearance. It was announced, however, that at noon to-day the yacht Henrietta would be sold at auction in the *Herald* editorial rooms, and the amount realized from the sale would be devoted to the liquidation of the outstanding claims.—The sale will doubtless be well attended, as many who do not intend to bid will probably avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect the sacred recesses of the office. It is hoped that arrangements can be made which will allow of the paper being published as usual, notwithstanding the serious drain upon its capital.

SCENES AT WASHINGTON HIGHTS.

A great many of the ticket-holders, not supposing that Mr. Bennett would be in town yesterday, resolved to seek him at his private residence, and the roads leading to Washington Hights were consequently alive with vehicles and pedestrians from an early hour in the day. Honest laboring men, many of them accompanied by their wives and children, trudged wearily along afoot, and others, who were able to afford a more comfortable mode of traveling, clubbed together and hired grocers' wagons and butchers' carts, and made the trip a sort of holiday excursion. The Bloomingdale road was as lively as the road to Epsom on the day of Derby, or that to Fordham at the opening of the Jerome Park races. When our reporter left the scene at a late hour last night, Mr. Bennet had not yet made his appearance, and his grounds were completely occupied by family parties who, having made a pic-nic there all day, had resolved to camp out for the night.

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