Raleigh Register.

By P. M. HALE.

OFFICE:
Fayetteville St., Second Floor Fisher Building.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION;
One copy one year, mailed post-paid.....$2 00
One copy six months, mailed post-paid.... 1 00

☞ No name entered without payment, and no paper sent after expiration of time paid for.

Raleigh Register.

VOL. II. RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1885. NO. 56.

Raleigh Register.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted for One Dollar per square (one inch) for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent publication.

Contracts for advertising for any space or time may be made at the office of the

RALEIGH REGISTER,

Second Floor of Fisher Building, Fayetteville Street, next to Market House.

SALUTATION.

[G. R. Cromwell.]

Through life every sorrow gives birth to a blessing,
And shadows in falling show sunlight is clear;
The force of the shadow is but a caressing,
For lilies and daisies the best of good cheer.
Away, then, with doubting, with grief and repining,
And learn to know Nature provides for each day;
The deeper the shadow, the brighter the shining
Of purity's glory and beauty's array.

The snow of the winter is earth's virgin blessing,
Its bosom protecting, when winds wildly sing
Through branches denuded of emerald dressing,
Awaiting the zephyrs of beautiful spring:—
The smile of the New Year, the winter dispelling,
Gives blossoming beauty a welcome delight,
To charm mortal vision, while artlessly telling
How life may recover from ashes of blight.

The force of the tempest that sweeps o'er the mountain
And voices the billows that swell o'er the sea,
Bespeaks the same power that glasses the fountain,
To show its resemblance created in thee:
Then, courage partaking from storms that assail thee,
And trusting the wisdom that gave thee a soul,
Thy way through disaster must needs of avail be
To harbors of safety where waves cease to roll.

CLARA BRANDON.

"The Writ of Habeas Corpus."

[Warren's "Experiences of a Barrister."]

In the month of February, of the year following that which witnessed the successful establishment of the claim of Sir Harry Compton's infant son to his magnificent patrimony, Mr. Samuel Ferret was traveling-post with all the speed he could command towards Lancashire, in compliance with a summons from Lady Compton, requesting, in urgent terms, his immediate presence at the castle. It was wild and bitter weather, and the roads were in many places rendered dangerous, and almost impassable, by the drifting snow. Mr. Ferret, however, pressed onwards with his habitual energy and perseverance; and, spite of all elemental and post-boy opposition, succeeded in accomplishing his journey in much less time than, under the circumstances, could have been reasonably expected. But swiftly as, for those slow times, he pushed on, it is necessary I should anticipate, by a brief period, his arrival at his destination, in order to put the reader in possession of the circumstances which had occasioned the hurried and pressing message he had received.

Two days before, as Lady Compton and her sister, who had been paying a visit to Mrs. Arlington at the Grange, were returning home towards 9 o'clock in the evening, they observed, as the carriage turned a sharp angle of the road leading through Compton Park, a considerable number of lighted lanterns borne hurriedly to and fro in various directions, by persons apparently in eager but bewildered pursuit of some missing object. The carriage was stopped, and in answer to the servants' inquiries, it was replied that Major Brandon's crazy niece had escaped from her uncle's house; and although traced by the snow-tracks as far as the entrance to the park, had not yet been recovered. Mrs. Brandon had offered a reward of ten pounds to whoever should secure and reconduct her home; hence the hot pursuit of the fugitive, who, it was now supposed, must be concealed in the shrubbery. Rumors regarding this unfortunate young lady, by no means favorable to the character of her relatives as persons of humanity, had previously reached Lady Compton's ears; and she determined to avail herself, if possible, of the present opportunity to obtain a personal interview with the real or supposed lunatic. The men who had been questioned were informed that only the castle servants could be allowed to search for the missing person, either in the park or shrubberies; and that if there, she would be taken care of, and restored to her friends in the morning. The coachman was then ordered to drive on; but the wheels had not made half-a-dozen revolutions, when a loud shout at some distance, in the direction of the park, followed by a succession of piercing screams, announced the discovery and capture of the object of the chase. The horses were urged rapidly forward; and ere more than a minute had elapsed, the carriage drew up within a few yards of the hunted girl and her captors. The instant it stopped, Clara Brandon, liberating herself by a frenzied effort from the rude grasp in which she was held by an athletic young man, sprang wildly towards it, and with passionate entreaty implored mercy, and protection. The young man, a son of Mrs. Brandon's by a former husband, immediately re-seized her, and with fierce violence endeavored to wrench her hand from the handle of the carriage door, which she clutched with desperate tenacity. The door flew open, the sudden jerk disengaged her hold, and she struggled vainly in her captor's powerful grasp. "Save me! save me!" she frantically exclaimed, as she felt herself borne off. "You who are, they say, as kind and good as you are beautiful and happy, save me from this cruel man?"

Lady Compton, inexpressibly shocked by the piteous spectacle presented by the unhappy girl—her scanty clothing soiled, disarrayed, and torn by the violence of her struggles; her long flaxen tresses flowing disorderly over her face and neck in tangled dishevelment; and the pale, haggard, wild expression of her coutenance—was, for a few moments incapable of speech. Her sister was more collected: "Violet," she instantly remonstrated, "do not permit this brutal violence."

"What right has she or any one to interfere with us?" demanded the young man savagely. "This girl is Major Brandon's ward, as well as niece, and shall return to her lawful home! Stand back," continued he, addressing the servants, who, at a gesture from Miss Dalston, barred his progress. "Withstand me at your peril!"

"Force her from him!" exclaimed Lady Compton, recovering her voice. "Gently! gently! I will be answerable for her safe custody till the morning."

The athletic fellow struggled desperately; but however powerful and determined, he was only one man against a score, nearly all the bystanders being tenants or laborers on the Compton estates; and spite of his furious efforts, and menaces of law and vengeance, Clara was torn from him in a twinkling, and himself hurled with some violence prostrate on the road. "Do not let them hurt the man," said Lady Compton, as the servants placed the insensible girl in the carriage (she had fainted); "and tell him that if he has really any legal claim to the custody of this unfortunate person, he must prefer it in the morning."

Immediately on arrival at the castle, the escaped prisoner was conveyed to bed, and medical aid instantly summoned. When restored to consciousness, whether from the effect of an excess of fever producing temporary delirium, or from confirmed mental disease, her speech was altogether wild and incoherent—the only at all consistent portions of her ravings being piteously-iterated appeals to Lady Compton not to surrender her to her aunt-in-law, Mrs. Brandon, of whom she seemed to entertain an overpowering, indefinable dread. It was evident she had been subjected to extremely brutal treatment—such as, in these days of improved legislation in such matters, and greatly advanced knowledge of the origin and remedy of cerebral infirmity, would not be permitted towards the meanest human being, much less a tenderly-nurtured, delicate female. At length, under the influence of a composing draught, she sank gradually to sleep; and Lady Compton having determined to rescue her, if possible, from the suspicious custody of her relatives, and naturally apprehensive of the legal difficulties which she could not doubt would impede the execution of her generous, if somewhat Quixotic project, resolved on at once sending off an express for Mr. Ferret, on whose acumen and zeal she knew she could place the fullest reliance.

Clara Brandon's simple history may be briefly summed up. She was the only child of a Mr. Frederick Brandon, who, a widower in the second year of his marriage, had since principally resided at the "Elms," a handsome mansion and grounds which he had leased of the uncle of the late Sir Henry Compton. At his decease, which occurred about two years previous to poor Clara's escape from confinement, as just narrated, he bequeathed his entire fortune between two and three thousand pounds per annum, chiefly secured on land, to his daughter; appointed his elder brother, Major Brandon, sole executor of his will, and guardian of his child; and in the event of her dying before she had attained her majority—of which she wanted, at her father's death, upwards of three years—or without lawful issue, the property was to go to the major, to be by him willed at his pleasure. Major Brandon, whose physical and mental energies had been prematurely broken down—he was only in his fifty-second year—either by excess or hard service in the East, perhaps both, had married late in life the widow of a brother officer, and the mother of a grown-up son. The lady, a woman of inflexible will, considerable remains of a somewhat masculine beauty, and about ten years her husband's junior, held him in a state of thorough pupilage; and, unchecked by him, devoted all her energies to bring about, by fair or foul means, a union between Clara and her son, a cub of some two or three-and-twenty years of age, whose sole object in seconding his mother's views upon Clara was the acquisition of her wealth. According to popular surmise and report, the young lady's mental infirmity had been brought about by the persecutions she had endured at the hands of Mrs. Brandon, with a view to force her into a marriage she detested. The most reliable authority for the truth of these rumors was Susan Hopley, now in the service of Lady Compton, but who had lived for many years with Mr. Frederick Brandon and his daughter. She had been discharged about six months after her master's decease by Mrs. Major Brandon for alleged impertinence; and so thoroughly convinced was Susan that the soon-afterwards alleged lunacy of Clara was but a juggling pretence to excuse the restraint under which her aunt-in-law, for the furtherance of her own vile purposes, had determined to keep her, that although out of place at the time, she devoted all the savings of her life, between eighty and ninety pounds, to procure "justice" for the ill-used orphan. This article, Susan was advised, could be best obtained of the lord chancellor; and proceedings were accordingly taken before the keeper of the king's conscience, in order to change the custody of the pretended lunatic. The affidavits filed in support of the petition were, however, so loose and vague, and were met with such positive counter-allegations, that the application was at once dismissed with costs; and poor Susan—rash suitor for "justice"—reduced to absolute penury. These circumstances becoming known to Lady Compton, Susan was taken into her service; and it was principally owing to her frequently-iterated version of the affair that Clara had been forcibly rescued from Mrs. Brandon's son.

On the following morning the patient was much calmer, though her mind still wandered somewhat. Fortified by the authority of the physician, who certified that to remove her, or even to expose her to agitation, would be dangerous, if not fatal, Lady Compton not only refused to deliver her up to Major and Mrs. Brandon, but to allow them to see her. Mrs. Brandon, in a towering rage, posted off to the nearest magistrate to demand the assistance of peace-officers in obtaining possession of the person of the fugitive. That functionary would, however, only so far comply with the indignant lady's solicitations, as to send his clerk to the castle to ascertain the reason of the young lady's detention; and when his messenger returned with a note enclosing a copy of the physician's certificate, he peremptorily decided that the conduct of Lady Compton was not only perfectly justifiable, but praiseworthy, and that the matter must remain over till the patient was in a condition to be moved. Things were precisely in this state, except that Clara Brandon had become perfectly rational: and but for an irrepressible nervous dread of again falling into the power of her unscrupulous relative, quite calm, when Mr. Samuel Ferret made his wished-for appearance on the scene of action.

Long and anxious was the conference which Mr. Ferret held with his munificent client and her interesting *protegé*, if conference that may be called, in which the astute attorney enacted the part of listener only, scarcely once opening his thin, cautious lips. In vain did his eager brain silently ransack the whole armory of the law; no weapon could he discern which afforded the slightest hope of fighting a successful battle with a legally-apppointed guardian for the custody of his ward. And yet Mr. Ferret felt, as he looked upon the flashing eye and glowing countenance of Lady Compton, as she recounted a few of the grievous outrages inflicted upon the fair and helpless girl reclining beside her—whose varying cheek and meek suffused eyes bore eloquent testimony to the truth of the relation—that he would willingly exert a vigor even *beyond* the law to meet his client's wishes, could he but see his way to a safe result. At length a ray of light, judging from his suddenly-gleaming eyes, seemed to have broken upon the troubled chambers of his brain, and he rose somewhat hastily from his chair.

"By-the-by, I will just step and speak to this Susan Hopley, if your ladyship can inform me in what part of the lower regions I am likely to meet with her?"

"Let me ring for her."

"No; if you please not. What I have to ask her is of very little importance; still, to summon her here might give rise to surmises, reports and so on, which it may be as well to avoid. I had much rather see her accidentally, as it were."

"As you please. You will find her somewhere about the housekeeper's apartments. You know her by sight, I think?"

"Perfectly; and with your leave I'll take the opportunity of directing the horses to be put to. I must be in London by noon to-morrow if possible;" and away Mr. Ferret bustled.

"Susan," said Mr. Ferret, a few minutes afterwards, "step this way; I want to have a word with you. Now, tell me are you goose enough to expect you will ever see the money again you so foolishly threw into the bottomless pit of chancery?"

"Of course I shall, Mr. Ferret, as soon as Miss Clara comes to her own. She mentioned it only this morning, and said she was sorry she could not repay me at once."

"You are a sensible girl, Susan, though you *did* go to law with the lord chancellor! I want you to be off with me to London; and then perhaps we may get your money sooner than you expect."

"Oh, bother the money! Is that *all* you want me to go to Lunnon for?"

Mr. Ferret replied with a wink of such exceeding intelligence, that Susan at once declared she would be ready to start in ten minutes at the latest.

"That's a good creature; and, Susan, as there's not the slightest occasion to let all the world know who's going to run off with you, it may be as well for you to take your bundle and step on a mile or so on the road, say to the turn, just beyond the first turnpike." Susan nodded with brisk good humor and disappeared in a twinkling.

An hour afterwards Mr. Ferret was on his way back to London, having first impressed upon Lady Compton the necessity of immediately relieving herself of the grave responsibility she had incurred towards Major Brandon for the safe custody of his ward, by sending her home immediately. He promised to return on the third day from his departure; but on the nature of the measures he intended to adopt, or the hopes he entertained of success, he was inflexibly silent; and he moreover especially requested that no one, not even Miss Brandon, should know of Susan Hopley's journey to the metropolis.

Mr. Ferret, immediately on his arrival in town, called at my chambers, and related with his usual minuteness and precision as many of the foregoing particulars as he knew and thought proper to communicate to me. For the rest I am indebted to subsequent conversations with the different parties concerned.

"Well," said I, as soon as he had concluded, "what course do you propose to adopt?"

"I wish you to apply, on this affidavit, for a writ of *habeas ad sub.*, to bring up the body of Clara Brandon. Judge Bailey will be at chambers at three o'clock; it is now more than half-past two, and I can be off on my return by four o'clock at the latest."

"A writ of habeas?" I exclaimed with astonishment. "Why, what end can that answer? The lady will be remanded, and you and I shall be laughed at for our pains."

The writ of *habeas corpus "ad subjiciendum,"* I had better explain to the non-professional reader, is the great *prerogative* writ, the operation of which is sometimes suspended by the legislature during political panics. It is grounded on the principle that the sovereign has at all times a right to inquire, through the judges of the superior courts, by what authority his or her subject is held in constraint. It issues, as a matter of right, upon the filing of an affidavit averring that to the best of the belief of the deponent the individual sought to be brought up is illegally confined; and it is of the essence of the proceeding, that the person alleged to be suffering unlawful constraint should actually be brought before the "queen herself;" that is, before one or more of the judges of the court which has issued the writ, who, if they find *the detention illegal*, the only question at issue upon this writ, may discharge or bail the party. It was quite obvious, therefore, that in this case such a proceeding would be altogether futile, as the detention in the house of her guardian, under the sanction, too, of the lord chancellor, the *ex-officio* custodier of lunatics—of a ward of alleged disordered intellect—was clearly legal, at least *prima facie* so, and not to be disturbed under a *habeas ad sub.* at all events.

"Perhaps so," replied Ferret quite coolly in reply to my exclamation; "but I am determined to try every means of releasing the unfortunate young lady from the cruel thraldom in which she is held by that harridan of an aunt-in-law. She is no more really insane than you are; but at the same time so excitable upon certain topics, that it might be perhaps difficult to disabuse the chancellor or a jury of the impression so industriously propagated to her prejudice. The peremptory rejection by her guardian of young Burford's addresses, though sanctioned by her father—you know the Burfords?"

"Of Grosvenor Street you mean—the East India director?"

"Yes, his son; and that reminds me that the declaration in that everlasting exchequer case must be filed to-morrow. Confound it, how this flying about the country puts one out! I thought some one had kidnapped her son, or fired Compton Castle at least. By the way, I'm much deceived if there isn't a wedding there before long.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Miss Dalston with Sir Jasper's eldest hope."

"You don't mean it?"

"*They* do at all events, and that is much more to the purpose. A fine young fellow enough, and sufficiently rich too"——

"All which rambling talk and anecdote," cried I, interrupting him, "means, if I have any skill in reading Mr. Ferret, that that gentleman, having some ulterior purpose in view, which I cannot for the moment divine, is determined to have this writ, and does not wish to be pestered with any argument on the subject. Be it so: it is your affair, not mine. And now, as it is just upon three o'clock, let me see your affidavit."

I ran it over. "Rather loose this, Mr. Ferret, but I suppose it will do."

"Well it is rather loose, but I could not with safety sail much closer to the wind. By the by, I think you had better first apply for a rule to stay proceedings against the bail in that case of Turner; and after that is decided, just ask for this writ, offhand as it were, and as a matter of course. His lordship may not then scrutinize the affidavit quite so closely as if he thought counsel had been brought to chambers purposely to apply for it."

"Cautious, Mr. Ferret! Well, come along, and I'll see what I can do."

The writ was obtained without difficulty; few questions were asked; and at my request the judge made it returnable immediately. By four o'clock, Mr. Ferret, who could fortunately sleep as well in a post-chaise as in a feather bed, was, as he had promised himself, on his road to Lancashire once more, where he had the pleasure of serving Major Brandon personally; at the same time tendering in due form the one shilling per mile fixed by the statute as preliminary traveling charges. The vituperative eloquence showered upon Mr. Ferret by the Major's lady was, I afterwards heard, extremely copious and varied, and was borne by him, as I could easily believe, with the most philosophic composure.

In due time the parties appeared before Mr. Justice Bailey. Miss Brandon was accompanied by her uncle, his wife, and a solicitor; and in spite of everything I could urge, the Judge, as I had foreseen, refused to interfere in the matter. The poor girl was dreadfully agitated, but kept, nevertheless, her eyes upon Mr. Ferret, as the source from which, spite of what was passing around her, effectual succor was sure to come. As for that gentleman himself, he appeared composedly indifferent to the proceedings; and indeed, I thought, seemed rather relieved than otherwise when they terminated. I could not comprehend him. Mrs. Brandon, the instant the case was decided, clutched Clara's arm within hers, and, followed by her husband and the solicitor, sailed out of the apartment with an air of triumphant disdain and pride. Miss Brandon looked round for Ferret, but not perceiving him—he had left hastily an instant or two before—her face became deadly pale, and the most piteous expression of hopeless despair I had ever beheld broke from her troubled but singularly expressive eyes. I mechanically followed, with a half-formed purpose of remonstrating with Major Brandon in behalf of the unfortunate girl, and was by that means soon in possession of the key to Mr. Ferret's apparently inexplicable conduct.

The Brandon party walked very fast, and I had scarcely got up with them as they were turning out of Chancery Lane into Fleet street, when two men, whose vocation no accustomed eye could for an instant mistake, arrested their further progress. "This lady," said one of the men, slightly touching Miss Brandon on the shoulder, "is, I believe, Clara Brandon?"

"Yes she is; and what of that, fellow?" demanded the Major's lady with indignant emphasis.

"Not much, ma'am," replied the sheriff's officer, "when you are used to it. It is my unpleasant duty to arrest her for the sum of eighty-seven pounds, indorsed on this writ, issued at the suit of one Susan Hopley."

"Arrest her!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon; "why she is a minor."

"Minor or major, ma'am, makes very little difference to us. She can plead that hereafter, you know. In the meantime, miss, please step into this coach," replied the officer, holding the door open.

"But she's a person of unsound mind," screamed the lady, as Clara, nothing loath, sprang into the vehicle.

"So are most people that do business with our establishment," responded the imperturbable official, as he shut and fastened the door. "Here is my card, sir," he added, addresssing the attorney, who now came up. "You see where to find the lady, if her friends wish to give bail to the sheriff, or, what is always more satisfactory, pay the debt and costs." He then jumped on the box, his follower got up behind, and away drove the coach leaving the discomfited Major and his fiery better-half in a state of the blankest bewilderment!

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" at length gasped Mrs. Brandon, fiercely addressing the attorney, as if he were a *particeps criminis* in the affair.

"The meaning, my dear madame, is, that Miss Clara Brandon is arrested for debt, and carried off to a sponging-house; and that unless you pay the money, or file bail, she will to-morrow be lodged in jail," replied the unmoved man of law.

"Bail! money! How are we to do either in London, away from home?" demanded the Major with, for him, much emotion.

I did not wait to hear more, but, almost suffocated with laughter at the success of Ferret's audacious *ruse*, hastened over to the Temple. I was just leaving chambers for the night—about ten o'clock I think it must have been—when Ferret, in exuberant spirits burst into the room.

"Well, sir, what do you think now of a writ *ad sub.?*"

"Why, I think, Mr. Ferret," replied I, looking as serious as I could, "that yours is very sharp practice; that the purpose you have put it to is an abuse of the writ; that the arrest is consequently illegal; and that a Judge, would, upon motion quash it with costs."

"To be sure he would: who doubts that? Let him, and welcome! In the meantime, Clara Brandon is safe beyond the reach of all the Judges or Chancellors that ever wore horse hair, and that everlasting simpleton of a Major and his harridan wife roaming the metropolis like distracted creatures; and that I take to be the real essence of the thing, whatever the big-wigs may decide about the shells!"

"I suppose the plaintiff soon discharged her debtor out of custody?"

"Without loss of time, you may be sure. Miss Brandon, I may tell you, is with the Rev. Mr. Derwent at Brompton. You know him: The newly-married curate of St. Margaret's that was examined in that will case. Well, him: he is an intelligent, high-principled man; and I have no doubt, that, under his and Mrs. Derwent's care, all trace of Miss Brandon's mental infirmity, will disappear long before she attains her majority next June twelvemonth; whilst the liberal sum per month which Lady Compton will advance, will be of great service to him."

"That appears all very good. But are you sure you can effectually conceal the place of her retreat?"

"I have no fear: the twigs that will entangle her precious guardian in the labyrinths of a false clue are already set and limed. Before to-morrow night they will have discovered, by means of their own wonderfully-penetrative sagacity, that Clara has been spirited over to France; and before three months are past, the same surprising intelligence will rejoice in the discovery that she expired in a *maison de santé*—fine comfortable repose, in which fool's paradise I hope to have the honor of awakening them about next June twelvemonth, and not as at present advised before!"

Everything fortunately turned out as Mr. Ferret anticipated; and when a few months had glided by, Clara Brandon was a memory only, save of course to the few entrusted with the secret.

The whirligig of time continued as ever to speed on its course, and bring round in due season its destined revenges. The health, mental and bodily, of Miss Brandon rapidly improved under the kind and judicious treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Der went; and long before the attainment of her majority, were pronounced by competent authority to be thoroughly re-established. The day following that which completed her twenty-first year, Mr. Ferret, armed with the necessary authority, had the pleasure of announcing to the relict of Major Brandon (he had been dead some months), and to her brutal son, that they must forthwith depart from the home in which they, to the very moment of this announcement, thought themselves secure; and surrender every shilling of her property they had so long dreamt was their own. They were prostrated by the intelligence, and proved as mean and servile in the hour of adversity, as they had been insolent and cruel in the day of fancied success and prosperity. The pension of three hundred pounds a year for both their lives, proffered by Miss Brandon, was eagerly accepted; and they returned to the obscurity from which they had by accident emerged.

About six months afterwards, I had the pleasure of drawing up the marriage settlement between Clara Brandon and Herbert Burford; and a twelvemonth after, that of standing sponsor to one of the lustiest brats ever sprinkled at a font: none of which delightful results, if we are to believe Mr. Ferret, would have ever been arrived at had not he, at a very critical moment, refused to take counsel's opinion upon the virtues, capabilities, and powers contained in the great writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum.*

THE IRON DUKE

And his French Artist Cook.

[David Ker in Harper's Magazine.]

One autumn evening many years ago, in one of the more secluded rooms at Strathfieldsaye (the Duke of Wellington's country house), a very strange scene was being enacted. A tall, thin, sallow, black-haired man was striding fiercely to and fro, rolling his eyes, clinching his teeth, flourishing his hands about, tugging frantically every now and then at his long hair, and making gestures of anguish and despair worthy of any tragic hero in Shakspeare. Indeed, he might well have been taken for a tragedian rehearsing his part; but if so, he was rehearsing it rather expensively, for his superb white shirt frill was hanging in tatters, and his gold-rimmed eye-glass, flung down and stamped upon in fury, lay strewn in fragments over the carpet.

"Jamais! jamais! nevare!" howled he, in a queer jumble of French and English. "C'est trop fort! it is too moch—too moch! Allons, vite, vite, from dis place away. I lose ze reason if I sall stay here!"

And the speaker gave a groan that might have broken the heart of a paving-stone.

"Why, Monsieur Bonplat, what's the matter?" said a deep voice from the doorway, in which, as in a picture-frame, appeared the square, thick-set figure, hard, weather-beaten face, and iron-gray mustache of old General H——, one of Wellington's ablest commanders.

"Ze mattaire?" echoed the French cook (for such he was), with an intensity of irony to which no words can do justice. "Dis is ze mattaire, M. le Général: it must be dat I go instantly out from dis house or I sall go mad, and bark and bite, and com-mit murdaire!"

"That would be a pity," remarked the old soldier, with perfect gravity, although he was inwardly choking with suppressed laughter. "But are you really thinking of going already? Why, you've only been in the house a week."

"A week?" yelled the Frenchman, capering about like a scalded monkey. "An age—a century—an eternity of suffering! Ah, ton-ner-r-r-re!"

And he rolled and rumbled the word till it sounded like the thunder which it implied.

"Well, M. Bonplat, without wishing to be inquisitive, I should be glad to hear your grief," said the General, as gravely as ever, although the mischievous twinkle in his eye showed that he expected some fun. "It must be terrible indeed to move a man like you!"

"Écoutez, donc—listen!" said the cook, in a hollow whisper that would have befitted the confession of a bloody and barbarous murder. "Ze day dat I enter-ed ze household of his Grace ze Duc de Vellainton" (the sarcastic emphasis of these last words fairly set General H——'s teeth on edge), "I come and say to him, vid all ze solemnity befitting so important a question, 'Vat vill your Grace please to have for dinnair dis day?' And he answere me (it is so true and I do stand here), 'Oh, anything, anything!' No reflection, no reverence for ze sublime science of cooking—none, none!"

"How dreadful!" shuddered General H——, with an affectation of horror worthy of Garrick in Hamlet.

"My heart boil-ed vidin me," pursued M. Bonplat; "but I restrained mine r-rage. I said to myself, 'I vill be merciful; I vill give him yet one more chance.' Day after day I put ze great question to dis man vidout soul, and vat vas his answer? 'Oh, same as yesterday—same as yesterday!' And dis day—dis ve-ree day," he added, raising his voice to a perfect screech, "ven I ask him vonce more, he reply quite short, 'Oh, what you like; I never know what I put in my mouth!' *"Figu-rez-vous cela, mon Dieu!* That I—*I*, Xavier Francois Auguste Napoleon Bonaparte Bonplat, should cook for one who know not what he put in his mouth!"

Here the orator became incoherent from excess of emotion.

"A hard case truly, my dear M. Bonplat," said the General, sympathetically; "but remember how many other great geniuses have been neglected and persecuted before you. What was the fate of Galileo the astronomer, Columbus the discoverer, Tasso the poet? Yet their art was sufficient for them; surely yours is sufficient for you!"

A faint smile dawned on the Frenchman's convulsed features.

"Is the genius of a Bonplat to be lost to the great science of cookery," resumed H——, with enthusiasm, "because one man is blind to it? It is as if your countryman, the great Molière, had ceased to write comedies because one man failed to enjoy them. Moreover, the Duke has hitherto dined alone; but to-morrow the house will be full of guests, all warm admirers of your wonderful skill. Will you punish so many for the fault of one unfortunate who has been denied the happiness of appreciating your great works? You have been deeply injured it is true; but show yourself a brave Frenchman, and pardon the Duke his offence."

"Ah, M. le Général!" cried the cook, springing forward as if some one had stuck a pin into him, "you have conquered. I vill be magnanimous; I vill pardon all to le Duc; I vill keep my place!"

And he did so.

WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.

The Protest of the Fifteen Senators.

The Senators, whose names are hereto subscribed, availing themselves of their constitutional privilege, do hereby enter their solemn protest against the passage of the bill entitled "A bill to be entitled an act to secure the completion of the Western North Carolina Railroad from the mouth of the Nantahala river to the town of Murphy," for that,

1. At a special session of the General Assembly of 1880, called for the purpose of selling the State's interest in the Western North Carolina Railroad, a contract was made with W. J. Best and his associates by which, in consideration of the transfer of property of immense value, it was stipulated, among other things, that the assignees should deliver to certain commissioners a written contract, signed by themselves, and binding them to the State, to pay certain interest, and to finish the road to its Western terminus at Paint Rock, and the Georgia and Tennessee line near Ducktown, and to complete and put in operation the road to Paint Rock on or before the 1st day of July, 1881, and to Murphy, in the county of Cherokee, on or before the 1st day of January, 1885, and that within two months from the ratification of said act work on said road should be begun and carried on with diligence and energy until completed.

By said act (see Laws of 1880, special session, chapter 26) the State contracted to furnish on said road 500 convicts, for which it was to receive in quarterly instalments $125 each per annum.

Upon the passage of this act it was announced that the State had parted with its interest in the road and was forever relieved of all liability for the construction thereof; that the heavy burden of taxation imposed upon the people was removed and the road was to be completed without further cost to the State.

The contract having been assigned to the present owners of the road, they demanded and obtained relief from certain provisions. The Legislature, in 1883 (see Laws of 1883, chapter 241), for the purpose of enabling the work to be prosecuted, parted with certain securities held by the State, and in consideration thereof the road, among other things, stipulated that it would, within sixty days after the passage of the act, place and keep continuously at work on the line of road, from the mouth of the Nantahala river westward to Murphy, a force of seventy-five convicts. The road has availed itself of all the benefits of the act of 1883; has sold its bonds, rendered valuable by the act, and, it is stated, now refuses to build the road to Murphy, although it has twice covenanted to do so, and has received the consideration therefor.

Under the contract of 1880, amended in 1883, the road owes the State a balance of about $28,000 for the hire of convicts, and it is now said that it refuses to perform its contract unless we will donate to it this amount and give them, free of charge for an indefinite time, the use of 150 convicts, worth to the State $18,750 per annum. We are told that to refuse this is to violate the plighted faith of the State. We cannot for a moment admit the force of any such argument, especially when the corporation sought to be benefited has failed to comply with its obligations and contracts. The State of North Carolina and the Democratic party have kept faith in this matter, and in order to do so the people bore with patience a heavy and onerous burden of taxation until the work was assumed by others.

We can see no reason why the people should again be subjected to taxation to build a railroad for which they have already paid, and when finished, presenting it to a corporation so utterly unmindful of its promises and obligations. Surely, to pay the sum of $28,000 for the privilege of doing this is going beyond what we think just to the people of North Carolina. That by this act it is done no one can deny.

The bill is either so drawn as to leave its construction obscure, with all doubts against the State, or it is so inaccurately and loosely framed as to leave its meaning in many respects uncertain. While it holds out the delusion that certain bonds are to be received, it also provides that the Treasurer of the State shall indulge in the useless and absurd ceremony of receiving with one hand and returning with the other the bonds of the road. For it says that, upon the completion of the work, the bonds due shall all, including those for $28,000, be returned to the company. That the $28,000 is now justly due the State is admitted. To receive bonds for that amount and hold them for a while, and then return them to the company, does not accord with our ideas of proper legislation. If it takes that amount from the tax-payers to induce this syndicate to perform its covenants, most solemnly entered into by two acts of the General Assembly, how much more will be demanded the future alone will develop.

Public taxes should be used only for public purposes, and when voted to corporations or individuals without consideration, a wrong is done which we cannot indorse and against which we earnestly protest.

A. W. GRAHAM,	H. G. CONNOR,
WILLIAM M. BOND,	JAMES PARKER,
W. R. WILLIAMS,	M. S. ROBINS,
W. I. EVERITT,	A. HORNE,
J. W. TODD,	J. W. WISEMAN,
ROBERT W. WINSTON,	JAMES HOLEMAN,
J. L. KING,	R. F. LEWIS,
JOSHUA PERRY.	

Too Sharp for the President.

[New York Sun.]

WASHINGTON, March 17.—A story that is perhaps apocryphal, but which is good enough to be true, is told of a Mississippian's visit to the White House in quest of a postmastership. "How soon does the incumbent's term expire?" inquired the President.

"Oh, in about three years, unless it is cut short."

"Are there any charges against him?"

"Well, yes. We Democrats don't like him."

"But on what ground do you ask for his removal?"

"On the ground, Mr. President, that eleven millions of people decided last November that they wanted a change."

Worth Praise, Not Blame.

[New York Herald.]

Some journals complain that the President goes too "slow" in changing the staff of his subordinates. But he has been in office just two weeks; his Cabinet have been in office barely twelve days, including two Sundays. The crowds who visited Washington to attend the inauguration and remained to see the city and to congratulate the President have scarcely got home. What time have President and Cabinet had to look into the complex machine they are to set and keep in order?

THE HUNGRY DEMOCRATS

Are Mighty Well-Mannered Folk.

[N. Y. Herald Washington Letter.]

The President does not complain of any severe pressure upon him of office-seekers. On the contrary, he is greatly pleased at the kindness with which he has been treated and the consideration which the friends of gentlemen desirous of place have shown him. He has freely received all delegations and committees, but these have been much fewer in number than the general public has supposed, or even than he had anticipated; and while no doubt he has felt compelled to disappoint some gentlemen whom he would have preferred to oblige, he speaks with great respect of all and with the kindliest feeling to them for the moderation with which requests have been made to him, and for the entire good nature with which those who were not gratified have borne their disappointment.

He receives numbers of persons daily, for he gives an unusual number of hours to business, but a considerable part of those who visit him go to converse with him on public affairs and not about offices. He is a good listener, and is evidently very ready to give all the time asked to hear what prominent men have to say to him about various public interests with which they are familiar, such as Indian, Mormon, silver and many other matters.

Those, therefore, who imagine that Mr. Cleveland is beset by office-seekers, or that his time is entirely or largely taken up with the question of appointments, are mistaken. He is, on the contrary, listening to the views of the Senators, Representatives and eminent private citizens of experience upon pretty much all the public questions which are to come before the administration, and he welcomes all men who have special knowledge on these subjects, or whose views are otherwise of importance.

There will be removals from office by and by in the different departments and government offices here and elsewhere, but they will be for cause, and will be made slowly and as necessary measures of reform. The members of the Cabinet are quietly and patiently mastering the complicated machinery of their departments. In some cases it is already known that inefficiency and abuses have been discovered; but the time for investigation has been too short to make it thorough, and while wherever clerks and other public servants are found to have neglected their work or abused their trusts they will be summarily dealt with, it is the determination to make investigation so thorough that no injustice shall be done, and that really valuable public servants, high or low, shall be protected.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Some of the Distinguishing Variations.

[Mark Twain.]

"What's your real name? Is it Bill, or Tom, or Bob? or what is it?"

I reckon I shook like a leaf, and I didn't know hardly what to do. So I said it wouldn't be no use to try to play it any longer, and I would just make a clean breast and tell her everything. I told her my father and mother was dead, and the law had bound me to a mean old farmer in the country thirty miles back from the river, and he treated me so bad I couldn't stand it no longer. I stole some of his daughter's clothes and cleared out, and I had been three nights coming thirty miles. I said I believed my uncle Abner Moore would take care of me and that was why I struck out for this town of Goshen.

"Goshen, child! This ain't Goshen. This is St. Petersburg. Goshen's ten miles further up the river"

"Well, I've got to be moving along. I'll fetch Goshen before daylight."

"Hold on a minute. I'll put you up a snack to eat, you might want it." So she put me up a snack and says:

"Say, when a cow's lying down which end of her gets up first? Answer up prompt now. Don't stop to study over it. Which end gets up first?"

"The hind end, mum."

"Well, then, a horse?"

"The forrard end, mum."

"Which side of a tree does the moss grow on?"

"North side."

"If fifteen cows is browsing on a hillside, how many of them eats with their heads pointed in the same direction?"

"The whole fifteen, mum."

"Well, I reckon you have lived in the country. I thought maybe you was trying to hocus me again. What's your real name, now?"

"George Peters, mum."

"Well, try to remember it, George. Don't forget and tell me it's Elexander before you go, and then get out by saying it's George Elexander when I catch you. And don't go about women in that old calico. You do a girl tolerable poor, but you might fool men, maybe. Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle, don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to it; hold the needle still and poke the thread at it—that's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does 'tother way. And when you throw at a rat or anything, hitch yourself up a tip-toe and fetch your hand up over your head as awkward as you can, and miss your rat about six or seven foot. Throw stiff-armed from the shoulder like there was a pivot there for it to work on—like a girl; not from the wrist and elbow, with your arm put to one side, like a boy. And, mind you, when a girl tries to catch anything in her lap she throws her knees apart; she don't clap them together the way you did when you catched the lump of lead. Why, I spotted you for a boy when you was threading the needle; and I contrived the other things just to make certain. Now trot along to your uncle, Sarah Mary Williams George Elexander Peters, and if you get into trouble you send word to Mrs. Judith Loftus, which is me, and I'll do what I can to get you out of it."

Carp Flourish in Sampson.

[Clinton Caucasian.]

Four years ago, Mr. Bryan Merritt, of Taylor's Bridge township, started a fish pond with eighteen young German carp, furnished him by Mr. Stephen G. Worth, Fish Commissioner. Last Thursday, Mr. Merritt drew off the water for the purpose of stocking another pond and letting a few of his friends have some young carp. The increase of his fish had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. Not one of the original stock had died, and one of them weighed six and one-half pounds. There were hundreds and hundreds of young fish of three distinct ages—the youngest about two inches long and the oldest six to eight inches.

This settles the question as to whether the carp will propagate here, and it further shows that fish culture ought to be encouraged and extended.

CLERICAL HUMORS

Which Find Vent in Harper's Drawer.

[Harper for April.]

Things said and done malapropos are sometimes very amusing.