

did I hear a fortnight ago from Governor Vance that he would rather fight for twenty years than consent to anything but full, final, and irrevocable dissolution of the Union? "Vice-President Stephens, the ablest man in the South, is at the point of Death." During sixteen months in the Confederate States I have never seen or scarcely ever heard of Vice-President Stephens. The list of similar chimeras might be swelled to infinity. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and so it will be to the end. *Suppresio veri alternates with suggestio falsi*; the Union must and shall be maintained, because every man in the Northern States so wills it, and will give his last dollar rather than abandon the contest! It is useless to reply that the dollars which they are giving are "bogus," that this war will be won not by those who print fastest, but by those who shed their blood most freely, and face self-denial with most sublime indifference. "Constantly prefer a state of want to a state of abundance," says one of the wisest writers of all time. Behold in the contrasted aspect of the two sections the moral conveyed in this apothegm! I could not but think, in the first instance, of my parting conversation, a few hours before, with President Davis, of his calm, weighty analysis of the comparative strength of the belligerents about to close in a fourth and deadlier grapple; of his quiet, earnest confidence; his kindling eye. Were it not that I remember that the deified Washington was surrounded on earth by detractors and vilifiers—that on his right hand stood Charles Lee, fomenting by anonymous addresses discord among the American troops, and on his left Jefferson, lending his great powers to the secret defamation of his chief—I should search for special attributes in the southerners to account for the fact that, although almost unanimous against the Yankee, they lack wisdom or virtue enough to appreciate the man whom, of all others, Providence has adapted for his mighty task. But, in spite of their indignant refusal to be gauged by the measure of other nations, history is for the Americans the same revolution of eyeless and repetition of incidents as for every other people on earth. Secondly, as I looked down on Broadway, and mused upon its kaleidoscopic faces. I could not but remember the reflections of one of the brightest intellects in Richmond, as he told me, when taking leave of him, in what garb I should find New York, and described the scene now before me with the intuition of genius, and in words which it would be well if I could reproduce for your readers. He said, "What delights me above all is to hear of the wealth, the splendor, the lavish prodigality of New York. Tiffany never had such a demand for diamonds; Stewart can hardly sell a shawl if it is worth less than one thousand five hundred dollars. Never were there such imports of women's gear from Paris, of articles of *de luxe* from London. For all this payment in gold is indispensable; the day of reckoning will come, though it may not be yet!" It is impossible not to ask, "When will that day come?" I own that I do not think the end is at hand yet. It is not necessary that I should waste your readers' time by pointing out that a defensive war was never yet stopped by financial destitution, and that, therefore, the depreciation of the southern currency is of no significant moment. But although in the course of the present year gold cannot but constantly be on the rise in New York, even although the North may gain considerable successes, it will be long before the fabric of visionary wealth which they are worshipping will crumble into dust. Upon this subject no warnings from an Englishman will be for a moment endured.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S REVENGE.

A late Parisian paper tells the story of a wealthy Englishman, who may constantly be seen at the grand opera and the Italian opera, and who enjoys a great reputation, not only as being a great connoisseur of music, but further, as being a great amateur of painting. How the latter reputation was acquired you will presently see. He was, he is, one of those Bedouin Englishmen, who live alternately in all the European capitals, except when they are on an occasional jaunt to Egypt, or to China, or to India, or to the Holy Land. He never traveled alone; his wife was with him, his *bona fide* wife, for notwithstanding his errant life (so apt to weaken one's morals,) he had all the English respect for the sex, and a true Englishman's love for his wife. She was a beautiful woman, one of those "keepsake" beauties, that, once seen, make a man dream forever. Her social success was very great in all cities they visited. In Rome after some year's marriage they became acquainted with a German artist, of a good deal of reputation, who to his art, joined the learning of Benedictine, and knew the city of Rome as well as Winkelman or Visconti. The German volunteered to be their cicerone in the Eternal City; they gladly accepted his offer. Many were the hours they passed with him in the museum of the capital, in the Vatican, in St. Peter's, and in the delightful excursions they made in the environs of Rome. The artist became in love with the English lady; she reciprocated his affection. The husband was a long while in seeing the stain upon his honor; several months passed away before he perceived it, for he was very much pleased with the artist, and they had long been on the most intimate footing. Although stung to the quick by such base faithlessness and such gross violation of the laws of hospitality and friendship, he said nothing; he disliked scenes; he

was, nevertheless, determined upon a complete revenge, and he appealed to cooler reflections to furnish forth a suitable punishment. The passions are bad counselors. He left Italy and retired with his wife to England, saying nothing but *au revoir* to the artist. When he reached England, he told his wife of the painful discovery he had made, and he gave her back into her father's hands. He then returned to the continent alone, and visited Germany, Russia and France, where he purchased a great many paintings; he then went to Italy, meanwhile continuing to purchase paintings, and at last—two years had now passed away since their last meeting—he called on the German painter, who still lived in Rome and demanded satisfaction from him. His challenge was accepted, and the Englishman, according to the European custom—being the offended party, selected the weapons. He chose pistols. During the past two years he had practiced daily for several hours, and his known address with the pistol had become an unerring certainty of shot. He sent the shot wherever he wished it to go. The parties went on the ground—they were placed at thirty paces apart, and with the privilege of advancing ten steps before firing. The signal was then given. One! Two! Three! Fire! The word fire was scarcely out of the second's mouth when the Englishman fired without moving; his antagonist's pistol fell from his hand, and was discharged by the fall, the ball burying itself in the ground. The Englishman's ball had shattered the artist's arm, and amputation was necessary; his career of artist was ended—and forever. A few days after the amputation the Englishman called on him, and without noticing the angry reception he met, said to the suffering artist—"If you think my vengeance is satisfied with your shattered hand and the wreck of your artist's career, you strangely underrate the agony of a deceived, dishonored husband. Though I have condemned you to a life of vain regrets, to a never ending series of impotent sighs, to a total oblivion by all amateurs and historians of the art—"Oh, no, sir," interrupted the artist, his face beaming with a ray of hope, "the last you cannot do. My Madonna, at St. Petersburg; my Luther, at Berlin; my Flight into Egypt, at Paris; my—"The Englishman interrupted him in turn—"Spare me," said he "the names of your works, but look over this catalogue and see if I have not the exact list of them all." "Yes, they are all there—even the paintings I finished the day before the duel." "So I was persuaded. All the paintings on this catalogue are my property, I do with them what I please; I please to burn them, aye, to burn every one of them, that your name shall be effaced from the glorious roll of artists. In two hours from this time, your toil, your conceptions, your skill, will be as completely effaced from the world as the lines which the urchin traces in the sand are effaced by the rising tide; "fire is as destructive as water." In vain the poor artist begged for mercy; the wronged husband was insensible to his supplications, and in two hours the servant brought to the artist's room a large earthen vessel commonly used to contain oil, filled with ashes—it was all that remained of his paintings.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF LICENTIOUSNESS.

Professor Wines, in an article in the *American Presbyterian and Theological Review*, on "The Sources of Crime," gives the following:

Mr. Gould relates the story of a fallen woman, whom he encountered in one of our penitentiary hospitals, which casts a terrible light upon the tendency of licentiousness to produce crime. She had been a woman of exquisite beauty and elegant culture. Her father, a wealthy merchant of New York, failed in business, and gave up everything to his creditors. She was reduced to the necessity of learning the trade of a dressmaker, to earn her daily bread. She became a proficient in the business, and her taste and skill commanded liberal wages, which enabled her to provide an ample wardrobe for herself. She had been intensely devoted to the glitter and gaiety of fashionable life, and hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," whispered that a fortunate marriage might restore her to the charmed circles whose delights she had once tasted, and which she longed to re-enter. She used every effort, by the charms of person, dress, voice and manners, to attract the notice and win the love of eligible young men.

At length she thought she had succeeded in her object; but the young man, whose affections she dreamed that she had won, proved to be a cold-hearted villain, who was in pursuit only of amusement and gratification for the passing hour. One evening he invited her to ride. Driving into the country, he alighted at a house of refreshments in the neighborhood of that city. He offered her a glass of wine, which she drank. The liquor had been drugged. A profound stupor ensued, and she awoke the following morning to find herself ruined. With returning consciousness the magnitude of the injury burst upon her. She instantly resolved on revenge, and the plan for its accomplishment flashed upon her mind with the suddenness and rapidity of lightning. She betrayed no emotion. She uttered no reproaches. She treated what had happened as a harmless jest, and blandly invited a continuance of the intimacy.

The young man exulted in the ease and completeness of his victory; but from that moment she became the evil genius of his life. Professing the tenderest and most unselfish affec-

tion, she drew money from him continually, with which she hired sharpers to furnish him with provocatives to drinking, gambling and all the forms of vice and debauchery. At every rally of his better nature, by skillful alternation of persuasion, banter and menace, she choked the rising impulse of virtue, chained him to the car of dissipation, and confirmed him in his career of vice.

Full well did she know what her all this would lead him; nor was she disappointed in her malignant expectation. Drunkenness clouded his understanding; debauchery ruined his health; and gambling reduced him to poverty. Not until this point, the goal of all her prayers and efforts, had been reached, when poverty and disease had done their work, and he was unable to procure a wretched bed or a scanty meal, except through her charity, did she wreak upon him the full measure of her vengeance. Then it was her daily delight to visit him, to load him with reproaches, and to reveal to him, in bitter exultation, the whole scheme so cunningly devised and so steadily pursued, by which she had wrought his ruin. And when the closing scene drew near, she sat by his bedside, and mingled her execrations with the shrieks extorted by his dying agonies. Her warfare was against the whole sex whom she regarded as accursed; and her insatiate revenge cried out for still other victims. Nor was her vengeance yet satisfied. Whenever she could fasten her fangs on a young man of genteel family, whose unclouded prospects foretold a brilliant career, she never relaxed her hold. She studied with keenness, sharpened by experience, every point in his character—his tastes, his passions, his hopes, his fears, whatever attracted and whatever repelled him; and then, with an almost unerring sagacity, adapting the means to the end, she seldom failed in her demoniac purpose. She claimed in this manner to have hunted down thirty-two young men, involved them in disgrace, crime and ruin. Some of them ended their days in prison, and others, hopelessly fallen, were on the road to the drunkard's and felon's grave.

When asked whether her sisters in infamy felt the same hatred to mankind, she replied that she thought the feeling to be general, if not universal, among them; adding that, when a woman had once fallen, she desired to revenge herself, not only on her seducer, but on all his sex, that no game was followed with greater relish than that involving all who came within her toils in crime and its consequent punishment; that the most of them could number at least two or three victims whom they had ruined, and that many of these victims went to the length, of the actual commission of crime.

[From the Brooklyn Daily Times.]

ROMANTIC HISTORY AND DEATH OF A BROOKLYN GIRL.

It is now about a year since a young lady, nineteen years of age, residing in Willoughby street, Brooklyn, beautiful, educated and refined, became possessed of a singular monomania. She had taken a great interest in the progress of the war, read with the greatest avidity all the accounts in the newspapers of battles, sieges, "escapes" the imminent deadly breach," and could think and talk of nothing but glorious war.

Soon her actions showed that, in this particular at least, her brain had been turned with military enthusiasm, and she announced to her astonished and grief-stricken family that she was a second and modern Joan of Arc, called by Providence to lead our armies to certain victory in this great civil contest. Her friends, who are wealthy and highly respectable, in vain tried to combat her delusion. Medical advice was called in, and a change of scene was recommended by the family physician. In conformity with his counsel, the young lady was removed to Ann Harbor, in the State of Michigan.

Why she was taken to so great a distance is not known, but it is surmised that her family had near relatives in that vicinity. Her mania, however, continued to increase until it was found necessary to confine her to her apartment. She, however, succeeded in making her escape, repaired to Detroit in male clothes, and joined the drum corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex being known only to herself. Her regiment was sent to the Army of the Cumberland, and the girl continued to do her duty as a drummer-boy, though how she survived the hardships of the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell in numbers, must forever remain an inscrutable mystery.

The regiment to which she was attached had a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve, and during the bloody battle of Lookout mountain, the poor girl fell, pierced in the left side by a Minnie ball, and when borne to the surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She was told by the surgeon that her wound was mortal, and he advised her to give her name, that her family might be informed of her fate. This she finally, though reluctantly consented to do, and the Colonel of the regiment, although suffering himself from a painful wound, became interested in her behalf, and prevailed upon her to let him send a dispatch to her father. This she dictated in the following manner:

"Mr. —, No. —, Willoughby street, Brooklyn:—

"Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am con-

tent to die. Pray, pa, forgive me. Tell ma to kiss my daguerreotype. EMILY.

"P. S.—Give my gold watch to little Eph."

(The youngest brother of the dying girl.) The poor girl was buried on the field on which she fell in the service of her country, which she fondly hoped to save.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANCIENT PAPER.—We have before us a copy of the New York *Daily Advertiser*, of April 29th, 1788, being the 994th issue, vol. IV, of that paper, which is now represented by the *Commercial Advertiser* of the same city. In those days, as the advertisements infer, linen goods came from Holland as well as Great Britain; salt from Lisbon; hose, ribbons, &c. from France. Gulian Verplanck sold teas, ticklenburgh, Geneva, ivory combs, and gunpowder. Gouverneur, Kemble & Co, sold wine, rosin, rum, linseed oil, and spices. Jacob LeRoy & Son dealt in copper kettles, nutmegs, yarn, tea, frying pans, with long or short handles, mill saws, and duck. The Costers were Holland merchants. All the above merchants have descendants who now count among the genuine aristocracy of the Empire City. In glancing over the columns, we notice amidst the regular mercantile announcements, that Christopher L. Lent offers five dollars reward for the apprehension of his negro boy Primus; John Bellamy offers his services as a whitewasher for five shillings a day—if he does not find lime or brush; that the Sheriff's office had been removed to Maiden lane; the bank of New York declares a dividend of 3½ per cent, for six months; A. L. Bleeker was then an auctioneer, as his descendants are to this day; the printer wanted a healthy negro wench, and a smart negro boy; and the house then occupied by his Excellency the Minister of France No. 3 Hanover square, is offered to rent. The politicians in those days were more modest than at present for we find that "at a meeting of a large number of respectable mechanics and tradesmen," Messrs. John Jay, Richard Morris, R. S. Livingston, J. S. Hobart, James Duane, Alex. Hamilton, Richard Harrison, Isaac Roseville, and Nicholas Low were the delegates chosen to be supported by the State Convention. No political party, or even a State, can produce an equal number of as great names now-a-days, and the whole U. S. Senate of the present period pales before such a collection of great persons. The news summary chronicles that His Excellency John Adams, Ambassador at the Court of London, was expected to sail for England; and that the Pretender Charles Stuart had died at Rome on the 17th of the previous January. The European intelligence is up to March 5th—the principal item being that the Bey of Tunis was arming fleets. A company of tumblers and slack rope dancers are announced as performing at the City Tavern, whilst sloops are advertised as regular traders with Savannah, Charleston, and Philadelphia, and two ships are up for Amsterdam. To a person acquainted with the City of New York of the present epoch, this old sheet affords much food for conjecture, as streets as well as persons have passed away. [Ex.]

A WARNING TO HAM EATERS.—The New York papers of February 5th record the following extraordinary case:

A family named Flaig, residing at No. 45 Elizabeth street, has recently been poisoned by eating uncooked ham. One of the children having died, Coroner Nauman held an inquest yesterday, when the testimony of Mrs. Gerkmerster, grandmother of the child, and of several physicians was taken. Three doctors who had examined the ham, testified that it was alive with microscopic insects of the species known as *trichina spiralis*. This insect is a borer, and when introduced into the human stomach pierces the coat of that organ in order to make its way into the muscle of the body, where it makes itself a nest and lives. Several instances of death from this cause are already recorded in the medical books. It is always unsafe to eat ham uncooked, for the *trichina* haunts that kind of flesh.

Says another account: The symptoms were griping in the bowels, causing intense pain accompanied with a violent diarrhea. Medical aid was called in, and all the family stated that they were taken with the symptoms immediately after partaking of some raw ham which they had purchased at a grocery store at the corner of Grand and Mott streets. Emetics were promptly given, and all the family recovered, with the exception of the youngest child, Mary, a little girl two years of age who was so weakened that she died on Tuesday. The suspected meat was subjected to a microscopic test, and found to be full of poisonous animalcules. To the naked eye the ham looked perfectly good, and there was nothing in the taste to distinguish it from perfectly good, fresh meat. Coroner Nauman held an inquest. Dr. Wooster Beach, Jr., Deputy Coroner, made a post mortem examination of the deceased, with Drs. Valliers, Schuetter and Jacobi. The organs showed no marks of disease, except the brain and left lung, which exhibited signs of congestion. Portions of various parts of the body were removed for microscopic examination. Dr. Beach agrees with the other physicians as to the cause of death. The jury returned a verdict that "Mary Flaig, the deceased, came to her death from accidental poisoning, from eating ham containing tridinnos spiralis."

—The United States consumed 432,411 tons of sugar in 1862.