

The Printer.—A True Tale.

BY CAPTAIN HAKSLEY.

It was a cold evening in the month of December that Judge Wright was sitting by the pleasant fire, at the residence of his brother in Louisville, Ky. His little niece was sitting beside him with her hand resting gently on his arm, and her hair falling in ringlets over her snowy shoulders.

"Tell us a story of a mechanic, uncle, if you please, for I often hear you speaking of them," spoke the little girl, looking up very innocently into the face of the Judge.

"I will tell you of a poor printer whom I knew," replied the Judge, "if you will only promise to pay attention to all I say."

"Of course I will, for I like to hear of printers."

"I once knew a young man," said he, "who lived in a town in the western part of Virginia. He was of a respectable family but not very wealthy, and the youth, for a youth he was at the time our narrative commences, expressed the desire to learn the printing business. His parents having no objections to it, he entered an office in the town of W—, and which was carried on by a young man by the name of M—. He continued in the office some two years, at the expiration of which time the office was sold out to another firm. The former proprietor immediately purchased another establishment in the interior of the State, and the young man wishing to finish his trade with those he had commenced with, immediately left home and joined his old employers. Time rolled on and his apprenticeship was finished, when he returned home. There he meets his old friends and former associates, and particularly a young lady to whom he was very much attached. His visits were very frequent and in less than a year they were engaged to be married."

"He, in the meantime had purchased a printing office, and was publishing a paper and, by applying himself closely to his office, he made many friends and, as in the case of publishing a paper, some enemies. Those who were his enemies had sought every means in their power to injure him, but in spite of all they could do he prospered in business."

"But although he was engaged, some of the ladies of the place, who had set themselves up as aristocracy, sought an interview with the lady's mother, and by falsehood and misrepresentations, succeeded in winning the unsuspecting parents over to their side, and by interference with her daughter, the marriage was broken off."

"This was more than the young man could stand, and at the end of the volume, he discontinued the publication of his newspaper, and left there for parts unknown."

Years rolled on and we find the young printer a successful lawyer residing in New Orleans.—He had there gained a name that will ever stand; not only as being an influential member of the bar, but as a respectable and honorable citizen of that city."

As the young lawyer was sitting in his office one afternoon, reading, he was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door. The lawyer answered the knock with his pleasant "come in." The door opened and the figure of a female entered. She seemed about thirty years of age; she had been one of the most handsome of her sex, although time had cast its shadow over the freshness of her features."

"Are you a lawyer?" she asked in a sweet musical voice.

"I have the honor to belong to that profession."

"I have a case which I would be happy to have you attend to," she added, blushing.

"What is the tenor of it?"

"It is a divorce case. My husband, shortly after our marriage, took to drinking very bad, and having squandered our means, has now abandoned me altogether and I am forced to take in sewing to support myself and child."

"I will do what I can for you, madam, and I think there will be no difficulty in obtaining one."

The lady gave her name as Mrs. Young, and said she was boarding with a friend at N—, Chestnut street, and then left the office.

After she had gone, the thought occurred to him that he had seen that face before, and the more he thought the more he was convinced that such was the case, and to satisfy his curiosity he resolved to visit her the following day. The next afternoon he called at N—, Chestnut street, and there found the person he was in search of sitting in a nicely furnished apartment, with a rosy cheeked boy by her.

After talking on the various topics of the day, he ventured to ask her if she was a native of the state of Louisiana.

"No, sir, I was raised in Virginia, and have lived there until shortly after my marriage."

"Did you not at one time reside in the village of M—?"

"I resided there several years," she answered, as she scrutinized the features of the lawyer.

"I suppose you were acquainted with the citizens there generally, were you not?"

"Yes, sir, I was partially acquainted with the most of the inhabitants," said she.

"Were you acquainted with a young man by the name of W., who published a paper there?"

"Yes, I was well acquainted with him and we were engaged to be married, but upon the interference of my mother and some others, it did not take place." Here a tear was now seen to steal down her cheek.

"Do you know what has become of him?"

"I do not," she replied, "but would to God I could find out where he is, for although I was forced to slight him, he would still be a friend to me," she said, trying to hide her tears with her handkerchief.

"Then, madam," he replied, "you see that man in me—I am that printer, the one that loved you above all others, and the one you would now trust as a friend. He is as he was."

She sprang to his arms, their lips met, and the love they had for each other before was kindled anew.

"Ellen, my only love, nothing on earth could give me more pleasure than this meeting. Often have I thought of you since we parted on Virginia's most lovely soil."

They talked over the times they had when young. How they had taken moonlight walks in the garden, and exchanged pledges of love; finally she told him how she had been deceived in her husband, for, instead of being a southern merchant, he proved to be a gambler and a drunkard.

The lawyer succeeded in getting a divorce for her, and they passed many happy hours together, but they were not numerous, for the next spring she fell a victim to the yellow fever. The lawyer ever proved a friend, took the young boy and adopted him as his own; as he was never married he had none.

"I have finished my story, all but one thing," said the Judge.

"What is this," asked his niece.

"It is simply this, that the printer of whom I have been speaking, is none other than your uncle. It is myself that was the hero of this story, and the child I spoke of, you know, he is now in my office and bids fair to become a good lawyer."

"It is a very nice story, uncle."

"Yes, dear, it is one you can profit by. Do not treat a person coldly because they happen to be a mechanic, lest in the end he should turn out greater than you."

The Lent Paper.

"John what has become of last week's paper?" inquired Mrs. C—, of her husband.

"Surely, wife, I cannot tell; it was brought from the office, I think."

"Yes, James brought it home on Saturday evening; but neighbor N— and his wife being here, he laid it on the table."

"Oh, N— has got the paper, I remember now of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that; I think you do very wrong, husband, in lending the papers before we have read them. He who takes a paper and pays for it, is certainly entitled to the first perusal of it."

"I know it, wife, but neighbor N— don't take a paper, and I can't refuse when he asks to borrow ours."

"Don't N— take a paper?" inquired Mrs. C— with surprise.

"No."

"Why not? he is, as he says, always very fond of reading."

"Yes, but he seems to think himself unable to take one."

"Unable! He is certainly as able as we are. He pays a much larger tax, and is almost always bragging of his superior cattle, and—"

"Hush, wife! It is very wrong to speak of our neighbor's faults behind their backs. He promised to return the paper to-day."

"I hope he will. It contains an excellent article which I desire very much to read."

Mrs. C— was an excellent lady, and probably possessed as liberal feelings as her peace-loving husband; but she could not believe it to be their duty to furnish a free paper to their more wealthy and covetous neighbors.

N— had formerly taken a paper; but thinking it too expensive, to the no small discomfiture of his wife and little ones, he had ordered its discontinuance. He, however, dearly loved to read, and had, for a year or more been in the habit of sending "little Joe" on the disagreeable errand of borrowing old papers from his neighbors.

Mrs. C— waited patiently through the day, expecting to see "little Joe" coming with the paper, but the day passed, as likewise did the evening, and no paper came.

The next morning, after breakfast, she was heard to say—

"Well, John, the paper has not been returned yet."

"Ah, indeed, I guess neighbor N— has either forgotten his promise or is absent from home," replied C—.

"I think," she continued, "we had better send James after it."

"Would it not be best, wife, to wait until afternoon? N— may return it before that time."

"As you think best," was the reply.

They waited until nearly dark, no paper made its appearance. James, a smart lad of ten years, was now instructed to proceed to neighbor N—'s and get the paper. He soon arrived and made known his errand. He was very politely informed that it was lent to R— the blacksmith, who lived half a mile further on. James unwilling to return home without it, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, continued on to the blacksmith's.

It was quite dark when he arrived, but he soon made his business known, and was informed by Mrs. R— that "little sis got hold of the paper and tore it up."

"I'll take the fragments," said James, who was for having nothing lost.

"The fragments, Jim!" exclaimed Mr. R—. "Old Donk, the pedlar, came along here to-day, and I sold 'em with the rags." James somewhat dispirited by his unsuccessful mission and not being very courageous in the dark, silently beat a hasty retreat for home, where in due season he arrived, and reported the result of his errand.

"Ah," very composedly remarked Mr. C—, "I suppose R asked neighbor N— to lend him the paper and he did not like to deny him. We cannot, I think, accuse either of doing intentional wrong; and one paper," continued he, "is of little value."

"You may argue N's case as you please," replied Mrs. C—, "but rest assured of one thing."

"What is that?" asked neighbor C—, with evident fear.

"Nothing, only neighbor N. will not be at the inconvenience of troubling people for old papers."

In about three weeks after this conversation, N. was informed by the post master that he had

a paper in the office. He was highly pleased at this announcement, but could not think who was so very kind as to send him a paper. After many conjectures, however, he came to the conclusion that it was from some old friend whom he had assisted in former years.

One year had passed; the paper had continued to come and N. was still ignorant from whence it came; but one day at a 'hauling' he informed his neighbors of his good fortune, and expressed some fears that he would have to do without a paper soon.

"No you shan't," said James C. in a loud tone of voice, "for mother sent on two dollars for you last week."

"Well done, Jim!" shouted a dozen voices, while a simultaneous roar of laughter ran along the line of teamsters.

N., who had previous to this announcement been remarkably cheerful and talkative, became suddenly silent, while a deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled his brow. This was a good lesson for N.

Early next morning he went and paid Mrs. C. the four dollars, acknowledged his error, and was never known afterwards to take less than two weekly papers.

Counterfeiting.

Some of the most astounding developments are being made at the present time in relation to the counterfeiting of bills and money in New York and Ohio, from which it would seem that in some sections of the country it is becoming a regular branch of business, as eagerly pursued, and, within certain limits, almost as openly as any other branch of speculation in the North, or as the foreign slaves trade in the South or in Cuba. Books are published giving full descriptions of cheap methods of imitating the precious metals. All the tricks of counterfeiters for sweating, boring, splitting, and filling coins are here detailed with great exactness, and on payment of five dollars any one has been admitted into one of their circles. In some sections quite large bodies of men have gone into this business as the easiest and most liberal way of making money.

Only the other day a Cleveland paper tells us that in that city a Methodist minister of high standing was preaching a funeral sermon to a crowded congregation, when the officers of justice arrived, and at the close of the service arrested him as a counterfeiter. All the implements for carrying on a very extensive business of this kind were found in his house. Finally he made a clean breast of it before the whole multitude, and told them that having been brought up an engraver, he had during the last two years become connected with a gang of this sort, and had been hard at work manufacturing false bank bills on a large scale.

The question naturally presents itself, what is going to become of honest men? What can those do who live by buying and selling? The losses of the retail storekeepers are becoming every year larger and longer, notwithstanding counterfeit detectors and every other precaution.

In the East Indies the Kings and Princes have cheated so in the coinage that in Burmah every man who sells carries his scale and weights, and weighs all his silver as he receives it; and they have become excellent judges of the quality of silver, and can tell how much it is adulterated. But we seem about to have no security that our coins are what they seem.

Ages before the birth of Chemistry the alchemists were occupied in seeking some means by which all metals might be transmuted into gold. It never seemed to enter into their minds that the ultimate effect of all this would, if successful, be to transmute gold down in point of value and importance to the average of other metals. It is so in all these modern attempts of a baser kind to counterfeit, instead of transmuting. It is ten times as injurious to the community as so much money abstracted or stolen, or so much lead openly mixed with all our coins. The uncertainty, the time, the risk of buying and selling, makes men avoid exchanges, except at much larger profits, to pay for all this. Unless it can be broken up our whole currency will become depreciated incalculably.

But there is a worse depreciation than all this indicated in the extension of counterfeiting operations; it is the depreciation of moral character among men of sufficient mechanical ingenuity and intellectual entertainments to render them most dangerous to the community. The social position of many of these operators makes them doubly dangerous and doubly deleterious. Sometimes we build great hopes for the future of our country from the increased education of the masses. But let us not be blinded to the fact that mere intellectual progress without proper training in habits of moral and social virtue and conformity to law, will only tend more rapidly to demoralize and destroy, rendering those who possess these advantages a more dangerous race of pickpockets and counterfeiters. Who would wish to see a razor in the hand of every mad-man? Yet such is knowledge and skill to the unprincipled.

There are times when virtue and religion seem to carry their triumphs into the highest quarters of public as well as private life, so openly and powerfully that all begin to hope a new era has dawned upon mankind. But, on the other hand, such glimpses of life, public and private, as are sometimes seen are not flattering to our progress in virtue. The revival of the slave trade in the South, and the progress of frauds and counterfeiting at the North and West, all in defiance of the laws equally of God and man, shows that law as law has not that power on the public conscience it ought to possess, and must be brought to possess, to insure the perpetuity of a free Government. Unless children are instructed, in the school house and at home, that law and right are to be respected, that not ingenious merely, but honest and true ways of making money are alone to be sought—unless specific instructions on these points enter into pulpit teachings, the les-

son will have to be enforced in other and sterner methods. The neglect of education is not the remedy to be thought of, but the additional instructions of which we speak are loudly called for.—[Phil. Ledger.]

MORMON IMMIGRATION.—About 500 Mormon arrived in this city on Friday of last week from Europe, and the next day were sent forward on their journey to Utah. This rapid movement is in accordance with Young's orders, that they may avail themselves of the summer in crossing the plains. This, at least, must be acknowledged of this people, that no immigrants are so self-helpful, and none conduct their coming and going with so much method. In these respects they may be held up as patterns to all others.—[N. Y. Tribune, May 21.]

A WAGER was laid upon the Yankee peculiarity of answering one question by asking another. To decide the bet, a down easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question." "I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee. "Then why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?" "Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

Never give counsel where it is not asked of you, especially to those who are incapable of appreciating it.

As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

ARRIVAL OF A MERCHANT TRAIN.—Messrs. Livingston, Kinkead & Co's. train, consisting of 44 eight-mule wagons, loaded with merchandise for this city and Camp Floyd, arrived on the 9th, in thirty seven days from Laramie, where it was detained last fall, owing to the lateness of the season, not having left the Missouri river till the 1st day of August. Some twenty five or thirty of the wagons were unloaded at their store in this city; the others went to Camp Floyd. We have been informed that they have several other trains on the way.

TURNED UP.—Henry Forbes, a young man who was reported to have been murdered at Springville, Utah Territory, has turned up alive, and is now living in the State of Illinois.—[San Francis News, May 18th.]

What if some others who have been reported dead should turn up in like manner?

Disease among cattle is quite fatal in some parts of California. In Calaveras county, it is stated that "several valuable cows have been lost and more are dying daily." Some of the dead animals have been opened and immediately under the skin, the flesh resembles that which had been beaten to a jelly. One man, whose cow was taken with the malady, inserted a knife into the animal at the usual place of bleeding, when nothing but air gushed out.

—THE Rev. Dr. Cox it is said has been writing a series of letters to the *American Presbyterian* designed to show that the Apocalyptic battle of "Armageddon" in all probability is at hand in the rupture of the peace of Europe now taking effect.

—DAVID R. ATCHISON, says a correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, still enjoys the sweets of private life on his plantation in Clinton county, Mo. During a recent revival of religion in that section, he seemed seriously inclined, and some of his relatives, who are zealous and consistent Methodists, really had hopes of his conversion. But just then some friend sent him a barrel of his favorite old rye whisky (like Mr. Buchanan, he drinks nothing but old rye), he returned to his idol, and from that day he has been the same old "Dave" Atchison as of yore.

—AT NEW ORLEANS, Miss Way, and Professor Wilson lately undertook to make a trip to Jackson, Miss. in a balloon. They arose to an elevation of 13,000 feet, and then descended until a current of air was found which bore them in the right direction, but unfortunately the balloon got too low, and the anchor was caught by a tree, and in that position the inmates remained till the next morning, when Miss Way let herself down by a rope, and on going to the nearest house, found they were 150 miles from New Orleans. The balloon was dislodged uninjured.

—A MAN and his wife were recently lost in a swamp in Arkansas, for three weeks, during which time they had nothing to eat but persimmons and acorns. When found they were in "good condition." They were originally from North Carolina.

—A COUPLE of students belonging to the Law School at Lebanon, Tenn., were enacting the *Sickles* tragedy for amusement, when the young man who had the part of Sickles seized a pistol which he supposed was empty, and shot Mr. Burk, who took the part of Key, killing him almost instantly. Mr. Tap, the unfortunate youth who fired the fatal shot, is almost deranged.