

A PIECE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort, seems absurd to the country people round about.

It happened one day that a farmer named Bernard, having come to town on business, bethought himself that as he had a few hours to spare it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer.

He had often heard of a lawyer named Fey, who was in such high repute that people believed a lawsuit gained when he undertook their cause.

The countryman went to his office, and after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

"You wish to bring an action, perhaps?" inquired the lawyer.

"O, no, replied the farmer; 'I am at peace with all the world.'

"Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

"It is, then, to get me to negotiate a purchase or a sale that you have come?"

"O, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer in a tone of surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard; "I want your advice. Of course I mean to pay you for it."

The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper, asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Bernard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"What's that?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"O! that's what it means, is it? Why I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and handed it to his client.

"Is it finished already?" said the farmer; "well and good! What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he made use of this opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer.

When the farmer reached home it was 4 o'clock: the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile, the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked him if they should draw it in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow."

Bernard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one, too, that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper and read this line—

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Bernard; as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come, be quick! get the carts and away! Come girls, all to the field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

Bernard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning until the hay was brought in.—The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, and the foresight of his lawyer.

The weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley. The next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed; Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you, my readers, will take a hint from this success, and never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DREAM OF THE SNOW DRIFTS.—The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, who has travelled much, and visited California amongst other climes, relates the following incident:

"As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger as I afterwards learned, was Captain Young, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as to-

tally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritualism and the modern necromancy; and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

"At my request he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons and the look of their particular distress. He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his comrade recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. The comrade had come over the Sierra by the Carson Valley pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' he said; 'I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley pass. And there they found the company in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive."

Dr. Bushnell adds, that a gentleman present in the hotel-parlor at the time said to him:—"You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts and names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of savior." These names he gave, together with the residences of each; and Dr. Bushnell avers that he found the Californians everywhere ready to second the old man's testimony. "Nothing could be more natural," continues the doctor, "than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him the greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream."

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A small detachment of the 119th New York on the skirmish line on the 17th of June, advanced close up to the enemy—so close that they had been compelled to halt for the time, and throw up slight breastworks of logs as a defense. By some untoward mistake a party of twelve or fifteen men were ordered to advanced beyond these works on picket duty. Though knowing that it was almost certain death to show their heads above the walls of their little fort, still they obeyed without question or hesitation. They had advanced scarcely more than a rod beyond their comrades, when a heavy volley of musketry prostrated to the ground every man save two! Two were killed instantly, and the rest wounded more or less severely. All of the wounded, however, were able to drag themselves back and escape, except one poor fellow, Sergeant Guider, who was so badly wounded that he could not stir from his place. There he lay almost within arms-length of his comrades, and yet they were powerless to rescue him or give him aid, so galling was the rebel fire. One bolder than the rest made the hazardous attempt, but scarcely had he got over the breastworks, when he fell severely wounded. They endeavored to allay his raging thirst by throwing to him canteens of water, and even one of these was pierced by a rebel bullet. Finally, as they could not go over the breastworks, they dug a way under them with no other implements than their bayonets, and through it two men crawled and succeeded in reaching him unharmed. Just as they reached him their comrades in the rear gave an exultant cheer, which elicited from the rebels another volley. A fatal ball pierced the poor fellow's breast for the second time, and he had only time to murmur feebly to his rescuers, "Now I die content; I am in your hands," and expired.

A TITLED MACHINIST.—Lord Oxmantown was at some manufactory, the name I have heard, but have forgotten. In walking through the works he met with the principal, who, finding him well versed in the subject, and taking him for a practical man, explained some improvements he was about to make. His lordship discovered a fallacy in the plan, and predicted that it would fail, but the other was confident in his calculation, and so they parted. Some time afterwards, when his lordship was walking to the House of Commons, he was accosted in the street by one who turned out to be his too confident acquaintance, and who said: "I have been often, since we last met, wishing to see you. You was right and I was wrong, and I am going to make you an offer. My engineering foreman is going to leave me, and if you will come down, and construct the work your own way, I will give you a post." "I am much obliged," replied his lordship, "but I could not accept your offer without consulting my father."

"One would think you were old enough," said the other, with some scorn, "to be out of leading strings. And when can you hear from your daddy?" "I can give you an answer at once," said Lord Oxmantown, who saw his father, then Earl of Rosse, approaching. When the latter came up, he was informed of the offer, and entering into the joke, said he was quite willing that his son should accept the post if it did not interfere with his parliamentary duties. "And who is he! and who are you, old gentleman?" roughly demanded the Brummagem. "I am Lord Rosse," was the reply, "and this is Lord Oxmantown." Eventually the latter consented to look down for a few days in Warwickshire and give his friend the benefit of his best advice, which ended, this time, in the thoroughly successful completion of the improvement in hand. —[Bristol, England, Times.

A DARING ADVENTURE.—On the 11th of June, John B. Tuttle, the young, daring and efficient Chief of Scouts of the Army of the Cumberland, at the head of four of his men, made a dash into Villerean, a small village south-west of Atlanta, Georgia, and used as a depot of supplies. Rebel troops were camped in front and to the rear of the post, the camps being about one mile distant. A Lieutenant-Colonel, a Captain and three issuing Sergeants were found in the place in charge of the stores. So confident were the rebels that the post was secure, that no other guard was stationed in the immediate vicinity. The officers and sergeants were taken completely by surprise by the sudden descent of Tuttle and his men. They were unarmed and forced to surrender. The buildings containing 50,000 bushels of corn and a large amount of bacon were fired by Tuttle. Five army wagons loaded with bacon and clothing were also set on fire. The two commissioned rebel officers were then forced to mount their horses, and the daring scouts made a hasty exit from the place. The burning buildings attracted the attention of the camps, and great commotion existed among the rebel soldiers. They hurried forward to extinguish the flames, and the Union scouts made good their escape. The buildings were of a light, combustible nature, and it is believed that they were entirely destroyed. This is one of the boldest adventures of the war. Tuttle is a daring leader, and his scouts are imbued with the heroism of their chief. —[Louisville Journal.

A COLORED BISHOP.—The Rev. Samuel Crowther, a negro, has been ordained Bishop of Niger. The following incidents of his career are furnished by the English papers: "His original name was Adjai, and his family lived at Ochuga, in the Yoruba country, one hundred miles inland from the Bight of Benin: In 1821 he was carried off by the Eyo Mahometans, was exchanged for a horse, was again exchanged at Dahab, and cruelly treated; was then again sold as a slave for some tobacco; was captured by an English ship-of-war and landed at Sierra in 1822. He was baptized in 1835, taking the names of the Evangelical vicar of Christ Church, Newgate street, Samuel Crowther. In 1829 he married Asano, a native girl, who had been taught in the same school with him. He was then for some years schoolmaster of Regent's Town, and subsequently accompanied the first Niger expedition. Arrived in England, he was sent to the Church Missionary College, Islington, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1854 he accompanied the second Niger Expedition, of which he has written a very able account. He has since been an active clergyman at Akassa, and has translated the Bible into Yoruba, and has undertaken various other literary works of a religious character for the benefit of his African brethren. The new Bishop is a strong evangelical, but has not mixed himself up with doctrinal controversy."

FATE OF THE AUTHOR OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—The following extract is from a work by Charles Reade, entitled the Eighth "Commandment."

Henry Carey was a man of genius. He wrote for the theatre with immediate and lasting success. Next he handled satire, and Pope took his verses for Swift's, and Swift for Pope's. Lastly he settled down to lyrical art: and a rare combination of two rare talents, he invented immortal melodies, and the immortal words to them. He wrote the words and melody of the National Anthem; for this he deserved a pension, and a niche in Westminster Abbey. In a loose age he wrote chastely. He never failed to hit the public. He was of his age, yet immortal. No artist can do more. But there were no copy rights in songs. Mark the consequences of that gap in the law. While the theatre and the street rang with his lines and his tunes, while fiddlers fiddled and were paid, and the songsters sang them and were richly paid, the genius that set all these empty music pipes flowing, a million ears listening with rapture, was felled to the bone. All reaped the corn but the sower. For why? The sower was an author, an inventor! And so in the midst of success that enriched others and left him bare, in the midst of the poor, unselfish souls attempt to found a charity for distressed performers, nature suddenly broke down under the double agony of a heart full of wrongs and an empty belly, and the man hanged himself. They found him cold, with skin on his bones, and a half-penny in his pocket. Think of this when next you hear "God Save the Queen."

POLES EXITED BY THOUSANDS.—The following statement appears in the *Ojezyzna* of Warsaw, under the date of June 4:—

"Yesterday a fresh relay of 200 exiles were sent forward to the extremity of Russia—the sixty-third of the same kind which has left Warsaw in the space of a year and a half. Most of these relays amounted to between 400 and 500 persons; but if we take only an average of 300, this will give a total of 20,000 persons deported within that short period. Among the exiles of the 4th of June was Mdlle. Guzowska (we do not know what has become of her two sisters: report says that one of them died in hospital from the effects of a whipping which she received,) and the ladies Mystkowska, Plichta, Dombrowska and Swientochowska. It is computed that 120,000 persons have been deported from Lithuania, and the number does not appear to be in the least exaggerated."

FOOTE'S WIT.—Foote was talking away one evening at the dinner table at a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it, "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke. Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters, and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses; enlarging all the time upon its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his small glass.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—Every possible care and attention is bestowed upon the manufacture of the Atlantic cable so as to render its success, if properly laid, a continued certainty. The core consists of a strand of seven copper wires each covered with about half an inch of gutta-percha composition, as an insulating medium. The telegraphic core is then strengthened by wrapping around it ten solid wires formed of Messrs. Webster & Horsfall's homogeneous iron, capable of bearing a strain of eleven miles of its length. The whole is afterwards surrounded with yarn saturated with a chemical compound which, by its poisonous qualities, will prevent its destruction by marine insects, shellfish, etc. The new cable is most perfect throughout, and double the strength of the former one. The superior quality of the conducting wires and the greater thickness will admit of an average of eight words per minute being transmitted, against a fourth of that number under the arrangement of the old cable.

A SWORDFISH.—The splendid ship *Donald McKay* was recently docked in London to undergo repairs. On examining her bottom, the horn of a swordfish was found sticking outside of her copper. It had pierced four and a half inches through a plank and had brought up against a timber inside, when it was no doubt broken off from its socket in the head of the fish. Some idea may be formed of the power of the fish and the sharpness of its sword or horn, from this fact. Many similar instances have been recorded from time to time during the past fifty years. No doubt several vessels have been lost, where the sword has pierced through the planking and been withdrawn again, for it does not follow that it has broken off in every case, and thus blocked the opening like a tree nail. In old or thin planking the sword would make a hole large and open enough to admit of its being withdrawn by a sudden jerk of this powerful fish.

ADMIRAL LEE has organized a torpedo and picket division for clearing the banks of the James river of torpedoes. The division consists of three gunboats, seven armed boats and 150 men, and precedes the fleet in its advance up the river. They have already secured eleven infernal machines, four of which contained twelve hundred pounds, and one contained two thousand pounds of powder. They are all very dangerous and powerful torpedoes.

A NEW REBEL MACHINE.—An army correspondent gives an account of the latest rebel machine discovered by our signal corps:

When first upon the railroad, near Bottoms bridge, it looked like a car in a locomotive, roofed with a singular covering. But soon the roof was turned down vertically, disclosing itself as a mail proof shield, perforated with a port hole, behind which a large pivot gun was mounted. The locomotive keeps up steam constantly, and stands upon the road near a curve, emerging from which it can sweep the railroad for a mile, covering the railroad bridge of the Chichabominy, and retreat again to its cover, in which it is entirely beyond the reach of our guns. An account of this same machine had been given by a contraband from Richmond, but it had never been seen until now.

—The work of restoring the great Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, has resulted in some interesting historical discoveries. In lowering the soil around it remains of Roman houses were found, and the outline of the foundations of an old church which centuries ago stood here, dedicated to St. Christopher, as well as the plan of another church near by, dedicated to St. Stephen. Several marble columns, with fine Corinthian capitals, have also been unearthed.