

live, and then whose are those treasures but yours?"

Rene looked aghast, and thought that his old friend had surely gone mad; but when the old man insisted, he declared indignantly that: "If he took no pains to save the Count, he should feel himself as much a murderer as if he had actually killed him," and said he should "go the very next day to Robespierre to beg his life!"

The old man pretended to insist, but it was only pretence. With tears running down his cheeks, he thanked God that the boy had been blessed with so honest and noble a nature, and loved the child more than ever.

That very night, unable to sleep, as Rene lay tossing in his little bed, he suddenly remembered where he had seen the Count. He was the good gentleman who had given the purse for his grandmother's funeral, and the child was Fleurette! This did not change his determination, and betimes the next morning he was off—Father Lafort having hidden the casket. It was too early to go to Robespierre; but, using his prison-pass, he went to find the Count. And so sure was he that God would aid him in his efforts, "as," he said, "he had always done," that he quite comforted the poor man. But the Count had no hope for himself, the utmost he hoped was that Rene would save Fleurette.

As soon as it was time, Rene went to Robespierre and was warmly welcomed; but when he made known his request, and told why he was interested, the wretch's countenance grew dark, and he walked the floor ominously. At last, however, he stopped, and told the boy that he would release the child on condition that he said not another word: if he did, both should die. He sat down, wrote a few lines and handed them to him, saying that "now the debt was paid, he might look to himself," and dismissed him.

Rene flew to the prison to carry away Fleurette, but assured the Count that, though he did not know how, he was certain he would save him, too. The Count shook his head. Rene took Fleurette to the old man's home, and then it was agreed that Father Lafort should go back to the prison as a friend, and carry a disguise for the Count who should come out in his place. The old man was to come out next morning with Rene's pass, for he was so well known now that he did not need it, and none knew of his quarrel with Robespierre.

All this was admirably carried out, for whenever any doubts would arise, Rene's assurance that "the good God always had helped him, and he was sure always would," gave them fresh energy; and finally the whole party succeeded in escaping from Paris and reaching Savoy. From that time, the Count, Fleurette, Rene and old Father Lafort, made one family; and whenever Rene thought of his last interview with Robespierre, he would say to himself: "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."—[N. Y. Methodist.

GOVERNOR NYE ON UTAH AFFAIRS.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says that General Nye, Governor of Nevada, was recently before a cabinet meeting, when Utah affairs were freely discussed, and, after narrating the condition of affairs, according to his understanding, expressed the belief that nothing short of the arrest and execution of some of the leaders, including Brigham Young, would bring peace and order to the Territory, in relation to which the Buffalo Courier says, that "Nothing short of the political execution, at least, of such hot-headed and brainless fools as General Nye, will prevent the Government from getting into trouble wherever their jurisdiction may extend."

Governor Nye is not the first who has expressed such bloody belief. Cain developed similar opinions, and the retributive mark has been upon his representatives through all subsequent time.

A wonderful people in days of old were of Nye's exterminating way of thinking, and they cried, "crucify him, crucify him; his blood be on us, and on our children." The responsibility was incurred, and the prayer was answered, and is being answered terribly to this day.

Buchanan, Floyd, etc., half-adopted a similar policy in 1857. Their reputation has been irreparably fractured, their names are a by-word throughout the land, and the nation which backed them is rent in twain.

Nye, in his limited sphere, can take his turn at that wheel of fortune, and make his little strike for glory, for there is some truth in the familiar free-will couplet:

"Know then that every soul is free
To choose his life and what he'll be."

But is it not about time that rulers and people, great men and small, began to understand that there is an institution of which it has been truly said: "Whoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder?"

THE FINISHED GARMENT.—A christian man's life is laid on the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does, and the heart is the shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow and on the other is joy. The shuttle, struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread which is white or black as the pattern needs; and in the end when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that deep and dark colors were as needful to perfectness and beauty as the bright and high colors.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES FOR PAPER-PULP.

The following lines are clipped:

Ladies, bring your rags,
For our literature flags
From the lack of material for paper.
Bring out iron-mouldy shirts,
Bring out feminine skirts,
Bring out all threadbare wares of the draper.

Be all cotton sheets frayed,
In' o paper sheets made,
Each old night-cap too fool's cap converted;
For we must read and write,
Should we have, in the night,
To go sheetless, unnight-capped, unshirted.

Oh! ye teetering belles,
Who wear numberless ells
Of entirely superfluous linen,
Can't you spare a few robes,
From those swinging half globes
That you think so confoundedly winning?

For our troops, without stint,
You scrape menchoirs to lint,
And your kindness each wounded brave blesses;
Should you have left a rag
Not required for "The Flag,"
Think in what a dilemma the press is.

"Paper-rags" is its suit;
And as woman the fruit
First obtained from the great Tree of Knowledge,
Now that the tree's short of leaves,
Let our sweet modern Eves
From their wardrobes replenish its foliage.

Only think! should the press
Have to take a recess,
Of the dread intellectual famine!
No leaders, no news,
No executive views,
No gumption, no gossip, no gammon.

We had better all tear
Our duds up and go bare,
Though the cold should our cuticles crinkle,
Than be always full-dressed,
While our minds sore distressed,
Get no chance to obtain a "new wrinkle."

DECREASE OF AMERICAN SHIPPING.

During the past year our mercantile marine has been diminished, from foreign sales, Federal conversion, and Confederate captures, by the number of three hundred and sixty-five vessels—many of heavy tonnage, and valued in the aggregate at \$6,136,000. This reduction, though amounting to but a small percentage of our aggregate tonnage, most seriously effects some particular branches of our shipping business. It includes many of our finest clipper ships, formerly engaged in the California and East India trade, which were sold (at least nominally) to English houses last summer, at very low prices, on account of the decline in commerce consequent upon the shutting up of Southern ports, as well as in anticipation of a war with Great Britain.

Those sales of American ships made in England are understood to have been mostly bona fide transactions; though some few light crafts engaged in the West India and South American trade may perhaps have but nominally changed hands in some provincial ports for the sake of securing protection from Confederate cruisers.

Previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, nearly one-third of the British carrying trade was performed by American bottoms; but within the last two years our shipowners have not only lost much of this business, but foreign ships are now competing somewhat extensively in our own. Even the California trade is beginning to be shared by trans-Atlantic navigators; a considerable portion of the gold products of that State now goes directly to England via the Isthmus, and a recent decision of our State Department has conceded all the rights claimed by British merchantmen in this connection.

As freights generally rule high, the present is a rich harvest time with our friends across the water, who are coining mints of money with the splendid clippers we were so kind as to let them have for a bagatelle last year. Under the circumstances, it is obvious policy for them to aid the Confederate privateers in their piratical operations, for the purpose of keeping our mercantile marine conveniently small; and if it should be swept entirely from the seas, they would doubtless be accommodating enough to step in and do our whole carrying trade for us on the most liberal terms.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

VICTOR HUGO TO THE RUSSIAN ARMY.—Victor Hugo has published a spirited address to the Russian soldiers, in which, after recounting with rising indignation the enormity of their making war on the people of Poland, he finishes the climax as follows: "If you do those things, know ye, men of the Russian army, that you will fall, which appears impossible, even lower than the gangs of the Southern States of America, or raise against you the execration of the whole civilized world."

—The N. Y. Express thinks that after the conscription we shall see women here, as on the Continent of Europe, ploughing, hoeing, digging, fishing, wood-chopping, mining, etc.

—Slaves are advancing in price like everything else in the South. They now bring \$2000 a-piece.

FACTS AND FICTIONS.

—In Washington, on Sunday, April 5, Rev. Mr. Pitcher, after preaching an appropriate discourse, exhorted his hearers to enlist on the side of the Lord, and proceeded to inquire—"Who has faith in the Lord?" when an old soldier, somewhat the worse for liquor, rose in his place and said, "Pm d—d if I haven't faith in the Lord, and Gen. McLellan too!" to which several responsive "amens" were given.

—In the Wisconsin Legislative Assembly Mr. Hildebrand moved that the sergeant-at-arms exclude all thieves from the Assembly hall. Mr. Lapham inquired whether a quorum would be left. The Speaker was unable to say.

—The English papers state that the royal plate on the Prince of Wales' marriage breakfast table was of the value of \$10,000,000.

—"You see how bald I am, and yet I don't wear a wig." "True, sir, but an empty barn requires no thatch."

—A man at Newcastle, who served four days on a jury, says he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

—At a recent conference meeting in Pennsylvania, the members were asked: How many brethren can you accommodate at your house? One old lady arose, saying, "I can sleep only two, but can eat as many as you can send along."

—A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

—"Federal and Confederates" is the title of a new entertainment given in London by Mr. Henry Drayton, who has been assisted in the musical portion of the work by Henry Russell.

Harriet A. McLaughlin, of Chicago, Illinois, asks for a divorce from Henry A., her husband. She is only eleven years old, and has been married but a single month.

—To make hens lay—Wring their necks: they will lay anywhere then.

—A Republican writer says the motto of the statesmen at Washington is, "Let us steal while it is time."

—A cup of coffee costs one dollar in the Richmond coffee-houses; butter is \$3.25 per pound.

—A sprightly editress, in reply to a correspondent who asked her if she wore hoops, exclaims,—"Hoops, indeed! why we don't wear anything else!" The italics are her own. We suppose she tells the naked truth.

—A gentleman on board a steamer with his family, was asked by his children, "what made the boat go?" when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its principles, in the following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens the jigsaw, and that connects with the crinkumcrankum, and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the—what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

—"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman to a negro. "How in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look a-here, massa, de reason am dis: de day dis chile was born dar was an eclipse."

—Mr. Collins, Irish comedian, announces that during his recent visit to London, he purchased the sole right of performing in America, John Brougham's drama, entitled "The Duke's Motto."

—"Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each—"Yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

—Find a man gifted without vanity, and popular without egotism, and you may know him for a man of actual common sense."

—A young lady who is better acquainted with French than farming, was recently married to a farmer. In examining her new domains, she one day visited the cowhouse, when she thus interrogated the milkmaid, "By-the-by, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the buttermilk?"

—A merchant at Berlin, having failed to obtain the hand of an opera singer, purchased two dresses and sent them to her to make her choice, saying he would call to know her decision. Shortly, however, before the hour when he had intended to set out on his errand, the merchant received from his beloved a billet doux to the following effect: "Of the dresses you have sent, I like one quite as well as the other. I will, in fact, keep both, so that you have no need to call at all!"

—To which letter of the alphabet should we look for advice? The Y's.

—Some inquisitive fellow has discovered that the words "abstemious" and "facetious" are the only two in the English language wherein the five vowels follow each in proper order.

—An unknown joker has discovered that beef-tea was first made in England when Henry VIII dissolved the Pope's bull.

—The sick man who pays a fee to the doctor is often paying for a box-ticket.

—A strong-fisted servant girl, in New York, was recently assaulted by a couple of scoundrels named Mile, and she flogged them both. A miss is always as good as a mile—in this case it was better than two miles.

—The best April 1st joke—the evacuation of Richmond.

—This little anecdote is imputed to Bishop Hall: "I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make rich men poor!' But he straight received this answer: 'Nay, my lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth.'"

—Miss Jane G. Swisshelm, the Minnesota editress, has been appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, with a salary of \$1000 per annum.

—The number of traitor inmates of Fort Lafayette, New York, at the present time, is about fifty.

—The N. Y. Post says the legislators at Albany have come to such a pass that they have to be watched like a gang of plunderers intent only on fleecing the public.

—Gen. Butler thinks the American people ought to reject the Constitution framed by Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and adopt one improved by Sumner, Greeley and Garrison.

—It is said that the stream of paper money flows steadily on, and swells at the rate of a million a day.

—The Princess Alexandra, the bride of the Prince of Wales, it turns out, has not a drop of Danish blood in her veins after all! She is a thorough German.

A "PRAYER."

[From the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.]

The following parody on the Lord's Prayer was found written on the leaf of a tract on the person of a dead Yankee on the battle-field of Sharpsburg, and has been furnished us for publication. We infer from it that the Yankee soldier was more wrathful than pious, and withal slightly "demoralized:"

Our Father who art in Washington,
Abraham Lincoln be thy name!
Thy will be done at the North
As it is at the South!
Give us this day our daily
Rations of crackers and bacon,
And forgive us our shortcomings
As we forgive our quartermasters
And commissaries; for thine is the
Power, the nigger and the soldiers,
For the term of three years: Amen.

USEFUL ARTS.—In a recent lecture before an immense auditory at the Cooper Institute, New York, Wendell Phillips said:

Glass is a useful article, and the ancients knew more about it than we do, which fact is shown by the manner in which it was molded and colored. He complimented Edward Everett's description of the telescope, but denied that Galileo was the first person to discover its use. He furnished facts to show that the ancients must have used telescopes, microscopes and opera glasses. The paintings of the past show that we cannot mix paints as well as the ancients could. In manufacturing metals the ancients were our superiors. The orator spoke of a sword so exquisitely made that it could be put into a sheath, coiled up like a snake, without breaking, and he had thought that our Secretary of State was somewhat like that sword, for he could twist without breaking. [Cheers.] A negro had tempered steel with an art which died with him, and it was not revived until a hundred years after, so you see if you will let the negro fight he can make his own sword. [Cheers.] The ancients, it appears, had the art of moving immense masses of rock—masses weighing 3,000 tons each. Europe says "I made the canal." China says, "I made it a thousand years ago." Egypt grows from her granite lips, "Keep quiet, children, I made it five thousand years ago." Stephens says he found railroads (built thousands of years ago) whose grooves were coated with iron. The use of guano is not new. Animal magnetism may be traced to the middle ages. Cold water, as a remedial agent, is not new. Revolving pistols and breech-loading cannon are at least three hundred years old. Sherry cobbler are of ancient date, as is the fashion of drinking them through straws. The balloon and the telegraph even belong to the past. Western wit, which consists of exaggeration, such as Lowell delights in, is old. The stereoscope is two hundred years older than Christianity, and the mowing machine was used centuries ago. Why did he speak thus of the wisdom of the ancients? Because art was hidden in the bosom of the aristocracy. In the printing press, the only discovery of modern times, we see hope for the future. Iron and fire cannot save civilization. Sublime and noble principle, guided by wisdom, humanity, can save it, if God intends to save it.