

## Selected Poetry.

## THE DOMOILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

Translated from the Vulgate of M. Gossé.

BY A. P. P.

Behold the mansion reared by David Jack;  
See the maul struck in many a plectroic  
sack.  
In the proud circle of Ivan's bivouac  
Mark how the rat's felonious jaws invade  
The golden stores in John's Pavilion laid.  
Anon with velvet foot and Tar, the strides,  
Subtle Grimalkin in his quarry glides,  
Grimalkin grin, that slew the fierce rodent,  
Whose tooth insidious John's sackcloth  
rent!

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault  
That vexed the avenger of the stolen mail,  
Stored in the hallowed precincts, of that  
hall  
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.  
Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled  
horn.

Where'er the exuberant hound was torn,  
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast, that  
slow  
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs ran  
thro'

The fibre fibres that involved the grain,  
Which lay in Ivan's inviolate domain,  
Here mark forlorn the Domoile crowned with  
rue,  
Laciferous spoils from vaccine dugs who  
drew

Of that coniculate beast whose tortuous  
horn,  
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive  
scorn  
The harrising hound, whose braggart bark  
and stir

Arched the little spine and reared the indig-  
nant fur  
Of Puss, that with venemous claws,  
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate  
maw  
Lay reeking malt, that erst in Juan's courts  
we saw,

Robed in senescent garb, that seems in  
mirth,  
Too long a prey to Chroma's iron tooth.  
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,  
Full with young Pros' osculatory sign,  
To the torn maiden whose lact-alic hands  
Drew abba-lactia wealth from lacteal glands.

Of that immortal bawling, by whose horn  
Distort, to reduce choroid was born  
The beast caudate, vexer of that fly  
Ulysses, quadruped, who made die  
The old nonpareil rat, that dare devour  
Anteocedaneous rat, in John's domestic  
bower.

Lo here with hirsute honours doctored, en-  
cined,  
Of saponeous locks, the Priest who linked  
In Hymen's golden bands the torn maiden,  
Whose means exiguous stared from many a  
riff.

Even as he lapsed the virgin all factors  
Who milked the cow with a tinged horn,  
Who in true wrath the emine, tortuous,  
skied,  
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,  
Who let aural effluence flow the pit  
Of the slay rat that robbed the palace that  
Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shuanghe came at  
last,  
Whose shouts arouse the scorn scholar,  
Who scale the vices of Hymen's sacrament  
To him who robed in gorgeous indigent,  
Excoarated the damsel choroid,  
The emulgator of that horned route, no  
rose,

That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
that kill  
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the  
house that Jack built.

## AWAITING.

Could you but know how sad and weary,  
Weary of all in this heart-to-night!  
Listening the plaint of the night wind drear-  
y

Waiting the coming of morning light,  
For the morning light will banish sadness,  
Beau like thy smile—it will bring thee  
near.

Coming to me, the herald of gladness,  
Bringing to me what my heart holds dear,  
Gladly to-night in pleasure twining  
With smiles her festal wreath for thee.

While lingering here with a soul repining,  
I sigh for the hours that are stolen from me  
And yet, though tears in my eyes are swell-  
ing,  
And haunting terrors my fancy throng,  
Something sweet to my heart is telling,  
That he I love will not linger long.

[From the Field and Fireside.]

## Melanthe—Or The Broken Heart.

BY KATE EGLANTINE.

## CHAPTER I.

Had we never met, nor parted;  
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Softly the holy shades of twilight fall  
around. The bird gave forth its last  
loud note, then sunk to sleep. The stars  
gazed above, and their "myriad eyes"  
kept watch over the quiet earth; and  
the white cottage, the "vale of flowers"  
was shrouded in dim and silent beauty.

Arthur Stanley pressed to his bosom a  
pale and beautiful girl; the gentle Melan-  
the, with large blue eyes, full of  
novelty and love, full of the soul that  
dwelt in that frail tenement,—the soul  
forever wandering in some far off dream-  
land, forever murmuring some wild  
melody.

Like the lily, she drooped upon her  
lover's arm, so modest, so gentle. As the  
faint early moonbeams stole through the  
lattice work, and chequered her  
dress of snowy white, and covered it  
with shadows from the leaves and flowers,  
she looked like a fair angel, with her  
face turned towards him; a face so  
sweet and sad in every line, so full of  
the tenderness which swelled her young  
innocent heart. And those dark eyes  
bent on her's so searchingly,—what  
did they express? Feelings that  
tongues or pens can never utter, feelings  
which only eye tells to eye or heart to  
heart. They loved as the young and  
the poetical only can love. With bosoms  
beating with the same enthusiastic  
desires; swelling with the same sweet,  
absurd fancies which many cannot un-  
derstand. Arthur had been absent  
many months from his betrothed, and  
returned to find her still as faithful,  
trusting and devoted. Unheeding the  
many who sought her hand, she was  
still the same Melanthe. For four years  
had this pure flame burnt on, unextin-  
guished, unabated by the destroying  
touch of time, who withers so many

hopes with his icy fingers. What should  
time have to do with love, but to  
strengthen and make it more beautiful?  
The impressions which love has made  
wear deeper every hour. Four weeks  
ago, Melanthe had seen the wing of the  
death angel, but he passed over, and  
now the faint tinges of rose once more  
began to bloom upon the cheek every  
one thought would never be lit again  
with the smile of warm life and health;  
but the angel passed by, and left the  
frail flower in the "vale."

Though the twinkling stars shone  
bright in the heavens, and the moon  
was above the tree tops, still they lin-  
gered, gazing on each other silently  
breathing such deep unutterable things.

"But Melanthe, my own, my darling,  
this air is too damp, you must go in;  
when Arthur says it is, you will not  
say otherwise?"

"No," she whispered, "never when  
Arthur says so."

So they left the flowers, and the dew,  
and leaning on his arm she ascended to  
the parlor; then the sweet farewell,  
tender pressure of his hand, the sweet  
glance of exchanged tenderness and he  
was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

The rose of the morning, how fair at its  
blooming;  
How fragrant the dew-drop that hung in  
its leaves:

But the cold earth ere evening are its petals  
contending;  
And the feet of the night o'er its memory  
grieve.

Slowly in the rose weak sank down  
the sun. The clouds were all trooped  
like spirits to hide him to the bright  
day-god. The pines waved and sighed  
softly and the sound fell softly on  
the ear of a young girl, about seventeen,  
who from her window watched the set-  
ting sun, and a tear fell upon the book  
which was closed in her hand; but still  
silent and motionless, she gazed on the  
last flickering rays of sunshine, which  
seemed to twinkle and dance, then sank  
to the no more, until another day should  
dawn.

The rich folds of satin falling about  
her graceful form, the pearls upon her  
neck and arms, and the white wreath  
entwined in her brown curls and rest-  
ing on her pure lofty brow, what did it  
all mean? Was she a bride? Yes—  
and was not this Melanthe? It was—  
ah yes! The vow had been pronounced  
and the white veil, which seemed to  
cling trembling to her head sweeping  
back and touching the floor where she  
sat, told the tale that she was bride.

Those tears—oh! why were they shed?  
One hour wedded, and tears no more?  
Could we have heard her words as she  
bade her bridesmaids be dismissed for  
a few minutes on the pretence of wish-  
ing to arrange her dress, we might have  
guessed that all was not well, for even  
then her lips quivered with agitation  
and her cheek was very pale. Who  
was the bridegroom? Where was Ar-  
thur? Ah, once I speak that name  
again, lest it fall upon her ear, who sits  
so thoughtfully by yonder window,  
through which twilight is already steal-  
ing over her sad heart. That name  
must forever sleep in silence, and the  
lip must never utter it, though the bos-  
om may always keep it enshrined. Ah!  
must; for remembrance must not die—  
Arthur, poor Arthur! She has mar-  
ried the rich Dr. Burton. The fashio-  
nable world will now bow to her and  
she will have a thousand worshippers  
who must acknowledge her gentle un-  
assuming worth, as well as the hands  
and gold, which are all now hers. She  
has wealth, the will have influence, the  
adoration of a thousand hearts—but she  
would give it all for one word from  
those loved lips, which are now sealed  
to her forever. But the deed is done  
and regret can never recall it.

Mrs. Hamilton, Melanthe's mother,  
had urged her to it, perhaps with an  
eye to her own welfare, more than to  
the happiness of her only child.—  
Ah! that so many mothers are the  
same!

But she once more breathes the at-  
mosphere of luxury, from which adver-  
sity had torn her. Can she—will she  
be indifferent always to Melanthe's sor-  
rowful eye, whose language is disappoint-  
ment? No! even selfishness has its  
bounds.

Did Dr. Burton love his bride? The  
question need scarcely be asked, since  
every word and tone and action beto-  
kened it. He was a young man of  
talent, and stood high in reputation.—  
His ways were soft, gentlemanly and  
winning, but can the reader remember  
of how little consequence all these must  
be when the heart is pre-occupied.

It was evident he felt sorrowful at  
the strange absence of mind which marked  
his wife's manner; he seemed not to  
understand it, and might often be seen  
alone, musing, perhaps striving to see  
into that mystery, to pierce beneath that  
veil which hid his wife's soul from him,  
and placed a gulf impassable between  
them who had been linked together at  
the altar, and should stand heart to  
heart.

## [To be continued.]

POSTMASTERS NOT DISFRANCHISED.—  
The opinion has prevailed generally in  
the South that all persons who were  
postmasters before the war, and after-  
ward gave aid and comfort to the Con-  
federate cause, were disfranchised. This  
is not true.

Previous to 1862, the oath required of  
postmasters and mail carriers did not  
contain the clause "to support the con-  
stitution of the U. S." Below we give  
the oath as it was taken by all these  
officers after the year 1825 and previous  
to 1862:

I, ———, do swear, or affirm (as  
the case may be) that I will faithfully  
perform all the duties required of me,  
and abstain from every thing forbidden  
by the laws in relation to establishment  
of the post offices and post roads within  
the United States. See publication in  
1837, of post office laws, under the head  
of organization and miscellaneous—sec-  
tion 9.

WASHINGTON, June 22.—The follow-  
ing order was issued to-day:

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Washington, June 20, 1867.

Whereas several commanders of  
military districts created by the Acts of  
Congress known as the Reconstruction  
Acts, have expressed doubts as to the  
proper construction thereof, and in re-  
spect to some of the powers and duties  
under the said Acts, and have applied  
to the Executive for information in re-  
lation thereto; and whereas the said Acts  
of Congress have been referred to the  
Attorney-General for his opinion  
thereon, and the said Acts and the  
opinion of the Attorney-General have  
been fully and carefully considered by  
the President, in conference with the  
heads of the respective departments,  
the Presidents accepts the following as  
a practical interpretation of the afore-  
said Acts of Congress on the points  
therein presented, and directs the same  
to be transmitted to the respective mili-  
tary commanders for their information,  
in order that there may be uniformity  
in the execution of said Acts. [Here  
follow the nineteen points of the At-  
torney-General's summary, as adopted by  
the Cabinet and telegraphed on the  
20th instant.] By order of the Presi-  
dent:

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

CHARLESTON, June 21.—Arrived—  
Schooner R. Blew, Norfolk; steamer  
Monica and Schooner Lilly, New York;  
schooner W. H. Tiers, Philadelphia;  
brig P. O. Lacie Elina, Matanzas.

Sailed yesterday—Steamers Saragossa  
and Champion, New York.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24.—It is re-  
ported that, as soon as Marquis learned  
of the sale and delivery of Queretaro by  
Lopez, he opened the documents left  
with him by Maximilian; amongst  
them, he found one in which he abdi-  
cated in favor of young Turbide. Mar-  
quis immediately proclaimed Turbide  
Emperor, under the regency of the  
Empress Carlota. He also arrested  
thirty of the most notable Liberals,  
whom he imprisoned as hostages for the  
lives of Maximilian and his companions.

It is stated that Maximilian's counsel  
had been refused a request for thirty  
days' time to prepare, and that he had  
been sentenced; it is also rumored that  
he had been executed, but there is  
nothing authoritative to this effect.

By the last mail, it is reported that  
Maximilian had commenced the execution  
of the fugitives, and had shot two. The  
death of Mendez is confirmed. All the  
foreign prisoners are en route for Mon-  
terrey; they number four or five thousand.

—Austrian, Heligian and French.

The latest advices from Mexico con-  
firm the report that Santa Anna is at  
Santh.

Yuma Cruz had not surrendered.

Captain General Manzanera had sur-  
rendered.

SAYANNAH, June 23.—Accounts  
from the country report the crops as  
badly damaged by the gale.

BOSTON, June 24.—The Presiden-  
tial party and a large number of Mason-  
ic lodges arrived yesterday.

The city is decked in gala costume,  
and the entire population appear de-  
termined on a grand holiday. Business  
is suspended, and the inhabitants of the  
suburbs and thousands of people, from  
hundreds of miles distant, are in the  
streets, crowding the sidewalks, door-  
steps, windows, housetops, and every  
available point from which a view of the  
grand Masonic celebration, in which  
President Johnson is to take part, can  
be witnessed. The Masonic procession  
commenced moving shortly before 12  
o'clock.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—A Rome  
letter says it is thought that Archbish-  
op Spaulding will return to America a  
Cardinal.

The State Department has informa-  
tion, through Commissioner Beckwith,  
that of 524 United States exhibitors at  
Paris, 262 have received prizes, name-  
ly: Four grand prizes, seventeen  
gold, sixty-two silver, and 103 bronze  
medals; seventy-nine exhibitors re-  
ceived honorable mention.

In the Surratt case, Dr. Joseph F.  
May, who removed a tumor from  
Booth's neck, testified that he had  
identified Booth's dead body on the  
monitor, at the Navy Yard.

General Sheridan, on Saturday, tele-  
graphed to Gen. Grant, declining to  
extend the time for registration in  
Louisiana, in compliance with the con-  
ditional instructions from the President.

Internal revenue receipts to-day \$1,-  
252,000.

AUGUSTA, June 25.—Registration is  
proceeding quietly; 436 were registered  
to-day—296 blacks and 140 whites.

FOURTEEN MOSKOW, June 24.—The  
United States steamer Winoski arrived  
in Hampton Roads to-day, with forty-  
two cases yellow fever; the epidemic  
developed itself shortly after leaving  
Matanzas.

For several weeks past, by order  
of the Navy Department, experiments  
have been made on board the gunboat  
Polos, at the Charleston Navy-yard,  
with petroleum in place of coal.

These experiments were so far satis-  
factory that yesterday a trial was made  
with the Polos in Boston harbor. A  
large number of naval officers, engi-  
neers and scientific men were on  
board, and after a two hours' sail the  
invention was pronounced a great suc-  
cess. The Polos made better time than  
ever before, with fewer men, and run  
twenty five miles with a consumption  
of petroleum.

The late well-known Daniel O'Con-  
nell once met a conceited friend, and  
exclaimed: "I saw a capital thing in  
your last pamphlet." "Did you?"  
eagerly replied his delighted listener;  
"what was it?" "A pound of butter."

It is reported from Cuba that a royal  
decree is received from Spain, freeing  
all the colored children born of slave parents  
in the island on and after the first of July  
next.

## About the Pardon of Jeff. Davis.

Rev. Paul Bagley, who has interested  
himself in procuring a pardon for Jeff. Da-  
vis, has given an account of his efforts and  
rebuffs in the Chicago Tribune. He says  
that with the knowledge that Governor  
Vance, of North Carolina, and the signature  
of Senator Sumner and other influential  
public men to his application for pardon, on  
the ground that he would consent to ad-  
vocate negro suffrage at the south, he endeav-  
ored to induce Jeff. Davis to consent to the  
same condition, and thereby secure his par-  
don. This Davis declined to do. Subse-  
quently Mr. Bagley waited upon the fallen  
dictator, and he was asked what he could  
do for pardon, assuring him that he had every  
reason to believe the application would be  
successful. To this Davis replied:

"Had you uttered these sentiments some  
time ago, I would have put you in the  
old capital prison. I fully appreciate your  
motives, but I am not a man who can  
not approach the executive with an appli-  
cation for pardon, as you propose. I can-  
not even address the attorney general ex-  
cept through the general commanding here.  
My cause is entirely different from Vance's.  
I have had a hundred thousand dollars put  
on my head, am now a prisoner, subject to  
whatever the governor sees fit to impose  
upon me, and you must see that I cannot  
sign the petition as you propose, nor even  
discuss the matter."

Mr. Bagley did not permit himself to be  
discouraged in his self-imposed task,  
but immediately proceeded to make appli-  
cation to senators and others for their signa-  
tures to the petition for pardon, and en-  
countered a series of rebuffs that would have  
discouraged a less persistent  
man. We quote from his letter:

Senator Howard, on the subject, said:  
"Did you ever hear of a man in such a con-  
dition that he could not apply for pardon if  
he would? If Mr. Davis would go to work  
and help us to give equal rights to the ne-  
groes and poor white people of the south,  
there is no power in the country that could  
keep him out in congress; but to tell you that  
he could not apply for pardon is nonsense."

Ex-Attorney General Black said: "It is  
true he could not directly apply to the  
President, but you may propose, because his  
letter would have to be placed by the At-  
torney General; but this is a mere formal-  
ity."

Judge-Advocate General Holt said: "This  
application would have to be first submitted  
to the General in command of the fortress;  
but that would be a matter of no difficult-  
y."

Mr. Bagley then made a set at the Presi-  
dent, to learn from him in advance if he  
would pardon Davis if application for his  
pardon was made, and, as he says, satisfied  
himself that the President would risk re-  
putation, impeachment, or perhaps, him-  
self, to pardon the chief of the rebellion, and  
was earnestly solicitous to have him apply  
personally for pardon. Mr. Bagley's ac-  
count of his interview with the President is  
as follows:

President Johnson said: "Mr. Bagley,  
you must be aware that you place me in a  
very delicate position, to request of me  
before hand to promise to pardon a man  
who has never made application for par-  
don."

He replied: "When the Lord sends me to  
rebellion, he sends me with a certain  
promise that if they will apply for pardon  
they shall have it."

He continued: "But he thinks his case  
peculiar, and that he cannot approach the  
President with an application."

He answered: "His case is not different  
from any other, except that he is in prison,  
and he ought to have been tried long ago.  
We have neglected it, and he ought to try him,  
and they have not seen fit to do so."

I added: "There is no court on earth  
that has power to try him."

He said: "The Supreme Court has."

He answered: "Technically it has,  
but actually it has not. The Confederacy  
is dead, and you cannot do it. It is a  
bar for trial. It has been tried by the God  
of battles with a jury of a million men in  
arms, and will twelve men now reverse  
the sentence? Will they condemn it in the  
person of Mr. Davis? He is condemned  
forever. But if he comes out of this country,  
I shall do my duty. But I will say, I  
have no animosity against any man."

I told him what Senator Sumner had said  
about negro suffrage and Governor Vance,  
and the proposition I had made to Mr. Da-  
vis.

He replied: "Will negro suffrage heal  
the wound? Will it put arms and legs on  
our wounded soldiers? I do not mean it  
for you, but for those people who think  
negro suffrage will cure everything."

I concluded: "Then I will tell Mr. Davis  
that your case is not beyond the reach of  
pardon, and encourage him to make appli-  
cation," and left.

The above conversations, it will be ob-  
served took place before the release of Mr.  
Davis upon bail. Bagley is still obtain-  
ing names to his petition.

THACKERAY.—The Boston correspondent  
of the Herald writes that these sto-  
ries about Thackeray. They will be news  
to most people.

Thackeray was by nature a singularly  
coarse man—coarse in thought, and coarse  
in expression, and those who were intimate  
with him often were led to see how well he  
suited himself to his position. His first  
visit, was about the last one that a  
well bred gentleman would have ventured  
to make. He was in Charleston, S. C., in  
1859, during "race week"—the week of the  
year, in famous. He met, of course, Mrs.  
Susan Petigru King, daughter of James  
Petigru, (father of the only Union man in  
South Carolina, and who, by the way, re-  
ally cared no more for the Union than he did  
for the Confederacy despising both and  
hauling monarchy.) Mrs. King is an au-  
thor, an intelligent, bright, and not to be  
too fine a point upon it, a very woman. Her  
train of cavaliers has always numerous.  
On being presented, Thackeray, who had  
been told something of the lady's peculiari-  
ties, said, "I have heard that you are a fast  
woman, Mrs. King." Without suffering a  
shadow of annoyance to appear on her broad  
but supple face, Mrs. King responded,  
"And I have been told that you were a  
gentleman."

Why Mr. Davis was not tried.—  
It is said Attorney-General Stanbery  
holds that Chief Justice Chase's de-  
cisions, recognizing the Confederates as  
belligerents of war, in order to le-  
galize the sale of the captured block-  
ade runners, precludes a trial for  
treason, as belligerents cannot be tried  
for that offence. It is said that this  
doubt on the subject was the real cause  
of the delay in bringing  
Mr. Davis to trial.

"Didn't you tell me you could hold the  
plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman.  
"He says, now," said Pat: "how could I  
hold it an' 'two horses pullin' it away? Just  
stop the crathurs an' I'll hold it for you."

Correspondence between General Sickles  
and the President.

The letter from General Sickles to  
the President, and his reply, says the  
Charleston News, have been so garbled  
in their transmission by telegraph, that  
we have been requested to publish the  
following correct copies:

HEADQUARTERS,  
SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT,  
CHARLESTON, S. C., June 19, 1867.

Adjutant-Gen. of the Army, War De-  
partment, Washington, D. C.

I have the honor to request that I  
may be relieved from command in this  
District, and I respectfully demand a  
Court of Inquiry upon my official action,  
that I may vindicate myself from the  
accusation of the Attorney General,  
published in the press, and the ap-  
proval of the President. Congress hav-  
ing declared the so-called State Govern-  
ments illegal, the declaration of the At-  
torney General that military authority  
has not superseded them, prevents the  
execution of the Reconstruction Acts,  
disarms me of means to protect life,  
property, or the rights of citizens, and  
menaces all interests in the States with  
ruin.

(Signed.) D. E. SICKLES,  
Major-General Commanding.  
Official J. W. CLOES,  
Captain 38th Infantry, A. D. C. and A.  
A. A. G.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
June 21st, 1867.

Major General Sickles, Charleston, S. C.

Your telegram asking to be relieved  
from command of the Second Military  
District, and demanding a Court of In-  
quiry, was submitted by the Secretary  
of War yesterday to the President of  
the United States, who directs you to  
retain your command, and he declines  
to order the Court of Inquiry demanded  
by you.

By order of the President of the  
United States.  
(Signed) E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Adj. Adjt. General.

Indian Hostilities.

The Lawrence (Kansas) correspon-  
dent of the Chicago Tribune sends the  
following list of outrages committed  
by the Indians on the Smoky Hill  
route for the preceding three weeks:

June 3.—Messrs. Favor and Thom-  
son, residents of Pond Creek, while  
out hunting for stray mules, were killed  
and scalped between Pond Creek and  
Goose Creek stations.

June 4.—The Indians attempted to  
steal stock from the government cor-  
ral, but were discovered by the guard  
and fired on. They returned the fire  
and left, having succeeded in getting  
one mule.

June 6.—Two men, mounted on pon-  
ies, on their way to the States, com-  
ing from the mines, were killed and  
scalped between Pond Creek and  
Goose Creek stations.

June 7.—Six horses were run off  
from Henshaw station, seven miles  
east of Fort Wallace.

June 8.—Another attack was made  
on Goose Creek station—the fourth or  
fifth attack this Spring. The horses  
were cut loose from their picket lines  
and run off.

June 10.—A government train, with  
quartermaster's supplies for Fort  
Wallace, was attacked, but repulsed  
between Carlisle and Monument  
stations.

June 17.—As a government train  
approached Plum Creek a party of In-  
dians suddenly appeared from behind  
the surrounding hills, and cut off two  
men who had gone on a few hundred  
yards in advance of the train, killing  
one instantly, scalping him and mu-  
tilating his body in a frightful man-  
ner.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—About four  
weeks ago a man who gave his name  
as Williams, about six feet high, fair  
skin, blue eyes, front teeth riding high  
each other and projecting, pleasant spoken,  
and his left arm off below the elbow,  
was loitering about the farms of Mr.  
John Simpson and J. M. Barnett. On  
the same night Simpson's horse was  
stolen, and some jewelry, pocket-book  
&c., from Mr. Barnett. Last Friday  
he appeared in the vicinity again,  
passing down the road leading an ox.  
Believing him to be the man who com-  
mitted the above theft, measures were  
taken to have him arrested. The fel-  
low took the alarm, and before a war-  
rant could be obtained he made his  
escape, leaving the ox behind. The  
ox, which doubtless was stolen, can be  
found at the residence of Mr. J. M.  
Barnett.—Spartanburg Spartan 27th.

ARREST.—An arrest was made here  
by the military, on Friday last, of  
two persons, one registering from Cana-  
da and the other from New York,  
and who we are glad to say was almost im-  
mediately after liberated, their being  
no charge against him, more than the  
unfortunate fact of having been found  
in company with the former, who is  
still in custody. What the charge is  
is not known; the arrest was made  
on a despatch from headquarters be-  
low.—Newberry Herald.

CANADA.—Yesterday, the 27th, was  
a great day in Canada. The Domini-  
on of Canada was established, embrac-  
ing what were formerly known as  
Upper Canada, (henceforth "Onta-  
rio.") Lower Canada, (henceforth Que-  
bec.") New Brunswick and Nova Scoti-  
a, but it is expected soon to attract  
and incorporate also Newfoundland,  
Cape Breton, and, in fact, all British  
America. Lord Monck, hitherto Gov-  
ernor General of Canada, is to preside  
over the new dominion, on a salary of  
\$50,000 per annum, and his chief ad-  
visers are to be drawn from each  
province of his sub-realm.

## Unfortunate Very.

A young medical student from  
Michigan who had been attending lec-  
tures in New York for some time, and  
who considered himself exceedingly  
good looking and fascinating, made a  
deadly onslaught on the heart and for-  
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