

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 6.-NO. 3.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

2.00 PER YEAR

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Agricultural.

[From the New York Citizen.]

Fish Culture.

SETH GREEN'S EXPERIMENTS WITH SHAD.

Now that Seth Green has made shad culture a success, the difficulties which he first encountered are a subject of amusement, annoying and disheartening as they were at the time. He was met, of course with the natural opposition of the ignorant fisherman; very persons he was working to benefit. During his first attempt they crowded around him, every man with a fish in each hand, encouraging him by such remarks as offering to eat raw all he could hatch, and rubb'd their fish against him, until by the time he was through impregnating the eggs, his clothes were covered with blood and slime. Afterward these fellows upset his hatching boxes, threw out the gravel, and did what they could to prevent his success. Several of his first errors arose from his previous experience in hatching trout. Naturally supposing that the habits of fish must be mainly alike in their mode of reproduction, he endeavored to raise shad as he had long been in the custom of cultivating the nobler fish, and only by repeated failures did he discover that in almost all particulars were the two methods dissimilar. But to explain his mistake and his gradual perception of the facts, we will recount his experience, supposing that the reader has some superficial knowledge of fish-breeding, such as an intelligent person could hardly fail to obtain from the newspapers.

He began by preparing his boxes as he would with trout, by placing gravel at the bottom a few inches deep, and putting them where he could supply them with a current of cool water. He laid in the eggs, spreading them carefully, and when all was ready he turned on such a strain of water as was right for trout. His horror may be imagined when he saw the spawn instantly rise from the gravel and wash over the further end of his trough. The ova had little specific gravity, and were far lighter than those of the salmon tribe. He diminished the current and every egg died. Here was a fine commencement. Something was magnificently wrong; but what it was and how to correct it was not so clear. There must evidently be supplied a full stream of fresh water, but not a rapid one. So his next attempt was on a new plan; he piled up a heap of loose gravel at each end of his trough, and let the water filter through. Then a few hatched. Whenever the egg would fall into a clear space between the gravel, become isolated from his fellows, and be opposed to a steady current of water all the while, it would hatch; but those that were spread over the surface, or got piled on one another, failed.

He next tried boxes with wire screens. He fastened these on the ends, on the bottom, on the top; he used every arrangement with them he could think of, getting now and then a live fish and a million of dead eggs. By this time he had found out that cold water was not what the spawn needed, but that considerable warmth was essential to its vivification; instead of the forty or fifty degrees suitable for trout, seventy or seventy-five were necessary for shad. So he was gaining knowledge slowly, although the days were passing rapidly, and hitherto there had been nothing but disappointment—one or two more failures would close the spawning season and settle the question; and then years would probably elapse before the attempt would be renewed. He was still experimenting with his boxes prepared with screens. He happened to be manipulating one which had the wire on the bottom and trying to arrange it so that the eggs would be properly oxygenated. By chance he depressed the lower end and raised the upper part, so that the stream struck the bottom and filtered strongly through the wire network. To his delight he saw the spawn at the upper end rise and bubble up like the sand in a spring. He increased the angle of resistance to the current, and as he did so, more eggs were in motion, until at a certain point they were all bubbling up and dancing one over another with an easy, gentle motion. Instinctively he felt that he had reached success; intuitively his genius grasped the grand idea.

The same day a box was prepared with wooden flints on the sides, so arranged as to keep it in the right position; the eggs were deposited, and it was anchored in the river. That night Seth Green lay down in the bushes on the shore to watch his precious experiment, which was to be the final one, and on which everything depended. All was quiet until about midnight, when he observed a man up to his knees in the water, evidently wading out to the hatching box. He shouted to him to stop, but the man commenced running parallel with the shore. Green followed on land, and easily kept pace with him. Finally Seth's arguments were to convincing, and the sight of a pistol muzzle so persuasive, that the man came ashore. He said he only wanted to see what was floating in the river; and went quietly away, as though perfectly satisfied, when he was informed that the man came ashore. He said he only wanted to see what was floating in the river; and went quietly away, as though perfectly satisfied, when he was informed that the man came ashore. He said he only wanted to see what was floating in the river; and went quietly away, as though perfectly satisfied, when he was informed that the man came ashore.

reviver, which the totalists so condemn, but the virtues of which most sportsmen appreciate, gave him a little dutch courage, and, having dressed himself, he waded out to the box, prepared for the worst. Gathering a phial full of the spawn he returned to the shore, and till he was by the side of his friend did he dare to hold it up to the light. What did he see? The eggs were just hatching. In ten minutes the little phial was full of minute semitransparent fish. The riddle was solved. He had beaten his foes, and the greatest among them, the ignorance of Nature's laws. By the time he was back at the side of the box it was alive with young fish every egg deposited practically—all but some few half done—had hatched. This was a triumph worth waiting, waiting, and despairing for. He had conferred one of the greatest public benefits on his fellow-men, established the fact that shad could be hatched with far less trouble, and infinitely more certainly than trout, that, whereas only two or three per cent. ever reached maturity in the natural method, almost all were saved by artificial breeding, and that the expense of this was a mere trifle, a bagatelle, unworthy of mention when considered in comparison with the immense profits secured.

But his troubles were not yet over. He laded out some hundreds of the young fish and placed them in the river. Instantly minnow, roach, club, and shiner—every small scale creature—fell upon and devoured them. He found a dozen small shad in one minnow an inch long that he caught in his landing net. Here was perplexity number two. Shad were not like trout fry; the latter seek the shore, where they hide, but how the former secured their safety he was yet to discover. For the present he built a pound or reservoir of gravel, through which the water could filter, and placed the fry in it. There at least, they were safe, while his box was doing duty in hatching more. Next day when he came to examine his peas that cost him so much labor, not one was to be seen. They were minute at best, and almost transparent; but he peered in vain into the water, until he happened to examine a white stone at the very extremity of the pond. There he found them crowded together at the point which projected furthest into the river. He built another pond, which instead of being close to shore, ran out as far into the water as he could make it. He put pieces of white paper here and there on the bottom, so that he could see the tiny sprats. Next morning they were again at its further extremity.

Thus does Nature do its wonderful work of counterpoising evil and good, and invariably allowing good a little the advantage, that it may "heat down" under its feet. Trout retreat to the shallows, but shad find their deadliest enemies—little larger than themselves—in shoal water, and they make haste to the deep current, where there are none "in trouble or make them afraid" which consider them worth bothering about. Their insignificance is their protection. After this discovery Seth let the shad which he had hatched during the day go each evening in midstream, thus giving them twelve hours darkness start over their pursuers, and securing them so much additional strength and growth. In the few days that were left him he put some fifty million in the Connecticut, and although this number will have little effect on the whole catch, if the same plan is followed every year—only if five hundred instead of fifty millions are hatched yearly—the result will be something wonderful. America will not only furnish its own shad, but will lay the deep sea under contribution. The individual who first made this wonderful discovery deserves an ovation far more than some military hero, whose claim to public recognition is that he has been eminently successful in shedding his fellow-countrymen's blood.

Seth Green found that the shad descended the rivers with their heads against the current, exercising their muscles and gaining strength by struggling against it. He knew little of their growth but we have seen them the same reason a month or two later, about six inches long. From what he observed of the spawners, however, he concluded that they mature at one year of age, while the females do not spawn until they have attained their second summer. Where they spend the Winter—whether in mid-ocean or traversing the coast—still remains a riddle which time alone will solve. That they invariably return to the river where they were bred, like salmon, is at least doubtful.

Political.

Revolutionary Reminiscences.

GEN. COLFAX, WASHINGTON'S LIFE-GUARDIAN.

The Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes:
"Down in the old Virginia city of Alexandria I saw, not long ago, a faded flag of white silk, fringed, well worn with mould and rain, bearing an old-fashioned device of a soldier holding in one hand a fiery torch and with the other pointing from the genius of Liberty, who sits besides the American eagle, a stranger bearing the motto, 'conquer or die!' This was the original standard of the Life Guard of Gen. George Washington, commanded by Captain (afterwards General) William Colfax, candidate for the Vice Presidency of the

United States. The old man died in 1838, when the present Speaker of the House of Representatives was fifteen years old, and the latter's recollection of his distinguished ancestor is vivid and enthusiastic.

"Mrs. Matthews Colfax's mother recalls as if it were yesterday the time when she entered the General's family as the wife of his son. He was a hale and handsome man, positive in his opinions, a Washingtonian in politics, something of a traveller; for he visited Indiana among the earliest of his family, and he knew by the association of the whole, was the military life and habits of the first President. He is buried at Pompton, New Jersey, the seat of his family.

"The eight of this old standard, so much older and more storied than our newer shot-riven and grimy guidons, impelled me to make some search in the library of Congress for the life of William Colfax. In this Mr. Spofford, the librarian, assisted me, and although the results were meagre, they were of the highest interest.

"First, out of Peter Force's collection of manuscripts I drew a yellow foolscap sheet, in the handwriting of William Colfax, commanding, bearing the date of June 29, 1778, and containing the names of sixty-five men, constituting the life-guard of the commander-in-chief. Across the back of the report, in the handwriting of George Washington, was written: 'Report of the body-guard of the commander-in-chief approved.'

"Then, out of Lossing's Field Book, Howe's New Jersey Historical Collections, and other documents of the war of Independence, I gathered the following data:—The interesting now in the light of the brilliant career of William Colfax, the Life-Guardian of the Father of the country.

"The Life Guard was organized on New York Island in 1776, soon after the siege of Boston. It was composed of one hundred and eighty men, and was at first commanded by Col. Gibbs of Rhode Island. There were three lieutenants, Harry P. Linsington of New York, William Colfax of New Jersey, and Benjamin Coyne of Virginia. In 1779 William Colfax was raised to the chief command, and the number of the guard was increased to two hundred and fifty men. Colonel Nichols, of Virginia, was lieutenant under Colfax. It was Colfax whom Washington personally relied upon and preferred to hold this important place near his person, and it was through the solicitations of Captain Colfax that Washington was initiated into Freemasonry, taking his first degree at Morristown, New Jersey, while the army lay there in winter quarters. This ceremony was performed in what is known as the Morris Hotel, opposite the village green of Morristown, over what was recently the bar room.

"At Morristown, Captain Colfax was particularly the guardian of the safety of General Washington. The latter had his headquarters then in the house of Gabriel Ford, still standing. It was a mile or more out of town. The General and his family occupied all the house—except a couple of rooms reserved for Mr. Ford and family; in a log hut, on one side, he kept his office with his aide-de-camps Hamilton, Tighman and others; a log hut on the opposite side accommodated his cook. Surgeon Thaxter in his diary, relates the hardship of that winter. The Life Guards occupied fifty rude huts in a meadow near by, and the army was encamped over a long sweep of hillsides, two or three miles off in either direction. The near proximity of the British army obliged Captain Colfax to be constantly on the alert. When an alarm gun was sounded, successive interior pickets reported it, till the whole line of camps was aroused. If the alarm were near by, the Life Guard at once filled the house. Five marksmen were placed at each window, ready to shoot down any enemy. The stairs were guarded, and in this way the Life Guard held the General's person till the earliest regiment appeared in sight.

"Captain Colfax used to relate in his old years, with a good deal of humor, an instance of the complacency of Washington. "One time the alarm sounded. Confusion reigned. An aid-de-camp rushed into the house, crying: 'Where's the General? Where's the General?'"

"Washington coming out of his room, and walking composedly down stairs, said: 'No quiet, young man? Be quiet!'"

Captain Colfax dressed in the uniform of his company, blue coats with white facings, white waistcoat, breeches, half black gaiters, and cocked hat with a blue and a white feather.

"Mrs. Matthews has now in her possession the silver shoe buckles of General Washington—part of the tokens which the chief gave his beloved attendant. It was while at Washington's headquarters that Colfax made the acquaintance of General Schuyler and married into his family, whereby our candidate for the Vice Presidency adds to his name that of the heroic patriot of Albany. When Colfax was nominated the other day, George Schuyler sent his cousinly congratulations.

"Captain Colfax became General Colfax in the war of 1812. It is pleasant to recall that the hand which Washington had shaken so intimately and so trustingly, had often caressed in his grandson the as intimate and beloved friend of Lincoln. The war of independence and the war of freedom are represented alike in Grant and Colfax. Both are grandsons of soldiers of the revolution. Colfax shows his good extraction in his clear complexion, racy lips, fine eyes, and the excellent justice of his hair. Grant looks like the sturdy soldier of the line, bearing toughly up with the bayonet and the tedious fortunes of the battle. Being what they were in parentage and patriotism; who could expect to find them but where they stand, at the head of the life guards of the Republic?"

Soldiers and Sailors.

ADDRESS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The State Central Committee of the Soldiers and Sailors' organization of New Jersey, held a meeting at Newark, on the 1st inst., and organized for the ensuing campaign, by the election of the following officers:

Chairman.—General H. McAllister, Belvidere.

Secretary.—General E. L. Campbell, Trenton.

The following Standing Committees were appointed:

Finance.—General R. McAllister, Belvidere, Captain R. H. Lee, Camden, Gen. J. F. Rusling, Trenton.

Documents.—General E. L. Campbell, Trenton, Colonel W. E. Potter, Bridgeton, Colonel John Danforth, Elizabeth.

Speakers.—Colonel J. Danforth, Elizabeth, General W. S. Stryker, Trenton, Captain R. H. Lee, Camden.

The Committee issued the following "Address to the Soldiers and Sailors of the State of New Jersey."

"COMRADES!—The roll call is again on, and the summons is once more to battle. We had hoped our fighting was all over, and forever, when in 1865 at Appomattox Court House, the Rebellion unconditionally surrendered. But the Democracy would not have it so, and to-day, with serried ranks of Copperheads and rebels, they again force the nation to combat.

"For three years now, their bold, bad men, have agitated and embroiled the country, as if strife and dissension were their life and business. They have stood unflinchingly by Andrew Johnson, and have defended and upheld his most dangerous usurpations, and basest infamies. They have struck hands with his worst creatures, whether Copperheads North or rebels South, against the peace and dignity of the country. They have denounced and obstructed the righteous progress of reconstruction South. They have vilified and maligned the loyal men of the South, many of them our own old comrades-in-arms. They apologized for the massacres of Memphis and New Orleans, and now uphold the villainies of the Ku Klux Klans. Here in New Jersey, during the war they refused to let our absent soldiers vote, and branded all Union soldiers as 'Lincoln's Mercenaries,' and 'Johnson's Hirelings,' &c. They rejected the first Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, though their present candidate for Governor boasts he is 'glad that slavery is dead—so man gladder,' and they now assume to repeal our assent to the second, though equally necessary to the harmony and welfare of the Union. Forgetting, or wishing to forget the past, they now proclaim, 'Hear ye the loyal Governments South,' and 'up with the rebels to place and power again.' In short, through all our dark and bloody past, they have no words of cheer for the patriotism and loyalty, and conscience of the nation; and now, all their words and acts go to show that the spirit of the rebellion still animates their minds and therefore we submit, it would be immeasurably weak and wicked for the Republic again to trust them with its might and majesty, its dignity and power.

"Soldiers, what was their recent National Convention but a convention of copperheads and rebels, an insult to every loyal soldier, a mockery to the memory of every dead soldier, and an affront to every loyal man and woman throughout the land? What is their elaborate platform but: National repudiation! sugar coated indeed, but pure and simple. What is their chosen champion, Horatio Seymour, but an old-time oppressor, or rebel in disguise? What is his recent associate, but civil war again, open and proclaimed? On the other hand, their stands an old comrade, U. S. Grant, the standard bearer of the Republican party, with the Stars and Stripes firmly in his grasp, and now again as at Fort Donelson in '62, he proposes to move immediately upon the enemy's works."

"His platform, the platform of the Union, Republican party, is the broad and shining platform of justice and humanity. His army and theirs is the grand army of the friends of man, here and everywhere, now and forever. His cause and theirs is the

old cause baffled oft but ever won, of right and truth, and justice for each and for all, even the humblest of God's creatures; the broad continent across and the wide world over.

"Soldiers, the issue is thus squarely made up, and now choose ye. Both parties advance to battle with no uncertain cadences and no doubtful platforms. On the one side stands Grant, our old comrade, the simple, honest soldier, and Representative of the Union man of the war. On the other, Horatio Seymour, the wily demagogue and trickster, and Representative Copperhead of the war. On the one side march the 'Boys in Blue,' on the other the 'Boys in Grey.' On the one side shoulder to shoulder with Grant and Colfax, move Sherman and Sheridan, Meade and Thomas, Farragut and Porter. On the other, hand in hand with Horatio Seymour, are Lee and Hampton, Forrest and Semmes. On the one side are the patriotic and the loyal our friends at home; who during the war rejoiced over our victories and mourned over our defeats. On the other are our old enemies, the disloyal and the sympathizers with the rebellion, who then mourned over every rebel defeat, and rejoiced over every rebel victory. In short on the one side stands Nation redeemed and regenerated, satisfied in glory and honor, and full of hope for the future. On the other the Confederacy, dead as you thought, but now waking to life again, and hoping yet for a perfect resurrection through the success of Seymour and Blair.

"Comrades, how say you then? Do you still follow your old friends, or have you surrendered to your enemies? Do you still wear the Union blue, or are you now in favor of the Rebel grey? Do you still love the Stars and Stripes, or are you now in favor of the Stars and Bars? No, we will not insult you even by the doubt. Your hearts, we know, still beat true to the Union. You still love the old flag. You still revere the name of your departed comrades. You still love your old chief, traitor and leader. You have not forgotten his glorious record of Donelson and Vicksburg, of Chattanooga and Richmond; of Five Forks and Appomattox Court House, and in November next we feel sure you will again carry his conquering eagles onward to victory.

"Organize then, soldiers, for another, and as we trust, last campaign against copperheads and rebels. We have broken them militarily at the cartridge box, now let us conquer them politically at the ballot box, and thus end their power forever. All up and down the lines the drums beat and the bugles sound 'Forward.' Then fall into line, men, and once more onward to victory. Defenders of the Union and Grant's old soldiers, let us know only to VOTE AS WE SHOT!

How a Convict Won Pardon.

"Will you never give up those trips, Terence? It is so lonely staying here one night, and beside, I am fearful that some one will break in and rob the house and murder us all. I never say my prayers and go to bed without trembling for my own life and that of the children." And the little woman hung upon the arm of the strong man, and begged him with tearful eyes to give up his wandering life (that of a pedlar) and settle down.

"As soon as I have gathered enough together to buy me a bit of ground, or what would be better still, to emigrate to America, that blessed land of freedom, where, as the song says, 'there's bread and work for all,' and the bright sun is always shining, I'll gladly give up carrying the pack, for it is no easy work at the best."

"Only think of the money you have in the house now, husband dear! Surely there is enough to take us across the sea—you and I and the children, and Bridget, too, if she likes to go."

Bridget was the servant girl who helped the wife of the pedlar and was her sole companion when away, and her eyes snapped with apparent delight when she heard the proposition. But she said nothing, and "the master" continued.

"It is true for you, Kathleen, that I have a matter of a hundred or so, which I shall leave for you to take care of; and if I have good luck this trip I promise you to return either at home or to America, bless her! It's a good friend she has been to Ireland, and many is the poor soul she has kept from starving. So take good care of the gold and the children, Kathleen—you and Bridget, until I come back." And he kissed his wife and bright-eyed, curly-headed babies, gave Bridget the good by shouldered his pack, and strode stoutly away, whistling merrily.

His heart was light, his form strong he had none of the fears of his wife, and was looking forward joyfully to the time when he would have a little home, "a pig, and a cow and a patch of potatoes," that would belong to himself alone, and over which he would claim control, although he would be willing to pay his tithe to the church.

Terence O'Brien was a pedlar by profession, and what was called a "forebanded man." His family consisted of a wife, two children, a boy scarcely three years, a babe, and the girl of all work, Bridget. At the start of his married life he had rented a little cottage that stood in a lonely out-of-the-way place; although he had increased his stores, he retained possession of it on the score of economy.

was a thing almost unknown among the peasantry, and who would ever dream of his having a large amount of money in his wretched cabin? But it was not his custom to do so. Usually he deposited it in a secure place. So he gave the matter no further thought than to promise himself that this should be his last journey (if he did as well as he anticipated), and tugged along, flattering the rosy-cheeked girls into purchasing finery with which to dazzle the eyes of their beau at the next fair.

With Kathleen however, it was different. As the night began to draw near and the wind to creep round the corners of the chimney with a mournful sound, she thought herself of the sovereigns her husband had left, and taking the bag in which they were kept from the little cupboard over the fire-place, she carefully tucked it between the beds, remarking at the same time, to Bridget, "that he one, would ever think of looking for it there."

"Not" was the reply. "It would be a smart man, shure, that would be looking under the childrens bed to find gold!" The tea was over; they were early sleepers as well as early risers; the girl requested that she might be allowed to pass the evening with her sister, who resided about a mile distant, and the anxious wife and mother, although sorely loath to do so, at length consented, insisting upon an early return.

"But you will be back early, Bridget?" "Ay, course I will that same. But don't be after fretting." And the girl departed. The lone woman busied herself as best she might until a late hour, but the girl did not return. In a fever of anxiety she watched until fully another sixty minutes had passed, although it appeared to her like half a day; and then considering it useless to remain up longer, sought her own pillow, after commending herself to Him who is the protector of the widow and the father of the fatherless. But she had not closed her eyes before there was a loud rap upon the door.

"Is that you, Bridget?" she asked hopefully. "No," was the answer, and her heart sunk like lead within her. "No, I am a stranger—have lost my way; you must let me in."

"I cannot—cannot! I am a poor lone woman. I dare not let you in." "You need have no fear. As there is a God in heaven, I will not harm you. I am an escaped convict—an innocent one—and as you have mercy in your heart, open the door."

When was such an appeal made to an Irish heart in vain? An escaped convict, and wanting succor! That is the talisman to open every door—to have the potato or bite of bread forced into the hungry mouth. Yes, it is truly the open sesame to an Irish heart, and it operated so in this case.

The woman arose, opened the door, gave the fugitive food, and having again received his assurance that he would do her no harm, but on the contrary protect her, and having seen him stretch himself upon the floor before the remnant of the peat fire, she again sought the side of her sleeping children.

But even then she was not allowed to rest. At first her fears kept her awake. Then came another loud rap for admission, and both she and her strange visitor arose. "Is this part of your gang?" she asked in trembling whispers.

"I call on heaven to witness," he answered solemnly, "that such is not the case. Ask them what they want." "She did so, and was told that they knew she had money in the house, and were determined to have it.

"Tell them," whispered the stranger, "that it will be dangerous for them to enter." "I have a friend here," she said, going close to the door, "a man who will protect me, and you had better not try to get in."

"I know better," laughed a female voice that of Bridget, the servant girl; "I know that there is nobody there but the children." "What shall I do—shall I do?" asked the poor woman, wringing her hands. "That I have pistols, and will shoot the first one that dares to step his foot within the door. God help me! I would not have blood upon my hands; but I promised to protect you with my life, and I will. Warn them once more."

"Bridget," shouted Mrs. O'Brien, "the friend I have here has pistols, and will certainly kill you. I warn you to go away." Again the bold, bad laugh of the servant girl rang out and her voice could be distinctly heard urging them on.

her as well as possible, straightened the corpse, and then hastened to the nearest magistrate, told the entire story, not even denying who and what he was.

The facts were too evident to even bear questioning, and as a reward for his bravery, the convict was pardoned—subsequently found to have been convicted innocently, and when the husband and father returned was readily persuaded to emigrate with the family to "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Now in one of the Western States, Terence O'Brien has a house by the side of a beautiful river, and not far from it is another, where the once fugitive convict has a wife and children of his own to protect, and both families will give as a heirloom to their descendants the little but true story of how a pardon was won.

How \$50,000 WERE RECOVERED BY THE MARK OF A DOOR NAIL.—The arrest of the daring thief who snatched a package of \$50,000 from the counter of the Canal Bank of New Orleans, was a remarkable example of detective shrewdness, and is thus told by a paper of that city.

Using the bank shortly after the robbery had been committed, they noted everything that was calculated to help them in the search they had determined to make; nothing escaped their careful scrutiny. They saw at a glance that the thief must have been an exceedingly tall man, with long arms, to have taken the envelope containing the money from the spot where it had been placed by the exchange clerk, and on a minute examination of the lower edge of the railing upon which he must have stepped, they discovered the imprint of a track.

This at once arrested their attention, and they argued that the man had evidently worn a machine made shoe or boot, as in these a steel tack or rivet, is always driven about the centre or just beyond the Shank. These two men immediately became lost to everything save a contemplation of men's feet. They walked stealthily behind all the tall men they met, endeavoring to catch a glimpse of the soles of their boots, hoping to see some protruding tack which might lead to a recovery.

Days of weary and fruitless searching passed. They had inspected the soles of almost every individual who walks our streets without avail, when the merest chance revealed what they had sought so long and vainly. Having snatched together into the City Hotel about two o'clock, while most of the guests were seated around the long tables in the reading room or gathered in cosy knots conversing on the topics of the day, they sat down to observe and compare notes.

Presently, officer Farrell observed a large man, sitting on the opposite side of the table, with one foot resting on his knee. He immediately called Inard's attention to the man, who seemed to be endeavoring to bend down a tack in his boot with the end of his penknife.

He was tall long-limbed, and there, from the centre of his boot, protruded a steel tack. To quietly walk round to where the man stood, to touch him on the shoulder, and whisper in his ear that he was a prisoner, was the work of a moment. The man started, trembled and turned pale; would have conyined them of his guilt had they seen no tell-tale tack. Without useless words, they caused the

