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Advertisements

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October 1st, 1868.

Political.

A Star Without a Name.

On the eve of the last Connecticut Election, Horatio Seymour made a speech in which he asserted that "More than \$300,000,000 a year have been wasted in order to uphold this policy of Reconstruction," and that we were paying "more than \$150,000,000 per annum to maintain an army to keep the people of the South in subjection."
It was then too late to refute these glaring falsehoods in time to break their force in that election? But we dealt with them and their author frankly and faithfully. He has never retraced nor attempted to explain or justify them. They were such falsehoods as no tolerably intelligent man could have uttered without intending to deceive, unless he were by partisan malignity rendered incapable of perceiving the truth. Even *The World Almanac* succumbed to exposure and refute them.

The Hon. David A. Wells, U. S. Commissioner of Revenue, in his letter to the Hon. W. B. Allison of July 15, last, thus testifies:

WAR DEPARTMENT.—The total disbursements made under the direction of, or through the War Department, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, were \$123,246,648 62. Of this amount their were:

For Bounties	\$38,000,000
For Reimbursement of War Claims	17,350,188
For Engineer Bureau (mainly Bivouacs, and Harbor Improvements)	6,132,620
For Payments for property lost or destroyed in the military service of the United States (Act of March 3, 1849, and supplemental thereto), estimated	6,111,306
For Subsistence of Indians, estimated	1,000,000
For Expenses of the War Department	1,700,270
For National Cemeteries	792,860
For Compensation of Rations of prisoners of War	182,000
Total	\$66,535,238

This amount, deducted from the aggregate expenditures above given, indicates the regular and legitimate army expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, to have been \$56,713,410, of which no inconsiderable part is justly chargeable to the expenses attendant upon the existence of Indian hostilities upon the Plains in the Summer and Fall of 1867, which largely and exceptionally augmented the cost of transportation and subsistence.

The Military appropriations for the current fiscal year are \$33,081,013.

We have copied the whole of Mr. Wells' statement under the head of "War Department," so that our readers may see how it reads and confute Seymour's falsehood. You may choose to consider "Subsistence of Indians," "Frederic's Bureau," and "Reconstruction Expenses," fairly chargeable to the current War account under Seymour's arrangement; so we will attach to the \$56,713,410 that Mr. Wells considers the legitimate current expenses of maintaining our army; and we now have a total of \$62,625,680—not nearly half the sum charged by Gov. Seymour as the cost of "an army to keep the South in subjection"; whereas, all men do know that a very large portion of these Sixty-two Millions were expended in the North and West, but especially in protecting our pioneers and settling Indians on the Plains and in the Mountains.

And yet *The World*, in the face of this crushing exposure, attempts to bolster up Seymour as follows:

Mr. Wells was incited to cook up his figures by Republicans who feared the damaging effect of Gov. Seymour's statement that the expenses of the War Department this year would amount to \$150,000,000. Mr. Wells, by taking merely the Treasurer's accounts, and omitting all reference to the Treasurer's accounts, easily made the sum less. Mr. Dolmar gives both, and enables us to know the total, which does not materially differ from Seymour's statement. The War Department cost during the fiscal year ending July 1, the following sums:

Register's expenditures	\$123,246,648
Treasurer's expenditures	\$3,268,876
Total	\$126,515,524

"Considering that Governor Seymour's speech was made in April, and that the fiscal year did not close till the end of June, his estimate was surprisingly close. We suppose nobody will be hardy enough to deny that there are two sets of accounts, as Mr. Delmar states, for that his figures have been correctly copied from the books of each."

"The War Department costs," says *The World*. "Was that Gov. Seymour's assertion? Did he complain of the \$38,000,000 paid as Bounties to our volunteers for their service in putting down the Rebellion? Or of the \$10,330,100 paid from the Federal Treasury to the States for equipping and arming their soldiers, years ago, to fight the Rebels? Or the \$5,111,300 paid for property destroyed or lost in the Military service of the Union? Or the \$792,860 paid for the recent burial of our dead heroes in National Cemeteries? Or the \$152,000 paid to the survivors of Belle Isle, Ballinny, and Andersonville, as Compensation of Nations well famishing in Rebel prisons? Or the \$6,122,920 spent last year in improving the navigation of our Rivers and the accessibility and safety of our Harbors? Did Gov. Seymour complain of these outlays as needless and imprudent? Did he set his hearers knowing that the money disbursed upon the warrants of the War Department was so largely being paid to satisfy just claims growing out of the late struggle with armed Rebellion, or to construct public works required by Industry and the arts of Peace? What had the Sixty-two Millions thus expended to do with 'keeping the People of the South in subjection'?"

Reader, you know that *somebody* lied—wickedly, villainously lied—with regard to these War expenditures. If we do, say so frankly! Courtesy is well in its place, but Truth is the chief thing!—*Trivora*.

Well, for—As George H. Pendleton was leaving the platform, recently, after one of his most vigorous harangues, he was accosted by a one armed man, who congratulated him on his excellent speech. "I can appreciate it," said the man holding up his stump. "I lost this arm while defending your principles." "Ah! indeed?" said the orator, blandly smiling. "Yes, sir," said the other, "I lost that arm while fighting in the Southern army against the abolition government." Pendleton looked surprised.

The protracted disorganization of the city government at Washington has been finally ended. The Democrats in the Board of Aldermen gave way and allowed the Republicans to choose the President. The Capital is now, therefore, for the first time in its history, entirely in Republican hands.

Miscellaneous.

From Cassell's Magazine.
Number 07,482.
CONCLUDED.

The sharp evening air and a brisk wind homeward stimulated reflection; and I began to go over the scene I had just witnessed, and to decide upon my next action. Events had conspired to elucidate the mystery of Number 07,482, but much remained yet unexplained. That Wyldo had never received the note or any equivalent for it was pretty certain from the first. That old Graham was cognizant of some fraud which had kept Wyldo out of the money—some perhaps had originated the fraud—was evident from his manner, and from the hold which Murdon possessed over him. The riddle that remained was, to what extent was Graham implicated? He had not stolen the money, for I hid it in my pocket. He could not have hidden it in a place where it was so likely to be found and to betray him. Then, again, Murdon had spoken of a receipt, which old Graham had seemed anxious to regain, and the delivery of which was to be made contingent on Murdon's marrying Kate. That receipt was evidently irregular, and its irregularity in some fashion compromised the old clerk. So long as it remained in Murdon's possession, the cashier held an engine by which he could force the feeble old man into compliance with his wishes.

The next question was, how could I exonerate Graham and release Kate? By disclosing the manner in which I found the bank-note, Graham would be cleared of the suspicion of robbery, which suspicion, however, was known only to the cashier. An expose would certainly not benefit Graham with the firm, who were ignorant of its irregularity, and believed the money paid. And any disclosure of the note would not clear the difficulty of the receipt; it would, in the contrary, provoke an investigation which might be awkward for Graham, if, as I was forced to imagine, he had forged the receipt. Truly the obstacle in this direction was hard to surmount.

Walking briskly, and thinking deeply, I came upon a dingy public house, which I remembered as the haunt of Wyldo, the place where I had seen him in company with Tom. I determined to spy myself fully on a point upon which I felt morally convinced already; namely, that Wyldo had never received the money intended for him by Theophilus Langbrace, Esquire, our client. With this view I entered the Four-in-Hand, by which name the house of call for actors was known.

Making my way into the bar-parlor, I recognized, through a haze of tobacco-smoke, my rosy friend Tom, engaged in what he was wont to term cultivating the Muses, in other words, keeping up a smoking and drinking intercourse with a half dozen very glady "utility" actors. That ardent young gentleman hailed me boisterously.

"Hallo, George, my pipkin! Come to see life, eh? Sit down, and have a spider." Declining the entomological beverage referred to, I contented myself with ordering a less elaborate liquid, and asked Tom if he had seen his friend Wyldo.

"What, Guglielmo?" answered Tom. He'll be here presently; he's on in the second piece to-night as the Fourth Act, and will probably drop in then."

In about an hour's time he appeared, not so drunk as usual, for the night was comparatively early,—hardly eleven o'clock. He had only taken sufficient to produce the first of many stages of intoxication through which that accomplished artist was nightly wont to pass. In his first stage he was jubilant and loquacious.

On recognizing us, Mr. William Wyldo struck a dignified attitude, and burst into quotation, after the manner of his tribe. Eying me sternly, and then lifting his eyebrows up to his hair, he asked dramatically, "Come you from Indiana, from Ballinny?"

"From both, my lord, Ballinny greets your grace," answered that limp Tom readily.

Mr. Wyldo smiled loftily, and closed his eyes. "Which?" he inquired, "which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?" I modestly replied that for myself I inclined to mercantile sniffs in preference. Mr. Wyldo wailed his hand.

"Then must the Jew be merciful!" Whereupon he took a seat and ordered refreshment.

It is unnecessary to relate by what degrees Mr. Wyldo attained his ulterior condition of intoxication, how he passed from the jubilant to the sallow stage, thence to the desponding stage, thence to the fiercely morose stage. Suffice it to say that I kept him well supplied with his favorite refreshment, and we grew confidential.

"I'll tell you what, my boy," said Mr. Wyldo, when he had reached the depths of melancholy; "if ever you think of embracing your profession, think well. Think twice. It's a sickening life. Genuis may starve in it. Give—give—I mean genuis is not patronized as it should be. Look at me. What keeps me down? I've had experience enough; I know my business; there's not another man in the company that can beat me at versatility. I've played Jeremy Diddler, Romeo, and long Tom Coffin in one bill. I'm not a fool. What then keeps me back? I'll tell you. It's combinations. It's a professional jealousy. It's cliques. That's what it is, my boy."

"Yet you have done well in your time," I urged. "For example, you married well?"

Mr. Wyldo shook his head mournfully. "I married, sir, a lady of family. She was not clever, but I waived that. She brightened my home for a while, but she is gone. After life's squalid fever she sleeps well."

"And your wife's family—"

"My wife's family, sir," spoke Mr. Wyldo wrathfully, "are not to be mentioned by friends of mine. A set of curmudgeons—an ungrateful brood. Why, they are base, common and vulgar."

"Did they never recognize your abilities?"

"Never. A set of arrogant, stuck-up, but there! Pah!"

"I'm said," I remarked confidentially, "it's said in legal circles (you know how rumors get about among us lawyers) that after your wife's death her father came down with something solid."

"It's a lie, then," returned Mr. Wyldo, concealingly.

"Did you ever get a remittance from him,—about a year or a year and a half ago?"

"Remittance, gad! I'd like to see the old scoundrel come down with a postage stamp. It wasn't for the want of asking, though. By Jupiter, I tried all I know, but the old fiat was not to be come over."

"Then the rumor about your getting five hundred pounds was false?"

"False as—"

"I thought so," was my reply; "I never gave it any credence, myself. Good-night, Wyldo. I think you've been badly used; but never mind, your peculiar talents will find their due yet."

The eminent gentleman had a further stage which I did not wish to await,—that of blasphemy. I bade him farewell, and went my way, thoroughly convinced of what I had guessed all along, that he had never received the money's worth of Number 07,482.

Next morning I wrote an urgent letter to Kate, praying her to meet me in a quiet City square at one o'clock; telling her briefly that I had a way by which I could probably benefit her father and herself, and on which I wished to confer with her. This letter I dispatched by hand. In the office I took no notice of either Murdon or Graham, but went about my duties quietly. On their parts they were equally reserved, and nothing of importance transpired until dinner-time. Then I slipped out, and went to the place of rendezvous to meet Kate.

I found her waiting for me, troubled but possessed. We took a turn round the square, and I brought her in, as far as possible, the story of her father's implication with the bank-note business, and the extent to which he was committed to Murdon. I told her that I had the means of freeing him from any pecuniary liability under which he had fallen; but, before putting into operation the means at my command, I must know how he stood, and what was the danger threatening him. I urged that my love for her gave me the right to ask this, and that the same love was the guaranty that I would only use the knowledge for her father's good.

After some hesitation, and exacting many promises, she told me with such reluctance as was natural to a pure and loving girl forced to acknowledge a father's guilt. The story dated eighteen months back, from the day on which the letter of instruction had arrived from Theophilus Langbrace Esquire, authorizing Messrs. Bustler and Clark to pay Wyldo five hundred pounds. On that day it was a national festivity, and the office was to be closed early. Murdon, the cashier, wishing to go away for a private engagement, had handed a bank-note for five hundred pounds to the oldest clerk, Graham, with a memorandum of Wyldo's address, and directions to pay the money to him personally, and obtain his receipt for it on a printed form which the firm kept for payments generally; the words being added in writing, "in discharge of all claims." This bank-note had lain on Graham's desk until the clerks were preparing to leave the office. The old clerk had just recovered from a nervous attack to which he was subject, and which, as Kate said, was wont to impair his memory. The bustle of preparing for the half holiday, superadded to the feebleness of his mental powers consequent on this illness, had caused him utterly to forget his commission. The bank-note had been tossed aside, and had apparently fallen into the waste-paper basket close to his desk. At three o'clock the gas was turned off (there had been a dose for all day in the City, necessitating lights); and the clerks emerged in high spirits at their release, Graham accompanying the rest. On the stairs one of them asked for a light for his pipe; but nobody had matches. Old Graham good-naturedly volunteered to go back and get a piece of paper, so that the clerk could light his pipe at a gas burner on the stair case lower down, and making his way back into the office, he found in the

yellow obscurity the waste-paper basket, and twisted into a pipe-light the first bit of tissue-paper that came to hand.

The clerk lit his pipe, and playfully thrust the extinguished bit of paper into Graham's face. The old clerk received it in his hand, unconsciously retained it, walked a few yards homeward still holding it, and then, wondering what he was carrying, opened out the folds. To his dismay, he found in the charred fragment of tissue-paper a corner of the bank-note which he now remembered he ought to have paid away to William Wyldo!

The shock of the discovery paralyzed him, and when sense returned he saw himself in imagination a ruined man, discharged from his situation if not prosecuted by his employers, and turned with his daughter-Kate into the streets for the trifles of rent he owed. He had always been a nervous man, a moral coward; and his fear of consequences made him blindly accept the one dangerous loop-hole of escape offered to him. He had not the courage to confess his negligence, and throw himself on the mercy of the firm;—he took a fatal step and from carelessness passed into crime. After much bewildered cogitation with himself (for Kate knew nothing of his misfortune till long after), he decided upon pretending to have paid the money to William Wyldo, and producing a fictitious receipt from that worthy.

But forgery belongs to the fine arts, and old Graham was a sad bungler being only a novice in the accomplishment. Perhaps it was this inexperience which betrayed him,—perhaps Murdon discovered the true state of the case, from subsequent application for money made by Wyldo. At all events, the wretched old man was soon found out, and the cashier's sharp questioning wrung the truth out of him. The knowledge, Murdon kept for his own use. Affecting to discredit the story of the accidental discovery of the note, he persuaded old Graham at a thief as well as a forger. Thus playing on his terror and misery, and intensifying the self-reproaches of the old clerk with the cruellest sarcasms, he brought him into a state of abjectness which left the miserable man an easy prey in his hands. Then Murdon struck a keen and bitter bargain. He would keep the defalcation a secret from the firm on one condition. The condition was the possession of Kate. The condition was the possession of Kate.

How soon the bargain was ratified by the unhappy girl herself, I had to supply out of my own knowledge, for here her story broke down in utter grief, but I knew her gentle, winning ways, her absorbing love for her father, and her self-sacrifice on all occasions where he was concerned. I could understand the sharpness of the struggle before she yielded. Not until her father had told her how fully he was compromised did she consent to part with her own happiness in order to save him from a felon's doom. Then she gave up all hope in a fair future, and accepted the man she hated, her father's enemy and tyrant, as her promised husband.

Here her pitiful tale ended. How was I to comfort her? I could not tell her that the note was not destroyed, as her father thought; that I held it, though by what means it had escaped or what had burnt it in its place I failed to guess. For though the money itself was safe, the receipt still remained in Murdon's hands, and any attempt at *clairvoyance* would only bring down detection on her father's head. I could only murmur some common places of sympathy and consolation, assure her that I hoped yet to foil Murdon, and re-establish her father's peace of mind. And so I left her.

That evening I again sought out Wyldo, and found him at his usual state. Diplomatically, and with much circumlocution, I worked the conversation round to the subject of money, and my gentleman's claims upon his father-in-law. Mr. Wyldo's present mode was less violent than ordinary, but more bitterly despondent.

"What's the use of trusting that old buffer?" he asked dejectedly. "I was once led to believe he would come down with a round sum if I applied to his lawyers. I went and saw a yellow-faced scoundrel,—a loathsome hound with a paunch. He threatened to set the billiffs on me if I came again. He knew where to have me, the menial. I never troubled his degraded sight again."

"When was that?"

"That was—let me see, thirteen months ago on the first of this month. Ha! no matter. He knew my weak point, a weakness on his callifist soul. I was in difficulties at that time; I am in difficulties now. If you had half a crown upon you—"

"I have much more than a crown upon me, and you shall have it, if you will give me an acknowledgment," I returned.

"I'll give you," said Mr. Wyldo, gratefully. "My solemn I O U on my sun upon a roverskin. A gentleman's I O U, I presume is as sacred as his bond."

"Exactly so. But I must have a receipt in full."

"You may have, Mr. Dunning, my acceptance, if you like, at three, six, or nine months, presupposing that the sum is at least a five."

The magnificent air of proflity with which he delivered his position tickled me.

"Supposing I could accommodate you with five fivers," I answered, "would you antedate the receipt?"

"I would do anything, sir, honorable and accommodating. I would give you a mortgage on my personal or real-estate property, or a lien on my next half-year's salary whichever you like. But what do you mean?"

Before replying, I called for more refreshment, and helped him copiously yet judiciously. "Look here, Wyldo," I said. "I have a reason in this, of course,—a motive. I want to prove to certain parties, who shall be nameless, that my income a couple of years ago amounted to a certain sum,—call it *z*: in algebra, an unknown quantity. Now if I get a receipt from you for an advance, dating about eighteen months back, I have documentary evidence which I can exhibit, and prove my position at that time. Do you see?"

"I see," chuckled Wyldo. "Like the arrears of unpaid income-tax, only more valuable, being a gentleman's bona fide receipt. Sly dog!"

"The money you shall have down—now. Will you give me an antedated receipt?"

"What's the sum?"

"Five hundred pounds."

Mr. Wyldo upset his glass. "Bring forth the bond," he cried, heroically. "I'll sign it if it were dated five hundred years back."

"I produced the receipt, previous prepared on one of the firm's loose forms, and the bank-note Number 07,482. The latter Mr. Wyldo eyed suspiciously, questioning its genuineness. But upon my showing him that the receipt was merely for this note, with the number specified, and that unless the note were good the acknowledgement would be valueless, he abated his distrust, merely remarking that he should never believe his luck until he had 'cashed the fivers.'"

But he affixed his signature without further protest. And on my expressing a desire to have the names of a couple of witnesses to the document, Mr. Wyldo, relieved at the demand as corroborative of the genuineness of the note, summoned the landlord and waiter, who added their names with cheerful alacrity, pleased at being called on to witness so tremendous a transaction.

"And now," said Mr. Wyldo, when it was concluded, "I shall quit my viceroyalty, and seek to plant the standard of art in the far West. When I have acquired the colossal fortune which awaits the true artist in that more enterprising clime, I shall punctually discharge this debt, Mr. Dunning, which I persist in regarding as a mere temporary obligation."

The possession of the true receipt was an important step gained; the next and more difficult one was to obtain and destroy the forged acknowledgement. Towards that attainment I now directed my energies.

I knew it could be concealed in no drawer or desk accessible to the firm; it was too valuable to be allowed to slip out of Murdon's private keeping. It was likely enough kept under lock and key in his own desk. Watching my opportunity, I abstracted his bunch of keys one day when he was engaged in the private-room of the firm, having led them in one of his drawers. There was no time then to rummage in his desk, but I rapidly took an impression of all his keys—only five in number, in wax which I had kept prepared for that purpose. The model I took to a locksmith, the son of my landlady, a man on whom I could rely. Tramping up some story about a fellow-clerk whose honesty I suspected, and whose drawers I wished to search, I got him to make me a set of keys according to the pattern. The locksmith was not a man burdened with conscientious scruples; besides, he knew me well enough not to discredit my motives in ordering the job. He made the keys readily and deftly. Armed with these, one evening, when the clerks were gone, I opened the cashier's desk, and subjected its contents to a thorough examination.

Not a paper, not a memorandum could I find having reference to the Wyldo business; not a document relating to Number 07,482. There were only two out of the five keys which fitted locks in the office,—one the desk, another a private drawer. The others apparently belonged to drawers or chests at Murdon's private residence; and there, in all probability, the receipt lay. The next day I sent an excuse for non-attendance at the office, pleading illness, and set about elaborately counterfeiting the handwriting of Murdon, authorizing his landlady to allow me to visit his rooms for the purpose of finding a deed which he had left at home. This forged letter procured me a ready admission into his rooms, the landlady contenting herself with suffering me to go up stairs unaccompanied. The count was clear, for Murdon was down at the office, and I had all the morning and afternoon before me. I left no corner or crevice unexplored. I ransacked his clothes boxes, and papers. I turned every pocket inside out, I peered behind the mirror on the mantle-piece, emptied his dressing-case, tobacco-box, crested even into the crumpled and prodded the stuffing of the chairs and sofa, and turned up the corners of the carpet. All to no purpose. My search brought to light other keys, which I subjected to open every closed receptacle in the place. But not a vestige of the receipt or clue to its hiding-place could be found. After a long and fruitless search, I turned away with a heavy heart, convinced that if he still held the receipt, it must be carried about his person, or else lodged in some distant keeping which I saw no possibility of reaching. Disappointed and dejected I turned my steps towards Kensington, hoping to gain strength of heart and aptness of invention from a sight of the beloved fove. For Kate's gentle and fortified nature ever stimulated and fortified me,—taught me sagaciously, taught me to hope against hope. I found her alone. Though she had been in my constance that I had no good news to bring as yet, her patient, uncomplaining voice served me as of old, and I regained confidence. After all, I had not been deceived as generally, for

much was already done towards clearing her father's name. I did not despair of accomplishing all in time. But time, there was the rub. Would time be accorded to us?

As if in answer to the inquiry, her father's knock was heard, and Kate, looking out of the window, saw that he was accompanied by Murdon. Her terror rose.

"O, go—go!" she cried excitedly; "There will be a scene if he meets you here again. He is so violent, and then he has my father in his power, and father's health is so shattered. Not for your own sake, but for mine, do, pray, avoid him."

Unable to resist her entreaty, I slipped into an adjoining room; and as they ascended the stairs and entered the sitting-room, I passed down. Murdon's top-coat, an ill-fitting wrap-rascal which descended to his ankles, was hanging in the hall. He had divested himself of his overcoat, purposing to pass the evening at that house.

"There was a hope that I might find the receipt in one of the pockets. Quick as thought I passed my hand into the pocket in the breast of the coat, and found a bulky pocket-book. It was full of old letters. But there was an inner receptacle.

Victory! The receipt, with William Wyldo's counterfeited signature in a shaky, ill-disguised hand! A poor blundering attempt at forgery, this, which would not have taken in a charity boy. I stifled the cry of triumph which rose to my lips, pocketed the forged receipt, substituted the veritable one, and returned the pocket-book to the wrap-rascal. Then I calmly re-mounted the stairs, and entered Graham's sitting-room.

Murdon was loitering on the sofa as I entered, and looked up with his supercilious, insolent stare. "Hallo, Mister Skulk," he began, I thought you were ill in bed; but it seems your're not too ill to poke your nose into places where you are not wanted."

"Not noticing him directly, I turned to Kate with a look which she understood, a look which caused her face to brighten. Taking her hand as if to say good evening, I whispered, "Your father is safe; back me up." She smiled, and I turned to the old man.

"Mr. Graham," I asked, "why do you suffer this underbred person about your house?"

The old clerk started, flushed, and began to stammer. "That, George,—dear me!—why, that is Mr. Murdon—and—"

"He is the worst-conditioned cur on the face of the earth," I answered deliberately.

"He is a compound of insolence and falsehood—a tyrant without the power which he affects; a bully, but an innocuous bully, and no companion for you or your daughter. That's what Murdon is, Mr. Graham."

He started from the sofa with an oath. "If you approach me," I cried, dropping my hat, "I'll knock you down."

"I know him then for a coward, for he stopped short in the blow which he had meditated, and turned green and yellow. He was bigger and older man than I, but he held back and ground his teeth as if he heaped insult on insult upon him, in my bitterness and my triumph.

"You don't know what you are doing, you braggart young fool!" he at length muttered, livid with rage. "You are ruining your precious friends here."

"You lie," I retorted; "there is nothing you can do which can harm a hair of their heads."

"Is it that?" he cried. "I can send this old man to penal servitude; I can beggar his daughter; and I will."

"An empty threat,—a braggart's boast; as mendacious as all you ever say."

He shook a trembling finger at the old man, whose state of terror I cannot hope to describe. "He is a forger," hissed Murdon. "A thief and forger."

"Pooh!" I returned. "What has he forged? Why do you waste words? Where are the proofs?"

"I'll show you what he has forged, if that's any satisfaction, my young champion, and the proofs shall be laid to-morrow before other eyes than yours." And he strode vindictively out of the room.

In a moment he returned with his pocket-book I was holding the hand of Kate, who stood calm and confident by my side. The old man had sunk into a chair, and was wringing his hands. "There," cried Murdon, opening the book with a trembling hand, "if you must know your friend's handiwork, look at it; but keep your fingers off."

"Look at it yourself, before you boast."

I answered, "Are the names of the witnesses forged too?"

In an instant his face fell as he glanced at the receipt. He knew that he was discomfited, and turned from yellow to white. The paper shook in his grasp, and with a bitter curse, he would have flung it into the fire; but I had seized him, and wrenched the receipt from his clutch.

"Drop that," I remarked. "No felony. That receipt is not yours, but Bustler and Clark's, and to-morrow I restore it to their keeping, and advise them to take better care of it."

He turned to the door with a cry of baffled rage. "To-morrow," he shrieked, "I will have you kicked out of the office."

And, shaking his clenched fist, he departed.

But he did not keep his word. A fortnight afterwards, he himself left, suddenly and on compulsion. It was rumored that the firm had detected him in a course of debauchery, for along time passed with impunity. This is what the clerks whispered; but Bustler and Clark said nothing.

Six months afterwards Kate and I were married. Some weeks previously I had proposed to leave Bustler and Clark as I for I had no further use of employment

The decision of a relative, since the death in America, of the late Graham a complete remedy, and a fresh letter enclosed, offered her fortune at my feet, and brought me to take it with herself. My going, and I ultimately purchased an interest in the firm, which I now know as Bustler, Clark and Hastings & Co.

Whether Murdon had obtained an inkling of the fortune in store for Kate, it had for some time gone begging; until the letters were traced. I never forgot. At all events, we heard no more of him, and believed he had left England.

When our honeymoon was over, I one day questioned old Graham as to the piece of paper he had actually destroyed under the belief that it was the bank-note. He answered that he had never parted with the remnant, and I could see it if I chose. When he brought it, I examined it closely. Only a charred corner remained.

"Why, this?" I exclaimed, "is no bank of England note; there is no water-mark, and see, what letters are those?"

A light broke upon me. It was the remnant of one of those confounded Bank of Elegance notes which I had been so fond of buying, and in its destruction, it had fatally resembled Number 07,482.

Harbor Fees.

Petitions are in circulation, requesting Congress to pass an act forbidding any municipal government to tax any vessel, steamboat, or river craft, by the levy upon them of harbor fees, Port Warden's fees, Quarantine fees, or compulsory pilotage. The legal point is also raised that all such levies are unconstitutional. The Constitution, after declaring that no State shall, without the consent of Congress, levy any impost or imports or exports, except what may be necessary for executing its inspection laws, it further declares that "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty on tonnage," etc. In a recent case, the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided that under the clause the city of Washington had no right to collect harbor dues of any kind, inasmuch as they are a duty on tonnage, the true definition of tonnage being stated as the capacity of a ship or vessel. It is claimed that a test suit in the Courts of Annapolis would show that this ruling applies to all the States. Congress never having formally consented that they levy duties or tonnage, as they do in all their local action. But it is supposed that some of Congress's prohibitions forbidding such levies would be the shortest and cheapest method of removing the evil.

The petition instances the case of the city of Philadelphia, where a vessel ready to sail on Sunday may have to lose a tide and wind, while sending several miles to pay two dollars at the office of Port Warden, under penalty of twenty dollars fine if not so doing. It is well known that the numerous officials in New York harbor have very little business to transact other than to collect their fees, which are sufficiently numerous. A vessel bound for Newark, the master of which may be perfectly familiar with the channels, must pay half-pilotage for no service at all. Arrived at Quarantine, although not detained for any port in New York, the master must drop anchor and pay another fee; and it is only when he rounds Staten Island that these exactions cease. At Newark he has no harbor office, save a single wharf inspector, who is otherwise unoccupied, but to only a small amount.

Suppose the same vessel to sail for New York. It drops anchor in the stream, a harbor-master comes aboard, and no doubt exacts some fee; but to draw the vessel to the wharf, the same process is repeated by the port-wardens. The rates charged are very different in different cities. Thus a schooner from this city reports harbor-masters fees, for the same tonnage, as follows: Savannah, Ga., \$17 50; Charleston, S. C., \$3 50; New York City, \$3 50. It is most instances the masters of the vessels never see these officials except when they present their little bill.

On the great lakes of the West, where is an immense shipping, and where different ports are in active competition with each other for business, harbor-masters are appointed by the city governments, paid a fair salary for official attendance upon duty, and are forbidden to collect any other wharfe; the argument being that the regulations upon trade should be as free as possible, and that it would be a heavy tax to levy tonnage dues for the sake of the light, well known as the harbor, which would be a full toll-gate across the path throughout the city. Revenues acquired in this way are more than they come in, and every year in the path of commerce are paid avoid ports where troublesome regulations or unnecessary taxes are exacted. The harbor of New York is a notable instance which has been set in a number of the large trade of Cuba. Little San Thomas on a mere bit of an island, being a free port, is the rendezvous for a vast amount of shipping, the different nationalities of the islands surrounding it occupying it as the point of embarkation.

Philadelphia is especially a port which cannot afford such dues. It is hard enough to get there on time, and we get to be slow and amored in want of fuel. In fact, the drawback of commerce is that it is enough to override the duties and taxes, but every dollar paid by the merchant is a dollar less in his pocket. It is in the pockets of the merchant that the burden of the cargo is to be borne, and the cargo is to be borne by the merchant.

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