The Daily Delta: Extra Sheet.

Office, 73 Chartres street.

NEW ORLEANS: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1862.

NEW ORLEANS, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1862. Vol. XVII—New Series. Vol. XXXV.—Whole No. 12,391.

Auction Sales This Day.

By E. M. Jacobs, at 10 o'clock, at the corner of Mandeville and Moreau streets, soap, oil, pepper, &c.

By Gill Saunders, Jr., at 11 o'clock, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis streets, sugar, and furniture.

General Hunter and Slavery.

We perceive that every public journal in this city, without an exception, speaks in terms of well merited censure of the order of General HUNTER declaring the slaves of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida free. This production is certainly one of the most extraordinary we have ever heard of. It proceeds upon the ridiculous assumption that slavery is inconsistent with martial law, and furthermore that the emancipation of the slaves is an act of military necessity. It is not at all surprising that this wholesale and sweeping order should provoke general indignation—not alone in the South, but amongst all men of conservative tendencies in the North; nor do we wonder that the Cabinet of the Federal Administration should be profoundly agitated at the daring of a Military Commander who coolly undertakes to put forth an edict which, if carried into effect, would completely overthrow and disorganize the social institutions of three States. We note with gratification that Northern prints of reputation and ability denounce the order in language of befitting severity. The New York *Journal of Commerce* remarks as follows:

It is unnecessary for us to show again, as we have so often shown, how absolutely subversive of the constitution would be this order. It had any vital power at all. The argument in its support has been that the "war power" authorizes any thing that a General deems necessary, that martial law overrides all law. The answer is that in a constitutional government the "war power" does not override the constitution, but is derived from and is therefore subject to it, and that martial law has no existence unless it be for temporary police purposes.

Slaves are property precisely as real estate is property. The abolition of slavery is merely the annulling of the property right of the owners. If martial law authorizes a General to abolish property in slaves, it equally authorizes him to abolish property in lands. He may, therefore, say: "Martial law and real estate tenures are incompatible in a free country, and therefore all real estate tenures are forever abolished." But will that abolish them as a legal result? Will they continue abolished after martial law ceases to exist? Will any man be found to contend that after martial law is ended in any city or State, the owner of a house, or the owner of a slave, will be divested of his property by virtue of an order made by a General? What then is the result? Simply that the approval of an order of this kind by the President would pledge him to sustain by the war power the illegal results of the order, and make it necessary to suspend "forever" in the States the operation of the Constitution. The sustaining of such an order can only be done by abolishing the States themselves "forever," for it is no order in particular in saying that the slaves are "forever free."

It is to be regretted that this subject of martial law is not more generally understood in our country. The truth is that martial law is an impossibility in the United States. It is unknown to our institutions, and defiant to our Constitution, which always and everywhere, in war or in peace, is the supreme law of the land. All power of President, Congress, army or generals, comes from the Constitution.

In every view of it, the order is so absurd that discussion of it seems a waste of time. The effect of it, indeed, if sustained, would be to prolong the war indefinitely, since it would render it necessary for the President to carry on the contest for the purpose of abolition, and at once transform the whole aspect of the struggle. The effect of the policy thus inaugurated, on the Union men of the border States, was not necessary to speak of. We await with confidence the intelligence that the order, if genuine, has received the unqualified veto of the President.

We hope that the expectation expressed in the last sentence of the passage quoted will be verified. Certainly no worse friend to the Federal Administration can be imagined than Gen HUNTER, since his order is calculated to strengthen and intensify the opposition to the Union manifested in the Southern States. His conduct reminds us of the Spanish proverb: "Save me from the indiscretion of my friends. I can protect myself from the hostility of my enemies."

The truth is that with respect to slavery, a large proportion of the people of the North make some very serious mistakes. The Abolitionists propose set forth with two declarations—the one, that slavery is the sum of all villainies, the other, that a negro is a black white man. With respect to the first of these propositions, it has so frequently been refuted and overthrown, that further argumentation the subject would be like the repetition of a threadbare tale. The Federal officers now in our city enjoy abundant opportunities of ascertaining by personal observation and enquiry whether the servile condition of the colored race is something so monstrous and terrible as to deserve the execration of the world. As regards the status of the negro, and the effort to consider him as differing from the white man only in the color of his skin, we should imagine that the population of the North who daily come in contact with the sable fugitives from the South, ought to know something of their nature. A very superficial investigation would satisfy them that the negro is radically and specifically of a distinct race from the white man. He is naturally lazy, indisposed to exertion, averse to labor, almost hopelessly thriftless, delighting in the gratification of the senses, perfectly indifferent to the future, warm in his passions and affections, tolerably docile, and of an intellectual calibre which even under the most favorable circumstances, rarely rises beyond the dead level of mediocrity. He has none of the energy, the spirit of enterprise, the towering ambition of the white man. He is utterly unable to compete with him in any field, and consequently when surrendered to his own resources, without a master and a guide, the negro, nine times out of ten, becomes a helpless vagrant, or a reckless criminal. Does this portrait resemble in any of its traits the predominating characteristics of the noble Caucasian race the highest type of God's creation? The appellation of "black white man" bestowed upon the African or his descendants is an indignity and an outrage upon common sense.

We understand that Mr. E. W. Fox, of St Louis, who reached here on Thursday evening by the steamer Connecticut, has been appointed Postmaster of New Orleans.

The Provost Marshal, Captain French, has completed the police force of the First District. It is composed of one Lieutenant, a First, Second and Third Sergeant, and 139 privates.

By the annexed general order, it will be seen that the U. S. Commissary of Subsistence is authorized to sell meats and flour to families at moderate prices, for gold and silver, new Treasury notes, or city bank notes. The place of sale is No. 2 Front Levee.

Headquarters Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, May 26, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. —.

In view of the arrival of stores from New York, and the speedy opening of this port, reducing the price of provisions, and for the speedy relief of the poor, the Chief Commissary of Subsistence will sell to families for consumption, in small quantities, until further orders, flour and salt meats, viz: pork, beef, ham and bacon, from the stores of the army, at 7½ cents per pound for flour and 10 cents for meat.

Place of sale designated hereafter. City bank notes, gold, silver or Treasury notes to be taken in payment.

By order of
MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.
GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. A. G.

Office Chief Commissary,
Department of the Gulf,
New Orleans, May 30, 1862.

The place of sale for Commissary stores, pursuant to orders from Headquarters Department of the Gulf, will be at No. 2 Front Levee, commencing to-day at 12 M.

JNO. W. TURNER,
Colonel and Commissary Subsistence.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MAN.—Late Northern papers mention the death of Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio. A Washington letter writer says:

Both in thought and manners, he was a perfect gentleman; high-toned and honorable to the last degree, both as a man and a lawyer. When the news of his death reached Mr. Controller Whitlaw, that good man is said to have been overcome to tears. No wonder. They had been devoted friends for many, many years, and had both seen the gradual progress of Ohio from a frontier State to one of the most important in the Union. Mr. Vinton was a member of Congress for no less a period than twenty years.

THE NEW ORLEANS.—We understand that a number of well-built gunboats, looking for New Orleans, having received orders that they will be ready to leave soon as possible, are advised that they only intend to enter port of destination after the blockade is opened. The date fixed being June 1, a fast sailer will land out and be in New Orleans as soon as the appointed day. A three-masted schooner was yesterday chartered to load at Philadelphia for New Orleans, to sail in company with other of the vessels, for Falmouth and orders. Other fast sailing vessels are chartered for the time, as we learn from the Philadelphia *Commercial Journal of Commerce.*

A Northern View of Mexican Affairs.

In noticing recent events in Mexico, the New York *Price Current* says:

"Thereupon" (that is, in reply to the Mexican protest,) the French Commissioners, M. Dubois de Saligny and Admiral Jurien de la Graviere, issued a proclamation to the Mexican people, wherein it is asserted that they (the French) did not come among the Mexicans to take part in their disputes, but to put a stop to them. The document in question further asserts that "we asked it (the Mexican Government) to accept our aid in founding in Mexico a state of things which will spare us in future the necessity of these distant expeditions, the greatest inconvenience of which is the suspension of commerce and the stoppage of relations which are so profitable to Europe as to your country. The Mexican Government has replied to the moderation of our conduct by measures to which we could never lend our moral support, and which the civilized world would reproach us for sanctioning by our presence. Between it and us war is this day (17th April) declared." The Commissioners call upon the Mexican people to join hands with them. This remarkable proclamation concludes in the following language: "Let all those who long divided by objectless quarrels hasten to join us! they hold in their hands the destinies of Mexico. The flag of France has been planted on Mexican soil; this flag will not recede. Let all honorable men hail it as a friendly flag! Let fools dare to fight against it!" As language cannot be more explicit—the fact must be recognized that France and Mexico are at war!

At the same time that France declares war against the existing Mexican Government, she offers a protectorate to the people. Taking into consideration the fact that General Almonte, the Mexican adventurer, accompanies the French expedition, and has issued an address, calling upon his countrymen to join hands with the French and overthrow the Juarez Government, and "to trust to France, whose efforts he has come to second, and whose intentions he comes to explain," the policy of the French Emperor becomes at once apparent. It is to overthrow the Juarez Government and instate Almonte President of the Republic. What particular motive prompts the Emperor Napoleon to this course does not as yet appear. That the reward is big, is sufficiently manifest from the importance and hazardousness of the undertaking, no one who has even the most remote knowledge of Napoleon will doubt. The declaration of war has already been followed by one or two unimportant engagements between the French troops—who number about 6000, we believe—and the Mexican soldiery. Two wars are therefore in progress on this continent, both of which, it is fair to presume, are the direct fruit of the "Secession" movement inaugurated by the Legislature of South Carolina: for it is altogether improbable that France or any other power would have made the hazardous venture of interfering in Mexican affairs had the United States not been engaged in civil war.

John Mitchell on Ship-is Arpor.

John Mitchell, in a late Paris letter to the New York *Irish American*, writes:

The whole universe seems to ring with the clang of armorer and the "clank of hammers closing rivets up," to arm line-of-battle ships *cap-a pie*. England pretends not to be frightened; and her belly press makes believe that she can still keep her famous naval supremacy by plating old wooden ships until she can build new Monitors. Nay, they would have us believe that Monitors were in fact invented in England, and are only the first infant essays in iron maritime construction; but that England has by this time got far beyond that sort of thing and knows something better. This is all English bragadocio, intended to blind mankind. The truth is they are at their wit's end, and do not know how to begin to make an iron navy. Blakely, the author of the "Blakely gun," writes an uneasy letter, from which I give an extract:

"To defend an harbor against a Merrimac or Monitor, I should myself like either a steam-ram, carrying no cannon and no mast, or else a lighter and faster ship carrying only one or two guns, whose shot could crush in the side of any armor-plated ship afloat. I cannot believe any shot of less than 700 lbs. (and that to be fired with 80 lbs of gunpowder) can do this. If I am right, then, one ship armed with 100 pounders would be a match for four exactly similar ships carrying 300 pounders—all only using their guns. The calculation is simple. The ship can carry three times as many 100 pounders, she can fire each 100 pounder three times as fast as each 300 pounder; and each 100-pounder has 40 per cent. more chance of entering a portholes than a 300 pounder, making all advantages of 12 to 1 in favor of 100 pounders. On the other hand, we may admit that a 300 pound shot would kill a man three times as effectively as a 100-pounder. As Sir Wm Armstrong is not likely to produce a 700 pounder for some time—the moveable breech piece would weigh 1000 lbs. England has no choice but to provide herself with steam ram, or make arrangements to ransom her seaports."

The New Gladiatorial Ring.

TOM SAYERS, HIS TROUPE AND HORSES, TO GO TO AUSTRALIA.—The *Sporting Life of London*, April 23, says:

Tom Sayers's company and horses are engaged, together with the veteran agent, to visit Australia. The great English boxer and his troupe, consisting of 100 men, 50 horses, two elephants, go to Australia. The ship Alexandria, 1500 tons burden, will convey the mighty hero and his suite to the land of novelty, September 6, 1862, at the termination of the exhibition. Mr. Sayers is engaged at the sum of £8,000 ($25,000) for twelve months, exclusive of the voyage each way in the ship Alexandria. Therefore, under these circumstances, he will for a time bid farewell to the land he loves, the country his soul is with—that which, while he breathes, he will adore. When on the plains of Australia, rest assured Sir Thomas will be as he was at Farnborough—"in the worldes broad field of battle," and as the victor views his retreating and beaten enemy graciously, so will Tom Sayers be glad to meet his friends on t'other side of the mighty deep, and, like the warrior, he leaves his country only

"When the fiery fight is heard no more,"

wishing to return with the laurels of a far distant soil emblazoned on his breast, which will add to the comfort of his declining years, surrounded by the affluence he so richly deserves, as one who has upheld to the fetter the honor and bravery of his dear native land.

JEM MACE, "THE CHAMPION," ENTERS THE CIRCUS.—Mr. Jem Mace, champion of the world, England's great gladiator, who now unhesitatingly throws his gauntlet to the world, barring neither country nor color, for any amount up to $1000, and the champion of England's belt, being intensely disappointed at not having a match on hand "for his trophy," has accepted a lucrative engagement to travel with Ginnette's Royal Circus, on a sparring tour. He being acknowledged by all judges the most scientific boxer living, the public may rely on seeing a display of science and skill in the manly art of self-defense, such, of course, as cannot be seen elsewhere, the greatest satisfaction being given by the champion in all towns he has visited. The valuable presents given to the champion in the towns of Bristol, Bath and Cheltenham lately have been greatly admired. The gallant and athletic champion appears twice daily to the admiration of all who feel a pleasure in seeing science of the first water.

Mr. Harry Monsague introduced the champion, and also exhibits his original Champion of England's belt, (not a copy, as shown elsewhere) the middle weight belts, the most valuable and magnificent cups, tankards, goblets, rings, medals, and other presents received by the champion from some of his ardent admirers, these being the most magnificent and valuable collection of trophies ever won by or presented to a pugilist. The Champion of England will positively set to with his African, Arr Hasgan, twice daily. In conjunction with the champion, the circus of Mr. Ginnette is noted for its riders, rope performers, &c. All the male and female star riders, both English and Americans, perform twice daily.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

In noticing the proceedings of the First District Court we stated yesterday that the case of Henry Monford, f. m. a., had been dismissed on account of the death of the accused. We are requested by the widow of the deceased to state that her husband was a white man. We regret our error, and make the correction with pleasure.

THE NEW POLICE.—In the First and Second Districts the soldiers have been released from police duty, and their places are now occupied by a civil organization. The Third and Fourth Districts are not yet completed, but we give the following list of the new policemen in the First and Second, as it may prove of interest to many of our readers:

FIRST DISTRICT.

B Robinson, Lieutenant of First District; C N Moore, First Sergeant; Joseph Chellet, Second Sergeant; F C Mahan, Third Sergeant.

Day Police—M LeBlanc, Tim Sullivan, John A Miller (Day Jailor), J N O Grady, Henry Seignin, Frank Marellias (Day Corporal), Malcolm Cameron, Robert Flynn, Harvey Kelty, E L Walters, George Howes, William West, Thos Thomas, Jos Alexander (Day Clerk), J J Foley, J N Dunn, L Borstein, John Coakley, James Fitzpatrick, J B Shouldice, C H Jarvis, J J Burns, Frank Ferris, Thomas Beahan.

Upper Station, First District—C H Moore, First Sergeant; E Hall, P H Flynn, Brown Dash, P H Smith, Chas Bady, John O'Mealey.

Night Police—Elijah Bell, Jo Flemming, John Foley, (night clerk) Henry Robinson, John Irwins, Owen Gernon, Martin Masterson, James Pierce, A F Ward, James Farrell, M Jenidige, F H Cannon, Hugh Sheridan, John Shemsart, Andrew Finnerty, S S Keely, R Krause, John Cavanagh, J D Sullivan, Peter Hannon, Francis Lyons, Wm Ford, Pat Gilleely, John Griffin, H C Tibbens, W C Jones, James Thorn, James McGovan, Eugene McFully; Thos McDermott, J I Yager, Thos Higgins, J Gaffney, Thos McAray, Jas Berrand, Jas Deignan, M O Sullivan, Mike Houlihan, John Lee, Louis Rosin, A Mludek, J Boland, Joseph Kelly, Geo Schememauer, John Milan, M B Domm, M Ryder, Chris Jaynt, Edward Carty, John Murphy, J P Pryor, John Sullivan, P S Nugent, P J Conway, John Horn, M Fennaty, F R Williams, Thos Nester, M Sikoloski, (first night corporal,) Pat Kedredy, Francis Felton, M F Rogers, Francis Devries, George Bunny, James McCovey, J G Farrell, Edw'd Holihat, J N Burns, Chris Zeigler, Pat Harmon, G E Billings, John Saxon, (second night corporal,) James Skelly, M O'Hara, John O'Neil, C McCormack, John Burke, Tim Kelly, Robert McCormack, Mike Kernan, J O'Brien, P A Donavan, H Baker, (night jailor) J A Gallagher, Benj Cohn, Richard Staines, J C Maguire, A Stockman, Dayton Daniels, Jeremiah Ford, J M Burchard, Laurence Bunnan, Henry Gaba, Elijh Richardson, J Leffey, Daniel McCarty, Dan'l Crowley, Francis Ward, Frank Landgraff, Mathew Price, Robt. Scott, Jas Keakewski, Jas Cashman, Edward Casserly, Wm Simmonton, Jerry Sullivan, (driver Black Maria).

SECOND DISTRICT.

Main Station—Day Police—E O Bertin, Lieutenant; L M Pelletier, Sergeant; F Tragnanie, Corporal; A Rapp, Day Clerk; J Albo, J Cupas, M Evans, H F Evans, James B Farley, Wm Guzman, Jaquin Gonzales, A Cisneros, R Rodriguez, P Pallette, L McDonald, J Wagner, J A Finn, M Conway, J Trooker, J-Maronie, Ch Sanders, M Toomey, P Holtip, T F Kavanagh, E Quirk.

Night Police—F A Lartigue, Sergeant; L A Gonzales (2nd Justin Aguillard, Corporals; B Goodman, W Dressel, W Ahrens, K Courrer, A Drost, H Theisen, D Reedinger, C Coff, Louis Kolb, C Mitchell, W Kasper, L F Scanlon, J Diterman, A Boss, A Gonzales, A Dominique, T Killus, S Broge, C Grunsel, L Cassidy, J M Meddis, H Wilson, G Moss, H Babylone, M Alcala, J Lux, J Welsh, A Albyon, J Eagan, W C Hanlon D Buckley, L Burgin, P Hanley, W Sirs, Simon Frank, H Rufino.

Trémé Post—S Monde, Sergeant.

Day Police—Edw Adler, Wm Morris, Geo D Wright, D Boye, Wm Multon, G S M Guerrand, fils, G S M Guerrand, père, G D Jullisee.

Night Police—A Sellier, Corporal, H White, Corporal, H Voarge, G Sellier, E Stroband, C Sanders, J Sullevan, J Sullivan, E Sweet, D Carbin, P Arr, H Adams, M Dunn, J Brown, D Lienchen, A Keechen, F Chene, J Petrowsky, F Rethler, W Hunger.

Provost Court—Judge Bell, Presiding.—This Court began proceedings at an early hour, yesterday morning, but at 10 o'clock, (after disposing of some pressing minor cases) on account of some important court martial case which was being held.

The Court resumed its functions at 2 o'clock, P. M. Several cases of interest were then taken up. The most important was that of the President of the Louisiana State Bank, charged by one Abadie, a butcher, with fraud and swindling. The complainant stated that months ago he had deposited $1000 in gold in the bank; that afterwards he had drawn $300, which he received in bank notes; that when he presented his check for the balance ($680) he was told he could be paid only in Confederate notes—there being no specie and no bank notes to pay him; that he took the Confederate notes for his check because he was informed by the officers of the bank that if he refused he would show himself hostile to the Confederacy, and would have to leave the city; that he still held the notes, and had not tried to use them, for the reason that he was generally assured they were safe and as good as any money; but five days ago he lost his faith, and took steps to make the bank pay him currency for his Confederate notes. The President of the bank in reply, denied that any officer of the bank had insisted upon depositors taking Confederate notes by any such argument or persuasion as that stated by the complainant; that the deposit in gold was in the regular line of business—not special—and that the books would show that there was no condition or agreement on the part of the bank to the contrary. The fact of the depositor having drawn his own check for the $700, and receiving payment in Confederate money, when it was current, proved, he contended, that the bank was not further liable.

The Judge, after a patient hearing of the case, came to the conclusion that, in consideration of the fact of the complainant's simplicity in having so much faith in Confederate money, and that he could not obtain any other kind when he demanded his $700—according to his sworn statement and the admissions of the President of the Bank—that the Bank was bound to pay the amount claimed in currency, or in its own notes. So the case was decided. John Dees, for insulting the United States flag, was Workhoused for two months. His defense, showing that he was treating several soldiers to "drinks," seemed, however, to weigh against him more heavy than the primary charge.

John Green was fined $20 for assaulting a soldier, who called him "a rebel thief."

Another charge of assault and battery was disposed of by making both sides pay $20 fine.

Alex. Perault was fined $100 for selling liquor to soldiers.

Eugene Meyston was Parish-prisoned for six months for firing a pistol and using seditious language.

Several soldiers, for being drunk on duty, had to forfeit pay for two and three months.

First District Court—Judge T. W. Collens. The cases of Wm. Hart and Daniel Hanley, Joseph and Michael Sheridan, Henry Peterson, Fred. Welleron, H. F. Steele and Adam Dittman—all charged with assault and battery—were yesterday called up, but continued until further orders from the Court. Also the cases of Henry Garrijon, Henry and Catherine Richard, for assault and battery, were placed on the delay docket. H. C. W. Stouffe, for assault with intent to kill—his case was also continued.

In the case of Stettinger and Napple, for assault and battery—the former was convicted and the latter was discharged by nol pros.

A Grand Jury was sworn in, as follows: Wm. Lyster (foreman), F. Arrogu, L. Perrilat, John Enright, Peter Morow, Aug Adner, Wm. M. Pinckard, Hyppolite Galley, L. Roca, F. Fredman, F. J. Levassour, A. Eustis, and J. V. B. Jourdain.

The Jury returned a true bill against John W. Price, for the murder of Dr. Hensley.

Free Market.—There were 1837 families supplied at this charitable association yesterday, 30th inst., by the following distributions: 238 bushels corn meal, 17 barrels rice, 1824 loaves bread, 11 barrels molasses, 600 cabbages, 65 bushels peas, 3100 pounds bacon, 3 sacks salt, 2 barrels vinegar. There were 1179 families supplied by half-past 7 A. M.

Family Provisions.—We notice by an order of Gen. Butler that Col. Turner, Chief Commissary of Subsistance, is directed to sell to families, in small quantities, pork, beef, ham and bacon at 10 cents per pound, and flour at 7½ cents. The depot is No. 2 Front Levee, and city bank notes, Treasury notes, gold and silver will be taken in payment.

Military Commission.—If H. Zuckarie was yesterday fined $1000, having been found guilty of obtaining a false pass, and making fraudulent use of the same under very suspicious circumstances.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

[Continued.]

"Time enough, my dear sir, to talk about those things; at present, you understand, I act for Mr. *John* Simpson." Mr. Grindle had perfectly satisfied himself on the point on which he had been very properly anxious; and now he put the question by so quietly and decidedly, that poor Mr. Simpson felt quite relinked, as if he himself had very indecorously brought it forward.

"You don't object yourself, perhaps?" resumed the lawyer, after a decent interval, which he kindly allowed his companion for repentance and recovery.

Mr. Simpson might have replied, "Do I look as if I did?" but he contented himself with a smile and a shake of the head.

"Well, I dare say you can amuse yourself if I am so unkind as to leave you for a day; there's the mare, and the cart, very much at your service."

Mr. Simpson bowed his acknowledgments; but without the slightest idea of interfering with the mare's amusement. He had been wishing there were an omnibus handy for his journey home; she was very glad to descend from his seat and follow Mr. Grindle, who seemed quite at home, into a comfortable looking room, with a good fire and which had evidently been a library.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them in.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer; Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down to more than his usually joyous spirits, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long-hoped-for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle, who had taken him into his counting house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the sons' inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting-house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable, and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though his uncle had never done more than express himself as quite satisfied, he found that when a fair opportunity offered of advancing him, he was not forgotten. His cousins would no doubt in time become members of the firm, but they were young; and George found himself now promoted to a vacancy which the father knew he was at present much better qualified to fill. It offered but a very modest income to marry upon, certainly; but Mary had no grand ideas: and George thought that even the *Times's* minimum income for young couples would fancy reduction. At any rate, he ran down to Portland Terrace (eager as he was, not a sixpence would he waste in cab hire) and rushed in very wet and very happy to rejoice and consult with Mary. Mrs. Simpson was in her own room, very busy with the dressmaker, Augusta, who was a good-natured girl enough, and very fond of her sister, and willing also no doubt to do as she would be done by, found she had something to look after in the kitchen; though her conscience smote her afterwards for weakly allowing her feelings to interfere with her duty, having fully adopted her mother's views, at a conference held the evening before, that it would be a thousand pities now, when Mary might do so well, and form an undeniable connection, "to your advantage, you know, my dear, as well," and the thoughtful mother, "for her to go and throw herself away upon that young Harrison." The most being clear, however, Mary and her lover had a good three-quarters of an hour to themselves before Mrs. Simpson knew he was in the house; and how much may be said and done in three-quarters of an hour judiciously employed? On the stage, a whole *petite comédie*, comprehending at least two pairs of lovers and their fortunes, is performed within the time; in real life all that is worth remembering in the long, dull drama of existence, for either man or woman, is often played out in less; the rest of it—scenes, characters and dialogue—might be all cut out without destroying the interest, if not with advantage to the looker-on. But for the two young hearts now standing near each other, (very near indeed it was) in Mrs. Simpson's parlor, though without her sanction, the grand act of life had been played already, long since; it was only the winding-up of the piece which they had to settle, and that was soon done. If Mary didn't think it too little to live upon; why, George didn't. If George thought they could manage, then Mary was sure they could. In a matter so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments are admitted on both sides; or rather, such sides are one. If any difficulty suggestion—one of the prudence family—intrudes itself, the course of the young lovers "turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects—indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she had not told him before—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now, and some day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children," in her pure innocence she said—he might—she was sure he would—do all he fairly could for them. And George was almost angry with her for having any thing to promise him besides herself.

Three-quarters of an hour was it? why it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock had stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snappish, and not so much inclined for gossip as usual; *her* young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistle every five minutes starting Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold. Three-quarters of an hour it was, though neither more nor less, and George must go—confish! even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that very night, he "had rather go," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a benignant mood, for the new gowns fitted admirably, and being what the dress maker called "rather jolly"—with bodies implies that which in polite language is called well-developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper-time, that George had been there, neither spoilt her temper nor her appetite. He was gone again, that was a comfort. She would lose no time in having a talk with Mary. So when she had finished her moderate glass of rum and water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having eat for what seemed to her an unconscionable time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience (take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceeded to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she should have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and how he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she repeated certain hints and suggestions Mrs Simpson was great in that line, addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than to itself, about hasty engagements and imprudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was with her, she had seen no difficulties in the way, but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipated a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good humored banter which she had grown accustomed to in this subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm of anger which burst upon her. Never had Mrs. Simpson been seen so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her, angry with the dressmaker for having come at that particular crisis—an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose; and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out generaled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and change of manner, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved value in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she know, had not been the honest and independent spirit, once he let him feel that he was suspected of pressing his suit now because there was money in the case, and however unreasonable the accusation, his pride might take offense. Then Mary might go into the country out of his way; and so, in time, this unlucky love might go the way of many others, become one more of those little silent sacrifices laid upon the altars of wealth and pride—miles in the estimation of a proudest public, but sometimes to the officers more costly than "all their living"—and be gradually reduced, with hymns and libations from Mrs. Simpson, as high-priestess, to the ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary, she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, find as a woman you ought to have known. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for herself quietly: however cruel and unwarranted she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle expostulations and a bitter flood of tears would have been her only reply that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson paused for breath after an alternation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low mercenary creature," having declared her own firm belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpsons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with if very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George?"

Mrs Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she had meant to say it, and had said it; and she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its untruth.

"Mother!" said she laid her hand quietly on her arm, "don't, say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, for either of us. We can't go back. O that the miserable money had never come between us! For Mary saw it all now. "You took it, Mary; took in by a swindler, I say. If I were you, I'd have more [illegible] what I would."

Spirit! it [illegible] spirit which poor Mary wanted just [illegible] wanted patience, which is harder to [illegible] had never suspected her [illegible] fore, she had unlocked some startling [illegible] new. In the usually calm, sweet face [illegible] blazing crimson, and then changing to deadly [illegible] there was neither maiden shame nor girlish [illegible] of her mother's anger, but burning indignation, and fixed defiance. Mrs. Simpson was not a wise woman, even in a worldly sense; she understood the symptoms, she was frightened, but she was not to be mastered by her own daughter, in her own house. She was undeniably right, and like many other persons who unpleasantly are right, she was wrong.

"Say what you will of me, mother, and I'll bear it, if I can; but don't dare to slander *him!*"

"Dare! hey-day! I'll dare him to come inside my doors again, that's what I will!"

"There shall be no need, mother; I can go to him."

Both had said a good deal more now than they had meant to say. Mary's was one of those quiet answers which rather increase, wrath than turn it away. Her mother's indignation spilled her words. She could only gasp out something like, "Very well, ma'am—very well!" when Mary rushed up-stairs to her room, and sat down in an agony of wounded feeling, to which even a flood of tears brought no relief. It was all so sudden, so little deserved; and all because of a little money! But though she never slept that night, she lay very still and quiet, and never disturbed her sister. She had no one there who understood her, none to whom to open her grief. But her resolution was taken; and long before the family breakfast-hour she had dressed hastily, packed up quietly a few necessaries out of her wardrobe, and taking them in her own hand, leaving Betsy in wide astonishment as she glided by her in the passage, she had reached the nearest cab-stand, and asked to be driven to her aunt's at Brixton.

Aunt Martha, she thought, would give her sympathy at all events, and a little counsel for the actual present. For the future, she meant to ask no one's counsel but George's. If he would take her to him, dared she was; never so wretched and miserable as now, to be sure, but never so much needing the love and care which he had so often promised. She was not ashamed of her love for him now; he had been wronged, insulted. She did not consider it was only the senseless violence of an angry woman; she would scarcely have minded rushing to him in his uncle's presence, and crying, "George, here I am: pity me and love me; no else else will, because I love you."

She hardly knew how she got into her aunt's pretty sitting-room. She did not understand the servant, till she had told her twice that her aunt was gone from home.

"Yes, Miss, gone to nurse old Mrs. Manson for two or three days, while her niece is away. Old Mrs. Manson's very bad, I do suppose, Miss." Well, she must sit down, at least, and calm herself. She would write to George at once. But what to say? when could sorrow, shame, and outraged feeling ever shape themselves into the letters of any discovered alphabet? She wrote, and tried to read what she had written, and tore it into fragments. She bent her aching head upon her hands, and waited for the troubled thoughts to still themselves. But they would not. Then she rose, and went to the window that looked out into the road. But when a merciful ordering it is, that the most trifling outward object catches the eye at critical moments, and delivers us for a few instants from ourselves? A coach was passing towards the great city. It was a gentle ascent, and at the moment a boy with a very small bundle let himself gently down from behind. Not so quickly though, but that the watchful driver caught sight of him when he reached the ground.

"Hallo, young chap!" he shouted, "fare's a shilling, if you please!"

"All right, coachman, all right;" and the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"All right! I'm blest if it is though!—think you're going to ride all the way from Croydon here for nothing, you young rascal!"

The driver pulled up his horses, and looked after his flying "fare" for a few seconds, as if he had a great mind to get down from his box and give chase; but as the boy was active and had a fair start, and time was probably valuable, he shouted a few good humored threats after him, and drove on.

Mary had looked after him, too, with such utter astonishment that her own troubles were forgotten. Her eyes had tears in them, to be sure, but there was no mistaking the personal identity of Master Samuel. She flew to the street door, and could just see his figure in the distance. The coach turned the corner in the opposite direction, and then the boy appeared to stop, and to be watching whether any one was coming in pursuit. He began slowly to retrace his steps towards the door where Mary was standing, and Mary hardly waited for him to be within reasonable distance to wave her handkerchief in the hope of attracting his attention. The movement seemed rather a suspicious one to the fugitive, for he halted and reconnoitred afresh. Mary ran towards him, unbonneted as she was, and at last Samuel recognized a friend. He was hurried into the house, and questioned as well as his sister's agitation would allow her.

Samuel had run away from school.

"I ain't going to black Binns's boots, nor spend all my money in buying pauncheo to feed the dog, nor to have nuts cracked on my head with Vardy's dictionary, nor have my tea stirred with a tallow candle, nor be locked up on a half holiday. I cut away the morning—me and another lad."

Where was he going to now Mary asked.

"Well I was coming here first, to see what aunt Martha did say, and then I'm going home to mother. I made all the way from Croydon there, you see, but I hadn't got a sixpence Vardy said he didn't mind lending him all I had left, and I jumped off by here, to see without paying. didn't I manage it pretty? What'll mother say, do you think, Mary?"

(To be continued.)

Cattle Market.

JEFFERSON CITY, May 30, 1862.

Arrived during the past week: Texas Horses 150, Hogs [illegible] Sheep [illegible] Cattle [illegible] Texas Sheep 20 Hogs [illegible] Texas Sheep and 70 Sheep. Stock remaining in stable: Texas Horses and 70 Hogs. We quote:

Western Steers	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas "	[illegible]	[illegible]
Veal Calves	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sheep	[illegible]	[illegible]
Hogs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Milch Cows	[illegible]	[illegible]

Stocks [illegible]

AUCTION SALES.

Auction Sale.

BY E. M. JACOBS, Auctioneer.

WILL be sold at auction on SATURDAY, May 31st 1862, at 10 o'clock, at the corner of Mandeville and Moreau streets, Third District—

100 boxes Brown Soap, New York;
217 boxes and baskets Olive Oil, present importation;
4 boxes of Ground Pepper;
100 boxes of Claret Wine, last importation;
80 boxes of Boston Pickles, quarts and gallons;
10 boxes of best Sperm Candles.

Terms at sale. my30

Sugar.....Sugar.....Sugar.

BY M. BARNETT, Jr., Auctioneer.

WILL be sold on SAT