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DORUS B. BROW.
 Editor and Publisher.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Corn all the Year Round.
 A correspondent of the *Working Farmer* gives the following directions for preserving green corn for winter use:

Nearly all the dried corn that one buys has a flavor, when boiled, resembling sugar or pearlash—certainly it has but little sweetness and much toughness. Now, there is a way of preserving corn which entirely avoids these results, and which is warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Select, in their season, fresh, medium-sized ears of corn, strip off the silk and husks, then plunge the ears into boiling hot water, leaving them in for only three minutes. Next cut the corn kernels from the cob with a sharp knife and spread them out on flat dishes, taking care not to have the layer more than two kernels thick.

The dishes must then be placed either in a moderate oven (left open) or over the kitchen range on a board shelf which can be arranged over it for the purpose (say 21 or three feet above the top of the range.) The contents of each dish must be disturbed occasionally, so as to insure their becoming thoroughly dried. It is well to spread lace or musquito netting over the dishes, to protect them from flies, dust, etc., for sometimes the corn will be two or three days in drying.

When the corn is perfectly dried tie it up in bags and put it away in a cool, dry place.

In winter, when you wish to enjoy the fruit of this painstaking, you take out a few handfuls of the corn, wash it well, soak it all night, and the next day boil it till tender, in the same water it was soaked in. About 20 minutes before you take it from the fire, add milk to the liquid in proportion to your taste, and, when nearly done, add butter, pepper and salt. A little corn-starch, added as thickening, ten or fifteen minutes before you take the corn from the fire, improves it very much. The corn should not be dry when served, but floating thickly in its own stiff broth; and, my word for it, it will taste as fresh and sweet as any corn fresh grown.

I need not say, that by soaking corn thus dried all night, and also soaking the preserved beans for the same length of time, a delicious winter succotash can be made the next day, as good as any ever eaten in summer.

The Corn Crop—Early Frost.

The cold weather of August put a damper on growing corn, setting it back at least two weeks. In consequence of this, it is feared by some that the autumnal frosts will do much injury, should they occur earlier or at about the customary period. There is ground for apprehension on this account, and farmers with comparatively small corn fields should be on the lookout when the temperature indicates the occurrence of frost, in order that its effects may be partially, if not wholly counteracted, by prompt action on their part.

The observant farmer can generally tell over-night, by the state of the atmosphere, whether a frost is imminent or not. If he apprehends the occurrence of one severe enough to kill the corn, he should have his scythes in order for use. Should inspect his corn field during the short hours of the morning, and if he finds a severe frost nigh, let the scythe be set to work and prosecute the corn before the morning sun has a chance to strike it. By being thus protected upon the ground the warmth from it will dissipate the frost, leaving the stalks fresh and green, not burnt and shriveled as they would be were the sun allowed to strike them while in a standing position.

When the leaves are somewhat wilted by the action of the sun, and the moisture exhaled, gather up the stalks and bind them into bundles and stack them on the field or on the margin of it, as circumstances may require. Thus cut and stacked, the corn will go on maturing, and come out bright and plump when husking time comes round; whereas, if left standing, after being struck by a severe frost, little if any sound corn will be harvested. This prompt cutting subserves a double purpose; it preserves the corn fodder bright and clean; while imparting sustenance to and maturing the ears at the same time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Resources of Farm Manure.

This subject, says the *Boston Cultivator*, is always in order among farmers whose soil has been long under cultivation, and its fertility partially exhausted. Does the reader make the best of his resources? Is there nothing left that can be converted into fertilizing material? When every resource is exhausted, then it is time to resort to commercial fertilizers. How is it with the hog-pen? Is that well supplied with good material to absorb the liquid as well as ammonia? A tree supply will tend to keep the hog clean and furnish a quantity of rich manure. Then there is a privy, which is too frequently allowed to waste its ammonia, instead of having absorbents applied to fix it. A tight vault, into which dry muck, plaster, loam, &c., may be introduced and mixed, will supply several loads of poudrrette, superior to what the market affords, with little labor. The hen-roost will supply several barrels of good guano, the quality of which there is no question, when house-manufactured, by supplying dry loam, plaster, &c., with frequent overhauling. A pit so constructed that it may receive all the slops from the house without waste, will, by filling in loam, muck, fine dust, &c., give several loads of rich material, suitable to be applied to any garden or field crop. Wood ashes, composted with dry muck or loam, broken and mixed in a cask with lime and kept constantly wet with urine will dissolve and make good bone phosphate. These offensive animals die from accident

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Advertisement Rates.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Hereafter the following rates will be charged. Ten lines constitute a square.
 One square one week, 75 cents; one month, \$2.00; three months, \$4.00; six months, \$6.00; one year, \$10.00.
 Half square, three months, \$1.50; six months, \$2.50; one year, \$4.00.
 One column, three months, \$2.50; six months, \$4.00; one year, \$6.00.
 Yearly advertisements may be exchanged quarterly with out additional charge.
 Hammond, May 26, 1866.

Plain Talk.

[The following from the *Norfolk Virginian* of September 15th, will give an idea of the feeling prevalent in the South.]

A favorite argument of the Extremists against the early admission of the Southern States to the Union, is the alleged mistreatment of Northern men by the people claiming to be loyal, and many otherwise very sensible persons are deterred, by the warning notes sounded by Radical trumpets, from entering the field of commercial and agricultural enterprise, opened to capital and energy in the South. And thus both sections are injured by the murders and duckings, which have no exceptions except in the brains of fertile extremists.

We do not mean to assert that there have not been cases of wrong, in which the injured party has been a Northerner, and the aggressor a Southerner; but opposite cases have been much more frequent, and there has come under our own knowledge, since the war, no single instance in which a Northern man has failed to obtain justice, either from the Courts, or from the community in which he lived. Always provided, as to the latter, that the said person was conservative and well disposed towards the people upon whose patronage he expected to live.

We do not know that any Radical has ever in Virginia received any treatment approaching persecution, though if there were any means, not violent, of driving such public enemies from our midst, we should not hesitate to counsel it, and could not fail to justify it to any fair mind.

What treatment can be expected at the hands of a Southern community, by men whose political hopes and labors all point to the destruction of every vital interest of that community. To be more direct, why should we do otherwise than despise the men who, while living on our substance, watch for opportunity to open our gates to the foes who intend our destruction? The truth is, that Radicals are too well treated here.

For instance: we have in Norfolk a body of these revolutionists. Most of them are engaged in business, and are doing well—living upon the patronage of the people of this and the adjoining State, and yet their representatives in Philadelphia applauded and endorsed Browlow's speech; "that sooner than the Government should pass again into the hands of the murderous rebels (i. e. sooner than the Southern States should be restored to their rights and the red-caps lose their power and places) there should be another war. That three columns must enter the South; one to slay the breed of vipers; one to burn their nests; and another to parcel out their lands and property among the negroes and the 'loyal' supporters of a fragment of the Union."

It is against their fellow citizens, against those upon whose support they live, that this threat is uttered, and yet this ruffianism cannot complain of a threat, much less of violence, from any class of the people whose blood they would have.

We do not hesitate to say that the time has come when self-preservation demands that an end be put to this cowardly bearing. We would not counsel the laying of finger in violence upon these people, but they should be meted out a treatment which will drive them to a more congenial clime. The Southern man who trades with them should receive the same contempt given these spies, and society, the business community should outlaw the enemy and all who countenance him. Let them be avoided as one would vipers, let them feel the cold eye of scorn upon them at every turn, and know that nothing but a respect for the law they despise gives them the bare privilege of breathing the air they pollute. Above all, have no dealings with them. Sell them nothing, buy nothing from them, borrow nothing from them. Let their houses be considered marked, and the man who crosses their thresholds be known as unfriendly.

They will soon go where there is no longer money to be made from the dupes they would first plunder and then kill, and we shall gain by their absence. For in their stead will come in Northern men whose we can safely trust—men who will battle at the ballot box for our rights, who will, while receiving our patronage, labor for our interests as their own.

For such we have a welcome; for others, nothing but the most bitter enmity.

THE IRISH FAMINE OF 1846-7.—It may not be uninteresting to our Irish friends to know that Andrew Johnson was opposed to assisting the starving thousands of the Emerald Isle in 1846 and 1847. When Congress then proposed to appropriate money for the purchase of flour and corn for the Irish people, Mr. Johnson spoke against the bill, denouncing it as "unconstitutional," just as he now says that it is unconstitutional to keep Rebels out of Congress, and out of office. When the vote was taken in the House, he voted to lay the Senate bill on the table. Thanks to the humanity of the American people, food was sent by the ship-load to Ireland's starving thousands.

The Richmond Dispatch thinks it "marvellous that Mr. Johnson should allow such men as Bots, Brownlow, Forney, Greeley, Butler, Wendell Phillips, and Jack Hamilton, to travel over the country and make speeches denouncing him and his policy, or to publish newspapers filled with bitter denunciations of his policy, his character, and his intentions. Where is the army? Where is the special lay? Not a word! Evidently, no one is supposed to be in the South just now.—*Times.*

The Story of a Burglary.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

In October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone Street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage-week.

I reached London about a week before the important day; and to those who know that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry, the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jewellers' shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing-room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner-party to friends on both sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock, every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered into the heads of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing-room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel-box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bedroom. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing-case and dressing-bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left in the front drawing-room, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground-floor there were dining-room, breakfast-room, and morning-room. On the first floor, there were three drawing-rooms; and besides these, there was, built out of the back, and lying beyond the servants' staircase, the bed-room and dressing-room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor were four bedrooms and a dressing-room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bed-room open gradually, and a bright light shone through it. I called out at once in a loud voice: "Who's there?" when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before; my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the door being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, and, looking at my watch, found the time to be four o'clock. For a time I listened intently, but soon, finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to go to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. At about five o'clock I heard some noises in the next bed-room to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half past five, I heard some body stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined, still, that, in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes to six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about six feet two inches in height, and most powerfully made, was listening at the door of a bed-room close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me. I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back and allowed him to pass. The next moment, I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made; but the minute or two which had elapsed enabled the burglar to make good his retreat, and they got clear away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver or gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable; plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing-rooms; they had wrenched off and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing-case and the dressing-bag; they had entered two bed-rooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but, most fortunately, they had missed the great prize—the jewels—leaving only the burglary had doubtless been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bed-room beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in that direction. They must have reasoned, that the best bed-rooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing-room; and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting their prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and riding the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found, upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course, the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield—so I will call him—of the Q Division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was: "What sort of man was it that you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man, but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called upon me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely got half way through the list, when a knock was heard at the door, and Sergeant Wood, as I call him—also of the Q Division—was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should have taken him for a policeman. My idea of a policeman was, that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers, that were the objects of the admiration of the servant-maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ("So that they may have nothing to hold on by," he darkly whispered to me in a conversation we had some days after.) But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted my visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence—which, some how, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman—and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for, after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and, after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade them good morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting-pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the stolen property would be recovered. Nor did we think in the police hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say, any belief in their powers of detection in a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when, nearly an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I shall make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone Street was not, I discovered, by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same feature distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great miniaturist of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case the thief seemed to have chambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing-room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five.

One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had washed his hands in the dressing-room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful; and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some conspiracy on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place—this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her he quickened his footsteps, and, rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servant's bed-rooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes decided to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop" leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, on being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose, Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been, pook-pooked for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioner of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop" leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also, the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have washed his hands. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton Place; Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had washed his hands in the dressing-room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful; and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some conspiracy on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

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A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place—this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran up stairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her he quickened his footsteps, and, rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servant's bed-rooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does not, however, seem to have been a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes decided to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop" leap on to some leads, whence he got into the Park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The Park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, on being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose, Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been, pook-pooked for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioner of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop" leaps.

when we are under the protection of the strong arm of the military, if the envenomed hatred of the men who labored for four years to destroy the Government could not be restrained, even in the presence of the military, it is a serious subject for reflection to what extent this vengeance will be carried when unawed and unrestrained by the force of bayonets. In my address referred to, I gave it as my deliberate opinion that if the military forces were withdrawn the life of every prominent Union man would be endangered. I still adhere to that opinion, and will add, by way of amendment, that unless the force is increased I do not consider the protection thus afforded as a perfect security, by any means. You know, my friend, I tried the "conciliation" policy in this State thoroughly. I did so in good faith, and with a sincere desire to heal the wounds of the country. The result you know as well as I do. I have and do acknowledge that it failed in its object.

Perhaps it is as well the experiment was tried. It has demonstrated to the people of the loyal States the undying hostility of the spirit of Slavery to free government. It has shown that the clemency extended to its advocates, who plunged the country into a bloody war, has been unavailing in winning them back to their allegiance; and the only policy by which the nation can be preserved from these plotters for its overthrow is to punish the traitors that, to use President Johnson's emphatic language "treason may be forever federated odious." That Congress will regulate all these matters at its next session, is not a matter for doubt. Its first duty, as I conceive, will be to pass an enabling act, prescribing how the Rebel States shall be reorganized. The first preliminary to that end will, of course, be a convention from the people to form a Constitution, and in electing that convention I consider that Congress has the Constitutional right to say who shall vote and who shall not vote.

When the Convention meets, the power rests in that body to fix and regulate the basis of suffrage, the constitution they may adopt being submitted to Congress for its approval.

This I understand to be the programme of the Republican party, and is a shorter, as well as a more effective method for the redress of our grievances, than by persisting in the assembling of the Convention of 1864, as you suggest. After the murderous onslaught made on the members of that convention, with the Mayor and his bloody police still in power, sustained and supported by the President of the United States, I consider that convention no longer practicable.

I see no alternative; therefore, but to wait until a Convention of Congress, in whose wisdom and patriotism I have the highest confidence, and who I feel assured will take care of Louisiana.

With thanks for your good wishes, I remain, very truly, your friend,

J. MADISON WELLS, Gov. of Louisiana.

Scotchmen and Scotch Music.

A gentleman who was a first-rate performer of Scotch music on a violin, spent a winter at Exeter, and of course he soon became acquainted with the musical dilettanti of that place. Dining one day with a professor, the conversation turned upon Scotch music, and a strong argument arose as to its bearing competition with foreign music; the Scotchman, whom we shall at present designate as the Fiddler, insisted that, when properly played, nothing could excel it; the professor on the other hand, insisting that it was only fit for the barn-yard.

"I'll tell you what," says the Fiddler, "I'll lay a wager of five pounds that if a party of Scotchmen can be got together, I'll make them shed tears one minute, sing the next, and dance the third."

"Done," said the professor, "and if your music is capable of that, I will not only pay you the five pounds with pleasure, but will confess to you that it is the most enlivening, pathetic and the best music in the world."

The difficulty arose as to getting an opportunity for a trial. But this was soon obtained by a third party informing them that a number of young Scotchmen dined annually at the old London Hotel, on the anniversary of Burns' birthday. This was a capital opportunity for the Fiddler; for these young men, being principally raw-boned, overgrown Scotch lads, who had recently left their own country to carry tea in the neighborhood, were the very ones upon whom he was sure to make a hit.

All being now arranged, and the utmost secrecy being agreed upon, the eventful day was anxiously looked for. At last it came; and the Fiddler and Professor, by an introduction to one of the party, got an invitation to the dinner. There were a dozen altogether sat down; and a right merry party they soon became; for the whiskey today was not spared when the memory of any of Scotia's bards was touched. The Fiddler was not long in perceiving that he had got among a good musical set, and he waited patiently till they were fit for anything. At length he gave a wink to the Professor, who at once proposed that his friend should favor them with a Scotch tune on the violin.

"Capital, capital!" cried the whole party. The violin was brought, and all were in breathless anxiety. The Fiddler chose for his first tune, "Here's a health to them that's awa," and played it in the most solemn and pathetic manner.

"That's a waulf' tune," said a big, raw-boned youth to his next neighbor. "It is that, Sandy. There's a muckle in that tune, then. It reminds us o' a' we that is gae' Jamie," at the same time giving

a deep sigh, and drawing his hand over his long, gaunt face to hide the tears which were trickling down his cheeks.

The Fiddler with his keen eye soon perceived that before he got through with the second part, if his tune he would have them all in the same mood. He therefore threw his whole soul into the instrument, played the tune as he had never done before; and as the last four bars of the tune died away like a distant echo, there was not a dry cheek amongst the company. Now is the time, thought the Fiddler; and stopping a moment, struck up in a bold and vigorous style, "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut." Out went the handkerchiefs, and away went the tears.

"Chorus!" cried the Fiddler; and in an instant all struck up:

"For we're a' a' fua, we're a' a' fua, then, But just a drapple in our eye— The cock may crow, the jay may daw, But we'll taste the barley brea."

The song was ended, but up struck the Fiddler in his best style, the reel of "Jenny dang the Weaver."

"Ely, ye devils!" cried Sandy.

"Scotland forever!" cried Jamie; and in an instant, tables, chairs, and glasses were scattered in all directions, and the

