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MISCELLANY.

A TOSS-UP FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The Marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies-in-wait, were busy powdering, as it were, with her frost-bitten, bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this Marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her god-father.

Three and twenty years earlier, his majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of a hundred thousand livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevault, that king was to be grateful, what- ever people choose to say to the contrary.

The Marchioness, then, was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half way on the slope overlooking the water, on the road from Boulogne to Saint Germain. Madame Dubarry's estate joined her's; and on opening her eyes she could see without rising, the white gables, and the wide-spreading chestnut trees of Louveciennes, perched upon the heights.

On this particular day—it was noon—the Marchioness, while her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hand that caught them in the fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the Marchioness interrupted at times while she adjusted a beauty spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"the King."

Apparently the Marchioness was accustomed to such visits, for she half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting pearl gray hunting suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung by his side.

The King had come from Louveciennes almost alone, that is to say with a captain of the guard, the Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equestrian on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the latter Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandeur, Henry IV., could not have been less conspicuous.

But a shower of hail had surprised him; and his Majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable, than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wet him through, and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau, when the shower commenced. He had come therefore to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Nesus, that celebrated greyhound, given by Charles IX., to his friend Bonnard, the Poet.

"Good morning, Marchioness," said the King, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have picked off Richelieu."

"Ah, sire, that wasn't very kind of you," "Huah!" replied the king, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day; and if the marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour he would have braced it this very evening. He is very apt to compromise one, and he is a great coxcomb, too, the old duke. But don't put yourself out of the way Marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilacs and roses of your bewitching face. Why, Marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up."

"You think me so, sire?" "I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the king seated himself upon the "romy sofa," by the side of the Marchioness, whose rosy finger tips he touched with an alacrity of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the main-tenance—easy as it is, Marchioness—of your charms?"

"Madame Dubarry?" "Exactly so, sire." "A trumpery gift, it seems to me, Marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one. I repeat to your Majesty, that these oranges decided my fate."

"I give it up," said the king. "Imagine, sire, yesterday I found the Countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down in this way." And the Marchioness recommended her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the king; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words 'up, Choiseul; up, Praslin! and on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped.'"

"Precisely so, sire." "And do you dabble in politics, Marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the Countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, sire; for in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Meneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the king; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Meneval, who is a Croesus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection?"

"I'll tell you," said the dame. "You know, sire, that Monsieur de Meneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Frontenot, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the court, from grandeur and from turmoil."

"And on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the king. "One does become so wearied at Court."

"Ay and no," rejoined the widow as she put on her last beauty spot. "Nor are you unaware, sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and Versailles; ambitious; burning with zeal for the service of your majesty; as brave as Monsieur de Meneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth—with the title of Ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV., with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My ante chambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the Marchioness, I have been a widow—these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, sire. But Monsieur de Meneval loves me—at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well, then marry Monsieur de Meneval."

"I have thought of it, sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. When an external noise disturbs the honey-moon, that month, sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears noise."

"Unless it be a north wind moaning in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window panes." And the king shivered slightly on the sofa.

"But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ah," the ambitious man.

"Ambition does not shut out love, sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a Marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly, who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own peculiar merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Meneval."

"Very good," exclaimed the king, laughing; "now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Meneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would do just as well; and since one cannot have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah, what does happen?" "That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down, and I catch them both each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in the game?"

"You, sire? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, Marchioness. To a certainty in less than three minutes Beaugency and Meneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah," exclaimed the lady; "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No, we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges—you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilette pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassador."

"Excellent! Now, sire, let's see the result."

The king took the two oranges and phed shuttle with them above his head. But at the third pass the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the Marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed the king. "What a clumsy old fellow I am!"

"And we are more puzzled than ever, sire."

"So we are, Marchioness; but the best thing we can do, is to slice the oranges, sugar and season them. Then you can beg me to taste them, and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaide."

"And Monsieur Meneval? and Monsieur de Beaugency?" asked the Marchioness in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV., began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?" "I trust so, sire."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other; the Marquis at one o'clock precisely, the Baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the Marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the king, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlaie, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the King got up taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing all on a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, sire?" asked the Marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the Kings of Persia from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Huah, Marchioness."

A few moments later, and M. de Beaugency entered the room.

The Marquis was a charming cavalier, tall and slight, with a nose, black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The Marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss, and as he begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself.

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books."

"You are hard upon me, Marchioness."

"Perhaps so—it comes naturally—I am tired."

"Ah, Marchioness. Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fete."

"That would, at least be wearisome."

"Say a word, Madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition—"

"You are still then as ambitious as ever."

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious looks of important rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? And is not one love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved, in laying all at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"I may be right."

"You may be right, Marchioness. Listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, sire."

"Between us, who are well born, and content with pleasures, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love, which is painted by those who write books for your mantlemakers and chamberlains, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love, and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation."

"Ah!" said the Marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me rather of fetes that dazzle with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. Why hide one's happiness instead of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My niece, the Cardinal, stands well at court. He has the King's ear, and better still the Countess's."

He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Can you not fancy yourself Madame the Ambassador, treating on the platform of a drawing room, as royalty with the highest nobility of a kingdom, having the monarch at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, while you yourself, are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat, to the knees of the Marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him.

"Rise, sire, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, Marchioness."

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, Madame."

"That is fortunate indeed, for to be prepared for all is to accomplish all, without the slightest difficulty, and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sire. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, "I will summon you."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to my mind, you need only order post horses."

"For what purpose?"

To carry me off to Courlaie. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, Marchioness, but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening."

"Ah! I forget."

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the king."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, Marchioness?"

Assuredly. You will not, at Courlaie, be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will not return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlaie."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wears me. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life; to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition, you ought to care for it still less since you are in love with me."

"But Marchioness—"

"Huah! I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way, go into the winter drawing room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me an answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the Marchioness opened a door, how Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the king from his hiding place, and through the screen, "you will offer Monsieur de Meneval the embassy to Prussia which I promise you for him."

"And will you not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, Madame, it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

He struck two. Monsieur Meneval was announced.

His majesty remained snug and shammed dead.

Monsieur de Meneval was at all points a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air that became so well the Troubadours of France in the olden time.

We can not say whether M. de Meneval had perpetrated verse, but he loved the poets, the stars, the quiet of the fields, the sunsets, the rose down the breeze sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of a harp sounding at eve from the light bark, shooting over the blue waters of the Loire, all things in short that harmonize with that melodious concert of the heart, which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow, and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in a well chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on, who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophical scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the Marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity, and an unprepared warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest, who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke the Marchioness sighed, and said within herself—

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be loved, but one at the same time, and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered however the advice of the King, and thus addressed the Baron—

"What will you do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The Baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Meneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to everything, and achieve everything."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen, I will give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the King's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Meneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, your Excellency, the Ambassador to Prussia, will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect, I grant you an hour."

"It is useless. I have no need of reflection. I love you. Your wishes are my orders, to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind," said she, trembling and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room where you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The Marchioness handed out the Baron by the right hand door, as she handed out the widow by the left, and then she said to herself—

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaie!"

Thereupon, the King removed the screen, and re-appeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereupon he had replaced the oranges and stood up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "I perceive air, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, dividing the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished Marchioness.

"But, sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating an orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Meneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the King, pointing to the valet, who entered with a note from the Marquis "you'll soon see."

The widow opened the note and read:—

"Madam, I love you—Heaven is my witness, and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the King. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his services—"

"Oh, et cetera," chimed in the King, "as was observed by the Abbe Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Meneval."

Monsieur de Meneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the King in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his Majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the Marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he could not renounce it to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you love the Marchioness much better than her love, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the Marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from sacrifice."

"And the king peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the Baron."

Then he added,

"I have been drafting three persons happy—the Marchioness, whose indecision I have released; the Baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency who will perchance prove a very able ambassador. In all this, I have only neglected my own interest for I have been eating the oranges without sugar. And yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish monarch!"

Ascent of a California Mountain.

In the *Eureka Herald* we find an interesting account of the ascent of the celebrated Shasta Butte, the highest peak in California, by a party of eight persons. The adventurers started upon their expedition on the morning of the 14th ult., from their camp upon the south side of the mountain. The weather was piercing cold during the ascent and the adventurers were often obliged to jump and thump themselves to keep from freezing. After climbing from camp to camp for the space of several hours, they arrived at a field of frozen snow and for the distance of four miles were compelled to advance very slowly, cutting steps as they went along, with their knives. Having passed this they reached the first peak of the mountain. Six miles more difficult and dangerous climbing brought them to the summit of the second peak, which seemed to be composed of hard red cement, or lava, the evident result of volcanic fires. In this vicinity were discovered three beautiful lakes, one of which occupied the bed of an extinct crater.

The third peak was composed of black cement or lava, intermixed with quartz and burnt glass, and here the party began to find the atmosphere too highly rarified for comfort, producing spitting of blood headache, &c. Nevertheless they persevered and after a desperate struggle reached the highest of the heights of Mount Shasta rising like a mammoth stack of chimneys, with barely room for the apex of the party to stand upon. The view from the summit was magnificent. There mountains piled upon mountains in the most picturesque disorder and confusion, interspersed in the foreground, with luxuriant valleys watered with sparkling mountain streams, dotted with beautiful crystal lakes. The ad-venturers were so much excited to gaze long upon the beautiful scenery before them. They unfurled the stars and stripes of freedom to the air, and as they raised the standard above the highest land in California, where it was destined to wave triumphantly until the storms which are wont to play around the lofty summits of the Coast Range would tear it from the staff, they involuntarily gave utterance to cheer after cheer, until their voices became too hoarse for the expression of their feelings.

Upon an examination of the grounds around them they found, within one hundred yards of the summit, a cluster of hot boiling springs, twelve in number, and all emitting large quantities of steam, smoke and gas. The ground for fifty yards around these springs was covered with sulphur, and the rocks hot

enough to roast eggs upon. The party, having rested and reconnoitered for a brief space of time, commenced their return journey. After descending some two miles they came to a field of frozen snow, and being somewhat fatigued, decided to descend in the following manner:

"The grade being on an angle of some 75 degrees, and the top of the snow soft, we sat ourselves down, feet foremost to regulate our speed, and our walking sticks for ladders. At the word, off we sped inside of 2-30, and the like I never saw before, in the shape of coasting. Some unshipped their tinders before reaching the quarter (there was no such thing as stopping), soon branched to and went stern foremost, making wry faces, while others got up too much steam and went end over end while others found themselves sideward ship, and making 160 revolutions per minute. In short it was a spirited race, as far as I could see, and that was our lot, for in a trice we found ourselves in a snug little pile at the foot of the snow, gasping for breath. After examining a little we found that some were minus hats; some boots, some pants, and other little et cetera too numerous to mention. No one knew what time we made the four miles in; however it was concluded by all that we were not more than five minutes and a half on the snow. Thus ended the incidents of the day, and we arrived in the camp at 3 o'clock, P. M." (Boston Journal.)

The Secret.

Roger Bacon was an English monk, who taught in the University of Oxford more than sixteen hundred years ago. He was a man of great learning, skilled in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but especially fond of chemistry. He used to spend many hours each day in one of the secret cells of the convent engaged in some experiment. While thus employed he had found that sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre mingled together in a certain way, would make a new and strange compound, indeed so strange did this new compound seem, that the monk himself was almost afraid of it, and therefore told no one of his discovery.

The Fate of Sir John Franklin.

The following letter from Dr. John Ross, to the Governor of Hudson's Bay Territory, discovered the terrible fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. York Factory is situated at the mouth of Hayes River, in Hudson's Bay, in about 56 deg. N. L. 93 W. L.

DR. JOHN ROSS, 4th August, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE:—Your several letters public and private, of dates 15th June, 1854, were handed me on the 28th ultimo, on my reaching Churchill, and I rejoiced to learn that your health had benefited so much by your visit to the north.

Let me now allude to the Expedition affairs—I arrived here on the 31st ult., with my small party, in excellent health, but I am sorry to say without having effected our object. At the same time information has been obtained and articles purchased from the natives which places the fate of a portion of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin's miserable party beyond a doubt—a fate the most deplorable—death from starvation, after having had recourse to cannibalism as a means of prolonging life.

I reached my old quarters at Repulse Bay, on the 15th of August, and preparations were immediately commenced for wintering. On the 1st Sept. I explained to the men our position, the stock of provisions we had on hand (not more than three months' rations), and the prospects we had of getting more &c., &c., pointing out all the danger and difficulty of our position. All readily volunteered to remain, and our exertions to collect food and fuel went on with unabated energy. By the end of September, 100 deer, 1 musk ox, 32 braces of Ptarmigan, and one seal had been shot and the nets procured 190 salmon.

Of the larger animals above enumerated, 49 deer and the musk ox were shot by myself, 21 deer by Misteagan (the deer hunter), 11 by one of the men, 9 by Oulighuck and 16 by the other four men. The migration of the deer terminated about the middle of October, and 25 more animals were added to our stock.

On the 28th, of October the snow being sufficiently hard for building, we were happy to exchange our old tents for the comfortable shelter of the snow house. The winter was very severe, but the temperature in our snow-huts was never so low as in our winter quarters of 1846, 7. Up to the 12th January we had set nets under the ice in the lakes, the nets were taken up on that date as they produced nothing.

On the 31st March my spring Journey commenced, but in consequence of gales of wind, deep and soft snow, and foggy weather we made but very little progress. We did not enter Pelly Bay until the 17th. At this place we met with Esquimaux, one of whom on being asked if he ever saw white people, replied in the negative, but said that a party (at least four persons) had perished for want of food, some ten or twelve days journey to the westward. The substance of the information obtained at various times and from various sources, was as follows:

In the spring four winters past, (spring 1850,) a party of white men, amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them, by some Esquimaux who were killing seals on the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island named Kerkik-ik, by the Esquimaux. None of the party could speak the native language intelligibly, but by signs, the natives were made to understand that their ship or ship had been crushed by ice, and that the "whites" were now going to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom except the officer (chief) looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives.

At a later date, the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the bodies of about thirty white persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it about a long days journey, (say 35 or 40 miles) to the N. W. of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish River (named by the Esquimaux, Oot-koo-ik-ka-lik) as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighborhood of Point Ogle and Montreal island agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried, (probably those of the first victims of famine), some were in a tent or tents, others under a boat that had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulder and his double barrelled gun lay underneath him.

From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our miserable countrymen—had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging life.

There appears to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives, out of kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of half shot was found below high water mark, having been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, telescopes, compasses, guns, (several double barrelled) &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I saw pieces of these different articles with the Esquimaux, and together with some silver spoons and forks, purchased as many as I could obtain. A list of the most important of these I enclose with a rough pen and ink sketch of the events and incidents of the forks and spoons. The articles themselves shall be handed over to the Secretary of the Hon. H. B. Co. on my arrival in London.

None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the dead were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and those who had seen the party when alive.

From the head of Pelly Bay, which is a bay, spite of Sir H. Beaumont's opinion to the contrary, I crossed 60 miles of land in a westerly direction, traced the west shore from Cassin and Pollex River to Cape Horner of Sir James Ross, and I would have got within 30 or 40 miles of Bellot Strait, but I thought it useless proceeding further as I could not complete the whole.

Never in my former Arctic journey had I met with such an accumulation of obstacles. Fogs, storms, rough ice, so deep snow we had to fight against. On one occasion we

were 4 or 5 days unable to get a glimpse of the sun, or even to make out its position in the heavens. This, on a level coast, where the compass was of little or no use, was perplexing in the extreme.

The weather was much finer on our return journey than when outward bound, and our loads being lighter, our days' marches were nearly double the distance, and we arrived at Repulse Bay on the 26th May, without accident except in one instance, in which one of the party lost a toe from a frost bite.

The commencement of spring was very fine but June and July were colder. We were unable to get out of the bay until the 6th August.

Our progress along the coast as far as Cape Gellert, was much impeded by ice; but on falling to the southward of the cape we had clear water and saw no ice afterwards.

The conduct of the men, I am happy to say was, generally speaking, good; and we had not a single case of sickness all the time of our absence.

Being anxious to send this to Red River by the first boats, I write in haste and briefly, but shall have the pleasure of sending a more detailed account by some further opportunity.

With the utmost respect,

I have the honor to be,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN ROSS.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, Me., OCTOBER 27, 1854.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

NOAH PRINCE,

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents strictly in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents with in six months; two dollars at the end of the year. To which fifty cents will be added for every year a which payment is delayed.

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COMMUNICATIONS.—Should be directed to "The Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me."

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

"That's the Doctrine."

"The friends of the Democratic party that were opposed to the Kansas and Nebraska bill, and yet did not make it a test of democracy, but adhered to the democratic organization, believed the bill to be a departure from the principles of the compromise of '50, and Baltimore Platform of '52, and that the democratic party should continue to recognize it as their platform or creed. The friends of the act say that it is neither in contravention of the compromise of '50, nor of the Baltimore Platform, but in perfect harmony with them, and rendered necessary by the very principles of the compromise—therefore they recognize that platform as the democratic creed. Now as the act proves to be better in practical operation than its opposers apprehended, and all that its friends claimed that it would, and both friends and opposers professedly stand upon the old democratic platform, why should there be any further controversy between democrats upon the by-gone issues? Let all true democrats rally under the old flag, against the fusion federal opposition, seeking whom they may devour for plunder." [Norway Advertiser.]

Another discovery! Old federal fusionism in this county has taken another stride, and landed, as usual, a little behind where it started. The Norway Advertiser pretends to be an Administration sheet. How does such language as this support the Administration? The Union, the administration organ, says the Nebraska bill "is the prominent measure of this administration," "is a test of democratic orthodoxy," and "was carried through by a band of patriotic whigs." This organ, way down east, says democrats may believe the Nebraska bill is a "departure" from the Democratic platform, or in "harmony" with it, if they will only stick to the regular "organization"; and they can continue to receive the tender regards of such hospitable and beneficent "regularity" as may be administered by this remarkable "regular" sheet, which, not long since, was publishing indignation resolutions because the Post Master General did not find out whether his appointees belonged to the "regular" Chandler organization, or not. Which shall we believe?

There is not a man North or South, who does not know and believe that the Nebraska bill, with its repeal of the Missouri Compromise, was a violation of the democratic platform. If so, how can a man adopt the old platform—forget its violation, and place his confidence in the same man who committed the wrong? Give them power with any platform, and what guaranty have the people that it will not be violated? Who knows but as law declaring the Slave Trade Piracy, will be found "inconsistent with the finality legislation of '50," and must, therefore, to secure non-interference, be rendered inoperative and void? Who knows but the establishment of California as a free State, will in a similar manner be found inconsistent, and void? Who knows but Cuba or Hayti may be annexed to the United States; and what then becomes of this Nebraska doctrine of non-interference? There is no trust to be placed in men or parties who seek to bind future generations by principles and tests which they themselves have repudiated.

But this Nebraska Bill is a test of Democratic orthodoxy, according to the highest authority; and what a beautiful test it becomes when it is known as it now is, that one portion of the country construes it as friendly to freedom, while the other declares it is friendly to slavery. There can be no better evidence that the authors and abettors of this Bill voted for it and passed it for conflicting reasons than is now being witnessed by their severe controversy in every part of the country. Case's explanation of his vote on that question is repudiated by the South. Ritchie's is repudiated at the North. Case's friends claim that he voted for the bill because it secured "popular sovereignty." The South says that the bill secures any such doctrine. The friends of Mr. Cass say that he ought to have voted against it, and that he ought to have been expelled from the Senate.

What better evidence could possibly be afforded by the great champions of Regularism, that they had forsaken all the doctrines of democracy when they took themselves out of the party two years ago; and now have the independence to say that the people, though entertaining different opinions of vital questions, must unite to save themselves from being plundered by themselves! True democracy has confidence in the people and in their capacity to govern; but this handling of Liberalism and disorganization has no confidence in their capacity or integrity. It pretends to support democracy; but preaches Federalism and Aristocracy. The people have done right in repudiating such doctrines and their authors.

Bleeding Waldo's Trial.

Waldo County is being distinguished just at this moment by one of those news paper wars, consequent upon the "Fusion," "Board of Trade" or "Liberal Organization" of '52. We have had the same war in this County; and the people, in their wisdom, have laid the authors, abettors and priestly propagators of it on the shelf. Waldo once gave strong and certain support to the Democracy. Her majorities were counted by thousands. In '52 her strength was neutralized by a bolt of about 1100 for Chandler and disorganizing Liberalism.

And what is most singular and extraordinary, is the fact that these 1100 disorganizers have since claimed to be, far excellence, the only true "Regular organization," "Regular Nomination democracy of Waldo." So in Oxford. She has always been proverbial for her unremitting support of Democracy in spite of disorganizers. She has always told her majorities by thousands. But in '52 her democracy in large numbers bolted from the organization—set up a new craft—and set sail for another sea and other principles. As in Waldo, this irregular disorganizing mass claimed to be the only regular organization; thus claiming the most "irregular" as the most regular. As in Waldo, likewise, these irregulars had an organ called the Republican Journal, with Mr. Moore for editor; so in Oxford they had a Norway Advertiser with Mr. Shaw for editor or writer. As the former fought for everything by starts and nothing long; but more particularly for honor; so the latter has fought with all sorts of weapons, and equipments except those of an open and democratic character for patriotism, statesmanship and glory. The result has been, thus far, as to convince any man of common sense that such kind of "regularity" cannot and will not be sustained in these Counties or in the State, by the people, the true democracy.

The paper contest in Waldo is carried on by Mr. Moore of the Journal and as is supposed and believed, by Mr. Smart of the Free Press. Mr. Moore commences the attack. Mr. Smart defends and carries the war into Africa. The controversy has no interest except for the parties concerned. To show the animus—the temper of the controversy, we clip the following paragraphs from the last Free Press:

"These attacks have been for a long time made, either covertly or openly as our readers are aware. The interdiction against discussion of a public question, or taking part in public affairs, has not only been laid upon the Free Press, but upon individual democrats, who are pompously informed that they are expected 'to be quiet.'" The assumption of any one individual to regulate the freedom of speech and deliberation appears by no means alarming; but it will excite a little contemptuous merriment when it is known what it is that has taken upon himself a responsibility of so grave a character. The position of the Journal, for which it is in-

delated to gentlemen heretofore conducting it, requires that we should make some reply to the attack which has appeared in its columns. The individual who gets up its 'leading matter' says he 'has been content to remain outside of the doors of official paradise.'" If such is the fact, it must be the contentment of despair, for no man has ever clamored for public plunder."

"The State printing, the County printing, townships of land, and government advertisements, if we are not misinformed, has also, been objects of his pursuit and solicitation. And this is the disinterested politician who is contented to remain outside! We believe it is true that he remained outside when he was understood to have asked Anson P. Morrill for two townships of land! But such is not his present situation. The number of the Journal which contains this assault displays a column of advertisements, and a few months ago he received more than \$100 from the treasury of the United States, conferred by men who have little understood his true character."

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uphold the rights and interests of the South. Ritchie, Mason, and southerners generally, declare that if Gen. Cass avers that the Bill for organizing the territories of Nebraska and Kansas does permit slavery in those territories, he is an Abolitionist, and no better than Benton or Van Buren.

Thus it is seen that the friends of this miserable measure are not agreed as to its true character. Therefore it slows beyond a doubt, that it settles nothing, that it makes finally no more final, and that it does not in the least prevent the perpetual tampering with the legislation of '50.

We are happy to find that the people are fast settling this question. They know their rights and duties; and in spite of violated platforms, new tests, impracticable dogmas and inconsistent arguments, they will work out the true principles of democracy. When one organ says a thing is a "test," and another, that fights with it, says that it is not, they will believe neither; but form their own opinions on the true merits of the case, regardless of such unblushing inconsistency. Parties, as well as individuals, who will not abide by their dictations must submit their case to the decision of those whose displeasure they have incurred.

This twaddling paragraph from this old "Board of Trade" organ, winds up with sanctimonious politeness and charity. It says: "Let all true democrats rally under the old flag, against the fusion federal opposition, seeking whom they may devour for plunder." We say, let all true democrats rally under the old Jeffersonian flag. Let them honor it and its great apostle who sought openly and by every means in his power to maintain the great principle of Constitutional Liberty; and prevent the extension of slavery, by uniting with men of all parties, both North and South, "in devising some reasonable and practical plan of getting rid of it." This is right. We hope this union will take place; and it certainly will if the signs of the times possess any significance.

We can not dismiss this old fusion doctrinal paragraph without referring the reader to the motive which is charged upon the people, the true democracy, for their recent and probable, future conduct. "For plunder." Modest charge! Real old Fusion, Abolition, Board of Trade, Federalism charging the people, themselves, with "seeking whom they may devour for plunder!" Who makes this wanton, shameful charge! Is it those who have always shaped their patriotism by the light of justice, truth and right; or was the ignominious thought, prompted by those who have connived at, and basked in public plunder! Record would easily show. Yet this farouish in the "right doctrine" to hold to both sides of the question of constitutional liberty; and charge the people with seeking for "plunder."

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"This was a better speculation and certainly more honest, than his pocketing \$5,000 from the county (under what law we have not ascertained) for printing some resolutions passed by the grand jury! The press now ostensibly controlled by Mr. Geo. B. Moore, has received for advertising (State and National) we should think not less than \$15,000! Is it not true that it should expect an individual holding an office worth \$8,000 dollars to expatriate himself from the affairs of the country? In this particular we shall probably not accommodate that modest thief."

If we think it worth while we may hereafter give a further history of our connection with this man Moore which commenced on his part with the nauseating breath of a hog, and ended with the foul and fetid calumny of an ingrate and a traitor. We know him to be false at heart to the party and to the administration, and the echo of men who are equally perfidious. We know he has stigmatized the president in the most opprobrious terms. We know he has repeatedly denounced that accomplished, faithful and hard-working cabinet officer, Caleb Cushing. We know he has complimented the abuse of General Pierce by the Boston correspondent of the New York Herald. We know he has tried to seek the favor, for some time past, of such 'fore heads' as Burke, Dickinson, Bronson and others. We know him to be ready to do the bidding of men who have for years been hostile to any honest organization of the democratic party. His political morality has been little better than that of a hardened offender. Like the assassin who strikes at a defenseless man, he has assailed honest and true hearted democrats who had no means of reply—the only press in the county at the time being under his own control. He has driven from the party by personal denunciation, some of the best and purest men in the county, and he now seeks to drive others from the democratic ranks. He talks of the contested cases in the state convention, where he sat as one of the committee, voting against a decided majority of that body, and in every case made, against those who had warmed him into life. In his narrow judgment there was not a right case presented by one wing of the party. In some instances he failed to give a decent answer for his conduct, and his position was weakened upon by his associates with inexpressible contempt. He should have told them that he was doing the bidding of his masters—that he was not his own man. If he and those who have him in keeping can induce the democrats of Maine to exclude us from a convention, so be it. But we think a little too much of that was done at Bangor two years ago. He talks about the vote of Camden being the measure of our influence: it was the measure of their disgust, at the nomination of men who for ten years had bolted party nominations.

VALDICTORY. The following piece of news has been anticipated. It comes from the Democratic Advocate.

VALDICTORY. With last week's number of the Democratic Advocate, my editorial labors ceased.

JOHN ARBUTT.

This is short, comprehensive, complete and to the point. John has resigned. He has left only one thing undone, for which of course the public will

use, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN, Judge.

A true copy—attest:

WM. WIGHT VIRGIN, Register.

JUST OPENED, and for sale, wholesale and
retail, by **JOHNSON, HALL & CO.**
Portland, May 25, 1876

and well fenced. **SAMUEL W. DUNHAM.**
North Paris, Dec. 16, 1892.

August 15, 1854. SAMUEL HOLMES. 29

tion to **JOHN FARSONS, So. Paris.**
So. Paris, September 27th, 1884.

CYRUS WORMELL, Deputy Sheriff.

[The page contains faint, illegible vertical text along the right margin.]

