

THE TEXAN EXPEDITION.

In spite of the capitulation of Kirby Smith, the Government has determined not to change the character of the military expedition destined for the State of Texas. It is well known that a large force, consisting of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, which is composed of colored troops, and other efficient bodies of men, has been collecting for some weeks at Fortress Monroe, with the view of reducing to submission the South-westernmost State of the Union. A vast fleet of first-class steamers is even now bearing this important army to its destination. The formal surrender of the insurgents makes it certain that the occupation of the State will be a peaceful operation. It is not likely that any of these brave soldiers who have sailed around Cape Sable will ever be engaged, on the soil of Texas, in a contest of importance enough to merit even the name of a skirmish. They will take possession of Galveston, the chief seaport, of Austin, the capital, and of Brownsville, the largest border town, without opposition. They will be welcomed by the minority of Unionists, and received in silence by the majority of secessionists. There will be many sullen glances at the old flag, but nobody will dare to insult it. In view of these facts, it would seem as if a smaller force would have answered the purpose of the Government, and that enough soldiers to garrison the principal places would have been all that the authorities need have sent on this long voyage to a warm climate.

This conclusion, however, would be erroneous. Our army has other work to do in Texas than completing the restoration of that State to the Union. It has a long and difficult frontier line to guard. Ever since the war began the Mexican provinces beyond the Rio Grande have been filled with rebel sympathizers. Not only the natives of the region, but a vast crowd of foreigners, drawn thither by the prospect of profit, have been engaged in cotton speculation with the planters of Texas and the leaders of the rebel forces. To secure the favor of these latter classes, the people of the Mexican towns have been profuse in their manifestations of sympathy for the effort to attain Southern independence. It mattered not which party was in power—imperialists and republicans have alike been seduced by the subtle influence of cotton, and have alike professed to hate the United States and to love the Confederacy. This has now been going on for some years. By means of the contraband trade between Texas and Mexico thousands of fortunes have been made. This wealth, obtained by the aid of the rebel chiefs and rebel armies, combined with the absence of any efficient force of our own, has really induced a belief on the other side of the Rio Grande that our power could never again be exercised on the banks of that stream. Very little respect has, therefore, been shown of late to our flag, either by the Greasers of Matamoras, or by that motley crowd of traders from all nations which is gathered together at the mouth of the river. It is absolutely necessary that they should be made to see and to feel the might of the Republic. It is time that their contraband traffic was broken up, and that our frontier military posts were made strong enough to enforce our revenue laws against these commercial adventurers. Let both the followers of MAXIMILLIAN and JUAREZ understand that an army sufficient to uphold the honor of the national standard, to protect the rights and execute the laws of the Nation, lines the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, and we shall have but little further trouble with unfriendly Mexicans. We are glad that the government has decided to send such an army to the State of Texas—an army which the civil war raging beyond our frontier makes doubly necessary.

— There recently lived at Palermo, Sicily, an old priest who passed for a little cracked, *un poco motto*, as the Italians say. His name was Don Liberatore. He had an odd whim: whenever a carriage passed by him he would bow profoundly. The idle young fellows would laugh and say: "Don Liberatore you have strangely aristocratic acquaintance for a man of your station of life. Where in the deuce did you make the acquaintance of all these lords?" "Bless your heart, child, I don't salute the lords; I salute their horses." "Their horses? And pray why do you salute their horses?" "In the first place, child, because I think it very good natured to drag about people as they do; in the second place, because I feel I am under personal obligation to the horses, therefore I tender them my thanks; because if those aristocratic people had not horses to drag them about, they would take you and I."

WASHINGTON'S GRAVE—HOMAGE PAID BY OUR SOLDIERS.

General Logan suggested, as the army neared its destination, that the army might be marched, perhaps with satisfaction to themselves, past the tomb of Washington. The departure from the direct road would cost the men about eight miles of extra marching, but the suggestion was no sooner offered than it was accepted. The day (last Friday) was a damp, drizzly day, and the roads were heavy; notwithstanding all this, the men cheerfully undertook the extra labor, and Mount Vernon received as tribute offerings to the memory of America's greatest hero, the reverence of twenty thousand of America's choicest hero patriots. It was a solemn but magnificent pageant. Quietly, reverently moved the tried and trusted column. Scarred and jaded by four years of bloody wrestling, wearied with the day's march, and rugged and hardy, though cheerful, these adoring thousands threaded the lanes and walks of the old homestead of Washington as orderly and slightly as though the eye of him they came to offer homage to were constantly upon them, and as though the dust they trod on were hallowed by the proximity of his bones.

The column marched through the tomb, counter-marched, and passed the old residence back into the main road. The orders were from Washington to allow no troops within the grounds, but the superintendent and managing ladies of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association" kindly permitted the corps to pay the homage they came to offer at the tomb.

BRITISH TENDERNESS.

Our British brethren are sorely exercised in mind over the proclamation of President Johnson offering a reward of \$100,000 for the arrest of Jeff Davis as an accessory to the murder of President Lincoln. They are shocked at what seems to them a menace of punishment should the miscreant be arrested. They cannot believe that the United States would do such a savage thing as to execute "a Christian gentleman," which is the English appellation for the arch-traitor. One Griffith, in the House of Commons, asked ministers if they intended to make any representations to the United States Government upon the barbarity of enforcing their own laws against the traitor. Lord Palmerston very wisely snubbed Griffith by informing him that the Government intended to mind its own business. Sagacious resolution! Would that it had always been so! But the English papers are full of humane advice to the people of the United States upon the subject, and they profess that they will be shocked should sanguinary punishment be awarded to the wretch who incited the shocking inhumanities which were practiced during the Rebellion.

The tender-heartedness of these Britons is admirable, more particularly so as it is something new. No one can point to any instance of magnanimity toward Rebels in English history, not to press too closely the innumerable instances of executions for treason before the time of the Gengés, it is sufficient to suggest the case of Robert Emmett and the patriots of '98, and the wholesale slaughter of Sepoys, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon, during the Indian Rebellion, to adduce sufficient for the present purpose. When Great Britain in sham sympathy puts its handkerchief to its eyes, and begins to weep over the manner in which other nations punish traitors, it is time for all the world to begin to laugh.

A JACKET.—A new spring out-door jacket is now worn; it may be made either in thin cloth, silk, or in some material as the dress. The shape is a little different from the jacket worn last year, being shorter and half fitting, and the style of sleeve is convenient. It is braided round with skirt of dress to match. On the silk jacket black lace is laid on, either over a band of white or violet silk, all round the jacket, on the sleeve, cuff, and at arm-hole. Gimp is still worn, but it is expensive and rather heavy. The band need not be real lace, unless you wish it, as a great deal of light imitation is worn; and when you are tired of it on your jacket, it will come in for use another time. You will require rather large buttons on your jacket, the same color, if possible, as the material. They are worn behind, down the front, on the pockets, and on the wrist of sleeve. Ladies who wish a jacket for full dress can make it in a rich black silk or velvet, rather shorter than the pattern, with a deep fall of black lace; the sleeve trimmed at the arm-hole and at the wrist to match.

— Great talkers are like cracked pitchers; everything runs out of them.

FILLIBUSTERISM.

Such of our thoughtless young men as were led astray from the walks of prudence, by the "Mexican Emigration" scheme—of which much was lately heard—should study the facts which were developed in San Francisco, by some parties engaged in a similar enterprise. These fellows—there were four hundred of them—were associated ostensibly for the purpose of emigrating to Arizona, but really to land in Mexican territory in the Gulf of California. This scheme being somewhat interfered with by the local authorities, it required but opportunity to turn the whole of them into pirates. They agreed upon the bold plan of seizing upon a Peruvian steamer in the harbor of San Francisco, and running away with her, to commence a buccaneering career against French commerce, under the Mexican flag. Had this act been successful, the United States could not have successfully defended themselves against the reclamation of Peru.

The ship would have been seized in an American harbor under the protection of the Federal flag, and our obligation to answer for the damage could not have been denied. France, also, might have had complaints, and even if we could have assumed the European position, that we are not responsible for what a vessel does when she gets three leagues from land, there would have been the ugly fact that this steamer was never legally cleared, and was, in fact, allowed to get off without any attempt to enforce our authority. It was a lucky thing that the plot was discovered in time and that the strong hand of the law was placed upon the conspirators. We hope that they will be punished, and meanwhile we would entreat the thoughtless to consider that "Mexican emigration," as it would be managed by the lawless fellows to whom they would delegate authority, would make them outlaws, entitle to no protection, and that they would be sure to suffer for their misdeeds.

SUMMER FRUITS.—Acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence, also, the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on an attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see, that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever.

SALERATUS BY THE ACRE.—Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his overland trip to California, found between Utah and the Humboldt mountains, a large desert composed, as he says, of "sand of snowy alkali." He describes it as one of the most dismal and forbidding spots that was ever traversed by the foot of man; but in view of the extension through it of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, he suggests an interesting possibility as to its future use. He says: "In its crudest state the alkilene earth of the desert is sufficiently pure to make violent effervescence with acids. No elaborate process is required to turn it into commercial soda and potash. Coal has already been found in Utah. Silica exists abundantly in all the desert uplifts. Why should not the greatest glass-works in the world be reared along the desert section of the Pacific road? and why should not the entire market of the Pacific coast be supplied with refined alkalies from the same tract?"

JONES'S WAY.—We like Jones's way. Jones has no business, though he has a place of business, and he watches there attentively for some to come in. Having shown a sufficient readiness to attend to all calls, he then starts out and walks furiously around town, greets his acquaintances hurriedly, drops a word or two, looks anxiously around, and then, with an "excuse me," darts off on some supposed matter of importance.

— About the worst misdirection of a letter we ever heard of was deciphered at the Montreal post-office a few days since. "Sainte Therese" was written "Centre Race."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

— Those who have traveled in the country can testify that a rose-tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, is a good omen to a weary traveler. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of the angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

— This is a very useful prescription to bear in mind: "In croup, water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck and chest, with a sponge or a cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up well in bed clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

— At the recent sale, in London, of the library of the late Mr. John Taylor, author of "Junius Identified" (with Sir Philip Francis), the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," five pages in Charles Lamb's holograph, brought \$55. At another sale, a letter from Lamb stating his moderate admiration of the genius of Lord Byron, went for \$35.

— It is proposed to have an exhibition of Australian gems at Melbourne. Diamonds and precious stones in great numbers have been found there, some of them of rare value. Among them are sapphires, topazes, emeralds, beryls, garnets, jaspers and agates.

— As we have always supposed, thousands of our disbanded soldiers will remain in the South. The Memphis *Bulletin* speaks of many, officers, soldiers and civilians, who are waiting to go into business in towns along the railroads radiating from Memphis. The *Bulletin* says: "When we have one or two years' crops as the basis for business, when law and order are restored, when labor, life and property are secure, our southwestern and gulf states will become the richest and most prosperous part of the United States."

— At Stoke, Newington, a lady lately died who was so hard pushed for legacies that she left £10 for the muffin boy, £20 to the German who used to leave hot rolls at the house, £20 to her laundress, £20 to the man who swept the crossing near her house, and a similar sum to an old apple man who used to stop the omnibus for her. This well-endowed spinster left \$12,000 in bequests ranging from £10 to £500, in addition to freehold estates to persons who are mere casual acquaintances.

— "Dennis, my boy," said a schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you; you've no application." "An' sure enough, sir," said the quick-witted pupil, "isn't meself that's always being told there's no occasion for it? Don't I see every day in the newspapers that 'no Irish need apply at all, at all.'"

— FAME.—Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner, in St. Louis, one day, he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That is the celebrated Mr. Thacker." "What's he done?" "Blessed if I know," was the reply.

— A Portuguese shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied, that having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

— A TERRIBLE HIT.—"Doctor," said Paterfamilias, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning, she continued full an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

— A revered member of the Free Church Synod of Glasgow and Ayr informs the compositors of the daily press that it is their duty to spend the whole twenty-four hours of the Sabbath in rest and other exercises.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

— EARLY SIGNS.—The first sign of a man growing old is when he is asked "to stand godfather." The first sign of a woman growing old is when she gives up the habit of writing long letters.

— The inhabitants of Mount Street, Southampton, were alarmed early one morning by a drunken fellow crying, "Fire! Fire!" "Where, for God's sake, is it?" exclaimed a hundred voices at once. "That's exactly what I want to know," replied the fellow, "for my pipe's gone out."