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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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L. P. FISHER,
628 Washington street, San Francisco.

THE SOLLY MARINER.

BY JOHN G. BAKE.

It was a jolly mariner
As ever known a log;
He wore his trousers wide and free,
And always ate his prog,
And blessed his eyes, in sailor-wise,
And never stirred his dog.

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
Whilst walking up and down:
"The briny sea has pickled me,
And done me very brown;
But here I go, in these here clothes,
A cruising in the town!"

The first of all the curious things
That chanced his eye to meet,
As this unwhimsical mariner,
Went sailing up the street,
Was tripping with a little cane,
A dandy all complete.

He stopped, that jolly mariner,
And eyed the stranger well:
"What that may be," he said, says he,
"Is more than I can tell;
But never before, on sea or shore,
Was such a heavy swell!"

He met a lady in her hoops,
And thus she heard him hail:
"Now blow me tight! but there's a light
To manage in a gale!
I never saw so small a craft
With such a crew of sail!"

"Observe the craft before and aft—
She'd make a pretty prize!"
And then, in that improper way,
He spoke about his eyes.
That mariners are wont to use,
In anger or surprise.

He saw a plumber on a roof,
Who made a mighty din;
"Shipmate, aloft!" he roared and cried,
"I make a sailor grin.
To see you copper-bolting
Your upper decks with tin!"

He met a yellow-bearded man,
And asked about the way;
But not a word could he make out
Of what the chap would say.
Unless he meant to call him names
By screaming, "Nix fustury!"

Up spoke this jolly mariner,
And to the man said he:
"I haven't sailed these thirty years
Upon the stormy sea,
To bear the shame of such a name
As I have heard from thee!"

"So take thou that!" he said and fat,
But soon the man arose,
And beat the jolly mariner
Across his jolly nose.
Till he was faint, from very pain,
To yield him to the blows.

'Twas then this jolly mariner,
A wretched jolly tar,
Whom he was sailing by,
Upon his jolly boat
Or riding fast, before the blast,
Upon a single spar.

'Twas then this jolly mariner
Returned unto his ship,
And told unto the wondering crew
The story of his trip.
With many oaths and curses, too,
Upon his wicked lip.

As hoping—so this mariner,
In fearful words harangued—
His timbers might be shivered, and
His rigging might be wrecked,
(A double cure, and vastly worse,
Than being shot or hanged.)

If ever he—had here again
A dreadful deed be done—
If ever he, except at sea,
Spoke any stranger word,
Or like a son of—something—went
A cruising on the shore!

THE VOICELESS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

We count the broken lutes that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But of their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers will stop to number!
A few can touch the single string,
And noisy fames are proud to win them:
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, griefs not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their hearts and story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Excalibur's broadsword sweeps
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,
But where the lightning-lightnings weep
O'er nameless sorrows' church-yard willow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign
Sere whitening lips and fading tresses;
Till death pours out his awful wine,
Glow-dropped from misery's crumpled breast;
If singing drops or echoing chords
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As mad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Bill Stahley.

It was a year or two before the short peace of Amiens that two young seamen were sitting in a public house, in North Shields, which I shall please to speak of as the sign of the Old Ship; and its landlord I shall call Mr. Danvers. The name of one sailor was William Stanley, the other Jack Jenkins. Jack was but a plain fellow, though no lubber; but Bill was a glorious young fellow—the admiration of everybody. All through only the son of a poor landlubber, who wrought hard to bring him up, while a boy, he had contrived to get knowledge and book-learning enough to have been made commodore of a college. I may here tell you, that old Danvers had a daughter called Mary, one of the best and prettiest girls on all Tyneside. She was Bill's consort on all occasions; and they were true to each other as a needle is to the pole. Jack and he were friends and shipmates; and, while sitting together,

"I am, Bill," said his comrade, "as we are sitting upon a long voyage to-morrow, what say you for a run up to Newcastle to the theatre to-night? You shall take Polly Danvers, and I shall take my old woman." For Jack was married.

"It is of no use thinking of it," answered he; "I am brought up here as though it were my last mooring."

"Whew! whew!" whistled the other—"with pretty Polly for a chain cable. But I don't ask you to part company with each other. So let us make ready and start."

"No," added Stanley; "the best play and the best actors in the world would be to me no slight like a hand-lubber sitting sailing and piping upon a flute on the sea-banks, while I was being dashed to pieces by the breakers under his feet."

"What are you drifting at, Bill?" said Jenkins; "your upper works seem to have hoisted a moon-raker."

"I am unhappy, Jack," said he, earnestly, "and the cause presses like lead upon my heart. It throbs like fire within my forehead. For more than twenty years I have been tossed about as a helmsless vessel, without compass or reckoning. It is hard, Jack, that I can't mention my mother's name, but the bluish upon my cheek must try up the tear that falls for her memory. Three months ago, as you know, I came home with the earnings of a two years' voyage in my pocket, and I found—O, shipmate! when I expected to have found my savings into my mother's lap, I found her dying in a miserable garret, with scarce a blanket to cover her! She had been long ill; and the rich old rascal called Wates (who came to this part of the country some years ago) seized all the straw on which she lay for her rent. I thought my heart had burst as I flung myself on the ground by her side. A mist came over my eyes, neither knew what I saw nor heard. I felt her cold arms clinging round my neck. She spoke—she told me my father's name! Conrade! it was the first time I had heard it! The word father pierced my heart like a dagger, and, in my agony, I knew not what she said. I started, I entreated her to repeat it again. But my mother was silent; she was dead! The arms of a corpse were fastened round my neck! With the breath which uttered the name she had not spoken for more than twenty years, her spirit fled—and I—I cannot remember it."

"Vast then, Bill," cried Jack, wiping a tear from his eyes; "that is tragically enough, without going to the play for it. But, for the sake of Mary Danvers, the prettiest girl on Tyneside, (not even excepting my old woman) cheer up, my lad."

"If that should cheer me," said he, "I believe it is the principal cause why I am sad to-day."

"Why, then," said Jack, "don't you take an example by me, and run your frigate to church at once? You will find a plain gold ring is a precious fast anchor."

"But what," replied Stanley, "if the old commodore, her father, won't allow me to take her in tow?"

"He won't!" cried Jenkins; "that's a good 'un! Old Danvers won't allow you to splice with her. What's his reason? I'm sure he can't say but you are as sober as the chief judge of the admiralty."

"To-night," replied Stanley, in a tone of agitation, "I found her in my company, and called, or rather dragged her away; and, as they went, I heard him upbraid her bitterly, and ask her if the meanness of her spirit would permit her to throw herself away upon—upon—"

"William became more agitated; the words he had to utter seemed to stick in his throat; and his friend Jenkins exclaimed—

"Upon a better man than ever he was in his life! But what he said he, Bill—upon what was she going to throw herself away?"

"Upon a beggar's homeless bastard!" he said, "grouched poor Stanley, striking his hand upon his brow."

"What d'ye say?" cried Jenkins, clenching his fist. "Had the old fellow's ribs not been removed off the first letter, this hand had shivered them! Flesh and blood! Stanley, how did ye endure it?"

"I started to my feet," said he; "my teeth grated together; but I heard her gentle voice reproving him for the word, and it fell upon my heart like the moon upon the sea. Jack, after a storm. My hand fell by my side. He is her father, thought I; and, for the first time in his life, Will Stanley brooked an affront."

"Just as he was speaking, a gentle tap came on the door. 'Good night, Jack,' added he; 'I understand the signal; the old cruiser is off the coast, and now for the smuggling trade.'"

I may tell you that the reason why old Danvers was so averse to his daughter keeping company with Bill Stanley was, that there was a hypocritical middle-aged villain, called Squire Wates (the same that Bill spoke of as having sold off his mother, and left her to die upon straw)—I hate the very name of the old rascal! Well, you see, this same Squire Wates that I am telling you of came from abroad somewhere, and bought a vast deal of property about Shields; He was said to be as rich as an Exchange

Jew, and perhaps he was. He had cast an eye upon Mary Danvers, and the grey-haired rascal sought, through the agency of his wife yellow dross, to accomplish the destruction of the innocent and beautiful creature; and thinking that Will Stanley was an obstacle to the accomplishment of his purpose, he determined to have him removed. He also persuaded old Danvers that he wanted to make his daughter his wife. He employed a fellow of the name of Villars as a confederate in his base intentions—one who had been thrice a bankrupt, without being able to show a shilling to his creditors. This creature he professed to set up in business—in something connected with the West India trade—and he prevailed on landlubber Danvers to embark in the speculation, and to risk all that he had saved in the Old Ship for five-and-twenty years. So that the firm—if such a disgraceful transaction might be called by that appellation—went by the designation of Villars & Danvers. The firm, however, was altogether an invention of Wates, to promote his designs. There was another whom they engaged in their scheme—a fellow who was a disgrace to the sea, the very spawn of salt water—a Boatswain Rigby; and the frigate to which he belonged was the coaster.

It was within a few hours of the time when, as I said before, Bill Stanley and Jack Jenkins were to sail upon a twelve-month's voyage. The vessel to which they belonged was lying out in the harbor below Tynemouth Castle, and sweethearts and wives were accompanying the crew to the beach, where a boat was waiting to take them aboard.

Mary had ventured to accompany William part of the way towards the beach, to wish him adieu; and when, through fear of her father finding them together, she would have returned, he held her hand more firmly with his, and said—

"Fear nothing, love; it is the last time we shall see each other for twelve months. Come down as far as the boat, and do not let it be said, when it pulls off, that Bill Stanley was the only soul in the ship's crew that had not a living creature on the shore to wave good-by to, or one to drop a tear for his departure, more than if he were a dog. If I be alone and an outcast in the world, do not let me feel it now."

"Willingly," she replied, "would I follow you, not only there, but to the ends of the earth. But my father will be on the beach, watching the boat; or, if he be not, the spies of another will be there, and my accompanying you would only make my persecution the greater during your absence."

"What!" exclaimed he, "have I then a rival for your affections, one that I know not of, and whose addresses are backed by your father's influence? Who is he? or what is his name? Tell me, Mary—I conjure you, by your plighted faith."

"Give not the name of a rival," said she, "to a hypocritical wretch whose heart I would not tread beneath my heel, for fear of pollution! A rival! William, I would not insult the meanness reptile that feeds upon garbage, by placing it in competition with a hyperbolic vase and mean! A rival! rather would I breathe the vapors of a plowed channel-house forever than be blasted with his breath for a single hour! No, my heart is yours—it is wholly yours; fear not."

"Mary," said he, solemnly, "if I am worthy of your love, I am not unworthy of your confidence. You would not, you could not bestow such language on the most worthless, where personal indignity had not been offered or intended you. Name him, I adjure you, my friend; I command you!" he added, "I would not insult the meanness reptile that feeds upon garbage, by placing it in competition with a hyperbolic vase and mean! A rival! rather would I breathe the vapors of a plowed channel-house forever than be blasted with his breath for a single hour! No, my heart is yours—it is wholly yours; fear not."

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The Squire shook with terror; but, endeavoring to assume an air of authority, stammered out:

"No—no—follow! I—I know no such person. Begone, sir. Begone, I say."

"Smash me if I do!" added Jenkins. "And unlike you don't know Polly Danvers, either? Well, perhaps this piece of old junk may sharpen your memory."

Wates called upon his servants for assistance.

"Hands off, ye boggary swabs! or kiss the boatman's sister, counting that the sailor, laying lustily around him, and causing the domestics to shriek back. 'Vast there!'"

He continued, laying hold of the squire, who attempted to escape; "not so fast—I am quite done with you yet. Now, you see, I'm an old friend and shipmate of Bill Stanley; and the day that he was pressed, and you were the cause of it, Bill says to me—"

"Jack," says he, 'when I am away, see that no landshark comes alongside my Polly.' Fear nothing, Bill," says I, 'hang me if I don't—there's my hand on it.' Now, I've been at sea ever since; counting that the other day, and my old woman tells me that you've cream-faced pulled, not only had the impudence to pull alongside Polly Danvers, but had the audacity to propose—shiver me if I can name it—but take that!"

And so saying, he began to lay the rope fiercely round the shoulders of his victim; and, as the servants again closed upon the sailor to rescue their master, he dashed them to the ground, to the right and to the left, and finally rushed out of the house, crying "Who shall say that Jack is the lad that would break his promise?"

I told you it was a part of the plot of Wates, that his confederate Villars was to cast old Danvers into prison, on account of the pretended debt. The old landlord was sitting in the parlor of the Old Ship, trembling at the horrors of a jail, and fearing every moment the entrance of a sheriff's officer to arrest him, while his wife and daughter endeavored to comfort him, and he said, mournfully—

"Wife, after being married thirty years as we have been, I did not expect that we should have been parted in this way. I did not think that, after toiling in the Old Ship here for twenty years, to save a matter of money for my daughter, I should lose it all, and my hair grow white in a prison. But it is of no use mourning about it; for I question if those for whom we wished the money would have thanked us. I know I would not have seen a father or mother of mine dragged to jail like a common thief, if I by any means could have prevented it. And, as he spoke, he cast a look of sorrow and upbraiding upon Mary, who wept on her mother's shoulder.

"Don't be cruel, husband," said his wife; "how can you distress our daughter?"

"I am sure she can't help the state we are in reduced to, any more than I can. But I always said what all your juggling and trafficking in company with the bankrupt Villars would end in. I know that suffering enough, and we are suffering; but don't be reflecting upon our dear Mary, for a better child never parents had."

"I can't make reflections," replied he, peevishly; "only I'm saying, I would not have stood so by my father. It is no reflection to say that Mary might have been a lady, and then I am sure I should not have been dragged from this parlor, where I have money for my daughter, to a dungeon in jail."

"Father," said Mary, "what would you have me do? Would you have me become an object for the virtuous to shun, for your cunning to triumph over and despise, and for the abandoned to insult? Would you have me to sell my purity, my peace of mind, my present and eternal happiness, to a miscreant who carries sanctity on his brow, and morality between his teeth, while his heart is a putrid sepulchre? Would you have me to do this to save you from a prison, and to which you have been brought by your money for our daughter? To assist you, I will be the servant of servants; I would brush the dust from the shoes of strangers, in the house where I was born. But, while the tear blanches my cheeks for your misfortunes, cease them not to burn with shame."

"Why, daughter," replied he, angrily, "I don't understand thy high words at all. But, though I don't know so much of my dictionary as thou dost, I know those books you read have turned thy head with foolish and high notions. I know you won't have Mr. Wates, because he is a thoughtless fellow. I say, I'm neither blind nor deaf, and how it is all that you have said, I know as well as marriage, and rich as he is, you won't have him, but will see your poor old father dragged through the streets like a thief to a prison. O, Mary! it is a sore thing to have an ungrateful child!"

"O, husband! husband!" said Mrs. Danvers; "were they high notions, and none of our dear daughter's, that brought us to this. But it is not my part to add to thy sorrows, when that art about to be torn from my side. Alack! I never thought to be made a widow in this sort."

"Wife! wife!" cried he, impatiently, "be it my blame, or whose blame it may, we can't have lost the earnings of twenty years, and be parted from wife and child. Don't be angry with me, daughter. Your father meant all he has said or done for your good. Come, give your old father a kiss and forgive him. It may be the last he will ever receive from you in his own home."

She threw her arms around his neck and wept; and while the father and daughter embraced each other, a sheriff's officer entered the house.

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!" cried Mrs. Danvers, as she perceived him; "thy errand, and the disgrace of it, will break my heart."

"Don't be distressed, good woman," said the officer; "it is no such disgrace but that many of the best in the country must submit to it every day. Mr. Danvers, I'm sorry to inform you, you must walk with me. This paper will inform you, you are my prisoner."

"It is very hard," said the old man; "I have answered your questions, answer one

to me. Do you remember a lad of the name of Bill Stanley, eh?"

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"Wife! wife!" cried he, impatiently, "be it my blame, or whose blame it may, we can't have lost the earnings of twenty years, and be parted from wife and child. Don't be angry with me, daughter. Your father meant all he has said or done for your good. Come, give your old father a kiss and forgive him. It may be the last he will ever receive from you in his own home."

She threw her arms around his neck and wept; and while the father and daughter embraced each other, a sheriff's officer entered the house.

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!" cried Mrs. Danvers, as she perceived him; "thy errand, and the disgrace of it, will break my heart."

"Don't be distressed, good woman," said the officer; "it is no such disgrace but that many of the best in the country must submit to it every day. Mr. Danvers, I'm sorry to inform you, you must walk with me. This paper will inform you, you are my prisoner."

"It is very hard," said the old man; "I have answered your questions, answer one

to me. Do you remember a lad of the name of Bill Stanley, eh?"

The Squire shook with terror; but, endeavoring to assume an air of authority, stammered out:

"No—no—follow! I—I know no such person. Begone, sir. Begone, I say."

"Smash me if I do!" added Jenkins. "And unlike you don't know Polly Danvers, either? Well, perhaps this piece of old junk may sharpen your memory."

Wates called upon his servants for assistance.

"Hands off, ye boggary swabs! or kiss the boatman's sister, counting that the sailor, laying lustily around him, and causing the domestics to shriek back. 'Vast there!'"

He continued, laying hold of the squire, who attempted to escape; "not so fast—I am quite done with you yet. Now, you see, I'm an old friend and shipmate of Bill Stanley; and the day that he was pressed, and you were the cause of it, Bill says to me—"

"Jack," says he, 'when I am away, see that no landshark comes alongside my Polly.' Fear nothing, Bill," says I, 'hang me if I don't—there's my hand on it.' Now, I've been at sea ever since; counting that the other day, and my old woman tells me that you've cream-faced pulled, not only had the impudence to pull alongside Polly Danvers, but had the audacity to propose—shiver me if I can name it—but take that!"

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, February 13, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

Headquarters Dep't. West Virginia, Jan. 26.—Gen. Sullivan has just formed Gen. Kelly from Harper's Ferry that his scouts have just returned with Richmond papers of the 23d, which contain the following: Jeff Davis' house was robbed and freed. The fire was discovered in time to save the building.

Major Quintan of the 1st New York cavalry, who commands the scouts, reports that bands of men are forming to resist the rebel conscription in the neighborhood of Woodstock. The scouts took nine prisoners.

Gen. Early is reported to be at Hanesburg and Rossers with three mounted regiments. White's battalion lies between New Market and Lambertville. Fitz Hugh Lee has gone to Gordonsville with his command.

Col. Milligan, who has just returned from Petersburg, West Virginia, reports no enemy in force in the South Branch valley.

New York, Jan. 26.—A Washington special dispatch to the Times says: Prominent Germans from the West have arrived here who report that the Germans have resolved to put in the field for the Presidency a candidate irrevocably committed to the destruction of slavery.

The House Committee will report a bill to morrow establishing substantially the Post office uniform order system of England.

Gen. McClelland has been ordered to report to Gen. Banks. Special dispatches to the Tribune say a continual stream of deserters are pouring into our lines from the rebels. Three came in to-day.

The Herald's Army of Potomac dispatches say Gen. Meade is ill at Philadelphia, but is recovering and will soon resume command.

It is said the firing heard on Saturday last, across the Rapidan, was caused by the attempt of the rebels to desert. None of our forces were in that vicinity.

An explosion occurred at 65 Maiden Lane, occupied as a pistol cartridge manufactory. The upper part of the building was totally destroyed. Loss \$75,000. One man was killed and several wounded.

Nashville, Feb. 6.—Gen. Rosecrans lately received information that a brigade of rebel cavalry, under Forrest, with a battery, was about to cross the Tennessee river at Florence, for the purpose of a raid through Middle Tennessee. He made preparations to intercept himself and destroy the party.

This evening Col. Mims, at Columbia, telegraphed that the enemy had taken Athens, and were about to move on Columbia. The morning pickets at Columbia were attacked by rebels coming from the direction of Mount Pleasant. It is thought that Forrest is moving on Columbia, and will endeavor to destroy Nashville and Western railroads, obstruct navigation, etc.

Cincinnati, Jan. 27.—Dispatches from Bridgeport, Ala., say rebel desertions are unusually large.

Last vote for Senator in Kentucky. L. G. Latham, of Guthrie 51, Bell 42. Decker was withdrawn.

New York, Jan. 27.—A dispatch to the Post says it is thought now that Garret Davis will be captured if he escapes from the Senate.

The Committee on Ways and Means have agreed to recommend an appropriation of \$100,000 to defray the expenses of calling out troops in several of the States.

Montreal, Jan. 27.—James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, died in this city last night.

Leavenworth, Jan. 28.—The difficulty between Samuel Hallett and Gen. Fremont will have a tendency to delay work on the Pacific Railroad.

New York, Jan. 27.—Washington dispatches say it is now certain that a serious mutiny has occurred in a regiment of Kentucky troops. A deserter says a regiment attempted to leave and a serious affray occurred.

Louisville, Jan. 27.—Nashville Union says deserters continue to come in. Yesterday several well-informed parties arrived, two of them East Tennessee refugees. They state that every train from North-western Virginia comes with troops from Lee's army, and that these legions are immediately added to the forces under Longstreet. It is believed that Lee himself, feeling the absolute necessity for his occupation of East Tennessee, will leave his command and lead the charge of a campaign in the region of Knoxville. The call of Davis argues that if Tennessee be not re-possessed, Richmond must be abandoned. If, in reinforcing Longstreet's army, the campaign of the Confederacy be lost, it may be regained, provided the assault on Grant be successful, and there is a chance that Meade may remain inactive, with but a small force, confronting Hill. In that event Knoxville may be retaken and Richmond be saved.

Fortress Monroe, Jan. 27.—The Petersburg Express says: Seven hospitals were burned at Camp Williams near Richmond. Large quantities of stores and clothing were destroyed.

Charleston correspondence of Jan. 19th says the bombardment of the city continues. The damage done is very small, considering the weight and size of the shells.

Orange Court House, Jan. 23.—The enemy (Federal) has moved to Robertson's river, advancing two miles.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—The following has been received from Washington: It is ordered by a proclamation of the President, that a draft for 300,000 men, to serve three years or during the war, be made on the 10th March.

Under the October call for 300,000 men, about one-half that number have been filled up, and the Government has been obliged to make for half a million is interpreted to include the above number—the last call being in effect a call for two hundred thousand. Volunteering, it is supposed, will furnish an average of 3,000 men per day.

New York, Jan. 28.—The Herald's Army of the Potomac dispatch says that 129 deserters were in our lines in one squad on Wednesday.

Nashville, Jan. 29.—The enemy, 800 strong, attacked our forces at Alton (Ga.) but the fight terminated with a repulse of the enemy. Our loss was 25 killed and wounded.

New York, Jan. 31.—Richmond papers have the following: Russellville, Jan. 26.—Our cavalry are still in the vicinity of Knoxville.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 1.—From recent information received by the Navy Department, it appears that but few of the obstructions at Charleston have been washed away.

About 100 feet of obstructions floated down at one time, but most that has drifted towards the fleet were rafts built by the rebels for the purpose of crippling our vessels.

Chicago, Jan. 30.—A Knoxville dispatch of the 23d says: Our forces crossed the Holston river and fell back to Annopolis. Several caissons were blown up. Two hundred stragglers were picked up by our troops after our crossing the Holston river. The enemy burned bridges and everything likely to fall into the hands of the enemy, among other things, a large amount of clothing.

Early on the morning of the 23d, the rebels and our sharpshooters were skirmishing across the river, six miles above Knoxville. A squad of Longstreet's men have since been reported within four miles of the city.

The movements of the enemy are not clearly understood. In previous gains ground that Knoxville in the eve of a siege. Our cavalry would attack the place as expected, making regular approaches and found the place empty.

Knoxville, Jan. 26.—Gen. Foster telegraphed on the 25th that our cavalry, under Gen. Starvick, gained a victory over the enemy's cavalry 20 miles east of Stevensonville. Gen. Metcalf's stubborn fight from daylight to four o'clock, P. M. We captured two steel rifled cannons and one hundred prisoners. Our loss was two hundred; the enemy's much greater.

On the 20th, Col. Miller had a severe fight near Florence, Ala. Enemy's loss considerable. Our loss 100 killed and wounded. In the charge of Howard's Division, we came up in time to be sent in pursuit.

New York, Jan. 31.—The Herald's dispatch dated Headquarters, West Virginia, says: The garrison at Petersburg expected on Friday night that the enemy in great number would attack the place next morning. The enemy did attack the place as expected, making regular approaches and found the place empty.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Private dispatches, dated Cumberland (Md.) Jan. 30th, say: There was an engagement on the 20th, lasting four hours, between a part of Kelly's and Early's forces.

Louisville, Feb. 1.—There was no ballot for Senator on Saturday. It being ascertained that the Constitution of Kentucky requires a new gubernatorial election.

New York, Jan. 31.—A New Orleans letter says, there are no signs of a forward movement of our army. Another fight is expected at Port Hudson, and large reinforcements have been sent there.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Col. Wm. Whistler, who was the oldest army officer in the United States, except Gen. Scott, died at his residence, in Cincinnati, at a very advanced age. Deceased had been on the retired list for a number of years.

The Washington Star has been making investigations, and comes to the conclusion that the number of prostitutes in and about Washington City does not reach fifteen thousand, as heretofore stated, but only seven or eight thousand.

A new pass through the Andes has been discovered to the southward of the city of Mendoza, in the same latitude with Buenos Ayres. It is penetrable for a wheeled vehicle, and will facilitate the traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific.

A woman, before the Recorder's Court in New Orleans, was charged with being drunk and abusive and for having no visible means of support. When the officer told her the latter part of the charge, she raised her dress, exposing her ankles, and said: "What do you call them?" The officer withdrew.

The surgeons who have just been released from the horrors of the Richmond prisons have published a statement, which has been officially presented to the Government, of the cruel treatment to which our captives are subjected. It is a thrilling chapter of human suffering and unmitigated barbarism.

It is reported that the Common Council of Richmond have voted \$50,000 to buy Jeff. Davis a house. It will probably make one of these days, comfortable headquarters for one of our Union generals. We should not be surprised if it were "Brute Butler," spite of his antipathy for Jeff.

The aggregate length of the railroads in Vermont is 500 miles, and some of them have been running fifty years; yet, with the exception of two persons who were killed by a car blown from the track at Manchester, no one has ever been injured inside of any passenger car in the State.

The first vessel for the upper lake, sailed in 1819, taking as passengers Major-General Brown, and his then aid, now General Dix, to visit the Northwestern posts, Mackinaw and Gr. En. Now there are 1,761 vessels on these same lakes, and many of them large, costly and magnificent craft; 184 steamboats; 253 propellers and tugs; 191 bark, 78 brig, 1,080 schooners, and 59 sloops and barges.

A man named O'Neil did a good business recently with a recruit in Boston. First he got him to enlist, and received two hundred dollars bounty. He then induced him to desert, shaved off his whiskers, and enlisted him again, getting two hundred more. He got the soldier to desert a second time, put a wig on him, and enlisted him in another company, pocketing an additional two hundred dollars. The fourth time, while he was rewigging him, the pair were caught.

These happened together at a house in Pittsfield, not long since, a father and two mothers and a daughter, a step mother and a step-daughter, a grandfather and two grandmothers and a granddaughter, a great-grandfather and great-grandmother, an uncle and three aunts and two nieces, a brother and three sisters, a great-uncle and two great-aunts, and three cousins, and only five persons in all. There was a pile of them, surely, and we think they ought all to have guardians appointed over them to preserve their identity.

Among the recent sentences by the General Court Martial in Washington were the following: Isaac Frederick Carter, found guilty of stealing \$40,000 government money, and sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary at Albany; Capt. J. W. Holland, Assistant-Quartermaster, convicted of stealing \$18,400, sentenced to be cashiered, compelled to refund the money, and sentenced to five years in the Penitentiary; Capt. C. M. Levy, Assistant-Quartermaster, convicted of signing a false certificate of pay for men under his command, cashiered, compelled to refund, and be forever disqualified from holding any office of honor or trust in the United States.

Steno.—If the mild and fair weather of the past few weeks is a criterion, winter has departed and spring entered. All varieties of trees are budding, and vegetation of every kind gives signs of life.

THE DISCONSOLATE LIEUTENANT.

In village circles it is reported. By those of truth and true candor noted. The shoulder-straps and buttons have of late become the topic of much billingsgate.

Thou' 'tis said he who makes this wicked charge Retains his freedom, and now runs at large. A brave lieutenant, one of Ireland's race, Strive to repel the stroke of slander's fire; But, falling short of what he expected, Resorts to strategy, of late neglected.

Violentive now, our hero quickly flies, His scattered troops to reorganize. And like bold Ulysses, on the field of Troy, Seeks the wily enemy to destroy; But failed in strategy, as well as skill. The all-conquering powers evade his will. Now hurrying passion fires the hero's eyes, And to successful this allusion: "O, cowardly love, how hard to obtain! The covard's greatest loss, the brave man's gain!"

Though Homer tune his larp, and Virgil sing, Napoleon flight to make, when killed King, I, too, can draw the blade, when blood is high, To protect the brave or make the coward fly. Hail, ambition! great greatness of the mind, In thee our happiness or sorrow find; In thee our hope, though distant, may appear The harvest of to-morrow or of dread of fear. Thus all our logic he meditates his fill. And bends his passion to his sullen will; Subsides his valor—the fire dimly burns, And to his arduous duties back returns.

With horses, mules and wagons, twenty-four, Lumbered by and grain, his haddock store, Shoes, shirts, and overcoats his closets line, And goods et cetera the list combine; Cord-wood porous, cut from the branny oaks, Or used for felices or self-sustaining spikes; No quonzo line—extending far and wide, A mighty bulwark form on either side. In this inclosure, formed in proper line, Five ponderous cannon are seen to shine; While to the left, extended on the plain, In huge dimension from the magazine, Store with powder's mass, all things unfold The great utility of an Arrehold!

Powder, shot, and shell in quantities abound; And flaming swords bristle the walls around; With spears and sabres the halls are lined— And the elements of death you here can find. Save, which for rats is only used. Though lovers sometimes use it if they choose. The commissary next, the soldier's pride; Unfetter'd, stands where Sergeant H. did once abide. Unfetter'd, he plans an off-springed game, Success, and sinks to ignominious shame. Whisky barrels their liquid substance yield, And, weeping, water all the verandahs fill; Tea and coffee in turn make strange denims; And the general's eye wide their eyes; Pork, beans and bread, the soldier's feast; Depart in peace, as well the vulgar soap; Bacon, rice, and vinegar and the list— The flour out, he anticipates the grist. On a long morning, he ranks his light— Mix'd pickles, to augment his appetite. Thus through the catalogue he snaking goes, And to himself the greatest favor shows: Greedy, no doubt, even to a Jewish fault; Keep steady on, and never thinks to halt; And famous, forms a never-failing file. When backed by business men in town. Here we digress, to speak of human faults Which are often cured with opium salts; Though sometimes the skillful doctor applies A milder remedy, called circumspection.

We do not intend to dwell on physics. "Or any other man" who has the phthisic, But drift back again to the long-curd milk pipe, And take a gentleman's rank in the file. The bugle blows, and five-and-twenty men Rush to the field like chickens to a hen: Well officer'd, they form into a line, And, with their ramrods, keep exquisite time. All the officers appear in uniform. Which their military persons very much adorn; All but one, who, being very fond of fruits, Was sent abroad to muster up recruits.

On either hand, conspicuous all around, Huge blocks of buildings ornament the ground. Designed by Kantz, a German by birth, A man of virtue and estimable worth. Fine walls extend transversely round the plain, And where you first begin, these leave off again. And within the compass of the outer wall, Erected, stands a famous library pole. And with massive files towering on high The stars of liberty are seen to fly. Now we have described everything of note That round the premises are seen to float. Except the water-works, under the hill, Which, rushing, form a never-failing file. This water, forced from crystal springs. Through leaden pipe hydraulic pressure brings. Unto the reservoir, which supplies the post, And abundantly waters all the galled host.

The day scene, the lero of our lay Betrides a mule and gallops far away: Or rolling hills and plains his course he takes, And smilingly views the placid lakes. Calm solitude reigns where'er he goes. By meandering streams or oaken groves; At length from solitude he hove toward flies, Where, broken down, looks aloft his eyes. The chief, though deaf, a furlough had received. And his ruddy milk was never dried. He boards a ship, they hoist the flapping sail, And away he flies before the heavy gale. The captain calls the watch to leave the log, And the ship is lost in a bank of fog.

STELLACOOM, Feb. 10th, 1864.

MURDER OF MR. AND MRS. COLLINS.—The Los Angeles (Cal.) News of Jan. 20th contains the following: "We learn from Mr. Lake, overland stage driver between here and Santa Barbara, that a most horrible double murder was perpetrated on Sunday night last, about 40 miles beyond Santa Barbara, on the stage road. The victims were Mr. and Mrs. Collins, who resided in a small cabin on the line of travel, at which passengers by the stage used to stop to obtain meals; it was contemplated to remove the station to their house. It is said marks of a desperate struggle were apparent. The assassin or assassins, after committing the bloody deed, set fire to the house, which was consumed, with almost the entire bodies of the murdered man and wife. The victims were horribly mutilated. No cause for this cruel murder is assigned, and no clue to the fiends has yet been found." Mr. Collins was for several years a resident of Olympia, and was well known to many of our citizens as U. S. Marshal of this Territory. Little more than a year ago, we believe, he removed to California, only it seems, to meet there a cruel violent death. This untimely end of himself and wife will be deeply deplored by our citizens, in whose esteem and respect they stood deservedly high.

A Universalist clergyman of Wisconsin, who has recently returned home from a term of service as chaplain to a regiment in the army of the Cumberland, spoke at a town meeting the other day, and in the course of his remarks touched on the atrocious barbarities of the rebels. "My friends," he said, "I have always preached to you against any such institution as hell, or future punishment, but my experience in the last few months has modified my opinion somewhat; I believe there is a hell provided for those wicked as a military necessity."

STENO.—If the mild and fair weather of the past few weeks is a criterion, winter has departed and spring entered. All varieties of trees are budding, and vegetation of every kind gives signs of life.

The Missing Link.

"I have not told you much of the dear ones of mine you are soon to meet. It is too late now. See, there is the chimney, and the cherry-tree that walls against my chamber window. Here's a riddle, though, for you to guess. I have a mother there, who is not my mother, and a sister, I would not have my sister for the highest honors at old Harvard."

"The clanking of a muslin dress from behind a glimpse of fire checked the response on my lips, and the next instant a beautiful, girlish figure flitted down the pathway, into a pair of outstretched arms."

"Dear brother Robert!" and "My little sister Leila!" were the salutations; and then crimson flushes on either face, and a certain watchful restraint—evidences unquestionable, aside from my friend's intimation, of a tenderer relationship than their words signified.

"Albert Radcliffe, my college chum; I mentioned him in my last letter. He is on his way to the mountains, and will do us the favor of spending a few days in our rustic home."

The graceful little lady welcomed me with unaffected dignity, and I embraced the opportunity of reading the lines of her countenance with an interest greatly enhanced by the late pleasant discovery. No single feature had been cast in the mould of beauty, and yet the face, with its varying tints of expression, was one of the most attractive I had ever seen. She could not have been over fifteen, but her form was the perfection of womanly grace, and her conversation denoted an advanced stage of culture.

The inside of the house presented a striking contrast to the rough exterior. The low-studded rooms were nicely furnished—the parlor even elegantly. A piano stood upon a dais, and a flute lying conspicuously upon it, drew a quiet smile of recognition from one of the guests.

A pale, subdued-looking woman, with heavy iron-gray hair, was addressed by the tender appellation of mother, and presented to me as Mrs. Bursley. It was my friend's name, yet he was not her son. And Leila had been introduced as Miss Kendrick. I speculated secretly a little, on the probable relationship of the parties, but soon forgot it in the enjoyment of the excellent supper smoking on the table at our arrival, and the conversation of my entertaining host and hostess. Music, and a short ramble under the stars and the moonlight, filled up the brief summer evening.

Mrs. Bursley plead fatigue as an excuse for retiring early. I followed her example, being so willing to leave the lovers alone. We nosed into our respective rooms, from opposite sides of the old-fashioned fire-place, and yet they seemed to be in close proximity. I could hear distinctly the words of the Psalm which she read as a part of her nightly devotions. Feeling exceedingly weary, though intensely wakeful, I took immediate possession of my couch, ready to give myself up to whatever tide of fancy should promise soonest to waft me toward the shores of Dreamland.

A sudden shock, like the dropping of a window-sash, or the fall of some ponderous object to the floor, aroused me. A confused sense of hurrying feet, swinging doors and beating rain preceded my full awakening. I started up in bed. A reflection of the dawn fell on my face. A fearful hush was upon me, and throughout the dwelling, I could hear my heart beat, and felt the cold sweat oozing from my brow. A thrilling scream cut the air like a sharp sword—then a dead fall. It was in the adjoining room. This conviction came last. I was awake now, in possession of reason and volition. While hurrying on my clothes, there came a thundering rap at the porch door—presently a crash, then quick, heavy footsteps. Rushing through the entry, into the parlor, I found it vacant, but the doors were wide open in every direction. Following the excited sounds, I passed into a little ante-room, and stood upon the threshold of Mrs. Bursley's sleeping apartment, overwhelmed with horror.

"Here, Jones! let's secure the murderer at once. The poor girl will come to soon enough."

Jones's spasmodic movement disclosed the lifeless form of Leila, prostrate at the foot of her mother's bed—her white night-dress dabbled in crimson gore.

"Good God! What are you doing?" I exclaimed, involuntarily seizing the rough-looking farmer by the collar, as he proceeded to bind a scarf about Robert's passive hands, which he had already wrenched behind him.

"Doing? Look there—and here!" and he pointed to the bed—a pool of blood, in which lay the silent form and mangled throat of Mrs. Bursley; and then, by a sudden exertion of his quivering hand, he snatched Barbara, that a most horrible double murder was perpetrated on Sunday night last, about 40 miles beyond Santa Barbara, on the stage road. The victims were Mr. and Mrs. Collins, who resided in a small cabin on the line of travel, at which passengers by the stage used to stop to obtain meals; it was contemplated to remove the station to their house. It is said marks of a desperate struggle were apparent. The assassin or assassins, after committing the bloody deed, set fire to the house, which was consumed, with almost the entire bodies of the murdered man and wife. The victims were horribly mutilated. No cause for this cruel murder is assigned, and no clue to the fiends has yet been found."

"Who, then, that breathless creature lying on the floor—her own child? Who else was in the house but yourself?"

"Robert? I shook him sorely in my excitement; 'for the Eternal's sake, open your mouth, and blast this foul charge to its centre! It is false—I would stake my life on it; but these dolls won't believe it, unless you prove to them my unhappy creature has committed suicide.'"

"I might as well have prayed unto the winds, or smitten the rock with my weak hands. With a marble cheek, a rigid lip, and an ice-gleaming eye, he stood and gazed on the awful scene of blood and death, till he was dragged from the spot, and placed in the custody of two officers, arriving in the course of an hour, with at least one-third of the population of the town."

A group now emerged from the immediate scene of crime, and we crowded around to learn the result of the coroner's inquest. It was reported a clear case of murder. Two inches of the pointed blade of a large knife had been found in the fearful gash, nearly severing the head from the trunk. The room had been searched in vain for the remainder of the instrument of death. Hundreds volunteered at once to examine the house, and every foot of land around the buildings. The endeavor proved a fruitless one. The weapon was nowhere upon the premises. It seemed to be the only missing link, in the chain of evidence, to convict Robert Bursley of the awful crime of murder.

Three weeks had gone by. Robert was in the county jail, awaiting his trial. I had relinquished all thoughts of my mountain tour, and was devoting myself, heart and soul, to the restoration of Leila Kendrick, just now convalescent from a brain fever,

into which she emerged from that deathly syncope. On the information she might be able to give, hung my last lingering hope of Robert's acquittal. I had not been permitted to see him since the day of the inquest. His parting injunction, wrung by a sudden agony from his paralyzed breast, had made me firm to maintain my ground as a sort of guardian over the girl, in defiance of the whole meddlesome neighborhood. Their disappointment, that my presence in the house on the morning of the murder had not been deemed of sufficient importance to warrant my arrest, was so great, that they contemplated hanging me in effigy.

The physician, my only friend, had given me leave this morning to introduce to his patient the hitherto interdicted subject. I was sitting at her bedside, holding one of her pale, thin hands in mine. She had learned to look on me as a brother.

"Leila," I said, gently, "you are engaged to my friend Robert?"

"Certainly I am—the faintest line of pink stole into her cheek—and we were to have been married as soon as he graduated. But now, O merciful Heaven, what a change!"

"She was too weak for any intensity of emotion, but the silent tears crept slowly from beneath her drooping lashes. She remembered everything, and knew the peril of her lover, though she had lain on that bed, like a statue, through it all. I waited till she was quiet again, and then added: "This arrangement was made with your mother's full consent?"

"Truly, it was she who wrote the letter, entreating Robert to come back to us—we could not live without him. O, you do not know Robert, if your acquaintance commenced only with his entrance at college. He told me that night, he was never the same after he left us."

"Was there ever any misunderstanding or unkind feeling between your mother and him?"

"Once, only. Next to me, she loved Robert best on earth; she regarded him as her son, and my brother—though of course we were in no way related—and when she discovered that he loved me as no sister was ever loved, she was nearly distracted. Poor mother! she had seen a world of trouble—had been peculiarly unfortunate in her marriages, and could not at first bear the thought of her little Leila ever becoming a wife. That was a year ago—she came to feel very different afterwards. His long absence showed her how dear he was. Do you not remember how glad she was to see him, and how happy we all were? O, my dear, innocent Robert! God will have you righted in this—I know he will!"

"Do you know any person who could have been supposed to cherish against her an enemy so deadly?"

"Do you know any person who could have been supposed to cherish against her an enemy so deadly?"

"I do not think my mother had an enemy on the earth—save one; but he cannot be in this part of the country."

This reference, made so unadvisedly, transfixed me—cut my breath, and set my heart throbbing, as in that morning hush. I dared not trust my voice, for some seconds. It must have been a whisper, in which I asked his name.

"Mr. Risholt—her late husband. It is a secret here. Mother never made much acquaintance with our country neighbors, though she has already lived on friendly terms with them. She bought this retired place, immediately after the death of my father, who took his own life from fear of coming to wait, while in the possession of abundant wealth. He was an old man, and my mother was unduly eager to marry him. He made his will on my birthday, dividing his property equally between us. He did not live a week after this act. Her marriage to Mr. Bursley took place when I was five years old, and Robert ten."

"This union, too, was a brief one, though I think happy. I can scarcely remember my step-father, as he died of consumption in less than two years. Then, for a long time, the old farm-house was shut up, and the land tilled by our nearest neighbor. Robert was sent away to school, and my mother established herself in the vicinity of a young ladies' seminary, for my special benefit. There, in the course of a few years, she became acquainted with Mr. Risholt, and married him. I always disliked him, and could not call him father. I shall ever think my dear mother was under a cloud of hallucination, or she would have loved such a partner. He made her life utterly miserable, besides robbing her of everything in the form of property that he could get into his hands. Finally, driven to desperation, she purchased his absence during the remainder of her natural existence, in consideration of a will which she made, giving him her entire estate at her decease. He proposed this, as the sole condition on which he would rid her of his presence, and I seconded it, with all my childish fervor. I had enough for us all to live in comfort, and I would have sacrificed that; and become poor, rather than have lived over again those three years; indeed, my mother and I must soon have been divided, and a gulf of water, he could not rest. One year ago, the crisis in his financial world swept away my little fortune. In opposition to my wishes, my mother wrote to Risholt, telling him the fact, and her sense of the injustice she had done her child, announcing her determination to retract the wrong, come what might. Then she made a new will, in my favor. Nothing has been heard from him since, and therefore we have no cause for suspecting foul play on his part. Her death certainly could bring him no gain."

"Where is the will?" I asked it as quietly and carelessly as possible. I saw she was becoming seriously fatigued.

"It has always been kept in a casket in a secretary in mother's room. It is there still, if it has not been disturbed."

A troubled look swept over her face, which I hastened to dissipate, by assuring her that seals had been set upon all the drawers, and the chamber closed immediately against intruders.

I adjusted her pillows, playfully forbidding the utterance of another word—sat down and watched her, till I saw her heavily-fringed eyelids shutting in slumber, then stole on tip-toe out of the room. I had got a dollar; and I was ready to bet a thousand dollars that that was missing. It was not for me, though, to settle that question. There were other things possible to God on my side. I prayed then that he would set me on the track of the real criminal. Marching straight to the apartment I occupied on that eventful night, I flung myself,

boots and all, on the bed, and with the whole concentrative force of my mind reviewed every preliminary step, waking or sleeping, real or imaginary, that led to the threshold of that bloody scene. The first noise that startled me from the world of slumber was like what?—the falling of a window. That was suggestive of an escape. Strange, I had not thought of it during the wear of those three torturing weeks! Next, hurrying feet and slamming doors—from whence came the sounds? Overhead—across the floor of the chamber Robert had pointed out to me as his own—the stairs leading into the entry communicating with my room. It was the answering to the call for help. Everything rolled back upon me with the flash of revelation. And then the beating rain—it was the warm blood trickling to the floor, for the skies were cloudless from dawn to set of sun.

The rest of the thrilling scene held its own interpretation. Regaining my feet with a bound, I slid out of the door, and stole around to the single darkened window, at the head of that fatal couch. I could hardly repress a shout of joy, as I detected, on the lower edge of the weather-stained seat, the faint but clearly perceptible prints of three large fingers. Carefully examining the character of the impress, I became satisfied it was made with blood! I turned my back against the window, and looked abroad. A silver line of plaid lace caught my eye, like an inspiration. What could be more natural for a man, thirsty with the flames of vengeance, and reeking with tell-tale gore, than to fly to some pure stream where he could cool his parched tongue, and wash from his shrinking body the damning proofs of crime? I fastened my eye on that shining rift, and strode forward. There had been a drenching rain, and no chance remained of tracking the murderer; but hurried on by a conviction, unreasoning as uncontrollable, I crossed the fields, and plunged into the swamp. It was the same forest that resounded but a few days since with gleesome mirth. Its present gloomy stillness was but a faint type of the desolateness of a prison.

I spent nearly the whole day in searching under rocks, down by fallen timbers, at the foot of trees, for some hidden token, or sign that bloody feet and murderous hands had been there before me.

The sun was setting as I emerged from the gloomy depths into the broad glare of the dying day. Worn out and disappointed, I threw myself down on a patch of grass surrounding a big rock, and gazed on the sparkling lake, with eyes that faintly would have torn from their gentle bosom its last secret, so I might deliver one, with whom I had identified myself in profoundest sympathy, from the bond of crime. A bed of sand lay between me and that rippling surge. When Robert and I crossed it, on our way to the farmhouse, it lay light and loose, and our feet sank beneath the surface. Saturated by the recent rain, it now presented a hard, smooth exterior, broken up by large pebbles-stones. Idly picking up one after another of those within my reach, I hurried them into the centre of the pretty basin, listening for the gurgling splash—watching the crystal-headed shower, and the widening circles chasing each other to the shore, as in the days of my boyhood. With my eyes fixed on the mimic fountain just created, I seized one that resisted my strength—my fingers slipping from around it, empty. I looked down. It was not a pebble, but a bit of polished wood. A little digging showed it to be the handle of some thing. A quick wrench disengaged it from the particles of sand in which it was firmly embedded. I held it up before my staring eyes, feeling every drop of my blood rolling backward through my heart. It was a rusty butcher-knife, with the point broken off. I jumped upon the ground, and tested the rusty blade above my head, and rubbed till the old wood rang out once more a glad refrain.

The day of the trial was the hour of Robert Bursley's triumph. The absence of the will, which Leila testified to having seen the day before the murder, and the witnesses of the signature, furnished a motive for the perpetration of the deed. The discovery of the knife, with the bloody ruff, sitting the broken blade to a charn, half a mile from the scene of crime, was evidence conclusive that the chief actor in the thrilling drama had flown. The revulsion of feeling was overpowering. There was not a man present who would not have borne a friend off his shoulders proudly over the heads of the crowd, nor a woman who would not have fallen on his neck, weeping for joy.

"Did you ever see this knife before?" asked the counsel of the last, and it was deemed the least important of the witnesses.

Jones looked at it steadily, and essayed to take it. A white gleam shot through his sombre eyes, his hand dropped to his side, his knees shook under him, and he turned pale to the lips. The throng stood off tip-toe, piercing the poor fellow to the very soul, with their hungry eyes. A chair was brought, and a gipsy who would not have borne a friend off his shoulders proudly over the heads of the crowd, nor a woman who would not have fallen on

The Farmer's Corner.

Communications on Agricultural subjects, from subscribers and others, are invited for these columns.

Raising Cattle in Switzerland.

In the last report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, we find an interesting chapter devoted to the breeding of cattle in Switzerland. The last statistics give the number of cattle in that ancient republic at 850,000, of which 475,000 are cows, 85,000 oxen, and 390,000 heifers. The report represents that the condition of the cattle in the Alps, notwithstanding the breed is hardy, is generally far from prosperous. But little attention is paid to stabling, and in some places, no matter how severe the weather, cattle are compelled to endure the cold in the open air; and although our Western farmers seem to think that cattle thrive best without shelter, leaving them for months exposed to the full force of the gales of sleet and snow which sweep over the prairies, we do not think that the cattle of Switzerland are improved by the exposure. But they are very knowing animals, and when the time arrives for them to migrate from the valleys to the mountains, they manifest great joy. They know that they are to move by the appearance of a bell, which always goes with them. The cows all get together, low and frisk about, recognizing the signal for the approaching migrant. Their spirits are often overflowing during the migration, and they behave in the valleys often follow the rest of the herd of their own accord to the distant heights. In fine weather it is indeed a glorious life for them up there. The Alpine goat, motherwort, and the Alpine plantain, afford them wholesome and palatable food. The sun is less scorching than down in the valleys, and there are no gaudies to disturb the young in their midday drowse.

The report states, among other matters of interest, that cows on the mountains are thought to be more active and intelligent than those raised in the valleys. Their life is more natural and their instincts more fully developed. An animal left very much to itself is more on the watch, and shows more memory than one which is always tended. The Alpine cow knows every shrub and puddle, knows where to find the best patches of grass, the time of milking, the call of her keeper, whom she approaches with confidence, and knows when to return to the hut. She scents the approach of a storm, watches and protects her young, and is careful to avoid dangerous places. In this last, however, she does not always show her judgment, as a dangerous patch of rich grass, and walking on loose soil, the ground sometimes gives way and she goes. If escape is hopeless, she drops to the ground, shuts her eyes, and gives herself up to her fate. Lying down over the precipice, or if stopped by some overhanging rock, waits the cowherd's help.

One of the singular traits of the Alpine cattle is their ambition, and the strictness with which they maintain the right of precedence. The bellows, or trumpet, as the peasants call it, is the signal for the herd, and falls to take the first place in the march, and no other ventures to step in before her. The animal's next in strength, the aristocracy of the herd, follows. The bellows, fully conscious of her power, leads off to the shed, and has often been seen to pine she has lost her rank and been deprived of her bell, to pine away with melancholy. If a new cow is added to the herd, she has a trial of horns with each of her new companions. She takes her rank according to the result of the fight. If two animals are of equal strength, the struggle is obstinate.

Winter in the Country.

At sunrise, the blue-jays and other birds gathered about the door and garden, to pick the dry seeds that the weeds were shedding on the earth. What are snow-birds? Where do they live? See them chirping in yonder ray of sunlight—darting hither and thither, like motes in a beam of light. See them go whirling through the tempest, like angel apirls, beautiful in the very midst of the storm. What are they? Do they sleep on the wings of the wind, or hide themselves in a scroll of snow? How is it that these little singing birds live on amid such dreary scenes? The blue-jays, however, are very venturesome. Their gorgeous summer plumage was exceedingly moulted, and they went about from bush to bush, and tree to tree, screaming and flitting at each other as themselves. They nested like so many Siberian prisoners, who were forced to brave the blasts as the penalty of some crime they had committed.

Sometimes, a keen, frosty night would be succeeded by a still sunny day, when the crows strayed their sleepy music, and the cows strolled away into the forest, as though they smelt approaching spring—when the cat flew out of the house, and chased each other up into the trees, and the dog went away by himself wandering along the river banks for reasons known only to himself.

These were visiting days, holidays, jubilee days, for those animals that were housed in trees, and burrowed in the earth. Go forth into the woods. You may, on such a day, see the squirrel push out his head from the door of his castle, where he has been confined for a month, and cautiously look over the landscape—then dart in again. Soon he pushes himself out farther, and farther, and timidly glides down to the foot of the tree. Then he tries the snow, and then again, and finally goes cantering to the nearest stump, chirping up, and goes with a flit, throws his tail over his back, sits down and breaks forth into a burst of song.

Do you believe that squirrel remembers his last summer rambles in those woods—you rivulet where he drank, now sleeping beneath its silver frost-work, and chanting its low, muffled dirge—you icy knoll, that stood, last June, a pyramid of flowers—you hickory where he harvested his nuts, is his song for the present or the past? Look a little further—the salmon tread of the turkey—who is busy disintering some of the buried meat of autumn. Such a day is a bright page in the winter life of a turkey. She comes forth from beneath the roots of upturned trees, from thickets, or hollow logs, where she has been so long covering and starving; to hail the blessed warmth. She dreamed away the summer, strolling to wood to stream, and stream to wood—she passed the provident squirrel often in October, and saw him roll

Domestic Recipes.

CLOSING FRUIT JARS.—For the preservation of all kinds of fruits, use glass bottles or jars. Select those of even thickness, or rather of even thinness, for they are often exposed to considerable heat. Now as to closing them air-tight; corks will not do it. The very structure of the substance is against it, unless cork of the most velvety character is obtained, and this is costly. Waxed cloth, tied over the jar is a substitute at once cheap and effective. Prepare the cloth in this way: Melt together some rosin, beeswax and tallow in equal parts; tear the cloth in strips four inches wide, or at least wide enough conveniently to tie over the mouth of the jar, and dip those strips, drawing them through the hot wax and stripping nearly all the wax off. With cloth thus prepared, after the jar is filled with hot preserves, and while still hot, close the mouth and bind it on with good linen cord. Then with shears trim off as much of the waxed cloth as is desirable and dip it in some melted wax, which should be made with only about half as much tallow. Sealing-wax may be used instead, if desired. The jars should be put where the wax will cool at once, so that the exhaustion caused by the cooling of the preserves and the condensation of the steam may not cause the wax to run through the cloth. Nothing can be more thoroughly airtight than bottles so prepared.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.—The importance of properly understanding the treatment of injuries occasioned by fire cannot be too strongly insisted upon, as it frequently happens that surgical aid cannot be obtained when it is most required. The effects of burns are threefold, either simple redness and pain, blisters, or the total destruction of the parts. For redness, Mr. Smece recommends protection from the air by wet lint or linen covered with oil silk; or if oil silk is not at hand, to cover with several layers of linen slightly wetted with common water or Goulard water. The part may also be carried with raw cotton if it can be procured. If blisters arise, leave them alone, if not very very tense, should be cut away, provided the fabric could be removed easily. The patient must be kept moderately warm, and if she continues to shudder and shiver, a little hot wine and either, or spirits of wine, should be administered. If excessive sleepiness or stupor, or difficulty of breathing sets in, or great pain exists about the stomach, danger is at hand. Burns, if large in size, are extremely dangerous, and no time should be lost in procuring the assistance of a surgeon, especially if the sufferer happens to be a child.

PURIFICATION OF MEAT.—For oil of vitriol or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water. For oxalic acid, give magnesia, or chalk and water. For saltpetre, give an emulsion of mustard and water, afterwards molasses and small doses of laudanum. For opium or laudanum, give an emulsion of cod liver oil, with constant motion, and, if possible, the stomach pump. For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best. If from iron, take and rub with spirits of turpentine. For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt. For corrosive sublimate, give the whites of eggs mixed with water, until few vomiting takes place.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—A correspondent says there is an old saying, taken from the Italian, "Teach your grandmother," etc. This appears an unnecessary piece of information, as people do not suck eggs as they do oranges; but as we believe there are few who know how to eat one properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt, it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, that you either get a quantity of salt, or a drop of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time; then add the salt and stir. The result is, far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

TO RAISE THE NAP OF CLOTH.—When woollens are worn threadbare, as it is often the case in the elbow, cuff, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coat must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out the water and put on a board and the threadbare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half worn hatter's "card" filled with wool, or with prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by the dealers in old clothes.

BLACK LICK.—One quart of soft water, four ounces nutgall, one and a half ounce gum-arabic, one and a half ounce copperas. Soak the nutgall in three-fourths of the water, the gum-arabic in one-half the remainder, warmed, and the copperas in the other half. Let them stand in separate vessels forty-eight hours, then mix ready for use. This ink will not mix readily with freing.

FREEING OF BEE.—It may not be generally known that the common whitening is a most effective remedy against the effects of the sting of a bee or wasp. The whitening is to be moistened with cold water and immediately applied. It may be washed off in a few minutes, when neither pain nor swelling will ensue.

TO STOP VICES FROM BLEEDING.—The following simple plan will be found effectually to stop vices bleeding: Take a piece of bladder or thin leather; over this spread a little tallow; tie it firmly round the end of the shoot.

OIL OF ROSES FOR THE HAIR.—Olive oil, two parts; otto of roses, one drachm; mix. It may be colored red by steeping a little alkane-root in the oil (with heat) before bottling.

San Francisco.

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A Mean Man.

"I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deason Overreach: Now he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig box when he traveled to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes for him for the marriage license." "Lawyer" he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, "I must tell you of that story of Hugo, for his not a bad one; and good stories like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license."

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?" "Six dollars," says he. "Six dollars?" says he; "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?" "No," says he, "that's what they cost me to the Secretary's Office at Halifax."

"Well," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect to get no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?" "Three Sundays," says Hugo. "Well that's a long time, too. But three Sundays are only a fortnight, after all; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away. I must wait."

So off he went jogging toward home, and a looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went, as hard as his horse could carry him. "Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth."

An "old soaker," who lives in Western Missouri, took it into his head one day that it was necessary for his future welfare to be "horn agin'" and forth with repaired to the Rev. Mr. B., the respected pastor of the Baptist denomination of the town aforesaid, to obtain light. He was received with urbanity, and forthwith the following dialogue ensued:

Old S.—"Your doctrine, boss, that I feel to be saved must suffer immersion, isn't it?" Mr. B.—"Yes, Mr. S. it is a fundamental doctrine of our church, that a man, to be regenerated, must repent of his sins and be immersed."

Old S.—"Well, boss, after repenting of his sins, and being sinned under, if he flashes in the pan, then what?" Mr. B.—"Although backsliding is much to be deplored, still, if he sincerely repents of his sins, and is again immersed, the church will receive him again."

Old S.—"Well, s'pose he ag'in' kicks out of the traces after the second time, (for you know what critters there are in this world, boss), then what's to pay?" Mr. B.—"Notwithstanding all this, if he will repent, and solemnly promise to amend his future life, the church will again receive him into its bosom after being immersed."

Old S.—"After a few moments of deep thought" proposes the closing interrogatory—"Well, boss, wouldn't it be a blasted good idea to keep sich fellers in soak all the time?" "Your informant did not say whether Old S. joined the church or not, but we incline to the opinion that he did not."

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