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CHAS. PROSCH,
Baby Talk.

The following exquisite morsels, which we think well worth republishing—having published it once before—is selected from among the many beautiful things to be found in "Bitter-Sweet," a volume from the pen of J. G. Holland, better known as "Timothy Titcomb." Bath, one of the characters of the poem, kneels at the side of her baby-sister's cradle, and as she attempts to lull him to sleep, thus discourses:
What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt;
Unwritten history,
Unfathomable mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were a chamber of horrors,
And curious riddles, as any sphinx!

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summer goes—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mammoth feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and trailing, and alone,
Into the light of day—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Speckled with the bars of little souls;
Harks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an oblique tide!

What does he think of his mother's hair?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast?
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Sucking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face,
Deep where the heart-throbs knit and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell?
Though she murmurs the words
Of all the birds—
Wards she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the angels in the sky
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
Soft he is lulled in a nest of repose!

THE RAIN.
BEFORE THE RAIN.
We knew it would rain, for all the world
A spirit on slender rods of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down.
Into the vapory anatomy
Of marbles and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dismissing the jewels out of the sun.
We think them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shining in the wind—and the lightning
Lanterned in tremulous skeins of rain.

AFTER THE RAIN.
The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunbeams pour an airy flood;
And on the window a daisy-race
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.
From out the dripping ivy leaves
Autumnly curved, and gray and high,
A darning, being westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye.

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck;
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

A NATIONAL ACROSTIC.
O runs round the sod of many a Southern plain,
O'er Freedom's graves to Freedom's battle slain,
Doomed by stern fate to fall; but not in vain,
So sad are the homes that once their voices cheered,
And the hearts by loving this endeared,
Silent and true, their names shall ever shine,
Engraved in gold on memory's sacred shrine.
There was a time, ere treason's blighting hand
Had writhed from wrath throughout our hallowed land,
Ere disunion's Columbia's ruin planned,
Tributed voices blessed the nation's life,
Nor dreamed of danger from internal strife.
Oh! grant thy blessing to uphold the just,
Nor suffer Freedom's throne to fall to dust!

Some men keep savage dogs around their
houses, so that the hungry poor who stop
to "get a bite" may get it outside of the
door.

When Daphne was changed to a tree to
escape the wooings of her lover, she was
showered with ever.

FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.

A Vagary of Fortune.

We claim some credit for the novelty and originality of the following remarks, namely, that there frequently occur, in real life, incidents much more singular than any that the most fertile imagination ever supplied to the pages of romance. We, however, claim still more credit, and we suspect the reader will think with a trifle more reason, for the following illustration of the truth of this observation.

On the west side of the bay of Machi-more, on the south side of Cantyre, there stands a small farm house, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

In the year 1774, this house, and farm adjoining, was tenanted by a man of the name of Duncan M'Allister and his wife.

Duncan was a poor but decent and industrious man, much respected in the country for his integrity, and for his quiet and civil demeanor.

Duncan, however, had a severe struggle with the world. His farm was a very small and very wretched one; while his rent was neither the one nor the other. It was, in short, with great difficulty that Duncan could make a living of it, even with the assistance he could obtain from a wife not less industrious than himself. But Duncan looked confidently forward to better days, and not without reason. Four years previous to the period at which our story commences, his son, an only child—a young man of steady habits and excellent disposition—had gone out to the East Indies, in the humble capacity of a gentleman's servant, and there fallen into some little way of business, in which he was doing so well that he had been enabled to remit to his parents twenty pounds per annum, for the last three years of the period above-named.

It was, then, to this source—to the disreputable disposition of his son—that Duncan trusted for an improvement of his own condition, and with each succeeding year, his affection became more and more cordial; for, with each succeeding year, came an addition of ten pounds to the preceding year's remittance, with an assurance that this latter should always be proportioned—in other words, grow on increasing with the success of the donor. And, accordingly, for several years this was the case, till the sum, from twenty had risen to ninety pounds.

With his last remittance, Duncan's son, whose name was John, informed his parents that he was getting on so rapidly and prosperously, that he hoped, in a few years, to be able to return to his own country, an independent man.

This was a communication but little calculated to prepare his parents for the following letter which they received from him about nine months afterwards. It was dated from Bhamptre:

"After all my boasting, my dear father," so ran the letter in question, "what will be your grief and amazement to learn that I am, at this moment, not worth a single rupee—that I am, in short, a ruined man."

A sounder of the name of Novogrod—Christian Novogrod—a Swede, with whom I entered into partnership, has plundered me of all I had.

Having left this fellow—one of the smoothest-tongued, most plausible, and most deceptive rascals I ever met with—a charge of my store at Bhamptre, while I was on a trafficking expedition into the interior, in quest of guns and ivory, he took advantage of my absence, which extended to nearly two months, to sell off all my goods at whatever they would bring, pocketed the money, and decamped.

"I have since understood that the villain has left this quarter of the world, and gone to Egypt. But, wherever he has gone to, I have little chance of ever falling in with him, and still less of recovering any part of my property. That is gone beyond all redemption.

"The loss I have sustained by this second-rate estimate at less than from £30,000 to £10,000.

"This is a severe blow, my dear father; but its most distressing consequence, in my view of it, is its depriving me of the power of further assisting you. This is what pains me most.

"It grieves me to add, that the agony and anxiety of mind to which this cruel misfortune has subjected me, has thrown me into such a weakly state of health, that I find myself every day becoming less and less able to struggle against the enervating influences of the climate of this country, and have, therefore, determined on returning home, for my prospects here are entirely ruined.

"In about eighteen months, therefore, from this date, you may expect to see me, if God shall spare me. But, O dear father, how different our circumstances will be from what I once anticipated. I expected to come home to you a rich man; in place of that, I shall come to you as poor as I left you," &c., &c., &c.

We will not detain the reader by any attempt at describing the effect of this letter on poor M'Allister and his wife, but proceed with our story.

It was about fifteen months after this, that M'Allister received a letter from the minister of the parish of —, in Ayrshire, requesting him to come instantly to his manse, where he would hear of some thing which greatly concerned him. He complied. In the afternoon of the second day after, he was seated in the parlor of the clergyman.

"You have a son in the East Indies?" said the clergyman.

"I have," was the reply of the former.

"What of him?" he asked anxiously.

"You shall hear," said the minister.

"Some time ago the ship — was seen off our coast in distress. The people hastened down to the shore to render what little assistance they could to the unfortunate crew who were in peril, which they foresaw, should have happened. The ill-fated vessel struck on, and deeply lodged herself in the quicksands. Enormous seas,

like huge living things, now threw themselves in rapid succession on and over the devoted vessel, burying her in their bosoms, and bearing everything before them in their onward career. Nothing that had life in it could now exist for an instant on board that unfortunate ship, even suppose it could have kept its hold and footing on her deck—which were impossible—as, from her sinking sideways in the sand, the former sloped at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees.

"Anxious, most anxious were the people to render the miserable sufferers assistance; but they could do little. They had no boat; and, indeed, no boat could have lived a moment in the tremendous surf that was then breaking on the shore. Nothing could they do, then, but watch on the beach, to see whether the waves would bring any of the ill-fated crew to the shore in whom there might still be life. But they looked in vain for any such occurrence as this.

The waves would give up none of their human load, peering now and then, above the white foam of the sea, and advancing and receding with the approaching and retiring waves.

"Satisfied, after a moment's observation, that the object they saw was indeed the head of a human being, some bold fellow, watching an opportunity, rushed into the water close by the floating object, caught the breast of a man's coat, and, by an exertion of superhuman strength, the result of the excitement of the moment, dragged him to the shore. He was brought to my manse. The body exhibited no perceptible signs of life; but, on tearing off the waistcoat, and placing my hand on the heart, I felt it feebly beating. I had soon the satisfaction of seeing success attend our efforts. The unfortunate sufferer began to breathe audibly, though, for a time, by irregular and convulsive respirations. Satisfied that he was now in a fair way of recovery, I, after leaving some instructions with my wife as to the management of her patient during my absence, hastened again to the beach to see whether I could not find any other object on which to exercise my humanity. But there were none; not one. All had perished; and, of the unfortunate vessel herself, no trace remained but in the loose spars and rigging with which the shore was strewn. The hull had entirely disappeared.

"On returning home, I found my patient, though still in a feeble and exhausted state, so far recovered as to be sitting in an arm-chair before the fire, and able to give some account of himself. This account stated that he was a foreigner, which, indeed, his language at once discovered, although he spoke English with tolerable fluency. That he was a passenger in the ship which had just been wrecked, and that he was on his way to England on a mercantile speculation. This was the substance of all that the stranger chose to communicate, and nothing farther regarding him was asked.

"For several days, I and my wife showed the unfortunate man every attention in our power. We tended him day and night; for, during all this time, he continued in a very weakly condition, and, so far from any improvement taking place beyond the point of consciousness he had attained immediately after his resuscitation, he seemed to be retrograding—to be sinking daily under the exhaustion which his late accident had induced. He became feverish, and his slumbers were disturbed, apparently, by frightful dreams; the last a natural consequence, as his benefactors thought, of the perils he had just escaped. But we could not help perceiving, at the same time, that the unconnected sentences he muttered during his sleep, often bore reference to other matters than his present situation, and his last was occasionally alluded to, in the ravings of the sufferer.

"What these other matters were, however, neither I nor my wife could at all make out; but it was evident they were things that pressed heavily on the mind of the unfortunate man. In the meantime, he gradually became weaker and weaker, until it was evident that he had not long to live. Becoming sensible of this himself, the dying man asked if there was any clergyman in the neighborhood who would visit him.

"I told him, what he had not yet been informed of, that I was a clergyman.

"I would wish," said he, "to speak one private word with you, sir, before you shall speak to me on religious subjects."

"Surely, surely, my good friend," replied I.

"Sit down close by me, my good sir," said the dying man, "and I will tell you something that presses heavily on my mind."

"I have taken a seat as desired, the sufferer went on:

"About two years ago, I was a merchant in Bhamptre, in the East Indies. I was in partnership with a Scotchman of the name of M'Allister. His father lives somewhere about Cantyre. We were doing very well, and were making money fast, when the devil put it into my head to turn country-dred. When my partner was up the country, I sold off all the goods, put the money in my pocket, and ran away, and ruined my poor partner. Now, my good sir, this is the thing that troubles me; that makes me fear to die.

"It was, indeed," said I, "a very reprehensible act; but your present contrition is some atonement; and, I trust, will procure you the forgiveness of a merciful and beneficent God."

"I do trust so," replied the dying man; "but would add restitution to contrition. Now, would you, my dear sir, help me in this good work? I have the means, and I would place them in your hands, to be given to the lawful owner when I am dead, if you can find him out."

"Having said this, the unhappy man took a pocket-book from beneath his pillow, and from thence produced three bills of exchange for £20,000 each, and put them into my hands.

"The pledge was useless without writing, and I instantly got a testament prepared

amongst the troopers who now surrounded her humble dwelling, and had partaken of her hospitality. Just before the party started, the ruffian who first addressed Mrs. Riddell asked her, with an affected air of kindness, how she lived.

"Indeed, sir," replied the unsuspecting widow, "the bit cow there (pointing to the animal, which was grazing at a little distance) and the bit garden, w'at the laddie can earn, is 'at I had to depend upon; but, w'at God's blessing, it's anouch, an' we are sincerely thankful."

To this affecting detail of her humble resources the villain made no reply, but drew a pistol from his holster, and, riding up to the poor woman's cow, discharged it through her head, when the animal instantly fell down dead. Not satisfied with this heartless atrocity, the ruffian leaped the little garden wall with his horse, and deliberately trod down every growing thing it contained; and those that the feat of his charge could not reach, he destroyed with his sabre.

Having completed this unmanly villainy, the monster rejoined his comrades, laughing and shouting out as he went, in exultation at the deed.

"There, you old devil!" he exclaimed, "that will put it out of your power to harbor any rascally rebels, or, if you do, they and you must starve."

In an instant afterwards the party rode off, laughing heartily at the mischief done by their comrade, of which they all seemed to approve.

It would be vain to attempt to depict the distress and misery of the bereaved widow, when she found herself thus suddenly deprived of her all. This scene is better left to the imagination of the reader. Wringing her hands in bitter agony, she rushed into the house, and flung herself on her bed, where she gave way to the sorrow that overwhelmed her. From that bed she never again arose. A violent illness, the consequence of dreadfully excited and agitated feelings, seized her, and in a few days terminated her existence.

During her illness, her poor boy never left her bedside. There he remained night and day, endeavoring to cheer the spirits of his dying parent, and to make her look lightly on the misfortunes that had befallen them.

"Dinna, mother, dinna tak it sae much to heart," he would say, "I am strong, and able to work for you, and you shall never want sae lang as I can earn a penny; and I'll put the garden into sae guid order as ever it was. Its no near sae much harmed as you think, mother; and what's to hinder me to buy a cow by and by, as well as my father did. I'll earn hae sae much wages as he had, and I'm sure I'll guide it as well, for your sake." And, on one occasion, the poor boy, thinking to increase the effects of the consolation he was administering, added—"And what kens, mother, but I may yet meet the villain somewhere, and be revenged o' him for what he has done to us."

At these words, the dying woman, on whose ear all the rest seemed to have fallen unheard, suddenly raised herself on her elbow, and, looking her son affectionately but earnestly in the face, said—

"My son, speak not of revenge. It is unbecoming a Christian; and I'm sure such a spirit was never encouraged in you either by your worthy father or by me. Leave vengeance in the hands of God, Jamie. He will deal with the destroyer in His ain way and in His ain guid time. Perhaps, my son, the misguided man even now repents o' what he has done; and if he does, you surely would not seek to increase his punishment, which man be, in such a case, a full atonement for 'at he has done; for what pain, Jamie, can equal that of an awakened conscience?"

The boy was silenced by this reproof, but we can hardly say cleansed of the spirit of revenge which had been kindled in his youthful bosom against the author of their ruin.

On the following day the widow expired; and, on the 4th thereafter, her son followed her remains to the grave. But he returned not again. At the conclusion of the ceremony under Lord George Sackville, and these shared in the dangers and glory of the victory. On the evening of the day on which the battle was fought, a party of these dragoons were assembled in a tavern, where they were boasting loudly, in their cups, of the feats they had performed, when one of them, striking the table fiercely with his clenched fist, swore that, when he was in Scotland, he had done a more meritorious thing than any of them.

"What was that, Tom? what was that?" shouted out his companions at once.

"Why, starving an old witch in Nithsdale, to be sure," replied the fellow. "We first, you see, for there was a party of us—ate up all she had, and then I paid the reckoning by shooting her cow and riding down her greens."

"And don't you repeat it?" exclaimed a young soldier, suddenly rising from his seat at the upper end of the apartment and approaching the speaker, as he put the question. "Don't you repeat it!"

"Repeat what?" said the ruffian, fiercely. "Repeat such a matter as that? No, I glory in it."

"Then, villain!" said the youth, unheeding his sword, "know that that woman was my mother; and since you do not repeat the deed, you shall die for it. Draw and defend yourself!"

The dragoon sprang to his feet—a combat ensued; and, after two or three passes, the latter was stretched lifeless on the floor.

"Had you repented," said the youth, looking towards the corpse as she sheathed his sword, "I would have left you in the hands of your God; but since you did not, I have made myself the instrument of His vengeance."

Young Riddell afterwards rose to the rank of Captain in the British service, and greatly distinguished himself in the German wars.

Marrying Under Difficulties.
Not long since, a Confederate soldier returned from the wars to his home near the State line dividing Kentucky from Tennessee. The first business he attended to was that of marrying the girl he left behind him when he started out to seek the hubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. A large party was gotten up by the bride's family, and a man who was conceded to be a justice of the peace, because he had held the office for 20 years before this cruel war had commenced, performed the ceremony that united two loving hearts that had but a single thought. After these rites had been observed, there was a feast of hog and bonny, roast turkeys, pumpkin-pie, etc., and several gallons of forty-proof whisky to be discussed. In the course of human events, the newly wedded pair were put to bed according to the customs still in vogue among the rural population.

They had scarcely begun to realize the "situation" before there was a great rattling at the door, and an imperative demand for them to arise. Some prying people had just discovered that the magistrate was not a regularly elected officer, and was not a justice at all. Alarm took them all, and another justice was sent for, who lived some miles distant. Before midnight the knot was tied again, and the anxious pair suffered to retire the second time.

The first contempt was discussed freely by those who had not gone home, and the various contingencies of the case thoroughly investigated. All at once it was found that the last justice lived in Kentucky, while the ceremony had been performed just over the line in Tennessee. There was a hurried rush up the stairs, and another arousing of the bride and groom. They came down stairs somewhat dispirited with the turn matters had taken, and then the party went down the road three quarters of a mile till they got into the State where the Squire lived, and there the wedding rites were performed for the third time. The bride's mother, not satisfied with all this comedy of errors, had sometime before dispatched a swift messenger for a stated preacher, and when they got back to the paternal mansion, to make all things safe, the knot was tied for the fourth time by the man of God.

By this time the first glimpse of daylight was streaking the eastern sky.

Wearied out by the experience and anxieties of the night, they were at last suffered to retire to peace. Half an hour had not elapsed before there was another confusion in the house. A thundering knock at the chamber door of the young couple made the groom thoroughly mad. He told whoever it was that it was "too late," and he swore he would not get up again for all the mistakes in the world. He would whip the first man that disturbed him again, no matter who it was. A gruff demand to open the door if he did not wish to have it beaten down, and the rattle of a musket, decided him to submit once more to the imposition.

On opening the portal, he was confronted by a Federal soldier, and the words, "You are my prisoner, come along with me."

Vainly did he plead to have the privilege of giving bail for his appearance, and all his offers of bribes were as useless as the idle wind. The officer charged with his arrest was inexorable, and now the chap lay sprawling in the middle of the parlor at Columbus, in the guard-house, while the disconsolate maid, his bride, weeps for him at home.

The army correspondent of the Houston Times relates an incident of Camp fifteen, showing the precocity of a youth of sixteen, the son of a General on a visit to his father on the field. On one occasion, when the General's purse was getting low, he remarked that he should be obliged to draw on his banker for some money.

"How much do you want, father?" said the boy.

"I think I shall send for a couple hundred," replied the General.

"Why, father," said the son quietly, "I can let you have that amount."

"You can let me have it?" exclaimed the General in surprise, "where did you get so much money?"

"I won it playing poker with your staff, sir," replied the hopeful youth.

It is needless to say that the 9:30 train next morning bore the "gay young gambler" toward his home.

Everybody is in the habit of bragging on Job, (said Josh Billings) and Job did have considerable patience, that's a fact; but did he ever keep a districk skule for \$8 dollars a month, and bode round? Did he ever reap lodged outs down a hill in a hot day and have all his galls buttons bust off at once? Did he ever have the jumpin' tooth-ache, and be made to tend the baby while his wife was over to Perkins to a tea-squall? Did he ever get up in the morning and find a drink, and find that the man kept a temperance house? Did he ever undertake to milk a kicking heifer with a bushy tail in flit time, out in a lot? Did he ever set down upon a litter of kittens in the old rockin' chair, with his summer pants on, without saying "damnsashun" if he eud do all this, and praise the Lord all the same time, all I hev tu say is, "Bully for Job!"

A person abusing another to Charles Russell, said he was so insufferably dull that if you said a good thing he did not understand it.

"Pray, sir," said Russell, "did you ever try him?"

Reading One's Own Obituary.
The tenure of the Major Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many officers in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life or during good behavior. The Boston Transcript says that one of them lived so long that a wicked wag at his reported death gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner: "The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in Heaven for his everlasting services on earth."

This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of old Mycell, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald (a journal still alive and flourishing), the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last he one day told Mycell that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning, as sure as he lived.

"If you don't get your money tomorrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.

The morning came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored: He was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of his many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, in propria persona.

"Why, Sheriff?" exclaimed the fustian editor, "I thought you were defunct."

"Defunct?" exclaimed the Sheriff. "What put that idea in your head?"

"Why, yourself!" said Mycell. "Did you not tell me—"

"Oh! ah! yes! I see," stammered out the Sheriff. "Well, there's your money! And now contradict the reports in your next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "it was only printed in your copy."

The good Sheriff lived many years after this; and to the day of his death always took care to pay the printer.

Quite recently, at a Louisville boarding-house, a lady of Northern birth and education, but a bitter rebel, was reading to a mixed company an absurd account of some Northern woman landing at Hilton Head, South Carolina, and embracing a negro, calling her "sister," &c. The lady was triumphantly vindictive, and exclaimed to the captain—

"What do you think of that? Isn't that a beautiful specimen of your negro equality?"

The captain was annoyed, and hardly knew what to say. He said nothing in fact, but turned and walked to the window. Glancing out, he saw on the opposite sidewalk a group of negroes enjoying themselves in the sun as only negroes can.

They were all sizes and all shades of color, and all well clothed. Smiling at the thought that this was now his turn, he said to the rebel lady—

"Will you step to the window a moment?"

"Certainly."

"Look there, do you see that?"

"See what, sir?"

"That black-yellow-white group on the other side?"

"Certainly! I do. What is there strange about it?"

"Ah, nothing, I suppose; only one would think there must have been considerable negro equality practiced by the white people of the South, as well as those of the North."

The lady "retired," and thereafter was somewhat less insulting in her demonstrations.

At the late Harttburg Convention, Bill W—, was, as usual, very anxious to be nominated for Governor. He went around to his next friend B—, when the following conversation took place:

"Now, B—, I've got a good show for Governor, and I want my old friends to go in for me. I hope you'll do your best."

"I did not know that you were a candidate," said B—, in the gravest of manners, scratching his head, and looking apparently amazed.

"Yes, I am," said W—, "now go in, my eyes were fixed on vacancy, and he looked very solemn. At length W—aroused him from his reverie by inquiring what he was thinking about. Scratching his head again and speaking very moderately, B—replied:

"I was just thinking that if you are nominated for Governor, and our ticket is elected, what a h—l of a fix the State would be in!"

Paddy was summoned to court for refusing to pay a doctor's bill.

"Judge—? Why do you refuse to pay?"

"Paddy—? What for should I pay? Sure, did he give me anything but some emetics, and the river a dose could I keep in my stomach at all, at all!"

The Lords of the Admiralty have published a warning to the English sailors serving in the Alabama and other English privateers, that their course will involve the loss of pay and the claim for pension.

The last bon fire in Paris was one attended by a distinguished foreign diplomat, who characterized Napoleon as "the man who says nothing, and yet a few."

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD is the oldest and largest newspaper published in Washington Territory, and has the largest circulation.

It is published every THURSDAY EVENING, at 25 per annum in advance; for six months, \$3; three months, \$2; single copies, 50 cents.

Advertisements, to insure insertion without delay, should be handed in on or before Wednesday of each week.

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others outward bound, with files of the Herald, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER, 620 Washington st., San Francisco.

Send to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving ad-vertisements and subscriptions to San Francisco and elsewhere, and collecting and reporting for the same.

LEGAL TENDER NOTES received at par for Subscriptions and Advertisements.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Evening, June 4, 1863.

A WASHINGTON MACHINE.—By the sloop Narcissa, last week, we received from Mr. A. P. Delin, of Seattle, a famous washing machine, styled the King Queen. We had been for some weeks expecting it, and indulged the flattering anticipation that, when it came to hand, we should be able to take in washing, and open a laundry in opposition to the Chinaman round the corner.

Now that we have abandoned the idea of the laundry, we have been disappointed in its performance, after a trial, and have concluded to let John follow his avocation in peace. From the flattering encomiums we had seen in the "lying newspapers," we supposed it was only necessary to poke a dirty shirt in a hole somewhere about the machine, turn a wheel, and presto! out it would pop, ready washed, starched, ironed and aired, to be laid away in the drawer or instantly adorn the person of its owner.

MORALS OF THE NOBILITY.—Biographies of the titled story of Great Britain and Ireland are not lacking in scenes that would be deemed disgraceful to the most obscure families of the United States. The third son of the late Earl of Donalson had been for years trying to establish the illegitimacy of his two elder brothers,—or, in other words, trying to prove his own mother a prostitute—in order to secure to himself the Earldom.

THE 5-20 LOAN.—The \$20 government bonds are so called from the fact that the Government has the right to redeem them in gold in five years, or it may let them run twenty years. The rate of interest on them is six per cent payable semi-annually in gold.

NACHES HOME.—This hotel, after being closed for some months, has been again opened. During the past few days it has undergone a cleansing and renovation that were much needed, and travelers and sojourners may now be assured that they will find cleanliness, comfort, and palatable and wholesome food in abundance awaiting them.

THE NEXT HOUSE.—So far as elections have been held for members of Congress, the political complexion of the next U. S. House of Representatives is as follows: Republicans, 85; Democrats, 74; giving an Administration majority of 11.

THE FAVORITE MATE.—This favorite schooner returned to Steilacoom yesterday, after an absence of some weeks. We understand that upwards of six hundred head of cattle are awaiting shipment by her from this place.

THE NOMINATIONS FOR CONGRESS.

Two Conventions have met at Vancouver, made nominations, and adjourned; a third Convention is called for Monday next, 8th inst., at Tumwater. The Union Convention, on the second day of its sitting, the 26th ult., nominated Mr. J. O. Raynor for Delegate on the eighth ballot.

Now that we have abandoned the idea of the laundry, we have been disappointed in its performance, after a trial, and have concluded to let John follow his avocation in peace. From the flattering encomiums we had seen in the "lying newspapers," we supposed it was only necessary to poke a dirty shirt in a hole somewhere about the machine, turn a wheel, and presto! out it would pop, ready washed, starched, ironed and aired, to be laid away in the drawer or instantly adorn the person of its owner.

PORTUNES MADE AND LOST.—The New York Journal of Commerce gives the following instances of the hazard of mercantile transactions during war times: An invoice of 600 bales of cotton was consigned to this market, on English account. It was sold at 98 cents per pound, and the seller at once engaged his exchange for remittance.

THE MILITARY FORCE OF CANADA.—The result of the outbreak of martial order and patriotism in Canada at the time of the Trent affair, when war with the United States was apprehended, and all loyal Canadians capable of doing military duty were called upon to organize for the defense of their homes.

BURIAL OF SOLDIERS.—Gen. Saxton, commanding at Beaufort, N. C., having learned that it had become a common practice to bury soldiers without performing any kind of burial service, issued an order on the 8th inst. declaring that "the remains of a soldier who loses his life while in the service of his country—no matter what that life may have been—should have a Christian burial.

WELCOMES IN SEATTLE.—Col. Wallace, our late Delegate, met with a cordial welcome, last week, among the hospitable, warm-hearted people of Seattle. On Friday evening he entertained him with a ball, which proved one of the most agreeable "ho-downs" he ever participated in.

EMIGRANTS COMING.

From various sources we have had information of the coming of emigrants to Puget Sound, this year, and we cannot doubt that this country will receive a fair share of them.

A few days since, we received a letter from an intelligent acquaintance, dated Rockford, Ill., April 12th, which states that the writer, with some thirty others, would leave that place about the 1st of May, "to seek a more peaceful home on the Pacific slope of our once peerless country; leaving civil discord, disorganization of trade and commerce, &c., far behind in the dim distance of two thousand miles."

The writer above alluded to is known to many of our citizens. Last summer he made a pedestrian tour through California and Oregon, traversing upwards of nine hundred miles of country, and, on his return to this county, he announced that he preferred this locality to any he had visited.

By the mail of Monday last we received from the energetic news agent, J. Stratman, of San Francisco, Harper's Weekly of April 26th; Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of April 25th and May 2d; New York Illustrated News of April 25th; Forney's War Press of April 18th; New York Tribune and Herald of April 21st; N. Y. Caucasian of April 18th; Missouri Republican of April 14th; Baltimore Weekly Sun of April 18th; Boston Weekly Journal of April 16th; and the Irish American of April 18th and 25th.

From Capt. John Mullan, U. S. A., we have received the American Railroad Journal of March 23d, containing a communication from Capt. Mullan on the subject of the Walla Walla Railroad, for which he solicits subscriptions.

We have received the speech of E. J. C. Kewen, late member of the California Legislature, on the war and its issues.

To Capt. Finch, of the Anderson, we are indebted for Victoria and California papers; and to Capt. E. H. Tucker for a slip containing the gratifying intelligence of the capture of Vicksburg. Both have our thanks.

OLD LEATHER.—A patent has lately been taken out in England for the manufacture of a new article to be used for belting, the uppers of shoes, and various other purposes for which pure leather has been hitherto employed.

A GOOD WAY.—An Indianapolis letter says hereafter all persons in that State who may cheer for the Southern Confederacy, utter treasonable sentiments or print disloyal papers, are to be sent to Gen. Rosecrans, and thence across into the rebel lines.

RECRUITING IN IRELAND.—The Liverpool Albion of the 19th of March says that, from that port, and also from Cork, great numbers of strong, active young men are emigrating to America, and it says that there is a suspicion that they are in reality recruits for the Federal army; indeed it asserts that the English Government is in possession of facts confirmatory of the suspicion.

A MARYLAND PATRIOT.—The pay roll of Co. B, Purnell Legion, Maryland Volunteers, as returned to the Treasury Department, has the following declaration set opposite the name of James Kennedy: "Will not receive pay for his services, having joined for the good of the cause and not for pay." Against which declaration the paymaster had noted "never paid." Three times three for Kennedy.

MRS. SMITH ON THE FASHIONS.

By Aunt Mary. [WRITTEN FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

Dear me! these fashions will be the death of me yet. It's just worry, worry, all the time, to keep up with 'em. I wish, sometimes, that I knew the man or woman that studies 'em up, and if they didn't get a piece of my mind, then my name's not Jerusha Smith.

Now that my dearer, July Ann, wouldn't give me a moment's peace till she got a hoop onto me. It took me a monstrous while to come to it, but at last I bought a skillion, and now I go sailin' round, lookin' about five times bigger'n I ever did in my life afore.

I tell you what that gal done not long ago. You see, she'd bin wantin' what she called a Zouave jacket, (I axed her how to spell the name) and I heerd her ax her par to buy the cloth for her, but Josiah jest spunked up and told her he wouldn't do it.

And off she walked, leavin' me completely nonplused, as our schoolmarm says. But, thinks I to myself, mebbe she'll take a real 'n't on 'em, 'sides she's rummaged her closet; but, of you'll believe me, 'twant a week till she was a teasin' me for one of them horrible ugly top-knot bonnets, that everybody's in a gittin' to wear, nowadays; but that raised my spunk right away, and I sez to her, sez I: "You jest bring one of them things into the house, and I'll burn it; now you mind that. I'd rather see you wearin' a calico sunbonnet to meeter'n than one of them things, a standin' up about a foot above the top of your head."

Now July Ann coaxed me into gittin' one of her fashionable bonnets when the wimmen was all a wearin' 'lest skippy ones on the back sides of their heads, and so I her to put up with the trouble of wearin' 's the bonnet, and I tell you it ain't anything to be laffed at, either. I alters think, when I hev it on, of what old Deacon Perkins used to say of his wife; he used to say that "Pricilla was alters a 'pollin' the wrong way, and that's jest the way with my bonnet. When I'm goin' to 'rds church, it's alters goin' to 'rds home; and when I get turned to cum home, it's alters a hagin' back to 'rds the meetin' house. July Ann undertook once to show her ingenuity, and pinned it fast to my hair, but I kin tell you she didn't get it to try it agin, for it nigh about tuk all the hair off my head."

New fashions, I wot, people may think that they troubles ain't of no account, but I wish they could be in my shoes for awhile, and see if they didn't change their mind. Even Josiah see I look like a banpole without hoops, and whenever I under take to stand up for my rights and wear what suits me, July Ann 'er if it's mother's determined to make herself ridiculous, par may as well move into the country, where folks don't try to dress with taste; for as long as she lives in Olynpy, she's bound to dress as fine as the best of 'em; and 'twere me and you that's sayin' a good deal for it does seem to me that sum of the Olynpy wimmen do dress powerful fine; but if they all have such a time a gettin' their dry goods as my dearer, July Ann, does, I don't envy 'em, that's all. 'Dear me! how I do hate these fashions! as I said afore, they've bound to be the death of me yet, and I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear of Josiah a marryin' a fashionable woman the next time, for he's allyer'n 'st like the man, for all the world.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Universal patronage.—Let all sufferers from general or local disease take heart, and follow in the wake of thousands who ascribe their restoration of health to the use of these noble remedies. Rheumatism in the muscles or joints, gouty pains, neuralgia, tortures, cramps and spasmodic twitches depart under the appropriate application of Holloway's Ointment and Pills. Bad legs, all kinds of ulcers, sores, burnings, pimples, cutaneous inflammation, and dropsical swellings, are best met and quickly conquered by this Ointment, which happily combines harmlessness with efficacy. The reputation Holloway's Ointment and Pills have acquired throughout the habitable globe should induce every afflicted person to give them a trial before despairing of relief or abandoning hope.

FOR CONGRESS.

The friends of HENRY M. MCGILL have the pleasure of announcing his name as Delegate to Congress, on the platform of "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

YEAST POWDERS.—Every housekeeper knows how difficult it is to make good bread, and we therefore take pleasure in calling attention to the fact that to insure uniformly good, light, sweet and nutritious bread, it is only necessary to use Redington & Co.'s Yeast Powders, which in every respect excel all similar preparations ever offered to the public. See advertisement, in another column.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Canal Bank Prairie, Thurston County, W. T., May 29th, 1863, by Rev. Chas. H. H. Mr. J. M. DAVIS to Miss MARY L. TAYLOR.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS. SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by me at the office until 12 o'clock M. on SATURDAY, the 6th day of June, 1863, for the supply of FRESH BEEF to the United States Troops stationed at Fort Steilacoom, W. T.

ARMY NOTICE. The Beef to be of the best quality, and to be delivered at such times and days (ordinarily three times each week) as may be required by the A. C. S.

ARMY NOTICE. OFFICE OF THE A. C. S., CAMP PICKETT, San Juan Island, W. T., May 12th, 1863.

WHAT-CHEER HOUSE, SEATTLE, W. T., A. P. DELIN, Proprietor.

SINGLE MEALS AND LODGINGS FURNISHED AT ALL HOURS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. THESE UNDERSEIGNED HAVING BEEN APPOINTED, by the Hon. Probate Court of Pierce County, W. T., Administrator of the Estate of JOHN VAN BURKIN, deceased, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said Estate will present the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the undersigned, at the date hereof, otherwise they will be forever barred.

NOTICE. ALL PERSONS WHOSE NAMES ARE MENTIONED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST, are requested to appear at the office of the undersigned, on the 10th day of June, 1863, at 10 o'clock A. M., to answer to the charges against them, and to show cause why they should not be removed from the list.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! Flowering Plants and Shrubs in GREAT VARIETY!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS! THESE SUBSCRIBERS HAS JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of choice goods, and is now opening them at the lowest prices.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, consisting of every variety of staple goods suited to the market. I shall endeavor to keep constantly on hand a good supply of

PROVISIONS, ETC., All of which will be sold cheap for cash. NO CREDIT will be given.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT, February Term, 1863.—The undersigned, by the Court, has ordered that the Auditor's account to be published in the "Puget Sound Herald" in the effect that no bills or accounts will be allowed, or paid, by the Board of County Commissioners, unless all such bills or accounts are filed in the office of the Court at which such account will be presented for payment.

J. A. MOORE, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant.

Fire-Proof Brick Store, WHARF ST., VICTORIA, V. I.

CASH ADVANCES MADE ON COMMISSIONS, at the lowest rates, and on the most liberal terms.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE ISSUED out of the District Court of Pierce County, W. T., on the 14th day of April, 1863, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon, and taken into execution, and will sell according to law, on the premises, in Steilacoom, on MONDAY, the 8th day of June, A. D. 1863, at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit:

All those certain lots or parcels of land situated in the town of Steilacoom, in Pierce County, Washington Territory, that are known and described on the recorded plat of said town as follows:

Lot No. one (1) in Block No. nine, (9) and the southwest half of Lot No. eight (8) in Block nine, (9) being thirty (30) feet front on Commercial street by one hundred and twenty (120) feet deep on Balch street.

The same to be sold to satisfy a judgment of foreclosure of mortgage calling for the sum of Seventeen Hundred Dollars, (\$1700) with interest at the rate of one per cent per month from the 10th day of February, A. D. 1863, until paid, together with costs and increased costs, as provided in the mortgage, and the balance of the mortgage, as against J. B. WEBBER, Administrator of the Estate of Lafayette Balch, deceased, and J. B. WEBBER.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE ISSUED out of the District Court of Pierce County, W. T., on the 17th day of May, 1863, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon, and taken into execution, and will sell according to law, on the premises, in Steilacoom, on SATURDAY, the 20th day of June, A. D. 1863, at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit:

All those certain lots or parcels of land situated in the town of Steilacoom, in Pierce County, Washington Territory, that are known and described on the recorded plat of said town as follows: Lot No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF SALE ISSUED out of the District Court of Pierce County, W. T., on the 14th day of April, 1863, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon, and taken into execution, and will sell according to law, on the premises, in Steilacoom, on SATURDAY, the 20th day of June, A. D. 1863, at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit:

All those certain lots or parcels of land situated in the town of Steilacoom, in Pierce County, Washington Territory, that are known and described on the recorded plat of said town as follows: Lot No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

REVENUE STAMPS.

FOR SALE AT THE POST OFFICE, REVENUE STAMPS of all descriptions.

Elk-Horn Market.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED A MARKET adjoining Keefe's store for the purpose of supplying the community at large with all kinds of choice

MEATS, VEGETABLES, &c.

At the lowest market prices for cash. Mills, Logging Camps, and all other articles, and all kinds of goods, at short notice, and have them put up in high-toned style.

BLACKSMITHING.

HAVING FORMED A PARTNERSHIP WITH the view of carrying on the above business, the undersigned take pleasure in announcing that they are prepared to execute satisfactorily and with dispatch all descriptions of work in Blacksmithing.

Fresh Meat!

THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that I have and will keep on hand a constant supply of

BEEF, PORK, AND MUTTON,

which I propose to sell at the lowest possible rates. Also, constantly on hand,

MILK COWS AND WORK OXEN.

Shop at the old stand of E. Meeker, Balch street, Steilacoom, W. T.

MILL AND WATER POWER FOR LEASE.

I NOW OFFER TO LEASE BY DOUBLE SAW-MILL, together with 800 acres of land, lying adjoining the town of Steilacoom, W. T., and immediately on the tide-water of Puget Sound. The mill is in good order, and ready for immediate use.

UNION SOAP WORKS,

MANUFACTURED AND CONSTANTLY ON HAND, for sale, CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP, No. 1 FAMILY PALM SOAP, and varieties of TOILET SOAP.

WANTED—50,000 lbs. Yellow or Clear Grain, at the Union Soap Works, STEILACOOM, W. T.

SUPPLY SOAP—25 cents per gallon. Try it.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Evening, June 4, 1863.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

WASHINGTON, May 19.

The official report of Col. Davis, commanding a portion of Gen. Stone's expedition, was two days ago received by the President...

CHICAGO, May 19.

A Washington special dispatch says Senator Wilson, who is now here, and who drew up the Reconstruction bill, is understood to differ entirely from decisions of the War Department...

NEW YORK, May 19.

The Herald's Washington special says, advice from Grant have been received by the President to-night, with details of his proceedings up to the 20th. He had fought five battles, captured 64 guns, and taken 9,400 prisoners.

WASHINGTON, May 24th.

The following official details of the battle of Black River have been received: Decisive victory over the rebels under Pemberton, on the Jackson and Vicksburg road...

NEW YORK, May 25.

A Washington special telegram to the Times says the War Department has issued orders requiring all abandoned rebel farms within Gen. Heintzelman's district to be put under cultivation by contractors.

WASHINGTON, May 25.

The Tribune's telegram from Washington, the 24th, says that Dr. Fritz, surgeon of the 30th New York regiment, arrived yesterday from Frederickburg, where he was detained to attend the wounded—Gen. Lee having given orders that so long as one of our wounded remained, some physician attached to his corps should attend to him.

CINCINNATI, May 18.

A late letter from Russellville, Kentucky, states that on Wednesday the 13th a party of sixty guerrillas fired on a train near South Union, and on the morning of the 15th the rebels were repulsed, and our troops now occupy a strong position in and around Cawville.

NEW YORK, May 24th.

A Port Royal letter reports the capture of the Schoer and Rotterdam, laden with cotton, off Charleston on the night of the 10th. The Savannah Republican, of the 18th, expresses apprehension of another invasion of Georgia. It says our dispatches announce the marching of 7,000 or 8,000 Yankees upon Rome, in this State.

LOUISVILLE, May 19.

A rebel force in Wayne and Clinton counties, Kentucky, said to number 17,000, with 44 pieces of artillery. Four regiments of infantry passed through Jamestown on the 16th. More regiments are at Murfreesboro, East Tennessee.

MEMPHIS, May 17.

A paper from Vicksburg reports that Gen. Grant defeated Gregg's brigade at Raymond, on Tuesday, May 13. The rebel loss is admitted in the paper to have been 700. The next day Gen. Gregg was reinforced by Gen. Walker, when he was attacked at Mississippi Springs, and driven towards Jackson.

CHICAGO, May 18.

The latest dates from Grant's army through National channels are to the 11th, and stated that at that time Logan and Osterhaus were marching towards Jackson, driving Bowen before them, while Grant was moving up the Black River expecting to engage Pemberton near the bridge over that stream.

CHICAGO, May 25.

A dispatch from Black River Bridge, 13 miles east of Vicksburg, the 17th, says McClernand's corps marched to this place early this morning. Osterhaus was in advance, and found the rebels strongly entrenched on the east bank of the river. The batteries were soon in position, playing on the enemy's works.

CHICAGO, May 26.

A private dispatch received in this city to-day, dated near Vicksburg the 24th, says in reference to the city, that it had not been captured up to that time. The dispatch says nothing at all as to what was done on Saturday.

MEMPHIS, May 25.

A young man out West says his aunt has promised him a deed of sixty acres of land if he will enlist. John C. Heenan and Tom King, the champion of Great Britain, have arranged a prize fight for \$10,000, to take place on the 8th of next December.

NEW YORK, May 21.

A letter from Mobile, dated May 7th, states that the British rebel steamer Egeria was captured on the night previous by the gunboats Cuyler and Kanawha. It is said that a rebel General was among the passengers for Havana.

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Business Cards.

E. S. FOWLER; WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, FLOUR, PROVISIONS AND TOBACCO. Pioneer Ship-Bread and Cracker Bakery, Fort Townsend, W. T. 5-25

ALEXANDER BUSWELL; PRACTICING BOOK-BINDER, Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer, 217 Clay and 214 Commercial st., Between Montgomery and Steilacoom, San Francisco, Cal. 5-21

J. V. MEBKER, SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER, Steilacoom, W. T. Calls from a distance respectfully solicited and promptly attended to. Address through the Post Office at this place. Terms moderate. 5-21

FRANK CLARE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office—Corner of Commercial and Main streets, STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-17

NEWMAN BROTHERS, 230 Battery St., near Sacramento street, SAN FRANCISCO, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES AND FEATHER DUSTERS

C. CROSBY, L. C. GRAY, DEALERS IN GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, HARDWARE AND DRY GOODS, 2nd Floor Water, W. T. 5-14

CHARLES F. ROBBINS, Importer and Dealer in Type, Presses, Printing Material, INKS, CARD STOCK, &c., Nos. 411 to 417 Clay street, (OPPOSITE FRANK BERRY), SAN FRANCISCO. 5-14

W.M. PAULKNER & SON, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Agents for James Cairn & Sons' U. S. TYPE FOUNDRY, And dealers in all kinds of PRINTING MATERIALS.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS. FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER. The commodious and fast-sailing schooner FLYING MIST, 120 Tons Capacity.

MOWERS AND REAPERS. FOR SALE LOW, TO CLOSE CONNECTION—THREE MOWERS AND REAPERS, for which legal tenders or War Bonds will be taken at par.

J. H. MUNSON & CO., Having just commenced an IMPORTING AND GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS, BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC that they have on hand and will continue to receive a general assortment of GROCERIES AND STAPLE GOODS.

UNION CLOTHING STORE. PINCUS & PACKSCHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HEAVY AND FINE CLOTHING, DAVIS & JONES'S SHIRTS, BOYS' CLOTHING, YANKEE NOTIONS, MIRRORS, SOAP, CANDLES, &c., &c.

WE HAVE ORDERS TO PURCHASE, FOR EUROPEAN ACCOUNT, at the highest rate, all species of FURS AND SKINS. Trappers and dealers sending us skins from the country may depend upon full rates and immediate remittance.

J. H. MUNSON & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HEAVY AND FINE CLOTHING, DAVIS & JONES'S SHIRTS, BOYS' CLOTHING, YANKEE NOTIONS, MIRRORS, SOAP, CANDLES, &c., &c.

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San Francisco Advertisements.

J. H. STILL & CO., BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS; GENERAL AGENTS FOR AMERICAN AND FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES, No. 217 Montgomery street, (this House) between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

J. F. S. & CO. HAVE JUST ISSUED A NEW LIST of 1863, of the principal Newspapers and Magazines, with the prices per annum, postage paid, supplied from their establishments, of which the following comprise the principal ones, viz:

Harper's Magazine, per annum, postage paid..... \$4 00 Atlantic Monthly..... 4 00 Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine..... 4 00

WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW STYLE IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE! ALL FORMER OBJECTIONS OVERCOME!

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. LADD, WEBSTER & CO.'S IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES. Are unequalled for beauty, simplicity of construction and efficiency in working, and are in every way RELIABLE.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM CURED ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT! FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, DEBILITY, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Croup, Sore Throat, &c., &c., &c.

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The Farmer's Corner.

Harvesting Roots.

Some persons say that potatoes should be taken from the ground as soon as they are ripe. That it is a bad policy to allow them to remain in the hills till the tops become entirely dry, as is the practice with some farmers. That potatoes managed in this way are almost always inferior to those harvested at maturity, and are not unfrequently watery and unfit for use.

These notions do not commend themselves to our view of the matter. It seems to us that no place can be found so completely adapted to the preservation of all the good qualities of the potato, until severe frosts come, as the cool moist soil where it grows. It comes to maturity there, the vines die, so that all action ceases between tuber and stem, the potatoes are not crowded or losing their moisture by evaporation, and are in the precise condition to be kept in the greatest perfection.

Some persons leave potatoes upon the ground, exposed to a hot sun during the day in which they are dug; thus those that are turned out in the morning lay in the sun during an entire day. We cannot think this practice a good one. If the potatoes are moist, and a considerable quantity of soil adheres to them, it is much better to put them in the bin as they are, for it is quite impossible to dry them thoroughly without injuring their eating qualities, as there is a principle in them which, when exposed to the sun concentrates and converts into actual poison. The small tubers which grow near the surface, and which, by the washing of the rains or other causes, are left bare, assume a greenish hue, and, when boiled, possess a disagreeable copperish taste. The same result is produced, in a less degree, by exposure to the sun and air after digging. It is a common practice in some places to deposit the potatoes in boxes and barrels, and protect them from the sun or air by a covering of sand or loam. This retains them moist, and effectually secures the preservation of all their qualities.

Turnips may remain in the field till late; as they are not so much injured by frost as is generally supposed. When "caught out" by frost, the turnip, if allowed to remain in the ground till it thaws, will not be essentially injured, either in its eating or keeping qualities. The soil abstracts the frost, and leaves the texture of the vegetable-stem nearly unimpaired. It is of importance to give the roots a cool place, where they can be occasionally ventilated during the winter, as in warm positions they are liable to become corky, and are much injured as to their instrumental properties.

The benefits of irrigation, or conducting a stream of water over meadow or other land, are not, as some have supposed, confined to locations subject to drought. It is not so much the water that the land needs, as what the water contains. Straws are not only fed by springs, but they receive much surface water, especially during violent showers, and long continued rains. In its passage over the soil the water takes up, both mechanically and chemically, a large portion of valuable fertilizing matter. This can readily be seen when the stream is turbid from recent storms. The best proof, however, of the presence of large amounts of such matter in running streams is found in the rich deposits of muck where the current of the stream is very sluggish, which allows much of the suspended matter to fall to the bottom. The accumulations, in such places frequently become so great as to change the channel of the stream, as is seen where deltas are formed at the mouths of rivers. Now if the water of a stream is made to rest a while upon a meadow, a large part of its impurities will be left where they are wanted, to fertilize the growing grass. This is the theory of irrigation as needed in most parts of the country. The manner of effecting it will depend upon the position of the stream and fields. Hundreds of brooks that are now idling through the field, yielding nothing but an occasional drink to the cattle, might be made to contribute largely towards enriching the farm.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceedingly great beauty, and highly accomplished, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused, to his great astonishment. "Am I not," asked he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?" "You are, undoubtedly, of the best blood of Poland," was the father's reply. "And my fortune and reputation—are they not?"

"Your estate is magnificent," continued the father, "and your conduct is irreproachable." "Then, having your daughter's consent, should I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," said the father, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, she can take away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living for a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed, and silently retired. A year afterwards the father was sitting at his door, when he saw approaching his house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a girl in the dress of a laundress. And when she saw suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter—the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wages made by his hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill. The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage of the couple.

But the story is not yet done. The revolution came—fortunes were plundered, and lands were considered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of their teachers; but the noble Poles supported his wife and her father in the infirmities of his age by his basket-making industry.

Useful Receipts.

How to PRESERVE BOOTS.—A writer in the *Mechanic's Magazine* says:—"I have had three pairs of boots for the last six years—and I think I shall not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treated them in the following manner:—I put a pound of rosin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warmed the boots and applied it hot with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor the upper leather will soak in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a tea-spoonful of lamp-black. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow or grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching and leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality, which preserves the whole. Boots and shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat that with it in the boots the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

OMELET OR EGG PUDDING.—Two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt, a pinch of soda, four eggs, and good sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. The addition of a spoonful of cream, or a bit of butter, is nice, and a tart apple, pared and sliced very thinly, is an improvement. In frying, use a long handled pan, and when ready, take a table-spoon half full of lard, and half of butter; when hot, pour the batter in, enough of it to make a little thicker than common buckwheat cakes. When it is a delicate brown on the under side, slip it into a plate, for, unless very dexterous with the knife, it will break in turning; put a few bits of butter and lard over it, and turn the pan quickly upon it; reverse and place over the fire, taking the plate off, or it would be heavy. If baked in thin cakes, with jelly between, it makes a nice dessert for dinner.

How to CURE A COUGH.—The *Journal of Health* says, if a man begins to cough, as the effect of a common cold, it is the result of nature attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any can do so, if she is only left alone, and her instincts cherished. What are those instincts? She abhors food, and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things: First, eat not an atom. Second, go to bed and cover up warm in a warm room. Third, drink as much water as he wants, or as much herb tea as he can; and, in three cases out of four, he will be almost entirely well in thirty-six hours.

BROILED STEAKS.—Should be cut from a well-kept rump, and they are generally liked about three quarters of an inch thick. Most cooks beat them well with a rolling-pin for ten minutes, but if the meat is of a good quality, and the rump is well kept, there will be no necessity for this. Just before finishing, rub a lump of butter over, and lightly dredge with pepper and salt. Pickled and scraped horse-radish make a good garnish, and for sauce suit your taste.

TO PREVENT MILK FROM TURNING SOUR.—To each quart of milk, add fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda. This addition will not affect the taste of the milk, and it promotes digestion.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR NEWS-PAPERS, MAGAZINES, AND OTHER PERIODICALS. A circular list of Periodicals, with the prices annexed. The following are among the most popular:

Table listing various magazines and newspapers with their subscription prices. Includes titles like Harper's Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book, Atlantic Monthly, and others.

Miscellaneous Items.

A monk, who had introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at the same time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, "My lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to his son, who was in the room, "You see, sir, that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my request."

The son immediately exclaimed—"Father, is it your wish that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given, and the youth instantly rewarded the assiduity of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

Who has not felt the beauty of a woman's arm—the unspeakable suggestions of tenderness that lie in the dimpled elbow, and all the gently lessening curves down to the delicate wrists with its tinnest, almost imperceptible nicks in the firm softness. A woman's arm touched the soul of a great sculptor 2,000 years ago, so that he wrought an image of it for the Parthenon, which moves us still as it clasps, lovingly, the time-worn marble or a headless trunk.

Our lady readers would doubtless like to know who was the inventor of the hoop petticoat—the Empress Eugenie being only the reviver of an old fashion. A celebrated mantua maker named Mrs. Shelby, who died in 1717, is said to have been the author of this airy machinery, which now surrounds the skirts of all the female sex, and occupies the minds of all the male.

Rotterdam Judge.—"What is your native language?" Witness.—"I pe no native, Ise a Dutechman." J.—"What is your mother tongue?" W.—"O, fader say she be all dutch." J. (in an irritable tone).—"What language did you first learn? what language did you speak in the cradle?" W.—"I did not speak no language in the cradle at all; I only cried in Dutch."

An elegantly-dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris, where there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked if smoking would inconvenience her? She replied: "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon, the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

A fast man, like a fast stream, is usually shallow.

CURE IS AT HAND!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Rheumatic Eruptions, as Sore Heads and Scrofulous Swellings.

If this powerful Ointment be well rubbed into the parts affected, all skin diseases will be speedily overcome. It acts not by repression, but repulsion. It enters the pores of the skin, and, in order to give it a wider circulation, the publishers have resolved to reduce the price to

\$5 for the Two Volumes!

When sent by mail (post paid) to California, Oregon and Washington, the price will be \$7. To every other part of the Union, and to Canada, (post paid) \$6. This is not the old "Book of the Farm."

THE FARMER'S GUIDE

To Scientific and Practical Agriculture, By Henry Sturges, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, and the late J. P. Norton, President of the Agricultural Society in Yale College, New Haven. 2 vols. Royal octavo. 1600 pages, and numerous Engravings.

This is confessedly the most complete work on Agriculture ever published, and in order to give it a wider circulation, the publishers have resolved to reduce the price to

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