PUGET SOUND HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

VOL. VI. STEILACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864. NO. 21.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

CHARLES PROSCH,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Subscription:

For one year	$5 00
For six months	3 00
Five copies to one address, per ann.,	20 00
Single copies	25 cents.

☞ Drafts of Lumber Mills taken at par for subscriptions; Legal Tender Notes received only at their market value.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square, (ten lines or less) first insertion ... $5 00
Each subsequent insertion ... 1 00

A deduction of 50 per cent. on the above rates is made in favor of yearly advertisers.

Business Cards, not exceeding ten lines, (including a copy of the paper) per annum. 25 00

No advertisement, however small, inserted at a less rate than $25 per annum.

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

☞ Local and transient advertisements must in all cases be paid for before insertion.

L. P. FISHER,

639 Washington street, San Francisco,

is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and the Atlantic cities, and collecting and receipting for the same.

ALSO,

WM. H. TOBEY,

Corner of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco,

is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions, and collecting and receipting for the same.

CHAS. PROSCH.

FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.

THE ECHOES.

BY WM. B. GRENELL.

Hush! list to the echoes which come o'er the wave,
"From the land of our fathers, the home of the brave;"
They whisper of battles which fiercely shall wag,
They tell of a drama, and this is the stage.

In a warm sunny clime where the cotton plant grows,
And the fair plains are decked with the bloom of the rose;
Where for ages the black has in agony toiled,
While the lords of creation their hands have not soiled;
Where labor's degrading and manhood is crush'd;
Where crimes are committed at which devils blush'd;
Where man is a chattel, and woman a thing
Whose charms on the block at an auction they sing;
Where the holiest tie God has given to man
Is distorted and broken, as but Slavery can;
Where the maid is dishonored, the mother defiled;
Where the boy sells his mother, the father his child;
Where dishonor and treason stalk free o'er the earth,
Where Slavery receives them and gives them a birth;
Where the cries of the parted still ring in the air,
Crying wild o'er the waters, "Oh, where, love, tell where
Have they borne thee to linger in sorrow a'one,
And never know a comfort, a joy, or a home!"
Hark! list to the echoes which peal in despair!
They tell me of sorrow, they tell me of care,
Hush! list to the echoes, how wildly they rage!
They tell me of this, the first act on the stage.

Hark! list to the echoes! the North with a bound
O'er the bright belt of States lets the war trumpet sound!
They flock from the workshop, they come from the field,
The swords of their fathers with fierce arm they wield;
They strike for that banner which once o'er the land
Spread its folds, 'neath which patriots in honor could stand.
Hark! list to the echoes sounding sternly to-day,
And this is the second great act in the play.

Hark! list to the echoes which come o'er the sea,
From the land of our fathers, the home of the free!
'Tis night: on the bank of the river they sleep,
The men of the workshop, the sons of the deep;
Not a sound breaks the silence (they hear not their foes)
But the step of the sentry as his comrades repose.
But hark! hear the echoes: "to arms!" now they say;
In a moment we meet them in battle affray,
With the cry of "America, God, and the Right!"
I pity the wretches crying quarter to-night.
Then the battle is over, and o'er the redoubts
We listen with joy to the victors' loud shouts:
Hark! hear ye the echoes sounding glory to-day,
And that this is the tragical act of the play.

Hush! list to the echoes! our banner now bright
Spreads its folds o'er our country, dispelling the night.
While o'er the still waters the cannon's loud tones
Cry out in their thunder, "Come, come to your homes;
For the Star-spangled banner shall wave o'er the free
While the earth bears its fruits or a ship sails the sea."
Hark! hear ye the echoes sounding joyous to-day,
For they tell us that this is the end of the play.

FORT ANGELES, April 25, 1864.

An individual is told of as doing business in one of the markets, who is down on customers who don't speak properly.

"What's eggs, this morning?" said a customer.

"Eggs, of course," says the dealer.

"I mean, how they go?"

"Go where?"

"Sho—!" says the customer, getting up his fury, "what for eggs?"

"Money, money, sir! or good endorsed credit!" says the dealer.

"Don't you understand the English language, sir!" says the customer.

"Not as you mix and mingle it, I don't!" responded the egg merchant.

"What—is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your—eggs?"

"Ah, now you talk," said the dealer. "Sixteen cents per dozen is the price, sir!"

They traded. But it appears that another customer, who, on asking "what's eggs this morning?" was answered "eggs, of course," responded, "well, I'm glad of that, for the last I got of you were half chickens."

Table-talk and lovers' talk equally elude the grasp; lovers' talk is clouds, table-talk is smoke.

There are no little facts in humanity. The features of the months and years make up the face of the century.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Hume and the Mayor of Berwick.

The Lord Hume of the latter part of the seventeenth century had a natural son, Patrick, an arch rogue, inheriting the fire of the blood of the Humes, along with that which burnt in the black eyes of the gipsies of Yetholm. He was brought up by his father, and, true to the principles of his education, would acknowledge no patrons of the heart save the three ruling powers of love, laughter, and war—Cupid, Momus, and Mars—a trio chosen from all the gods, as being alone worthy of the worship of a gentleman. How Patrick got acquainted and in love with the Mayor of Berwick's daughter, Isabella, we cannot say, nor need antiquarians try to discover; for where there was a Southron to be slain or a lady to be won, Patrick Hume cared no more for bar, but respects, battlement, fire or water, than did Jove for his own thunder cloud, under the shade of which he courted the daughter of Inachus. Letting alone the recondite subject of "love's beginning," we shall tread safer ground in stating that their affection had been very materially increased, on both sides, by the walls of Berwick; for though Patrick was a great despiser of fortifications, he had felt, in the affair of his love for Isabella, the fair daughter of the Mayor of Berwick, that there is no getting a damsel through a loophole though there might be poured as much sentimental and pathetic speech through the invidious opening as ever passed through the free air that fills the breeze under the trysting thorn.

At the period of our story, the town of Berwick belonged to the English; and the Mayor, being himself either an Englishman, or connected by strong ties of relationship with the English, had a strong antipathy towards the Scottish Border raiders, whom he denominated as gentlemen-robbers, headed by the noble robber Hume. But, above all, he hated young Patrick, into whose veins, he said, there had been poured the distilled raid-venom and love-poison of all the gentlemen-scaumers that ever infested the Borders. The origin of this hatred had some connection with an affair of the Newmilne, belonging to Berwick; the dam-dike of which, Patrick alleged, prevented the salmon from getting up the river, and hence destroyed all his angling sport, as well as that of all the noblemen and gentlemen that resorted to the river for the purpose of practising the "gentle art." He had therefore threatened to pull it down, to let up the fish; and sounded his threat in the ears of the indignant Mayor, in terms that were made stronger and bitterer by the thought that dikes and walls were his greatest bane upon earth; by the walls of Berwick the Mayor kept from his arms the fair Isabella, and by the dam-dike of Newmilne the same Mayor deprived him of the pleasure of angling. Was such power on the part of a Mayor to be borne by the high-spirited youth who had been trained to look upon mason-work as a mere stimulant to love or war—a thing that raised the value of what it enclosed by the opposition it offered to the young blood that raged for entrance; the youth thought not. He vowed that he would neither lose his Isabella nor his salmon; and, as fate would have it, the old Mayor had heard the vow, and vowed also that young Patrick should lose both.

Having fished one day to no purpose, in consequence of the obstruction of "that most accursed of all dam-dikes, the Newmilne dike," as Patrick styled it, he threw down his rod and lay down upon the bank of the river, to wait the hour when the moon should summon and light him to the loophole in the other of his hated obstructions, the walls of Berwick—where that evening he expected to meet his beloved Isabella, and commune with her in the eloquent language of their mutual passion. The bright luminary burst in the midst of his reveries from behind an autumn cloud, and flashed a long silver beam upon the rolling waters. He started to his feet.

"It is beyond my time," he said, self-accusingly. "My Isabella is on Berwick wall, and I am still lingering here by the banks of the river, three miles from where my love and honor require me to be. The loiterer in love is a laggard in war; and shame on the Hume who is either."

In a short time the young Hume was standing beneath a buttress of the old walls of the town, looking earnestly through a small opening, in which he expected to see the face of the fair daughter of the Mayor.

"Art there at last, love?" said he, in a soft voice, as he saw, with palpitating heart, the pretty but arch face of the bewitching heiress of all the wealth of the old burgher lord peering through the aperture. "What, in the name of him who got his wings in the lap of Venus, and useth them to this hour as cleverly as doth our pretty messenger of Spring, hath kept thee, wench?"

"Ha! ha! hush! hush, man!" responded she, whose spirit equalled that of the boldest Hume that ever headed a raid. "Thou'rt the laggard. I've waited for thee an hour, until I've sighed this little love-hole into an oven heat, waiting thee, thou lover of broken troth! Some gipsy queen in Haugh of the Tweed hath wooed thee out of thy affection for thy Isabel; and now thou askest what hath kept me. Ha! ha! Good—for a Hume."

"The moon cheated me, and went skulking under a cloud," responded Hume.

"And the cloud threw my love in the shade," added quickly the gay girl. "Methought love kept his own dial, and was independent of sun or moon. What if a rebel vapor cometh over the queen of heaven that night thou art to make me free? My hope of liberty, I fancy, would be clouded; and I would be remitted again to the care of Captain Wallace, who keepeth the town and the Mayor's daughter from the spoiling arms of the robber Humes."

"Ha! ha!" replied he, "thy father wanteth not a Mayor's wits, Isabella, in offering thee as a prize to the Governor of the town. Excellent device, i'faith! The old burgher lord knew he could not keep thee, mad-cap wench as thou art, from a hated Hume's arms, unless he gave the Captain an interest as a lover in guarding thee, like a piece of the old wall of Berwick."

"And therein thou'rt well compli mented," replied she; "for my father could not get, in all Berwick, a man that could keep me from thee, but he who guardeth town, and Mayor, and maiden together. Since the Governor, as a lover, got charge of me I am more firmly caged than ever was the old countess, who was so long confined in the grated wing cage of the old castle. When art thou to free me from the Governor's love and surveillance, good Patrick? If what I have now to tell thee hath no power to quicken thy wits and nerve thine arm, thou art indeed thyself no better than one of those stones to which, in thy wit, thou hast likened me. Know'st that a day is fixed for Captain Wallace becoming my legal governor?"

"Ha!" cried Hume, in agitation. "This soundeth differently from the playful hammer of thy wit, Bell. What day is fixed? Thou hast fired me with high purposes."

"How high tower they?" cried the maiden, laughing. "Do they reach thy former threat, to pull down the Newmilne dam-dike and let up the salmon, in revenge for the letting down of the Mayor's daughter?"

"Another time for thy wit, Bell," replied Patrick, in a more serious tone. "Thou hast put to flight my spirits. The grey owl meditation is flapping his dingy wing over my heart. The time—the time—when is the day?"

"This day sennight," answered Isabella. "Hush! hush! here cometh the Governor, blowing like a Tweedmouth grampus, fresh from the German Sea, in full run after a lady-fish of the queen of rivers."

And now Hume heard the hoarse voice of the redoubted Governor, Captain Wallace—that fat, overgrown, belligerent son of Mars, so famous in his day for vaunting of feats of arms at Bothwell (where he never was) over the Mayor's wine, and in presence of his fair daughter, whom he thus courted under the manner of the noble Moor, with a slight difference as to the truth of his feats scarce worth mentioning. It appeared to Hume, as he listened, that Wallace, and the Mayor, who was with him, had sallied out, after the fourth bottle, in search of Isabel—a suspicion verified by the speech of the warlike Captain.

"Did I not tell thee, Mr. Mayor," said the Governor, in a voice that reverberated among the walls, and fell distinctly on Hume's ear, "that she would be about the foot flatations? Ha! anything appertaining to war delighteth the fair creature as much as it did that rare author, Will Shakspeare's Desdemona. If I had been as black as the Moor—ay, or as the devil himself—my prowess at Bothwell would have given this person of mine, albeit somewhat enlarged, the properties of beauty in the eyes of noble-spirited women, so much do our bodies borrow from the qualities of our souls."

"Where is she?" rejoined the Mayor. "I like not that love of the fortifications. It is the outside of the wall she loves. See, she flies, conscience-smitten. I like not this, my noble Captain; see, there is Patrick Hume beyond the wall. If thou hast courage, drive thy pike through that loop, and peradventure ye may blind a Hume for life."

"I like to strike a man fair body to body, as we did on the Bridge of Bothwell," responded the Captain. "Ha! ha! give me the loophole of a good bilbo thrust, out of which the soul wings its flight in a comfortable manner. Nevertheless, to please my noble friend the Mayor, and to get quit of a rival, I may (lowering his voice to a whisper) as well kill him in the way thou hast propounded; but I assure thee, upon my honor, I would much rather have the fellow before me without the intervention of these plaguey walls, that come thus in the way and march of one's valor. There he goes!"

On looking up, Hume saw the Captain's bilbo thrust up manfully through the night air, as if it would pierce the night gnomes and spirits that love to hang over old battlements. Taking out his handkerchief, he wrapped it round his hand, and seized by the point of the sword, gave it a jerk, which (and the consequent terror) disengaged it from the hand of the pot valiant hero of Bothwell. A shout of fear was heard from within.

"Stop! stop! mine good Mr. Mayor!" cried the Captain to the Mayor, who had begun to fly; "I do not see as yet any very great, that is, serious cause of apprehension; but, I forget, thou wert not at Bothwell. By my honor, I've done for him! He hath carried off my sword in his body. Was it Patrick Hume, saidst thou? Then is he dead as my grandmother, and no more shall he follow after my betrothed, or threaten thee with the downfall of the Newmilne dam-dike. All I sorrow for is my good sword, which, but for that accursed loop, I might have redrawn from his vile carcase, and thus saved my properly at the same time that I gave the carrion crows of old Berwick a dinner."

"Ah! but he's a devil, that Hume," responded the Mayor. "Long has he hounded after my daughter Bell; and, though it is now likely near an end with him, I should not like to come in the way of the dying tiger. Let us home."

The sound of the retreating warriors brought back Hume to the loophole, to see if Isabel was still there, to whom he was anxious to propose a plan whereby he might (with the gay romp's most cheerful good-will and hearty co-operation) carry her off from the contaminating embrace of the pot-valiant Governor, with whom she was to wed on that day sennight. He waited a long time, but no Isabel came. He suspected that the Mayor, after having caught her speaking to him, (Hume) his most inveterate foe, would, as he had often done before, lock her up, and set the noble Captain as a guard upon his lady-love. Cursing his unlucky fate, that brought them out to interrupt his converse with the mistress of his heart, and prevent the arrangement of an elopement, he bent the Captain's bilbo hilt to point, till it rebounded with a loud twang, and stepping away up the Tweed, fell into a deep meditation as to the manner by which he should secure Isabel. As he went along, his eye fell upon that source of so much contention between the men of Berwick and the Border barons, the dam-dike of the Newmilne, and against which the Lord Hume, as well as himself and many of the neighboring knights and lairds, had vowed destruction. A thought flashed across his mind and his eye sparkled in the moonbeam as brightly as did the Captain's sword, which he still held in his hand.

"I have hit it!" he cried, as he clapped his hand on his thigh, and the sound echoed back from the mill-walls. "For spearing a salmon or a Southron, dissolving that old foolish tenure between a proprietor and his cattle, or cutting the tie of forced duty between a rich old Mayor and his daughter, where shall the bastard of Hume be equalled on the Borders? My fair Bell, thou wouldst spring with the elasticity of this lent blade, and dance like these moonbeams in the Tweed, if thou wert in the knowledge of this thought that now tickles the wild fancy of thy lover, whom thou equalest in all that belongest to the gay heart and the bounding spirit."

Occupied with these thoughts, Patrick went home to the castle of the Humes, and next morning he bent his way to Foulden, where he sought Lord Ross's bailie, James Sinclair, a man who had a very hearty spite against the obstruction to the passage of the Tweed salmon. With him he communed for a considerable time, and thereafter he proceeded to Paxton and to others of the gentlemen in the vicinity. The subject of these interviews will perhaps best be explained by the following placard, which appeared in various parts of Berwick two days thereafter:—

"On Friday last, the tenant of Newmilne, belonging to the town of Baricke, gave information to our honorable Mayor, who has communicated the same to our gallant Governor, Captain Wallace, that the Lord Hume and other the Scottish gentlemen, our neighbors, do, on Monday next, intend to be at the Newmilne aforesaid by ten of the clock of the morninge; and that they had summoned their tenants to be then and there present, also, to assist in the breaking downe and demolishing the dam of the said Newmilne; and that the Lord Ross his bailiffe of Foulden had given out in speeches that he was desired to summon the said Lord Ross, his tenants and inhabitants of Foulden barony, to be then and there aiding and assisting them, also, for better effecting the same: Whereupon it is necessary that, at a ringing of a belle, our tounsmen, headed by our Mayor, and directed by the warlike genius of Captain Wallace, should proceed to the said Newmilne, and give battle in defence of the said dike, which is indispensable to the existence of the toun's property. God save the Mayor!"

The effect produced by this proclamation was rapid and stirring. The English, at that period, had contrived to raise a strong prejudice in the minds of the Berwick burghers against the Border Scots; and the intelligence that the dar ngrobers intended to demolish their property inflamed them to the high point of resolution to fight under their valorous Captain while one stone of the dike remained on another, and one drop of blood was left in their bodies. Hume, who had a greater part in the occasion of these preparations than had been made apparent, got secret intelligence of all that was going on within the town; but none of his vergils at the loophole were rewarded with a sight of his spirited Isabel, who he understood, had been confined in her father's house since the night on which she had been discovered upon the wall. Meanwhile the preparations for the defence of the town's property proceeded; and, on the Monday morning, a bell, whose loud tongue spoke "war's alarums," sounded over town and walls, spreading fear among the timid, and rousing in the noble breasts of the valorous proud and swelling resolutions to give battle to the Border robbers, in the style of their ancestors. Ever since the first announcement, they had been drilled by the Captain, whose loud command of voice, proud bearing bent back (bent in self-defence against the counterpoise of his stomach) and martial strut, filled them with great awe of his power, and great confidence in his abilities. Many hundred people, "on horse and foote, (we use the language of our old chronicle) were gathered together, considerably armed with swordes, pistolles, firelocks blunderbushes, fallingpieces, bowes, and arrowes of the tyme of the first Edward, and other powerful ammunition fit to resist the ryot of the Scotch; and away they marched to the newe mile, with Mr. Mayor and the Governor, (a vertie terrible man of war—to be married the morn to the Mayor's dochter Isabel, if he come back with lyffe) and the sergeants with their halberts and constables with their staves, going before them."

This extraordinary cavalcade was seen passing along the road by Patrick Hume, who had, with his companions, retired behind some brushwood, the better to enjoy the sight. The warriors passed on, and every now and then the loud voice of the captain was heard commanding and exhorting his troops to keep up their courage for the coming strife. When the last file was disappearing, Hume and his companions made the woods resound with a loud laugh, and starting up, and crying, "For Berwick, ho!" they hurried away in the direction of the town, which the Governor, in his anxiety to form a large assemblage, had left without a guard. Meanwhile the burgher army pushed on to Newmilne; and they pitched their camp and continued about three or four hours "off the banks and about the milne; still there was nae appearance of the Scotch coming to fecht with them." For a long time the captain was solemn and quiet; but when it appeared that the Scots "were not to come to show fecht," he got as wordy as a blank-verse poet, and stood up in the face of a neighboring wood, from which it was expected the enemy would emanate, and called upon the cowards (as he styled them) to come out "and dare to touch one stone of the milne dam-dike."

"Did I not tell thee, Mr. Mayor," he cried, "that I killed Patrick Hume? If not, where is he now, and he the Lord Ross of Foulden, and he of Paxton, and all the rest of the Border heroes? Come forth from thy wood recesses, if there be as much pluck in thee as will enable thee to meet the fire of the eye of the Governor of Berwick! Ha! ha! The rascals must have been at Bothwell, where, doubtless, they felt the pith of this arm. There goeth the disadvantage of bravery! The devil a man will encounter one whose name is terrible, and I fear I may never have the luxury of a good fight again. This day I expected to have fleshed my good sword. To-morrow is my wedding day. How glorious would it have been to have made it also a day of victory! I could almost hack these unconscious trees for very spite, and to give my sword the exercise it lacketh."

The bells of Berwick now began to swing and ringing as if the town had been invaded; and messengers, breathless and panting, arrived at the camp and communicated the intelligence that the Bastard of Hume had, with a body of men, got entrance to the Mayor's house, by showing the guard the Governor's sword, and carried off Isabella, the Mayor's daughter, who was more willing to go than to stay. The captain's spirit was changed. He burned to reclaim his bride; but he feared the Bastard of Hume, whose prowess was acknowledged far and wide on the Borders. As fate would have it, the Berwickers came up with the Bastard's party, who, with the gay and laughing Isabel in their midst, were seated in the old Berwick wood, enjoying some wine which she, with wise providence, had handed to one of the men as a refreshment when they should be beyond danger.

"Ha! traitor!" cried the Mayor, "the device of sending us to Newmilne will not avail thee. Give me my daughter, traitor," addressing himself to the Bastard, who stood now in the front of the party, all prepared for a tough defence.

"In either of two events thou shalt have her," cried Hume—"if thou canst take her, or if she is willing to go with thee."

"No, no!" cried the sprightly maid herself, coming boldly forward. "I love my father and the good citizens of Berwick, and none of them shall lose a drop of their blood for Isabel. If we are to have battle, let it be between the two lovers who claim my hand. By the honor of a Mayor's daughter, I shall be his who gaineth the day! Stand forward, Patrick Hume and Governor Wallace."

"Bravo!" shouted the burghers, delighted with a scheme that smacked so sweetly of justice and safety.

All eyes were now turned on the Captain; and Isabel, delighted with her scheme, was seen concealing her face with the corner of her cloak, to suppress her laughter. The Captain saw, however, neither justice nor safety in the scheme, and, edging near the Mayor, whispered into his ear his intention not to fight. Palpable indications of fear were escaping from his trembling limbs, and the hero of Bothwell was on the eve of being discovered. Hume was prepared—he stood, sword in hand, ready for the combat.

"Come forward, Captain!" cried the Bastard.

"Come forward!" resounded from Isabel, and a hundred voices of the burghers.

"I am the Governor of Berwick," answered the hero, in a trembling voice, keeping the body of the Mayor between him and Hume. "As the servant of the King, I dare not" (panting) "run the risk of reducing my authority—by—by—engaging, I say, by committing myself in single combat, like a knight errant, for a runaway damsel. It comporteth not with my dignity—hegh—hegh—I say, I cannot come down from the height of my glory at Bothwell, by committing myself in a love brawl. But ye are men—hegh—hegh—ye are bound to fight when I command. Do your duty—on, on, I say, to the rescue."

"We want not the wench," responded many voices. "He that will not fight for his love, deserves to lose her for his cowardice." "Resign her, good Mayor," cried others. "Give the damsel her choice," added others. "Bravo, good fellows!" cried Bell, in the midst of her laughter; and a shout from Hume's men rewarded her spirit. The enthusiasm was caught by the Berwickers, some of whom, observing certain indications thrown out by Isabel, ran forward and got from her a flagon of good wine. The vessel was handed from one to another. "Hurra for Hume!" shouted the Berwickers. The tables were turned. All, to a man, were with Isabel and her partner. The Mayor had sense enough to see his position. In any way he was to lose his daughter, and he heartily despised the coward that would not fight for his love.

"Hume," he cried, standing forward, "come hither; and, Isabel, approach the side of thy father."

The laughing damsel ran forward, and perceiving her absolute safety, flung herself on her father's neck, and hung there, amidst the continued shouts of the men.

"Forgive me, forgive me, father!" cried she. "My choice is justified by my love, and the characters of my lovers. The one is a coward, the other a brave youth. Hume's intentions are honorable, and I may be the respected wife of one of noble blood."

"I forgive thee, Bell," answered the father. And he took her hand and placed it in Hume's. "Come, Captain, forgive her, too, and let us all be friends."

He looked round for the Captain, and all the party looked also; but the hero was gone. He had mounted a white Rosinante, as thin as he was fat, and was busy striking her protruding bones with his sword, to propel her on to Berwick, where he thought he would be more safe than where he was. The figure he made in his retreat—his large swelled body on the lean jade, like a tun of wine on a gantress—his anxiety to get off—his receding position—his flight after such a day of vaunting—all conspired to render the sight ludicrous in the extreme. One general burst of laughter filled the air; but the Captain held on his course, and never stopped till he arrived at Berwick. That day Hume and Isabel were wed—and a happy day it was for the Berwickers; who, in place of fighting, were occupied in drinking the healths of the couple. The device of Hume, in sending them to the Newmilne, was admired for its ingenuity; and all Berwick rang with the praises of Hume and his fair spouse. Regular entries were made in the council books, of the expedition to the Newmilne, "where they braived the Scottes to come out and fecht them, butte the cowardes never appeared." But it was deemed prudent to say nothing therein of Hume's trick, which, doubtless, might have reduced the amount of bravery which it was necessary should appear, for the honor of the town.

Taken Prisoner.

"No rent again this month? This is the third time it has happened within the half year. I'll go there myself, and get the money, or I'll know the reason why!"

Mr. Matthew Deane was in particularly bad humor this raw December morning. Everything had gone wrong. Stocks had fallen when they ought to have risen—his clerk had tipped over the inkstand on his special and peculiar heap of papers—the fire obstinately refused to burn in the grate—in short, nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was correspondingly cross.

"Jenkins."

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the Widow Clarkson's and tell her I shall be there in half an hour, and expect confidently—mind, Jenkins, confidently, to receive the rent money. Or else I shall feel myself obliged to resort to extreme measures. You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there staring like an idiot," snarled Mr. Deane in a sudden burst of irritation, and Jenkins disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterwards, Mr. Matthew Deane brushed the brown hair, just sprinkled with gray, away from his square, yet not unkindly brow, and putting on his fur-lined overcoat, he walked forth into the chilly winter air, fully determined, figuratively, to annihilate the defaulting Widow Clarkson.

It was a dwarfish little red brick house, which appeared originally to have aspired to two story-hood lot, but cramped by circumstances, had settled down into a story and a half, but the windows shone like Brazilian pebbles, and the door steps were worn by much scouring. Neither of these circumstances, however, did Mr. Deane remark, as he pulled the glittering brass door knob, and strode into Mrs. Clarkson's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small, as if every lump of anthracite was hoarded, in the stove, and at a table, with writing implements before her, sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's neice, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not disagreeable to look upon, though you would never have thought of classing her among the beauties, with shining black hair, blue, long lashed eyes and scarlet ribbons played a prominent part.

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked the clerk, when he walked into the office.

"Mind your business, sir!" was the tart response.

"I pity her husband," he thought, as he turned the papers over on his desk. "How she will henpeck him. By the way, I wonder who her husband will be?"

The next day he called at the widow Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that he had no idea of breaking his promise, and the next but one after that, he came to inform the young lady she need entertain no doubt of his integrity. And the next week he dropped in on them with no particular errand to serve as an excuse!

"When shall we be married, Olive? Next month? Do not let us put it off later."

"I have no wish but yours, Matthew."

"Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear that meek tone, one would suppose you had never locked the up here, and tyrannized over me as a jailor."

Olive burst into a laugh.

"You dear old Matthew. I gave a warning beforehand that I mean to have my way in everything. Do you wish to recede from your bargain? It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Deane didn't; he had a vague idea that it would be very pleasant to be henpecked by Olive!

A friend, residing in Port Huron, Michigan, has a little son about nine years old. A neighbor of his had a lovely and interesting daughter of about the same age. These children have been playmates and fast friends for several years, and, as is frequently the case in like circumstances, have been often bantered on the childish attachment. Lately Uncle Sam E——, the father of the boy, met little Jennie on the street.

"What profession do you want Alva to study for?" said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, at the same time stroking affectionately the curls of the little maiden.

"Oh!" said she with a confused hesitation and an interesting lisp, "I don't know, Mr. E——. I shouldn't like to have him be a minister, I guess."

"And why don't you want him to be a minister, Jennie?" said the old gentleman, smiling.

"Oh, cause," replied she, blushing and looking down with unaffected modesty, "ministers' children never have any fun."

In the autobiography of Dr. Beecher, mention is made of a certain ——, who was so economical that he boasted of having kept all his accounts for thirty years with one quill pen, and said he had thought so closely on the subject of economy that he knew exactly how to lean his arm on the table so as not to take the nap off, and how to set down his foot with the least possible wear to the sole of the shoe."

A housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house as the servant returned. "Yes ma'am directly," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

Those Spanish girls are terrible creatures, when the fit is on them. One of them recently killed her lover in a rage, and then stuffing him into her bed, she slept upon him for five nights.

The human brain is a little thing, but there may be convulsions within it more terrible than those of Ætna.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD
Is issued every SATURDAY MORNING, at $5 per annum, payable in advance; for six months, $3; single copies, 25 cents. Five copies to one address, $20.

The columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are open to communications on all questions of public policy and interest, and the advocacy of all sides of every question shal be freely heard; but such communications as are not of a general public nature or are intended for the furtherance of individual ends, will be charged as advertisements. The rule will in no case be departed from.

Communications descriptive of the character and resources of localities in the Territory, the inducements they present for settlement, etc., are solicited from well-informed sources.

Persons calling at this office, on any business whatever, will please remember that it is against the rules of all printing offices to engage therein in loud discussions or conversation. We desire our friends generally to bear this in mind.

Letters on personal matters, requiring written answers, when they have no reference to our business, will receive no attention.

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
SATURDAY, May 7, 1864.

OUR PLATFORM.

"THE UNCONDITIONAL MAINTENANCE OF THE UNION, THE SUPREMACY OF THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE COMPLETE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION, WITH THE CAUSE THEREOF, BY VIGOROUS WAR AND ALL APT AND EFFICIENT MEANS."

LATE NEWS.—The latest news we have yet received came to hand yesterday, by the steamer *Libby*, in about fifty hours from Portland, and four days from New York and the seat of war. Though very late, it possesses but little importance, beyond indicating that a momentous, if not a decisive, battle is near at hand. Capt. Libby has our thanks for his courtesy in furnishing a paper containing the news.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—There is a great deal of talk about the Monroe doctrine introduced into the Presidential canvass. It affords oppotunity for much speech-making; and in the manufacture of platforms it is found a most available plank. But this is entirely unnecessary. There is a very simple plan of settling all fears about the violation of the Monroe doctrine at rest forever. Let Gen. Grant be sustained with men, and authority to carry out his measures in the field; give him a chance to crush out the rebellion, and the Monroe doctrine will take care of itself. With the rebellion put down, and Grant at the head of one million of men, neither France nor Spain will trouble us on this continent after that happy consummation is achieved.—Therefore let us fill up the muster roll of the army.

CONFEDERATE NOTES AT PAR.—During the passage of one of the ocean steamers to Portland, a few weeks since, a Secesh boaster stated that Confederate notes were as good as coin, and he was willing to redeem them in gold at par. A bystander immediately produced a $5 note, and asked him to redeem it, which he did. This was quickly followed by the tender of other Confederate notes by different persons, until the patriotic Secessionist had paid out about $300; when the individual who presented the first note produced a wallet containing $6,000 of the rebel paper. This was too much for Secesh; he couldn't stand the press, and declared the institution had suspended payment. He said he had no idea that there were a dozen of these worthless notes on the Pacific coast. He was at least more consistent than the Copperheads hereabouts; but we question whether he will be caught in a like snare again.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—The Democratic party at the East are splitting on the issue of sustaining the Administration in the vigorous prosecution of the war. Tammany Hall has broken loose from its affiliation with the peace faction in its party, and has mounted the war-horse with the evident intention of sticking to it until the rebellion is effectually crushed. Patriotism is not yet defunct in that party, notwithstanding the efforts of the Seymours, the Woods, and other Northern traitors, to stifle it. There are now signs that the party will ere long be purged of the foul taint which these wretches sought to engraft upon it.

THE WAR IS ONE OF SELF-DEFENCE.—The peace Democracy, as one of its most potent arguments, is often declaiming that "the war should be stopped, because the North and the South are brothers." So were Cain and Abel, yet Cain rose against his brother and slew him. When the South, actuated by the spirit of Cain, rose against the North, the North concluded to assist Abel's fate, and defend its life against the murderous designs of its assailants.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—The St. Louis *Democrat*, in enumerating the candidates that could be brought forward for the Presidency, makes mention of Gen. Butler and Gen. Banks. Of the former it says: "No man of the present day comes nearer to our idea of what Jackson would be, if living, than General Benjamin F. Butler."

SHIPMENT OF PRODUCE.—The sloop *Letitia*, Capt. Adams, sailed on Thursday evening with another load of produce, comprising mainly hay and oats, for Victoria. This is her third trip for the same destination, with produce, we believe. There are a few more cargoes left yet in the county.

PERIODICALS, ETC.—We are indebted to J. Stratman, periodical and newspaper dealer, San Francisco, for a supply of magazines and papers, embracing the best published in the East. They are always welcome and useful, and we thank the Major for them.

THANKS to Capt. Sears, of sloop *Narcissa*, for Victoria papers.

A ROLL OF INFAMY.

When the war for the preservation of the Union is brought to a close, many who daily denounced the Government while prosecuting it, and threw every possible obstacle in the way of its successful issue, will seek to evade the odium that should justly attach to them for all future time. They will then deny the acts which now they are daily guilty of, and impudently call for the proof when charged with once having connived at the destruction of the Government. Nay, many of them will be found in the eager pursuit of offices of honor and profit. Now, a list of such persons should be made out and kept in every town, county, and precinct in the land, that their names may go down to posterity as having sought the dismemberment of our ever glorious Union, and with it the annihilation of the wisest and best institutions ever conceived by man. Is not this a duty which should be assumed by the Loyal Leagues? We know of no more appropriate bodies to take the matter in hand, and we commend it to their consideration. It is meet that those who desire the overthrow of our Government should, as far as possible, be debarred from its advantages and privileges. Let them be marked, and their names inscribed on a roll of infamy setting forth the high crime of which they have been guilty. In future years these lists of traitors will enable the seeker after truth to discriminate between the friends and enemies of the Union in this the hour of its severest trial.

GRANT'S PLANS.

Our latest advices from the Potomac show that Lee and his associate rebels are sorely troubled to get an inkling of the plans in contemplation by Gen. Grant for the present campaign. Lee is puzzled to so dispose of his forces as to guard against certain defeat; he can't find out where Grant will strike first, or what will be Grant's first move. He is in a sorry quandary, and why? Because, if we are rightly informed, Gen. Grant is left to the free exercise of his judgment, instead of waiting for orders from the departments at Washington, whence, by the agency of traitors in the employ and confidence of the Government, Lee always obtained intelligence of intended movements in advance of the Federal generals in command. This is the inference we draw from the late news; and, if correct, it clearly shows the wisdom of dispensing with the worse than useless services of Halleck, and investing Grant with greater discretionary powers than were possessed by his predecessors. Be we right or wrong in our conclusion, it is certainly evident that greater secrecy than formerly is observed in regard to the movements of the Federal forces. If Grant is suffered to adopt such plans as circumstances may dictate, without interference from parties who know little or nothing of the nature of those circumstances, we shall have no fears for the result of the present campaign.

WORKING TOGETHER.

A letter from a rebel member of Congress was captured on the Sherman raid, containing the following extract:

No man can look forward to spring without great apprehensions. Doubtless our severest trials will then be upon us. If we sustain ourselves, or more, if we gain any signal advantage over the enemy soon after the opening of the campaign, we may give the opposition elements of the North a chance to combine and beat Lincoln for President. This I should hail as a good, and begin to think of peace at no very distant day. I see no chance of peace until the Republican party is beaten and overcome.

That is what the Copperheads say, and it appears that the open rebels and covert rebels are making for the same end. "Defeat Lincoln," says this rebel, "and we will have peace by an acknowledgment of the Confederacy."

Defeat Lincoln, say the Copperheads here and elsewhere, and the war will be brought to a close at once; that is, the North will succumb to the South, and patch up an ignominious peace, disgraceful to us and posterity. Defeat Lincoln, and we can again become the tools and the slaves of the South, as our (the Democratic) party have hitherto been. The sympathics, the objects, and the hopes of the doughfaced Democrats North and the rebels South are identically the same, with the trifling difference that the latter claim to be the legitimate rulers of the land—a claim always sanctioned by the former. It is not surprising that they are found working together, as the above extract indicates.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The *Tribune* of March 21st says that the full returns from New Hampshire will settle the Union majority at 5,600. The total vote is about 1300 more than that of last year. The Legislature will probably stand thus: Union—Senate, 9; House 207; Democrats—Senate, 3; House, 124; Union majority on joint ballot, 89; last year, 53. This will do.

OREGON VERNACULAR.—A correspondent of the Oregon *Sentinel* having written that Douglas warned the public against the intrigues of Copperheads, the *Intelligencer* (Copperhead) thus replies in the pure aboriginal language of the party: "You lying, slanderous puppy, Douglas said no such thing; and you wish to put treasonable language in the mouth of a great and noble friend of the Constitution which you detest as much as the devil does the receipt of Christ. You never can approach the honored Douglas as near as T'Vault does; you are a midnight assassin, and dare not show your name and face in open day."

Lead a virtuous life, and your youth will probably beat a retreat in good order.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

Gen. Butler lately had occasion to define the oath of allegiance for the information of a Secesh female who did not rightly construe it. We publish below the correspondence on the subject for the benefit of some of our own citizens, who seem or pretend to be ignorant of the nature of this oath; and, in doing so, we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that we have not a Butler here to teach and enforce a faithful compliance with its requirements. The so called democratic party would then manifest less joy over Federal reverses, and be less bold in the utterance of their treasonable sentiments. The subjoined letters were made public by a Fortress Monroe correspondent:—

LOCUSTVILLE, ACCOMAC CO., VA., March 10, 1864.

General B. F. Butler—Sir: My school has been closed since Christmas, because, as I understood the oath required of us, I could not conscientiously take it. Having heard since that one of your officers explains the oath as meaning, simply, that we consent to the acts of the United States Government, and pledge passive obedience to the same, I take the liberty of addressing this to you to ascertain if you so construe the oath. I cannot understand how a woman can "support, protect and defend the Union," except by speaking or writing in favor of the present war, which I could never do, because my sympathies were with the South. If by those words you understand merely passive submission, I am ready to take the oath and abide by it sacredly.

Very respectfully,
MARY L. GRAVES.

FORTRESS MONROE, March 14, 1864.

Mrs. Mary L. Graves, Locustville, Accomac county, Virginia—My dear Madam: I am truly sorry that any Union officer of mine has attempted to fritter away the effect of the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, and to inform you that it means nothing more than passive obedience to the same. That officer is surely mistaken. The oath of allegiance means fealty, pledge of faith to, love, affection and reverence for, the Government, all comprised in the word patriotism, in its highest and truest sense, which every true American feels for his or her Government.

You say, "I cannot understand how a woman can support, protect and defend the Union, except by speaking or writing in favor of the present war, which I could never do, because my sympathies are with the South." That last phrase, madam, shows why you cannot understand "how a woman can support, protect and defend the Union."

Were you loyal at heart, you would at once understand. The Southern women who are rebels understand well "how to support, protect and defend" the Confederacy "without either speaking or writing." Some act as spies, some smuggle quinine in their underclothes, some smuggle information through the lines, in their dresses, some tend sick soldiers for the Confederacy, some get up subscriptions for rebel gunboats. Perhaps it may be comprised in the phrase, "Where there is a will there is a way."

Now, then, you could "support, protect and defend the Union" by teaching the scholars of your school to love and reverence the Government, to be proud of their country, to glory in its flag, and to be true to its Constitution. But as you don't understand that yourself, you can't teach it to them; and therefore I am glad to learn from your letter that your school has been closed since last Christmas, and with my consent, until you change your sentiments and are a loyal woman at heart, it shall never be opened.

I would advise you, madam, forthwith to go where your "sympathies" are. I am only doubtful whether it is not my duty to send you.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
B. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

The New York *Express*, conducted by James and Erastus Brooks, (the former of whom was elected to the present Congress on the Fernando Wood ticket) has always been a strenuous opposer of the further prosecution of the war. The sympathies of these two brothers were with the South where they both obtained their wives; hence their opposition will not be deemed strange. A late number of their paper tells the following truths, which sound much more like sense than the absurd nonsense that fills party platforms, and that is uttered by Copperheads, here and elsewhere, from day to day. We commend it to the attention of all rational men who do their own thinking:

"We can have no peace until the rebel army is conquered and dispersed. We are to accept facts as facts, and make the best of them. We agree in this—to "support the Administration in all constitutional efforts to conquer and disperse the rebel army," and to vote men and money, though we may not always approve of the use made of either. We protest and lament the misuse of power, but with 400,000 men in arms against the Government, no alternative is left but to fight for the Government until the rebellion is subdued, and the sober judgment of the people, North and South, is strong enough to feel and own that affection and interest, forbearance and kindness, demand that we shall be again one people."

POOR PIERCE.—The New York *Herald* says: "Poor Pierce and the spurious Peace Democracy have been fairly skinned in the New Hampshire elections. As we have it, poor Pierce was the recognized leader and expounder of his miserable faction in the late contest, and with the understanding that, in securing a Democratic Legislature, his reward would be a seat in the U. S. Senate. Poor Pierce, as a Democratic ex-President, was regarded by his stupid followers as a very great man; but the people of his State have pronounced him an impostor. He retires from their freezing rebuke under a cloud of disgrace. He has completed the work of demolishing the Northern rump of the old, worn-out and obsolete Democratic party."

VICTORIA PAPERS.—Capt. Finch, of the *Eliza Anderson*, has our thanks for files of Victoria papers, delivered yesterday morning.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

"Old Bourbon" sells in Mobile for $11 per gallon.

The rumor is again afloat that Queen Victoria is insane.

There are 30,000 troops stationed in various parts of Indiana.

"Old Abe" refuses any more of his autographs or photographs.

There were 156 applications for divorces in Philadelphia, last year. Domestic felicity.

Coles Bashford, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, has been appointed Attorney General of Arizona.

Dr. Bellows accepts the pulpit of the late T. Starr King, temporarily—for a year or six months.

A Powder manufacturing company has been organized at San Francisco, with a capital of $30,000.

The Sultan of Turkey is only thirty-four years of age, and his hair is grey. But he has so many wives, poor man!

The San Francisco Mechanics' Institute has resolved to hold its fourth Industrial Fair on Tuesday, August 30th.

Six thousand emigrants have arrived in Ohio since the creation of the office of Commissioner of Immigration, last year.

Diptheria is making such ravages in Lunenburg, Vt., that there is not at present a single school in the town in operation.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate appropriating forty thousand dollars for the protection of emigrants crossing the plains.

The eldest daughter of Capt. Semmes, of the *Alabama*, was married in Mobile, on the 28th of February, to Pendleton Colston, Judge Advocate, C. N.

Miss Mary B. Banks, daughter of Gen. Banks, has been adopted as the daughter of the Fourth Brigade in that Department. She is twelve years of age.

A Richmond paper boasted a while ago that if the rebels ever caught Grant, they would skin him alive. A *flay-Grant* operation, as yet unaccomplished.

The American Tract Society have expended, since the commencement of the war, nearly $100,000 in furnishing and distributing publications for the army and navy.

Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, and Ohio, are reported to have filled their quotas under the call for 500,000 men.

Charles A. Weed of Stamford, Conn., has purchased the estate of Secretary Judah P. Benjamin, of the rebel Confederacy, on the Mississippi river, near Baton Rouge, for $140,000.

Howell Cobb is making speeches in Georgia, in which he proclaims that, as a last resort, he will assemble the women of the Confederacy, and march them forth for duty in the field.

The question, whether negroes are competent witnesses in military Courts, having been submitted to the Judge Advodate of the Missouri Department, he has decided that they are competent.

Gen. Wright has issued the following general order: "Vessels of every description entering the harbor of San Francisco will be required to pass up the channel to the south of Alcatraz Island."

The people of Santa Fe, N. M., have held a public meeting to express their indignation concerning charges made in New York papers against Gen. Carleton, and to avow their confidence in him.

Mrs. Phillips, who was a short time ago sentenced to the penitentiary at Virginia City, for killing a brute who defamed her reputation to a degree worse than murder, has been pardoned by Gov. Nye.

Advice to horse fanciers—Bridle your ambition and curb your desires, or you will some fine morning find yourself without a bit to put into your mouth and even your horses will be saddled with debt.

The Rouen *Nouvellist* complains of Confederate cotton, bales of which, after running the blockade, are found to contain conical shaped cannon balls, each weighing nine kilogrammes, to the serious loss of the purchasers.

The Bishop of Algiers has published a pastoral letter against spiritualism, which, that prelate says, finds more believers in its doctrines and practices among ultra Catholics than among those of liberal opinions in religious matters.

At Camp Douglas, near Chicago, rebel prisoners have been detected communicating with friends at a distance by means of kites. When the kites reached a sufficient hight the strings were cut, and friends outside picked them up and relieved the tails of their messages.

A number of Western cant-lists are making arrangements to go extensively and legitimately into the cotton business, both by cultivating abandoned plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi, and by purchasing of the old planters. They mean to demonstrate on a large scale the advantages of free labor.

Two Norwegians recently purchased a donkey at Washoe to pack their effects to Reese River. A few miles from town the donkey laid down, and stubbornly refused to proceed further; whereupon the two men procured a stout pole, and, passing it under the pack, raised the donkey and his burden from the ground, and returned to town with the animal helplessly pawing the air.

A fellow was brought into the conscription office the other day who pretended to be totally deaf. They tried all sorts of sudden and unexpected noises on him, all to no purpose. Just as they were about to dismiss him, a new plan occurred to one of the examining board. We took two silver quarters and rattled them behind him. No sooner was the sound made than the fellow turned round and exclaimed "I'll give you $10 for them."

John P. Putnam, a grandson of General Putnam, has presented for exhibition, at the Albany Army Relief Bazaar, the pistol in which was burnt the first powder of the Revolution. It will be remembered that Major Pitcairn rode towards the crowd drawn up in hostile array at Lexington and shouted "disperse, ye rebels," and fired his pistols into their midst. His horse was shot under him, but he managed to escape. The pistols found in the saddle became the property of Gen. Putnam, and were worn by him during the Revolution.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Meat is scarcer than morals in Richmond.

Marshal Wrangel is a tender youth of 84 years, and hale as a buck.

They have a little tenor in London seven years old. Many families contain still younger screamers.

In a recent burglary in Petersburg, Va., one of the articles stolen was a black velvet cloak, for which $3,000 were refused the day before.

In Cincinnati, lately, a wealthy Quaker refused to give any money to aid the war, but said there was a loose $100 note at his office, which the committee might find.

Ben. Butler says he has found that a good many of his chaplains are less fond of comforting his dying officers and soldiers than of waiting to condole their widows.

Gen. Howell Cobb has proposed to sell the rebel government thirty thousand pounds of bacon and forty thousand bushels of corn, at any price it is disposed to pay him.

It is estimated that not less than six thousand families, thirty thousand persons, from Southern and Southwestern States, have taken refuge in New York city till the war is over.

One of the most famous historical chateaux of France is announced for sale, viz; the Chateaux of Chenonceaux, which belonged successively to Diana de Poitiers, Catharine de Medicis and Mary Stuart.

A lady in Murfreesboro sends the Louisville *Journal* several pieces of music which she calls rebel airs. It replies: "We are in no want of anything of the sort; some of our ladies here put on a great many of them."

A man in Ravenna, Ohio, has caused the timber of a building in Franklin Mills, built by John Brown, to be cut into pieces suitable for canes, and deposited them in the Sanitary Fair building at Cleveland, properly labelled.

The "Association for the Benefit of the Colored Orphans," whose property was destroyed by the New York mob, have been awarded $73,000 damages. The ravages of that mob have cost the city and county of New York enormously.

The small-pox has become so prevalent at Natchez that stringent measures are employed to control it and prevent its spreading. The first regulation of the Medical Director requires every case to be reported to him under a heavy penalty.

Gov. Smith, of Rhode Island, saw a culprit fleeing from an officer the other day, joined in the chase, caught the rascal just as he was getting over a fence, delivered him up to the officer, and then proceeded to his duties at the State House, as if nothing had happened.

Some one the other day asked Gen. Butler why he employed a certain person said to be disloyal and of a general bad character to penetrate the rebel lines. "If *you* wanted information from hell," replied Gen. Butler, "would you send a Saint or a Sister of Charity to fetch it?"

The census report exhibits the fact that not one State declined in population from 1850 to 1860. Vermont increased the least—about one-third of one per cent. The Slave States increased faster than New England; making due allowance for immigration, the South gained as fast as the North.

Massaghusetts is going to establish a military school and expend $170,000 to teach her young men how to fight. She had better, until the war is over, induce them to volunteer and trust to the military authorities to teach them how to fight. There is not time to educate young men at military schools for this war. Let the youth who would study the art of war study it in the camp and the battle field. The lessons learned there will be remembered.

BIRTHS.

In Steilacoom, on Friday night, April 29th, the wife of Mr. John Latham, of a son.

In Steilacoom, May 2d, Madam Speck, wife of John Bull, Esq., of a Daughter.

TO PRINTERS

FOR SALE—A No. 4 Washington PRESS, in good condition. This is the largest Press in Washington Territory, and is as good as new. It will be sold cheap for cash.

Also, a fine marble IMPOSING STONE, which has never been used.

Apply at this office.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, excepting to think yet better of that which I began thinking of well of. REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Troches are a staff of life to me. PROF. EDWARD NORTH, Pres. Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

For Throat Troubles they are a specific. N. P. WILLIS.

Too favorably known to need commendation. HON. CHAS. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate.

Contain no Opium nor anything injurious. DR. A. A. HAYES, Chemist, Boston.

An elegant combination for Coughs. DR. O. F. BIGELOW Boston.

I recommend their use to Public Speakers. REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Most salutary relief in Bronchitis. REV. S. EMORSON, Morristown, Ohio.

Very beneficial when suffering from Colds. REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma. REV. A. C. EGGLESTON, New York.

They have cured my case exactly, relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease. T. DUCHARME, Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal.

As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine. Agents for California, REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Copartnership heretofore existing between Martin Schmieg and Charles Eisenbeis is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due the late firm must be paid to Martin Schmieg, and all liabilities of said firm will be paid by him.

MARTIN SCHMIEG,
CHARLES EISENBEIS.

Steilacoom, W. T., April 25th, 1864. 2:4

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of two several orders of the Probate Court of the County of Pierce, in the Territory of Washington, made on the 14th day of December, 1861, and the 26th day of April, 1864, respectively, in the matter of the Estate of J. P. LECKEY, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said state, will sell at public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash, one quarter section (160 acres) of land, subject to confirmation of said Probate Court, on the premises, at the hour of one o'clock P.M., SATURDAY, the 21st day of May, A.D. 1864.

Said premises are known as the Donation Land Claim of the said deceased Leckey, situated one and a half miles south of Gravelly Lake, and five miles from Steilacoom, in the county aforesaid.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. down on the day of sale; the balance on the confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. (Final proof has been filed in the Land Office.)

20:3 E. R. ROGERS, Administrator.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—CATHERINE WAMSLEY, Petitioner, against JOHN WAMSLEY, Defendant.—Petition for Divorce. In the U. S. District Court for Pierce County, Washington Territory—May Term 1864.

To JOHN WAMSLEY:—You are hereby notified that Catherine Wamsley has filed a petition and complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of said Court which shall commence more than four weeks after the 16th day of April, 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said petition and complaint is to obtain a decree of divorce and a nullity of the marriage contract heretofore existing between you and the petitioner, also to get such other and further relief as the Court in its discretion may award in the premises.

Petition and complaint filed April 16th, 1864.
FRANK CLARK,
Attorney for Petitioner.

19:5

DISTRICT COURT TERMS.

1st District—At Walla Walla, on the first Monday of April and October of each year.

2d District—At Vancouver, on the second Monday of March and the third Monday of October; and at Olympia, on the first Monday of May and second Monday of November of each year.

3d District—At Port Townsend, on the second Monday of June and first Monday of September; at Seattle on the fourth Monday of June and second Monday of October; and at Steilacoom on the third Monday of May and first Monday of November of each year.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Victoria daily EVENING EXPRESS contains the latest Mining, Commercial, and General News up to the hour of going to press. Being the only evening paper published in Victoria, and having a circulation equal to any other Journal in the Colony, it will be found an excellent medium to enable advertisers to bring their notices before the public. 12

SELECT SCHOOL.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL, for scholars of all ages, in this place, on the first Monday in April, 1864.

The Term will consist of eleven weeks, and the School be divided into three Departments, according to the advancement of the pupils.

TERMS:

Primary Department	$6
Junior "	8
Senior "	10

Common English branches will be taught; the higher branches if desired

Music, per quarter	$15
Latin, "	10
French, "	10

EMILY W. SYLVESTER.
Steilacoom, W. T., March 24th, 1864. 16:tf

THE SUBSCRIBER offers, at private sale, four prime American MARES; two sets of double HARNESS, made to order from first quality oak tanned Philadelphia leather, and one skookum iron-axled WAGON.

Good Sheep at fair prices will be taken in exchange.
PETER SMITH.
Steilacoom, W. T., March 23d, 1864. 15:tf

NOTICE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE STOCK of Goods, together with the house and lot occupied by Mr. H. Goodtime, I hereby give notice to my friends and the public generally that I will continue the business formerly followed by Mr. Goodtime, at the same place and on the same terms.

The stock now embraces large new invoices of assorted goods, just imported, consisting in part of

Dry Goods,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Clothing, Hats,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockeryware,
Groceries, &c.

New Goods will be from time to time added to these, as the public wants require. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
MATTHIAS BECKER.
Steilacoom, March 12, 1864. 14:3m

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

M. H. TILLY, Plaintiff, against GILMORE HAYS, Defendant—Civil Action. In the District Court for Pierce County, the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

To GILMORE HAYS, Defendant: You are hereby notified that M. H. Tilly has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of the Court, which shall commence more than three months after the 27th day of February, A.D. 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain a judgment against you for $367 17, upon a promissory note or due bill drawn by you, payable to plaintiff March 31st, 1862, together with interest on said sum of $367 17 at two per cent per month from March 31st, 1862, the date of said due bill or note.

Complaint filed Feb. 27th, 1864.
FRANK CLARK, Plff's Atty.
12:3m

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—JOHN BRADLEY, Petitioner, and MARY A. BRADLEY, Defendant.—Petition for Divorce. In the U. S. District Court for Pierce County, Washington Territory—May Term, 1864.

To MARY A. BRADLEY:—You are hereby notified that John Bradley has filed a petition and complaint against you, in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of said Court which shall commence more than four weeks after the 16th day of April, 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said petition and complaint is to obtain a decree of divorce and a nullity of the marriage contract heretofore existing between yourself and the petitioner, and also to obtain an order for the custody of the minor children, the fruits of said marriage, &c.

Petition and complaint filed April 16, 64.
FRANK CLARK,
18:5 Attorney for Petitioner.

PACIFIC HOTEL
AND
RESTAURANT,
OLYMPIA, W. T.

THE ABOVE WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR House, having been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished, is now prepared to entertain guests in greater comfort and in a more accommodating manner than any other house in the place. The house will be conducted on the

RESTAURANT PRINCIPLE.
Meals after 8 o'clock P.M., Extra.

An adjoining Cottage has been leased and refitted, where a large number can be accommodated with lodging, furnished with clean beds, and well-ventilated rooms.

Call and witness the truth of the above.
REBECCA HOWARD,
13:tf Proprietor.

C. CROSBY. N. CROSBY, JR.
C. CROSBY & CO.,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, HARDWARE AND DRY GOODS.
6:1:tf Tom Water, W. T.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The new and fast-sailing Sloop
LETITIA,
Captain J. P. ADAMS,
Is up for Freight or Charter between Steilacoom and all ports on Puget Sound and Vancouver's Island.

The LETITIA is well adapted to carrying Lumber, Live Stock, and Country Produce, for which trade she was built. Her cabin accommodations are not surpassed by those of any vessel on the Sound. Freight and Passengers will be taken at the most reasonable rates.

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to H. G. WILLIAMSON, at Steilacoom, or to the
14:tf CAPTAIN, on board.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The commodious and fast-sailing schooner
FLYING MIST,
120 Tons Capacity,
Capt. WM. THOMPSON,
Is up for Freight or Charter between Steilacoom and all ports on Puget Sound, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia.

The FLYING MIST is well adapted to carrying Live Stock, for which trade she was originally designed, and is amply provided with fixtures to ensure the safety of cattle in the roughest weather. She is suitable for all kind of freight. Her cabin accommodations are not surpassed by those of any vessel on the Sound. Freight will be taken at as reasonable rates as by any other vessel.

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to PHILIP REACH or H. W. BERRY, in Steilacoom, or to the CAPTAIN, on board. 5:22:1y

COMMISSION AND PURCHASING AGENT
SAN FRANCISCO.

ORDERS FOR THE PURCHASE OF MERchandise and articles of every description are solicited by the undersigned.

A residence in this city of over ten years, and an experience in the business of nearly the same length of time, are considered sufficient to warrant the confidence of persons in the country who occasionally need to make purchases here, through the agency of a reliable party, or who may be looking for a permanent Agent in San Francisco. To either the advertiser offers his services, assuring all who intrust orders to him that no effort shall be spared to execute their commissions satisfactorily.

All orders must be accompanied with the cash or city reference.

Those desiring information concerning the undersigned are

REFERRED TO
Wm. T. Coleman & Co., San Francisco;
J. H. Coghill & Co, "
C. Langley, Druggist, "
Flint, Peabody & Co, "
Ira P. Rankin, "
Ross, Dampsey & Co, "
J. Anthony & Co, Union Office, Sacramento city;
And the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald.

N.B.—Orders for Machinery, Pianofortes, Melodeons, Sewing Machines, Watches, Jewelry, &c, will be attended to by competent judges.

L. P. FISHER,
Commission and Purchasing Agent,
629 Washington st, up-stairs,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.—This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will a most instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS and WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from Teething or any other cause.

Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers. Principal office, 48 Dey street, New York.

Price only 25 cents per bottle.

REDINGTON & CO.,
416 and 418 Front st, San Francisco,
1:6m Agents for California.

UNION CLOTHING
STORE,
STEILACOOM, W. T.
PINCUS & PACKSCHER,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING THE public in general that they have removed their place of business to the old stand of
BALCH & WEBBER,
where they have on hand a well-selected stock of
CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
FAMILY GROCERIES,
Crockery, Glassware,
Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors,
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES,
COAL AND FISH OIL,
TABLE AND STOCK SALT,
Cordage, Axes, Nails, Washboards, Brooms, Wash-Tubs, &c., &c., &c.

Which we offer for sale at greatly reduced prices for cash or country produce. 6:2:tf

KOSHLAND BROS.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
AMERICAN CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS, ETC., ETC.

We also purchase Wool, Hides, Furs, Deer-skins, etc., for which we pay the highest market price.

Corner Yates and Wharf streets,
12:tf Victoria, V. I.

PROVIDENCE SCHOOL,
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
STEILACOOM, W. T.

THIS INSTITUTION WILL COMMENCE studies on MONDAY, January 4th, 1864.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

For Board and Tuition per quarter of eleven weeks	$40
For Washing per quarter	10
For bedding do	8
For Music do	15
Entrance fee for all not admitted at commencement	5

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks	$6

GENERAL REGULATIONS:

From the day of entrance to the vacation, in July next, no absence will be allowed except in case of sickness. No pupil will be admitted for a shorter period than a quarter, and no deduction will be made for time lost or quarter not completed. Pupils will be received at any time during the year, and charged from the day of admission into the Institution. Visits are confined to Thursdays, and can only be made by Parents and Guardians, or persons authorized by them. All letters are subject to the inspection of the Superiors.

For the sake of uniformity and order, all the pupils will attend the religious exercises of the establishment.

For clothing, books, or other wanted students, no advances will be made by the Institution. To meet such expenses, a sufficient sum must be deposited with the Treasurer. Pre-payment will be invariably demanded at the commencement of each quarter.

UNIFORM:

The uniform consists of a black French merino dress, blue ditto, and white muslin ditto with blue sash, all made with shirt sleeves, and a loose cape of the same material; one white and one black veil; three night dresses, six pairs of cotton hose, six of woolen ditto, three pairs of shoes, two quilted skirts and one white ditto, six towels, six aprons, twelve handkerchiefs, three pairs of sheets, three pillow cases, and one white counterpane.

STEILACOOM, December, 1863. 6:2:tf

FOR SALE—About two hundred pounds of Old Type, suitable for making journals for machinery. Apply at this office.

AMERICAN FLAGS, with full complement of Stars, printed on muslin de laine, imitation of bunting, in fast colors, at the following low prices:

Size, 1 foot,	$1 00 per Dozen
Size, 2 feet,	3 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 feet,	9 00 per Dozen
Size, 4½ inches,	10 00 per Dozen

Also, BUNTING FLAGS of all sizes, from 50 cents to $1 a foot.

J. STRATMAN,
Major First California Artillery,
Empire News Depot, northeast corner Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MILITARY BOOKS
FOR SALE BY
MAJOR J. STRATMAN,
N. E. Corner Washington and Sansome sts., San Francisco.

ALLEN H. R.—Elementary Instruction in the Schools of the Soldier Company, and Battalion, with Manual of Arms. 1 vol 18mo. 0 75
ALSTON L. A.—Seamanship, and its Associated Duties in the Royal Navy. 1 vol 12mo. 2 50
ANDERSON Gen Rob't—Evolutions of Field Batteries of Artillery, translated from the French, and arranged for the Army and Militia of the United States. Published by order of the War Department. 1 vol 32mo, with 58 plates, cloth 1 25
ARMY REGULATIONS, Official, United States, 1861 10
BARNARD, Major J. G.—Notes on Sea Coast Defence, consisting of Sea Coast Fortifications, the Fifteen inch Gun, and Casemate Embrasures, 1 vol 8vo, cloth 2 00
BENTON J. G.—A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery, compiled for the use of Cadets in the United States Military Academy, 1 vol 8vo half morocco 6 00

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
SATURDAY, May 7, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONDENSED FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

New York, April 26.—Gen. Grant has taken measures to add numbers enough to the regular armies in the field to make them invincible. Concentration is the order of the day. Troops are now being massed upon such lines as the Lieutenant General believes will lead to vital strategic points of the rebellion. Instead of being discouraged at the apparent weakness of our forces in Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina and the South-western country, we should be encouraged by the fact that our forces are massed against points where armies are of much greater importance. When the next great battle comes it will find the Union armies in stronger force than they have ever been before. It is the rebels who are now pursuing the scattering policy, hence their recent success in unimportant matters.

Chicago, April 26.—The proposition by the Governors of the different States to furnish 85,000 troops for 100 days, is in substance as follows: The troops are to be mustered into service and equipped the same as other infantry volunteers whole number to be furnished within 20 days from the date of the notice of the acceptance of the proposition; troops to serve in fortifications or wherever their services may be required, without respect to State lines; no bounty to be paid the troops, nor their services to be credited on any draft for three years; draft to go on in any district short of its quota; this special draft shall be for any service proposed. The President accepted the proposition on the 23d.

Cairo, April 25.—Memphis advices dated the 22 say Forrest's entire force was marching towards Alabama, followed by Grierson.

On the 21st, Grierson's cavalry had a sharp fight with a portion of Forrest's troops near Hudsonville. The rebels retreated towards Jackson, passing through LaGrange, and leaving a number of prisoners, wagons, horses and mules in our hands.

Gen. Price evacuated Camden, Ark., and Gen. Steele occupied the place.

Washington, April 25.—The *Star* this evening says, we have information from the rebel lines as late as Friday morning the 22d to the effect that Lee is not as reported moving towards the Shenandoah Valley, but is in his old position on the Rapidan. Such movements of his cavalry as were going on seemed to be in the nature of a reconnoissance to ascertain Grant's purposes. Lee's army is preparing for a sudden movement, but is seemingly disposed to wait for Grant to open and develop his game.

The movements of our gunboats up the Rappahannock, caused apprehensions at Richmond that Burnside was effecting a landing.

Several rumors have been raised among the rebels concerning a movement up James river.

The rebels are divided in the opinion that Lee may be invested in Richmond should he fall back there; and fear that he may be outflanked by Grant should he retain his present position. Two weeks ago Lee's forces amounted to 44,000 and it is believed with reinforcements will be able to bring up total amount to over 65,000.

Williamsburg advices state the rebels are evidently massing troops in all the strong positions to resist the expected advance up the Peninsula.

The Richmond authorities are evidently puzzled as to the designs of Grant, information being constantly received of the marching and countermarching of his troops.

Gen. Fitzugh Lee made his appearance in the neighborhood of Charles City Court House with his cavalry forces, estimated at from 3,500 to 6,000. The greater part of this force is composed of reenlisted veterans, who have lately returned from recruiting forces in immediate neighborhood. Charles City Court House is garrisoned by pickets of old infantry division under Gen. Gary and a regiment of heavy artillery. The force is composed principally of heavy artillery. The 2d cavalry is stationed at Bowdley's Station, York River, where they are reported to be throwing up earth works. Troops are also concentrating at all intermediate points, between York and James rivers. Contrabands state that great excitement prevailed among the scattering inhabitants of this region.

Newbern, N. C., April 22.—The battle which had been going on at Plymouth from the 16th to the 20th resulted in the capture of the city by the enemy on the 20th at noon, including Gen. Wessel and 15,000 men. The enemy obtained possession of the town at 8 o'clock in the morning. Gen. Wessel and his troops retreated into Fort William and held out till noon, repulsing the enemy in nine different assaults. Their loss is said to be 170—ours slight. It is reported that the enemy had left Plymouth and are now moving on Washington N. C., and this city. The rebel Gen. Atkinson has moved towards Newbern and is expected to make an attack in a day or two. Gunboats and reinforcements will immediately be required here and at Washington. Two companies of the 21 North Carolina Union Volunteers were among the captured at Plymouth, most of whom were taken out and shot by the enemy after our forces had surrendered. All negroes found with uniforms were also shot.

The rebel ram at Plymouth, which came down to Roanoke, is expected to set in concert with other rams in an attack on Washington and Newbern. She carries three small guns and one 64 pounder. With the aid of a few gunboats these rams could be readily run down, as their sea going qualities are bad. Under cover of night the ram at Plymouth swamped two of our gunboats, but it is not expected that she will attack any respectable number of gunboats in daylight.

Chattanooga, April 24.—On Friday, April 22d, at daybreak, the rebels attacked our pickets at Nickajack Gap, capturing 12 and killing four.

St. Louis, April 26.—The *Von Phul*, from New Orleans April 18th, has arrived. It seems to be generally conceded that the late battles in Louisiana were against Banks. The enemy remained on the ground after Saturday's fight while Banks retreated 40 miles.

The rebels were still in the vicinity of Pleasant Hill. Our army is at Grand Ecore, fortifying both sides of the river. Banks and Admiral Porter were both there. There was only five feet of water at Grand Ecore. The gunboat *Eastport* was aground. Prisoners report that Gens. Kirby Smith and Sibley were killed in the recent battles.

Three boats used for towing on Red river, bound for New Orleans, having stopped at a plantation to take on produce, the soldiers got drunk at a distillery on the place, when a company of the 1st Louisiana rebel cavalry made a descent on the boats. The passengers and crew were robbed and the boats burned.

New York, April 25.—The New York specials say it is understood, but not officially, however, that the courtmartial which tried Admiral Wilkes, decided that he should be dismissed from the service.

Col. Fish, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, has been sentenced to pay a fine of $5,000 and to be imprisoned at the Albany Penitentiary until the fine is paid, for defrauding the Government.

Chicago, April 25.—The House last night passed the Senate bill reported from the Committee of Public Lands, with reference to confirmation of land claims in Oregon and Washington Territory. The bill donates lands to Oregon for the construction of Wagon Roads and Military Postal purposes.

Fortress Monroe, April 27.—The Petersburg, Va., *Express* says orders have been given to the First Auditor to remove his bureau from Richmond to Montgomery, Alabama next week.

Dispatches from Mobile the 19th, says Red river has suddenly fallen, leaving forty transports and gunboats above the rapids, which cannot get out until the water rises.

New York, April 27.—All quiet in front to day. A heavy reconnoissance into the valley developed the fact, that there is no considerable body of rebels this side of the Rapidan. It is believed that Lee would not venture upon an offensive movement. Reports prevails that he was removing his heavy artillery to Richmond, but there is no foundation for the rumor.

Longstreet's force is at Thoroughfare Gap.

Fitzhugh Lee's division was reviewed to-day by Gen. Stuart at Hampton's Crossing, below Fredericksburg.

Deserters are coming into our lines. At one point the average number has been eight per day for a week.

It is said in high quarters that the President thinks of sending Gen. Sickles to take the place of Gen. Banks.

A spirited engagement is said to have taken place between a detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry and 300 or 400 rebels at Newton, near Strasburg. No particulars.

The tobacco belonging to the French, at Richmond, amounting to between 7000 and 8000 hogsheads, of the finest quality, worth several millions of dollars, will soon be shipped to Europe.

Washington, April 27.—Preparations are nearly completed for the accommodation of 30,000 additional wounded.

Rumors are afloat that the rebel government is leaving Richmond, and Lee is falling back behind its defences.

Newbern, N. C., April 23.—Reports from Plymouth say that our flag still flies over the fortifications there, though the enemy has possession of the town and river. It is said that Gen. Wessels retired with his forces to the fortifications with fifteen days provisions. This report is believed. Washington and Newbern are much stronger fortified than Plymouth, and, with a few more troops and gunboats, which are said to be on their way, can be held against the rebels.

Chicago, April 27.—The Navy Department has the following in regard to the attack on Plymouth:

On the afternoon of the 17th, Fort Gray, above Plymouth, was attacked by the rebels, with a battery of six field pieces on a sand bank about a thousand yards up the river. At early dawn, on the 18th, the enemy charged on the Fort and were repulsed. Later in the day the enemy appeared in force in the rear of the town, and at sundown they commenced a vigorous attack on Forts Williams and Wessels, and were repulsed in three assaults. The gunboat *Southfield* was shelling the rebels constantly, and at 3 o'clock on the 20th the rebel ram dropped down the river, and, when near the *Southfield*, ran across her starboard bow; the prow of the ram running into the *Southfield*, and causing her to sink in fifteen minutes. The *Miami* was pursued for a short distance by the ram, but in consequence of her superior speed the gunboat escaped. Some of the officers and men of the *Southfield* are prisoners, but most of them escaped. The gunboat *Mitchell* was sunk on Monday night, the 18th. An immense slaughter of the rebels was effected by the garrison at Fort Gray. The gunboats assisted, and the big guns of the fort poured broadsides into the rebel column, repeatedly making huge winrows of their ranks. This engagement was only equalled in execution and slaughter by the great battle of Malvern Hill, where the navy poured such raking volleys of grape and shell into the enemy. Gen. Wessel, on the 17th, ordered all non-combatants to leave town.

A Huntsville (Ala.) letter, dated the 20th, says the rebel forces under Roddy, variously estimated at from 8000 to 10,000 men, with artillery, have been hovering in that vicinity for several days. Twelve of Gill's mounted infantry had several skirmishes with the rebels. It was thought to be the intention of Roddy to attack our position at Decatur, at which place we have strong fortifications, or to attempt a flank movement. Reinforcements have been sent from Huntsville.

Philadelphia, April 27.—A Jacksonville (Fla.) letter, dated the 17th, says from reliable sources we have information of the rebel army in Florida, which is quite as formidable as at any time since the expedition first landed in the State. They have from 8000 to 10,000 infantry within twelve miles of this place. Another large camp is at Baldwin. The correspondent adds that the rebels must have larger armies in the field than we credit them with, or else they consider Florida immensely valuable.

Fortress Monroe, April 25.—General orders have been issued from headquarters at Newbern, announcing the fall of Plymouth. The enemy stormed it five times, and as many times were repulsed with great slaughter; and, but for the prompt assistance of the rebel ram, Plymouth still might be in our possession.

New York, April 28.—Longstreet's divisions have been sent back to Richmond.

It is said that orders will soon be issued to officers having colored troops under them to retaliate upon the rebels.

Orders have been issued for an immediate draft in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Ohio. A draft will probably be ordered in Delaware and in portions of Maryland.

Washington, April 29.—The Richmond papers claim that the rebels captured at Plymouth 3000 prisoners.

It is said by the members of the National Executive Committee that there is no probability of the postponement of the time for the meeting of the Baltimore Convention.

Letters dated the 22d, from the fleet off Wilmington, state that Gen. Beauregard passed through Wilmington on the 21st, with a large number of troops on their way to Richmond. The enemy sending all the men they can to the rebel capital, the impression gains ground that the present campaign will end in disaster to the rebels.

Chicago, April 30.—Particulars of the capture of Camden, Ark., by Gen. Steele, have been received. Crossing the Little Missouri at a point near Shreveport, Washington and Camden. Gen. Steele by his movements deluded Price into the belief that he intended to attack Shreveport. Price hastened to Prairie du Hohn, dug rifle pits, and threw up earthworks, when Gen. Steele executed a sudden flank movement, which caused Price to retreat towards Washington. Having placed Price on the are of a circle, Steele moved directly towards Camden. Discovering his mistake, Price concentrated his cavalry, and, with Marmaduke and Dockery on the flank and rear, hoped to so embarrass Steele that his infantry could not gain the fortifications at Camden. Steele pressed on, however, fighting his way for 71 miles, and entered Camden on the 15th. Nine fortifications of great strength were taken, with a large quantity of sugar, molasses, pork, etc. Price had burned all the cotton for miles in the vicinity.

Blair's case was debated at length in the House yesterday.

Stevens, in the session last night, offered a substitute for the bill to provide for a republican form of government in the States overthrown by the rebellion. The substitute provides that seceded States, when conquered, shall be regarded as Territories, and be represented in Congress as such.

Washington, April 30.—Officers from the front last night profess to believe that active operations will not be commenced at present. The enemy are again busily engaged in throwing up earthworks, digging rifle pits, and strengthening various points on the Rapidan. Their pickets have been strengthened along the whole front, and extended further down the river towards our left. Picket firing has again been resumed, and small skirmishes take place almost daily on the outposts. There is no truth in the report of the concentration of a large rebel force in the Shenandoah valley, near Front Royal. The rebel force in the valley is Early's division of Ewell's corps, which our troops there outnumber two to one.

It is rumored from Fortress Monroe that Little Washington was captured on Monday, and that the investment of Newbern would immediately follow.

New York, April 30.—Gen. Burnside left yesterday by special conveyance to join his command and signal corps that has been stationed here through the winter.

It is now fully understood that Lee will endeavor to bring on a fight without leaving his entrenchments.

Philadelphia, April 29.—The Union State Convention have adopted a resolution to the effect that delegates be instructed to support Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and to oppose all efforts to postpone the Baltimore Convention, and that one of the heaviest blows that could be inflicted on the rebels would be the re-election of Mr. Lincoln.

New York, April 29.—Admiral Dahlgren left to-day for Charleston.

The enemy have for two or three days been very active, as if anticipating an advance, says a special dispatch. Deserters say they are bringing up forces from Charleston, Florida, Lynchburg and other points.

Madison, Ind., April 29.—A gang of guerillas crossed the Indiana line night before last, and burned a trading boat a short distance below this city. They also stole a flock of sheep and some cattle.

St. Louis, April 29.—A Vicksburg letter of the 22d says the news from Red River is that no more fighting had occurred up to the 20th. The rebels were said to be marching on Grand Ecore, and on the 20th our troops were going out to meet them. Our army was believed to be strongly entrenched at Grand Ecore, on both sides of the river.

Passengers from Red River say the impression prevails that the rebels are not at all particular as to another engagement. As our army is now prepared for another advance, there will probably be another engagement soon.

New York, May 2.—Information from the Army of the Potomac to-night states that the troops who went to Madison Court House on the 28th burned the town to ashes. It is unknown whether this was done by order or not.

Deserters report Lee's force 80,000 strong, with reinforcements daily coming in from various quarters.

The enemy's pickets extend up and down the Rappahannock, and a large force is at Fredericksburg throwing up earthworks.

A Newbern letter of the 26th says information has been received that the rebel authorities have taken possession of all the railroads in the South for the next sixty days, during which time non-combatants will not be allowed to travel on them. It has also been ascertained that troops from Charleston have been brought to Wilmington, to relieve troops who have since gone to Richmond.

Gen. Wessels and other Federal prisoners, when last heard from, were at Salisbury, N. C., *en route* for Richmond.

Plymouth was evacuated by the rebels, in order that the rebel force there might rejoin Lee.

Price with 42,000 men and Steele with 30,000 were maneuvering at Shreveport to out-general each other.

SLAVERY.—The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in a late discussion of this subject, says: "Whether slavery is an element of weakness or strength does not so much enter into the reasoning of the masses on the subject, as the fact that it has arrayed itself against the Government, set at defiance the Constitution, trampled upon the flag, nullified the laws, and plunged the nation into a bloody war, solely to establish for itself a Government on the ruins of one that was permitted to entirely control. As the war progresses, this fact becomes more apparent, and necessarily brings all those who stand by the Government and insist upon a full and complete vindication of its honor and authority, its antagonistic relations to an institution, the existence of which they would otherwise regard with apathy, if not indifference. The longer the struggle is continued on the part of slavery, the sharper will become the hostility of the people to it. If the popular verdict is made up today or next year, that slavery must die, it will be because those who monopolize it insist that the nation shall not live, and not so much because there is a quickened conviction on the part of the masses that of itself it might be permitted to exist."

As a class, women are always aristocrats. Except in respect of costume, there are no *sans culottes* among ladies. They may talk democracy, but they mean gunocracy or some other form of aristocracy. Dr. Johnson noticed the same thing in a lady of his acquaintance, who was always prating republicanism. "Let us try it," said the Doctor. "Here Madam, is your footman; he is civil and well dressed; let us ask him to dine with us!" The lady rejected the proposal with scorn. "That's the way you go," said the Doctor; "you are willing to bring everybody down to your level, but you don't wish to bring anybody up to it!" We never heard what the lady said in reply.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Commercial* says that M. Mercier, the French Minister at Washington, now at Paris, has asked to be transferred to some other position, and it is thought that an arrangement may be made by which the transfer can be accomplished. M. Mercier will probably go to Munich, and M. Bouree, now at Athens, to Washington.

At the request of Gen. Butler, President Lincoln has granted a full and free pardon to Cincinnatus W. Newton, of Norfolk, who voted in the Confederate electoral college for Jeff. Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy. He is a brother of Major-General Newton of the Federal army.

The following peculiar "notis" was found posted in a little town in Delaware:

"Reward.—Lost or strade from the Premise of the subScriberr, a sheep, all over white, one legg was blakk and half his body. All pusons shall receive five dols to bring him back. He was a she goat."

The scaffold is a sort of monster created by the judge and the workman, a spectre which seems to live with a kind of unspeakable life, drawn from all the death it has wrought.

Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

The horrible expression "Bully boy with a glass eye" is considered endurable when rendered "Taurine youth with a vertical optic."

Ask not the name of him who asks you for a bed. It is especially he, whose name is a burden to him, who has need of an asylum.

If you have not been a man's determined accuser in his prosperity, you should hold your peace in the presence of his adversity.

Indigestion is charged by God with enforcing morality on the stomach.

A primrose is not necessarily prim, nor a prude prudent.

Guilty or Not Guilty.

Guilty! oh how the word rang in my ear as the name of each juror was called, and each separately asked if that was his verdict.

What had I to say why sentence should not be passed? On the same testimony I would have convicted any man. I bowed to the Judge and answered, "nothing."

They have been very kind to me. She whom they say I have made a widow, even she comes to see me daily and believes me innocent. Who else believes me so on my simple assertion?—my mother! Yes, but none other. Good, kind, as all are, they look upon me as a murderer. I have discouraged efforts made upon my behalf to obtain a commutation of sentence. I would die in the knowledge of mine own innocence, rather than live with the brand of Cain always upon upon me. Yet would I leave behind me some remembrance of my fate, and I write this to be opened only when I am at rest.

I made no defence—perhaps I was foolish—I did not make a confidante of my counsel. Why should I? Who would credit my statement—none. Yet perhaps when all is over, some may be found who will believe me guiltless.

My father died when I was yet young. My mother has since then lived at Windemere Lake, eking out her small income by letting lodgings in the summer season. Sir John Beach has been my constant friend and patron—for my father and he were brother officers for many years, and were warm fast friends—as, despite our poverty, we have been a happy family. Lucy, mother and I formed a little world of our own, a world of happiness, confidence and love, and now, now, what is it? Inscrutable are the ways of Thou, Most High!—who hast thus forsaken us. Yet shall I doubt thy goodness and mercy. Husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, let me drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs, and say Thy will be done!

Hubert Beach was Sir John's only son. Wayward from boyhood, he became vicious in manhood. Between us there existed no love, for his pride made him repulsive to me, and the different views we took of life prevented any sympathy of feeling. Apparently frank, with handsome person, polished manners and great conversational powers, he was, however, a favorite with both my mother and sister, though we saw but little of him while I was at home. I had gone to college when I heard of his frequent visits to our cottage. Lucy hardly named him in her letters—my mother constantly. I took no note of this, or I might have surmised the feelings that occupied my sister's heart.

I had just taken my degree, and was looking for a title to orders, as Sir John Beach had promised me the gift of a rectory on the death of the present incumbent, a very aged man. It was just at this time I received the first blow to my hitherto constant happiness. My mother wrote to me; accident had revealed to her the full extent of our misery. Hubert Beach's visits had been rarer and rarer, and Lucy evidently suffered from some mortal affliction. Then my mother suspected that she loved, and was about to write to me to ask my advice, when she discovered that Lucy was disgraced,—disgraced, yet not guilty. They had been to Carlisle, where the foolish girl had met Hubert, and had agreed to a clandestine union across the Scottish border. It was accomplished, but it was illegal. The villain had deceived her, and they were united at a village on the English side by a creature of his own, who personated the famed Gretna Blacksmith.

I hastened home. The railroad left me within a mile of Sir John's house, and I determined to visit him before going to my mother. He was absent and would not return till late, the servant told me.

To our house by the road was about five miles, but by crossing a rugged hill, with a narrow gulch near its summit, which rendered it somewhat dangerous, the distance was more than half reduced. The evening was fine, and I took the shorter route. A small brook runs down into Windemere Lake through the gulch which I have mentioned, at times almost dry, yet fierce when swollen by mountain torrents after rain. The gulch is crossed by a foot-bridge, built by Sir John at considerable expense, and being the work of a self-taught local mechanic, is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. It is 124 feet long, and supported by iron rods secured to the hills; on one side there was a hand-rail, on the other none.

It was nine o'clock nearly as I approached this place. The young moon was near setting, throwing her fading light up the gulch, and partially illuminating the southern half of the bridge, from which side I was approaching. As I neared the centre of the bridge, I saw a figure coming towards me from the other side with a rapid stride. As he emerged from the shadowed port on and came close upon me, I recognized Hubert Beach. He did not seem to know me, but said, hoarsely, "make room if you please."

"Not till I have spoken with you," I replied.

He seemed astonished at the rencontre, paused, and was silent.

What I said there I remember not, but it must have been fearfully violent, for he seemed as if he would spring upon me, and I prepared to act on the defensive. He suddenly checked himself and spoke:

"Lionel," said he, "I desire no altercation with you, and I am neither in the mood, nor is this the place to discuss what you have entered upon; let me pass, I say. I will not be bullied even by you."

"You pass not till you answer my question—will you marry her, and that at once?"

"Fool!" cried he, and he struck me full in the chest as I stood in the centre of the causeway. I staggered against the one side rail. He attempted to pass me rapidly, but his foot slipped, and he fell towards the unguarded side of the narrow bridge; to save himself, he grasped at my coat, but it slipped from his hand. My one thought was to save him. I threw myself forward, grasped an iron which suspended the bridge with one hand, and seized the collar of his coat with the other. He hung suspended on my arm some minutes, how long I knew not, but it was soon over. I spoke to him gently; I directed him how to try and recover himself. God knows how I urged him! but he did not answer.

He made no further effort even to grasp the bridge, which he might have done by raising his hands above his head. He was evidently insensible, or paralyzed by fear. Slowly but surely my hand unclasped from its hold; I could feel the power of grip passing away from each finger; then I saw him go down, down that fearfull depth of nearly two hundred feet.

I went round nearly two miles by the head of the gulch, and descended the stream till I reached the place where he lay. He was dead! his skull literally crushed in by a rock he had struck on. Then the fearful circumstances I stood in arrayed themselves before me, and with criminal weakness I resolved to bury the secret within my own bosom.

I hastened home. My mother attributed any coldness of manner she may have observed to the exciting family affliction which had recalled me home.

She entered into a detail of what had passed, in hopes of consoling me, but, alas! every word but added to my misery and remorse. Lucy was married to Hubert.

Previous to writing to me, she had visited Sir John Beach, and had explained everything to him. His reply was short. "Madam, I will reflect, and then act as seems to be best. I will see you shortly, and depend upon it, I will do that which after consideration I consider right."

The next day my mother wrote to me. After dispatching the letter, she heard that Sir John Beach had suddenly left home, accompanied by Hubert, but two hours after seeing her.

The very evening I returned he came to her house with his son, and was met by the rector, whom he had notified to be there. Lucy was not present. He there addressed my mother thus:

"It appears to me that a union with my son and your daughter having been done in a loose and improper manner, it only remains to remedy the evil by a more orthodox method. In the necessity of doing this at once my son concurs.

"We need not enter upon a discussion of what has passed, as it would benefit no one, and would tend to perhaps widen a breach it is my desire to heal. I have here a special license from the Bishop, which Hubert himself procured, and our worthy rector is ready to re-perform in a legal manner the ceremony of marriage, the previous contraction of which was irregular. Let this be at present kept a secret, and we will each return to our own homes. After a few weeks the marriage can be acknowledged. I do not wish to be present, nor do I wish any one but ourselves to know that it is done by my sanction, at least for the present. Immediately after the ceremony, Hubert," he added turning to his son, "I wish you to return home to conclude the other arrangements with our attorney."

My mother, by Sir John's desire, went and ascertained what indeed there could be but little doubt of, that Lucy was perfectly willing to accede to this plan, after which the old gentleman took his departure, and in half an hour Lucy was ready and married by the rector, in the presence of my mother's two old and faithful servants.

The conduct of Hubert throughout the whole of this scene was peculiar; he hardly lifted his eyes from the ground, but when the blessing was pronounced he kissed Lucy, and said in a whisper, "We are now legally husband and wife. I love you, always have loved you, but I have a horror of matrimony. I could not oppose my father's iron will, and so had to perpetrate it, and if I must be married, I do really prefer you to any one else. Let us hope," said he, turning to my mother, "that the ills that are past will be followed by better days. I made a bad return for all your kindness to me, and I trust that this marriage, when openly acknowledged and sanctioned by my father, may eventuate in happiness. We have yet to transact some legal business, as he said. I must return to the manor. To-morrow I will see you again." And after an impulsive embrace of Lucy, he held out his hand to my mother, who drew him one side and exchanged a few more words; he then departed, so ending the strange scene.

The next morning by six o'clock a messenger came from Grantly Manor House to summon Hubert home. His father had awaited his arrival the night before till nearly 12 o'clock, and then thought that he had remained at our house, despite his instructions. He had heard of my calling, and supposed I might have possibly detained Hubert too late. Search was made, the body was found, and a coroner's inquest held at the manor house, in the neighboring village, an open verdict was returned, but the prevailing opinion was that he had committed suicide.

Lucy was overwhelmed; she was taken to Grantly Manor to view the corpse of him she had so unfortunately loved, but no persuasion could induce me to accompany her.

That evening I strolled out into the lane in the rear of our house. When I had proceeded a few hundred yards, I met a stout-built, heavy man, who accosted me with some trivial question; he forced his conversation upon me in a manner I was ill disposed to submit to. I could not, however, shake him off. The end of the lane terminated at a public house on the main road. He had retraced his steps and continued close to me. Hoping to get rid of him, I turned as if to return home.

"A moment, sir, if you please; I wish to be as polite as I can, but you must go with me to that tavern."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I wish to save your family the shock of seeing you apprehended at your own house."

"Apprehended?" said I.

"Yes; I have here a warrant to apprehend you for the murder of Hubert Beach; resistance is useless; you had better come quietly."

I did so.

I was immediately taken before two neighboring magistrates.

When Hubert's body was carried into the nearest house after it had been found, this man was passing; he assisted; he found in the right hand a button and a small piece of cloth tightly grasped. Unnoticed, he disengaged it and put it in his pocket. He was Waters, the London detective officer, who chanced to be down in the neighborhood on some other business.

The button was very peculiar in its pattern. He took it to the village tailor, and quietly asked him if he had ever seen a button like it.

"Yes, he had put such a button on to an overcoat for Mr. Lionel Bourne, about four months ago."

"What was the color of the coat?"

"A mixed brown."

The detective turned and went to the door; he had only shown the button concealing the cloth in his hand. He now concealed the button, and returning again, showed the fragment of cloth it was attached to.

"Was that like the color of the cloth?"

"Yes, exactly. What do you ask for?"

"Oh, only curiosity."

He came to our house with a pretended message from the tailor, and asked the servant to let him see the coat, to measure the depth of the collar. It hung in the passage; she showed it to him; he said nothing; he strolled down to the tavern, got a horse, went to the nearest magistrate, made his deposition, obtained the warrant on which he arrested me.

I was remanded till the next day. I was then brought up again. My footsteps had been tracked and measured with my boots, down the gulch and back to the main road, also, in several places between Sir John Beach's house and the bridge.

I had denied seeing anything of Hubert to several persons. Who could doubt my guilt? The coat was produced, the fragment with the button on it fitted the rent, which I had not noticed. The servants at the manor swore to the coat I wore; and our own servant also that I took it off in the passage, on my arrival home. My mother has urged on me to explain what I can. I tell her the tale will seem too improbable for credence, but assure her I am innocent; and Lucy too—they both believe me. After all, had I acknowledged at first my meeting with Hubert—would the world at large have believed my tale? No, I should have lived if I had escaped—a marked man, suspected by most, condemned by some, and believed by but few, very few, and I prefer death to such an existence.

When I am dead and these pages are read, those who knew my general character, and those who have heard it, may believe me innocent. God and my own conscience are the only witnesses of the truth of my tale. Farewell!

NOTE.—Mr. Lionel Bourne was hung within a few moments of his placing the above statement in the hands of the prison chaplain. His mother died within a week of his execution, and poor Lucy, unable to bear this rapid succession of terrible afflictions, is, or was in 1855, a hopeless lunatic. When the writer of this saw her, she thought he was Hubert. She grasped his arm, and looking piteously in his face, said:

"You are Hubert; he did not kill you. I knew Lionel did not do it—and baby knows it: he whispers it in my ear every night, and prays God to bless papa."

And she lifted up her child of some fourteen months, and covered it with kisses.

Unable to bear the scene, he hurried from the room.

"She is very quiet and gentle," said the physician, "if she shows the least symptom of violence, the sight of her child at once checks it."

"And is there no hope," was asked, "of her recovering her reason?"

"None that I or any other medical man can perceive."

'Tis a sad tale, reader. But for the morbid feeling of Bourne, which in this case was selfishness, both Lucy and her mother might have lived and recovered their lost happiness. Had he confided in his lawyer, instead of merely making bare assertions of his innocence, he might possibly have been saved; and in sparing his mother and sister the shock of his disgraceful death, done much to lessen the severity of their sufferings.

In one of our Boston courts, some days since, a genius was brought up on some trifling offence, and the following conversation ensued between the court and the defendant:

"Prisoner, have you ever been condemned?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir."

"State under what circumstances."

"When twelve years of age I had an attack of inflammation of the chest, and was condemned by three doctors."

"You do not understand me. I ask whether you have ever been proceeded against?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me the particulars."

"Most willingly; one day, when taking a walk in the country, I was most violently proceeded against by a savage dog."

"That is no answer to my question. What the court wishes to know is, whether you have been arrested?"

"I have nothing to conceal, and I reply in the affirmative."

"When?"

"Last year."

"For what?"

"I was going along Washington street, the other day, and my progress was arrested by the crowd of people."

He was sent to the island, and can come to the city with fresh wit in the spring.

A short time ago, in the loyal city of Philadelphia, a "largely" dressed female, answering the description of an F. F. V., hailed a street car, and just as it stopped to take her aboard, a Union soldier stepped out of the car. On entering, several seats were vacant, and this would-be lady inquired in a very sharp tone,

"Where did that soldier sit?"

No answer.

Again, but in a more shrill tone than at first, the same question was put—

"Where did that soldier sit?"

Still no reply from any of the passengers, the car going ahead, the "lady" still unseated, when the same question was fairly spit out between her teeth.

"Where did that man sit?"

An honest Hibernian, quietly seated near the unhappy female, and no doubt being desirous of relieving her in some slight degree, replied:

"Faith, ma'am, he sat on his end, and took it away with him!"

What the rest of the occupants of the car did, I do not know, but one gentleman left as speedily as possible, and the above information through him was too rich to be long kept a secret.

A Scotch lady writes thus of gentlemen who use tobacco: "May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning, who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning; may each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes would choke her, and none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

Papa.—"Well, sissy, how do you like your school?"

Sissy.—"Oh, so much!"

Papa.—"That's right. Now tell me what you have learned to-day."

Sissy.—"I have learned the names of all the little boys."

If a man is always sending smoke out of his mouth, it is probably because he can send out nothing more substantial.

Tall Mosquitoes.

The mosquitoes down the Mississippi are supposed to be rather large, and tolerably ferocious. I am not prepared to believe the story of the man who came to look for his cow one day, and found the skeleton on the ground and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking his teeth with one of the But I will say that it would take a man gifted with considerable imagination to exaggerate the prowess of those Southern mosquitos. We were discussing them one night in a hotel in New Orleans, when one gentleman of the party told the following anecdote:

"There was once a man in the city who insisted on it that he was mosquito proof, and who offered to lie down, in the worst place that could be found and let mosquitoes bite an hour for $10. My friend, hearing him make the proposition took him at his word and with several others they both started off to a nice marshy place between the town and Lake Ponchartrain—a regular mosquito paradise. Arrived on the ground the mosquito chap took his shirt and coat, and lay down on his face. The insects came in crowds, lighting on his back, and biting commenced. If the man scratched he would lose his $10; even groaning was prohibited; but he stood it like a Trojan; didn't give utterance to a single grunt. Half an hour passed. The ground all around was covered with gorged mosquitoes, who had sucked until they were as drunk as judges, and were staggering about in a most discreditable state. A quarter of an hour ensued; more intoxicated suckers and the man as unmoved and indifferent as a log. Suddenly one of the gentlemen took two or three strong puffs at his cigar, and then chucked it on the mosquito chap's back. First he winced, then he squirmed, then he yelled and scrambled up.

"'I have come across a considerable number of mosquitoes in my life,' he remarked, scratching with one hand and working into the shift with the other; 'but I never seen a mosquito like that before. He wasn't much to hum, gentlemen,' he continued, 'but when it comes to biting, gentlemen, that mosquito was a real snorter.'

"He lost his $10, and went home sorely grumbling that when he made that 'ar bet he hadn't calculated on no humble bees bein' smuggled in."

The Caucasians, besides the excellent blades which they themselves manufacture, have had for centuries the opportunity of gleaning the best all over the East, and transmitted as heir-loons in families, with the care which they take of them, there appears to be no limit to their duration. A sword or a dagger blade may be worth as much as £100 sterling. This matter is not a mere matter of fancy, like that which the Dutchman sets upon his tulip, or the Russian merchant on his fat horse, but it is estimated according to the toughness and the sharpness which the sabre or the dagger can be made to combine, and, if we could manufacture similar arms at Birmingham or at Sheffield, that sum might be immediately obtained for them.

The eastern blade is required to be pliable, and at the same time to bear so keen an edge as to divide a single hair. Now, an English razor owing its sharpness to hardness of its temper, will divide a hair, but then it flies like a piece of glass.

The fire-arms of the Caucasians which consist of rifles and pistols, are as much valued as their edged weapons. The barrels are usually of admirable materials, but often indifferently bored, and the locks are always indifferent. They are heavy in the barrel, and often mounted with the matchlocks, both of which circumstances contribute to the accuracy with which the mountaineers discharge their contents—the former by preventing the vibration of the piece, the matchlock by insuring its steadiness from the absence of all jerk, in producing ignition.

An anecdote is related by Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, to this effect: "A couple came to me, one night, and desired me to join them in wedlock. I consented to perform the ceremony, and said to the man:

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Do you take this man to be your husband?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then you are man and wife—that's all."

Both looked with great astonishment, and the lady asked:

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Well," she remarked "'taint such a mighty scutendicular thing after all."

A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to sniff it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the by-standers might catch the scent, exclaimed:

"Hallo, you black rascal! what do you smell my fish for?"

"Me no smell your fish, massa?"

"What are you doing then, sir?"

"Why, me talk to him, massa."

"And what did you say to the fish, eh?"

"Why, me ask him what news at sea—and dat's all, massa."

"And what does he say to you?

"He says he don't know; he no been dar dese tree weeks."

"Massa! Massa! one ob your oxen am dead!"

"One of the oxen dead?"

"Yaas, Massa."

"Where is the other one?"

"Oh, he am dead too."

"Why didn't you say both of them was dead then?"

"Case, Massa, I was afraid you couldn't bore it."

"You know, madam," said a plain speaking gentleman to his wife, "that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear."

"O please fan me" exclaimed the lady, "I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious species of vulgarity, clothe it in refined phraseology. You should say, "It is impossible to fabricate a receptacle from the cutacular organ of the softer sex of the genus porcine."

A young lady who had just finished a late novel, which spoke of Spanish belles as doing cigarettos, called at a tobacconist's shop lately and inquired,

"Have you any female cigars?"

A Vermonter has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders mesmerises the rest, and then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Foot Rot in Sheep.

[From the *New England Farmer.*]

At this time of high prices in wool and sheep it seems particularly desirable that all who keep sheep should understand the preventive and cure of the most common diseases which mutton is heir to. Thousands of dollars are annually saved by careful breeders who study the habits and diseases of sheep; while many fine flocks are ruined, and much money lost, by inattention and lack of that knowledge which should be in the hands of every flock-master.

Among the most common and troublesome diseases of sheep, in many parts of New England, is the foot rot. In wet seasons, like the past, it frequently breaks out in flocks which have not been exposed to others that have had it. When sheep go long in wet, low pastures, or stand long in water, it affects the issues in the feet so that an inflammation takes place, which induces the disorder, without contagion or infection. Still it is very contagious, and diseased sheep will leave infectious matter when they travel that will communicate the disorder to others that pass over the same ground many days afterward. Therefore avoid driving sheep over a road passed by disordered ones, or into a pen for washing where such sheep have been confined. But if your flock is attacked by the foot root do not be unduly alarmed and sell them much under the price of sound ones, for they can be cured for a shilling per head.

The disorder usually commences in one of the forward feet causing lameness. The sheep appears uneasy, frequently raising the foot affected. On examination the foot will be found inflamed between the hoofs. A day or two later matter will be found at the heel and between the sections of the hoof, which emits a bad and peculiar odor. If a remedy is not applied the hoof will rot off.

A very efficacious remedy is made as follows: Take three parts of finely pulverized blue vitrol, one part of white lead, mixed into a thin paste with linseed oil. Clean the foot thoroughly, cutting away all the hoof that is loose, so that the paste may come in contact with the part affected, and apply the mixture with a small paddle or brush. Repeat the application two or three times at intervals of a week, being careful to pare the hoof off where it is affected before applying the mixture; and a permanent cure will be effected.

Other remedies may be equally good—this I have proved efficacious. Some five or six weeks since, a neighbor of mine drove in, from a back pasture, a flock of fifty odd sheep and lamb badly affected with foot rot. I assisted in doctoring them as above. In paring, we found it necessary to remove nearly the entire hoof in some instances. They rapidly improved, and after three applications no lame sheep were to be seen in the flock. He now considers them entirely sound, and it has not cost him over ten cents per head to cure them. Thoroughness is the *sine qua non.*

The Parsnip.—The parsnip is one of the most valuable roots that can be grown. In the island of Jersey it is used almost exclusively for fattening both cattle and swine. According to Le Couteur, the weight of a good crop varies from thirteen to twenty-seven tons per acre. When parsnips are given to milch cows, with a little hay, in the winter season, the butter is found to be of as fine a color and excellent flavor as when the animals are feeding in the best pastures. As parsnips contain six per cent. more mucilage than carrots, the difference may be sufficient to account for the superior fattening as well as butter making quality of the parsnip. In the fattening of cattle the parsnip is found superior to the carrot, performing the business with more expedition and affording meat of exquisite and highly juicy flavor; the animals eat it with much greediness. The result of experiment has shown that not only in neat cattle, but in the fattening of hogs and poultry, the animals become fat much sooner, and are more healthy than when fed with any other root or vegetable and that besides, the meat is more sweet and delicious. The parsnip leaves being more bulky than those of carrots, may be mown off before taking the roots, and given to oxen, cows, or horses, by which they will be greedily eaten. Another thing in favor of parsnips for this country is that the frost does not injure them. They may remain in the ground until spring, when they make splendid feed, at a time every other kind of root is scarce, or they may be slightly buried, where they can be obtained almost any time during the winter. On account of their rapid growth when young the weeding is less trouble than weeding carrots.

Open Heads for Trees.—Most orchard trees have their heads altogether too crowded; the limbs are allowed to fill up the center so that light and air are excluded and the full development and maturity of the fruit prevented. A distinguished pomologist, in giving directions for pruning an orchard, advised to leave room enough in the center of the tree for a barrel into which to pick the apples; and he was not far from right. It requires but little trouble to get a tree into good shape, if it is attended to while young, when the knife will do the work, which, if neglected, will necessitate the use of the saw and chisel. Where large scars are to be made, it is always best to defer pruning until summer; though cutting with the knife may be done after the severity of winter has passed. Trees should be started with a view to an open and well-balanced head; but where this has been neglected, they should be made as nearly right as possible before they get large. Wherever a branch will crowd another if allowed to grow, or will unduly fill up the center of the tree, it should be removed. A timely use of the knife in early spring, and an occasional summer pinching of a shoot disposed to grow where a limb is not needed, will keep the top open. It is sometimes necessary in order to give the tree a proper balance, to induce a branch to prolong itself more than it naturally would; this can be done by removing the side shoots upon it.

The latest advices from England say the wheat plant has a healthy and strong appearance, and is more favorable than at the same period last year.

Domestic Recipes.

Home Brewed Ale.—G. Burton, in the *Rural New Yorker*, gives his method of making home-brewed ale as follows: "The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a teapot; then fill it with water—the first time under boiling heat. After it has stood some time, pour off the liquor just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water. In a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all its virtue is extracted. The liquor or malt tea must be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough—that is about blood heat—add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing; and to brew a large quantity requires the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, and of a better quality than can usually be purchased."

Good Bread.—Take one large or two small potatoes for one loaf, pare and slice thin, boil to a mush in a tin or porcelain dish, with a pint of water; when done, put a small quantity of home-made yeast (say a table-spoonful) into this potato mush as early as 4 P M. the day before baking. At bed time add flour to make a sponge; add a teaspoonful of salt; keep at a warm temperature. In the morning knead out, and bake when light.

Here is my favorite, which I think better than the plum pudding: Take one pint sweet milk; when scalding hot, stir in half a pint of Indian meal and a tea spoonful of salt; take six midding-sized apples, pare and cut in pieces, and stir them in this mixture. Bake three hours; sweetened cream, seasoned with nutmeg, for sauce.

Carrot Soup.—Take six or eight full grown carrots, scrape them clean, and rasp only the outer rind, or soft red part, and if you have a ripe tomato, add it, sliced, to the raspings, but use no other vegetable except onions. While his is being done, the broth of any kind of fresh meat which has been got ready should be heated and seasoned with a couple of onions fried in butter, but without pepper, or any other kind of seasoning, except a small quantity of mace and a little salt; put the raspings into two quarts of the skimmed broth, cover the stewpan close, and let it simmer by the side of the fire for two or three hours, by which time the raspings will have become soft enough to be pulped through a fine seive; after which the soup should be boiled until it is as smooth as jelly, for any curdy appearance will spoil it.

Rump of Beef Stew.—Half roast it; then put it into a pot with three pints of water, a pound of sliced bacon, a bunch of sweet herbs, two wine-glasses of vinegar, and a bottle of cider or small wine; stick cloves into a couple of large onions, add a few sage leaves, and cover the beef closely, adding more water should there not be sufficient gravy from the meat. Let it simmer for three hours; then strain the gravy. Boil or bake some butter onions, and lay them round the beef; cover it also with forcemeat balls, fried ornaments of paste, and mushrooms, if in season; add to the gravy a glass of port wine, a spoonful of sauce; boil down a part to a glaze, and put it on the beef; thicken the remainder if necessary, and pour it round, garnishing the dish with pickles.

Winter Soup.—Take a shin of beef, boil in it two gallons of water down to one gallon; pour it out after removing the bones, and let it cool. This will be one mass of jelly, and is called stock, from which as much can be taken daily as may be needed in the quantity of soup desired. Stew the vegetables, or cook the rice, split peas, beans, &c., and add all together with as much water as may be necessary, and let it boil well. This makes, if the proportions are well regulated and the cooking properly attended to, an excellent soup.

Maccaroni.—Boil it in milk, or a weak veal broth, pretty well flavored with salt. When tender, put it into a dish without the liquor, and among it put some bits of butter and grated cheese, and over the top grate more, and a little more butter. Set the dish into a Dutch oven a quarter of an hour, but do not let the top become hard.

Sauce for Game or Poultry.—Put in a stewpan and set on a slow fire a quarter of a pint of white wine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, three table-spoonfuls of olive oil, a bunch of sweet herbs, and spice to taste. Add to the whole some good gravy, and serve hot.

To Fricassee Parsnips.—Scrape them; boil in milk till they are soft; then cut them lengthwise into bits two or three inches long, and simmer in a white sauce, made of two spoonsful of broth, a bit of mace, one half a cupful of cream, a bit of butter, and some flour, pepper, and salt.

Pulled Bread.—It is made by pulling away in small pieces half-baked dough; then placing these pieces separately on a well-floured tin, and baking them in a quick oven until they assume a light brown color. They are excellent when crisp and freshly made, and can be eaten with butter as well as with cheese.

Loin of Mutton Roasted.—Take off the skin and some of the fat; join it and skewer it from the flap into the fillet; then put the spit through the chump, and the skewer at the thin end will secure the joint in its place; roast for one hour and a half.

To Stew a Loin of Mutton.—Bone a loin of well hung mutton; take off the skin, and remove the fat from the inside, put it into a stewpan, with broth enough to cover it, and let it stew gently till it becomes of a good brown color; add a glass of port wine, a large spoonful of mushroom ketchup, and some vegetables cut in shapes, or stewed beans.

To Crisp Parsley.—Pick some bunches of young parsley, wash them very clean in cold water, drain them, and swing them about in clean cloth until they are quite dry. Place them upon a sheet of writing-paper in a Dutch oven, and lay it before a brisk fire, keeping the sprigs frequently turned until they are quite crisp. In six or eight minutes they will be ready.

Cure for Bloat in Cattle.—Take an egg, break a hole in it large enough to empty the contents out, and fill it with tar, and put it down the animal's neck, and I will warrant that in thirty minutes there will be no bloat.

The Hidden Treasure.

The following story is a well-known tradition in the wild and remote district of Assynt, in the North Highlands of Scotland. The main incident on which it turns will startle a reader of the present day, and will, as a matter of course, be immediately set down as a thing wholly unworthy of credit; and in such an opinion, we ourselves cordially agree. But we give the story exactly as we found it, and leave it to make its own impressions. That the leading circumstances are true, however, there is no doubt, whatever may be thought of the particular incident in question.

In a remote and sequestered glen in the North Highlands of Scotland, there lived, about ninety years ago, a widow woman of the name of Macrae. Her husband was killed at the battle of Culloden, and she was left with two sons, then mere children, to struggle for a subsistence from a miserable patch of land of which her husband had held a lease from, we believe, Lord Seaforth. During the first years of her widowhood, Isabel Macrae had endured much; but as her sons grew up, her toils and privations gradually became lighter; and, when they attained the years of manhood, these toils and privations may be said to have attained the years of manhood, these toils and privations may be said to have ceased altogether; for they were dutiful sons to her, and besides turning the little tract of land they rented to better account than she had been able to do, they added several other sources of income to that yielded by their farm, and thus amply provided for their own wants and their mother's comfort. The names of the young men were John and Roderick. They were both as handsome fellows as the Highlands could boast of, and proud, proud was their poor mother of her stately boys; but she had yet a better reason to be proud of them than what their personal appearance afforded. They loved her with the most tender and sincere affection—they toiled that she might be at ease, and vied with each other in contributing to her comfort and happiness. They never spoke to her but in words of kindness and respect; and no frown, no harsh word, no expression of discontent, ever marred the harmony of their communion. Yet another reason the mother had to be happy in her boys: this was the fond regard they entertained for each other; and much did Isabel Macrae delight in the brotherly love that existed between them. She had never known the slightest approach to a quarrel between her sons; on the contrary, they seemed to live but for each other and for her, while they were constantly together, and appeared to desire no other society. Their tempers, too, were very nearly alike; both being mild and gentle and patient.

Such then, were the Widow Macrae and her sons, and such were the circumstances in which they stood at the period of our story. Availing themselves of every honest means that came within their reach of adding to their income, John and Roderick were in the habit, like many others of their country people, of repairing to the low country every autumn to work for hire in cutting down the harvest, which being much earlier in the latter districts than in the Highlands, they could very easily accomplish, and be yet home in sufficient time to gather in their own little crops. These journeys the brothers performed together, and on foot; rather avoiding than seeking the society of others bound on a similar mission, as they preferred being alone. The season having come round, on the particular occasion to which our story refers, for their setting out on their annual expedition Isabel saw her sons a short distance on their way. This was not usual with her; but she felt in the present instance a reluctance to part with them for which she could not account. Before leaving them, she insisted on their joining her in prayer, although she did not say what induced her to make the proposal; and they accordingly retired to a lone spot, and there offered up an address to the Deity. On rising from her knees—

"Now, go, my sons," she said, "and God be with you! Be as kind to each other as you always have been. Be as upright and inoffensive in your conduct, and your paths will be pleasant, and your days long upon earth." She then embraced them alternately; she expressed a hope that they would return to their home and to her, in safety; prayed again to God to bless them; and bade them go their ways. The young men were not a little surprised at their mother's unusual conduct on this occasion; but as she did not explain herself, they forebore making any remarks on the subject. She had always, indeed, parted with them with reluctance, and with many expressions of tenderness and regret; but, in this instance, her conduct was marked with a solemnity and anxiety which was not usual to her. At the close of the third day from their leaving home, the brothers found themselves, after a fatiguing journey of upwards of thirty miles, on the banks of a beautiful stream. The former was covered with wood; and directly opposite, on the other side of the river, stood the ruins of an ancient castle. Exhausted with fatigue, and tempted by the singular beauty of the spot—by the coolness of the shade, and the refreshing sound of the breaking waters—the brothers laid themselves down on the grass, when one of them immediately fell into a profound sleep. It was Roderick. The other, observing his brother's face exposed, as he slept, to a ray of the sun, that found its way through an opening in the foliage above, took a handkerchief from his pocket and laid it gently on his face. Having performed this slight but expressive act of kindness and affection, he also fell asleep; and, for fully an hour afterwards, neither of them stirred. At the end of this period, however, Roderick awoke, and arousing his brother—

"John," he said, "I have had a curious dream."

"What was it, Roderick?" inquired his brother, with a smile.

"I dreamt, John," said the former, "that I was in yon old castle," pointing to the ruined structure on the other side of the stream, "and that I found there one entire apartment, untouched by time, and just as it had been left by those who inhabited it. In the center of the floor of this chamber I discovered a large flag stone, and while wondering what purpose it could be for, an old man entered, and told me that it covered a great treasure, and that if I would raise it, I should become possessed of all."

John looked grave at this recital; for he partook largely of the superstition of the times, and of the country of his birth "It is a curious dream, Roderick," he said; "I have been told of such dreams before, and have heard of their being realized. When our grandfather was drowned in the water of Inver, his body could nowhere be found, although the spot where he fell into the river was known, and every exertion made to recover it. Several nights after the accident, when they had given up the search in despair, our grandmother dreamt that her husband came to her, and told her that, if they looked for him at a certain part of the stream, which he minutely described, they would find him with one of his feet locked fast between two stones; which was the reason, he said, of his not having been carried any length by the current—as those who searched for him had calculated. The spot, thus mysteriously pointed out, was examined next day, and the body found exactly in the circumstances described.'

"I have heard something of that story," said Roderick; "but what has it to do with my dream, John?"

"Don't you perceive, brother?" replied the latter. "We'll go and see if we can find any apartment resembling that you dreamt of. Who knows but your vision may be realized. Was its situation pointed out to you, Roderick?"

"It was," said the latter, half jocularly and half seriously. "The chamber was on the west side of the building."

"Let us seek it," rejoined his brother, starting to his feet.

"With all my heart," replied Roderick; and he also arose.

They proceeded to the old castle; but whether they found what they sought or not, belongs to another part of our tale. In the meantime, we return to the cottage of Isabel Macrae, in Glen Spean.

It was at the close of a sultry day, in the beginning of September, and about a week after her sons had left her for the low country, that Isabel, as she sat knitting a stocking at the door, saw a man approaching the house. It was now dusk; and, at the distance he was yet from her, she could not make out who he was; but, as he approached nearer, her heart began to beat, for the figure resembled that of her son, Roderick—but it could not be. He came yet nearer. It was—it was Roderick—and no other.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Isabel to herself, in great alarm—"what does this mean? Roderick back already, and without his brother! O God! O God!" ejaculated the terrified woman, "some fatal accident has happened to my boy. My fears were but too well founded.

She flew to meet her son, who was now close at hand, to question him regarding his brother; but that son was a changed man—ay, a changed man within the space of one short week. His face, before glowing with the ruddy hue of health, was now pale and haggard His eye, before beaming with gentleness and kindness, was now wild and unsettled. His manner was sullen—nay, even fierce; and he returned not his mother's greeting, for notwithstanding her alarm and anxiety, she hailed his return with her usual marks and expression—but doggedly walked on towards the house. His mother inquired where was his brother? He answered nearly in the words of Cain: and, without vouchsafing any further explanation, passed into the cottage, out of which no inducement could again make him stir. When he entered, he took a seat by the fire; and there, wrapt in gloomy abstraction, he sat for several days and nights, taking no food, and never retiring to rest. During all this time, too, he never opened his lips, excepting to return brief and surly answers to the importunities of his distracted parent regarding his brother. From these, however, the former at length ceased; finding she could not elicit from him any information she desired. It was a strange, an unaccountable change. Roderick, who used to be so cheerful, so active, so kind, so gentle, was all at once become morose, indolent, and repulsive in his manner. He seemed to care for nothing, and to have lost all interest in the affairs of his mother's household. For hours together, he sat gazing on the fire in dark and moody silence, till at length, however, the appalling monotony of this scene was broken in upon.

One day, about a week after Roderick's return, his mother hastened in great alarm to her son, to inform him that she saw three men, strangers, approaching the house, adding—"What on earth can they be, Roderick, and what can they be wanting?"

"They want *me*," said Roderick, fiercely. "They have come for me, and I am glad of it."

"For *you*, my son, my life!" exclaimed his mother in great agitation, and bursting into tears. "Oh, what can they want with you, Roderick? I am sure you are indebted to no one; and still more sure am I that you have harmed no one—you are incapable of it. Tell me, then, in God's name, my son, since you seem to know, what it is they want with you."

"You will know all too soon, mother," replied Roderick, suddenly, and now, for the first time since his return, resuming the mild manner and tone which was natural to him—"You will know all too soon," he said, throwing his arms around his mother's neck in a paroxysm of grief and despair. "O unhappy woman," he exclaimed, "why did you bring such a wretch, such a monster as I am, to the world?"

"What do these dreadful words mean, my child?" said his mother. "O Roderick, have pity on the mother that bore you, that nursed you, that watched over your infant years, and tell me at once the worst I have to learn. Where, again I ask you, in the name of God, is your brother John?" And without waiting for his, reply, "O God, O God," she exclaimed in wild distraction. "I fear what I dare not name, what I dare not think of; but it cannot, cannot be. Tell me, my son, where is John?"

At this instant the men who had been seen approaching the house entered, when, without giving them time to announce their errand, Roderick stepped up to them, and said, with the utmost coolness and collectedness of manner, "I am the man you want."

"You are," replied the foremost of the strangers; "and since you have said so, I need not tell you our business, I suppose. You will go along with us."

"I'm ready," replied Roderick, firmly. And all that afterwards passed was conducted in silence, excepting on the part of the unhappy mother of the prisoner, (for such now was Roderick Macrae) whose shrieks and cries—as she at one time vainly implored both her son and the strangers to tell her the meaning of what she saw (a piece of information which both withheld from motives of compassion,) at another besought the latter not to take her son from her—might have been heard at a long distance. At length, however, the dreadful scene was brought to a close. The miserable woman fainted; when the officers of justice—for such were the visitors—taking advantage of her insensibility, hurried away the prisoner, who had indeed himself pointed out the opportunity which her condition presented; leaving her in charge of two female relatives who had chanced to come in at the moment. Ere leaving the house, Roderick stooped down and imprinted a fervent kiss on the pallid lips of his unfortunate parent, burst into tears, then rushed out of the house followed by the officers. Two months after this, Roderick Macrae stood at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary, charged with the horrible crime of fratricide—with having murdered his brother, John Macrae, in the old Castle of Droonan.

The first evidence called on his trial was a laboring man, who deponed, That, having been at work in an adjoining field, he had seen the prisoner at the bar and another man enter the building on the day libelled: That, in about an hour afterwards, he saw the prisoner suddenly rush out of the castle, and run away at his utmost speed. That the other did not again appear at all: That, on the same day, he and another person found a dead body in one of the apartments of the building, apparently that of a murdered man, as there was a deep wound on his left side, as if inflicted by a sharp instrument; and that they also found such a knife, as is called in the Highlands *skean dhu*, lying at a little distance from the corpse: That the apartment where the body was discovered was one he had never been in before, as, although he had lived for twenty years in the immediate vicinity of the castle, and had been in it a thousand times, he had never known that such a chamber existed. This witness also deponed, that there was a large flag-stone in the center of the apartment where the body was found, and that it seemed to have been recently raised from its bed on the floor. They also found, he said, on the occasion spoken of, a coarse earthen pot filled with gold and silver coin, standing beside the deceased. This pot was produced in court and identified by the witness.

The next evidence called was a boy about fourteen years of age. The deposition of this witness was conclusive; and in establishing, as it did, the guilt of the prisoner presented one of the most startling views of both the weakness and wickedness of human nature, of the fatal power of its evil passions under the influence of momentary impulses, that is, perhaps, upon record. The testimony of the boy was to the following effect:—

On the day on which the murder was perpetrated, he was climbing about the ruins of the castle of Droonan, in search of birds nests, and was, at the moment the prisoner and his brother entered it, in such a situation as gave him, from the dilapidated state of the building, a full view of the apartment in which the crime was committed, without exposing himself to discovery. Curiosity to know what the men were going to do, induced him to remain quietly where he was, to watch their proceedings; when, on the former entering the apartment, they immediately began to raise the flag stone alluded to by the preceding witness. The operation seemed to be a difficult one, and took them a considerable time; but was at length successful. On the stone's being raised, the companion of the prisoner made a sudden plunge with his hand into a hole which it had covered and took out an earthenware pot, filled with coin; when, all at once, the two men appeared to quarrel, seemingly about the contents of the pot, and the prisoner struck the other on the side; but the witness could not say that it was with a knife. He, however, had no doubt that it was the blow he struck that killed the deceased; for he instantly fell, uttering a loud shriek or cry, and never again moved. On his falling, the prisoner rushed out of the apartment, seemingly in great terror, and he saw nothing more of him. Such, in substance, was the evidence of the boy in this dreadful case, and it carried conviction of the prisoner's guilt to the minds of all who heard it.

Roderick Macrae was condemned to death; and, in due course of time, suffered the last penalty of the law—confessing with his dying breath, the justness of his sentence, and attributing the crime which had exposed him to it, to a sudden gust of passion, occasioned by a quarrel with his brother—whom he yet declared he loved with the most sincere affection—about the division of the money they had found.

It is related that in 1789, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present a costly bracelet of rubies to Madam de Frenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct, when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine coming alongside poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madam de Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killing several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When the lady reached the shore she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a laurel on her head—and a portrait was taken for the Queen of France.

Down East resides a certain minister One very cold night, he was roused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation, he went to the window and asked,

"Who's there?"

"A friend."

"What do you want?"

"To stay here all night."

"Well, stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

One Sabbath afternoon, a worthy minister, by the time he reached the third "head" of his discourse, observed the drowsy disposition of several of his hearers, quietly remarked:

"In the third place, those of you who are awake will notice," etc.

"Oh, Miss," said a love-sick swain "if I were but your bright star, how brightly I would shine for you."

"What a pity," she said musingly, "that you can't shine here."

He went out directly.

San Francisco.

REDUCTION IN PRICES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FOLlowing list of American and Foreign Periodicals for which I receive subscriptions. Permanent arrangements having been made by the United States Government for the carrying of the mails from the Atlantic States by steamers three times a month, I am enabled to receive subscriptions at a much lower rate than formerly. The same care and attention will be paid to the forwarding of all packages for which this establishment has gained such an enviable reputation throughout the Pacific coast.

ATLANTIC PERIODICALS.

	PER YEAR.		PER YEAR.
Harper's Monthly Mag.	$3 50	New York Leader	$3 00
Godey's Lady's Book	3 50	.. Ledger	3 00
Atlantic Monthl	3 50	.. Leslie's Pictorial	3 50
Leslie's Magazine	3 50	.. Harper's Weekly	3 50
Knickerbocker Magazine	3 50	.. Illustrated News	3 50
Continental Monthly	3 50	.. Leslie's Zeitung	3 50
Peterson's Magazine	3 00	.. Demokrat	3 50
Arthur's Home Magazine	3 00	.. Criminal Zeitung	3 50
Ladies' Repository	3 50	.. Family Blatter	3 50
Tales of the Day	3 50	.. Vanity Fair	3 50
Monthly Novelette	3 00	.. Irish American	3 50
Eclectic Magazine	6 00	.. Scientific Amer'n	3 50
Hunt's Merchants' Mag.	6 00	.. Wilkes' Spirit of the Times	3 50
Bankers' Magazine	6 00	.. Tablet	3 50
Le Bon Ton	6 00	.. Country Gentl'n	3 50
Brownson's Review	3 00	.. Weekly	3 50
Braithwaite Retrospect	3 00	.. Mercury	3 50
Turf Register, yearly	2 00	.. Herald of Progress	3 50
Ballou's Magazine	2 50	.. Scottish Am. Jour	5 00
Yankee Notions, comic	2 50	.. Albion	6 00
Leslie's Budget of Fun	3 00	.. Eco d'Italia	8 00
Nick Nax	2 50	.. La Cronica, Span.	12 00
Comic Monthly	2 50	Boston Weekly Journal	3 50
Phunny Phellow	2 00	.. Flag of our Union	3 50
N. York Weekly Herald	3 00	.. Pilot	3 50
.. Police Gazette	3 50	.. Waverly Magazine	3 50
.. Clipper	3 50	.. Banner of Light	3 50
.. Home Journal	3 50	.. True Flag	3 50
.. Weekly Tribune	3 50	.. Investigator	3 50
.. Sunday Atlas	3 50	.. Literary Comp'n	3 50
.. .. Times	3 50	.. Littel's Living Age	7 00
.. .. Dispatch	3 50	Phil Forney's War Press	3 50
.. .. Mercury	3 50	.. Dollar Newspaper	3 00
.. .. Courier	3 50	.. Sat'day Ev'g Post	3 50
.. Weekly Times	3 50	Baltimore Weekly Sun	3 50
.. World	3 50	Louisville Journal	3 50
.. Journal of Commerce	3 50	Cincinnati Commercial	3 00
.. Independent	3 50	Missouri Republican	3 50

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

London Illust'ted News, with supplements	14 00	St. James Magazine	6 00
London W'kly Dispatch	13 00	London Lancet	6 00
.. Illust'ted News of the World	14 00	.. World of Fashion	6 00
.. Illustrated Times	12 00	Chambers' Journal	4 00
.. Weekly Times	10 00	All the Year Round	6 00
.. Bell's Life	18 00	London Art Journal	10 00
.. Athenaeum	12 00	Blackwood's Magazine	4 00
.. Punch	8 00	Westminster Quarterly Review	3 00
.. Once a Week	8 00	North British Review	3 00
Liverpool Wilmer and Smith's Times	15 00	Edinburgh Review	3 00
Dublin Nation	13 00	London Review	3 00
Cornhill Magazine	6 00	The four Reviews and Blackwood	13 00
		Temple Bar Magazine	6 00

☞ Subscriptions received for all the San Francisco Dailies, at publishers' prices.

Any Newspaper, Magazine or Review not mentioned in the above list will be furnished to order. Orders for Books, Music, Fancy Articles, &c., filled promptly at the lowest market rates.

Subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

Address J. STRATMAN,
News Agent, San Francisco.

NEWS DEALERS AND BOOK-SELLERS, READ AND REMEMBER!

J. STRATMAN,

WHOLESALE NEWS DEALER,

Packs and forwards all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, etc., to all parts of the country, with great dispatch.

I SELL AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

EVERY NEW NOVEL RECEIVED AS SOON AS PUBLISHED.

I have special arrangements with all the different Publishers, Stationers, etc., and furnish the Trade with Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Music, Portraits, Prints, Medals, delainotypes, etc.

Song Books in great variety.

I have unequaled facilities, and guarantee dealers the lowest attention.

Send for my Price List, and give me a trial.

JOHN STRATMAN,
San Francisco, Cal.

BANCROFT'S HAND-MADE LINEN PAPER, all pure linen, put up in quarter ream packages, the finest writing paper in the United States. The following are the varieties:

LETTER.	FOOLSCAP.
Mercantile Letter, ruled;	Mercantile Foolscap, ruled;
Mercantile Letter, plain;	Mercantile Foolscap, plain;
Congress Letter, ruled;	Congress Foolscap, ruled;
Congress Letter, nar. ruled;	Congress Foolscap, nar ruled;
Congress Letter, plain;	Congress Foolscap, plain;
Congress Letter, ex. heavy, ruled;	Thin Foolscap, ruled;
Congress Letter, ex. heavy, plain;	Thin Foolscap, plain.
Thin Letter, ruled;	BILL.
Thin Letter, plain.	Mercantile Bill broad;
NOTE.	Mercantile Bill, broad, narrow ruled;
Mercantile Note, ruled;	Mercantile Bill, long;
Mercantile Note, plain;	Mercantile Bill, long, narrow ruled;
Congress Note, ruled;	Congress Bill, broad;
Congress Note, plain;	Congress Bill, broad, narrow ruled;
Congress Note, ru ed, gilt;	Congress Bill, long;
Congress Note, extra heavy, ruled;	Congress Bill, long, nar. ruled;
Congress Note, extra heavy, plain;	Congress Bill, thin, broad;
Thin Note, ruled;	Congress Bill, thin, broad, narrow ruled;
Thin Note, plain.	Congress Bill, thin, long;
	Congress Bill, thin, long, narrow ruled.
LEGAL.	BATH.
Superfine Legal;	Bath Post, ruled;
Congress Legal;	Bath Post, plain;
Congress Legal, extra heavy;	Bath Post, ruled, gilt.
Congress Legal, extra heavy narrow ruled.	

For sale by J. STRATMAN,
Northeast corner Washington and Sansome sts, San Francisco.
1:6-tf

HOWE'S STANDARD SEWING MACHINES!

Adapted to every variety of Sewing in Families and Manufactories.

Established in 1845—Improved from time to time, and fully perfected in 1862.

At the World's Fair held in London, in 1852, they received the Prize Medal!

SALESROOM—No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Cal.

DEMING & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC TRADE.

THE SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENT OF the art of sewing by machines is an invention destined to work a complete and beneficial revolution in an important and indispensable branch of the industry of the world, and to add as much to the comfort and welfare of mankind as any mechanical device that the mind of man has yet conceived, or his ingenuity carried into effect. It is an invention which will assuredly mark an era in human progress. It is, in fact, the creation of a new art. That machines will produce an entire change in the universal labor of sewing, is now beyond a doubt; the beginning of the end has, indeed, already appeared; for their working powers have been fully tested and established, and their capacity of production shown to be little less than marvelous, even in this age of astounding mechanical developments. That vast, beneficial, social consequences will accrue from their use, is no less certain, for some of these have actually been experienced. In families, the advantages of a good Sewing Machine are beyond computation. It has become a household companion, and is fast becoming an indispensable one; relieving females from the waste of precious time and unhealthy confinement to which they have for ages been subject, by the necessity of hand sewing. In this department the sewing machine may be regarded as a means of disseminating learning, extending education and public intelligence; as now girls and middle-aged women, whose toil by the hand needle was so much required to do the family sewing, can accomplish as great and better results, in one-tenth the time, and thus leave the balance of the time for reading and instruction. And it is not to be forgotten that whatever instrumentality reaches this subject, and tends to promote that kind of improvement, contributes in like manner to make better wives, better mothers, and their influence in turn to make better men, and all united to make a better community and a better world. As

HOWE'S SEWING MACHINES

rank high above all others, they must certainly come in for a large share of the praise and patronage bestowed on this important unfolding art. Double-thread—stitch alike on both sides of the fabric. With the new improvements they cannot miss or drop stitches, and not one needle is now broken where a dozen were formerly. Prices reduced as follows:—Letter A, superior to any yet produced, for Family use, $60, formerly $80; Letter A, pearl finished and caeped, $75, formerly $100; Letter B, Manufacturing, $75, formerly $90; Letter C, heavy manufacturing, $85, formerly $110; Letter D, Cylinder $115, formerly $150; Letter E, Cylinder, $140, formerly $175.

Those desiring an article at a lower price will find in the

PACIFIC SEWING MACHINES

something in every respect worthy of their consideration and patronage. The design just patented is entirely new, unique and tasteful—the finish chaste and beautiful. They are strong and capacious, having an uncommon reach of arm, thereby enabling them to receive a large piece of work, as in Quilting, &c. They have the Improved Motion and new patent Looper, making them perfectly reliable and positively impossible for them to drop a stitch. They work equally as well upon fine fabrics as upon coarser material, which is not possible with any other low-priced machine, and they are more perfect in mechanism than many of high cost. The needles are short, straight, and have a direct perpendicular action. They are, in fine, the most desirable low-priced machines ever offered on this coast. Price $20.

The New England Sewing Machines,

that have given such universal satisfaction, are constantly on hand Every machine warranted.

Needles, thread, and other suitable material to use with the above machines constantly on hand.

Confidential circulars furnished agents on application.

DEMING & CO., Agents for the Pacific Trade,
No. 3 Montgomery st, Masonic Temple,
San Francisco.
1:6-tf

San Francisco.

REDUCTION IN PRICES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE following list of American and Foreign Periodicals, for which I receive subscriptions. Permanent arrangements having been made by the United States Government for the carrying of the mails from the Atlantic States by steamer four times a month, I am enabled to receive subscriptions at a much lower rate than formerly. The same care and attention will be paid to the forwarding of all packages, for which this establishment has gained such an enviable reputation throughout the Pacific coast:

ATLANTIC PERIODICALS.

	Per Year
Harper's Monthly Magazine	$4 00
Godey's Lady's Book	4 00
Atlantic Monthly	4 00
Leslie's Family Magazine	4 00
Knickerbocker Magazine	4 00
Continental Monthly	4 00
Peterson's Ladies' Magazine	3 00
Arthur's Home Magazine	3 00
Ladies' Repository	4 00
Tales of the Day	4 00
Monthly Novelette	3 00
Eclectic Magazine	6 00
Hunt's Merchants' Magazine	6 00
Bankers' Magazine	6 00
Le Bon Ton	6 00
Brownson's Review	3 00
Braithwaite Retrospect	3 00
Turf Register (yearly)	2 00
Hall's Journal of Health	2 00
Ballou's Magazine	2 50
Water Cure Journal	2 50
Phrenological Journal	2 50
Yankee Notions, comic	2 50
Leslie's Budget of Fun, comic	3 00
Nic Nax, comic	2 50
Comic Monthly	2 50
Phunny Phellow, comic	2 50
New York Weekly Herald	4 00
.. Police Gazette	4 00
.. Clipper	4 00
.. Home Journal	4 00
.. Weekly Tribune	4 00
.. Sunday Atlas	4 00
.. .. Times	4 00
.. .. Dispatch	4 00
.. .. Mercury	4 00
.. .. Courier	4 00
.. Weekly Times	4 00
.. World	4 00
.. Journal of Commerce	4 00
.. Independent	4 00
.. Leader	4 00
.. Ledger	4 00
.. Leslie's Pictorial	4 00
.. Harper's Weekly	4 00
.. Illustrated News	4 00
.. Leslie's Zeitung, German	4 00
.. Staats Zeitung	4 00
.. Demokrat	4 00
.. Criminal Zeitung	4 00
.. Family Blatter	4 00
.. Vanity Fair	4 00
.. Irish American	4 00
.. Scientific American	4 00
.. Wilkes' Spirit of the Times	4 00
.. Tablet	4 00
.. Country Gentleman	4 00
.. Weekly	4 00
.. Mercury	4 00
.. Herald of Progress	4 00
.. Scottish American Journal	5 00
.. Albion	6 00
.. Eco d'Italia, Italian	8 00
.. La Cronica, Spanish	12 00
.. Courrier de Etats Unis, Fr.	8 00
Boston Weekly Journal	4 00
.. Flag of our Union	4 00
.. Pilot	4 00
.. Waverly Magazine	4 00
.. Banner of Light	4 00
.. True Flag	4 00
.. Investigator	4 00
.. Literary Companion	4 00
.. Littel's Living Age	7 00
Philadelphia Forney's War Press	4 00
.. Dollar Newspaper	3 00
.. Saturday Evening Post	4 00
Baltimore Weekly Sun	4 00
Louisville Weekly Journal	4 00
Cincinnati Weekly Commercial	3 00
St. Louis Weekly Republican	4 00
.. Anzie des Westerns, German	4 00
Congressional Globe and Appendix	10 00
Honolulu Commercial Advertiser	6 00
.. Polynesian	6 00

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

London Ill'td News with Supplements	14 00
London Weekly Dispatch	13 00
.. Illustrated News of the World	14 00
.. Times	12 00
.. Weekly Times	10 00
.. Bell's Life	18 00
.. Athenaeum	12 00
.. Punch	8 00
.. Once a Week	8 00
L'verpool W. and S. Times	15 00
Dublin Nation	13 00
L'Illustration, Paris	14 00
El Correo de Ultramar	25 00
Cornhill Magazine	6 00
Temple Bar Magazine	6 00
St. James Magazine	6 00
London Lancet	6 00
.. World of Fashion	6 00
Chambers' Journal	4 00
All the Year Round, Dickens	6 00
London Art Journal	10 00
Blackwood's Magazine	4 00
Westminster Quarterly Review	3 00
North British ..	3 00
Edinburgh ..	3 00
London ..	3 00
The four Reviews and Blackwood	13 00

CALIFORNIA PERIODICALS.

San Francisco Weekly Alta California	5 00
.. .. Bulletin	5 00
.. .. Golden Era	4 00
.. .. Police Gazette	5 00
.. .. Spirit of the Times	5 00
.. .. Moniter	5 00
.. .. California Farmer	5 00
.. .. Mooney's Express	5 00
Sacramento .. Union	5 00
Cal. Magazine and Mountaineer	3 00
Hesperian Magazine	4 00
San Francisco Voice of Mexico, Spanish	10 00
.. Echo del Pacifico, do	10 00
.. Cronica Italiana, Italian	8 00
.. Echo du Pacifique, French	10 00
.. La Ruche Literaire, do	5 00

Also—Puget Sound Herald and other journals published on the Pacific coast.

☞ Subscriptions received for all the San Francisco Dailies at publishers' prices.

Any Newspaper, Magazine or Review not mentioned in the above list will be furnished to order. Orders for Books, Music Fancy Articles, &c., filled promptly at the lowest market rates.

FOR SALE—The "Lightning Calculator," a series of Tables showing the comparative values of Gold and Legal Tender Notes in the Pacific States, with relation to the quotations of Gold when commanding a premium in the great commercial cities of the Atlantic seaboard.

United States Internal Revenue Stamps of all denominations constantly on hand. Agents and the public generally supplied with quantities to suit.

SOMETHING NEW!

The United States Conscription or National Militia Bill, (from the official copy) for reference, with all the particulars as to who are liable to do military duty and who are exempt, how substitutes are to be obtained, payment of moneys for such, &c. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 cents in stamps or coin. Every family should have one.

Enclose stamp in all letters of inquiry to pay return postage. Postage stamps, new issue, received for remittances at par. Postage stamps, old issue, taken at 20 cents on the dollar.

Subscriptions payable invariably in advance.

Address J. W. SULLIVAN,
News Agent, San Francisco.