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CHAS. PROSCH.

DIES IRE.

[The "Dies Irae" is perhaps better known than anything else within the whole range of mediæval literature. Its author was probably Thomas of Celano, a small town near the Lake Fucino. The grand and terrible effect with which, in Goethe's Faust, certain stanzas of this poem are made to fall on the ear of poor guilty Margaret, who has come, alone and friendless, among worshippers purer than herself, is familiar to many.]

Day of anger, day of wonder,
When the world shall roll asunder,
Quenched in fire and smoke and thunder!

O vast terror, wild heart-rending
Of that hour when earth is ending,
And her jealous Judge descending.

When the trumpet's voice astoundeth,
Through Earth's sepulchres aboundeth,
Summous universal soundeth.

Death astonished, Nature shaken,
Sees all creatures, as they waken,
To that dire tribunal taken.

Lo! the Book where all is hoarded,
Not a secret unrecorded;
Every doom is thence awarded.

So the Judge, when He arraigneth,
Every hidden thing explaineth:
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

In that fiery revelation
Where shall I make supplication,
When the just hath scarce salvation?

Fount of Love, dread King supernal,
Freely giving life eternal,
Save me from the pains infernal!

This forget not, sweet Life-giver,
Me thou earnest to deliver:
Cast me not away forever!

Seeking me thy sad life lasted,
On the cross death's pains were tasted;
Let not toil like this be wasted.

God of righteous retribution,
Grant my sins full absolution
Ere thy wrath's last execution!

Lo, I stand with face suffused,
Groaning, in my guilt accused;
Spare my soul, with sorrow bruised!

By the Magdalene forgiven,
By the dying robber shriven,
I, too, cherish hope of heaven.

Though my prayers are full of failing,
Save me, of Thy grace availing,
From the pit of endless wailing.

On Thy right a place provide me,
With Thy chosen sheep beside me:
From the goats, good Lord, divide me.

When to penal fire are driven
Those who would not be forgiven,
Call me with thy saints to heaven.

Kneeling, crushed in heart, before thee,
Sad and suppliant I adore thee;
Hear me, save me, I implore Thee!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY THE LATE GEN. WM. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh! Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hark'en to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home;
Seek her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for the star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to stygian honors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow be laurel twined,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick! my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die!
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Presence of Mind.

The following instance of that enviable peculiarity of mind alluded to in the title of this little sketch will be appreciated by the reader, although he, with ourselves, will think it matter of regret that the occasion on which it was exhibited had not been more worthy.

One day, early in the beginning of the present century, a person, having a very gentlemanly appearance and address, arrived at the King's Arms, Glasgow, by the London mail. He was a stranger, and apparently an Englishman. His name—at least the name he gave himself—was Edgecomb.

The stranger took up his quarters at the inn above named, and there remained for several weeks, puzzling the waiters sadly to conjecture who or what he could be: for he did no business; seemed to have no acquaintance in the town, and no apparent object or aim in making it a place of sojournment. He, however, paid his way handsomely, was quiet and gentlemanly in his manners, and regular in his habits—circumstances which went far to reconcile the good people of the King's Arms, master, mistress, and servants, to their unknown guest, notwithstanding the mystery in which his history and the purpose of his visit were involved.

The manners of the stranger, as already remarked, were quiet and composed; but there was an expression of determination, of cool, calm resolution in his countenance, that gave assurance of his being a man of strong mind and unshrinking nerve.

The sequel will show that he was so. Mr. Edgecomb, as we shall call him, seeing that he so called himself, had been nearly a month a guest in the King's Arms, when two men called one night, shortly after dark, and desired to see the landlord.

They were ushered into a private room, where was the person they desired to see.

"Have you an English gentleman lodging in the house just now?" said one of the men.

"We have," replied the landlord of the King's Arms.

"Has he been here for some time?" inquired the former.

"For about a month, I think," said the latter.

"A tall man?" said the first speaker, looking on a piece of paper which he held in his hand.

"Yes."

"Dark hair and large black whiskers?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Light gray eyes?"

"Yes."

"Roman nose?"

"Yes; exactly."

"Gentlemanly appearance and manner?"

"Both," replied the landlord of the King's Arms.

"Our man, Bob," said the first speaker, winking to his companion.

"Have you any notion who this person is, whence he came, or what he is doing here?" inquired the former, addressing the landlord.

"Know nothing about him," replied the latter; "only that he pays his way and conducts himself in all respects like a gentleman."

"Is he one, though, think you?" said the former, with an equivocal smile.

"Can't say," replied the landlord. "Take every man to be a gentleman who conducts himself like one."

"Not a bad rule, but, like every other, it has exceptions," said the spokesman of the two visitors, "and this is one."

"Now, sir," he continued, "you don't know who this man is. We'll tell you, and expect that you will aid us, if need be, in the discharge of our duty. He is a notorious swindler and forger, on whom the police of every city in the kingdom have long had their eyes, but have hitherto been unable to convict on any one of the numerous charges brought against him, so dexterously and cautiously does he manage his proceedings. We think we have him now, however, in a case of forgery. The bill is now lying in the Council Chambers, and we have come here with a warrant to apprehend him. We'll thank you then, to show us the gentleman's apartment."

The men, who were criminal officers, were shown, though with no great alacrity, the room occupied by Mr Edgecomb. They entered it, and found that person sitting before the fire reading a paper, with a decanter of wine on the table beside him.

Without moving a muscle, or exhibiting the slightest discomposure, although he must have guessed the purpose of his unceremonious visitors, Edgecomb awaited their approach, looking steadily at them as they advanced.

One of the men came up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "You are my prisoner, sir."

"Indeed," said Edgecomb, coolly—nay, smiling, and without rising from his seat, or betraying the smallest emotion. "Pray, sir, for what?"

"On a charge of forgery, sir," replied the officer. "Here is my warrant; and you'll oblige me by coming along with us."

"Forgery, ha!" exclaimed Edgecomb, with a contemptuous smile. "What sort of forgery is this I am charged with, my man, eh? On whom am I said to have forged?" he added, with the air of a man who, conscious of innocence, sports with both his accusers and their accusation.

"The Fiscal will tell you all about that," replied the officer. "In the meantime you will come along with us, if you please."

"Oh, certainly; by all means," said Edgecomb. "I'll accompany you wherever you choose. Forgery, ha! a good jest, truly. But no matter, we'll see the end of this odd affair. Take a glass of wine, gentlemen?" he said, seizing the decanter, filling up a glass, and pushing it towards the officers.

One of them took it up and drank it off. Edgecomb filled up another and presented it to his companion, who, nothing loth, did by it as his neighbor had done.

Their entertainer now poured out another glass to himself, and drinking to the health of his visitors, tossed it off.

"Come, gentlemen," he now said, looking at the decanter, which was about one-third full, "we may as well finish it. There's not much in it, and I don't like my wine to get flat, which this might probably do before I got back. Sit down then for a moment, if you please, gentlemen."

The sitting down the officers declined; but the proposal to finish the bottle they readily closed with.

On the latter being emptied, and not before, Edgecomb rose from his seat, and, after coolly adjusting himself before the looking-glass over the mantel-piece, intimated his readiness to attend the officers. The party—the latter and their prisoner—left the apartment, and were about to quit the house, when they met the landlord.

"Extraordinary affair, this!" exclaimed Edgecomb, addressing the latter smilingly. "Charge of forgery! ha! ha! Odd affair indeed. I don't understand it. However, we shall see what it means by and by. In the meantime, keep my apartment for me, if you please—for this matter must, of course, be speedily put to rights—when I shall return to you."

Confounded, after what he had heard, by the unconcerned manner of his guest, the landlord could only bow a reply. Edgecomb smiled and nodded in return, and, accompanied by his escort, quitted the house.

During all this time the conduct of Edgecomb had been so guarded, his manner so composed and so entirely free from anything like conscious guilt, and he had, moreover, met the charge against him with such calm indifference, that the officers themselves began to fear there was some mistake in the matter; either that they had taken the wrong man, or that the charge against him was unfounded. They, however, proceeded with their prisoner to the jail, where they left him for the night.

On the following morning, Edgecomb was conducted into the presence of the Procurator Fiscal, whose chambers were within the jail buildings.

The case having taken wind, and having excited considerable interest, on account of the gentlemanly appearance and manner of the accused, the apartment of the public functionary before whom he was now brought was crowded with the professional acquaintance of the latter, curious to witness the progress and learn the result of the prisoner's precognition.

On entering the apartment, and finding it filled with respectable people, Edgecomb raised his hat politely and bowed with an easy graceful air to those around him.

His manner and elegant exterior—for he was an uncommonly fine-looking man, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion, although in perfect good taste—made a strong impression in his favor; so strong, that several of those present acknowledged his courtesy by raising their hats also. Even the Fiscal himself shared in the same sentiment, as was evident by the way in which he addressed him.

"Mr. Edgecomb," he said, in an unusually civil if not respectful tone, "here is a charge of forgery against you."

Edgecomb smiled and bowed. "So I understand, sir," he replied, in his usual calm and gentlemanly way. "Very strange affair, indeed. Pray, sir, what sort of forgery is it I am accused of? Is it a bill, bond, draft, or what is it, pray?"

"Why, sir, its a bill," said the Fiscal, stretching out his hand and taking from the top of his desk a slip of paper. "A bill, sir, for £250, professing to be drawn upon and accepted by Messrs. Broomley, Kennilworth & Broomley. Discounted in the Royal Bank."

"So, so," said Edgecomb. "Ha! very good, indeed. A bill for £250, accepted by ——. Whom do you call the people, again?"

"Broomley, Kennilworth & Broomley," repeated the Fiscal.

"Ah, just so. Pray, favor me with a sight of this extraordinary document, if you please?"

Thrown off his guard by the polite and easy manner of the accused, and the apparently undesigning way in which the request was made, the Fiscal, simply enough, handed Edgecomb, who was standing on the outside of a small railing by which the desk was enclosed, the bill.

On getting possession of the fatal paper, the latter, without saying a word, walked up deliberately to a blazing fire that was immediately behind him, threw the bill on it, and with the heel of his boot thrust it into the heart of the burning coals, where it was, of course, instantly consumed.

On accomplishing this feat, which, though done with the utmost composure, was yet too quickly performed for any one present to interfere, Edgecomb turned round to the Fiscal, and, making him a low and polite bow, said—

"That, sir, will save both you and me a vast deal of trouble. I wish you, sir, and you, gentlemen, a very good morning."

Saying which, he again bowed, and, with the most entire self-possession and deliberation, walked out of the office; there being, as he well knew, now that the bill was destroyed, no ground for his further detention.

We need scarcely add that the case was one of life and death; for, seeing the severity with which the law was in those days executed, Edgecomb would, beyond all manner of doubt, have been hanged, had he not, by this prompt and bold proceeding, succeeded in destroying the evidence of his guilt.

They have a little town out West which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens, and other French travelers, and which is all "sorts of a place." In one day they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander-pulling, a match dog fight, and preaching by a circus rider, who afterwards had a foot race for apple jack all round; and, as if this was not enough, the judge of the court, after losing his year's salary at single handed poker, and whipping a person for saying he did not understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog stealing.

Cousin Jack's Courtship; or, The Lost Wager.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bags were piled up in the corner of the capacious old-fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieus. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about thirty could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, tormentor and tease of the whole family, and old Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls!" said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. "Perhaps you may one day discover it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my excellency!"

"But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear?" coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thorneville and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea," remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his fair relatives. "At all events, there's one incalculable advantage that will result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"

"The fact that you've played your last freak on me, you tormenting little minx!"

"Don't be so certain of that, cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but, pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleevebuttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds!"

"But you won't have them, mademoiselle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge silver-bound spectacles in their case. "You young people are all in such a desperate hurry. Tell Betsey to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And Minnie, where is my gold pen? I won't be very long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip about Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his cosy red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old college friend Jabez Thorne, of Thorneville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down as a planter in that vicinity, and requesting Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there is some one down stairs who wishes to see you immediately, for one minute."

"Very annoying!" said the old gentleman. "Just as I was finishing up this letter of Jack's! However, I can seal it up afterward. Minnie, suppose you glance over it, and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be!"

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant black hair before the dressing-mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in, with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hairbrush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down unheeded over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleevebuttons, Olive! But, oh! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and cousin Jack, too?"

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain this mysterious riddle!"

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than he expected—almost an hour, in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter:"

"A parody?"

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife! Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with *diablerie*. "But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it, with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and Olive, it was the wrong letter!"

"The wrong letter?"

"It was rather a dim light—and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be—and my impertinent missive was gone! while the real *bona fide* letter lay there, amongst a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't courage to confess my misdemeanors, papa is so opposed to my innocent little jokes—and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve-buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be, when my mischief leaks out!"

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter that Olive, grave elder sister though she was, had not the heart to lecture her as roundly as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the special sanctum of the worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thorneville, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholarly-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade Chester, but a square light room, with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black-framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turnips. He was seated in a leather cushioned arm-chair, looking over the files of an agricultural journal, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "super-phosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor, sir!"

Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspaper, and glanced at the card, which bore the simple inscription, "John Lacy"—then at the letter, which purported to be introductory to that individual.

"Hum—ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Re—markable change in his handwriting, but time alters us all. Haven't heard from him in twenty—years—and—hallo! what's this? A pretty cool request, upon my word—nephew wants a wife, and has heard that I possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well known experience in such matters. What does the old rascal mean?" ejaculated Jabez, the fringe of gray hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation, "I'll send Jeffers to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house!"

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family those Chesters—and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester—he always was singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding on such matters, but there's nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich, and Mary don't object—— At all events I'll see him on the subject."

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket and strode determinedly into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry at his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, "and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property!" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again; but he controlled his emotions, and only answered; "Really, sir, this is a very strange request. One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short notice."

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack, politely; "but I am rather anxious to see for myself, and if you would favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of—"

But Mr. Thorne was fidgetting uneasily on his chair.

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but he answered, as courteously as possible:

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be precipitate on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a fair specimen of the rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, "they are about as impudent a set of jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet."

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly.

"What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

"Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. "I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once."

And before Lacy could express his surprise his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss rosebuds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny, shell-like ears. "To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle! No, indeed! Let the young man go back where he came from! A pretty impression he must have of the ladies in this quarter of the globe!"

"But, my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a very fine-looking fellow, and rich into the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl, I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the mossroses, nevertheless, and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character, it was his aversion to women in general, and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself, it was his decided old bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him *tete-a-tete* with the pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing though, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceeding great disposition to laugh.

"Well," thought Jack, "the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I come to consult an old gentleman about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room, and sends in his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know?"

And Mary, glancing shily in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had "beautiful Spanish eyes," and a moustache decidedly superior in style to the hirsute adornments of the young gentlemen of Thorneville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape incontinently through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however, so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remark on the weather. It had the much-desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was agreeably surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated the sale of it.

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some idea of settling here?"

Mary grew scarlet, and murmured some incoherent sentence or other, the conversation was effectually checked, and Jack, perplexed at the effect, for which he could perceive no visible cause, rose to take leave.

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning?" he asked.

All the mossroses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could never have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

"Very singular family this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves and walking down the broad garden path. "But she is an uncommonly pretty girl—and I shall certainly take an early walk through that grove of cedars to-morrow morning, before breakfast."

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose feeling decidedly pleased that he should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

"I certainly can't be in love!" quoth he, mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in any danger of suing for not only a farm but a wife."

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves off his pet laurustinus with a gigantic pair of garden-scissors, that morning, when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a buoyant

"Good-morning! Well, sir," he went on gaily, "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"Hem!" said Mr. Thorne, dubiously.

"And I would like to take a second, more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man, sharply, "my daughter has not yet come down stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter?" thought Lacy, but he said, politely:

"Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you, young man," began Mr. Thorne, in a towering rage, but Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say—

"In short, sir, I am determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape into words

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began; "you talk as if this was a mere matter of business!"

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way in which I have always heretofore been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir."

"Heretofore—you have been accustomed! And pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"Oh, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose," replied Jack, smilling.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Get out of my garden, you young reprobate!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here and offer to buy my daughter, as if she were a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!"

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?"

"Yes, my daughter, you jack-a-dandy!"

"But I'm not bargaining for your daughter, I'm bargaining for that land across the river.

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket-book, "your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention."

"Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?"

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily towards Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of his annoyance and mortification burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty handwriting.

"It's nothing to laugh at, sir," exclaimed Thorne.

"My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all the victims of a very ridiculous mistake," said Lacy. "My uncle never wrote this letter; it is the work of my mischievous cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind."

"And you didn't come to look for a wife?"

"I came to purchase real estate."

"Whew-w-w!" Old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

"Well, my boy, I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go and tell the little minx what a blunder we've made."

"Stay a moment, sir," said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm, as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees, "will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that, after I have selected a home, I shall not enter into less business-like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "I'll give my consent, if only to atone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations, occasionally pausing to laugh all to himself, while Cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time—in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time, before he discerned through the dense foliage of the acacia hedges their advancing forms, Mr Lacy looking exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared the paterfamilias.

"She says she'll consider of it!" answered Jack, demurely.

A week or two afterwards Minnie Chester received a neat little package, containing the diamond sleevebuttons and the following billet:

"DEAR MINNIE—I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, for I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife!

"COUSIN JACK."

From which we may conclude that the result of Miss Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

The Yankee Pilot.

The captain of one of the Mississippi river steamers one morning, while his boat was lying at her moorings at New Orleans, waiting for the tardy pilot, who, it appears, was a rather uncertain kind of a fellow, saw a tall, gaunt Yankee make his appearance before the captain's office, and sing out—

"Hello, cap'n! you don't want a pilot nor nothin' about this 'ere craft, do ye?"

"How do you know I don't? responded the captain.

"Oh, you don't understand; I axed if s'posin' you did?"

"Then, supposing I do, what of it?"

"Well," said the Yankee, "I reckon I know suthin' about that ere sort o' business, provided you wanted a feller of jest about my size."

The captain gave him a scrutinising glance, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "I should pity the steamer that you piloted," asked:

"Are you acquainted with the river and do you know where the snags are?"

"Well, ye-as," responded the Yankee, rather hesitatingly, "I'm pretty well acquainted with the river, but the snags, I don't know exactly so much about where they be."

"Don't know about the snags!" exclaimed the captain in contempt, "don't know about the snags! You'll make a pretty pilot!"

At this the Yankee's countenance assumed anything but an angelic expression, and, with a darkened brow and a fiercely flashing eye, he drew himself up to his full height, and indignantly roared back in a voice of thunder:

"What do I want to know where the snags are for, old sea-hoss? But I know where they ain't, and there's where I do my sailing!"

It is sufficient to know that the Yankee was promptly engaged, and that the captain takes pleasure in saying that he proved himself one of the best pilots on the river.

Three brothers were heirs to their father's oxen, seventeen in number. By the Mohammedan law of inheritance the eldest brother was entitled to one-half, the second to one-third, and the youngest to one-ninth of the whole number. As the animals could not be divided without destroying them, the subject was referred to the decision of the Commander of the Faithful, Ali. The caliph added an ox to the number and then made the division. This gave each brother more than his share—the eldest nine, the next six, and the youngest two—and yet left to the Prince the ox he had added.

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child at his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, accosted him. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature around the neck with the impassioned cry, "O, doggie, doggie! and div ye live wi' your uncle, too, that ye are so thin!"

An idle man always thinks he has a right to feel affronted if a busy man does not devote just as much of his time to him as he himself has time to waste.

A proposal is mooted to raise the price of sittings in places of worship where ladies wear large crinolines.

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 shall 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. This 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, &c., 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, January 9, 1864.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On New Year's night, about 12 o'clock, a man belonging to the schr. *Flying Mist*, lying at Keach's wharf, very narrowly escaped with his life. While in the act of going on board of the vessel, the night being very dark, he was precipitated by a misstep into the water, between the schooner and the wharf, and, but for timely aid, would certainly have drowned. Fortunately a little daughter of Elwood Evans, Esq., who had just gone on board the *Eliza Anderson* with her father, heard the splash caused by the fall, and instantly gave the alarm. Mr. Evans, accompanied by a man attached to the steamer, proceeded to the spot from whence the noise came, and there found a man in the water clinging to one of the piles of the wharf. They soon passed a rope down to him, which, after much difficulty, he made fast to his waist, when they drew him out. On reaching the wharf, he was found to be nearly exhausted.

PETERSONS' MAGAZINE.—We are in receipt of this popular Lady's Magazine for December. It is a splendid number. "Peterson" will be greatly improved in 1864. It will contain nearly 1000 pages of double column reading matter; 14 steel plates; 12 colored steel fashion plates; 12 colored patterns in Berlin work, embroidery or crochet, and 900 wood engravings—proportionately more than any other periodical gives. Its stories and novelets are by the best writers. In 1864, Four Original Copyright Novelets will be given. Its Fashions are always the latest and prettiest. Every neighborhood ought to make up a club. Its price is but two dollars a year, or a dollar less than Magazines of its class. It is the Magazine for the times! To clubs, it is cheaper still, viz: —three copies for $5, five for $7.50, or eight for $10. To every person getting up a club, (at these rates) the Publisher will send an extra copy gratis. Specimens sent (if written for) to those wishing to get up clubs. Address, post-paid, Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

SOLD.—President Lincoln and the quondam friends of Secretary Evans have been badly sold in regard to the loyal sentiments of that personage, if the half of what we hear of his doings be true. He is either as disloyal as the most outspoken Secessionist, or, to use a milder phrase, very inconsistent. The constituents of certain members of the Legislature have also been rather badly sold, if we may judge from the proceedings of that body. And the loyal voters of our own county do not fare better than those of other localities in this respect. But there will be a day of reckoning for all traitors, whether to local constituencies or to the Union at large.

LIBERAL BOUNTY.—The bounty now paid to volunteers entering the U. S. Army on the Pacific coast amounts to $302, paid in the following sums: On the first regular pay day after enlisting, $102; at intervals of six months thereafter, until the whole is paid up, instalments of $40 each, in addition to the regular pay. An excellent opportunity is here offered to men out of employment to obtain fair wages and comfortable quarters, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear. The commandant of Fort Steilacoom, Capt. E. H. Tucker, is authorized to receive on these terms all sound men who offer themselves.

AGROUND.—On the last trip of the steamer *Oregon* to the Columbia River, she got aground near Swan Island, some four miles below Portland. After sticking fast five days, during which her cargo was all discharged, she was released from her perilous position, and proceed on her return passage to San Francisco.

THE WEATHER.—The coldest weather of the present season has been experienced during the past few days. For some two weeks previous to Sunday last, the weather had been unusually mild; warm rains prevailing with occasional sunshine. On Sunday a marked change took place; the weather clearing up and becoming suddenly very cold. Until Thursday the mercury remained steadily at the freezing point. We learn that streams in this county never before known to have been frozen were a mass of ice for several days. On Thursday morning, the weather having moderated somewhat, a fall of snow commenced, which continued all day, covering the ground to the depth of three or four inches.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—The original copy of this document, in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, was sold at the great Sanitary Fair, in Chicago, to T. B. Bryan, of that city, for $3,000. Mr. B. was one of the warmest personal and political friends of Douglas, but ever since the war begun, he has been unceasing in his efforts to save the country, and has cheerfully devoted time, his great wealth and influence to sustaining the army and the Government in all its measures.

GENEROUS.—Dr. Bellows has received from Charlotte Cushman, the actress, $8,267.29, as a donation to the Sanitary Commission; she had received it by giving dramatic performances in some of the eastern cities.

NEW TERRITORY.—A memorial was introduced in the Idaho Legislature, on the 16th ult., praying for the division of the Territory of Idaho, and the erection of the eastern portion thereof into a new Territory, to be called Jefferson Territory.

FIRST W. T. VOLUNTEERS.

Owing to desertions, principally from the companies dispatched to garrison posts in the vicinity of the mines, this regiment has become reduced in numbers to an extent that sadly impairs its efficiency. This is to be regretted. It gave promise, at the outset, of becoming a very serviceable branch of the army, and no doubt would have done so, but for the temptations held out by the mines. One of the consequences of this diminution of numbers is the removal of its chief officer, Col. Steinberger; what other action will be taken in regard to it, if any, we have yet to learn. A special order of the War Department, dated Washington, Nov. 20, says:

Colonel Justus Steinberger, 1st Washington Territory Volunteers, is hereby mustered out of the service of the United States, in consequence of his regiment being below the required standard number of enlisted men.

By order of the Secretary of War,
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General.

But the regiment has not entirely lost its vitality, and may again be restored to the required standard. The company stationed at Fort Steilacoom now numbers forty-eight men, and will soon, we have no doubt, be raised to the full complement; for recruits are gradually coming in, and we hear of a number of men on their way up from below to enlist. The officers, Capt. Tucker and Lieuts. Jester and Toohill, have shown themselves well qualified for their positions, and every way worthy the confidence of their superiors. In the matter of discipline, their company is not excelled by veteran regulars anywhere; of this we have ample evidence in the harmony maintained at the garrison, and in the conduct of the men when in town. A better ordered company never garrisoned this post. Justice to the officers demands at least this statement. With the addition of the necessary number of recruits to fill it up, which we believe will soon be made, it may safely challenge comparison with any volunteer company in the service. We therefore trust that, whatever changes may take place in the regiment, this company and its officers will be retained in their present position. Their fidelity merits favorable consideration, and should receive it.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Northern foes of the Administration are marshaling their forces for the Presidential campaign of the ensuing fall. Old Hunkers and Old Line Whigs, Know Nothing and ultra Abolition leaders, are all massing together in one organization for the defeat of the Administration party. McClellan seems to be the favorite of this combination for the Presidency, and Judge Campbell, of Tennessee, for the Vice Presidency.

END OF THE WORLD.—Notwithstanding the failure of the many prophesies respecting the end of the world, the believers in its speedy dissolution are not yet all dead. Dr. Cummings, of London, not disheartened by his former shortcomings as a prophet, now predicts that the end of everything mundane will take place in 1867. When that period is reached another postponement will be announced, for the benefit of Copperheads who have not yet repented of their sins.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.—We entertained the hope of being able to present to our readers, this week, Gov. Pickering's annual message, but we have thus far failed to obtain a copy of it. Were it not for a notice of that document in the columns of a contemporary, we should have had no knowledge of its existence. The delegation from this county are wanting in attention.

A COSTLY BALL.—The grand Russian Ball which recently took place in New York city was doubtless the most costly ever given there. The money expended on the occasion for all purposes is estimated to amount to $1,340,000! Of this sum, one million is said to have been expended for jewelry alone.

GREAT FORTUNES MADE.—Immense fortunes have been made in Manchester, England, by speculators in cotton goods since the opening of the American war. At the outset a merchant bought a million pieces of printed goods, and had them only a day or two, when they became enhanced five shillings each in their selling worth. The enterprising speculator cleared thus a quarter of a million sterling by a single transaction.

THE WOUNDED IN OUR BATTLES.—We have now in the U. S. at least 235 general hospitals for the use of the soldiers; containing about 60,000 patients. To show on what a large scale our battles have been fought, as we do everything else, it seems that during four months of 1863 there were treated at our hospitals 20,930 cases of gunshot wounds. The wounded of the whole British army in the Crimean war was only a little over 12,000, and their entire hospital accommodations in the three years would not have sufficed for the wounded at either of the battles of Shiloh, Antietam or Gettysburg.

MOBILE.—A printer in Mobile, writing to his wife in Louisville, Ky., incloses a list of prices which ruled there on the 9th of October. Among them are calico, $7 and $8 a yard; alpacca, $2.50 a yard; new boots, $100 a pair; footed boots, $85 a pair; good common winter pants, $250; board, single, $100 per month.

CHEAP BURNING OIL FOR HAND-LAMPS.—Common refined whale oil, with the addition of one-third of its bulk of good kerosene oil, will make a burning mixture for the ordinary hand-lamps, without shades or chimneys, often used, about equal to the best sperm oil, perfectly safe and free from smoke or smell. So says an exchange.

PERSONAL.—John J. McGilvra, Esq., U. S. Attorney for Washington Territory, is at the Federal Capital looking after certain matters of interest to this Territory. He has laid us under obligations for valued favors, and has our sincere thanks therefor.

DEAD.—King Kamehameha, of the Sandwich Islands, died on the 30th of November. He is succeeded by an elder brother, who takes the title of Kamehameha V.

EASTERN PAPERS.—Major Stratman, of San Francisco, has our thanks for late Eastern papers and periodicals.

To Capt. Finch, of the *Eliza Anderson*, we are indebted for Victoria papers.

DIVORCES.

On the 24th ult., the first application for a divorce was made to the present Legislative Assembly. It was made by bill in the Council, by Mrs. Matilda Kanam. The bill was read twice, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which Frank Clark, Esq., is chairman. In a very few minutes after the reference was made, the chairman reported the bill back to the Council, with the recommendation of the Committee that it be indefinitely postponed, which was adopted by the Council by a vote of six to one. Accompanying the report of the Committee was the following:

Resolved by the Council, That the Courts are the proper and legitimate tribunals to be appealed to by persons desiring a decree of nullity of the marriage contract, and that this body will not entertain any further applications for divorce.

This resolution was adopted by the Council; the vote being the same as that on the indefinite postponement of the bill. Hereupon Mr. Clark introduced a Joint Resolution asking Congress to so amend the Organic Act as to prevent future Legislative Assemblies from granting divorces, which passed the Council, and will doubtless pass the other branch of the Legislature. It is earnestly to be hoped that this will be promptly acted upon by Congress, and thereby forever stop in this Territory a great and growing evil.

Thus is disposed of, for this session at least, and, we sincerely trust, for all future sessions of our Territorial Legislature, a subject that has brought more odium upon that body than all others combined. The prompt action of the Council is highly creditable to that body, and should meet a speedy ratification on the part of the House, as we cannot doubt it will.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The holidays just past have been enjoyed in a greater degree than usual by our citizens. A more general attendance of the country people on the festivities in the town was never witnessed, and all seemed pleased with the manner in which the holidays passed. The balls both of Christmas and New Year proved perfectly successful, so far as the management and pleasure afforded were concerned. The presence of the gentlemanly officers of the *Narragansett*, Capt. Woodworth at their head, added to the general enjoyment of the New Year's ball.

The most agreeable of our holiday festivities, however, are the social parties of Mr. Edward Huggins, at Fort Nisqually. It has been our good fortune to be present at two of these, and all the guests on those occasions will unite with us, we have no hesitation in saying, in pronouncing the hours there passed among the most pleasant in their memory. With a liberality characteristic of that gentleman, he provides the choicest edibles and liquids in the greatest profusion, and omits nothing that can contribute to the pleasure of his friends. Between dancing, singing, eating, drinking, etc., no note is taken of time at these parties. Those who enjoyed his hospitality on these occasions will not soon forget them.

Friends at the East will thus see that we do not fail to observe the holidays.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Mrs. Doctor Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, who, when a very pretty Miss, wore Bloomer costume and gave lectures on the wrongs of woman, now lives in Wallhill, New York, and won't pay taxes because she can't vote. In October last she was notified by the highway overseer of the town to appear on a certain day, with shovel in hand, to work out her highway tax. She appeared on the appointed day, with her fire shovel, and went to work, but only for five days, when her tax was for ten and a half. She was thereupon arrested on complaint of the overseer. He complained that he gave "Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck, who resides in said district and is assessed to work ten and a half days upon the highways therein, notice to appear on the 9th day of September, with a good shovel, on the road near the house of A. G. Townley, to do such work, and that the said L. Sayer Hasbrouck did so appear with a small fire shovel, whereupon the said deponent furnished the said Hasbrouck with a good shovel, and directed her to assist in filling the wagons that were on the ground, but that the said Hasbrouck did not work faithfully, remaining idle a considerable portion of the time each load was filling, standing leaning on her shovel, talking and calling the attention of other workmen from their work, at other times sitting during the whole time of filling the wagon, sometimes with one hand tossing pebbles into the wagon, and at others reading a paper." Lydia was too much for him.

The following document was handed recently to the editor of the Norwich *Bulletin* by an old schoolmaster: "At an adjourned school district meeting held in the School House in — District in the first society in K—— on the 6 day December 6th 1836 Voted that we will not have Grammar or Georgrath tort in the school this winter. Voted to adjurn this meetin without Day."

A deaf and dumb lad eighteen years of age, Jacob Zimmers, a pupil in the Toronto (Canada) Deaf and Dumb Institute, has confessed to the murder of a little girl eight years of age, and he was so ignorant that the Court could not put him on trial. He did not appear to be conscious of the enormity of his crime, and pointed out voluntarily the place where the body of the child lay.

Speaking of the unnecessary increase of the price of certain commodities, and which is done by combination among the dealers, a New York paper remarks: "Conspiracies to raise the market value of necessaries are punished in Turkey, and we believe in Russia, with the pillory and the lash. There is something very wholesome, sometimes, in the sharp policy of absolute power."

Michael Shookman died in Franklin county, Mo., on the 3rd of September, aged one hundred and four years. He leaves twenty-two children, eighty two grand-children and thirty great grand-children. His oldest child is over eighty years old and his youngest eight years old, making a difference of seventy-two years between children of the same parent.

The Canton of Berne has declared war against the cockchafers which abound there. Twelve millions of these insects have been recently destroyed at the expense of the Canton, and this amounted to just $400.

Great complaint is made at Richmond that business men, instead of investing their money in Confederate scrip, are purchasing real estate.

OLYMPIA CORRESPONDENCE.

OLYMPIA, Jan. 7, 1864.

The Printing question has been dispoosed of finally, for this session. The Secretary and his Democratic friend from Walla Walla have succeeded in whipping in some weak-kneed gentlemen who were elected on the Union ticket, but who have in this matter proved false to their constituency and the Union organization, and by their combined vote an election for Printer has been staved off for this session. The patronage of the Government will therefore remain in the hands of the enemy, unless a higher power should deem it proper to spoil the plans of Evans, McElroy & Co. *Nous verrons.*

Several bills of general and local importance have been passed. An Apportionment bill, and bills defining the Judicial Districts, establishing United States District Courts, and assigning the Judges, have been introduced in the lower House. It is proposed by one bill to have a U. S. Court at Steilacoom. On Saturday next, 9th instant, the Legislature will meet in Joint Convention to elect Territorial officers.

I would state, for the information of that impertinent acquaintance of yours, that Mr. P. does not appear to have entirely recovered from the effects of the "influence" alluded to.

ION.

SLANDER REFUTED.

The following testimony in regard to the reports respecting Rev. Geo. W. Sloan, of which many of our readers have doubtless heard, shows the true state of the matter. It is from Rev. John Hall, Presbyterian minister in Victoria:

VICTORIA, V. I., Dec. 21, 1863.

My dear Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to say that I inquired of the Consul regarding the matter, and was delighted to hear of your innocence. A desperate trick had been played upon you, and your name had been maliciously assumed by another, in circumstances I need not repeat. Parties informed Mr. Francis of this who had made it their business to inquire into the matter.

I am yours, faithfully,
JOHN HALL.

Rev. Geo. W. Sloan.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A correspondent says the sword worn by Gen. Montgomery when leading the American attack on Quebec is still in possession of a man whose father took it from the General's body the morning after he fell.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of the trip of the French iron-clad fleet to Brest, says that the two ships of the line and the three frigates rolled fearfully, but particularly the *Normandie*, and the sea washed the decks in continuous streams. It was impossible to keep the portholes open, and consequently no trial could be made of the guns. There is evidently no danger of these iron-clads ever crossing the Atlantic.

They have a stone Saint at Bergamo, in Italy, who cures hump back. On a late occasion a man so afflicted, to appearance, climbed up a ladder to touch the Saint, when his infirmity was found, when he came down, to have left him. Some sceptics say the protuberance was of ice, which, gradually melting away, made up a very pretty miracle indeed.

A gentleman at St. Paul, Minnesota, has produced, after long labor, six automatic figures, three of each sex, life size, and so closely resembling living persons as to deceive all but the closest observers. They play upon musical instruments and mind their own business a great deal better than some live people.

A Chippewa squaw, who was the belle of her people a hundred years ago, still lives on the shores of Red Lake. She is 120 years old. She and her husband were the first settlers in that region, and she and a French dealer in furs were the progenitors of the half-breeds there so numerous.

The oldest rose tree in Europe is at Hildesheim, in Hanover. It was planted in the ninth century by Louis the Pious; in 1078 Bishop Hezilo had a wall built around the tree to protect it. It has lately put forth new shoots from the old roots, one of which is twelve feet high and nearly an inch in diameter.

The patterns have been made and the preparations commenced at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, for the casting of a gun which will a bore of twenty inches. Its length will be twenty feet, and its greatest diameter at the breech five feet four inches. It will weigh about fifty-seven tons.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Prof. Agassiz announced the discovery of metamorphosis in the development of fishes which is analagous to the tadpole condition of frogs. The difficulty of obtaining fishes fresh from the egg has prevented previous knowledge of this wonderful fact.

The rebels during their occupation of Booneville, Mo., stole indiscriminately from Union men and secessionists, carrying away property to the amount of $300,000 from the town and the adjacent county.

Pouring cold water on the face and head destroys the effect of narcotic poisons. A girl poisoned with laudanum in England was saved in this way, after all other remedies failed.

Since the last annual return no fewer than 268,463 ships cleared inwards or outwards from British ports. Of this number 1827 were wrecked, and the sea swallowed up 690; more than half the number of losses consisted of vessels under 300 tons. The lifeboats of the National Society saved 358 lives.

A Washington dispatch says: "The Secretary of State is in good spirits over the recent change in English affairs. He does not impute it to fear or other unworthy motives, but says "Old England is herself again."

At a sale of old coins in New York, recently, an old silver dollar sold for $285.

An infamous old bachelor, being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied—"No, but I once saw a marriage."

To give some idea of the extent of the Navy, it may be stated that thirty-four steamers and sailing vessels are now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, being altered or repaired, or fitting out; and thirty new Ericsson iron-clads are in course of construction at different points.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that "the venerable Catholic Archbishop Purcell, accompanied by Bishop Rosecrans, appeared at the polls in that city on Tuesday, for the first time in twenty-five years, and voted an open Union ticket."

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Gen. Schenck says "a peace Democrat is one who prefers a piece of the Union to the whole of it."

A French journal says that there are, on an average, six hundred persons drowned every year in Paris.

The city authorities of Indianapolis, Ind., have bought seven hundred cords of wood for the poor of that city.

Capt. Charles H. Gordon of the 3d Rhode Island Cavalry offers to give a thousand dollars for equal division among one hundred men who join his command.

At Berrien, Michigan, a barrel of sorghum syrup was stored away some five years ago; it was recently opened, when the contents were found to be dry sugar.

A lady in moderate circumstances, who formerly lived in Rockland, Me., was recently bequeathed $10,000 by a grateful Englishman who used to board with her.

One of the divers now at work in Newport harbor had an encounter with a shark last week, the latter leaving very soon after a blow on the head with a heavy crow bar.

The number of firearms manufactured at Colt's armory in Hartford, during October, averaged one every minute through ten hours of each day in the week, Sundays excepted.

The Government at the present time has on hand in the different arsenals throughout the country seven hundred thousand stands of arms, five hundred thousand of which are effective. The number is rapidly increasing.

A suit is pending in the District Court of New York to recover $10,000 as damages for the depredations of cockroaches on a cargo of tea during the voyage from China. The vermin destroyed the outer labels of packages.

Hon. James Brewster, of New Haven, 76 years of age, has volunteered his services to Gov. Buckingham, under the President's call for troops, and agrees if he is not accepted to send a substitute to answer for him, at his own cost.

Advices from Cuba say there is serious alarm on many of the plantations of the island lest the slaves should break out into open insurrection, their conduct in many places being such as to excite the most serious apprehensions.

A novel race took place at Hartford the other day. It was for a purse of $100 between a steam carriage, invented by Mr. S. H. Roper of Roxbury, Mass., and a horse. The horse won in three straight heats; time—3,10, 3,15 and 3,20.

A Washington correspondent says that, on the 1st of September, 1863, the public debt was one billion two hundred and twenty eight million eight hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and seventy-one dollars, eleven cents.

The reported mutiny among the Tennessee troops in front of Chattanooga proves to have been a very serious affair. It appears that a whole brigade attempted to desert to the Union lines, and in resisting their attempt over eighty hundred men on both sides were killed.

A foreign paper says: "A quantity of buffalo beef was brought from America to Berlin at the beginning of summer. The speculators are so well satisfied with the results of their experiment that they have just sent out orders for extensive consignments of this novel article of diet."

A distinguished California divine was asked, after a trip to silver land, what he thought of the country? He replied, "there are but three things at Washoe, sir; big mines, little mines, and whiskey shops; in other words, Ophir holes, gopher holes, and loafer holes."

The 250 pounder Armstrong gun planted by the rebels on Lookout Mountain, with which Chattanooga, Rosecrans, and all hands were to be knocked higher than a kite, burst at the second discharge, which caused Bragg to make use of a good deal of very bad language.

The draft was rather severe in New Hampshire, N. H.; it took the only physician in town, two of the Selectmen, the principal teacher in the literary department of the Seminary, all the theological students who graduated in July last, and six of the class in theology at the present term.

A Washington dispatch says that the receipts of money paid by drafted men now amount to nine millions, which, it is expected, will be increased by one or two millions more. The whole of this sum is to be appropriated to recruiting under the new proclamation of the President.

A letter from Chattanooga to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says that Longstreet's men were ordered to fire into the Georgia militia men, in Bragg's army, who revolted against leaving their own State to fight the rebel battles, and that sixty of them were killed and over two hundred more severely wounded.

Maine, since its existence as a separate State (now forty three years) has had twenty-one Judges of the Supreme Court. No Judge has died when in office, and fifteen of the number are still living. Of the six Chief Justices five are still living, viz: Chief Justices Weston, Whitman, Sheply, Tenney, and Appleton.

The coal mine at Monkwearmouth, England, is said to be the deepest mine in the world. The depth of this mine from the surface is 1000 feet, and the workings of coal underneath extend to a distance of two miles from the shaft. About 300 persons are employed in it, and 600 tons are mined daily.

Mr. Hall, an Englishman, was called to the French bar a few weeks since, being the second now practicing in Paris. A knowledge of the English language has become necessary to barristers in Paris in consequence of the numerous commercial as well as criminal cases in which English interests are engaged.

Those who send money to their friends in prison at Richmond are notified by the confederates that greenbacks will be confiscated, but gold will be delivered to the prisoners and they will be allowed to spend it or exchange it for confederate money. Greenbacks are tabooed because of the contempt put upon rebel paper over here.

A negro woman in Providence lately tied a string round the tongue of a child seven years of age, and after placing the little one on tiptoe, tied the string round a nail, causing the sufferer to stand in this position all night. The monster is to be proceeded against, and should have the severest penalty the law admits inflicted on her.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.

The latest dates from Europe furnish the result of the great prize fight between King and Heenan. King won in twenty-five rounds, occupying thirty-one minutes. The London *Times* says but little science was displayed on either side. Heenan's game throughout seemed to be to close and hug so as to crush his antagonist at once by dashing him violently to the ground. King's tactics were different and more creditable. It was reported that Heenan's shoulder was broken. The choice of ground was won by Heenan. At exactly 10 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 10th the fight commenced:

1st Round—Heenan closed in, grasping King by the neck and giving him an old-fashioned hug, until the referee entered the ring and strictly cautioned him not to repeat the operation.

2d Round—King forced the fighting as soon as he came to the scratch, and Heenan closed in again. After hugging King some time, he threw him. In this round King drew the first blood.

3d Round—After hard exchanges, Heenan again hugged King, and threw him on the ropes with awful violence. All was now going against King. The only thing in his favor was the first blood.

4th Round—King came up with visible marks under his left eye. Heenan again attempted the hugging game, which elicited loud remarks of disapprobation.

5th Round—King got in a tremendous blow on Heenan's ear and another on his temple, when the latter again hugged and threw King violently.

6th Round—Both pegged away at each other. This round ended by Heenan giving King another hug.

7th Round—King gave Heenan a rattler on the nose, drawing a stream of blood.

8th Round—Heenan was thrown.

9th Round—King gave Heenan a tremendous blow on the head; Heenan closed in on him and threw him.

10th Round—King launched out heavily with both fists; closed in and was thrown by Heenan.

11th Round—Heenan began to tire at the close, but rushed in and threw King heavily.

The 12th, 13th, and 14th rounds had the same result. In the 15th round some swinging blows were given on both sides, when Heenan knocked King clear into the corner. This was the nicest genuine knock-down of the fight.

16th Round—Heenan came to the scratch with a dreadful eye, and a severe struggle took place, neither side gaining any advantage, and the excitement had become so great that the ring regulations were disregarded. King's blows swelled Heenan's right eye and temples to a fearful extent. He bore it manfully. From this to the 24th and last round, King went ahead at a perfect gallop, and, when time was called for the 25th round, the sponge was thrown up by the seconds of Heenan.

Heenan was dreadfully punished, and should never have been permitted to pass the 21st round. King presented no visible marks of punishment, except a mouse on the left eye. This is from *Bell's Life*, which concludes its description by saying a braver contest was never fought.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer* gives credit to Gen. Meade for managing his retreat scientifically, saving his stores and losing few men. He says the rebel soldiers were sadly disappointed at their failure to capture supplies, but had made the most of a small chance they had to do so, as they made their prisoners pull off their own shoes.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mrs. A. F. Byrd, in Pierce County, W. T., Dec 24th, by Rev. Rudolphus Weston, Mr. JAS P. MCNAIR, late Probate Judge of Pierce County, to Miss MARGARET ANN MCMILLAN, both of this county.

TRADE NOTICE.
English Almanacs for 1864.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANAC for 1864 contains groups of fresh water Fish, from paintings by H. L. Rolfe, and beautifully printed in Colors, with interesting descriptions, and many beautiful Fine Art Engravings; twelve original Designs as headings to the Calendar, and a vast amount of useful and interesting information—altogether the Illustrated London Almanac at once a most acceptable and elegant companion to the Library, boudoir, or drawing room. Retail price, ONE DOLLAR.

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Contains the British Peerage, Parliamentary, Court, County and Colonial Calendar. British Army and Navy Lists, and a large amount of valuable statistical and other information, not found in other publications. 160 pages. Retail price, FIFTY CENTS.

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All the above Almanacs will arrive here from London about the last of December except Punch's Almanac, which will be be e about Jan. 15th.

Send in your orders as soon as possible.
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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 2
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 serious illness. 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 Superioress.

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

For clothing, books, or other wants of students, no advances will be made by the Institution. To meet such expenses, a sufficient sum must be deposited with the Treasurer. Pre-payments 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

COUNTY SURVEYOR.—GEORGE W. SLOAN, County Surveyor of Pierce County, W. T., will attend to the duties of said office in person. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

Steilacoom, December 5, 1863. 1:tf

Elk-Horn Market.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE OPENED A MARKET adjoining Keach's store, for the purpose of supplying the community at large with all kinds of choice

MEATS, VEGETABLES, &c.,

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5 12:tf MONTGOMERY & BYRD.

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.

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Price only 25 cents per bottle.

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PINCUS & PACKSCHER,
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COAL AND FISH OIL,
TABLE AND STOCK SALT,
Cordage, Axes, Nails, Washboards, Brooms,
Wash-Tubs, &c., &c., &c.

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ARMY REGISTER, Official, United States, 1861. 75
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
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6:3-tf J. STRATMAN.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, January 9, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

Halifax, Dec. 17.—The United States steamer *Ella and Annie* captured the steamer *Chesapeake* this morning in Shelburne harbor. All but three of the crew escaped.

Washington, Dec. 17th.—On December 15th over two thousand persons had availed themselves of the President's proclamation, in Norfolk, by taking the oath.

Gen. Sickles has asked for a Court of Inquiry upon the charges contained in Halleck's report. Other officers have made similar requests to disembarrass the President.

A special dispatch to-night says: Gen. Hitchcock has gone to Fortress Monroe with final propositions to the rebel authorities for an exchange of prisoners. He will probably offer to exchange man for man, grade for grade, without reference to the officers or men of colored regiments.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The number of veterans who will return to the service from the Army of the Potomac will reach upwards of 20,000, and an equal if not a larger proportion of veterans from other armies will volunteer for three years or the war.

Leavenworth, Dec. 18.—Accounts from the Plains represent that there is great suffering among the men and stock. In consequence of a snow storm, no hay or grass can be had. The stock are dying off by hundreds from starvation. Many lives are known to be lost by the intense cold. Over a hundred trains are out, and much anxiety is felt for their safety. Fourteen inches of snow has fallen here. It has drifted, and all the roads are blockaded. No mail for three days.

Chattanooga, Dec. 18.—John Morgan escaped across the Tennessee at Gillespie's Landing, sixty miles above here, on Sunday afternoon the 13th inst. Capt. Cummings, who escaped from Columbus with him, was captured, together with 14 of his escort. Gen. Howard's command at Athens has cavalry scouting the country. Possibly Morgan may yet be taken.

Cairo, Dec. 18.—On Dec. 12th, three companies of Federals had a fight with 350 guerrillas near Fort Pillow. 28 of the latter were captured and several wounded. 65 conscripts were released. Our loss was one wounded.

A land expedition was sent, a few days since, against the rebels at Water Proof. The rebels were routed with a loss of 76 killed, several wounded, and a few prisoners.

Gen. Washburn holds the coast of Texas from the Rio Grande to within 100 miles of Galveston. Another division of the 13th corps starts for the Texas coast to-day, and the expectation is that Galveston is the next place to be put down in the history of the war as having been reduced by the Federals. Gen. Franklin is still at New Iberia with about four divisions. Gen. Weitzel goes north to join Gen. Butler's command in a few days. It is not known who takes his place.

New York, Dec. 19.—The recent heavy storms swept away nearly all the rebel obstructions in Charleston harbor, and their remnants line the shore at the entrance. The harbor is now believed to be cleared, and it is supposed our navy will take due advantage of the fact.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of Dec. 9th has news of the capture of Puebla by Juarez's forces. The French in Tampico were in a state of seige, and have lost there, by yellow fever, eight hundred men.

A dispatch dated "Headquarters U. S. forces, Western Virginia, December 18th," says Gen. Sullivan announces the capture of Forrest's rebel cavalry, and a number of other prisoners, by the 22d Pennsylvania regiment, while on a reconnoissance in Loudon county, near Upperville.

The Tax Commissioners have prepared their lists, and announce that the sale of estates will take place on the 11th of January. The first parcel offered will be in Arlington, the place of Gen. Lee.

The *Chesapeake*, having been captured in British waters, will be given up to the Colonial authorities. Secretaries Seward and Wells have so telegraphed to Halifax. It is not believed, however, that the pirates will be allowed to put to sea again.

A very large proportion of the rebels in our hands—not less than one-third it is said—are desirous of enlisting in the navy. It is understood the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy are agreed to permit them to do so.

Halifax, Dec. 19.—This afternoon the steamer *Chesapeake* and prisoners were delivered over to the Government. Upon the arrival of the boat containing the prisoners at Queen's wharf, the excitement became intense. The prisoners were immediately seized and hurried off by the crowd in attendance, and the Government officers going to arrest the prisoners under a warrant, were seized and held by prominent citizens, and the officers were rendered powerless to perform their duty. The crowd finally succeeded in getting off the pirates in a small boat. The affair caused the greatest excitement throughout the city. What course the authorities will pursue in the matter it is impossible to say. The pirates are all at liberty and scattered throughout the provinces.

New York, Dec. 20.—Creditable witnesses from Richmond state that our prisoners are better fed than their own people, and better than they would be were it not that the desperate straits of the Confederacy must be kept from our knowledge. Fresh beef is now $4 per pound; fresh bread $3 50 per loaf. As a consequence is that thousands must starve, or go into the army, and divide rations with their families.

It has been determined by the rebels to conscript every male citizen between 15 and 60, inclusive, for one last desperate effort in favor of the Confederacy. This conscription includes negroes and whites, thrown into the ranks together indiscriminately. With this immense mongrel horde, Jeff. Davis means to precipitate himself upon Washington, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, commanding in person. He will endeavor to stimulate the passions of these hordes by the most extravagant stories.

Washington, Dec. 20.—The Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Delegates of Virginia, at Alexandria, agreed last night on a bill for a Convention to abolish slavery in that State, which will be passed to-morrow.

The report of the commissioners appointed by the Navy Department, consisting of 31 chief engineers, who made careful experiments for five months, showing the practicability of using petroleum and carbon oils for the purpose of generating steam, has been issued and has proved satisfactory. It is said, by those who have seen it, that results show a great saving, not only for ordinary steamers but for naval steamers, which can be kept at sea under steam three times as long, with less labor and greater economy as compared with coal—equal parts of each being considered. This indicates a complete revolution in the mode of generating steam.

Since the Senate Committee indicated its purpose to repeal the $300 exemption clause, enlistments have substantially ceased all over the country. The Governors, in many of the States in letters to leading Senators, protest against the repeal as sure to run up the price of substitutes to at least $1,000. The probabilities are to-day that the exemption fee will be increased by the Senate Committee to $500.

The Government will dispatch a messenger to Halifax to-morrow with instructions to our Consul there. The action of the British authorities in protecting the pirates of the *Chesapeake* has caused much commotion in diplomatic circles.

New York, Dec. 21.—Congress will adjourn for the holidays, and the draft will be postponed for 20 days.

The Russian fleet leaves for Fortress Monroe during the present week. The President will visit the Admiral in his flag ship on Tuesday or Wednesday.

The House Military Committee will not consider the $300 commutation clause until after the holidays.

St. Louis, Dec. 21st.—A Fort Smith telegram of Dec. 20th says: An attack was made on the outposts of Fort Gibson, December 17th, by Standwate, with a force stated at 1,500. He was repulsed and fell back taking part of his force across the Arkansas below Gibson, moving northwest.

The 3d Wisconsin had just returned from a successful scout southward. They went to within 15 miles of Red river. Finding the enemy had changed position since the last advices, they were unable to go further. Their return was a constant skirmish for over 100 miles, strong bodies of the enemy being posted at the crossings of the streams to intercept them. Their loss was trifling. Among the prisoners taken is the notorious Handy Lane, who boasts of having killed over a hundred Union citizens with his own hands.

Information has been received that two-thirds of Kirby Smith's forces are planning an attack on Little Rock. The balance, anticipating that the Federal forces will be drawn away to reinforce Steele, are to fall on Fort Smith.

A letter received to-day from a distinguished officer of the fleet off Charleston, says: So far as visible the only obstructions in Charleston harbor are the double line of piles across the channel from Fort Pinckney to the Middle Ground. From there to Fort Johnson there is an opening of about two hundred feet. The writer thinks the obstructions can be easily removed by the Monitors.

The Missouri question has received a settlement. Rosecrans will be sent to St. Louis, and Curtis to Kansas—displacing Ewing.

New York, Dec. 22.—The Government has decided that the safety of American vessels leaving this port requires that no persons be allowed to leave as passengers or otherwise, on any American vessels, without first receiving passports from the Marshal of this district. It is understood that a gunboat has already been stationed off Sandy Hook to intercept vessels leaving this port by that outlet, and another at Throgg's Neck to examine vessels leaving by the Sound, with instructions to detain such persons as are without passes. Any one can obtain a proper passport who can have his loyalty vouched for. The adoption of this stringent measure will probably prevent the repetition of the *Chesapeake* affair.

Fairfax Court House, Dec. 22.—General Michael Corcoran died this evening from injuries received by a fall from his horse.

In the rebel Congress the Substitute Bill was abrogated. All persons who have put substitutes in the army are compelled to go themselves. Foote continues his severe denunciations of the rebel Administration.

It was rumored that a Commissioner will be sent to the Court of Madrid in behalf of the rebel Government.

Cincinnati, Dec. 22.—A messenger from the Governor and Legislature of Kentucky left Frankfort yesterday for Washington to request the President to postpone the draft until corrections can be made in the enrollment papers. Delegates have left Frankfort for the National Convention of Conservatives at Philadelphia.

Gen. Kimball, recently in command of Little Rock, Ark., passed through Indianapolis yesterday *en route* for Washington. He represents that immense Union meetings are being held in all portions of the State, indorsing, without reserve, all the acts of the Administration for the suppression of the rebellion, and recommending that a State Convention be called for the reorganization of the State Government without slavery.

New York, Dec. 23.—The House Committee of Ways and Means to-day finished the Naval Appropriation Bill. Very little reduction from the estimates was made. The Committee has determined not to meet again until after the holidays, when they will take up the recommendations of the Treasury Department.

The veteran regiments of the army of the Potomac are to have their bounty money immediately. The first installment will amount to about $150 per man. The number of men from the Army of the Potomac who have re-enlisted for the war is over ten thousand.

The sentiment of Senators respecting the $300 exemption has wholly changed. They will strike out the exemption clause, and not insert any amount in its place. The feeling is general that the army must be filled up and the war vigorously prosecuted to the end.

Senator Wilson will soon introduce a bill for the enlistment of soldiers in the rebellious States. Persons so enlisting may enter any regiment now in the field from the loyal States they may select. The desire is to get them in the veteran regiments, and at the same time enlarge the field from which the loyal States can draw troops.

The rebel forces which crossed the Arkansas, going northward, were under Standwaite, Adair and Quantrell. Capt. Spillman, with a portion of the Indiana troops, encountered them at Barren Fork, Cherokee country, fought them four hours and routed them. The rebel loss was about 7[illegible]. They fled in all directions, but the remnants will doubtless reorganize. It is suspected their destination is the Kansas border. All quiet in front.

Chicago, Dec. 24—Nothing of importance in Congress. Both houses have adjourned to the 5th proximo. Gen. McClellan's report was transmitted to the House yesterday. The report covers the period from the 26th of July to November 7, 1862.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The following was received to-day from Pocahontas county, Va., the 21st:

I have the honor to report that I cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Salem on the 16th, and have arrived safely at the front with my command. At Salem three depots were destroyed, containing 2000 barrels of flour and a large quantity of wheat, corn, oats and various other stores, together with 100 wagons. The telegraph wires were cut and burned, and the track torn up, rails heated and destroyed as much as possible in six hours time. Five bridges and several culverts were destroyed, and for an extent of 15 miles; a large quantity of bridge timber and repairing material was also destroyed. My march was retarded occasionally by the tempest on the mountains and ice on the roads. I was obliged to swim my command and draw my artillery with ropes across Scrogg's Creek seven times in 24 hours. On my return I found six separate commands under Early, Jones, Fitz Lee, Imboden, Jackson, Reynolds and McCoslin, arrayed in a line, extending from Stanton to Newport, upon all the available roads, to prevent my return. I captured a dispatch from Gen. Jones to Gen. Early, giving me his position and that of Jackson. At Clifton Forge, I marched from the front of Jones to that of Jackson, at night, and his outposts were pressed in at a gallop. The 8th Virginia Mounted Infantry, and two brigades crossed Jackson river, although fagots had been piled, ready to ignite the bridge. My column, four miles long, hastened across, regardless of the enemy, until all but my ambulances and a few wagons and one regiment passed, when a strong effort was made by the rebels to capture the First Brigade, in which they did not succeed. The ambulances and some sick men were lost by darkness and difficulties. The last regiment was detained on the opposite side until morning, when it was ascertained that the enemy seemed determined to maintain their position upon the cliffs which overlooked the bridges; so I caused the bridges, which were long and high, to be destroyed, and the enemy immediately changed position to the flank and rear of the detachment which was cut off. I sent orders to the remnant to destroy our wagons and come across the river or over the mountains. They swam the river with a loss of four men, who were drowned, and joined me. In the meantime the forces of the enemy were concentrating, and moved over every available road but one, which was deemed by them to be impracticable, but by which I managed to cross over the Alleghanies with my command, with the exception of four caissons, which were destroyed in order to increase the teams for the pieces. My loss is 6 men drowned, 1 officer and 4 men wounded, and 4 officers and 90 men missing. We captured about 200 prisoners. My command has marched, climbed and swam 355 miles since the 8th.

W. W. AVERILL Brigadier-General.

New York, Dec. 24.—The special telegram to the *Tribune*, from Washington the 23d, says information has been received here from London by the last European steamer, which states that all the rebel rams in England had been offered to the English Government at certain prices. Lord Clarendon's answer, on the part of the English Admiralty, had been written to the builders, stating that no decided answer could be given for the present, but the project was before their Lordships for consideration.

Instructions have been sent from Secretrry Welles to the commanding officers at the different navy yards, to have a fleet of vessels ready to take position at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points, for the purpose of carrying out the new regulations relative to passports of vessels and passengers.

The Navy Department is going to build four casemate steamships—to carry 4 20 inch guns, to be of wrought iron—450 feet long, 58 feet beam, four cylinders 90-inch stroke, 4 feet 2 inches propellers, with a draft of 19 feet, and an expected speed of 16 knots. They will cost $5,000,000.

Gen. Gilmore is shelling Charleston daily from his 200 pounders, but nothing further of importance had transpired.

The *Herald's* special telegram from Washington the 23d, says: It is expected that Arkansas will be represented at an early day in Congress. Arrangements are progressing in that State for an election, and there is reason to believe that a State government will be in operation there shortly.

Congress having failed to amend the Conscription Act previous to adjournment for the holidays, the draft will probably be postponed till the 1st of February, to give Congress time to amend the law which will probably undergo a thorough revision. In the meantime recruiting will be stimulated by bounties, etc.

A special to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says Longstreet has joined Lee, and that the latter had crossed the Rapidan, Meade falling back. There have been several skirmishes with Stuart's cavalry lately.

It is rumored that the National Conservative Union Convention now in session in Philadelphia, has reaffirmed the nomination of Gen. McClellan for the Presidency, and has nominated Judge Campbell, of Tennessee, as Vice President.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

One of the feuilletonists of Paris announces that among the fashions to be adopted by the fair sex in Paris, during the coming season, is that of feminine whiskers!

All the girls with pretty feet and ankles are in favor of the new fashion of short dresses. All those neat enough to like clean stockings are in favor of the same fashion

"Are sugar and tobacco injurious to the teeth?" This question was discussed at the "Congress of German Surgeon Dentists," which met recently at Frankfort. The Congress decided the question in the negative in both instances, when the articles are taken in a pure state and not in immoderate quantities.

"Demoralize" has become about as common a thing in the army as a bayonet, though the boys do not always get the word right. "One of 'em" in a couple of senses—was talking of himself one night. "Maybe you wouldn't think it, but I used to be a regular, straight laced sort of a fellow, but since I join'd the army I have got dannab'y *decomposed!*" Now, a drunken general and a "decomposed" chaplain are about as useless lumber as can cumber an army.

All practising physicians agree that when the eyes of a corpse are opened about two days after death, and the pupils are found to be mixed up so that nothing of them is to be seen, but the whole of the eye is dissolved into a wheyish or jellied mass, then real death is evident. Where this is wanting, death is uncertain.

It has just been discovered that a man is in the Maryland State Prison whose term expired twelve years ago. He has served nineteen years on a sentence of a little less than seven years.

A gentleman, meeting a female on the stair way, remarked, "If my wife was dead I would certainly marry you." Female (who happened to be the young lady of the house) replied: "Perhaps I would not have you." Gentleman horror-stricken at the mistake he had made in taking such a liberty, apologized thus: "Pardon me, miss, I thought it was the nigger!" A subdued smile from bystanders completed the apology.

The town of Selma, Ala., had but one male in the place who was competent to act as engineer of the gas works. He was conscripted by the rebel government, and the people of Selma are consequently without light.

The Richmond *Whig* says: "The impression has obtained in many quarters that Hon. A. H. Stephens has gone on a mission to Europe. That mission is only an invention of the New York *Herald*. The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* says Mr. Stephens never got further in it than his place of residence, Crawfordsville, in that State, where he has been vegetating a number of months past."

The man who needs a law to keep him from abusing an inferior animal, needs a prison to prevent his violating the law. It ought to be enough to deter any man from cruelty that the objects of it cannot speak for themselves, cannot bear witness against him, are dumb.

He that is perfectly wise is perfectly happy; nay, the very beginning of wisdom makes life easy to us. Neither is it enough to know this, unless we print it in our minds by daily meditation, and so bring a good will to a good habit.

An old Act of Parliament was brought into operation in Atherton, England, recently. A number of persons were summoned for getting hay in on Sunday. The information was laid under an Act of Charles II., and the magistrate fined all the defendants, who resolved to take the consequences of not paying the fine.

Visitors at the President's mansion in Washington cannot be kept from running off with movable mementoes of the place. One woman tried to carry off a silk tassel from one of the curtains, but being detected, subsequently went into another room and cut off a half yard from the foot of one of the curtains itself.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Close her eyelids—press them gently
O'er the dead and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely
Hath returned unto the skies:
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smooth the little snowy dress;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow
Gentle flowers, so pure and white—
Lay the bud upon her bosom,
There—now softly say Good Night.

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back;
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and thorny track;
We are glad our Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure;
We are glad He did not leave her
All life's trials to endure;
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falleth; for, alas! we know
That our fireside will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
We shall wait in vain to feel
Little arms, all white and dimpled,
Round our necks so softly steal;
Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips so warm and red,
And our bosoms sadly, sadly,
Miss that darling little head
Which was wont to rest there sweetly;
And those golden eyes, so bright,
We shall miss their loving glances,
We shall miss their soft Good Night.

When the morrow's sun is shining,
They will take this cherished form,
They will bear it to the church-yard,
And consign it to the worm.
Well—what matter? It is only
The clay dress our darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
She hath need of this no more;
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers all pure and white:
Kiss that marble brow, and whisper,
Once again, a last Good Night.

ENVY.

He was the first always: Fortune
Shone bright in his face.
I fought for years: with no effort
He conquered the place.
We ran; my feet were all bleeding,
But he won the race.

Spite of his many successes,
Men loved him the same;
My one pale ray of good fortune
Met scoffing and blame.
When we erred, they gave him pity,
But me—only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,
His lay in the sun.
I longed in vain; what he asked for,
It straightway was done.
Once I staked all my heart's treasure:
We played—and he won.

Yes: and just now I have seen him,
Cold, smiling, and blest,
Laid in his coffin. God help me!
While he is at rest,
I am cursed still to live: even
Death loved him the best.

Pride and vanity are often the source of love.

Love takes deepest root in the steadiest mind.

The universe is the visible garment of the Invisible.

The possession of wit often gives a man courage to play the fool.

The groves and woods are the musical academies of the singing-birds.

Better submit in silence to a wrong-headed fellow than try to set him right.

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In juries.

Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

The most unwholesome bread, in the long run, is that taken out of other men's mouths.

Men resort to all sorts of disguises, and then complain bitterly that they are not understood.

Carlyle says—"Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

The generality of men expend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give to the world only those which are to spare.

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

The blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes; but unfortunately they are the easiest parts for imitation.

Young ladies make a great mistake when they think to fascinate the opposite sex by "fast" manners and expressions.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Jones complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

Quin told lady Berkely that she looked blooming as the spring; but, recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "I would to Heaven the spring would look like your ladyship."

A young lady said the first time a young man sat up with her, she felt as if a sweet brier was climbing up her chair, while honeysuckles so hid the legs of the table that she thought she was in paradise regained.

Ministers, who have once been profane, often in preaching use the name of the Lord with shocking want of reverence. A lady went far to hear a preacher, whom she had once known as a notorious swearer, and returned saying, "He swears just as he used to."

Put out your tongue a little farther," said a physician to a female patient; "a little farther ma'am, if you please—a little farther still."

"Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray."

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too much for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I will have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded by a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire upon my hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die. Oh, Nature! grant me a longer period."

"Then shalt thou have the eighteen years of the ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied the man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated the man; "give me more."

"I will give thee, then, the ten years of the ape, and in vain shalt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are as human years, and pass swiftly by. He labors carefully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; the blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and lies down in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form a conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

To make an aristocrat, take a plebeian rascal and about half a million of dollars, and let them simmer a little while together.

Dr. Johnson says, "Good actions are never lost or thrown away." That is probably the reason one so seldom meets with them.

"I haven't another word to say, wife—I never dispute with fools."

"No, husband, you are very sure to agree with them."

Reason's arm is too short to reach the jewel of assurance. This pearl of price is put into no hand but that of faith that reaches from earth to heaven.

Biography waits on Death. The richer the harvest in "God's Acre," the more and the brighter are the tears of the Muse, and the fairer the page she indites.

It costs men a great deal of trouble to exhibit constant ill-nature, and they don't make anything by it. Why should they be such fools as to work for nothing?

Deliver us from temptation is a petition less dwelt upon than give us our daily bread, and yet, without such deliverance, the bread is not worth praying for.

"Husband, I must have some change, to-day."

"Well, stay at home and take care of the children—that will be change enough."

A gentleman at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, "How can I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"

"Between the bars," replied the friend.

When Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, made his first speech in the House of Commons, Charles Townsend asked, with an affected surprise, who he was? He had never seen him before.

"Ah! you must at least have heard of him," was the reply. "That's the celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, who has written a very ingenious book on grammar, and another on virtue."

"What, then, brings him here?" said Mr. Townsend. "I am sure he will neither find the one nor the other in the House of Commons."

A traveling tinker once put up at a country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling stories. After sitting some time, and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started, and curiosity was on tiptoe to know. One guessed five shillings, another ten shillings, another a pound, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked how much he had been offered for his dog. "Not a half-penny," he replied.

There is a story told of an Irishman, who, landing in New York harbor, was met and welcomed by a countryman who had been longer here.

"Welcome, Pat," said the latter, "I'm glad to see ye; ye've come just in time, for to-morrow's election day."

Pat and his friend took some refreshment together, and presently the newly-arrived began to make some inquiries about voting. "Ye'll vote for who ye plaize," said his friend, "sure it's a free counthery."

"Well, thin, begorra," rejoined Pat, "I go agin the Government—that's what I always did at home."

A sailor went to a watchmaker, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repair of it would come to. The watchmaker, after examining it, said:

"It will be more expense repairing than the original cost."

"I don't mind that," said the tar, "I will even give you double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch."

"What might you have given for it?" said the watchmaker.

"Why," replied the tar, "I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it; and if you repair it, I will give you two."

VALUE OF DRY CRUMBS AND MOULDY SCRAPS.

Once upon a time there was an old soldier, and he is alive yet, named Chapellier. Discharged and poor, he made it his business to live by what he could find in the gutters of the streets of Paris—horse-shoe nails, on lucky days perhaps even a horse-shoe—iron toughened by much tramping, dear to the gun-maker—poor scraps that, with help from odd street jobs in opening carriage doors, and so forth, enabled him to support life. But he sought advancement, and soared from this calling into the services of a wholesale chiffonier, whose baskets he sorted, and in whose warehouses he arranged the stores till he fell sick, overpowered by the smell of the articles in which his master traded, and went to the hospital. When he came out, he hired himself to a poultry merchant, and earned forty sous a day by filling his own mouth with peas, and then putting them out of his own mouth down the throats of young pigeons, to fatten them suddenly. But while here he thought on the fact that a poultry merchant did not get the full price for his birds unless they were sold fresh killed on the day of their arrival. However sweet a bird might be, every cook saw at a glance whether it was fresh killed. How was that? he inquired. Oh, that is because the feet that are brilliant and black the first day become grayer and duller every day afterward. The wise Chapellier, having reflected on this matter, made experiments, and invented a varnish that should keep the birds' legs brilliant and black for many days. There was a stir in the poultry trade. Glorious was the invention, and Chapellier, who kept his secret, went about painting the feet of poultry for the fee of twelve-and-a-half per cent. upon all sales of second day's stock. So he made money, but it was as an itinerant profession. His desire was to be at the head of an establishment. He therefore retired from the claw-painting business; having sold his secret and connection in the trade for forty pounds, to a friend who has since made a fortune by it.

What should he do? Would his old master the chiffonier take him into partnership? He would go and ask. He went and asked. Not without a premium of two thousand pounds. Chapellier could not afford that; but while he was in the warehouse, he was struck by the great number of unsaleable pieces of waste bread brought in the baskets of the rubbish hunters. Here was an idea—and this is the lesson for your cook and for your children. This great man went out and bought a donkey and a cart, and having hired a large room, went with his donkey-cart to all the cooks of schools and colleges and large establishments, to propose a purchase from them of all the stale scraps of bread that they had been used to throw into the street. They cordially hailed the idea of a new perquisite. Chapellier then bargained with the scullions of the eating houses, and with all the chief cooks of the city, that he might have the dry crusts and scraps destined to be thrown into the street. He also contracted with the scavengers for all the bread they found in dust holes and gutters. Having secured his monopoly, this laudable person took his stand in the middle of the chief market of Paris, with a placard on his hat inscribed "Bread crusts for sale." The Parisian keeps rabbits, and rabbits require bread as well as cabbage; the chickens fed for market also require bread crumbs. Many domestic pets of the wealthy are, in Paris, denied meat; and so from one source and another came a large demand for bread crusts, sold at three cents a basketful. In four months he had three horses and three wagons at work. In a few years, he sold his business and retired with a competence. But it was only to come back in a month or two.

Refinement on his old idea had occurred to him, and he could not rest until he worked it out. He had seen enough of cooks and sausage makers to observe the value of bread-crumbs for strewing over cutlets and for other purposes. Bread-crumbs made of stale bread, pounded and grated, fetched fourpence per heaped quart. He would turn his stale bread-crumbs and sell them at threepence per the heaped quart. It was rather hard on his successor, to be sure, who was ruined in the trade he had bought. But what was to be said? Bread-crumbs are not crusts, and Chapellier was a great creature. As manufacturer of bread-crumbs, then, a mighty trade was driven. But the bread of which the crumbs were made was some good and some bad. It would not pay to separate the good from the bad, but it would pay to establish ovens, and sell the crusts, baked in lumps or grated for the use of cooks, as *croutes au pot*. Except at the best houses, these preserved scraps find their way into almost every Parisian's dish. The burnt bits and scrapings are pounded and sifted to be sold to the perfumers, who will make them into tooth powder

And thus Pierre Chapellier made his fortune.

ANECDOTE OF OLD IRONSIDES.

The following is familiar to many of our readers, but it is so well calculated to make the rising generation proud of the noble spirits who shed so much luster on their country's name during the memorable war of 1812, with the then proud mistress of the seas, that it will bear republication at least once a year, as long as patriots are able to subdue conspirators.

The most brilliant naval action of the last war was undoubtedly that of the frigate Constitution, (44) commanded by Commodore Stewart, when she captured the two British corvettes Cyane and Levant, of great superior force, each of them being equal to the old fashioned thirty-three gun frigates. The handling of the American frigate was throughout scientific and unexceptionable.

By no manœuvering could either of the British vessels obtain a position to rake the Constitution. Shift their ground as they would, Old Ironsides was between them blazing away upon both vessels at the same time. During the whole action, Stewart, instead of mounting the horse-block, sat in a more composed position astride the hammock nettings, the better to observe the manœuverings of his antagonists. The Cyane was the first to strike to Brother Jonathan—not an unusual thing with British vessels during that war. The first Lieutenant came in haste to the Commodore to announce the fact.

"The starboard ship has struck, sir," said the officer.

"I know it, sir," replied the Commodore. "The battle is just half won."

"Shall I not order the band to strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' sir," inquired the Lieutenant.

Here the Commodore took a huge pinch of snuff, and then answered quickly:

"Had we not better whip the other first, sir?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the Lieutenant, taking the hint, and going to his quarters.

In a short time afterward, the Levant lowered the cross of Old England to the stars and stripes, and the battle was ended: The Lieutenant, being somewhat rebuked at his premature exultation upon the surrender of the first vessel, was rather shy of approaching his commander again; but Stewart, beckoning to him, said, with a smile:

"Don't you think the band had better strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' now, sir?"

In an instant the spirit-stirring strain was floating on the breeze, played as no other but a Yankee band can play it, and the gallant crew shouted forth their cheers of the victory as no other than a Yankee crew can shout

A man is not so likely to deserve or win the blessings of his children by giving them much as by teaching them how to live on little.

THE DRAMATIC OPERA.

The author of Mrs. Partington's sayings has not written anything of that old lady and her hopeful son better than the following:

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been, as Mrs. Partington says, as crazy as a bedbug, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus," through his attempt at imitating the operatics. The next morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike reached over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating;
I am anxious to be drinking;
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of the sugar. At last he sang again:

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread, and active jaw, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder and souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong;
Bad for health to eat hot biscuit,
But I'll risk it—butter'll risk it."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer;
I am not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't you fret your precious gizzard."

"But, Isaac," persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing:

"What form to me is that appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Ne'er again, though thrice as large,
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to consciousness. It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

A note in Evelyin's Diary, August 17th, 1657, shows an acrobat's performance of his day, which beats M. Blondin's most afflicting feats all to nothing. It is worth extracting:

"Going to London with some company, we stopped in to see a famous rope dancer, called the Turk. I saw, even to my astonishment, the agility with which he performed; he walked a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hand; he danced blindfolded on the high rope, and with a boy twelve years old, tied to one of his feet beneath him, dangling as he danced, yet he moved as nimbly as a feather. Lastly, he stood on his head on the top of a very high mast, danced on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down the perpendicular on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers activities."

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

On one occasion, during the Revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him.

"Now, boys," says he, "I don't want to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any of you are dissatisfied, and wish to return home, they may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

"Do I understand the counsel for defendant," asked a very fat Western judge, "to say that he is about to read his authorities, as against the decision just pronounced from the bench?"

"By no means," responded the counsel aforesaid. "I was merely going to show to your honor, by a brief passage I was about to read from the book, what an infernal old fool Blackstone must have been."

"Ay, ay," said the judge, not a little elated, and there the matter ended.

A white fur on the tongue attends simple fever inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to billious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the center, or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the lips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends typhus state.

When Gen. Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one, "Are you married?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Happy man," quoth the General.

He then put the same question to the other, who replied, "I am a bachelor."

"Lucky dog," said the General. This is the best essay on matrimony extant.

In all affairs of honor, so called, except where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear men accept a challenge; and from fear they refuse it. From the false fear of opinion they enter the lists; or they decline from the physical fear of danger or the moral fear of guilt.

An Irishman who was traveling on his way to Manchester, New Hampshire, arrived at the fork of a road where there stood a sign board, which read—Manchester 4 miles—"Man chased her four miles!" cried Terence—"be Saint Pathrick, I could have caught her meself in half the time."

The individual who perpetrated the following choice stanza was a genius and a man of observation. Hear him:—

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women want oft to kiss so bad
They smack and kiss each other."

What is a dandy? A thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms, a head without brains, and a cigar stuck in a hole before, tight boots, a cane, a scented white handkerchief, a standing collar, two brooches, and a showy ring on the little finger.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

The Fence Question.

The Marysville (Cal.) *Appeal* says the question whether the majority who have no live stock should be compelled to fence their premises to prevent the property of the minority from committing depredations, or whether every man should be responsible for his own, is coming up for discussion, and is bound to take a prominent place among the problems of the day. Wilson Flint strikes out on the subject in his usual forcible way. We find a portion of his remarks in a late number of the *Union*, copied from the reports of the State Agricultural Society. He says:

It is related that a person in London had trained a raven to watch at the open windows of the dwellings of opulent persons, and when it discovered pieces of coin or articles of jewelry, to fly in, seize them, and straightway carry its rich prizes to the domicil of its master. Will it be pretended that it should be obligatory on the owners of these valuables to erect such barriers as would prevent the thieving raven from obtaining access to the coveted articles, and that it would be no felony for the party employing the raven to do his nefarious bidding to receive the fruits of these robberies and convert to his own use the proceeds of such burglarious enterprises? Or, to make a closer application of the principle, has the law given evil disposed persons license to enter upon the lands or into the houses of whom they may, and take and carry away whatever they choose, simply because the party trespassed upon has not guarded his property with such barricades as would render the trespass a matter of physical impossibility? The customs of society are quite to the contrary. It is a legal maxim—venerable both because of age and its equity—that it is a felony for one individual to go upon the premises of another individual and seize and carry off his effects without leave or license. Why, then, is it that, when the statute prescribes pains and penalties against the aggressions of persons upon the property of others, it should reverse its theory and apply a different rule when it is the case of the aggression of property on property? It has been shown that in the case of the pilfering raven its owner and human confederate became amenable to criminal prosecution for the joint offense. Is there any cogent reason why this rule of equity should not be applied to the offending owners of all other kinds of bipeds or animals which may have been pilfering upon the premises of others?

It certainly should be the right of an individual who is in tenancy of a piece of land to enjoy its undisturbed use particularly when, as an evidence of his good faith and honest intentions towards his neighbors, he should give them notice that they need apprehend no encroachment on their domain from himself or anything under his control, and with which assurance his neighbor is relieved of the necessity of erecting barricades. Ought not the statute to provide for a mutual pledge between the parties that neither should encroach on the other? Not so is its practice. It compels the party who voluntarily takes a position whereby he can do no wrong to others to erect costly barricades to protect his own industry on his own premises from the wanton aggressions of his neighbors. Where is the moral difference between the acts of the owner of the raven and the owner of the stock, which, by his act of subjecting it to starvation on his own ranges, stimulates the animal instinct to seek food on the rich herbage of his neighbor's grain fields? The error of the statute consists in the fact that it does not place the matter of boundary rights between landed proprietors on the same footing that it does the community in its police regulations. Suppose, for illustration, that an individual denying the rights of another should make it dangerous to the latter for him to reside in his place of domicil; would it be according to the theory of justice that he, a peaceful citizen, living in the retiracy of his own premises, should be obliged to inclose himself between impassable walls to obtain security against the aggressions and trespasses of every intruder? Is it not rather the legal intention that prison wall should be built for the reception of involuntary rather than voluntary inmates? It certainly would be a new rendering of justice to compel the inoffensive to seek for safety under lock and key, and grant license to the desperado to commit outrage on him with impunity whenever he was unfortunate enough to be met outside of his barricades. Yet this theory is precisely what is practiced and applied to the relations between landed proprietors. That there is any equity or justice in this absurd custom, no person has yet ever attempted to affirm. True, the custom is as old as written law, and this is the chief obstacle to its overthrow. Tenaciously, however, as it has been adhered to, it is giving way before a more enlightened and thinking agriculture.

Bedding Horses on Sawdust.—Having used sawdust as bedding for horses for a length of time, the result of my experience may not be unacceptable to some of your inquiring readers. I litter the horses on it to the depth of six and nine inches, raking off the damp and soiled surface every morning, and spreading evenly a little fresh, removing the whole only four times a year. Its advantages appear to be many, of which I will state a few which give it, in my estimation, its great superiority over straw. It is much cleaner and more easily arranged, and of course much cheaper at first cost, making in the end excellent manure. It is peculiarly beneficial to the feet, affording them a cool porous stuffing, a substitute for the soil or earth we always find in the hoofs of a horse at grass, and presents the nearest resemblance to the horse's natural footing—the earth. We have never had a diseased foot since the introduction of sawdust in the stables, now some years since. Horses bedded on sawdust are also freer from dust and stains than when on ordinary litter, (simply because the sawdust is a better absorbent, perhaps) and testify their own approval of it by frequently rolling and laying down for hours in the day. It also has the recommendation of being uneatable—an advantage which all in charge of horses with the habit of consuming their litter will readily admit. Being free from pungent smell, which is apt to accompany straw, (unless very scrupulously kept) it is innocent to weak eyes, and its slight turpentine odor is rather a sweetener than otherwise. It makes (when converted into manure) the best possible foundation for hotbeds, and unlike other stable manure, forms no harbor of refuge for vermin. Pine sawdust is the best, and oak the worst, as the latter turns black the second day.

Why do Animals Need Salt?—Prof. Jas. E. Johnston, of Scotland, says: "Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the ingredients of salt) as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."

It is better to place salt where stock can have free access to it, than to give it occasionally in large quantities. They will help themselves to what they need if allowed to do so at pleasure; otherwise when they become "salt hungry" they may take more than is wholesome.

The Farmer the True Aristocrat.—N. P. Willis, of the *Home Journal*, says: "The star of the farmer is on the rise. To be a distinguished man now-a-days, there is no safer or more substantial way than to be an 'eminent agriculturist,' 'successful horticulturist,' or the like—a Longworth, a Wilder, a Grant, a Johnson. There is no way for a man to be 'looked up to,' for the next half century, like being an enterprising and successful farmer, and there is certainly no way to pass life so pleasantly, and no vocation which is so sure to keep him company till he dies."

Sagacity of Humble Bees.—A writer in a foreign journal communicates the fact, that during a season of scarcity of out door flowers, the humble bees entered the green and out houses, in search of food. Coming upon flowers, the long tubes of which prevented their extracting the honey in the usual manner, they cut through the corolla, just above the honey, and thus secured the treasure. This looks like something more than instinct; it was an entirely new way of working, exactly fitted to exotic plants upon which they had never fed, and which presented new difficulties to tax their ingenuity.

Cut Potatoes for Seed.—A. G. Hazeltine gives in an Eastern paper the result of a trial of cut and whole potatoes planted side by side. The whole potatoes planted were of large size; yield less than the others of inferior quality, and knotty appearance. The yield from the cut potatoes, with one eye to the hill, was the largest in every case, and of uniform size and fine shape.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends that sheep be fed on grain at noon, giving as his reasons that they will eat coarse fodder better in the morning; that with appetites partially satisfied, the stronger sheep are less likely to crowd the weaker; and that the grain fed at noon is better masticated and digested. Good reasoning.

To remove rust from steel, rub well with sweet oil, and after standing about 48 hours, rub with leather sprinkled with unslacked lime, finely powdered, until all the rust disappears.

It has been discovered that the "insect powder" sold by druggists, which is said to be mainly, if not wholly composed of the powdered leaves of a European species of Pyrethrum—destroys lice on cattle, fleas on dogs, and will keep lice from the poultry yard. For destroying lice on cattle, it is rubbed on the back and head of the animal.

The *Maine Farmer* says that C. R. Whiden, of Calais, makes 8 1-2 pounds of butter a week from the milk of one cow, from which also the family and a neighbor have milk enough for their use.

The *Prairie Farmer* states that a gentleman, who has a large peach orchard in Illinois, protects his trees from the borer by putting a pint of salt around the collar of each tree.

The Rough and Ready Night Cap.—Made in a moment, costing nothing, and admirable for railway and other travellers. Take your pocket handkerchief, and laying it out the full square, double down one-third over the other part. Then raise the whole and turn it over, so that the third folded down shall be underneath. Then take hold of one of the folded corners, and draw its point toward the center; then do the same with the other, as in making a cocked hat, or a boat of paper. Then take hold of the two remaining corners, and twisting the hem of the handkerchief, continue to roll it until it meets the doubled corners brought to the center, and catches them up a little. Let the whole and you will see the form of a cap, which will cover the head and ears, and being tied under the chin, will not come off. Very little practice will enable you to regulate the size of the folds, so as to suit the head.

Mushrooms and Toadstools.—The substance of toadstools is softer, moister, and more porous than that of mushrooms used for the table. They have likewise a more disagreeable and dirty looking appearance. Those which have a dusky hue, and change color when cut, or which have a gaudy, or many very distant colors, particularly if they have been originally covered by skin or envelope, or which exhale a strong and unpleasant odor, ought not to be eaten. Those which have short bulbous stalks, or fragments of skin adhering to the surface, or which grow rapidly and corrupt quickly, should also be rejected.

To Improve the Voice.—Beeswax, two drachms; copaiba balsam, three drachms; powder of liquorice root, four drachms. Melt the copaiba balsam with the wax in a new earthern pipkin; when melted, remove them from the fire, and while in a melted state, mix in the powder. Make pills of three grains each. Two of these pills to be taken occasionally three or four times a day. This is an excellent remedy for clearing and strengthening the voice, and is used by most professional singers on the continent.

Rose Brandy.—A laying of rose leaves and a laying of sugar; when the sugar is dissolved add a little brandy.

Domestic Recipes.

It is not often a good omelet is brought to the table. No reason for it that we know of, except that want of good direction for the preparation. Here is the best:

Beat 1 dozen eggs as for custard, add 1 cup of sweet cream, and a little salt; have your spider well buttered, pour in your mixture, set over a slow fire, stirring it continually until it thickens. Pour it immediately into a deep dish.

Sweet biscuit are a delightful repast for tea, though very few cooks know how to prepare them. This is the recipe:

To three teacups of warm milk, put a small one of yeast, and one of brown sugar, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter. When this has risen light, which will probably be by the next morning, melt a cup full of butter with one of sugar, and add to the mixture a small nutmeg, a very little saleratus, and flour enough just to mold smooth. Let it rise again, and when perfectly light, roll out and put on tins like biscuit and let them rise again, then bake in a quick stove or oven twenty minutes.

Or, to one tumbler of milk, put half a gill of yeast, three eggs, one coffee cup of sugar, two ounces of butter, and one small nutmeg. Beat the sugar and eggs together, and rub the butter into the flour, of which use just enough to mold it. Let it rise over night, and proceed as above."

Boned Turkey.—This noble bird, the pride of American tables, cannot easily be recognized after undergoing the culinary process termed "boning;" but for a cold relish nothing more acceptable need be sought. It is a favorite dish for evening parties. It may be thus prepared: Boil a turkey in as little water as may be, until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Remove all the skin; cut the meat in thin slices, mixing together the light and dark parts. Season with salt and pepper. Take the liquid in which the turkey was boiled, having kept it warm, pour it on the meat, and mix well. Shape it like a loaf of bread, wrap it in cloth and press with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served up it is cut in thin slices.

Soda Biscuit.—Melt half a pound of butter in a pint of warm milk, adding a teaspoonful of soda, and stir in by degrees half a pound of sugar. Then sift into a pan two pounds of flour; make a hole in the middle, pour in the milk, &c., and mix it with the flour into a dough. Put it on your paste-board, and knead it long and hard till it becomes very light. Roll it out into a sheet half an inch thick. Cut it into little round cakes with the top of a wine glass or with a cutter of that size; prick the tops; lay them on tins sprinkled with flour, or in shallow iron pans; and bake them of a light brown in a quick oven; they will be done in a few minutes. These biscuits keep very well.

Tea Biscuit.—Melt a quarter of pound of fresh butter in a quart of warm milk, and add a salt-spoonful of salt. Sift two pounds of flour in a pan, make a hole in the center, and put in three tablespoonfuls of the best brewer's yeast. Add the milk and butter, and mix it into a stiff paste. Cover it and set it by the fire to rise. When quite light, knead it well, roll it out an inch thick, and cut it into round cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Prick the top of each with a fork; lay them in buttered pans and bake them light brown. Send them to table warm, and split and butter them.

Delicious Pudding.—Bake common sponge cake in a flat bottomed pudding dish. (Several may be prepared at one time, as they are quite as good when a few days old, and very dry). When desired for use, cut it into sixths or eighths, split each piece, butter them, and return them to their places in the dish. Make a custard with four eggs to one quart of milk, season and sweeten to the taste, and pour it over the cake. Bake half an hour. The cake will swell and fill the custard.

New Year's Cake.—Stir together one and a half pounds white sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of butter. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of pearlash in one pint of milk, and add to the butter and sugar. Stir in three pounds of flour and two tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Roll about half an inch thick, cut in small cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Ginger Snaps.—Rub together one cup of butter (or half butter and half lard) and one of sugar, adding a little flour. Mix this with two cups of molasses in which a teaspoonful of soda has been well stirred. Add one cup of water, and spice to the taste, beating the whole very thoroughly; after which work in flour enough to make them mold easily. Roll thin, cut small, and bake in a quick oven.

Mock Goose.—(Being a leg of pork skinned, roasted and stuffed goose fashion.)—Parboil the leg; take off the skin, and then put it down to roast; baste it with butter, and make a savory powder of finely minced or dried powdered sage, ground black pepper, salt and some bread crumbs, rubbed together through a colander; you may add to this a little very finely minced onion; sprinkle it with this when it is almost roasted; put a half pint of made gravy into the dish, and goose stuffing under the knuckle skin; or garnish the dish with balls of it fried or boiled.

Cream Pies.—Take one quart of thick cream and stir in one well-beaten egg, dusting in flour if the cream be not too thick. Sweeten to your liking, flavoring with lemon juice. If the cream is very thick, the egg can be omitted.

Cottage Pudding.—Stir well together, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, and one teacupful of sweet milk. Put in a deep pan, and bake half an hour. Serve up with sauce made to the taste.

Wheat Flour Pudding.—Very nice. For baking, use one quart milk, nine eggs, nine tablespoonfuls of flour, and one teaspoonful of salt. For boiling, one quart flour, one quart milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of salt.

Silver Cake.—Half a cup of butter, one and a half cups of white sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, the whites of five eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one teaspoonful cream of tartar.

To Make Chlorine Tooth-Wash.—Make a solution of chloride of soda, one ounce; with one quart of water; bottle it well and shake it occasionally.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his wife a palace,
Mine, a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom—
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By-and-by;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die.
For I have love—she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance,
By-and-by;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

I LOVE THE WIND.

The wind is out, with merry rout
It revels wild and free.
The forests swaying to and fro
Like billows of the sea.
O, hear it at the casement now
With rude and hoarse refrain;
'Tis thus I love to hear the wind
Make music on the pane.

It mourns along the empty halls,
Or mounts the winding stair,
Goes rumbling through each garret room
And every cranny there;
Now down into the cellar dark,
Then up the stairs again;
O, how I love the free, wild wind,
Though rough and rude its strain.

It mounts the gable, twirls the vane,
Then stoops with sudden drop,
Around the dusty court-yard whirls
Like the spinning of a top;
Now glides along the portico,
And slams the opened door;
O, how I love this windy war—
There's music in its roar.

Behold it toss the snow-flakes round,
Ere to the ground they fall
In many a wild and merry bout.
Then heap them 'gainst the wall;
Or from the hooded tree-tops shake
The hoary wreaths of snow:
'Tis thus I love the free, wild wind,
How rough soe'er it blow.

What a Suit of Clothes Came to.

"Mother," said George Maxwell, "there's a poor boy in our school who I wish had some of my clothes. The boys call him Pinch, he looks so pinched; but he is real clean—his knees and elbows are so well patched. He was dreadfully cold in school to-day; I know he was, he kept shivering so."

"The poor do not suffer half so much from cold as we think they do," said his aunt; "they get used to it."

"Let's see you try it," cried George.

"Hush, my son," said his mother.

"Well, mother, just as if flesh and blood would not feel such weather as this, with only a thin piece of cloth between them. Aunt is covered with flannel from head to foot; no wonder she doesn't know what cold is."

George and his aunt were not apt to agree, and the worst of it was they did not agree to disagree.

"What is the boy's name besides Pinch?" asked his mother.

"Jed Little. I guess he has no father, and I don't know where he lives. I only know he is a good fellow, and real pitiful this weather."

"Well," said Mrs. Maxwell, "if you can do anything for him, I shall be very glad to have you."

"Good," cried George, turning to his book again; "before to-morrow night I'll take the shiver out of poor Jed, if I can."

He could now study better.

Jed was not at school the next forenoon. George asked where he lived. None of the boys knew—none, at least, that he asked. After school the master told him, and away he scampered to find him. It was in an old block of buildings in another part of the town, which he made a business to search through and through when he got there. Presently there was a tap at one of the basement windows, and George espied Jed's face at one of the squares.

"Hallo, Jed!" cried he.

Jed came to the door and peeped out.

"Where are you bound down here?" he asked.

"Looking up you, old schoolfellow," said George.

"Mother is lining my old trowsers, and I've got nothing to wear while she is doing it," said the boy; "I can't go out, so you come in."

George went into the small room where the Littles lived—a poor widow with four children, whom the long and severe winter was pinching to the very extent of their scanty means. Such a box of a stove, George thought, and about a porringer of potatoes; and Jed with old summer pants on and a blanket over his shoulders—while his mother was basting strips of flannel in his school trowsers, and they the best he had. It was the reality of poverty, which he seldom saw.

"I just thought I would hunt you up, Jed," he said, making as if to go; for he felt half ashamed of his thick coat beside his poor half clad schoolmate.

"Thank you ever so much for coming," said Jed; "it's good in you. Why, you see, I almost froze in school yesterday, and mother did not want to let me go till she had time to fix me. She sews for the shop, and has to sew for us by piecemeals. I wish always 'twas summer, like the tropics geography tells about."

"Poor Jed," said the kind hearted George to himself, as he ran home; "poor fellow, poor fellow!"

"Mother," he cried, as he bounded into the house with his glowing cheeks, "I want to make up a bundle of my clothes for Jed Little—quick, mother, quick!"

"It is dinner-time," said his aunt.

"Dinner!" cried the boy; "What do I care about dinner when poor Jed Little is freezing?"

But his mother quieted his impetuosity until after dinner, when she went up stairs with him, and gave him leave to select a full and comfortable suit for the poor boy.

George shouldered the bundle, and took in his other hand a tin pail, full of dinner, for the destitute family.

"You are a good boy," said his aunt.

"Good! I'm not good; I've not got a spark of good in me," said he.

"My child, how you speak to your aunt!" said his mother, gently, laying her hand on his head.

"I know it, mother," he answered, in a gentle tone; "Oh! I know it, and it is rough in me. Aunt, will you forgive me for speaking so?"

"Go," said aunt and mother, both smiling.

"I have had a good visit," said George, on his return, bringing home a serious, thoughtful and softened look with him. "Jed could not speak—he only looked and looked; his mother did the thanking. I did not want thanks; only it seemed to do her good. Jed grabbed my hand when I came off, and squeezed it so. 'Some time or other,' said he,—and that was all he could say."

Twenty years or more passed away, and a poor miner was taken from one of the Sacramento boats and landed in San Francisco. Poor, friendless and sick, he was scarcely able to walk, and sat down on a box of goods under a shed. In the hurry, nobody noticed him, or, noticing him, thought it worth while to inquire into his misfortunes. At last, when the bustle began to lull, a couple of men came along.

"There's that poor fellow," they said; "he is never likely to see his home again."

"Who is it?" asked a third.

"Don't know his name," answered one.

"Maxwell, I think," said the other; "Maxwell—a down-easter."

The name attracted the attention of a stranger, who stood on the wharf looking over an invoice of goods.

"Maxwell!" he looked up and said, "Maxwell! where?"

They pointed him to the sick man, who seemed to have fallen asleep. He went toward him.

"A good deal older than any Maxwell I ever knew," he said. "Maxwell, Maxwell," he repeated, half aloud—and the name seemed to flood him with memories which took him far, far back to his boyhood again. "Maxwell,' he said again; and again was drawn to the poor miner. "Your name is Maxwell?" he said, seeing him awake.

"That is my name, sir—George Maxwell," answered the man, "wrecked on a forlorn coast."

"George Maxwell," exclaimed the stranger, grasping the miner's thin hand in his right honest, hearty grip. "God bless you. And who am I but Jed Little, able to carry a dozen of you on my back. Come, come; my home is your home. It is all summer with me now, and you shall share my summer with me, George Maxwell."

Who can describe the meeting, or the wonderful faithfulness of God's providence whereby a bundle of old clothes, planted twenty years before, yielded an abundant harvest—friendship, food, home, shelter, medicine, and a prospect of better business than mining could ever be to one so delicately brought up as George Maxwell had been?

A highly instructive as well as amusing incident took place, in one of the business houses, on one of the principal streets of Nashville, a few weeks since, while a colored regiment was marching along to the music of the national airs. Several gentlemen were looking on the parade, among them a wealthy planter of Alabama, who is a large slaveholder. One of the group stepped out to the door, looked on for a few minutes, and then indignantly turning on his heel, addressed himself to the grave Alabamian, to the following purport:

"Well, I'll be d——d, if that is not a burning disgrace, which no decent white man can tolerate. Isn't that nigger regiment too great an insult?"

The Alabamian jumped to his feet, and replied while his eyes flashed fire:

"Sir, there is not a negro in that regiment who is not a better man than a rebel to this Government, and for whom I have not a thousand times more respect than I have for a traitor to his country. I think that the best possible use the Government can make of negroes is to take them and make them fight against the rebels. No traitor is too good to be killed by a negro, no weapon too severe to use against the wretches who are endeavoring to overthrow the Government. Now sir, swallow that, whether you like it or not."

The rebel darted off in utter amazement, without uttering a syllable of reply, leaving the sturdy Alabamian, who cherished the jewel of patriotism as something more precious than flocks of slaves, "alone in his glory."

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of an ocean steamer, confronted a large pier glass, which he mistook for a door, and said:

"I say, mister, when does the boat start?" Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he repeated:

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out:

"Go to thunder! you darned sassafrass-colored, shock-headed bull calf; you don't look as if you knew much, anyhow!"

Kingsley gives his evidence on the subject of childhood, and thus declares: There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a greasy nosegay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases, in his first love-making, where the sensation is new to him.

The Jews named their children the eighth day after their birth. The Romans gave names to their female children on the eighth day, and to their males on the ninth, which day they solemnized by a feast. The Greeks gave the name on the tenth day, and an entertainment was given by the parents to their friends, and sacrifices made to the gods. The name of some particular circumstance attending the birth, some quality of body or mind, or expressive of the good wishes or fond hopes of the parents, was uniformly adopted.

San Francisco.

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.. Bell's Life	13 00	London Art Journal	10 00
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