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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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CHAS. PROSCH.

A LOYAL WOMAN'S "NO."

No! is my answer from this cold, bleak ridge
Down to your valley: you may rest you there:
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you
With something that is kinder far than scorn,
And think, "Ah, well! I might have grovelled, too;
I might have walked there, fettered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable ways;
Once from these hights I shrank, beheld afar,
In the soft lap of quiet, easy days.

I might—(I will not hide it)—once I might
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,
The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right;
But Truth has steered me free, and I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer
At the poor herd that call their misery bliss;
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,
I drop you down my answer; it is this:—

I am not yours, because you seek in me
What is the lowest in my own esteem:
Only my flowery levels can you see,
Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself:
Your heart has scarcely room for me beside.
I could not be shut in with name and pelf;
I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride!

Not yours—because you are not man enough
To grasp your country's measure of a man!
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,
Cannot walk in them, learn that women can;

Not yours, because, in this the nation's need,
You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,
And do not feel the meanness of your deed:
I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps
For woman's scaling, care not I to know;
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,
She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
Sometimes move with me at my being's hight;
To follow him to his more glorious place,
His purer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
Beyond these peaks rich harmonies I hear.

The morning chant of Liberty and Law!
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot:
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw
Rises a nation without stain or spot.

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain;
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime,
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!
You cannot hear the voices in the air!
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day:
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills alone;
Heroes who poured their blood out for the Truth,
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows!
It charms me not—your call to rest below:
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:
Take my life's silence for your answer: No!

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits:

Waits, and will not go away—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid.
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made,

Till at length it is, or seems
Greater than our strength can bear—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere!

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

FEAR.

Fear is like the cloud that flings
Its shadow o'er the noonday sky;
When life is freshest, some wild dream
Of grief is ever hov'ring nigh!

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,
Hope will the youthful heart decoy;
But fear is hov'ring there to fling
A shadow o'er the path of joy.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

The Free Wee Heelanmen.

Do any of our readers know the little village of Knocknicruachan in Cantyre, in the West Highlands? It is a prettily-situated place—a beautiful bay in front, and a range of lofty and romantic hills behind. We have asked if any of our readers know the village; but it signifies little whether they do or not. We can tell our story nevertheless; its interest not at all depending on any such knowledge—only that, if they happened to know something of the place in question, they might the more likely be able to corroborate the truth of our tale.

Taking our chance of this particular, we proceed to say that, about thirty years ago, there flourished in the village of Knocknicruachan three enterprising young men, of the true Celtic patronyms of Donald M'Eachern, Duncan M'Lachlane, and Roderick M'Murrichan.

On attaining the years of manhood—being all about the same age—they became imbued with a strong desire to transplant themselves; in other words, to remove to a more genial climate. They, in short, resolved to push their fortunes in another part of the world; to leave their native village and proceed to some of the large manufacturing towns in quest of employment. They fixed on Manchester; having some friends already established there. Having come to this resolution, they consulted together as to various little matters connected with their intended expedition, and had arranged all that was necessary, when it occurred to one of them that they would be greatly at a loss for a little English to help them on their journey; not one of them speaking a word of that language. The other two were at once struck with the force of the remark. It had not occurred to them before; but they now saw plainly it was a desideratum. What was to be done? It was difficult to say. They found it so. A bright idea, however, at length presented itself to the original suggester of the dilemma; this was to apply to Ian More, a neighbor, who had lived some time in the low country, and who had acquired what was, in their opinion, a competent knowledge of the language of the Sassenach; although, in truth, Ian's vocabulary of the tongue alluded to did not contain much above a dozen words, and the most of these bore but a very faint resemblance to the original; Ian having taken the liberty of making certain alterations in them to render them more pliable and accommodating to his own peculiar habits of pronunciation.

To Ian, then, the three adventurous Celts determined on applying for the desiderated quantity of English; just as much as would enable them to answer a simple question or two, such as were most likely to be put to them.

On Ian they accordingly waited, and told him of the assistance they required of him. Ian at once undertook to supply them with the necessary commodity. Having, however, as already hinted, himself but little to spare, it could not be expected that he should give much. What he had, however, he readily communicated.

"You will likely be asked," he said, speaking in his native language, "who you are; and to this you will answer, (this spoken in English) 'We tree wee Heelanmen.' You will then be asked what is your object in coming to the low country. You will reply, (English again) 'Ta purse an' ta penny siller.'"

Ian's skill as a teacher of English could go no farther. But this was thought by all parties enough, especially as it was believed they could not have carried more, if it had been offered them. Having conned over their lessons till they were pronounced perfect by their instructor, the three adventurers conceived themselves now ready to proceed on their enterprise.

Here we pause for a moment in our narrative to advert to a circumstance which we consider as standing in need of explanation. This is Ian's having introduced the descriptive "wee" into the response which he had put into the mouths of his pupils. It may be thought to have been superfluous, and so it was, we dare say; nor can we tell why Ian thought it necessary; but it was certainly correct, for the three adventurers were remarkably little men—three little, hairy, simple-looking bodies. The obviousness, then, of the fact had probably forced itself so strongly on Ian's perceptions, that he had unconsciously, as it were, introduced the allusion to it in his formula. We take it for granted that this was the case, and proceed.

Being now prepared at all points, English and all, our "tree wee Heelanmen" started on their journey, and got on, without interruption of any kind, for several days, during which time they had made out about half the distance of their destination. Nothing in all this time had occurred to disturb their quiet onward progress, nor to call for any exercise of their newly acquired language. Not a single question had been put to them by any one, so that their responses were still fresh and untouched. It was not to be long so, however. A shocking circumstance at once interrupted their hitherto peaceful progress, and led to an immediate use of their stock of English.

While pursuing their journey one afternoon, and being now a day's travel into England, the three Highlanders were horror struck at discovering on the roadside the dead body of a man who bore all the appearance of having been recently murdered. A dreadful contusion appeared upon the forehead, as if inflicted by some heavy iron instrument; while other marks of violence on different parts of the body left no doubt that the deceased had met with a sudden and untimely death. Of this the three poor Highlanders were convinced, and were in the act of hanging over the body in pitying wonder, and bemoaning the miserable fate of the dead man, when a carriage, behind which rode several attendants, drove up. The occupants were attracted by the sight of the dead body, and the three men around it. The carriage was instantly stopped, when two gentlemen stepped out, came up to the spot, and, on seeing the corpse of the murdered man, asked who had committed the atrocious deed. The query was addressed to M'Eachern in particular, and by him it was answered. Looking at the querist with a countenance of great stolidity, he replied—

"Oh hon, oh hon! we tree wee Heelanmen."

"What! was it you that committed the horrid deed, and do you confess it! Gracious heaven! what could tempt you to commit so foul a crime?"

"Ta purse an' ta penny siller."

"Ay, that has been the temptation to many a dark deed," replied one of the gentlemen; and, in the next instant, he, with his own hands, collared one of the atrocious criminals, calling at the same time on his companion and servants to do the same to the other two. They instantly complied; and in the next instant the whole "tree wee Heelanmen" were secured; and in a few minutes after were on their march to the nearest county town, into which they were brought in a sort of procession; the poor men the while greatly marvelling, as they well might, what could be the meaning of the treatment they were undergoing.

Having reached the town, they were immediately conducted before a magistrate, when one of the gentlemen who had aided in their capture detailed to the former the whole particulars of the shocking occurrence connected with the prisoners, which they had just witnessed, adding that the culprits had confessed their guilt, but had obstinately refused to give any further account of themselves, although repeatedly and earnestly urged to do so.

"They will answer no questions," said the gentleman; "but readily admit that they are the murderers, and acknowledge their motives for committing the dreadful crime. They confess it was plunder."

On this statement being made, the magistrate put on his most awful looks, and, addressing the prisoners, who were staring about them in the utmost perplexity and amazement at the novelty of their position, said—

"Unhappy men, this is a dreadful charge against you; and I much fear, from what this gentleman has said—and to whom, by the way, the public and the cause of justice are much indebted for the activity and decision of his exertions—I say that I much fear, from what he has said, that there can be little or no doubt of your guilt. However, you will have the benefit of a fair and impartial trial; and, if you choose it, may still recall the confession you are represented to have made. Do you still adhere to that confession?" added the magistrate, pausing and looking hard at the prisoners. "Speak! was it you that committed the atrocious murder!"

"We tree wee Heelanmen," replied M'Eachern, who was again spokesman; and he essayed a smile and a bow as he spoke; his companions at the same time confirming his assertion by a series of nods, and all three looking at their interrogator with an air of complacency that was strangely at variance with the predicament in which they stood.

"And what, wretched men, what could tempt you to the commission of so horrible a crime?" continued the magistrate.

"Ta purse an' ta penny siller," promptly replied M'Eachern; and again he smiled and bowed, and again his companions nodded their assent to his acknowledgment.

"Then," said the magistrate, "nothing now remains for me to do but to commit you to stand your trial."

And he was about to execute the necessary instruments for such proceeding, when he was interrupted by a loud noise, as if a crowd of persons, seeking admission, were at the door. This in truth was the case. In the next instant five or six countrymen, lugging a ruffianly-looking fellow along with them, entered the apartment in which the proceedings just narrated were going on.

"What is the meaning of this? What do you want, you men?" inquired the magistrate, angrily.

One of the men replied for the others, saying that the person they had in charge had just committed a barbarous murder.

"What! another murder!" exclaimed the magistrate, aghast with horror. "Here are three men," pointing to Duncan, Donald, and Roderick, "who have just confessed to a similar crime! Gracious heaven, this is dreadful!"

An investigation into this new assassination was immediately entered on, and, to the surprise of all present, ended in merging the two murders into one. There had been only one murder committed, and the person last brought in was at once proven to be the guilty man. This point was thus established. The countrymen who made him prisoner had seen him commit the deed. He had fled, and they had pursued; and it was while they were in pursuit of the real criminal that the three Highlanders had come up to the body, and that their apprehension, as already described, had taken place. On all this being made sufficiently evident, the magistrate, in great surprise, turned to the Highlanders, and asked them what they meant by acknowledging a crime which they had not committed.

"We tree wee Heelanmen," was the immediate reply.

"Well, I dare say you are—I don't doubt it," said the magistrate; "but I ask you again what was your motive for confessing a guilt of which you are innocent?"

"Ta purse an' ta penny siller," rejoined the Celtic spokesman.

"Oh, money was your object, was it? But how, pray, did you expect such a proceeding to benefit you in that way?"

"We tree wee Heelanmen," said M'Eachern, with the same stolid expression of countenance he had exhibited all along.

A momentary silence ensued amongst the persons present at this extraordinary repetition of the phrase, and they looked at each other with a smile of perplexity and amazement. At length an almost simultaneous burst of laughter announced that a discovery of something like the real facts of the case had been made, nearly at the same time, by every individual in the room. It became evident to all that the oft-repeated responses comprehended all the English of which the "tree wee Heelanmen" were possessed; and under this conviction, corroborated as it was by other circumstances, they were at once discharged; but not before they had been presented with a couple of guineas by the gentleman who had been so active in apprehending them, as some compensation for the treatment to which he had been the means of subjecting them.

On being liberated, our three little heroes prosecuted their journey, and hoped that they might be allowed to accomplish it without any more interruptions. In the meantime, they beguiled the way by talking over their last adventure, and wondering how they had come to be treated as they had been. On this subject, however, they at length came to a satisfactory conclusion, attributing their apprehension to the circumstance of their having been found near the dead body; but never dreaming that the unfortunate responses with which they had been furnished by Ian More had been the main cause of that proceeding. In ignorance of this, their English, of course, was retained for further service with as much confidence in its efficacy as ever. Having accomplished another day's weary travel, which brought them within a short distance of their destination, the travelers would fain have completed the journey at once; but one of them, who was more weakly than the other two, declared that he was so done up that he could not possibly proceed. This was an awkward circumstance, as it was now a late hour of the night, pitch dark, and there was no public house at hand in which they might find quarters till the morning. In this dilemma, our travelers espied a farmhouse at some distance from the road; and, thinking of the hospitality of their own country, they determined on repairing to it, and asking the boon of a night's lodging. On reaching the house, however, they found that all the inmates had retired to rest. Everything was quiet about the place; doors locked, and windows fast. Too modest and timid in their natures to think of disturbing the repose of the family, they looked around them to find a cover or shelter of any kind, in which they might ensconce themselves for the night. In this quest, fortune singularly favored them. A barn door stood invitingly open. They entered, and, better luck still, found it well stored with straw. Nothing could be more convenient.

Congratulating themselves on their good fortune, they instantly burrowed themselves in the straw, and, in a few minutes, were all three enjoying a most refreshing snooze; which snooze continued without the smallest interruption for several hours, and would, in all probability, have continued for several hours longer, but for the occurrence of a very extraordinary circumstance. About the middle of the night, our three travelers were suddenly awakened in great terror by a dreadful noise outside of their dormitory. The noises were those of a number of men and women in a state of great commotion and alarm. Amazed and confounded at the extraordinary hubbub, the startled occupants of the barn rushed to the door, and, to their farther amazement and perplexity, saw three or four of the corn stacks in the barnyard in a blaze. On perceiving the catastrophe, they were about to run to the assistance of those who were employed in the attempts to arrest the progress of the fire, or rather fires—for there were, as already said, three or four stacks in a state of conflagration—when each of them found himself suddenly collared from behind by a corresponding number of brawny arms. They had been seen emerging from the barn; and no doubt having been entertained that they were the incendiaries, their capture, in the way described, was the consequence.

"Was it you?" roared the owner, grasping M'Eachern; "or who was it, you villain, that set my stacks on fire? Who, who was it?—answer me!" exclaimed the farmer, furiously, and again he shook little Donald violently.

"We tree wee Heelanmen," replied the latter, in a choking voice.

"Oh! you have all been concerned in it, have you? and you confess it, too! So, so. Then curse me if I don't give you sauce to this dish. Mind ye, my lads, this is a hanging business, and, depend upon it, you shall have the full benefit of the act that makes provision thereanent. What the devil, you scoundrels you, induced you to fire my barnyard?"

This was another pointed question, and it was as pointedly answered—

"Ta purse an' ta penny siller," replied Donald.

"Ha! bribed, you rascals. It's very well. I half thought so, and I more than half know who bribed you. I'll bring them up, too, with a short turn, presently."

The unresisting incendiaries were now conducted into the farmer's house, until a consultation should be held as to the best way of disposing of them. Here, however, another instance occurred, to be added to the many already on record of the amiability of female nature. The farmer's wife, struck with pity for the three unfortunate young men, ventured to suggest that, notwithstanding the suspicious circumstances in which they were found, they might not, after all, be the incendiaries.

"Why, woman," said the farmer, furiously, "they confesses it themselves, and they confesses too that they war bribed to do it; and doesn't we know very well who it war that bribed them? Ha'na we been afeared o' this for a long while back? Yes, they confesses it. Ax them yourself."

The farmer's wife did so.

"Was it indeed you," she said, "who set our barnyard on fire?"

"We tree wee Heelanmen," replied Donald, with his usual promptitude.

"You hear that, wife?" interrupted the farmer, triumphantly. "Will that satisfy you?"

The kind-hearted woman looked sorrowful and disappointed, but made no reply. At length—

"What," she said, again addressing Donald, "could induce you to injure us in this way?"

"Ta purse an' ta penny siller," said Donald.

Finding that she was now without any further pretence for interfering in their behalf, the good woman turned away and left the unhappy men to their fate. The prisoners were further secured by having their hands tied behind them; in which predicament they were shortly after conducted by a numerous escort to Manchester, and finally lodged in the jail of that city. The unfortunate "tree wee Heelanmen" were now, however, in the vicinity of friends, and they lost no time in availing themselves of this advantage.

An investigation into the matter was the immediate consequence, and its result was the instant liberation of the "tree wee Heelanmen," who soon after got into employment, and, we believe, in time added considerably to their stock of English, of which the reader will readily allow, we daresay, they stood in some need.

A Strike.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Dixon, what is it?" asked Mr. Phogie of his assistant bookkeeper, who had been patiently waiting for half an hour in the private counting-room of the merchant, for an opportunity to speak with his employer.

"My second year in your service will begin to-morrow, sir, and I have taken the liberty to request your attention to a matter which, though of little consequence to you, perhaps, is of considerable moment to me."

The young man paused, as if to note the effect of his words upon his employer.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the merchant, not half liking the cool and dignified way the young gentleman had of introducing himself. To his mind there was a lack of that cringing, subservient tone and manner which his old-fashioned notion had taught him to believe was a dangerous deficiency in a clerk.

"I refer to my salary, sir."

"Well?" There was a gathering frown upon the brow of the merchant.

"I have endeavored to serve you faithfully," continued the clerk, rather discouraged by the coldness with which he was received.

There was an awkward pause. Mr. Phogie's philosophy did not permit him to speak, and the young man was too much embarrassed to proceed with his application.

"My salary for the past year has been five hundred dollars," stammered Dixon, when he found his employer was bent on holding his peace.

"Well?" said Mr. Phogie, who still provokingly refused to take a hint.

"The object of my present visit is respectfully to request you to raise it to six hundred," continued Dixon, more boldly, as he began to appreciate the humor of his employer.

Mr. Phogie stared, aghast with astonishment and horror, at the young man. Cruikshank or Johnstone would have accounted the scene quite equal to that in the workhouse, where Oliver Twist, in a less important matter, had the unheard-of presumption and impudence to "ask for more."

Dixon lost all hope.

"I trust, sir, I am not unreasonable," said he, excusing his boldness.

"Forty years ago, Dixon, when I was of your age," began Mr. Phogie, with solemn deliberateness, "I should have been glad to have received one half of your present salary."

The merchant looked complacently at the clerk to note the effect of this astounding declaration. Dixon ventured to suggest that the times had changed. Mr. Phogie admitted it, but was quite sure the change had been for the worse.

"That is a matter of opinion, sir."

"Humph!"

"It costs much more to live now than it did then."

"Young men didn't drive fast horses then, nor go to the opera, nor board at fashionable hotels," sneered Mr. Phogie.

"I am guilty of none of these follies, sir," replied Dixon, a little indignant at the coarseness of the implication.

"Perhaps not; but five hundred dollars a year is a good salary for a prudent, careful young man."

"For one who can do no better, it's very well."

"Clerks are vain, now-a-days, and overestimate themselves," said Mr. Phogie, rebuking the complacence of his servant.

"I do not ask an increase of salary, sir, because I cannot live on five hundred dollars, but because I wish to advance myself, and, if you will pardon my vanity, because I think my services are worth more."

"Very well, sir; when young men get above their business, there is no knowing where they will stop. I cannot accede to your demand;" and Mr. Phogie, to show his indifference, busied himself in arranging some papers on the desk before him.

"Then, sir, I shall be obliged to give you notice of my intention to leave your service," returned Dixon, evidently relieved that the interview was concluded, even in this unsatisfactory manner.

Mr. Phogie paused in his occupation, and looked with surprise upon the clerk. It was doubtful whether Dixon meant so.

"Got another situation?" asked he.

"No, sir."

"Nothing in view?"

"Nothing, sir; of course I could not make an arrangement until I had consulted you."

Mr. Phogie was not pleased with the result of the interview. Dixon was an honest, faithful and devoted clerk, and the idea of parting with him was not agreeable. But to retract what he had hastily said would be an indication of weakness; besides, he knew that any quantity of clerks could be obtained for four, or even three hundred dollars a year; and he reasoned with himself that he should be a fool to pay Dixon six, when he could get one for three.

Accordingly Dixon gave formal notice of intention to "quit." But, having already earned a reputation for integrity and fidelity, he could easily obtain a situation at the salary he had demanded of Mr. Phogie.

CHAPTER II.

"Good morning, Mr. Phogie," said Mr. Wyman, a liberal-minded merchant, as he entered the counting-room of the former.

"Good morning, sir; anything new stirring?"

"No; I called to see about a young man who has been in your employ—I mean Dixon."

Phogie was all attention.

"I want a bookkeeper, and he has applied for the situation. How is he?"

Phogie did not very well like to say he was a competent man, honest, faithful and zealous; he did not dare to say he was anything else; so he was compelled to compromise the matter for a moment by saying nothing.

"I was very much surprised to hear from him that he had left your service. Anything unpleasant?"

"No."

"Blot the books?"

"No."

"Inaccurate?"

"No."

"Off too much?"

"No; nothing of the kind."

"But he was always considered one of the most promising young men on the street."

"Yes."

Wyman was perplexed by the taciturnity of the other.

"I don't ask from idle curiosity; I want a bookkeeper."

Phogie was dumb.

"Has the young man any fault?" and there were visible evidences of impatience in the tones and manner of the matter-of-fact merchant.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh, you didn't want him?"

"No—that—is—yes——"

"Exactly so!" exclaimed Wyman, laughing.

Phogie laughed, too; he could not help laughing when he saw what a figure he was making; besides, a laugh is sometimes a great relief to a man in a quandary.

"If you must know, Wyman, I'll tell you. I gave him five hundred for the last year; he wants six for the next. I won't give it."

"No?"

"Yes; and that is the whole story."

"Wait a minute till I have secured him, and then I will talk with you;" and Wyman moved towards the door.

"Give him six hundred?" asked Phogie, not a little astonished to find his neighbor so eager to complete the engagement.

"Yes; seven, if he demands it."

"I can send you half a dozen in an hour, who will engage for three."

"Will you give bonds for their integrity and fidelity?" asked Wyman with a sneer.

"Pooh!"

"Pooh? The fact is, I have suffered enough from cheap clerks. Assure me that a young man is honest, and true to my interest, and I never will let him leave me on account of any reasonable difference about salary. All that Solomon said about a virtuous woman, I believe in with regard to an honest and faithful clerk."

"I can't afford to pay these big salaries; and a young man gets above his business when you pay him too much."

"Nonsense! He will respect himself, which every man must do, in order to keep himself honest."

"You are a transcendentalist."

"I'm common-sense. You say you cannot afford to pay high salaries. Can you afford to have a semi-annual deficit in your cash account of three hundred dollars—botched up with false entries, lying balances and the like?"

Mr. Phogie had never been troubled in this way, and there was no probability that he ever should be; he looked out for his business himself, and he should like to see the clerk that could bamboozle him.

Mr. Wyman thought otherwise, and took his leave, wondering at the stupidity of his friend. It occurred to him, as he left the counting-room, that it was not very strange, after all, that clerks on three hundred a year can drive 2.40 horses, and go to the opera three nights in a week; not very strange, either, that petty defalcations were discovered occasionally, and that young men on small salaries got ahead amazingly fast.

CHAPTER III.

Wyman engaged Dixon, and Phogie procured the services of an ill-looking fellow for three hundred dollars. The next time he saw Wyman he indulged in a little innocent raillery over the fact that he paid his new clerk but half the salary Dixon received; and Phogie thought he was even a better bookkeeper than Dixon—wrote a plainer hand, and could run up a column of figures rather quicker. As to the new clerk's honesty, he had a bundle of testimonials as big as the invoice book, and his maternal uncle was President of the Soap and Candle Makers' Bank—of course, he was honest!

Things went on swimmingly for six months. The new assistant was a jewel, and when Mr. Quilldriver, the head bookkeeper, was taken ill, Mr. Phogie had so much confidence in this notable nephew of a notable uncle, that he gave him the entire charge of the books, and in the liberality of his big heart, advanced his salary voluntarily to four hundred a year.

On the first of January, however, when Mr. Phogie called for the balance sheet, it was not ready. The trial-balance didn't come out right, and the profit and loss account looked "thundering strange," as Mr. Phogie classically expressed it. Three days were hopelessly used up in "taking stocks;" but the thing couldn't be figured out.

Mr. Phogie began to be alarmed. The General—a noted expert in unsnarling complicated and difficult accounts—was called in to examine into affairs; but no sooner did the smart nephew of the President of the Soap and Candle Makers' Bank see the well known gray locks of the expert bent over the obstinate folios, than he stepped out to lunch, and, by some singular oversight, forgot to return.

The upshot of the whole matter was that the General discovered an "absquatulation" of some fifteen hundred dollars—just enough to keep the dapper little bookkeeper in opera and 2:40's during the past season.

Of course the thing went up and down the street, and the little ragged boys in State street bellowed it at the top of their lungs, into the ears of the passer-by.

"Why, Phogie, how is this?" inquired Mr. Wyman, meeting the supporter of the cheap clerk system.

Mr. Phogie used a very hard word, which only ministers are permitted to use in stirring sermons.

"Pay 'em well, Phogie, and they won't steal; and when you get a faithful servant, don't part with him."

Phogie scowled and edged off.

"By the way, Dixon has brought everything out as square as a brick. Trial-balance, balance sheet, everything foots up without the variation of a penny," continued Wyman, maliciously, as Phogie increased his speed.

A French Duel.

Paris is laughing, just at this time, over a duel which occurred between two Parisians. The result was somewhat different from what the public had a right to expect. It seems that Monsieur M. felt it necessary to demand satisfaction of Monsieur de C., for a trifling offence; but with the secret hope that the challenge would be declined. But M. de C. accepted, and the seconds of both sides met to arrange the conditions of the combat.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said one, "that the matter is not so serious, nor our friends so unskilful, as to render it necessary to fight so very near. Twenty-five paces would be a good distance."

Some discussion ensued, but at last twenty paces was settled on, and the seconds of Monsieur M. went in search of him.

"Well," said he.

"Well, it is all arranged."

"So I imagined."

"You fight to-morrow morning."

"What?"

"At nine o'clock."

"What do you mean?"

"In the woods of Vincennes."

"In the woods, do I?"

"At twenty paces."

M. appeared embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself, smilingly said:

"You say we shall fight at twenty paces. I should rather have preferred fifteen, or even ten——"

"Yes, we demanded fifteen paces, but the seconds of de C. insisted upon twenty."

"And you yielded the point to them?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I shall not yield another."

"Of course not—there is nothing more to yield."

"I don't know—something might come up. However, I shall maintain my rights."

"Nobody disputes them."

"I am the one insulted."

"Yes, of course, since it is you who demands satisfaction."

"In that case, I have the choice of weapons."

"But there is no——"

"I say I have the choice of weapons, and I choose the sword."

"Yes, yes, but it was not in relation to this affair that I was speaking then."

"Yes, but——"

"There is no but in the matter! I have been insulted. I have the choice of arms. I choose the sword."

"We must see the other seconds."

"Why so?"

"To make new arrangements."

"There is no need of that; you have agreed on twenty paces."

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I don't wish you to retract your consent. I will fight at twenty paces."

"Oh, very well."

"But I repeat, I should rather have preferred fifteen, or even ten paces."

After a moment's silence, the second resumed:

"Have you any pistols?"

"No," answered M. "What should I want of them?"

"Want of them? Why, that's a pretty question—to fight with, to be sure."

"To fight with! But I tell you I shall not fight with pistols."

"There it is, we don't understand each other; however, you say you accept the twenty paces."

"Yes, yes, I accept the twenty paces, but—"

"How do you mean—but?"

"I accept the twenty paces, but I don't accept the pistols. I am not at the orders of M. de C. I have made one concession, and shall not take it back—twenty paces if he wishes, I am quite willing. And now that I have agreed to it, I want no change made. We will fight at twenty paces—not one pace more, nor one pace less. It was not I who fixed the distance. It was the other side that wished it so, and they have it as they wished. I made one concession, and shan't make another. Twenty paces—let it be, but the sword."

It was impossible to make Monsieur M. change his resolution. He called his obstinacy, "maintaining his rights;" and so the duel ended, and Monsieur M. has been laughed at in every coffee-house in Paris.

In a certain village lives a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in the field, went out to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting upon a stone, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered,

"I thirst for the spirit."

"You are very apt at quoting Scripture," said the farmer; "and I wish you were as ready to obey its injunction. Recollect the text, 'Hoe every one that thirsteth.'" It is needless to add that the man immediately resumed his labor.

Crochets are very well in a music-book, but bad in people's heads.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD
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, etc., are solicited from well-informed sources.

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

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

STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, January 30, 1864.

NOTICE.—Mr. John Saltar, now on a tour through this Territory, is authorized to solicit and receipt for subscriptions to the *Puget Sound Herald*.

LENT.—Archbishop Blanchet has published, in a Portland paper, the regulations for Lent for the present year. From Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday, week days, a fast is enjoined; the allowance being one meal each day, and a moderate lunch. By dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed, in this Diocese, once a day at the principal meal, on all Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent, except the Holy Thursday; and at every meal on all the Sundays. Flesh meat and fish at the same meal is prohibited. Eggs, butter, cheese and milk, and the use of lard for cooking, are allowed. Minors and infirm persons, as also those whose labor is of an exhausting nature, and females in delicate health, are exempt from this obligation. Good works, fervent prayer and alms-deeds, according to the ability of each, are enjoined on all during Lent. These, says the Archbishop, should be the inseparable companions of fasting. Seamen and soldiers in the U. S. service, by a dispensation granted in 1860, have only six days of abstinence in the whole year. Those six days are: Ash Wednesday, the three last days of Lent, the Vigil of the Assumption of the B. V., and the Vigil of Christmas.

VALUE OF NETTLES.—The common nettle is said to possess a curative influence in paralysis, acute rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and other diseases. The mode of preparation is to fill a kettle with nettles, green or dry, pour on water, and boil gently for half an hour, then draw off the liquor and bottle it. If desired, a few hops or liquorice may be added to improve the taste. It is further stated that the decoction is beneficial in cases of scurvy, asthma, gravel, and liver complaints. If it possesses half the virtues that are attributed to it, the nettle is indeed a valuable medicinal plant. As it abounds in many parts of this county, there will be no difficulty in testing its virtues, beyond the finding of patients afflicted with the maladies mentioned. We commend it to the attention of our citizens.

DEATH FROM BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Mr. F. C. Tobey, a citizen of Barnstable county, Mass., while in Boston, was taken early one morning at the Parks House, where he lodged, with a sudden and profuse bleeding at the nose. It was soon found that no ordinary remedies could be applied for his relief, and having bled for nearly two hours, medical assistance was procured in the person of Dr. F. W. Goodall, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., who was a guest in the house at that time. Later in the day, and after a recurrence of the bleeding, Dr. Geo. H. Gay was also summoned, and a painful operation was performed upon Mr. T., giving him relief, and making him sufficiently comfortable to be removed to his home after the lapse of another day. He died on Thursday morning at an early hour.

MAGAZINES, ETC.—A bundle of good things, comprising the most popular magazines of the day, accompanied by pictorials and newspapers, came to hand on Monday last from J. W. Sullivan, the great San Francisco news agent. Sullivan sends us a new and enlarged list of papers and periodicals at reduced prices. He is a liberal and prompt dealer, and deserves a generous patronage.

DISASTERS.—The barque *Gold Hunter*, Capt. Keller, encountered heavy gales last week, while proceeding down the Straits, and lost all her sails. She was compelled to seek a harbor, where she anchored, while her master returned to Port Angelos for assistance, where he still remained when the steamer left that place. The cutter *Joe Lane* also suffered somewhat from bad weather, losing boats, etc.

SEWING MACHINE WALTZ.—We have received a copy of this music from Harrison & Co., (late Chas. F. Robbins & Co.) of San Francisco. It is published by R. G. Brown, and dedicated to the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company. Harrison & Co., 417 Clay street, and R. G. Brown, Agent of Grover & Baker, San Francisco, will fill orders for it.

LAUNCH.—Mr. H. G. Williamson will launch to-day, from the Segwalitchew Mill, a sloop of forty tons. The launch will take place about noon, if the weather will permit; should it prove adverse, the first fair day will witness the event. We shall notice the launch and briefly describe the vessel in our next issue.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY REGIMENT.—We learn that orders have been received from headquarters for the consolidation of this regiment to five companies. Officers for these will be retained by selection from those now in commission, and the rest will be discharged. None of the field or staff officers will be mustered out of service, except the Colonel.

ARRIVED.—The barque *Scotland*, Capt. Nichols, from San Francisco, arrived at Keach's wharf yesterday morning. She brings merchandise to Edw'd Huggins and others. From this place she will proceed to Mr. A. J. Pickard's mill and receive a return cargo of lumber.

SOON BACK.—The *Eliza Anderson* returned to this place at an early hour on Thursday morning, to the surprise of everybody. She quit Victoria in such a hurry that express matter, papers, and other kitas were left behind.

MR. I. L. TOBEY has our thanks for Legislative documents, which came to hand last evening.

EUROPEAN WAR CLOUDS.

Fluctuation in the European war market has latterly been quite frequent. One panic has scarcely subsided before a new speck of war is discerned in another quarter, or for another cause; and thus a feverish excitement is kept up, with brief intervals of respite, in the public mind. Apprehensions are indulged by the press and people of England of the real designs of Louis Napoleon, and their fears and hopes rise and fall from day to day, as those designs become apparent or obscure. The Frenchman's movements evidently make them feel very uncomfortable; and it is perhaps fortunate for our Government that the English deem it of paramount importance to closely watch their ancient enemy, meanwhile leaving us to do our fighting without foreign interference. So long as the present aspect of affairs continues in Europe, we may rest easy on the score of intervention, and even indulge the hope that no more privateers will be fitted out in England to prey on our commerce. Nay, more: it would not be very surprising to us if, in view of the threatened trouble nearer home, to conciliate our Government, and to repair as much as possible the injury she has inflicted, orders were issued to her fleets and colonial authorities to capture and detain those privateers wherever found.

The last news from the Continent of Europe was considered of a more war-like nature than any preceding. Exchange, the great indicator of momentous national events, since the period just preceding the Italian war had not witnessed such a panic as prevailed at last advices. Speculators and capitalists alike considered the congress proposed by Napoleon only a preliminary step for war, and could not be shaken from that belief, even by recognizing the difficulties of the present position of the Bank of France and the many complications the Emperor of France already has upon his hands. Austrian funds sustained a heavy decline, as did also the best stocks known in Europe. Russia is vigorously preparing for war, not with the Poles, but with anticipated enemies farther from home. Altogether, the war clouds in Europe were assuming threatening proportions and shapes, and were momentarily expected to belch forth their thunders.

A FLOGGING AFFAIR.

Several of our citizens, who considered themselves aggrieved by Chas. Wren in divers ways and at different times, undertook, on Monday last, to settle with him by inflicting summary and severe punishment. According to his complaint, as stated to us by others, A. J. Burge, Chas. McDaniel, and a man named Mitchell, met him near Gravelly Lake, while on his way on horseback to town, and compelled him to dismount; whereupon they stripped him, tied him to a tree, and administered on his bare back a severe flogging. Having lashed him to their hearts' content, they left him still tied to the tree, from which he cut himself loose and fled to town on foot. When he arrived here, he immediately appeared before Justice Seaman and entered his complaint, exhibiting his lacerated back in evidence of its truth. Many of the blows had penetrated the flesh, while the traces of nearly all were visible in long lines of discolored skin. The reasons assigned by Burge and McDaniel, in justification of their course, were Wren's brutal treatment of his first and present wives, whom they alleged he was in the habit of cruelly flogging until the blood flowed from their backs; his treatment of a young woman of Indian extraction named Flett, whose person he forcibly violated and subsequently ill-used; besides sundry acts of personal injury to themselves.

These are briefly the circumstances as near as we can learn them. McDaniel and Burge were bound over, in the sum of five hundred dollars each, to keep the peace and to appear for trial before the District Court. Mitchell was merely a witness of the affair, and took no part in the assault. He was therefore not included in the bond.

"ION."—We have received a letter from Chas. Eagan, Esq., of Olympia, requesting a contradiction of a report in circulation there, to the effect that he is the writer of the letters that have appeared in our columns over the signature of "Ion." In compliance with this request, we here state that Mr. Eagan has not written a line for publication in this paper during the present session of the Legislature, nor did he ever write anything for our columns save the list of Acts passed by the preceding Assembly. The seekers of "Ion" are barking up the wrong tree.

SAD RESULTS OF TREASON.—The Memphis *Bulletin* thus graphically sketches the condition of Tennessee: "There is a portion of this State so devastated by the civil war as to be practically abandoned by the foot of man. The men are slumbering at Shiloh, Corinth and Stone river; the servants have gained their freedom; the women and children have fled to more remote and quiet precincts. Falling in behind the retiring steps of humanity come the four-footed beasts and creeping things. The fox makes his burrow under the ruined dwellings where a happy people once dwelt. The serpent crawls under the floor of the church and schoolhouse. The squirrel chatters and builds his nest upon the locust tree in the old yard, once noisy with the mirth of children. The gum is rotting in the cool spring. The partridge whistles from the ridgepole of the cabin. The wild bee seeks a storehouse for his honey, fearless of detection by the human eye. All is returning to a state of nature. What a monument of the ravages of war."

RICHMOND MARKETING.—A returned Federal officer, desiring to express the infinite scarcity of provisions and the value of Confederate currency in Richmond, said that when a lady went to market in that city, she took her cash in a basket and brought home the articles she had purchased in her porte-monnaie.

LATE PAPERS.—We were again indebted, last week, to the polite attention of Capt. Finch for files of Victoria and San Francisco papers, containing Eastern dates several days ahead of those in the Portland papers.

O. S. N. Co.—A Dalles paper states that the Oregon Steam Navigation Company employs 212 men, and distributes monthly at that place some thirty thousand dollars.

TERRIBLE! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—Eastern papers very gravely announce that there is a little row in high life. Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague do not take tea together—and the former would not attend the grand wedding!

RETURNING LOYALTY.

A late N. Y. *Tribune* publishes a lengthy letter from Vicksburg, written by a person who has been for three months on a tour through Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, has closely observed the condition of things, and claims to present a true, faithful and trustworthy account. He observed among the people "a very general and growing discontent." The farmers of Mississippi are feeling the effects of the war, "and are very ready to yield to any proposition that might bring it to a close." This observer says:

"In talking with many of the people about the prospects of peace, it is easy to discover that they are all heart-sick and tired of the rebellion, and would hail with joy the day that would announce the termination of the war. Many are willing to acknowledge that the Confederacy is gone up, and they want peace on any terms. Those who have lost everything they possessed, many of whom were millionaires, are now ready to quit, and willing to regard their losses and sacrifices as the misfortunes of war. They will tell you that they have lost so and so much, but "let all that go and stop the war, and I am satisfied," is the prevailing sentiment among the people. Some few who are not well informed of the prospects of the Confederacy are still of the opinion that her independence is already achieved. A few politicians are also busy among the people, telling them that the North is almost whipped out, that foreign recognition is a fact already fixed, and that a Confederate navy of twenty ironclads is coming from England to wipe out the Yankee fleet at Charleston, open the ports, and establish a commerce between the Confederacy and foreign ports. Among the more intelligent portion of the people there is but little respect paid to these designing politicians, and they keep silent and exercise their own judgment."

The following statement is made as to the Confederate officers:

"Among many of the most intelligent and responsible officers in the Confederate army, there is a great despondency as to the final result. They seem to feel the hopelessness of the cause, and express their fears, though they are prompted by feelings of honorable consistency to stick to their posts as long as there is any hope left. They are all tired out with the war, and cannot see that anything is to be gained by keeping it up against a power that is growing stronger every day. Some are preparing themselves for the change when the Union shall be re-established, and others are making their calculations to remove to other lands."

The greater the number who betake themselves to other lands, the greater will be the guarantee of future peace. All who cannot live contented and happy under our form of government can well be spared.

CO. K, 1st W. T. VOLUNTEERS.

The following Joint Resolution, relative to Captain E. H. Tucker and Lieutenants Jester and Toohill, of Company K, 1st W. T. Volunteers, was introduced in the House, a few days since, by Mr. McGill, of Thurston county, with a prospect of its passage by both branches of the Legislature:

Whereas, The public journals announce that orders have been received from Headquarters for the consolidation, to five companies, of the 1st W. T. Volunteers; and

Whereas, Capt. Egbert H. Tucker, commanding company K of said Regiment, stationed at Fort Steilacoom, has with great zeal, fidelity and energy, and at large pecuniary sacrifices, raised said company K, the only company formed in this Territory; therefore

Be it Resolved by the House of Representatives of Washington Territory, the Council concurring, That we have entire confidence in the ability, fidelity and patriotism of Captain Egbert H. Tucker, and his efficient Lieutenants, Jester and Toohill, and that we hereby respectfully but earnestly ask that Captain Tucker and Lieutenants Jester and Toohill, of company K, 1st Regiment W. T. Volunteers, may be retained in the service, and, if possible, continued in their command at Fort Steilacoom.

Resolved, That the Honorable Secretary of this Territory be and he is hereby requested forthwith to forward copies of the foregoing resolution to His Excellency the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, the General commanding the Department of the Pacific, the Hons. Geo. E. Cole and Wm. H. Wallace, and to each of the officers named therein.

FRAUDS TO BE PUNISHED.—There seems to be a disposition on the part of the authorities of the War Department to make an effort to punish some of the many scoundrels who have been robbing the Government and perpetrating frauds as contractors. The detective force is engaged in ferreting out evidence against these men, and bringing the facts out in form which will, if parties are prosecuted, lead to their certain conviction. The argus eyes of the detective force have long been upon these men, and care will be taken to obtain sufficient evidence to convict them when arrested, before the officers of the law pounce upon them. Too little vigilance in this matter has hitherto been exercised, and the result has been great pecuniary loss to the Government and suffering among the soldiers.

PLEASANT THINGS IN STORE FOR BURNSIDE.—The rebels have pleasant things in store for Burnside—should they catch him. The Petersburg *Express*, referring to Morgan's confinement in the Ohio Penitentiary, says: Should a kind, just Providence, so will it that Burnside should fall into our hands, we trust that a cell in some State prison with a shaved head, coarse fare, prison garb, etc., will be instantly awarded him, as it was by his order that Gen. Morgan was subjected to the outrages which he has endured. In this instance we are for the *lex talionis* in the strictest sense. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is imperatively demanded, and it is the only mode by which we can compel the Yankees to conduct the war in accordance with the uses of civilized nations.

FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—Files of the Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* to Dec. 10th have been received. Notices are given of proceedings of merchants and others relative to the demise of the late King, and resolutions of condolence and respect were framed by them. Funeral sermons were preached in the various churches, both in Hawaiian and English. Beyond these allusions to the late national bereavement, we find nothing of interest.

THE "BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS."—It has been generally known that the people of little Delaware were called "Blue Hen's Chickens," but few could tell why. In the olden time there was in that State a breed of fighting cocks noted for their pluck and endurance. They never knew when they were whipped, but would fight on as long as there was a feather left. The only account of the origin of this breed was that they originally sprang from a blue hen. In the Revolutionary war, Delaware furnished a regiment of soldiers, which, in numerous marches and battles became distinguished for persistent bravery. On this account they came to be called the "Blue Hen's Chicken's." The name thus becoming an honorable one, was afterwards assumed by the people of the State.

REBEL EXTERMINATION.

The leading rebels begin to contemplate their extermination with a degree of philosophy and complacency that is quite refreshing. In connection with this subject, the Richmond *Enquirer* pays the following compliments to its old political associates, who have recently concluded that the only way to be successful politicians is to be in favor of the war. The remarks are just, and show that the rebels very fairly estimate the kind of patriotism which has tried for two years to sacrifice the country, and now pretends to support its cause, in the expectation that the new line of policy will be more popular, and pay better than the treasonable course which has hitherto been pursued:

Those of our Yankee brethren who are most friendly to us begin to perceive the sad necessity of destroying us Confederates to the last man. They regret it; but it seems our obstinacy, our perverse resolution to keep out of the Union, leaves them no alternative (though it will ring their hearts) except to wipe us out from the face of the earth. They are sorry, but we will have it so. Because "the Union must be preserved" that is not only an axiom in politics, but is a law of nature and the ordinance of God. What, then, can even the peacefullest of "Peace Democrats" do but cut all our throats! Gladly would they have taken us back to their bosoms; they yearned over us as erring children—would have gathered us even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but we would not. Such is now the position of some of those who were but lately "Peace Democrats." Others there are still, we understand, of this singular political sect, who believe, even to this day, that we are not fighting for independence and eternal separation, but for a Democratic Administration in the next Yankee Presidential term. As the New York *News* says, they have been "keeping their finger on the Southern pulse all this while; they know every beat of the Southern heart, and they know that it pants only for—say Fernando Wood as President, with his crowd of Democratic instead of Republican officeholders and thieves. When we talk of independence and separation they wink their eye, hint that this is very good sort of talk to use against the Republicans, approve even of our fighting a few battles and pouring out the richest blood in Southern veins, in such a sacred cause—as the securing of the next four years' plunder; four years! eight, twelve, one hundred years—for Republicanism would then be crushed out, and Democrats would keep both hands in the public pocket *saculo saeculorum*. These Peace Democrats feel that they and we understand one another. Absolutely this last sort of Yankee is more offensive to us than the other sort; they seem to us more intensely Yankee than the Abolitionists themselves. Abolitionists and "War Democrats" would kill the body and plunder the goods; but these creatures do worse—they insult us; their very existence is an offense to us, and we shall be the better pleased the sooner they all merge into War Democrats, and acknowledge the painful necessity of slaughtering us to the last man.

Poor lambs!

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Some of the Brahmins in India have as many as one hundred and thirty wives. This beats the Mormons out of sight.

The public schools of Vicksburg have been re-opened, after a noisy intermission of two years or more. Colored schools have also been established.

Bates College, at Lewiston, Me., now has two hundred and seventeen students, of both sexes. In the seminary and collegiate departments the college is conducted on the Oberlin plan.

In a new Irish drama produced in New York, Mr. Florence brains one murderer, strangles another, throws a third over a cliff, and runs a squire through the body with a sword. Warm work.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne has just decided that women shall no longer be permitted to sing mass in music in the cathedral of that city, but that the service shall in future be chanted by men.

A Boston paper gives an idea of the extension of Judaism in that city within twenty years, says that about that time ten Israelites alone assembled in a private house, and had divine worship for the first time in Boston. Now there are four synagogues and about five hundred families in that city.

There are, at this time, 90,000 troops and 1,800 police in Warsaw. When a private residence is needed for the use of soldiery, the occupiers, whether owners or tenants, are ordered out—five hours or ten hours, as the case may be, being given for the removal of furniture and clothing.

A scene of a mingled ludicrous and disgusting nature has occurred on the old Kent road. The driver of a hearse going faster than some of the party thought he ought, a dispute arose, followed by the whole of the mourners getting out of the cabs, when a regular fight took place; nor was it quelled until the police interfered and threatened to take the whole of them to the station-house, when they proceeded on their way followed by a large crowd.

A band of Neapolitan brigands entered the farm-house of one Picciuti, and after exacting a quantity of fodder and five lambs, the chief seized the man's hand and told him that if by the following day he did not find at least 500fr. to give him, he would be murdered; and to prove that he was in earnest, he drew his cutlass, forcibly laid the man's hand on the table, and cut it off at one stroke!

The Italian minister of the interior has, by a circular addressed to the mayors of the kingdom, ordered that non-Catholics shall be buried in the same cemeteries with Catholics, if there is not a separate burial-ground for the former. The non Catholics are to occupy a corner of the common cemetery, separated by a hedge or a wall. Thus cease the conflicts, as well as the exorbitances and extortions, of some Catholic cures.

A horrible tragedy has occurred in London. A man named Hunt hired a cab, in which he drove out with his wife and two children. Stopping at an ale-house, he sent the cabman in for a pint of beer, which was drank in the cab. Afterwards the man got out alone, paid the fare, and told the cabman where to drive. On reaching his destination the driver found that his freight consisted only of three dead bodies—the woman and her children had been poisoned. Subsequently, on being arrested, the murderer himself took poison.

An Englishman traveling the other day to St. Petersburg, found himself in the same carriage with a Russian general, an intelligent, pleasant man, who conversed freely in French, and by no means avoided the discussion of politics. Among other things he remarked that it was a mistake to suppose that the Emperor would not grant Poland the six points, and that it would ultimately be seen that he would concede that, and even more. "Yes," replied the Englishman, "he will grant it when there are no more Poles." "Precisely so," was the cool reply; "and the country will be much better without them."

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A sour temper bites ugly lines into one's face like aquafortis.

Dr. Charles G. Bryant, late of San Francisco, has been appointed U. S. Vice Consul at Guaymas.

A Union-loving wife in New Orleans has sued for a divorce from a rebel husband. She will get it.

Seventy thousand bales of cotton (700 kilos each) have been raised in Italy the present year.

Government is said to be reflecting upon the feasibility of hanging a few fraudulent contractors.

The ship *Gazelle*, from Rio de Janeiro, with a full cargo of coffee for San Francisco, is reported lost.

A salute was fired at Sacramento in honor of the anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The "loyal" Copperheads of Sydney, Tremont county, Iowa, lately blew up with powder the county Court House.

In Australia, according to an exchange, marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been legalized by act of Parliament.

There are 38,183 houses of worship in the United States, of which 12,814, or about thirty-three per cent., are in rebeldom.

Late English papers state that the drain on the farming of Ireland is giving serious alarm to the landlords of that country.

A son of Nathaniel Rothschild (London) accompanied King George of Greece to Athens with Gen. Kalergis, the Paris embassador.

The representatives of the press in Washington propose to tender a complimentary dinner to Speaker Colfax, who is a newspaper man.

It is ascertained the Suez Canal, though practicable, must clear $10,000 per day before the shareholders can receive three per cent. dividend.

A Naples letter says that nearly 80,000 bales of cotton have been grown this year in Southern Italy, including Sicily. It is the Siam variety.

Mr. Train's railway omnibus in Paris has had a collision with the carriage of Prince Napoleon, who received a slight contusion in the ribs.

Eighty-one millions of copper coins, of the value of $1,600,000, have been struck at the Strasburg mint, to be used as currency in Greece.

Cigar smoking is now strictly forbidden in Constantinople either in or out of doors, owing to the supposition that the practice has caused many fires.

Some of the journals remark that the young King of the Greeks left Paris on the anniversary of the revolution by which King Otho was overthrown.

The highest rank in the American navy is that of Rear Admiral. A Commodore ranks with a General, and a Rear Admiral with a Major-General.

Private New York telegrams mention an important rise in the value of iron bolts there and in England, quoting bar iron in New York at $120 per ton.

Frank Gurley, charged with the murder of Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook, is ordered for trial before a military commission assembled by order of Gen. Thomas.

The lately elected Governor of Iowa, when studying law, twelve years ago, worked eight hours a day, for the purpose of earning money to pay his board and tuition.

A bonus of two million francs has been paid into the Pope's exchequer for the concession of the line from Civita Vecchia to Orbitello, at the edge of the Tuscan Maremme.

In accordance with a statute of 1777, a Maryland clergyman has just been fined £500 for joining a young girl in marriage to a man against the wish of her parents.

It is said that Gen. Grant has captured, since his campaign in the West commenced, no less than four hundred and seventy-two cannon and ninety thousand prisoners from the enemy.

Eight hundred thousand slaves have been run into Georgia and Alabama alone from Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi, by rebel owners, to escape the Union troops.

A Schenectady lady was recently relieved of a tape-worm, which measured eightteet feet nine inches. The monster was expelled by the use of a very simple remedy, namely—pumpkin seeds.

Eight young girls left Zanesville, Ohio, lately, to seek pretended lovers who had been corresponding with them from the army. Two were arrested and sent back, and the others ought to be.

The U. S. Government, through Gen. Wright, has authorized the military occupation of the large island of Santa Catalina, which fronts the bay of San Pedro. The occupation will take place immediately.

It is said that some of the English peasantry took the recent earthquake for a sign that the world was coming to an end, and immediately packed up to emigrate to America, in order to avoid the impending calamity.

The Viceroy of Egypt will soon have a capital of nearly $1,000,000 in steam plows on his own estates alone, and is about to form a model farm on a large scale, under the direction of an English agriculturist.

A discovery of some historical importance has just been made in Paris. The bones of Robespierre, St. Just and Lebas were found by some masons who were laying the foundation of a house in the Batignolles.

Krupp, the great steel manufacturer of Germany, is manufacturing cannon of immense power. These are 9-inch bore, made of cast steel, and throw a 300-pound shell of 22 inches in length, or a 420-pound shot, with a 50-pound charge.

London papers complain that nothing has yet been done toward applying Peabody's gift of $600,000 for the improvement of the poorer classes of dwellings. The committee having the money in charge are strongly denounced in some quarters.

The Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* says that a person from the East has been catching wild ducks in Michigan for exportation to Germany. He caught about seven hundred, sent them to New York and will put them on board a steamer for Bremen, where he expects to get six dollars a pair for them.

THE CONSCRIPTS.

One of the results of the conscription has been to bring prominently into view the moral character of some of the soldiers at present in the field. For viciousness they are hard to beat. In vitiating the ranks of the army with a vile infusion of gamblers, pickpockets, and desperadoes, employed for the most part as substitutes, the effect of the conscription is vividly shown in a recent letter from an officer at Fernandina, (Florida) addressed to a gentleman in New York. The following extract from the letter alluded to will amuse and instruct, while the reader cannot but deplore the fact that such creatures are ranked under the Union banner:

Yesterday quite an excitement was caused by the arrival of three hundred conscripts to fill up the regiments stationed here. They are, without exception, the hardest set of fellows I ever saw.

The night before their arrival an attempt was made by them to take the vessel, which proved unsuccessful. During the remainder of the night they were kept under submission by having them between decks and keeping hot water always ready to throw upon them.

On the passage from Philadelphia it was nothing to see a man knocked down in broad daylight and robbed of his money.

When rations were served out they formed in line, and as soon as one had drawn his ration he would go on deck, throw it overboard, and then form on the other end of the line preparatory to repeating the operation. One day the quartermaster served out three barrels of beef before he found out their game. Some of them have enlisted ten times, and they openly say that they intend to get back to Philadelphia, even if they have to go through the Southern States to get there. One fellow has been three times in the rebel army, and I should not be surprised if he deserted again. These are the first conscripts that I have seen; and if they are all like them our prospect for a good army is poor.

Nearly all the ballet girls and *figurantes* employed at the Paris theatres are now English girls.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A good MILK COW, with a young calf. She is an excellent milker, very gentle, well adapted to family use, and will be sold cheap for cash.
Apply to Sergeant WM. H. ARCHBOLD,
8:1f Fort Steilacoom, W. T.

CAUTION—Having been waylaid and stripped of my clothing on Monday, the 25th instant, and lost, among other articles, a pocket-book containing money, promissory notes, drafts, &c., to the amount of about $500, I hereby caution the public against receiving or negotiating any of said notes or drafts. Among other papers was a draft for $400, numbered 28, payable by the Assistant United States Treasurer of San Francisco.

Persons receiving or negotiating any of these notes will do so at their own risk, as I will not acknowledge their settlement.
CHARLES WREN,
Muck, Pierce County, W. T.
Steilacoom, Jan. 29th, 1864. 8:3

PROBATE COURT ORDER.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF PIERCE, TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON—In the matter of the Estate of A. F. Byrd, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by W. F. BYRD, the Administrator of the Estate of A. F. Byrd, deceased, praying for an order to sell real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration, it is therefore ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the twenty-second day of February, A.D. 1864, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court room of said Probate Court, in the town of Steilacoom, in said county of Pierce, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell all of the real estate of the deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the "Puget Sound Herald," a newspaper printed and published in said town and county.

Dated at Steilacoom, this 19th day of December, A.D. 1863.

E. A. LIGHT,
Judge of the Probate Court
in and for Pierce County, W. T.

I, John J. Reagan, Clerk of the Probate Court of the County of Pierce, Territory of Washington, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of the order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Probate Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 19th day of January, A.D. 1864.
7:4t J. J. REAGAN.

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—rendering the Illustrated London Almanac at once a most acceptable and elegant companion to the Library, boudoir, or drawing room. Retail price, ONE DOLLAR.

CASSEL'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1864,

In a beautifully tinted cover, contains upwards of 25 splendid Engravings. In addition to the usual contents, Cassel's Illustrated Almanac this year supplies much valuable information that cannot be obtained elsewhere. Retail price, FIFTY CENTS.

HANNAY'S ROYAL ALMANAC FOR 1864

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

PUNCH'S ALMANAC FOR 1864.

Fifty original Comic Engravings by John Leech, and One Thousand Jokes by Punch. Retail price, 25 Cents.

ZADKIEL'S PROPHETIC ALMANAC FOR 1864.

Retail price, FIFTY CENTS.

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

Send in your orders as soon as possible.
Address J. W. SULLIVAN,
San Francisco.

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

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

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

For Board and Tuition per quarter of eleven weeks	$40
For Washing per quarter	10
For bedding do	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, to 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 Superiores.

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-payment will be invariably demanded at the commencement of each quarter.

UNIFORM:

The uniform consists of a black French merino dress, blue ditto, and white muslin dress 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. 6:3: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.,

At the lowest market prices for cash. Mills, Logging Camps, Hotels and Steamers can get their supplies at short notice, and have them put up in high-toned style.

N. B.—Cash will be paid for choice Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Butter, &c., on delivery.
5-17: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 almost instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS and WIND COLIC.

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

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

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

Price only 25 cents per bottle.

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

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

TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING THE public in general that they have removed their place of business to the old stand of
BALCH & WEBBER,
where they have on hand a well-selected stock of
CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
FAMILY GROCERIES,
Crockery, Glassware,
Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors,
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES,
COAL AND FISH OIL,
TABLE AND STOCK SALT,
Cordage, Axes, Nails, Washboards, Brooms,
Wash-Tubs, &c., &c., &c.
Which we offer for sale at greatly reduced prices for cash or country produce. 6:2:tf

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

AMERICAN FLAGS, with full complement of Stars, printed on muslin de laine, imitation of bunting, in fast colors, at the following low prices:
Size, 1 Foot, - - - - 60 per Dozen
Size, 2 Feet, - - - - 3 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 Feet, - - - - 9 00 per Dozen
Size, 4½ Inches, - - - 10 00 per Dozen
Also, BUNTING FLAGS of all sizes, from 60 cents to $1 a foot.
J. STRATMAN,
Major First California Artillery,
Empire News Depot, northeast corner Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

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

ALLEN H. H.—Elementary Instruction in the Schools of the Soldier, Company, and Battalion, with Manual of Arms, 1 vol 18mo | $ 75
ALSTON L. J. H.—Seamanship, and its Associated Duties in the Royal Navy, 1 vol 12mo | 2 50
ANDERSON Geo Rich—Notes of Field Batteries of Artillery, translated from the French and arranged for the Army and Militia of the United States. Published by order of the War Department. 1 vol 8vo, with 33 plates, cloth | 1 25
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 Casement Embrasures, 1 vol 8vo, cloth | 2 00
BENTON J. G.—A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery, compiled for the use of Cadets in the United States Military Academy, 1 vol 8vo half morocco | 5 00
BERRIMAN Capt M. W.—The Militiaman's Manual, and Swordplay without a Master; Rapier and Broadsword Exercises copiously explained and illustrated; small-arm Light Infantry drill of the United States Army; Infantry Manual of Percussion Muskets; Company drill of the U S Cavalry; New edition, 1861; 1 vol 12mo, with 32 plates, cloth | 1 25
BUSK Hans—The Rifle, and how to use it; comprising a description of that valuable weapon in all its varieties; 1 vol 16mo half roan | 1 00
Rifle Volunteers, and How to Organize them; 1 vol 16mo, boards | 50
CASEY'S Infantry Tactics, 3 vols 16mo, 1862 | 3 50
Besides a long list of others, com

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, January 30, 1864.

NO NEWS.

Since our last issue, not an item of later news has been received from the East. The cause is probably another derangement of the wires.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The new Archbishop of Dublin is the Very Rev. Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, Dean of Westminster, eighteen of whose twenty-five deans have become bishops or archbishops. The new Dean of Westminster is Dr. Stanley.

Hon. Wm. P. Sheffield of Newport, Ky., at a second trial of his suit against the city of New York, which occurred lately, obtained a verdict in his favor of $10,000 damages, for injuries sustained by a severe fall in the streets of that city.

During the year 1863, the P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamers carried from San Francisco in treasure the sum of $41,569,788 67, of which $31,000,000 went to England and $10,500,000 to New York. This shipment to England was to avoid the war risk.

Sometime since, a diamond necklace valued at three thousand dollars was stolen from a gentleman in St. Louis. Recently it was restored through the confessional of a Catholic Church; the pleadings of conscience having proved stronger than the appeals of cupidity.

A young sergeant of Riberac, (Dordogne) in the First battalion of foot chasseurs, now in Mexico, is about to marry a young and handsome Mexican lady, with a fortune af 250,000 francs. He has written to obtain the consent of his parents, which was immediately accorded.

Among the novelties of the age is a seedless apple. A tree has been found in Dutchess county, N. Y., bearing this fruit. There are no blossoms; the bud forms and without any show of petals, the fruit sets and grows entirely destitute of seeds. In outward appearance the apples resemple Rhode Island Greenings.

According to a recent traveler, the poor classes of English girls who emigrate to Cape Town (Africa) readily marry the Mohammedan working-men of that place, who make good and sober husbands. The wives soon adopt the religious notions of their spouses, mount the fez and keep the Friday Sabbaths.

Lawrence Todd, who died in Illinois in 1859, has devised all his estate, amounting to about $25,000; to the President and Trustees of Girard College, Philadelphia. A Committee of the Directors have just returned from Illinois with the first installment of his bequest, amounting to about $8,000.

A Paris correspondent says that the French Emperor wished to give General Forey a public entry into Paris on his return from Mexico; but Marshal Vallaint set that plan aside on account of the old unpopularity of Forey in the army. But he is to be created Duc de Puebla, and have an annual stipend of 50,000 francs.

Volunteering appears to be going on in Vermont with a success that promises a completion of the quota in a very short time. No State bounty is offered, but the towns propose to give from two hundred to five hundred dollars for volunteers. In a number of towns twenty dollars a month extra pay has been voted instead of the bounty.

London, in ten years, has increased in population 441,758; New York 290,104 souls, or 56.37 per cent., and Philadelphia 522,484 inhabitants, or 65.48 per cent. The average number of houses during ten years built in London was 3,349; in New York 1,668, and in Philadelphia 2,605. London has been settled 2,000 years, New York 240 years, and Philadelphia 178.

Mr. P. O. J. Smith has endowed a "Home for aged and Indigent Mothers," at Westbrook, Maine. In a letter to the corporators of the institution, he says that the building will be ready for occupation in the early part of the ensuing summer. It will be a substantial fire-proof edifice, with ample grounds to insure pure air, and with every convenience to secure the health and comfort of the inmates.

A remarkable petrification of an entire tree was lately discovered in the Baltimore mine at Wilkesbarre, Penn., by the miners while blasting for coal. The piece of the trunk taken out weighs five thousand pounds, and still there remain the roots and the top of the tree embedded in the coal. There are also to be found in the same mine, petrifactions of the cactus, and other plants peculiar to a tropical climate.

A document appears as an advertisement in the Virginia *Bulletin*, with some five hundred signatures, which states that on account of the present limited population, and of the increased taxation on all classes of property that would follow, the change from a Territorial to a State form of government is inexpedient; and therefore recommend the rejection by the people of the proposed Constitution of the State of Nevada.

A prisoner recently made his escape from a train, while being conveyed from Wakefield to Leeds for trial. The man, who had previously managed to free his hands, got out of the window of the carriage while the train was in full motion, held on till the train was almost out of a tunnel, and then jumped off. His hat was afterwards found in the tunnel, but the prisoner got away.

Lord Lyndhurst is said to have lost his life at last, not through natural decay, but through the plague of infected lodging-houses, about which there has recently been so much correspondence. He went to a fashionable resort, where he caught a low (some say a scarlet) fever, and when he returned to town he thought it so much a matter of course that a man of 92 should die that he took no steps to keep up against the disease.

A Mrs. Ryves, living on the Kentish Town road, England, disputes, with credibility, the right of Queen Victoria to bear the title of Duchess of Lancaster, and claims to be the only person entitled to that name. W. Connigham, M. P., asserts, in a published letter, that her claim is good, and moreover the *Court Journal* says that but for her mother, Mrs. Olive Lenox, daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, who lent 400 livres to the Duke of Kent to bring his duchess to England when he was in impoverished circumstances, Queen Victoria would not have been born in her present realm. Mrs. Ryves is now old and living in actual poverty.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA IN THE ALPS.—A party consisting of three Englishmen and a lady, with two guides, endeavored to make the ascent of the Alps, on the 10th of July last, but when they had proceeded some distance they were prevented by a storm, during which they got in the middle of an electric cloud. Their hair emitted a hissing, cracking sound, as if it had been under the influence of a powerful electric machine, and over their faces and bodies they experienced a pricking, burning sensation. There were peals of thunder heard, at each of which the party received an electric shock, but no lightning was seen. The right arm of one of the party was paralyzed for several minutes; the snow emitted hissing sounds; the veil worn by the lady stood out straight, as also did the hair of all of them, which looked so ludicrous that they could not help bursting into laughter. The phenomena lasted for about twenty-five minutes, and no evil effects were felt afterwards.

COMPENSATION.

The bruised flower more fragrance gives
Than those of hardy growth and strong;
And scarce a bird of summer lives
His life of song
But bears some broken joy along.

The ripple on the glassy lake,
The breezy murmur of the trees,
The flowery waves of dell and brake,
Yea, all of these
Are types of human destinies,

That circle on, that grieve and sigh,
That bloom and fade, and pass away;
While not the meanest flower can die
From day to day,
But hath its own appointed way.

It lives again through endless years,
Each atom bearing well its part;
And thus, O dweller of the spheres!
O human heart!
Thou shalt thy usefulness impart.

Thou hast a germ of life within,
That evermore shall deathless be;
By mortal suffering thou shalt win
The liberty
Of all that is enslaved in thee.

Each faith, each hope, each warm desire,
Held captive in the chains of earth,
Shall, chastened by affliction's power,
Hail sorrow's birth,
And deem earth's joys of little worth.

And if thou art so circumstanced
That earthly pleasures are not thine,
Then shall thy soul be recompensed
By joys divine,
The furnace doth the gold refine.

Thou atom of a power divine!
Where'er unhappiness is rife,
There let a bright example shine:
And, all thy life,
Assist thy brother in the strife.

A Yankee and a Frenchman owned a pig in co-partnership, and when killing time came, they wished to divide the meat. The Yankee was very anxious to divide so that he could get both hind quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to do it on condition that the Yankee should turn his back and take choice of pieces after it was cut in two.

Frenchman—"Vich piece vill you havo, ze piece vid ze tail on or ze piece vidout ze tail on."

Yankee—"The piece with the tail on."

Frenchman—"Zen, by gar, you take him, and I take ze ozer von."

Upon turning around, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

"Can you let me have money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By-and-by, love."

"That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I buy and buy without money?"

And that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried again the next week.

"I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress?"

"Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said her husband.

"Oh, well, dear, you know that was only because you are fond of hugging."

It hit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it!"

At a supper-table on board one of the Mississippi boats, a Boston exquisite said to a raw Jonathan seated by his side, whom he wanted to hand him the butter, "Buttah, sah!"

"I see it is," replied Jonathan.

"Buttah, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"I know it—very good, a first-rate article."

"Buttah, I tell you!" thundered the dandy, in louder tones.

"Wall, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the downeaster, getting up his dander in turn. "Yer didn't think I took it for lard?"

"Ah!" said a Sunday School teacher, "Ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"

"I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, I should ha' been a horphun."

Some officers, perhaps a little envious of his good luck, were abusing a brother officer who had been recently promoted.

"Why, what has B. done?" said a mutual acquaintance, joining the group.

"Oh," replied a waggish lieutenant, "his offense is rank."

A poor Irishman, who applied for a license to sell spirits in one of the provincial towns of England, being questioned by the board of excise as to moral fitness for the trust, replied:

"Och, an' it's there ye are? Sure, an' it's not much of a character a man needs to sell whisky."

As long as a man gets six dollars a week, he can live and get along rather quietly and contentedly, but as soon as his wages reach twenty dollars a week, he needs twenty-four; gets in debt, and "busts up" at that. Man is a high-pressure engine, vanity is the steam, money the fuel—apply the principle, and you have the facts.

A young man and his sweetheart stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female by inquiring how far she had traveled that day.

"Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger, indignantly, "we didn't travel, we rid!"

The Mountain of the Lovers.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretentions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectfully looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father or the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which, nevertheless, she beheld not) and now on her hands and fingers' ends which she doubled up toward her with a pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the top of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an air of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead, and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men turn pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See! he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the whole multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See! at last he is on the top, and down he falls with the burden. An enormous shout. He has won, he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together; the crowd silent and happy; the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the spot. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor," exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind, "Samson himself might rest after such a deed!"

"Part them," said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate them, and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead."

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

"I am surprised, wife, at your ignorance," said a pompous fellow. "Have you never seen any books at all?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "in a number of cases."

Ladies are seldom troubled with the dumb ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws chatter.

More law-suits than love-suits are brought on by attachments.

A Wife's Devotion.

The ruins of the old castle, of which the following legend is extant, are still standing, a dozen leagues from Seville.

Many, many years ago, when Ferdinand, Duke of Medina Sidonia, of happy memory, was viceroy or governor of the province of Seville, the old Castle of Cabezas was used as a state prison for offenders of rank and importance.

Towards sunset, one day in summer, the old jailor, Pacheco by name, and his pretty black-eyed daughter, Rosetta, awaited in the court-yard the return of the jailor's assistant, or turnkey.

"Fidelio not yet returned!" said the jailor, a little impatiently. "He must have been detained a long time at the forge."

"Here he comes, father," answered his daughter.

A youth, apparently not over eighteen, entered the court-yard as she spoke. He was coarsely attired, in the fashion of the peasants of the neighborhood. A tin box, which answered the purpose of a post-office, was suspended from a leathern belt that circled his waist. He bore a huge basket upon his back, and carried an iron chain in his hand.

There was something in the appearance of this poor boy which was sure to prolong the gaze of the passer-by. He was slight almost to fragility, but well-formed and graceful. His features were regular, his complexion a pale olive, and his crispy curls were as black as ebony. A large, dark, earnest eye, fringed with long lashes, lighted up his pale face, and spoke eloquently of a mind and soul within. Some great sorrow had left its traces upon the lineaments of the prison boy.

He dropped the chain upon the pavement and sighed wearily, whilst the jailor and his daughter hastened to relieve him of his other burdens.

"My poor Fidelio," said the jailor, with much kindness in his coarse voice, "you have labored hard to-day."

"True; I am tired," answered the boy, in tones that were strangely sweet and gentle. "I thought they would never have finished mending that chain."

"By the mass!" exclaimed Pacheco, raising the chain and testing its strength; "the prisoners will never succeed in breaking it again. Have you the bill?"

The boy handed it to the jailor, who examined it, shaking his head with satisfaction.

"I cannot tell the reason," he pursued, "but since you have been with me, I have saved more for the six months than I did a year before."

"I do the best I can," answered the boy, modestly.

"You cannot have more zeal and intelligence," continued the jailor; "and every day I become more attached to you. You are unknown to me; yet, ignorant of your birth and friends, still will I cherish you and give you my daughter for a wife; for I do believe you to be honest."

"How soon, dearest father?" asked the blushing Rosetta, casting a side glance at Fidelio, and wondering that the intelligence did not make him as happy as herself.

"As soon as the governor returns to Seville," answered Pacheco. "He pays his monthly visit, shortly, to render an account of the prisons. Till then be patient. Your old father will pinch himself, but you shall have gold enough to purchase happiness."

"Nay, Master Pacheco," responded Fidelio, quickly; "the union of two hearts is the only source of true happiness, and conjugal love—ah, that is the first of treasures! There is still, however, one which is not less precious to me; but all my efforts, I see with grief, are not able to obtain it."

"A treasure! What is it?" asked the jailor, in surprise.

"Your confidence," replied Fidelio.—"Forgive me this reproach. I often see you return from those dungeons exhausted with fatigue. Why will you not suffer me to accompany you? It would be grateful to me to assist your labors and partake of your fatigue."

"You know well that my orders are most strict," answered Pacheco, "and that the heaviest injunctions are laid on me not to suffer any one to accompany me in my visits."

"We must perform our duty, 'tis true," responded Fidelio, sadly, and with a look of disappointment; "yet the fatigues daily experienced will one day exhaust you."

"It is certain I cannot long resist so many labors, returned Pacheco; "the governor, notwithstanding his severity, must allow me to take you in my visits to these dungeons." A sudden look of joy illuminated the face of Fidelio—it was like sunlight breaking through a sombre cloud. "There is, however, one to whom (although I can confide in you) Don Basilio will never suffer you to accompany me."

"Is it the prisoner of whom we speak at times?" asked Rosetta.

"The same."

"Has he been long confined?" asked Fidelio.

"Two years."

"Two years!" repeated Fidelio, with visible agitation.

"He must have been a great criminal!" exclaimed Rosetta.

"Or must have had great enemies, which is the same thing," said her father. "We never could learn from whence he came, or what his name is; and often, as I conveyed him his slender pittance, he begged to speak with me. In my profession we can keep no secrets—I would not listen to him; but he will not trouble us long!"

"Why not?" demanded Fidelio, with anxiety.

"Orders have been given to starve him!" answered Pacheco, in a low whisper.

Fidelio grew ghastly pale, and clutched at Rosetta's shoulder, as if to save himself from falling.

"For a month past," continued the jailor, "Don Basilio has ordered me to reduce his allowance. He has now but two ounces of bread, and a half measure of water in twenty-four hours—no light but the glimmer of my torch—no straw to rest his wearied head upon—his clothes are all decayed, and his appearance is misery itself."

"O, father! no more. Look at Fidelio! His face is like death, and he can scarcely stand," cried Rosetta. "Do not take Fidelio there. He is not accustomed to any such sights."

"No, dearest Rosetta," replied Fidelio, striving to recover his composure, and forcing a smile to his lips; "but in our calling we must be familiar with terrifying objects; and I have both strength and courage."

"Right, my boy!" said Pacheco; "I am pleased at your disposition. This will embolden me to ask the governor's permission for you to attend me in my visits to the dungeons."

The rolling of drums at this moment announced the appearance of the governor. He came into the courtyard, followed by a captain and a file of soldiers.

Don Basilio, Governor of Cabezas, was a short, stout man, somewhat inclined to obesity, with coarse features—marked by a look of malignity—reddish hair, and a full beard of the same color, giving him a cunning, "foxy" appearance.

He made a change in the sentinels, placing new ones, and then turned to Pacheco, saying:

"Where are my despatches?"

Pacheco handed him the tin box, and Don Basilio examined its contents. One letter did not seem to please him. Let us look over his shoulder as he reads it. This is what it contained:

"I inform you that the viceroy is acquainted that the prison you command contains several victims of arbitrary power. He sets out to-morrow to examine your conduct personally. Take your precautions and endeavor, if possible, to evade his researches."

"So," mused Don Basilio, crumpling the letter in his hand, "he may know that I now hold in fetters that very San Lazar whom he thinks dead, and on whom I have such just cause for vengeance! I shall find means once more to deceive him." He referred again to the letter. "He arrives to-day—there is no time to be lost."

Don Basilio stationed a sentinel upon that part of the battlements which overlooked the Seville road, with orders to sound a trumpet at the first sight of the viceroy's carriage, which he could easily distinguish by the escort; and then bade Pacheco follow him to his private apartment.

After being closeted an hour with the governor, Pacheco rejoined Fidelio in the court-yard.

"Good news, Fidelio!" he exclaimed. "The governor has granted you permission to visit with me the secret dungeons this day."

"To-day?" echoed Fidelio, with joy.

"Yes; and we shall begin by visiting this unknown of whom we spoke. He must in one hour—die!"

"Die?"

"Die! And no vestige of his existence must remain. I at first shuddered, like you; but Don Basilio informed me the interest of the state depends upon it. And I have promised—"

"To assassinate this unhappy man?"

"No, not so. We have agreed upon this plan."

"Let me hear it."

"It is near three o'clock; the prisoners of the little pavilion are going to take the air. We will avail ourselves of that moment to descend, unperceived, into the dungeon in which that man is confined; there, without exchanging a word with him, or answering a question, we shall begin to clear the rubbish from the mouth of a deep cistern which is near him. When our work is completed, I am to give the signal which the governor has ordered. We will then open the door to a masked person, who will perform the rest. We will afterwards ascend and divide this purse, which the governor has given me. It contains one hundred pieces of gold—fifty for each; but it is on condition that not a word shall escape you, that the governor has permitted you to attend me."

Though the boy seemed much agitated, he consented to assist the jailor in the vile scheme against the prisoner; and when Pacheco, seeing his despondency, attempted to cheer him, he replied:

"We dare not dispute the orders of the governor, even if their import is criminal."

It was a subterranean dungeon to which the jailor and his turnkey descended—dark, slimy, noisome. The torch which the jailor held in his hand faintly illuminated this scene—sombre as a tomb. The stone staircase, crumbling and decayed by the damp of ages, was broken in many places, and afforded an insecure footing.

In the centre of the dungeon was a well, choked up by its own curb and detached portions of the wall. Near this well, extended at full length upon the floor, with an iron chain, massive and heavy, fastened to his waist at one end, and the other attached to a huge iron ring in the floor, lay what appeared to be a man.

The traces of humanity were almost obliterated in this victim of oppression. His garments were a mass of filthy rags. His hair and beard had grown to an inordinate length. His attenuated fingers, with their long nails, looked like the talons of a bird. He was emaciated to the last degree. Lying, as he did, upon his back, he presented more the appearance of a corpse than a living man.

"How cold it is!" said Fidelio, shivering, as they reached the dungeon floor.

"It is not surprising," answered Pacheco, "this dungeon is so deep."

Fidelio had perceived the prisoner, and hastening to him, knelt beside him and eagerly scanned his features.

"It is he!" he murmured; and convulsive sobs shook his bosom, and the hot tears coursed freely down his cheeks.

"Come, come!" cried the jailor, impatiently; you are too tender-hearted. We have no time for pity. Assist me to remove these stones."

"He is dead!" sobbed the boy.

"That saves us a deal of trouble," responded Pacheco, advancing to the prisoner's side. "You are mistaken, Fidelio; he is only asleep."

A cry of joy burst from the boy's lips.

They commenced their work of removing the rubbish from the well. The noise aroused the captive from his broken slumber. He raised himself upon his hands and gazed at them, recognizing the jailor.

"Are you still insensible to the voice of innocence?" he asked, plaintively. "Will you never have pity on the unfortunate San Lazar?"

"What can I do?" answered the jailor, gruffly, still continuing his work. "I but obey my orders."

"I ask of you nothing contrary to your duty," the prisoner went on to say, "but could you not tell me who commands in this fortress?"

"No harm in that," whispered Pacheco to Fidelio. Then he answered: "The governor is Don Basilio."

The prisoner smiled, bitterly.

"Don Basilio, say you? I do not wonder, then, at my capitivity. It is he, then, whose peculations against the state I had discovered, whose life and fame rested in my hands, who has found the means to plunge me in this abode of misery. He has obtained power over me to exercise the most cruel vengeance. You are not made to be the accomplice of an assassin. Save me, then, from this frightful dungeon!"

The jailor was strangely moved, and for a moment Fidelio thought he would grant the prisoner's prayer; but he said, at length:

"No, it is impossible."

The prisoner sank back with a despairing groan, and the jailor worked on in the well; but his turnkey seemed smitten with a sudden palsy. The unhappy captive roused himself for a fresh appeal.

"If you will not break these chains," he said, do not desert me; let not my only hope forsake me. Send to Seville; we cannot be far from it. Facing the public square stands the hotel which bears my name. Ask there for Beatrice San Lazar; let her know I still live. Inform her of the place where I am in chains, the name of the barbarous man who thus persecutes me, and she will obtain my release."

"Impossible," again answered the jailor. "I should destroy myself without serving you."

The prisoner moaned feebly.

"Since, then, I must end my days here," he murmured, "soften the bitterness of my sufferings; let me not expire with misery and want. The dampness of the dungeon cramps my limbs; for a whole day I have not tasted food. O, could you feel my sufferings! For pity's sake, give me a drop of water! It is but little; do not refuse it."

Even the rough heart of Pacheco was moved by this pathetic appeal.

"All I can offer," he said, is the remains of a bottle of wine."

"It is here!" cried Fidelio, snatching it up eagerly, and carrying it to the poor captive.

The prisoner seemed startled by the sound of his voice, and gazed at him earnestly as he took the bottle from his hand.

"Who is this youth?" he asked.

"My turnkey," answered Pacheco.

A sigh of disappointment burst from the captive's lips.

"I thought it was—" He was evidently communing with himself. "But no—I am weak—delirious—and strange fancies are in my brain."

He placed the bottle to his lips and drained its contents to the dregs. The wine seemed to inspire him with new life.

Pacheco observed that Fidelio was silently weeping, and remarked upon it, conscious that his own eyes were not altogether dry.

"You also weep with me," returned the boy.

"True; that poor fellow has such a melting voice, it goes right to a man's heart." Then, in a whisper, he added: "Fidelio, we may assist him now without fear, for in a few moments he will die."

The boy took a piece of bread from his pocket.

"See here; this little piece of bread, which I took for luncheon—"

"Beware, Fidelio! should the governor—"

"O, do not deprive me of so great a pleasure."

"I cannot consent to this extreme imprudence."

"You said, but now, without fear we may assist him, for shortly he must die."

"Well, give it to him."

And as Fidelio held the morsel of bread to the prisoner's lips, he closed upon it ravenously. His short repast ended—and it was astonishing how much that little wine and bread had recruited his exhausted strength—he passed his attenuated hand over the smooth brow of the boy, and looked eagerly in his eyes.

"No, no," he cried, with sudden animation, "this cannot be fancy—I am not mad—you are—"

The utterance of further words was checked by a shrill whistle. Pacheco had given the signal.

A man attired as a soldier, and wearing a mask, descended the staircase.

"Is everything ready?" he asked, his voice sounding hollow and discordant beneath his mask.

"Yes," answered the jailor.

"Send that boy away"

Pacheco motioned Fidelio to withdraw, and then inquired:

"Shall I unchain him?"

"No," answered the mask; and then unsheathing a dagger, he advanced upon the prisoner. But he found himself confronted by the slight form of Fidelio, who exclaimed, with great determination:

"Hold! he shall not die; I will defend him."

The astonishment of the mask was equalled by that of Pacheco, and they cried out, almost simultaneously:

"Stand aside, rash boy!"

"Fidelio, what do you mean?"

"He shall not die," repeated the youth, doggedly, "or I will perish with him. Pacheco, I will tell you what this means. Yes, here—even here, will I disclose all. Know that this orphan whom you have protected—this turnkey, who for six months has served you faithfully is—a woman! a woman inspired by the holiest feeling that ever filled a human breast. In a word, behold Beatrice San Lazar, the wife of this suffering man!"

Three exclamations followed this declaration. A cry of thanksgiving from the lips of the captive, who struggled up, all chained as he was, to clasp his wife to his heart; a cry of astonishment from Pacheco; and a howl of rage from the mask.

"Do not suffer the blood of my husband to be shed by that monster," Beatrice (as we must now call her) continued, appealing to Pacheco. "Heaven has directed my steps to this abode of horrors to prevent the blackest of murders. Assist me, you whom he has chosen for his support, and obey the decrees of eternal justice!"

"Would you yield to a woman," cried the mask, furiously, "and forget at once your duty and your fortune? See who I am!"

He tore away the mask, disclosing the features of Don Basilio.

"The governor!" faltered the jailor.

There seemed to be nothing but surprises in store for the jailor that day.

"Here are an hundred pieces of gold," continued Don Basilio, knowing that cupidity was the jailor's weakness. "You know my power, my credit, my treasures—will you desert me? Separate them!"

Pacheco had little time for deliberation, for at that moment the blast of a trumpet echoed above. The viceroy was approaching. Don Basilio hastened rapidly from the dungeon, bidding Pacheco follow.

"Do not forsake us!" cried Beatrice, clinging to Pacheco, as he was going; "do not betray us to that vile assassin!"

Unheeding her entreaty, he cast her rudely off, and hastened up the stairs. The heavy door clenged to, and she heard the iron bolts shoot into their sockets. She also was a prisoner.

Had all her exertions ended in this poor result? Had she but discovered her husband, to share his captivity?

Sick, heart-oppressed and hopeless, she stole back to her husband, and lay down to die by his side. But the long-suffering captive had forgotten his sorrows in her dear presence. He raised her caressingly in his arms, forgetful of all else.

"Is it not an illusion?" he cried. "Do I hold you in these arms? This moment repays an age of sorrow. But say, for I cannot comprehend it, by what prodigy did you discover me?"

"By the eagerness which Don Basilio used, to make himself governor of this fortress," answered Beatrice, "I was assured you were confined in it. I left Seville, without imparting my project to any one, and came alone, on foot, and was admitted, under this disguise, as the turnkey of the prison, and succeeded in interesting the jailor, his daughter, and even the governor himself."

"How could you bear so many fatigues?"

"You inspired me, and my strength was inexhaustible."

"And suffer so many humiliations?"

"That I did not. Nothing is humiliating when it exalts the heart."

"Never, O, never before was the heroism of love carried to this extent!" cried San Lazar, fervently, as he pressed her to his heart.

Beatrice had her reward. She felt that if the next moment should be her last, the blessing her husband had pronounced upon her richly repaid her for all her trials and sorrow past.

The bolts grated, and the heavy door swung open.

"Hark!" whispered Beatrice, clinging impulsively to that form once so powerful, but now so fearfully wasted; "they approach; these are our last moments."

"There is no hope left," returned San Lazar, with fortitude; "but in suffering death, my consolation will be to die in your arms."

There was a gleam of so many torches descending the stairs, that even this gloomy dungeon became quite light.

Foremost among the group who entered the dungeon—for there was quite a number of persons—was a man of noble presence richly attired. He was closely attended by Don Basilio and Pacheco.

"There they are, my lord," exclaimed Pacheco; "save them."

"Whom do I see?" cried San Lazar, in amazement; "Don Ferdinand?"

"Even so."

"I come to break your chains and end your misfortunes," answered the noble-looking personage, who was no other than the good Duke of Medina Sidonia, Viceroy of Seville. "Unchain this victim of persecution," he continued, turning to his attendants. "Stay; give me the keys of these unmerited fetters." The keys were placed in his hands, and, upon receiving them, he presented them to Beatrice. "It is to you, heroic woman," he proceeded, "the honor of delivering your husband is due."

And Beatrice undid the chains, and raised him to his feet, free once again. Who can doubt that a proud heart swelled within her bosom?

And now a strange and fearful retribution was enacted. By order of the viceroy, Don Basilio was chained in the very spot from whence San Lazar had just been removed. In vain did San Lazar and Beatrice plead for him; the viceroy was inflexible—his confidence had been too terribly abused.

They all quitted the dungeon, leaving Don Basilio to his fate. But the captivity of the detected villain was not destined to be of long duration. He went mad one night and freed himself by dashing his brains out against the ragged edge of the wall.

San Lazar returned to Seville, and was reinstated in all his former officers of trust; and he and Beatrice forgot their past sorrows in their present happiness.

A silly mother thinks she can make more than women out of her daughters. She toils in the kitchen, and they simper and drawl nonsense in the parlor. She rises with the sun to get their breakfast, while they read the last novel in bed. She toils over the washtub, while they drum on the piano. The earnings of the farm are squandered, to put clothes on their backs, and to put them through a fashionable school. They are reared in idleness and become accomplished babies, utterly ignorant of all that womanly knowledge so creditable to the sex, unfit for anything but to dress finely, talk nonsense, and marry simpletons like themselves. It's of no use, mother, your silly dream will never be realized.

A druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. On his return, his wife grumbled out:

"What profit did you get on that penny?"

"A ha'penny," replied the assiduous druggist.

"And for that ha'penny you will keep both me and yourself awake for a long time," rejoined the wife.

"Never mind," added the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank heaven we have the profits, and not the pain of the transaction."

Dean Swift, in traveling once, called at a house. The lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner.

"Will you have an apple-pie, or a gooseberry-pie, or a cherry-pie, or a plum-pie, or a pigeon-pie, sir?"

"Any pie but a mag-pie," replied the Dean, in his usual dry and sarcastic manner.

A ship belonging to a gentleman named Heaven sailed a few days ago for Canada, with a cargo of coals. Shortly before she left, it was ascertained that the owner had not sent down sufficient lading for the vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Heaven for more coals!" The youth to whom this command was addressed almost fainted on the spot.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and the attraction of cohesion?"

"Yes, sir," replied John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Tobacco Culture in the Southwest.

PREPARATION OF PLANT BEDS.—The best time for burning plant beds, is in the fall when vegetation is dried up by frosts. Any time during November will answer. Select rich loamy new ground, that is perfectly dry; then cut and pile "compactly," plenty of wood and brush upon the spots of ground selected for plant beds, then burn the first dry and windy dry. A bed 30 ft. by 30 ft. or an area of 900 feet will furnish plants for five acres of ground. The months of January and February will be the best time for sowing the seed. [This, it should be remembered, is for Southern Illinois.] It is generally believed, by large tobacco growers in Kentucky, that beds sown in January furnish better rooted plants than beds sown in March. Break beds with plow or dig with mattock immediately before sowing; then harrow well and finish with hand rake. Mix one tablespoontul of seed with four or five quarts of dry sand, and sow evenly. The above quantity of seed is a great abundance to sow on a bed of the above dimensions, to produce early and strong plants. Water the beds freely during April or May, with branch water, or with guano, or other manures in the liquid form. This will forward plants a week or ten days. It is very important to have sufficient thrifty plants of proper size to set out the entire crop at first planting. This will give a uniform stand.

Plants treated as recommended will be ready for setting out by the 20th of May. Yellow, Pryor and large Oronoco, are the varieties thought best in Green River and Clarksville districts—the Pryor is finer in texture somewhat than the latter, especially when grown on thin land; however, the Oronoco, is a thicker, heavier bodied to bacco than the Pryor, hence I prefer it. I have found those beds which I have neither rolled nor tramped, did as well as the ones which were rolled.

PREPARING GROUND.—I consider late fall or winter plowing as being of the greatest importance. When thus treated, the cut-worms will not molest the plants after setting out; would also advise twice plowing in the spring, once when plowing for corn, second time some four or five days before planting. Harrow well and mark off both ways, in rows three and a half feet apart. Then set the plants in corners of squares, being careful always to select the same corners of squares, else the rows of plants will be crooked. Hilling has been abandoned by all large tobacco growers in the Southwest. Clean and thorough culture is absolutely necessary to insure a crop of large leafy tobacco. By using the double shovel plow or cultivator, hoeing can almost be dispensed with.

HOW TO PRUNE.—Pruning is done by breaking off half a dozen lower leaves, when plants are fifteen or eighteen inches high. Many good tobacco raisers in the South dispense with pruning. This I don't approve of, for the following reasons: When pruning is neglected, the ground leaves will have to be wormed as regularly as any others, if not, the "tobacco worms" will crawl up to the better leaves and do considerable injury—in fact the ground leaves, if left on, are never worth housing; they don't attain full size, and are so much injured by dirt and firing as to make them valueless. Therefore I say prune high, leave nothing on but what the grower intends making a good article.

TOPPING TOBACCO.—The next thing in order is topping, which is done by pinching the heart or top off, as soon as there are as many leaves on the plant as the grower wishes. Early topping on rich ground can be done at 12 leaves, and all plants not then ready but ready for topping one week later, at 10 leaves, and those two weeks later than the first at eight leaves. Many good planters prefer 10 leaves as the maximum, thereby making a larger and leafier article.

TIME OF CUTTING.—It is of great importance to have the crop ripe, very ripe before cutting; if not the quality will not be as good; there will also be a dificiency in quantity. It is after the plant has become fully grown, and during the time of ripening, that the leaf thickens and becomes heavy. If cut sooner than this, it will not have a good body; nor that oily elastic appearance which is so desirable. When any of the crop is cut earlier than the 10th of September, avoid cutting in the middle of hot days. It will be found almost impossible to wilt large plants sufficiently for handling without sun-burning, if cut at mid-day during the last of August or first of September. As rains wash the gum off plants, making "ths leaf" thin and flimsy, therefore do not cut immediately after rains; allow forty-eight hours to intervene before cutting, generally the leaf will have thickened by this time.

SWISS AND FLEMISH COWS.—William Carr, of Stackhouse, England, writing to the *Farmers' Magazine* an account of a late visit to the Imperial farms of Vincennes and Fouilleuse, gives an interesting description of the Swiss cows, eighty in number, which he saw in Vincennes. He speaks of them as "those picturesque iron gray cattle, which take their name from the Canton Schwytz, and the music of whose bells greet so pleasantly the ear of the traveler in the high Alps. These are very handsome, full-uddered cows, yielding rich milk and butter, and capable, it is said, of eventual conversion into good beef. They are capital agricultural laborers, too, and four of them daily take their turn in the cart, to convey out manure and bring in supplies; while two bulls, installed at each end of the cow house, labor daily in ponderous collars alternately, morning and evening. These cows yield, when in full milk, from eighteen to twenty-five English quarts per day; and cost, when delivered at the farm, from 500 to 600 francs, or from $100 to $120.

Next in value for the dairy came the long-legged, light-bodied cows, of which there are thirteen or fourteen. Unlike the Swiss, which are content with the common est fare, these are very dainty feeders, and therefore less valuable; and they have little or no aptitude for beef-making. The prices of these range very low—from $20 to $30.

DECOCTION OF POPPYHEADS.—Poppies, bruised, one ounce; water, a pint and a half. Boil to one pint; used as an emollient to allay pain.

Treatment of Wheat.

I have observed in wheat fields stools of wheat far better than surrounding ones, and in examining fields I sometimes find a single kernel of wheat producing but one stalk, and that a feeble one. At other times two or three stalks from one kernel, and occasionally fifteen, and sometimes more will be found. In view of these facts a man may well exclaim: "There is something which plants like, and I wish to know what it is."

For several years I have made as extended observations as my time and circumstances would permit, and have extended my observations to as many different fields as were accessible, and I have always found that the kernel producing but one stalk was deposited deep in the soil, while the stools containing several stalks and the "bunches as large round as a bushel basket," proceeded from kernels which were but slightly covered. From these facts I conclude that whatever partialities plants may have in other respects, they do certainly "like" air and light.

In Gray's Botanical Text-Book, paragraph 113, it is stated that "the budding end" of the embryo plant "invariably rises upwards, as if it sought the air and light; the root end turns constantly from the light, and buries itself in the dark and moist earth." From this first manifestation of an inherent property, "it insures that each part of the plant shall de developed in the medium in which it is designed to live and act—the root in the earth, and the stem and leaves in the air."

That portion of the wheat plant above the crown is stem, below the kernel is root.

If the kernel is planted three inches deep, there are then nearly three inches of the stem in the "dark and moist earth," which, according to nature's laws, should be in the air. To what extent this law of nature can be violated without a detriment to the plant, is a question for agriculturists to consider. If Dr. Gray, in the work above quoted, has correctly stated the laws governing the vegetable kingdom, it is evi dent, to my mind at least, that wheat should receive but a shallow covering of earth.

START THE TOMATOES EARLY.—Those using hot-beds will have their plants up by this time. Those who have no hot-beds can yet gain some weeks by starting them in pots or boxes in the house. After the plants are up and have made two or three rough leaves, transplant into small pots, and give them plenty of light and air. The small thumb-pots may be used for the first potting, and as they are so small that they readily dry out, a number of them may be placed in a box and surrounded by moss, sawdust, sand, or anything that will retain moisture. When it is found by turning out the ball of earth that the roots have filled the pot, they may be shifted to those holding about a pint, taking care all the time that the plants have abundance of air and light, and grow stocky. They may be kept in their pots until all danger of frosts is past, when they are to be planted out by turning out the ball of earth from the pot. The directions for after-culture will be given at the proper season.

Earlier and better fruit is obtained upon light and sandy soil than from a wet and heavy one. The small pear-shaped and smooth red varieties are the earliest. The Fejee is a few days later, but is so much more prolific and finer in every way, that were we confined to one sort we should choose that. From a single year's experience with the French upright, or tree tomato, we think well of it. It is a very compact and dwarfish variety, bearing its fruit close to the main stem. It needs but a single stake to keep it from being blown over, and as it can be planted as near as 15 to 18 inches, probably as much fruit can be got off the same space as from any other variety. It must be started very early, as the fruit is a little late, but it is very solid, and, according to our experience thus far, every way desirable. Those who have no gardens, but have room in the yard to set a barrel or two, can obtain a supply of tomatoes with a little trouble. John A. Briggs, of Franklin county, Mass., writes: "Take a flour barrel, knock out both heads, saw it in two in the middle, place the halves in any vacant place, fill about two thirds full of earth, and manure and set your plants in them, and you will find your plants if attended to, will do as in any other place. The writer of this has practised this method for the last three years with perfect success. None need want for this delicious and healthful fruit unless they are indolent to try the experiment." The plants grown in this way may be watered with waste water from the kitchen.

Eye-Sight.

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines has for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well. Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of those things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eye:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkne s.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open upon the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by a light so scant that it requires no effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or a ride.

As the sky is blue, and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the salliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

Domestic Recipes.

MAKING WINE.—An American having written to a friend in Italy for instructions as to making wine, received the following broken English reply:

The way to make wine with grapes is to stomp them well in a tob with a hol and spicket in the bottum, and put that juice in a barrel where has been wine or whisky or liquors of some kind, otherwise the wine will stink of wood. Let them boil foi forty days, meanwhile make the barrel full every day for in the boiling diminish. Shot up it after the forty days, and longer you let him stay older it comes and better it will be.

The word "boil" means, in this case, "ferment." The rest is intelligible, and those who follow the receipt faithfully will find it a good one.

A BOILED MILK PUDDING.—Pour a pint of new milk, boiling hot, on three spoonsful of fine flour, and beat the flour and milk for half an hour; then put in three eggs, and beat it a little longer; after this, grate in a half a teaspoonful of ginger. Have ready a nice clean pudding cloth, dip it in boiling water, butter it well, and flour it, put in the pudding, tie it close up, and boil it an hour; it requires great care when you turn it out. Serve the pudding with thick melted butter, or wine sauce.

BLANC MANGE.—Blanc Mange may be made as follows: To two quarts of cream, or milk, add one ounce of isinglass, the peel of two lemons, also sugar and spice to your liking. Bring the whole to a boiling heat, then strain it, and when nearly cool, stir it well, in order to mix the cream that will rise while cooling; pour it into moulds, and when perfectly cold it may be turned out and will then be ready for use. The mould should be first wet with cold water, which will prevent the mixture from sticking to them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Take two onions, peel and slice them, and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding; then cut up half an ounce of white soap, and two ounces of fuller's earth; mix with them the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well, and spread it, when cool over the scorched part of the linen, leaving it to dry thereon. Afterwards wash out the linen.

SALMON TO BROIL.—Cut the fish in slices an inch thick, season with cayenne and common pepper, a little nutmeg and salt, roll well in buttered white paper, and broil over a slow fire; serve in the paper, with plain melted butter, anchovy, lobster, or shrimp sauce.

SAVORY TOASTS.—Cut some slices of bread free from crust about half an inch thick and two and a half square; butter the tops thickly, spread a little mustard on them, and then cover them with a deep layer of grated cheese and ham, seasoned rather highly with cayenne; fry them in butter, but do not turn them in the pan; lift them out and place them in a Dutch oven for four minutes to dissolve the cheese; serve them very hot.

ASTHMA.—The following draught is very efficacious during a fit of asthma: Tincture of squills, ten minims; diluted nitric acid, six minims; extract of henbane, three grains; distilled water, one ounce and a half.

COSMETIC WASH FOR THE FACE.—Pound a lump of benzoin and put it into a decanter, which fill with spirits of wine, sixty degrees above proof; as soon as the balsom is dissolved, add more until the alcohol is fully saturated. A few drops of this tincture in pure water is an admirrble cosmetic wash for the face.

TO FREE PLANTS FROM LEAF LICE.—Mix one ounce of flour of sulphur with one bushel of sawdust; scatter this over the plants infected with these insects, and they will soon be freed, though a second application may be necessary.

LEMON SUGAR.—Rub the rind of some fresh lemons upon a large piece of sugar, and as it discolors the part upon which it is rubbed, scrape it off with a knife; when you have obtained a sufficient quantity, dry a little in the screen, and bottle for use when required. Orange sugar may be made in the same manner, substituting very oranges for the lemons.

SMOKY OR STAINED CEILINGS.—If a good covering of common whitewash, well-sized does not answer the purpose, paper the ceiling, and having covered the surface with size, as soon as it is dry, varnish. This produces an effect like white marble, and will bear washing when soiled.

TO DRY SWEET APPLES.—Bake as for the table, then dry in a brick oven. They may be soaked, heated, water dried away and restored very nearly to the condition of a fresh baked apple. Stewed in more syrup, they make a much richer sauce than the common dried apples.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.—Spots of grease may be removed by a diluted solution of potash, but this must be cautiously applied, to prevent injury to the cloth. Stains of white wax, which sometimes fall upon clothes from wax candles, are removed by spirits of turpentine or sulphuric ether. The marks of white paint may also be discharged by the above mentioned agents.

BREAKFAST POTATOES.—Pare and wash the potatoes; cut them in pieces one-third of an inch in thickness; boil in as little water as possible, so that it will nearly all be evaporated in cooling. When done, add a small quantity of sweet cream or milk, thickened with a little flour.

HOW TO KEEP MILK FOR USE.—I have frequently found people who did not know how to prepare milk for family use. I never argue the question with man or woman; if they do not know that milk can be kept with all the cream in it, as it is when first drawn from the cows; but I will tell you how it is done. You all know that if you can prevent the cream from rising, the milk will be more palatable and healthy, with the particles of cream mixed through it, than skim milk, or than milk from the cow, with the fresh taste and odor.

To prepare milk in this way, take it while warm from the cow, set it in a cool place and stir it continually until all the animal heat is out, and no cream will rise after that operation. Try it, and see how much it will be improved for family use.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups of molasses, two eggs, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful soda, or saleratus; season with nutmeg.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MARE.

A smith is no judge of a carpenter's bill,
A tinker can't solder your coat;
The miller knows best what to do with his mill,
The waterman what with his boat.

The sexton will make you a house that will last;
The doctor will give you possession;
The parson can preach till you snore such a blast
As will waken the whole congregation.

You ne'er set a farmer to choose a fine lace,
Nor an average loss to compute;
Nor at law set a tailor to argue your case,
Nor a sailor to measure your foot.

The saying is old, but none the less good,
"Ask counsel from one of the trade;"
But to make myself quickly and well understood,
I'll call a short story in aid.

Tom and Dick took their stations in Haymarket street,
With each one his own jog of hay;
And while they stood waiting, with market to meet,
They rallied and joked in their way.

Says Tom, "I will bet you a good mug of flip
That mine is the best load of hay."
"Done!" says Dick, "and we'll see in the crack of a whip
Which party the wager shall pay."

"See yonder," says Tom, "our old schoolmaster stands,
Come to town to get rid of his mare;
He has learning enough, and hard words at command,
Let him decide the affair.."

"No, no," answered Dick, "though he's honest, I think,
And can do a hard sum if he tries,
And can judge of his own sort of victuals and drink,
Yet tell me what that signifies?

"If you'll listen to me—I've a judge in my eye,
Like an axle-tree, steady and stiff;
His verdict no flattery nor verdict can buy,
And besides, he'll decide in a jiff.

"A person of sense, and of exquisite taste,
Having dealt all his life in this ware."
"Who is he?" says Tom, "for I'm dry and in haste;"
Says Dick, "He's the schoolmaster's mare!"

Among the curious phases of Iowa society is the "Amanna Society," located in Iowa county, twenty miles west of Iowa City. From the Muscatine *Journal* we glean the following facts relative to this community. It says it "numbers 800 members, and is divided into seven villages. It is governed by trustees elected by all the members of the Society. The Society owns 20,000 acres of land in one body. They have a large stock of cattle, sheep and horses; 700 head of cattle, 12,000 head of sheep, and a large number of horses; also 2,200 acres of land under cultivation. They are engaged to some extent in manufacturing, and have a good flouring and saw-mill and a large woolen factory in successful operation. They card, spin, weave, and full all kinds of woolen goods, running twelve looms—nine narrow, and three for weaving breadcloth. Their machinery is of the most perfect kinds. They will work up this season from 5,000 to 6,000 bales of wool. The members of the Society are all of religious order. Everything moves on in perfect harmony. When necessary the women aid in out-door work. We saw twenty in one carrot-patch, all at work. In the same field eight teams were plowing. The Society is destined to become wealthy."

A musician, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said to his little son one day at table, "You must eat bread, boy; bread makes your cheeks red."

The little fellow replied, "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up."

A fellow was kicked out of an editorial room the other day for impudently stating, that in Germany he had seen a fiddle so large that it required two horses to drag the bow across the strings, which would continue to sound six weeks.

Two Georgia pine woodsmen went to a city church; the organist struck up a deep bass, whereat the two fellows struck a bee line for the door, and outside, one said: "My gracious, Sam, what a horrible groan that was!"

As people usually sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets.

Hail! ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how smooth do ye make the road of it! Like grace and beauty, which beget inclina tions to love at first sight, 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in.

An Irishman, by way of illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it.

A young fellow has been congratulating himself upon having recently taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry it was found that he had tripped and fallen into a young lady's lap.

What is joy? The honey of existence; really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

A young man named Neck has recently been married to Miss Heels. They are now, therefore, literally tied neck and heels together.

Soup for the poor—Three parings of potatoes to a hogshead of dish-water. If too rich, add a pump-handle while boiling.

A chaplain at a State prison was asked by a pious friend how his parishioners were. "All under conviction," was the reply.

The Mariposa *Gazette* informs its readers that "chickens are now big enough to steal!" Flush times in Mariposa!

The cradle is the little pilot boat of humanity—wherein the young navigator on the sea of life takes passage.

A handsome young lady, being asked if she ever gave a kiss, replied, "No, but I often had one stolen."

"There's a brandy smash," said a wag on seeing a drunken man penetrate a pane of glass.

Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said, "Study to be what you wish to seem."

A man is generally ready to answer for his courage—especially when it can't answer for itself.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

My Aunt's Midnight Adventure.

The next day was my nineteenth birthday. Uncle and aunt were very fond of me, and had gone to New York in their wagon to purchase some presents, as well as some little luxuries for the party that was to be given in my honor.

Our house was an old three-storied building, long since pulled down, near Harlem, and it was considered quite a mansion in those days. It was very lonely, too, there not being another house within quite a good walk. Uncle's man had gone with him, and aunt, and I was left at home with only Gretta, our help, a strong, courageous girl, some three or four years older than myself. She had been with aunt for several years, her mother living about a mile off, near the river.

Uncle had lived so long in those parts that we had no more fear of our solitary location than if we had been living next door to a police station. But we had something far better than a policeman, or even a squad of them, in our fine old mastiff, Watch—it was really more like a lion than anything else, and was known as the terror of every pedlar, tramp and beggar for miles around. I was, therefore, not a bit afraid when uncle told me not to be alarmed if they were not home till late, as the weather was fine and the nights were moonlight. It was just about half-past ten at night. We expected uncle and aunt very soon. Before the fire lay Watch, quite still, as though fast asleep, while Gretta was beginning to nod. All of a sudden Watch sprang up—went to the door—stood listening for an instant—and then gave a deep growl. I got up and listened. In the course of a minute or so we heard footsteps coming up the garden path. The next instant a voice said:

"Is this Squire Bolon's?"

Having no fear as long as Watch was with us, I answered,

"Yes."

"Is there a young woman, Gretta Boerman, here?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then I have come to tell her that she must come home at once, for her mother is dying!"

I told Gretta to open the door, which she did. The person now came forward eyeing the dog, who went up to the stranger, with a half suppressed growl. The man then gave Gretta a few lines from her father, telling her to come with the bearer at once, as her mother was taken suddenly sick. This, of course, did away with any suspicion of evil. Poor Gretta was in a terrible state. She felt she ought not to leave me, but I insisted upon it, saying that with Watch I had no fear—and uncle could not be many minutes longer. She, therefore, put on her things and went away with the man; the dog following them to the gate. When Watch returned I noticed that he had something between his teeth. Having bolted the door, I again took my seat by the fire, while Watch went into the corner to eat his dainty. A quarter of an hour passed, I intently listening to every sound, expecting to hear the wheels of my uncle's wagon—all of a sudden I was roused by Watch giving a deep howl—and upon looking round I saw the creature was in a fit. After one or two strong convulsions the dog lay perfectly still. It was dead. The meat had been evidently poisoned. A terrible fear, amounting to a perfect nightmare, fell on me. I saw at once that we were the victims of a fatal treachery. I was roused from this stupor of terror by a strange noise, as of something grating against the wall. This nerved me. I at once suspected that the thieves were putting a ladder to get in at one of the upper windows. I stole upstairs to the top attic, and opening the window quietly, I there saw a man on the path placing a ladder against the wall, and preparing to mount. To my great joy I perceived there was only one. I at once formed a plan, and I have always thought it must have been an inspiration of Providence. In the next room was a heavy weight, I should think half a hundred, which had been there as long as I could remember. I ran and brought it to the window; put it on the sill; then cautiously looked out; the robber had just commenced to ascend; step by step he came up higher and higher; in another instant he would have been on a level with the window under that at which I was stationed. I raised the weight; poised it over him; let it drop, and the next instant the robber fell with a dull sound to the earth. I knew no more. When I came to myself, my uncle, aunt and his man were standing around me, bathing my head with vinegar. It appears that when they arrived, at a few minutes past twelve, they were astonished to find a man lying dead at the door, and a ladder standing against the wall. Our man ran up the ladder, and found me senseless. It came out afterwards that the note was not written by Gretta's father, for the man left her in a few minutes, saying he was going for a doctor. On her arrival at her home the trick was discovered, and her father got to our house about half an hour after my uncle's arrival. When I was shown the body I recognized it as that of the man who had come for Gretta. I have always thought, my dears, that this made me marry sooner than I should have done, for when your uncle proposed, about a month afterwards, I accepted him, as a sort of protection.

One E. Smith, who printed a cookery-book in the year 1734, entitled "The Compleat Housewife, or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion," begins her preface thus: "It being grown as unfashionable for a Book now to appear in publick without a Preface, as for a Lady to appear at a Ball without a Hoop-petticoat, I shall Conform to Custom for Fashion-sake, and not through any Necessity. The Subject being both common and universal, needs no Arguments to introduce it, and being so necessary for the Gratification of the Appetite, stands in need of no Encomiums to allure Persons to the Practice of it; since there are but few now-a-days who love not good Eating and Drinking."

The latest instance of the insane policy of stopping a newspaper because one number contained an article that was displeasing, was that of Miss Sophronia Jones, at the West, who ordered her subscription to the *Pioneer* to cease, because the editor of the sheet had not independence enough to refuse to publish the marriage of her old sweetheart to Miss Amanda Brooks. It was bad enough, Sophronia thought, to lose her beau, but to have his marriage to another put into her paper was more than Western flesh and blood could stand. She will borrow the paper hereafter of her neighbor Proctor, and, of course, will read the marriages the first thing.

San Francisco.

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