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CHAS. PROSCH.

THE DANCER.

I've been reading a tale of a golden leg
That belonged to an heiress—Miss Killmanegg;
And how she delighted to show it;
And how in the end it brought sorrow and pain—
Those brooding ills that keep coming again,
Till the fount of the river of life they drain:
And the boat is with nothing below it.

But the femoral member of which I sing
Is human, and has no metallic ring—
A leg that can run, and walk, and spring—
Of nature's own machinery.
'Tis a dancer's leg—that floats, and flows
In ribbon, and lace, and silken hose—
From heel to thigh, and from tip to toes,
A perfect web of finery.

Oh! this is the leg that you see at night
By the wildering gleam of the theatre-light—
That exhibits itself alike to the sight
Of maids and voluptuaries.
This is the leg that's an "opera bit,"—
The theme of the joker and vulgar wit,
That shows itself as a perquisite
For the life of the body it carries.

This is the leg that you criticise
With an air so unique, sagacious and wise:
"The calf is a little too large for the thighs:
Or the ankle is not in proportion."
Do you ever think of the sacrifice?
Of the self-abnegation of Modesty's sighs
When the knot of her virginal zone she unties;
And up rolls the curtain, that glattonous eyes
May feast on her proper person.

It is prettily shaped; but, ah! to see
That one so sweet and fair as she
Should uncover a charm so bold and free
To the gaze of common vision!
It is white as snow! Is her character so?
Is there nought of a blush in the rosy glow
That mantles the flesh with its overflow,
Nor cause for the smile of derision?

And if there is, do you think of the fight
That raged between the wrong and right?
'Twixt Bread below and Death on the hight
That flickers amid the heavenly light
Of the eyes of love and duty?
Does ever the pencil of fancy paint
A mother lying wan and faint,
And gasping amid the sickening taint
That waste both life and beauty?

Oh! think of the story of virgin shame,
Of ruined hopes and blighted fame,
Of a soiled, polluted and blasted name,
Of a childhood pure and holy:
A story of misery, wo and want,
Of thoughts that kill and deeds that haunt,
Of brothers and sisters pale and gaunt,
With straw for a death-bed solely!

Oh, God! to think of the terrible knell
That rang out the spotless virtue that fell,
And rang in the cankering weeds that dwell
In place of the rose—virginity!
To think of the pallid lips that plead
For life and health and warmth and bread,
Till frenzy had pluck'd from an innocent bed
The flower of femininity!

This is not the story of all, I know;
It is only the tale of one, to show
That the tongue of contempt too far may go
In scorn and condemnation—
That the fallen one may be belied:
That the heart may shun and the lip may chide
When the life that the dingy curtains hide
Is moaning confutation!

NOTHING LOST.

If, when thou watch a silvery star,
It soon should disappear,
Let not the thought that it hath fled
Bring to thine eyes a tear;
But, in thy innocent heart, rejoice
That in the lonely night
It once again shall bless the earth
With its sweet gentle light.

If, when thou tread the pleasant path
Of garden walks and bowers,
Weep not that death has come unto
The fragrant summer flowers;
But shelter take from thy sad thoughts
Beneath hope's sunny wing,
And let thy heart rejoice to think
They'll bloom again in spring.

If thou hath friends who slept beneath
The cold and silent sod,
Mourn not for them, for they have gone
To Heaven and to God;
But rather let thy soul rejoice
That they are free from sin;
That God, who gave them unto thee,
Has called them home to Him.

In every sorrow which may come
Upon thy soul to prey,
There is reflected through the gloom
A bright enchanting ray;
And this true lesson all may learn—
Its teachings ne'er forget—
That in thy cup of bitterness
There is some sweetness yet.

The star which faded shall again
Throw light upon the gloom;
The summer flowers shall once more
In magic beauty bloom:
And e'en the loved ones who now sleep
Beneath the earth's green sod,
Shall meet us with angelic smile
Before our maker—God.

CHARITY.

Chill is the blast, and the heavens are darken'd,
Hateful the homestead where no charity dwells:
A paradise is to those who have hearken'd,
Repeating the soft words that charity tells.
I give in your need, in my need 'twill be given;
This is the law and the order of heaven;
Yea; this is the secret of Charity's spells.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Bill Stanley.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was two days after old Danvers had been taken to prison that the frigate into which William Stanley had been impressed made towards the land, and rode off the mouth of the Tyne, while a boat's crew were ordered on shore. Boatswain Rigby, apprehensive that William would request to be one of them, and that his request might be granted, had, previous to the boat leaving the vessel, sought to quarrel with him, and struck him; and requested of the lieutenant that, in consequence of the insolence he had used towards him, he should not be permitted to go on shore, but, as a punishment, placed on duty.

Poor Stanley was walking the deck, saying unto himself—"Refused permission to go ashore! Yes, Rigby! petty tyrant as thou art, thou shalt rue it! Refused a privilege that would have caused a slave to rebel, had he been denied it. But the time will come when we shall meet upon terms of equality; and were his cowardice equal to his brutality—yea, were he shielded by a breastplate hard as his own heart—my revenge shall find a passage through both; and his blood shall wash out the impression and the shame of the blow with which today he dared to smite me as a dog. The remembrance of that blow sticks as a dagger in my throat—its remembrance chokes me!" And, hurried on by the agitation of his feelings, he spoke aloud as he continued: "Not only denied to set my foot upon the place of my nativity, but struck! yes, struck like a hound, by a creature I despise! O, memory!" he added, "torture me not! Here every remembered object strikes painfully on my eyeballs! The church and the churchyard, where my mother's body now mingles with the dust, are now before me, and I am prohibited from shedding a tear upon her grave. The banks of the Tyne, where I wandered with my Mary, while it sighed affection by our side, and the blue sea, which lay behind us, raising a song of love, are now visible; but though they are still beautiful, they are as beautiful things that lived and were loved, but that are now dead."

In the intensity of his feelings, he perceived not a boat which drew alongside; and while he yet stood in a reverie, his old crony, Jack Jenkins, sprang on board, and, assisted by a waterman, raised Mary Danvers to the deck.

"Yonder he is," exclaimed Jack, "leaning over the gunwale, as melancholy as a merman making his last will and testament in the presence of his father Neptune."

Stanley started round at the voice of his friend; he beheld his betrothed wife; for you know they were the same as betrothed—they had vowed to be true to each other, and, I believe, broken a ring betwixt them.

"My own Mary," he cried, and sprang forward to meet her. The poor things fell upon each other's necks and wept like children.

"Shove me your fist, my hearty," cried Jenkins, "as soon as you have done there. I thought I would give you a bit of an agreeable surprise."

"There, Jack! there, my honest old friend!" cried Bill, stretching out his one hand, and with the other supporting his sweetheart. "My head and heart are scudding beneath a sudden tempest of joy! Speak, Mary, love; let me again hear your voice thrilling like music through my breast! O, Jack! this visit is like one who has been run down in a squall at midnight, and ere he is aware that the waters have closed over him, he finds himself aloft, listening to the harps of the happy."

"I don't know what it is like, Bill," said the other; "but it an't like the meetings we used to have."

"Why so silent, love," said William, addressing Mary; "in another hour I shall be off duty, and in one day of happiness let us forget the past."

"Dear William," she replied, "I know not what I should say, nor what I should conceal. I have so little of joy to communicate, that I would not embitter the pleasure of the present short hour by a recital of the events that have occurred during your absence."

"Hide nothing from me, Mary," said he, earnestly; "but tell me, have my forebodings regarding the monster Wates been but too true? Or are your parents—you tremble, love—you are pale! O Jenkins, speak! tell me what is the meaning of this?"

"Drop it, Bill, my dear fellow," said the other, "drop it. You have got Polly alongside of you there, with a heart as sound and true to you as when you left her; and don't distress her with questions; she didn't come aboard for that. I served out the old fellow Wates, as you requested me, with a rope's end, t'other night, and that pretty smartly, too. And with regard to father Danvers, why, poor soul, somehow or other, misfortune has got the weather-guage of him, and the other day he was taken to jail. So, say no more about it, Bill; we can't mend it."

"Why," he exclaimed, stamping his foot as he spoke, "why am I a slave! And who, my beloved Mary—who now shall protect you? But I can still do something. I have a bank bill for a hundred pounds, the savings of former voyages. I know not why I took it out of my locker this morning. I had it carefully placed away with the ringlet which I cut from your brow, dearest. Here are both; I will keep the ringlet, and think it dearer than ever; take you the note, my love; it may be of service to your father."

"No, no, William," she cried, "I must not, I cannot! Dearest, most generous of men, do not pity me, or I shall wither in your sight. Look on me as you were wont. But oh! let me not stand before you as a beggar. Keep it—as you love me, keep it—make me not ashamed to look in your face."

"Then take it, Jack, take it," said Stanley, handing him the note; "do with it as I desire. Say nothing more now; for here comes our Bostswain, Rigby, the curse of our ship's crew, and the disgrace of the service."

Mary shuddered as Rigby approached them and boisterously said: "Who have you got there, fellow, and you upon duty? I shall report you instantly. Some of your old friends, and meditating an escape with them, I see." And, turning to Jenkins, he added: "Who, sir, gave you permission to come on board this vessel, and to bring a woman of that description along with you? Off instantly, or I shall detain you, too. You, girl, must remain;" and he approached her familiarly to take her by the arm.

Stanley sprang forward, exclaiming—"Hold, sir, hold! You have insulted her by your words; but touch not, as you would remain a living man, the hem of her garment!"

"Begone to your duty, presumptuous slave!" cried the boatswain, fiercely; "begone!" And, as he spoke, he raised his hand and struck him on the breast.

"Again! ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed William, like a demon laughing through excess of torture; "twice you have struck me, Rigby, to-day! struck me in the presence of her who is dearer to me than life! Now, heaven have mercy on thee!" And, seizing the boatswain by the breast, he hurled him violently on the deck, and planted his foot upon his bosom.

"William! dear William!" cried Mary, "forbear! forbear!"

"Bill, Bill, my dear fellow!" cried Jack, "don't lose your life for the sake of a ruffian!"

William continued standing with his foot upon his breast, laughing in the same wild and fearful manner, and shouting, "struck me!" while Rigby called for help. A number of the ship's crew sprang forward to the rescue of the boatswain, who, rising, cried—"The irons, instantly! Set a double watch over him! He has attempted, as ye have witnessed, the life of an officer, and his first promotion shall be the yard-arm."

While they were placing the irons upon him, Mary threw herself at Rigby's feet, exclaiming—"O, spare him! save the life of my William! by her that bore you, or that loves you, save him!"

"Rise, Mary!" cried William, "that our farewell glance be not one of reproach. Pray for vengeance on my enemy! Farewell, Jack—forever, this time! See my Mary safe!" And, as they were bearing him away, he turned his head towards her and added—"Dearest, we shall meet hereafter, where the villain and the tyrant cannot enter."

She fell insensible on the deck, and, in a state of unconsciousness, was conveyed on shore by Jenkins.

The frigate was commanded by Captain Sherbourne, and, when the officers were assembled to hold a court-martial over poor Stanley, he said, addressing Rigby:

"There is not a man in the British navy, Boatswain Rigby, more determined than myself to preserve order and discipline; but while, as captain of this vessel, I am compelled to enforce the law, I am no advocate of the inhuman and degrading lash; nor can I, with indifference, sentence a brave fellow to be hung up for doing that which the best feelings of his nature, and the sentiments that make a hero, prompted him to do. I sit here as a judge, and an neither advocate for the prisoner nor your accuser; but, if the law must be satisfied, the offence, wherever it is found, shall be punished, whether in the accused or in the accuser. For it has not escaped my observation that no officer under me has ever found a fault in the prisoner, save yourself. Are you then resolved and prepared to prosecute your charge?"

"I am both resolved and prepared, Captain Sherbourne," said Rigby; "and I demand the satisfaction of the laws of my country and the service, not only as an officer who has been insulted and injured, but as a British officer and subject whose life has been attempted."

"This is a serious charge, boatswain," said Captain Sherbourne. "Let the prisoner be brought forward."

The culprit was brought up, guarded and in fetters, and, being placed before his judges—

"Prisoner," began the captain, "I deeply regret that one of your appearance, and of your uniform excellent conduct and courage, while under my command, should be brought before me under such circumstances as those in which you now stand; and I regret the more that, if the charges be proved, the proofs of your former character and courage, which are known to us, will be of no avail. You are charged not only with striking your commanding officer, which is in itself a heinous offence, but also with attempting his life. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"That," replied the prisoner, "is as your honors please to interpret the deed. But there is no such charge reckoned against me in the log-book aloft."

"You then plead not guilty," said the captain.

"I am guilty," answered he, "of having acted as it was the duty of a man to act. I am guilty of having convinced a villain that a proud heart may be found beneath a plain blue jacket. I am guilty of having proved that there are souls and feelings before the mast as high-minded and as keen as upon the quarter-deck. But the head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more."

"He speaks bravely," muttered some of those who heard him; "the chaplain himself could not have said it so well by half."

"Boatswain," said the captain, in the hearing of the prisoner, "state the particulars of your charge against him."

"While it was his turn on duty," said Rigby, "I found him neglecting it, and plotting his escape from the frigate, in conversation with a suspicious-looking man and a girl of common fame"—

"'Tis false! despicable miscreant! 'tis false!" interrupted William, wildly; "she is spotless as the fountains of light! Breathe again dishonor on her name, and these chains that bind me shall hurl you, with the falsehood blistering on your tongue, down to—"

"Silence! young man!" interposed the captain, "I command you. If you have cause of complaint, you will afterwards be heard. You may be mistaken, Mr. Rigby, regarding the character of the young woman, and you will not better your cause in our eyes by unnecessarily blackening the prisoner's."

"Captain Sherbourne," said the boatswain, in an offended tone, "do you question my honor?"

"I permit no such interruptions, sir," said the captain; "we sit here to deal with facts, not with honor. Go on with your charge."

"When," resumed Rigby, "I overheard him plotting his escape from the service, and commanded him to his duty, he haughtily rebelled; and, on my ordering the strangers on shore, he sprang forward, and dashing me on the deck, stamped his foot upon my breast, threatening and attempting to murder me, as these witnesses will prove."

"Stand forward, my good fellows," said Captain Sherbourne, addressing two of the seamen, who had been witnesses of the assault, and assisted in rescuing the boatswain. "Give your evidence truly. What do you know of this affair?"

"Why, your honor," said the first seaman, "just that the boatswain was lying upon the deck, and that Bill there had his foot upon his breast."

"Do you suppose," inquired the captain, "he had a design upon his life?"

"Please your honor," answered the seaman, "I can't say; but you had better ask himself. If he had, he won't deny it; for I'll take my Bible oath that Bill, poor fellow, never hove the hatchet in his life—and I don't believe he would do it to save his life. I could always be as sure of what he said as I am of our latitude when your honor's own hand works it out."

"Well," inquired the captain, addressing the other seaman, "what evidence have you to offer?"

"I don't know anything about evidence, your honors," answered the seaman. "The boatswain was lying on the deck, and poor Bill had his foot upon his breast sure enough, and was laughing in such a dismal way as made me think that he had gone maddish through ill-usage or something. For, poor fellow, he was never easily raised, and though brave as a lion, was harmless as a lamb—all the crew will swear that of him."

"Prisoner," said the captain, "I am sorry that the evidence of these witnesses, who seem as sorry for your fate as I am, but too strongly confirm at least a part of the charges against you. If you have anything to say in your defence, the court is inclined to hear you."

"I am neither insensible of nor ungrateful for the kindness of my commander," answered William; "and for the sake of her, and her only, of whom the boatswain dared to speak as one dishonored, I do not hold life without its value. But I disdain to purchase it by the humiliation of vindicating myself farther from the accusations of a wretch whom I despise. Let the law take its award. Death is preferable to being the servant of a slave."

"I know not," whispered Captain Sherbourne to his first lieutenant, "how my lips shall pronounce sentence of death on this brave young fellow. His heroic courage and his talents compel me to revere and love him; and there is something, I know not what, in his features, haunts me as a lost remembrance." Then turning toward the prisoner, he added—"Before the sentence of the court is passed, whatever requests you may wish to have performed, I will see them faithfully carried into effect."

"Thanks! thanks!" replied William; "I have but little to offer in return for your goodness; but the same spirit that made me resent the indignity of my accuser would, were my hands free, cause me to embrace your knees. I have but three requests to make. I wish my watch to be given to her who is dearest to me on earth—Mary Danvers; my quadrant and other matters to my friend Jenkins, who sails in the ship 'Enterprise,' now lying in the river; and my last request is that, with the ten guineas belonging to me, and now in the possession of the purser, a stone may be placed upon my mother's grave, which Mary Danvers will point out, with these words chiselled upon it:—

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
AMIABLE AND UNFORTUNATE
MATILDA STANLEY.
BY DESIRE OF HER UNFORTUNATE SON.

"Matilda Stanley!" exclaimed Captain Sherbourne, in a tone of agitation; "was that the name of your mother?"

"It was, your honor," replied William, "and there were few such mothers."

"And your father! your father!" repeated the captain, with increased agitation; "what knew you of him?"

"Alas! nothing!" exclaimed the prisoner bitterly, and the tears gushed down his cheeks; "but, oh, recall not to my memory, in a moment like this—recall not my mother's——No! no; my sainted mother!"

"O, conscience! conscience!" exclaimed the captain; and starting to his feet, and gasping in eagerness as he spoke—"One question more: and your mother's father was a dissenting clergyman in the village of ——name! name the place! on that depends your life, and my happiness or misery!"

"In the village of ——, in Westmoreland," replied William; "but he survived not his daughter's broken heart. You knew them, then? Oh, did you know my father?"

"My son! my son! come to a father's heart!" exclaimed the captain, springing forward and falling on his neck; "I am your father! Shade of my wronged Matilda! look on this!"

"My father!" exclaimed William, "have I found him! and in such an hour! But if you loved my mother, wherefore——"

"Upbraid me not, my son," interrupted the captain; "mingle not gall with my cup of joy. Your mother was my wife—my first, my only one. Circumstances forced me to exact a promise from her that our marriage should be concealed until I dared to acknowledge it; and long captivity severed me from her; until, on my return, I could obtain no trace of either of you. How I have mourned for her; all who stand beside me have been the daily witnesses. My son! my son!"

"My father! O, my father!" exclaimed William; "but at this moment you are also my judge."

"No! no!" cried the captain. "Seamen, strike off the fetters from your commander's son. Rigby, at another tribunal I will be surety for the appearance of my son."

The fetters were struck off from William's hands and feet, and officers and men burst simultaneously into three times three loud, long, and hearty cheers.

The boatswain, fearing that a worse thing might come upon him, fell on his knees before the captain, and made a full confession of his shameful intrigue with Squire Wates, and begged forgiveness, as his kidnapping of William had been the means of finding the commander his son. The rascal was forgiven, but dismissed the frigate.

But I must return to poor Mary. She was sitting beside her father in the prison, when he addressed her, saying: "Come, come, child, thou saidst thou wouldst sing and read to me, and is this thy singing? nothing but sighing and tears? I'm saying, it this thy promised singing, daughter? but it is perhaps the fittest singing for a jail."

"Ah, father," said Mary, "you know I would not willingly add to your sorrows. But can you forbid me to weep for him who, from childhood, has been to me as a brother—whom I have long regarded as a husband, and who, for my sake, must in a few hours die as the vilest criminal?"

"Why, I'm saying, daughter," said old Danvers, "let's have no more about it. I'm as sorry for Bill Stanley as thou canst be for thy life. But I say, girl, they can expect no better who fly in the face of a father. I am sure we have distress enough of our own, if we would only think about it, without meddling with that of other people's. Is it not bad enough that thy father is shut up here within these iron bars, and perhaps thou and thy mother will be driven to beg upon the streets, when thou mightest have been riding in thy carriage? I'm saying, is not this misery enough, without thy crying about people thou hast nothing to do with? Why, Mary, thou mayest be thankful thou an't his wife."

"Father! father!" she said, wringing her hands together, "murmur not at our lot, nor upbraid me with sympathizing in misery to which yours is mercy! What are the sufferings of want compared with what I now feel! To save him I could smile and be happy, though doomed to beg and kiss the foot that spurned me."

The sheriff's officer and Mrs. Danvers at this moment entered, and the latter rushed towards her husband exclaiming—

"O, husband! husband! the worst is come at last! They have seized house and all! and, Mary, thou and I are left without a roof to cover us! Thou hast no home now, hinny! Your father is shut up in this filthy prison, and your mother never knew what misery was till now!"

"Wife! wife!" cried old Danvers, "what dost thou say? seized the house, too! and my wife and daughter driven to the street! O, wife! I say I wish I had never been born! Mary! Mary, love, what wilt thou do now?"

"Do not, my dear parents," said Mary, "repine at the hand of Providence. He who clothes the lily and feeds the fowls of the air will not permit us to perish in the midst of Christians."

"Daughter! daughter!" cried her mother, "thou little knowest what a hard-hearted and wicked world we live in. Humanity and honesty, and everything that is good, have gone out of it. The world was not so when I knew it first."

"Well, well," cried old Danvers, "if the world be as bad as you say it is, it is one comfort that I shall not be long in it; for I cannot live to know that my wife and child are beggars, and that I am a prisoner, starving in a jail."

At this moment Wates entered the room, and addressing Mr. Danvers, said:

"I have but this morning heard of your misfortunes, Mr. Danvers, and have not lost a moment in hastening to offer my assistance. To your daughter I now offer my hand, my fortune, and my heart; and let her but say she will accept them, and this day ends your imprisonment."

"There! old woman!" exclaimed Mr. Danvers, in ecstacy, "what dost thou and our daughter think of that? Did I not say that Mr. Wates meant marriage, and nothing else but marriage, and was not I right? Thou shalt have her, sir, with a father's blessing, and I will pray for thee the longest day I have to live. Fall on thy knees, mother Danvers; fall on thy knees, and thank the kind, good, generous gentleman. Daughter, why dost thou stand there and say nothing? Did I not always say thou wast born to be a lady?"

"For the sake of human nature, Mr. Wates," said Mary, "I will suppose that your intentions are now honorable. I will believe that you mean kindly, that you are willing to assist my parents, and rescue them from their distress. But, could I even forget the past—could I forget that for many months you have sought my destruction, and have striven to make me become that which would have made me to be despised in my own eyes, and an outcast in those of others—if, sir, I could even forget these things, I could not give my hand to one whom my heart has been accustomed to detest. For your offered kindness I would thank you with tears, but I can only repay you with gratitude. If, however, your assistance to my parents is only to be procured through my consent to your wishes, they must remain as they now are until it shall please Providence to send them a more disinterested deliverer. Betwixt us there is a gulf fixed that shall ever divide us—it is death and aversion; therefore, think not of me."

"Daughter!" cried the old man, wrathfully, "hast thou taken leave of thy senses altogether?"

"Come, Mary, love," said her mother, "now that poor William must be no more, and that Mr. Wates means honorably, be not obstinate; do not suffer your father to die in a place like this, and your mother to beg upon the streets."

"Mother!" cried Mary, vehemently, "with the last of my blood will I toil for your support; but speak not of that man to me. Keep, sir, your wealth for one to whom it may have attractions, and to whom you have never offered dishonor. I despise it, and I despise you; and this shallow and cruel artifice will avail you nothing."

"Consent," said Wates, "and to-night our hands shall be united."

"Wife! wife!" cried the old man, "we will humble ourselves at her feet; belike she won't see her father and mother weeping on their knees before her, and say to them—die!" And they knelt before her.

"Rise! my parents! rise!" she exclaimed, "if ye would not have your daughter's blood upon your heads. Monster!" she added, turning to Wates, "can ye talk of marriage to me, when he to whom my heart and vows are given, if he be not already dead, must in a few hours die a death of shame!"

"And will you not save him?" said Wates, eagerly.

"Save him! how? how?" she cried.

"Consent to be mine, and within an hour I shall procure his pardon," said he.

"Villain! villain! would you deceive me with the snare of the devil?"

"I swear it," he answered.

"Save him! save him!" she exclaimed, wildly; but again cried suddenly—"No, no! wretch, ye mock me!"

"Yes, he mocks you, Mary," said Jack Jenkins, who had just entered. "I could find in my heart to kick the old murderer through those iron gratings; for I know it is all through him that poor Bill must, before the sun go down, lose his life."

While Jack was speaking, the locks of the prison-doors were again heard creaking, and in rushed William, his father, and the officers of the frigate, dragging the rascal Rigby along with them.

There was a cry of "Mary!" "William!" and a rush to meet each other. But the best scene was the confusion of Wates, when his brother knave exposed his villainy; and Captain Sherbourne ordering them to be gone, Jack Jenkins rushed after them for the pleasure of kicking them down the prison stairs; but Bill, catching him by the arm, said—

"Messmate, let me introduce you to my father!"

"Your father!" exclaimed Mary; and it would have been hard to say which of the two was nearest fainting. They left the prison together, old Danvers and all; and Mary and Bill were soon spliced. They were the happiest couple alive. He rose to be post captain, and I hope to see him an admiral.

Jack Jenkins became sailing-master, with half-pay of five and sixpence a-day, besides two shillings as interest for prize money, thanks to his old friend Bill.

A fine beaver hat isn't felt; but the cost is.

The Africans are the color-bearers of the human race.

We can rarely be what we would, but always what we should.

Don't say there isn't an honest man living—till you are dead.

Preachers often disgust their sensible hearers; they always can if they cant.

If one's hand has been burned by a bribe, the thickest glove may not hide the scar.

Some persons seem to have virtue enough for their whole town—except themselves.

Many persons, unlike the angel at the pool of Bethsuda, never trouble the water.

Indiscriminate eulogy and indiscriminate invective are equally good—both good for nothing.

Persons who shut themselves up in their houses to avoid their creditors are household-holed men.

You can no more quench the flame of love by argument than you can the conflagration of a city.

A clergyman or justice of the peace accomplishes great results by "putting that and that together."

A man should tell the truth without reserve, but a General shouldn't take his army into battle in that way.

If a man presents you with a full suit of clothes from head to foot except a cravat, he cuts your throat.

When we see a young lady with a sweet beauty-spot on her cheek, we feel like kissing her on the spot.

The young lady who promises one gentleman and marries another hasn't "the right ring" about her

If you constantly keep witty dependents as your companions, you will always have your wits about you.

Editing a partisan newspaper is no way for a man to get out of debt; it will probably increase his lie-abilities.

If a man is chased by a dog, the race may be "nip and tuck," but the man will probably get the "nip."

A man conscious that he deserves hanging is apt to wear his cravat loose—probably from a thought of suffocation.

In tropical climates, men live but half as long as they do in temperate zones, and cats have but four and a half lives apiece.

An absent witness, like a rich young man invited home by the mother of marriageable daughters, is called in to court.

However high we may rise, we should lure others upwards to the same heights by the joyous melodies of our lips and hearts.

The man who forgets a great deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened.

Accept what is good, no matter from what source. Elijah would have been a fool to refuse his food because a raven brought it to him.

Fire is an excellent thing in the house, but it should be in the chimney and not in the temper of the wife. It should cook the victuals and not roast the husband.

A Slow Steamboat.

Some time during the year 18— there was a steamboat coming up the Mississippi on a dark night, and the captain, according to time-honored usage, was playing cards in the social hall. The mate stepped in.

"Captain, out of wood; not enough left to make the water hot enough to shave with."

"Ring the bell," replied the captain. "Show a light, and scare some up along the shore."

The mate went out; and the captain went on with the game. In a few moments the mate returned:

"Found a yard, sir."

The captain left the table, and went out.

"How do you sell your wood?" shouted the captain to the people at the yard.

"Two and a half."

"Too much," said the captain. "However, I'll take a cord or two, and look farther."

A couple of cords were taken, the game resumed in the social hall, and the boat went on.

A half hour elapsed, when the mate again appeared:

"Out of wood, sir."

"Bell and light—my deal."

The orders were obeyed, and the mate again announced a wood-yard. The captain went out.

"What's the price of wood?"

"Two and a half."

"Too high; but we'll take a couple of cords till we can do better."

As before, a couple of cords were taken in, and not twenty minutes elapsed before the mate again appeared.

"Out of wood, sir."

"Ring the bell."

"Better take more this time."

"Show a light."

"It's done sir."

In a few minutes a wood-yard was again rung up, and the steamer B—— went in.

"How do you sell your wood?"

"Two and a half."

"Two and a half be darned!" cried the captain.

"Well, captain," answered the woodman, "we will put it to you this time at two and a quarter, as this makes the third time you have wooded with us to-night."

The captain had nothing to say, but took the wood and got quickly out of that stiff current which the boat was unable to stem.

The B—— was so solemnly slow, that the captain himself used to say that she must have been intended for a horse. She is the steamboat which the newspapers once said made the trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days and—four weeks.

"I was," said a reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory."

The worthy gentleman thus interrupted immediately exclaimed:

"Good Lord, stick it in and let her go; she's but a trouble here." This quieted the old lady.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out west, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General; they won't be satisfied without it." The man of iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech exclaiming, "E pluribus Unum! sine qua non! ne plus ultra! multum in parvo!" The effect was tremendous, and the crowd's shouts could have been heard for miles.

A lady declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," she said.

"I don't know that," replied a gentleman. "There is my father, who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old."

"Well, if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

Brother Aminadab, a stiff Quaker, on receiving from a "worldly man" a blow on his face, turned the other cheek, to which a similar salute was applied.

"Friend," then said Aminadab, "Scripture injunction being now satisfied, I will proceed to administer to thee a little wholesome correction.

"Do you believe in second love, Misther McQuade?"

"Do I belave in second love? Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too?—Troth, Murphy, I belave in second love."

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question?"

"Well, my son?"

"Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit bill?"

"I can't tell, son."

"Because you can't pass it!"

On Cape Cod, Massachusetts, as soon as a young lady is engaged to be married, she suffers her finger-nails to grow long, so that, in case she should be obliged to throw herself on her reserved rights, she may come to the scratch with some prospect of success.

"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, Deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom!"

"Not in Beelzebub's!"

"Well, some one of the patriarchs, I don't care which."

A Dutchman's heartrending soliloquy is described thus:

"She loves Shon Mickle so petter as I, because he has got a couple tollars more as I has."

The tradesman who does not advertise has been compared to a man with a lantern, who is too stingy to buy a candle.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

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

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

☞ *Communications descriptive of the character and resources of localities in the Territory, the inducements they present for settlement, 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, February 20, 1864.

TUG-BOATS.—"It never rains but it pours," is an adage that applies with some force to the construction of tug-boats on Puget Sound. Until a few months ago, the only tug-boat of value on the Sound was the *Reaclute*, belonging to Mr. G. A. Meigs, of Port Madison. Recently three new boats (all of which have been mentioned in these columns) were brought into service, all designed for towing; and we now hear of a fourth about to be built by and for the Puget Mill Co. The machinery of one of the Columbia River steamers has been purchased for this purpose, and was shipped a few days since at Portland for San Francisco, whence it is to be shipped for Teekalet. We had almost forgotten Wright's new boat, launched within the past year, and also designed originally, we believe, for towing. This, with the one in process of construction for Teekalet, will make six in all; enough for the present business of towing logs. This speaks well for the condition of the lumbering interest here, which must be in a prosperous state to give employment to so many steamers.

THE ANN PARRY MURDER.—Our citizens still remember the circumstance of the killing of the mate of the barque *Ann Parry*, (whose body was interred at the garrison cemetery) by a sailor, and the refusal of the captain to leave the sailor in charge of our law officers, from fear of his escape. The following, from a San Francisco paper, shows how the captain fared there with his prisoner: "Several months ago the barque *Ann Parry* came into port from Puget Sound, bringing a sailor named John Murray in irons. It was alleged that while at anchor in a harbor on the Sound, Murray and the mate of the vessel engaged in a fight, during which M. threw his antagonist over the side of the ship, who, falling on a small boat alongside, was instantly killed. On his arrival here he was taken before United States Commissioner Hyde, who held him to answer. The Grand Jury presented him on a charge of manslaughter, and the case came up in the United States Circuit Court for trial. As soon as Judge Hoffman learned the facts, he instructed the Prosecuting Attorney to enter his *nolle*, as the court had no jurisdiction over the matter. He also lectured, in a pretty severe manner, the Captain of the vessel, who, instead of handing the prisoner over to the authorities of Washington Territory, as he should have done, brought him to California, where he could not be punished."

GARDENING.—All signs of winter having disappeared a month ago, and pleasant spring weather having prevailed in the interim, the people of town and country are actively engaged in gardening and farming operations. Several varieties of vegetables have been already planted, and peas, cabbages, turnips, etc., are to be seen in some gardens four or five inches high. Mr. Jumel, our leading gardener, has cabbage and other plants for sale in any quantity, besides garden seeds in large variety. Our amateur gardeners are rivaling each other in spading and planting, with a view to excellence in maturity and quality of garden products. In this connection, we may state that Frank Clark, Esq., has a large quantity of strawberry plants, of the best kinds on this coast, to give to those who desire them. In thinning out his plants, which had become crowded, these he is compelled to discard for want of room.

THE COMANCHE.—The work of rescuing the Monitor *Comanche* from the bed of mud and water in which she was submerged by the sinking of the *Aquilla*, at San Francisco, is now being prosecuted vigorously and successfully. There are three divers employed, and each one remains under water four hours. A large lighter load of iron plates is already recovered. All the wood work is spoiled, but can be readily replaced. So San Francisco will soon be protected by a Monitor similar to those in the East.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—From and after the 1st of January last, the postage on newspapers is payable quarterly in advance. Subscribers and others should bear this in mind. No Postmaster is authorized to deliver papers to subscribers unless the postage is prepaid. Persons mailing transient papers for the east must affix a two cent stamp. On papers going from the office of publication to *bona fide* subscribers, the postage is five cents per quarter.

SMUGGLING.—Owing to the extensive frauds recently practised in the shipment of foreign goods from Victoria, V. I., to San Francisco, Collector James has concluded to place inspectors permanently on the steamers plying between the two ports. A strict watch will in future be maintained, to guard against smuggling.

THE ALABAMA.—After many vain speculations and idle rumors, the whereabouts of the pirate *Alabama* have at last been definitely ascertained. A late arrival at San Francisco brings news of her appearance and doings in Chinese waters, where she captured and destroyed two fine clipper ships—the *Contest* and *Racer*—early in November. The U. S. steamer *Wyoming* was in pursuit of her, with a very small chance of overhauling he, we presume. Her next appearance will probably be on the California coast.

VICTORIA PAPERS.—Capt. Finch has our thanks for files of Victoria papers, in which we can find nothing of interest to our readers.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The members of the eleventh session of our Territorial Assembly may at least claim the distinction of being the best abused body of legislators that has yet convened at the Capital. The wholesale denunciation indulged in by some of our cotemporaries may be deemed good policy, but we are compelled to confess our obtuseness in discovering either the justice or policy of such a course. What is the end to be accomplished? That there were some measures enacted only calculated to benefit the few, and many of interest to the Territory at large passed over, is doubtless true; but what legislative body is free from this charge? Has no good "come out of Nazareth?" If the Legislature effected no other good, during the session, than arresting the demoralizing effects of legislative divorces, it would, in our estimation, have merited the thanks of the community. The record, however, contains evidence of the enactment of several measures of general utility and importance.

We think our law-makers erred in yielding their privilege to elect a Printer; but we can, even in this matter, find some extenuating circumstances. Secretary Evans had, some time previous to the meeting of the Assembly, usurped the power of removing the Territorial Printer, and appointing in his stead a personal and political democratic friend. The Secretary notified the Assembly of his action, claiming that it was by instructions from Washington; but, from the correspondence as published in the journals, we hold that they were not susceptible of any such construction, and that at least a man of different political principles should have been selected. Of course, the Secretary's appointee was hailed with open arms by his political co-workers, and the manly efforts of some of the Union members failed to prevent several defections in the Union ranks. Let the blame rest on that official, who has so completely affiliated with the demagogues who can see nothing good in the present National Administration, and whose influence, judging from his acts, was thrown against the Union organization in the Assembly. We claimed a Union majority in the lower House, and we are sustained in our assertion by the passage in that body of a set of patriotic Union Resolutions: and we have good reasons for attributing the failure to elect the Union nominees for Territorial offices, in joint convention, to the same intriguing influences that controlled the Printing question.

We believe that this Administration will insist upon fealty to the Union organization by all its officers, from the highest to the lowest, and that, where deception is sought to be practised, the remedy will swiftly follow. To all those Union members who lived and acted the faith within them, regardless of official blandishment or dictation, we say "Well done." The unfaithful few we commit to the charge of their constituencies at the next election. As regards the Copperheads, they will be swept from the scene by that strong Union current now gathering force and volume throughout the Territory.

PORT ANGELOS.

Since the flood, the disastrous effects of which were detailed in these columns some weeks ago, we have heard but little of Port Angelos. Private letters represent the place as quite lively at present, and as having nearly recovered from the heavy blow inflicted by the freshet. From a letter dated the 9th inst. we extract the following items, showing the progress making in rebuilding the town:

This place is making rapid strides towards the formation of a new town since the flood. Dr. Gunn has, by his untiring exertions, succeeded in erecting a very convenient establishment for a Custom House, where he now holds forth with that zeal that ever characterizes an energetic and straightforward man. This District never had a Collector possessing in such a high degree the various qualifications demanded for the office, and the Government has in no position a more faithful officer, or one entitled to a larger share of its confidence.

As an indication of the enterprise of our citizens, I may state that there is considerable competition in the erection of buildings. Three edifices are now approaching completion.—Most of the buildings are designed for whiskey shops. Though our population numbers only some sixty souls, we are soon to have seven or eight rum mills. A temperance society has recently been organized, and some five or six of the most inveterate topers have with trembling hands affixed their names to a pledge; hoping, doubtless, to make a favorable impression, from which at a future time they will realize a profit.

The U. S. Steamer *Narraganselt* left this place for San Francisco on Sunday morning, 7th inst., at daylight. We very much miss her, as the drumming and filling, morning and night, made us feel that we were still a part of the great American nation, notwithstanding the extreme remoteness of our position.

Delightful weather and good health prevail, under the inspiring influence of which everybody looks cheerful and happy, and all indulge bright hopes of the future.

W. G. C.

THE CHANGING SENTIMENT.—The fact that public sentiment in England is fast changing in favor of the North, has recently been exemplified in a remarkable manner. There have been several elections for members of Parliament, lately, in various parts of the kingdom, and in every instance the rival candidates have gone before the people solely on the American question, no matter what were the local interests at stake. It is gratifying to learn that in every case the man who avowed himself a friend of the North was elected. It is a fact that speaks volumes on the true sentiments of the English people towards this country. The aristocracy may sympathize with the South, but the great mass of Englishmen are friends of the North. Henry Ward Beecher, during his short stay in England, did a good deal to help this feeling along. There is no longer a chance for a quarrel between mother and daughter. Blood is thicker than water, though appearances in our relations with England have sometimes seemed to falsify the old adage.

GEN. GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.—A gentleman in Washington has received a letter from Gen. Grant, in which he alludes to the use which is daily being made of his name in connection with the Presidency. He says scarcely a day passes that he does not receive letters from prominent politicians, naming him as their candidate. Thus far he has replied to none of them, and, what is more, he does not intend to. "When the rebellion is suppressed, and our country saved," says the gallant soldier, "it will be time enough to talk upon that subject."

SAILED.—The barque *Liae Yankee*, Wm. H. Diggs master, sailed this morning for San Francisco, laden with lumber.

W. T. IN CONGRESS.

From the latest advices, it would seem that Hon. Geo. E. Cole is not wanting in attention to the interests of his constituents. Though Congress has barely commenced its labors, and as yet perfected no legislation for the country at large, he appears to have found means to introduce to its notice several measures, and among them the following:

To endow a military professorship in the University of Washington Territory; which was read a first and second time and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs;

To amend an act entitled "An act donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," approved July 2d, 1862; which was read a first and second time, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands; and

To create an additional Land District in the Territory of Washington.

If he will follow this up by continued industry in behalf of his constituents, there will be "a right smart chance" of his re election. By his works he will be judged.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE DOINGS.

The citizens of East Bannock, in self-defence, have been compelled to organize a Vigilance Committee. The first intimation we have of their doings is the hanging of thirteen Copperheads, and among them Boon Helm, lately escaped from the Olympia jail. All that we have received of their proceedings is the following, which comes by telegraph and mail:

GREAT SALT LAKE, Feb. 5th.—Last evening the Bannock express arrived in 13 days from Virginia City, and from the *Vidette* we learn the following in regard to the doings of the Vigilance Committee in that region, in ridding the country of the band of outlaws who have so long infested it.

The committee is composed of upwards of 1000 persons exercising jurisdiction over the whole range embracing Virginia, Bannock, Nevada City, and the surrounding region. Below is a list of the men hung and the places where executed:

Geo. Ives, at Nevada City, Stinking Water diggings—1.

At Bannock City, Henry Plummer, Sheriff; Ned Ray, an escaped convict from Salt Lake Penitentiary, Buck Stinson, John Wagner, *alias* Dutch John and Spanish Frank—3.

At Stinking Water, Reed and Brown—2.

At Virginia City, Jack Gallagher, Geo. Lane, *alias* Clubfoot, Haze Lyons, Boon Helm, and Frank Parrish—5. In all, 13.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR.—We are fighting for Louisiana, says the Marysville *Appeal*, for which we paid, in 1803, the sum of $15,000,000; for Florida, for which Spain charged us $5,000,000; for Texas, which cost us over $40,000,000; for New Mexico, which cost us $15,000,000, besides $100,000,000 for the extinguishment of Indian titles; for Arizona, for which we cashed up $10,000,000. Some say we did not pay this money—that the South paid half of it. Let us see: From 1791 to 1850, the amount paid into the Federal Treasury from the free States, was, less than expenses of collecting, $932,222,011; from the slave States, $287,076,354—giving the North an excess of $672,614 41. Figures don't lie. What else are we fighting for? For the dignity and unity of the nation—for the supremacy of the Federal over the heinous doctrine of State Rights—for Republican principles. Let the war progress.

THE COMING ICE.—The immigration hitherward the coming season, say late exchanges and private letters, will be large beyond precedent. All through the Mississippi States, an Idaho, or a Washoe or California fever possesses thousands. The St. Joseph *Herald* of Dec. 31st says: "Associations are forming in Kansas, designing mutual protection to those intending to visit the auriferous regions of Idaho in the Spring. Similar accounts are received from all along the border, of preparation making to emigrate to the new El Dorado. The old method of acquiring wealth is to be superseded; a modest greenback is looked upon with contempt, every man is going directly to the heap, and is only concerned with how he shall secure transportation home of his mammoth exhumations in the mountains."

SHIPWRECK.—The barkentine *Jenny Ford*, on the 31st ult., when beating out of the harbor of San Francisco, and hugging the shore closely, missed stays and went ashore on the North Heads, near the Lighthouse. The vessel became a total wreck, though all on board were saved except one passenger, named Osgood, and one of the crew. She was owned by Pope & Talbot.

CUSTOM-HOUSE SEIZURES.—Under the administration of the new San Francisco Collector, (James) seizures of goods for violations of revenue laws are of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a week passes without one or more of such events, and the aggregate value of the goods seized is considerable.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Monday next being Washington's birthday, a national salute will pe fired at Fort Steilacoom, at noon. Some of our citizens entertained a thought of getting up a ball on the occasion, but as yet we see no indications of preparation for such an event.

A few days before the battle of Chattanooga, the rebel commander, Bragg, sent to Grant a flag of truce advising him that it would be prudent to remove non-combatants who might be still in Chattanooga. Grant made no reply, but proceeded to remove the rebel combatants, so that non-combatants might remain without imprudence!

Rubery, one of the *Chapman* pirates, has been pardoned by the President. John Bright interceded for him, as Rubery was a British subject, and Senator Sumner, to whom Bright applied, consulted with Senator Conness and Justice S. J. Field, who consented that the pardon would not be improper.

Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, classifies the members of Congress as follows: First, those favoring carrying on the war. Second, those not in favor of putting down the rebellion at all. Third, those in favor of puuing down the rebellion, but opposed to all means of accomplishing it.

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they do not live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, says the Bangor *Whig*, provisions are so high nobody can afford to live very long at current prices.

There are 109,462 housemaids in England and Wales. Quite enough to kick up considerable dust if brought together. There are 218 females who talk by telegraph in Great Britian; those who talk by steam are not enumerated.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Marysville *Appeal* recently completed its eighth volume.

The new king of Greece is about to adopt the religious faith of his subjects.

Gen. Grant has been elected an honorary member of the Cincinnati Missionary Society.

Another sugar refinery has been incorporated at San Francisco, with a capital of $250,000.

The Petaluma *Argus* raises under its editorial head, "for President, 1864, Abraham Lincoln."

A magnificent silver service has been presented to Gov. Johnson, by the loyal men of Nashville.

One of our batteries in Virginia shelled a negro funeral—thought it was rebels throwing up works.

The "false hair merchants" of London import annually at present no less than five tons of maiden locks.

What can the poor rebel Confederacy do now—moneyless, saltless, ramless, hopeless, lawless and Godless?

The Brooklyn Common Council has passed a law that no person shall be required to pay fare on any horse-car unless furnished with a seat.

Were the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy that it would be necessary again to drown or to burn the world.

The Bank of France has hitherto had nothing in paper of a less denomination than twenty dollar notes. It is now about to issue notes of ten dollars value.

Two hundred tons of white beans were recently shipped from San Francisco to New York, where they commanded thrice the price ruling in San Francisco.

Chocolate, the flour of the cocoa nut, was first introduced in England from Mexico in 1520, and soon became a favorite beverage in the London coffee houses.

The widow of Senator Douglas is at present in Washington city, engaged by Secretary Chase, as clerk in the Treasury Department. She is seldom seen in public.

Jeff. Davis said at the beginning of the war; "All the southern blood that will be shed in this war I can hold in the hollow of my hand." Let him look at his hands now.

A congress of brewers which assembled at Cincinnati recently passed a resolution offering $500 for a substitute for resin, which is now used in the inside of the barrels.

A cavalry force has been organized under the command of Col. Lowell, of the 2d Massachusetts, to watch the rebel farmers, who act as guerrillas under Mosby at night.

A Cologne young lady, of high family connections, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, for pulling feathers from a live ostrich in the Zoological Gardens of that city.

A loaf of bread at one of the thanksgiving dinners in New York was eleven feet long, ten inches thick, twenty two inches wide, and required a whole barrel of flour for its construction.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, with Gen. Meade's army, says that the North Carolina prisoners captured during the late advance actually danced for joy and kissed their captors.

The late Prince Albert smoked tobacco and probably received many a curtain lecture for it—but his son, the Prince of Wales, has been directed to abandon the practice in Windsor Castle or incur his mother's displeasure.

Recently two large trunks, filled with fine tooth combs, were seized in Washington on their way to Dixie. That was too bad. It was cruel. It was remorseless. Do the Union authorities mean that the rebels shall be eaten alive?

Stoves made of soapstone have been introduced at Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellower and more uniform heat than iron; the material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence.

The Governor elect of Alabama, accused of favoring re-construction, said in a late speech: "He should be almost ashamed to own himself an Alabamian if he believed there was a man in the State who would agree to the re-construction of the old Union."

Mr. Robert Bonner, of the New York *Ledger*, claims that he has paid the largest income tax, for the current year, of any weekly newspaper publisher in the United States. This is the legitimate result of the enterprise, tact, liberality, with which he has always conducted his business as publisher.

Some days ago a box was seized at Adams' Express office, in Washington, in which were a number of cans labelled tomatoes and pickles. This box was addressed to a private in the army of the Potomac. Instead of being filled with tomatoes, they were full of vile whiskey, which was very properly confiscated.

A London professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed around coffee which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that they had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's blood, chicory, sheep's liver dried, and old coffee grounds. He gave them capital porter, too, made of spirits of wine, gum arabic and burnt sugar.

A Down Easter speaks of a heavy fog in his locality. He says he hired a man to shingle a barn. At noon the man complained that it was a terrible long barn, for he had been at work all the morning and hadn't got one course laid. So after dinner he went to see what he'd been about, and found he had shingled more than a hundred feet right out on the fog!

A writer, alluding to the tendency of the times to adopt calico for wear because it is dear, says: "Of course, as soon as calico is scarce and expensive, the ladies wish to wear it; and were there to be a sudden dearth in the sackcloth and ashes market, there is no doubt the dear creatures would insist on clothing themselves in that scriptural, but at present not prevalent style of garment."

Major-General Thomas has issued general orders dishonorably dismissing one colonel, two majors, fifteen captains, twenty-six lieutenants, and one surgeon, for various offences, including drunkenness, feigned sickness, spreading false rumors, permitting men to plunder, misbehavior in face of the enemy, shameful cowardice, gross disloyalty, dishonest practices, and conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen.

IMPORTANT TO LAND CLAIMANTS.

The Salem *Statesman* is informed by Mr. Starkweather, Register of the Land Office Oregon City, that a considerable portion of the land claims in Oregon do not conform to legal subdivisions, and consequently no patent will be issued to such claimants until their claims are amended and made to conform to the requirements of the law, whether they are certified to or not.

These illegalities, as explained by Mr. Starkweather, are general all over the State and Washington Territory, and will involve great difficulties if attempted to be changed into legal form. Mr. S. thinks that a fair representation of these difficulties to Congress by the citizens of Oregon and Washington Territory will secure an act of relief, and prevent a vast amount of trouble to the people interested.

The informality most general is a square forty lying on both sides of a section line, and a long forty, one-eighth mile wide and a half mile long, neither of which is admissible. It is easy to see that a change of the lines at this time would involve universal embarrassment and considerable loss of land. The attention of those concerned is called to the necessity of petitioning Congress immediately for a law legalizing such claims as have been made.

DEATH OF THOMAS COD.

EDITOR HERALD:—During the warm days of last summer, the hero of the following poem, being very much disgusted with the monotony of newspaper life, was frequently known to visit the falls at Tumwater, and other places where the finny tribes were known to abound, to while away a few hours in hooking up the small fry, something after the style of Cleopatra. Upon one occasion, after having fished a long time with indifferent success, he got a bite, but unfortunately not at the end of his rod! The monster, being very hungry, had made an attack upon his flank, and, before he could recover his equilibrium, he fell prostrate on the beach. His companions, seeing the danger in which he was placed, hastened immediately to his relief, and through the influence of a stimulating beverage (not known where the gentleman now resides) he was restored to consciousness again. He looked upon his escape as a miracle, and decided at once to close out his institution in the wilderness, and move to a large city down the Sound, where he would have a wider field for his imagination, and be able to manufacture gas in larger quantities out of the coal taken from the sable bed of Squak. His plans were carried into effect, and every breeze that now blows from the north smells of coal.

Death of Thomas Cod.

On Puget Sound's remotest bay
The prussman oft was wont to stray,
To bob awhile for scaly cod—
A lively sport for such a snob.
He tunes his lay with honest praise,
And mourns the loss of bygone days,
And chants the muse of other times,
As bells proclaim their mournful chimes;
His songs resound from pole to pole,
While bobbing deep in Clancy's Hole;
Thus he whiles the weary hours away
By hooking up the finny Pray.

Ye fishy tribes, why do ye bite
The iron-clad hook of envious spite?
Be not seduced by wormy hook
That trails within the pebbled brook;
Although you are a scaly fish,
At least you make a wholesome dish:
'Tis fun for rogues to pull you out,
A substitute for speckled trout.
Now comes the famous Parrott Gun,
Who swears he'll have a little fun.
And, with iron ramrod stiff and strong,
Rolls up and down the live day long:
While unsing thus, the monster came,
A welcome guest—"I have my game!"
He quickly pull'd his ramrod out,
And found a crab instead of a trout.

No calamity had yet been felt
By those who bobb'd for cod and smelt,
Till bold Watson, in fiendish glee,
Caught the sharp nibble of a flea.
He stood aghast, but tottering fell,
And cursed those little imps of hell
That had his nervous system shaken,
While trying stale unsmoked bacon.
Alas! that one should be so very bold
As to drop his hook into a hole,
And let a lit le black blood-sucker
Place him in this woful pucker.
Even now I've thought he soul had fled
To shady fields, home of the dead;
When Clancy to the rescue came,
Spiritual hero of Olympic fame;
He called on Jeems Gun and Pray
To move his blood-stained shirt away,
But, lo! the bones of Thomas Cody
Had pinn'd his shirt fast to his body:
A smell of alcohol soon did restore
The sense of this editorial bore,
Who swore he ne'er again would slaughter
The scaly tribes around Tumwater.
One thousand grasshoppers all at once
Were slain to pacify this simple dunce,
And fry-pans, too, were brought in play
To crispify the captive Pray;
The hissing sound brought nervous fears,
And many eyes were wet with tears
While honest Watson told the tale
How Jonah swallowed the whale.
Just then a starry light was seen
To penetrate the mystic screen;
And forth bold Watson triumphant came,
The champion of the Olympic game.
Restored to consciousness once more,
He seeks a more congenial shore;
There, lost to honor, spends his time
On a filthy sheet seven-by-nine:
For others' faults he's heard to groan,
But never thinks to mend his own.
Thus ends my rhyme, a fishy theme,
Inspired by poetic dream
Of Watson, who, in all his glory,
Inveigled the tribes of piscatory.

INSPECTOR.

STEILACOOM, Feb. 19th, 1864.

In the United States House of Representatives, on Monday, Dec. 21st, Owen Lovejoy having said that no Administration had been so careful as the present to abide by the Constitution and the laws, Secession Cox, Brooks, Wood & Co. laughed aloud, and Lovejoy said: "Gentlemen, you would have laughed another way had the Constitution and laws been enforced upon you."

The late King of Denmark divorced two wives who did not suit him, and married morganatically, and afterwards ceremoniously, Mademoiselle Louisa Christi a Rasmussen, a liberal like himself. This lady had previously been a governess, a ballet dancer and a milliner. She had a large stock of common sense, however, and when elevated to the rank of Queen, in 1850, gained the good will and respect of the Danes.

The number of California soldiers now in the employ of the Government is 5,400—two cavalry regiments, six infantry regiments, one native California regiment, and one battalion of mountaineers.

A Glasgow paper announces "For sale, at private bargain, the wonderful organ of James Watt, the inventor of steam, made by his own hands, for his own amusement, in the city of Glasgow, nearly one hundred years ago."

REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN THE DIOCESE OF NISQUALLY.

1. All week days of Lent from Ash Wednesday (10th of February) inclusively, till Easter Sunday exclusively, are fasting days of obligations, on which only one full meal is allowed. A cup of tea or coffee, with a small piece of dry bread, is allowed in the morning, and a moderate collation in the evening.

2. The precept of fasting implies that of abstinence from flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese, once a day on all Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of Lent, except Holy Thursday, and at every meal on all Sundays. By the forgoing dispensation, then, there remain only three days of abstinence every week of Lent, the Holy Week excepted.

3. The rules of fasting would be broken by taking the full meal any considerable time before noon without sufficient cause.

4. The use of flesh meat and fish at the same meal is prohibited.

5. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Lard may be used in preparing fish and vegetables on all days of Lent. This dispensation extends to all days of abstinence throughout the year.

6. The Church dispenses from fasting (but not from abstinence, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the infirm and valetudinarians, nurses and pregnant women, those who are not twenty years of age, such as are obliged to make long and painful journeys and voyages, and all who, by fasting, would be rendered unable to discharge the duties of their employment or would endanger their health. All such persons, however, ought to supply the fasting by good works.

7. The spirit of the church is, that fasting and abstinence be joined with alms, fervent prayers, and good works, according to each one's ability. For "Prayer is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold," said the angel to Tobias, xii., 8. The praiseworthy practice of saying the Rosary every day in each family is particularly recommended.

8. Fasting and abstinence ought to be observed with a penitential spirit; that is, with a deep sense of the guilt of our sins and a hearty sorrow for them, with a sincere desire to return to God, and a readiness to perform the satisfaction we owe Him for all our trespasses. Fasting and abstinence in this spirit cannot fail to move God to mercy in our regard.

9. According to an indulgence of our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., the seamen and soldiers in the U. S. service have only six days of abstinence during the year, viz.: Ash Wednesday, the three last days of the Holy Week, the vigil of the Assumption of the B. V. M., and the vigil of Christmas.

VANCOUVER, January 1st, 1864.

†A. M. A. BLANCHET,
Bishop of Nisqually.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, a strange COW she has been running with my cattle for the last five years, and is at present in my pasture, with her increase—a yellow steer three years old, a brindle bull two years old, and a young calf about a month old. The cow is a brindle, with white spots on her sides, and three notches in left ear; no brand.

The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or they will be sold to pay expenses.

ALEX. DAVIES,
Muck, Pierce County, W. T.

Steilacoom, Feb. 19th, 1864. 11:4

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD,

PORT TOWNSEND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, ETC.

11:1y

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.... 4
For bedding do 2
For Music do 15
Entrance fee for all not admitted at commencement.... 5

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks.... $6

GENERAL REGULATIONS:

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

For the sake of uniformity and order, all the pupils will attend to 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 cloak, and white muslin dittо 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

Elk-Horn Market.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE OPENED A MARKET adjoining Kesch'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.

5-12tf MONTGOMERY & BYRD.

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 28 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.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The commodious and fast-sailing schooner

FLYING MIST,

120 Tons Capacity,

Capt. WM. THOMPSON,

Is up for Freight or Charter between Steilacoom and all ports on Puget Sound, Vancouver's Island, and British Columbia.

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

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to PHILIP REACH or H. W. BERRY, in Steilacoom, or to the CAPTAIN, on board. 2-12:1y

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLDS, AN Irritated or Sore Throat, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases, oftentimes incurable. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumptive Coughs the Troches are useful. Public Speakers and Singers should have the Troches to clear and strengthen the voice. Military officers and soldiers who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden changes, should use them. Obtain only the genuine.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and most foreign countries, at 25 cents per box. Agents for California.

9:4 REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco.

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,
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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. 6:3-tf

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

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

Size, 1 Foot, - - - - $1 00 per Dozen
Size, 2 Feet, - - - - 3 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 Feet, - - - - 9 00 per Dozen
Size, 4½ Inches, - - - 10 00 per Dozen

Also, BUNTING FLAGS of all sizes, from 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 LI. A. H.—Seamanship, and its Associated Duties in the Royal Navy, 1 vol 12mo.... 2 50

ANDERSON Gen Robt.—Evolutions of Field Batteries of Artillery, translated from the French and arranged for the Army and Militia of the United States. Published by order of the War Department. 1 vol 82mo, with 81 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 12 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

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,

Saturday, February 20, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONDENSED FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

Washington, Feb. 1.—Trumbull's report from the Judicial Committee on facts connected with the release of James W. Hunt from the Old Capitol prison recently, exonerates Senator Hale from blame in accepting fees for services in acting as counsel before the Judicial Board.

New York, Feb. 2.—The *World's* special dispatch says: It is rumored in official circles that we are on the eve of a war with France. Secretary Seward is said to have adopted such a course towards the French Government concerning the French [occupation of Mexico] as to elicit a reply from the French Minister, in accordance with which the United States must absolutely recede from its former positions or go to war to maintain them. It is certain there is some serious difficulty with the French Cabinet. Mr. Seward, in view of the certainty of a war with Europe, takes the highest possible ground.

A private dispatch says, Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, New York, has been appointed Governor of Idaho.

Richmond papers contain accounts of the running ashore and burning by our fleet of the blockade runner *Usilla* on the 1st of January. She was no doubt a steamer on her first voyage.

The papers also contain an address from Gen. Lee to his army, in which he says he considers it due the army to state that the temporary reduction of rations is caused by circumstances beyond his control, and it is hoped that arrangements now being made will reduce the necessity of its long duration.

New York, Feb. 2.—The Philadelphia *Enquirer* says that 1,200 rebels, who have taken the oath of allegiance, arrived yesterday from the West.

The Philadelphia *Post* says that information has been received that Gen. Gilmore will come North in two weeks. He is now at Hilton Head. Everything in his Department has settled down into the old routine. Several of his best regiments have been sent elsewhere. Others are preparing to follow.

The late calls for troops will necessitate an additional appropriation of $200,000,000. Army appropriation bills appropriate $540,000,000.

New York, Feb. 2d.—The correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Ship Island, under date of January 28th, says: Last night small boats came down to the Sound with the intelligence that the rebels at Fort Morgan had revolted.

Four men escaped in the darkness and came to Ship Island in small boats. From them we learned the first intelligence; since then it has been confirmed by dispatches.

News has been received to the effect that 70 or 80 rebels had been condemned to be shot in Mobile to-day.

Jefferson City, (Mo.) Feb. 1.—The legislature adjourned to-day to attend the funeral of Gov. Gamble, which will take place to-morrow.

The Message of Lieut. Gov. Hall, sent to the Legislature announcing the death of Gov. Gamble, concluded as follows: My constant effort has always been to sustain the Government in all its efforts to suppress the rebellion. In doing this I shall not be solicitous to find fault with the Government or prominent Generals in the field. I shall rather defend them.

New York, Feb. 3.—Intercepted letters of rebel ladies prove that of 3,000 cavalry sent into the Valley of the Shenandoah, during the recent operations, not over 500 returned.

Deserters continue to arrive from the front, and report a great scarcity of provisions and clothing. They also report large numbers waiting for the proper time to avail themselves of the President's amnesty proclamation.

The enrollment of civilians, white and colored, within the lines of the army, is nearly completed.

Washington, Feb. 2.—It is satisfactorily ascertained that the report of the rebel Imboden crossing the Potomac is a canard.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—The *National Intelligencer* of January 23d says, that deserters who entered the Federal lines a few days since report that a rebel general with Texas troops was marching from the interior of Western Louisiana, intending to blockade the river temporarily in order to get arms and supplies. It also says that Bragg and staff are expected to cross the river and assume command of rebel forces.

On Jan. 31st, an expedition went up James river and Island Creek and destroyed provisions and supplies. Within four miles of that place, it encountered a rebel force 200 strong with two pieces of artillery, and routed them; but receiving information of a heavy force between them and Choctaw, they sent for army transports, which owing to heavy fogs did not arrive until 12 o'clock Monday. Feb. 2d, the enemy, 5000 strong with four pieces of artillery, attacked Capt. Lee, who was intrenched at Smithville, and held out against several charges from the enemy until armed transports arrived. The enemy lost heavily in each attack. They sent three flags of truce demanding a surrender, which Lee refused to do. On arrival of the transports, they retreated on board, and the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery on them. A ball striking the bow of one of the boats, she was filled and disabled. Capt. Lee and a portion of his men escaped by going across the river. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing was 80. Enemy's loss 150. It was heavier owing to their superior numbers and they making the attack.

Nashville, Feb. 2.—Gen. Garrett reports that on the 24th ult., our forces under Col. Phillips defeated the rebels under Rodgers at Tona Lake. He captured all their trains, consisting of over 20 mule teams, 200 cattle, 600 sheep, 100 horses and mules.

Washington, Feb. 3.—5,000 rebel prisoners at Point Lookout have enlisted in the Union army. 300 more have petitioned to be allowed to take advantage of the amnesty proclamation.

New York, Feb. 3.—The steamer *Metropolis* has arrived from New Orleans. Forty miles from the Tortugas she captured a blockade-runner.

New York, Feb 3.—A special Washington dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Headquarters Western Virginia of the 2d, states: Col. Mulligan this morning drove the enemy from and reoccupied Burlington, Moorfield Junction, in Patterson creek valley, at noon; 500 rebel cavalry attempted to burn the North Branch and Patterson Creek bridges, and cut the telegraph. They were driven off without doing serious damage.

The *Herald's* New Orleans letter says that troops are being towed over Lake Ponchartrain and landed at Madisonville. All agree that Mobile is to be attacked by land and water.

The *World's* Hilton Head letter says operations against Charleston have virtually ceased. Gen. Gilmore goes to Washington to represent affairs between himself and Admiral Dahlgren.

Baltimore, Feb. 3d.—A Cumberland (Md.) dispatch says the guard, consisting of one company of infantry, posted at Patterson Creek bridge, eight miles east of Cumberland, was attacked yesterday afternoon by 500 rebel cavalry, under Col. Rosser; and after a spirited resistance, in which two of our men were killed and ten wounded, the greater part of the company were captured. This accomplished, the rebels set fire to the bridge, and started off with their prisoners. The employees of the railroad subsequently put out the fire. The bridge was only partially damaged. Gen. Averill overtook the rebels next morning near Springfield, and a severe engagement ensued. The rebels were driven through Burlington, and many of them were killed and wounded. Our captures were large, including the recovery of our men taken yesterday. The enemy are still being hotly pursued by our cavalry.

Fortress Monroe, Feb. 3d.—Gen. Butler telegraphed the following on the 26th January: Gen. Palmer sent an expedition to capture a force of rebel cavalry in Jones and Onslow counties, N. C., which succeeded in routing the enemy, capturing 23 men, with horses and equipments, and destroyed from 150,000 to 200,000 pounds of pork, and 10,000 pounds of tobacco. They also captured several mules.

On the 27th Capt. Caddy, of the 24th New York Battery, with his command captured several prisoners and 1000 sheep in York county.

Chicago, Feb. 4.—The Conscription Act was considered in the House yesterday. The proposition to strike out all commutation was lost by a large vote. An amendment to exempt for three years those who commute was agreed to by a vote of 75 to 49.

New York, Feb. 4.—A meeting of the loyal citizens of Florida was held at Key West, on January 21st, for the purpose of restoring that State to its original status in the Union.

We learn from a South Carolinian at Columbus S. C., that a disastrous fire on Tuesday destroyed $3,000,000 worth of cotton, a large portion of which belonged to government.

Cincinnati, Feb. 4.—On January 29th a train of about 80 wagons, with commissary stores for the garrison of Petersburg, escorted by 800 of Mulligan's command was attacked 3 miles south of Williamsport by 2,000 rebels. A fight ensued, lasting all the afternoon. At night our forces retreated, losing the wagon train, and leaving 80 killed and wounded on the field. The rebel loss is supposed to be about the same.

A large number of refugees from the South are entering our lines in order to escape the Conscription. They state that the night after the passage of the Act conscripting all persons liable to military duty, 90 refugees were caught by rebel pickets along the Chickahominy. These were given a pass for thirty days, with an order to report at the expiration of that time for duty. Fears were entertained in Richmond of an insurrection on the part of this class, and the rebel authorities will not allow more than 500 conscripts to accumulate at the camp near Richmond, from an apprehension of such an attempt. Bands are being organized in many parts of the South for the purpose of resisting the Conscription.

The special Washington dispatch of the *Tribune* says that it is stated that Mr. Dayton will be recalled from France. Gen. Fremont has been appointed to succeed him. There are those who assert, however, that Fremont could not be tempted even by a distinct dish.

Washington, Feb. 4th.—The *Wateree*, gunboat, now here, is destined for the Pacific. Frank K. Murray, her commander states that with heavy guns she makes 12 miles an hour steadily a sea.

We have authority for contradicting the sensation reports published in the Northern papers on Tuesday, of apprehended difficulties with France, growing out of correspondence of Mr. Seward with Drouyn de Lhuys on filling out rebel privateers in French ports. There is not the slightest apprehension felt by those who are conversant with all the facts in the case of any difficulty with the French Emperor on the subject. On the contrary the latest dispatch from Dayton is of quite a different tenor.

Fort Smith, Ark., Feb. 3.—A Union Convention at Little Rock has nominated Judge Isaac Murphy, for Provisional State Governor, and has organized a Provisional State Government. Its proceedings are to be submitted to the people in March next.

Cairo, Feb. 4.—Guerillas still continue their depredations on property below Memphis. Capt. Forrest has been operating in the vicinity of Island No. 60, where they captured 60 horses and mules, and a lot of cattle. They made their escape with their booty; and next went to Fryer's Point, stole all the goods in the place, and carried off several wagon loads of flour, coffee, and other supplies.

Chicago, Feb. 4.—Dispatches from Paris, Ill., mention a disturbance between returned soldiers and copperheads; the latter, said to be 600 or 700 strong, encamped 10 miles from Paris. One hundred and fifty soldiers had been sent from Terra Haute for defense of the place.

Washington, Feb. 4.—Greatly exaggerated reports have been published as to the number of rebel deserters received by the Army of the Potomac. They averaged last month from 5 to 12 a day, but the arrivals this month are more frequent—not, however, at any time exceeding the latter estimate. A letter from the army says that last Monday was the time appointed for the rebel conscripts in Virginia to assemble at their various rendezvous. Refugees say that a large portion design doing so, but many will reach our lines.

Baltimore, Feb. 5th.—The following has just been received from Fortress Monroe: A messenger has just arrived with dispatches to Gen. Butler from Newbern. On the afternoon of the 2d, Newbern was attacked, and the rebels held the railroad between Newbern and Moorhead city, but may be forced to retire to Fort Macon. They surprised and captured the gunboat *Underwriter*, and destroyed her. As long as we can keep the river open we are all right.

Chicago, Feb. 5.—A brief mention has been made in previous dispatches of an extensive expedition down the Mississippi. The general impression seems to be, that it will co-operate with Gen. Banks in a combined land and naval attack on Mobile. General Sherman commands the land forces from the North, and Admiral Porter the fleet. Every gunboat has been ordered to join the fleet, and every available transport has been pressed into the service, carrying troops. Seventeen large steamers were taken at Cairo on the 16th ult. On the 24th, the Sixth Division of the Sixteenth Army Corps, consisting of over 8,000 men left Columbus. At Memphis great activity prevails. Corinth was evacuated on the 25th, everything of value having been brought to Memphis. The railroad east of Lagrange was abandoned at the same time, and the whole force holding the country between Memphis and Corinth have gone down the river under command of Gen. Hurlbut. A large and effective cavalry expedition has been organized under Gen. Smith, Grant's Chief of Cavalry. This expedition will make an extensive raid through the heart of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, to look after the railroads, cotton and negroes. The force will probably number about 12,000. In Louisiana also things are working. Troops are being hurried over Lake Ponchartrain and landed at Madisonville, to co-operate with the Northern expedition.

Wheeling, Va., Feb. 5.—A dispatch from Col. Mulligan says: After six hours fighting, we succeeded in driving Early from Moorfield. Our cavalry is pursuing, and was sharply engaged with Rosser on the south side of the fork.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 5.—Colt's pistol factory is in flames. The loss will be immense. Several lives were lost by the falling of one of the buildings of the factory. The loss, it is believed, will exceed half a million of dollars. The factory was insured for $250,000. The new building in which the new minie rifles are made, was saved, but the original building, with all the machinery, etc., is destroyed. Half of the workmen employed are thrown out of work.

Western Virginia, Feb. 5.—We have met with a signal and brilliant success. Gen. Early has been compelled to retreat up the south fork of South Branch, towards the Shenandoah Valley, in consequence of the vigorous manner in which he has been attacked and pursued by Gen. Kelly's forces. Our combinations proved successful in defeating the enemy's designs. We have taken quite a number of prisoners and captured many of those taken from us. Our force drove the enemy out of Petersburg. The enemy lost a large number of men by desertion. Deserters continue to come in.

Hartford, Feb. 6.—The stock of pistols and rifles destroyed by fire are valued at two million. The whole loss is estimated at two millions. The insurance was only for six hundred thousand dollars. The Minie Rifle Factory continues operations. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

New York, Jan. 6.—A Newbern letter of the 1st, says our pickets were driven in on Sunday night at Bacheldor Creek, Deep Gully, and Bryer Creek. Lieut. Col. Fellows, of the 17th Mass., with 115 men and a detachment of the 99th New York, with a section of Capt. Churchill's battery, went on the Washington road this morning. Another section went out on the Trent road and was captured entire, and only 115 of the 17th Mass., which went under Col. Fellows came back. The enemy came on them in overwhelming numbers, but our troops held them in check till the baggage and camp equipage could be removed or burned.

The detachment of the 17th Massachusetts, under Lieut. Conn, got to the camp of Colonel Classon with some of the 132d New York, at Bacheldor's Creek, in time to help and burn the camp and hospital stores. The enemy followed our men closely until they were under the guns of our forts. Our total loss was probably twenty or thirty killed and wounded, and one hundred captured. The enemy's loss is supposed to be ten or twelve killed, and forty to fifty wounded.

The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch says Gen. Butler confidently believes that the exchange of prisoners can yet be consummated. Commissioner Ould returned to Richmond from City Point, fully convinced that our Government intends to sustain Gen. Butler. Commissioner Ould is in favor of exchange.

There are nearly twenty-one millions in gold in the Treasury.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—A Knoxville dispatch dated Jan. 23d, says: Two divisions of the enemy's cavalry under Gen. Martin attacked our cavalry under Gen. Sturgis on the morning of the 21st, beyond Scottsville. Our forces fell back but afterwards charged and drove them nine miles capturing two guns and 100 prisoners, among whom are several officers. They have about 50 killed and wounded. Our loss was about 100.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—A Nashville dispatch, dated Jan. 23d, says: Longstreet has been heavily reinforced from North Carolina. Our communications with Gen. Park at Cumberland Gap have been cut off, but he thinks he can hold the place for months to come.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Private information has been received from Chattanooga that several days ago there was but a small rebel force at Dalton—the main body of the rebel army having retreated to Rome (Ga.) under Johnston. The retreat is accounted for on the ground that the enemy was forced to go to Rome in order to gain convenient access to their supplies, and to prevent desertion. Between eight and nine thousand rebels have come into our lines since the battle of Missionary Ridge.

There is not much alarm at Chattanooga about the safety of our troops at Knoxville.

Louisville, Feb. 7.—The reporter of the associated press just arrived here. He reports on the highest military authority in Nashville, that all the skirmishes heretofore reported, were merely foraging fights between our own and the rebel pickets. Also, that Gen. Park was at Knoxville and had no communication. It was cut off this side of Cumberland Gap.

The rebel army is around Tullahoma Hill and Dalton.

New York, Feb. 8th.—The *Herald's* special dispatch dated Culpepper Court House, 7th, says Kilpatrick crossed at Culpepper ford and scoured the country from Jacob's ford to the rear of Fredericksburg, finding nothing but the Cavalry pickets of Hampton's division, nearly all of whom were captured.

A body of New York Cavalry went to Jacob's ford, where they had learned there was a sergeant with nine men, they captured three of them.

Kilpatrick then returned, having accomplished the purpose for which he went.

Gen. Warren crossed the 3d corps at Morton's ford yesterday with little or no opposition.

The 2d division of the same corps crossed and attempted to join the 3d in a piece of woods to the left of the ford, when a party of rebels opened on them with musketry from the right of the ford where they had been concealed in another piece of woods.

The night was dark, rainy and foggy, and in firing each party was disclosed by the flash of the guns of their opponents. During the night firing ceased and our men were ordered across the river which they did without molestation.

Washington, Feb. 8th.—It was reported at Brandy Station that Gen. Caldwell, with his own division and another brigade, captured a rebel colonel and two privates of Pickett's force on the crossing of Morton's Ford.

New York, Feb. 8th—A Memphis letter fully confirms previous statements as to Sherman's movements toward Jackson and Montgomery. A capable force is attached under Gens. Smith and Grierson. A large negro force from Port Hudson, under Gen. Ullman, is to join the expedition.

The writer says there are boats in Tombigbee river which may be made available, and it is believed that Mobile is the real object of the movement.

Commend us ever to that man whose ideas and expressions of men and things are based upon conclusions arrived at independently of others, and who dares to think on all subjects boldly for himself. These are the ones who are alone reliable, and the only ones, who in this world of varied ideas, and differing taste, succeed in leaving upon the history of humanity, any impress of the fact, that they ever existed. Just in proportion that the admirable character of one who thus distinguishes himself, is worthy of sincere admiration, the character of that one whose manhood has been surrendered in deference to the opinions of others, is despicable and unworthy. Free thought has of itself made the total of the world's triumphs, the abasement of sentiment has clogged the wheels of every improvement in all time. There be those abundant illustrations of which defile all histories, and examples of which meet one at every turn at the present day, whose identity is merged in that of others, and who are always unprepared to say that the soul which animates their is their own, and who proud of their abasement, glory in the position of a fourth rate flunky to a third rate master.

JOHN PHŒNIX OUTDONE.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press in which an account is given of a horse having a new hoof grown on by the use of a certain farrier's ointment. Now, this reminds us of an incident that happened in Lyons, Wisconsin. A Mormon priest named Nichols, professed a power of doing miraculous things, and compounding medecines. He made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he had cut off, and a new dog out. He didn't know which dog was which. This may seem a tough story, but we have Nichols' word for it, and we don't think he would lie.

The Ebony Casket.

CHAPTER I.

The bright sunshine of early May poured through the folding windows of the sumptuously furnished drawing-room in Belgrave House, and fell aslant the full, round figure of its owner as he reclined luxuriously in his easy chair. A loving smile illumined his florid features, and lent a merry sparkle to his sharp gray eye. The wreath of thin white hair that crested his broad forehead, and the deep lines that furrowed the corners of his pleasant-shaped mouth, would have given credence to the belief that he had long since turned the summit of life's hill; but it was not so; and upon taking a more earnest gaze at Mr. Samuel Babington, the reputed wealthy banker, as he sat there with that spring sunlight resting on him, the conviction forced itself upon the observer that he was not only revelling in the noontide of healthful life, but that the warm glow of unshaded happiness dwelt in his ruddy face. The tall, stately figure of his motherless daughter stood beside him, with one hand gathered fondly round his neck, and the other raised to support her drooping, pensive head; whilst over the delicate surface of her pale features was spread a blushing, haughty frown.

"Now don't deny it, Grace," said her father; "I know by that tell-tale color on your cheeks that you are glad to hear your cousin is soon returning."

"Why should I be otherwise?" was the daughter's supercilious response. "Was he not my playmate long years ago? and ——"

"You hope he will be your life-mate in long years to come," interrupted her father in a merry, laughing voice. "And I hope so too. He is a frank, generous, kind-hearted fellow, and rich into the bargain—immensely rich."

"His recommendations are numerous and great, I admit," said Grace, with the same languid coolness; "especially the last."

"Yes," said her father, "there he is, like a ripe, golden plum waiting to be plucked."

"Dear me, how very tempting!" laughed Grace; "my mouth quite waters. What do you think, Clemency?"

Clemency Maybrook, who was seated by the folding window, deep in the mysteries of a crayon drawing, looked up from her sketch and turned the light of her full dark eyes on Grace, saying quietly, "Blessed is her fate who chooses well and wisely."

"Well said, Clemency! well said!" exclaimed Mr. Babington.

"I tell you, father, that my cousin Hugh is not my choice," exclaimed Grace, sharply, whilst a restful expression of anger gleamed in her eye.

"Then he shall never marry you," said Mr. Babington, seriously. "If he were as wise as Solomon and as rich as Plutus, he would be too poor in wealth and wisdom for my child, unless she loved him."

A servant entered the drawing-room at this juncture, and announced that Mr. Rudderforth was desirous of an interview. A passing shadow swept over the banker's face when he heard the name, and chased away his light humor. "Show him into the library," he said, with an imperious gesture of dismissal to the servant.

The name had fallen with different effect upon Clemency Maybrook, and brought an unusual lustre into her dark eyes and brighter look into her face.

"You will not let him detain you?" said Grace, nestling her head upon her father's bosom as he rose to leave the room.

"No, darling, no," he replied; "merely some trifling business; we shall soon dispatch it. Order the carriage for a drive."

He drew his hands caressingly through the fair girl's golden hair, and leaving a kiss upon her soft pale cheek, followed the servant from the room.

"Frankly now," said Clemency, throwing aside her drawing, and regarding Grace with an observant gaze, "has your heart no touch of woman's love or sympathy for your cousin?"

"None, believe me," replied Grace; and then she asked coldly, "Why?"

"Why?" echoed Clemency. "Do you suppose I have forgotten, although two years have elapsed since he left us for Italy and Switzerland, how strongly he testifies his affection for you? and if, through time and absence that affection still exists—"

"The affection of a cousin, Clemency, I may almost say a brother, nothing more," interposed Grace. "You are aware that he was left an orphan to the guardianship of my father. We were reared beneath one roof together, shared in the same pastimes as boy and girl, and when he passed to man's and I to woman's estate, surely there need be no marvel if our old affection still lives on untouched by the glow of any deeper feeling."

"You cannot answer for the promptings of his heart," said Clemency musingly.

"True," replied Grace, lightly; "but I can for those of my own."

"He is young, amiable and handsome," pleaded Clemency; "do not be too fastidious."

"I am not fastidious, and I grant my cousin's virtues," retorted Grace. "I will even acknowledge that I have tried to love him at some very bygone period. I tell you, Clemmy, that grave, sober face of his seems to me as if it had no right on his young shoulders. So much sense and prudence as he possesses belong to the acquirements of age, but not to the attractions of youth; and if in his absence those unpleasant characteristics have increased, he must be perfectly unbearable."

"Indeed, Grace Babington!" said Clemency, reprovingly. "I think if he married you, his double amount of sense and prudence would be highly requisite."

"He would doubtless enjoin me to study economy and retrenchment," continued Grace, with sarcastic playfulness; "perhaps expect me to live in some outlandish country village, with the privilege of visiting the doctor's or the vicar's family; and as a great indulgence, attend the assize ball twice a year. No opera, no park, no—"

"You do your cousin a great injustice, in confounding avarice with manly forethought, a quality that cannot be too highly prized in a husband; especially if he happens to have an extravagant wife," said Clemency.

"I am sure Hugh Sherwood ought to be proud of your championship!" exclaimed Grace.

"He is worthy of it," replied Clemency, "and you know it. Nay more, he is worthy of your serious better thoughts."

"Extravagant!" exclaimed Grace, following her own train of thoughts, and unheeding Clemency's remark. "Am I not prouder still of his beautiful daughter. A desire for ostentation overcame his mercantile spirit, and wrought a manifest change in his early thrifty habits. He became luxurious, prodigal in his expenditure and lavish in his hospitality. His sole pride, heart and being seemed centred in Grace, and as she reached womanhood the dazzling circle of pleasure was unceasingly traversed. His quiet villa residence was exchanged for Belgrave House, with a retinue of servants and splendid equipages. All seemed to flow smooth and glittering as a river beneath the sunlight. Suddenly, and in quick succession, several unforseen failures gave very rude shocks to the strong commercial citadel. Still, public confidence in the bank remained unshaken. The good name and religious faith so honestly preserved in the past inspired confidence in the future; but, alas! the stately vessel was gliding over sunken rocks to overwhelming quicksands. Mr. Babington smiled, gazed upwards and trusted that some breeze of fortune would lift the leaky ship across the bar. In vain did John Rudderforth warn him of his danger; he plunged more madly into pleasure, and denounced his faithful servant as an evil prophet and a screech owl of ill omen.

Great as was John's mental anguish at those unjust remarks, still he never swerved in his endeavors to tear the veil from the banker's darkened vision. He stood bravely to a post which other men would probably have abandoned; but as it was full of danger, his simple faith cherished the belief that it was likewise full of honor.

At length the oft-predicted crisis became imminent. One of the most important firms in Manchester suspended payment, and Mr. Babington, who was their principal correspondent, was included in a personal claim; he had drawn bills of exchange at short sight, which it was now imperative to meet. The instant John Rudderforth heard of this disaster, he locked himself in the counting-house and examined all the books and letters of correspondence. After three days and nights of incessant toil he wended his way to the banker's splendid mansion, and entered like a black cloud across the sunlight of that bright May day.

The shadow deepened on Mr. Babington's face when he entered the library, and saw at a glance the expression of despair so forcibly depicted in his honest friend's countenance. He threw himself into a chair, and his eye travelled anxiously from John's quivering features to a ponderous mass of papers on the table. At length he nervously inquired, "What is all this?"

"Those papers," said the clerk with respectful firmness, "demand your instant perusal."

"No, John, no," was the petulant reply; "not now, any other time. I am unequal to such a task."

"They have cost me, sir, three consecutive days and nights of searching labor," said the clerk, still mildly, still firmly. "I have stripped the tree of all its fruit, both green, and ripe, and rotten, and there it is."

"You have made a summary, John?" inquired the banker.

"True, sir," replied the clerk; "but that is the last paper I would have you examine."

"Give it to me," said the banker.

The clerk handed his master the particular document, and, as his eye glanced over the figures, a marked transition from passive heedlessness to alarm and terror was visibly perceptible. The hue of ruddy health suddenly faded from his cheek, and a beaded moisture stood upon his knitted brow.

"What is this?" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper; "my assets six thousand pounds short of my liabilities? It cannot be."

"It is true," said the clerk; "and I have included in those assets some doubtful debts."

"But here I perceive," said the banker, catching, as he thought, at a gleam of hope, "that you have valued the Ashdale estate at two thousand pounds less than it cost me."

"In making a forced and hasty disposal of it for ready cash, no other result can be calculated upon," replied the clerk.

"But might I not mortgage it for a sufficient sum to meet my payments until the end of the month?" urged the banker despondingly.

"You would not augment the evil, and favor a few creditors at the expense of the many," replied the clerk.

"True, true," said the banker with mourning anguish. "I have gambled with the future too long, too long." He threw the paper from him and covered his face with hands that trembled. At length he asked, in a tone of hopeless agony, "What is to be done?"

"Sign this paper," replied the clerk, presenting another document to him.

The banker took the proffered paper and ran his eye over its contents, then turning with indignant fierceness to his clerk, exclaimed, "What is this you propose?—a failure, ruin!"

"Better, far better than what you propose," replied the clerk. "By making this assignment, every creditor will receive eighteen shillings in the pound; but your expedient would only lead to a fraudulent bankruptcy. Think of your good name, think of disgrace and dishonor!"

"Ruin, ruin!" cried the banker. "The word blights my heart as it blanches my cheek. My proud, high-spirited child, the one pure blessing of my age—who will shelter her in this fierce storm?"

"The evil is great," said the clerk with tearful eyes and quivering lips; "but if at the end of your sacrifices you can re-establish yourself, a better future may yet be reserved for you. If you are past the vigor of manhood, you are at least blest with glowing health, whilst your faculties are as unimpaired as mine are. Surely it is better to bequeath to your daughter an untarnished name than a dishonorable inheritance."

"Yes, yes, John, you are right," he sighed, half vacantly, while a feeble smile glimmered over his ashy features. "Let me save my honor. Hand me the paper."

"You have it, sir," said the clerk piteously.

"Eh? Have I?" said the banker. "Oh, yes, I see, I see."

He read the contents of the document once more, and as he concluded, he started to his feet with sudden passion, and crushing the paper between his fingers, cried fiercely, "No, I tell you, man, I will not sign it!"

"Alas, sir, my heart bleeds for you," said the clerk, placing his hand with restraining gentleness upon his master's upraised arm. "I have eaten of your bread for many years, and you know your old servant too well to think that he would counsel dishonor. Have courage. Come."

"Dishonor! No, I must not come to that," faltered forth the banker, with feeble utterance. "The pen, John. Where am I to sign?"

The clerk reached him a pen and indicated with his finger the blank space to be filled by his signature; but as the banker prepared to complete the bitter sacrifice, his hand suddenly dropped powerless to his side.

"It is strange!" he murmured. "My sight. What is this gathering darkness? Unloose my neckcloth. Oh, I am choking."

The pen fell from his nerveless grasp, a purple stream issued from his blanched lips, his head dropped heavily upon his chest, and he fell with a dead, dull weight to the floor. John Rudderforth hastened to his assistance, and bending over the prostrate form, took the stiffening hand between his own, but there was no returning pressure. Death's finger had touched his beating heart, let us hope in mercy, and stilled its pulse forever.

Dismayed and terror-stricken, John raised a hurried alarm, and the room was quickly filled by a crowd of wondering domestics. Suddenly, amidst the whispering throng, the stately figure of Grace appeared, and the servants drew back as she swept past them. Her eye rested for a moment on the livid features of her father's corpse. Then, with a rapid action, she bent low and touched his cheek; but its clammy coldness caused her to recoil. She looked around at the hopeless, sorrowing faces, and then the fearful truth glared freezingly upon her. A heartrending wail broke from her lips, and she sank senseless on her father's body.

A few hours later, a travelling carriage drove up to the principal entrance of Belgrave House. Hugh Sherwood had forestalled his visit by several days, and with youth's bounding step, he passed into the house; but the troubled face of John Rutherforth met him at the threshold. With a look of grief that spoke more forcibly than words, he drew him aside into an inner room. The sad tale of death was briefly told; but the light of another day was dawning on the world ere the bank clerk and his late master's nephew broke from their earnest, secret conference.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. C., of this city, tells a good story of Gilbert Stuart the painter, which illustrates finely the power a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing and to reach a few ears.

Stuart had, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring, very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it highly, and came a time afterwards to ask permission to communicate it under oath of eternal secrecy to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand. "I know the art, and that is——"

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," continued Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made, "and that is——"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, and I will tell your friend, and that will be"—making a third mark.

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stuart, "it's one hundred and eleven" (111.)

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

"Do what!"

"Why, how do you find yourself?"

"I never lose myself."

"Well, how have you been?"

"Been—been where?"

"Pshaw! how do you feel?"

"Feel of me and see."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"It's not a good morning—it's wet and nasty."

And the parties separated.

"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? Now, tell me plainly, without any compliments."

"Oh, no, missa, but den me kinder tink——"

"Think what, Dinah?—you're bashful."

"Oh, no, me no bashful, but den me kinder tinks as how missa don't retain her color quite so well as colored lady."

"Now, spos'n you was to be turned into an animal," said Jim, "what would you like to be, Bill?"

"Oh, I'd like to be a lion," replied Bill, "because he's so——"

"Oh, no, don't be a lion, Bill," interrupted little Tom, who has had some recent painful experience at school, "be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster."

One Sunday, a lady called to her little boy, who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to go into the house.

"Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday."

"Well yes, but ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* tells a good one on the Duke of Newcastle. While stopping at the Burnet House, he occupied a room lettered "L," and finding it locked, one time, on his return from a stroll through the city, he astonished the clerk in attendance by inquiring for "the key to hell." Here is where the laugh comes in.

In a certain city, a while ago, when Romeo and Juliet was in bills, a scapegrace known as Romeo was in the pit. When Juliet exclaimed, "Romeo! where art thou?" the youngster arose and said, "Here I am in the pit; I had only a quarter, and couldn't get into the boxes." Juliet fainted.

A newly imported Irishman was "squaring away" at a comrade with whom he had "a bit of a quarrel." A policeman interfered, when Pat exclaimed with great indignation:

"Faith, an it's a pity that in a free country a body cannot have a paceable fight."

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates, why a hardware dealer was like a boot maker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up.

"Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

The American people eat more butter than bread—at least the value of the butter annually consumed is greater than the value of the yearly supply of wheat.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

The Horse in the Stable.

The horse, valuable as he is at all times, is especially worthy of care now when his price is so enhanced by the circumstances of the times. Many at all times, except when doing their work, and all at this season of the year, are confined to the stable. Stable management is, therefore, of very great importance, and the health and durability of this noble animal is dependent upon it.

The first point to be insisted on is a clean and well ventilated stable. It should be so constructed as to have a wide passage-way or floor in front of the horses, to feed from. Above the manger a space should be left, a foot or two in width, clear, and the passage-way should be the avenue for the supply of fresh air to the nostrils of the horse.

The most perfect feeding arrangement we ever saw was a cast-iron box so arranged as, by the removal of a bolt, to swing out into the passage-way, where it could be cleaned and fresh food supplied without the slightest interference from the horse. Such a box has the advantage, too, of resisting all attempts at crib-biting.

The stable should be cleaned out at least twice a day, and the floor sprinkled with a little gypsum. The importance of cleanliness to the health of the horse cannot be overestimated.

We heartily wish, however, that the almost universal practice of tying up horses in stalls could be dispensed with. A little liberality in stable room, which would allow each horse a box in which he might freely turn himself, and dispensing altogether with the halter, would add very greatly to his comfort and health. If the box were kept well littered there would not be the same necessity for frequent cleaning out. The droppings might be allowed to accumulate for a week or more, with saving to the manure heap and no loss to the animal.

The feeding of the stabled horse should be very regular; he is fretted and worried by passing over the accustomed time. When a change of feed is necessary, it should be done with great care, giving a small allowance at first till the stomach becomes used to the change.

He must be cleaned, and well cleaned, every day. A good currycomb, a brush, and an oiled woollen cloth are the utensils necessary. First, take the currycomb and begin at the top of the neck, back of the ears, working the hand both ways; proceed in this way till you have gone over the entire body and legs; then take both comb and brush, and every other stroke draw the brush across the teeth of the comb to clean it. An experienced groom will do this instantly. This done, take your cloth and lay the coat, and remove the dust which adheres to the outside. The face and ears must also feel the brush

Few persons know how to clean a horse properly, and fewer still, perhaps, do it. If the above directions are daily followed, the horse will usually enjoy good health. Daily exercise is also absolutely necessary to the health of stabled horses. If the feet of horses are brittle, and liable to break and crack, they must be well oiled once a week. A horse thus treated will always be ready to go when wanted, and his owner will not be ashamed to ride or drive him.

As to the food of horses, good timothy hay and oats are the stand-by for all driving horses. If good corn blades could be had, we should give them the preference over all other long food. Corn in the ear is the common food of horses in the country, but it is very wasteful to feed corn without grinding. The Pennsylvania farmer, who feeds chopped rye, thinks corn not fit for horses. We should like to see experiments made with the view to substituting a mixture of wheat-bran and corn-meal for oats, as the food of driving horses.

To Promote the Health of Cattle.—Mix, occasionally, one part of salt with four, five or six parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetites and tends to keep them in a healthy condition. It is said to be good against bots in horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep. Horse-raddish root is valuable for cattle. It creates an appetite, and is good for various diseases. Some give it to any animal that is unwell. It is good for oxen troubled with the heat. If animals will not eat it voluntarily, cut it up fine and mix it with potatoes or meal. Feed all animals regularly. They not only look for their food at the usual time, but the stomach indicates the want at the stated period. Therefore feed morning, noon, and evening, as near the same time as possible. Guard against the wide and injurious extremes of satiating with excess and starving with want. Food should be of a suitable quality, and proportioned to the growth and fattening of animals, to their production in young and milk, and to their labor or exercise. Animals that work need more food, and that which is far more nutritious, than those that are idle. In a dry time see that the animals have a good supply of water. When the fountains are low, they drink the drainings of fountains, streams and passages of water, which are unwholesome. If barns and stables are very tight and warm, ventilate in mild weather, even in winter.

Horses and Stables.—The *Scientific American* says that blindness is very common among horses in cities, and attributes it to their confinement in dark stables, and shading their eyes with harness blinders. Upon these premises it argues that the first should be abolished, and that all stables should be frequently whitewashed. The horse is a native of dry, sunny regions, and requires to be kept dry and warm in order to attain the greatest perfection. Close and confined stables, just like those which are so common, are the frequent cause of that violent disease called glanders. A few years since, great ravages were committed among the cavalry horses of France by this disease, but it is now almost unknown in that country. This result has been brought about by simply making larger stables, doubling the size of stalls, and securing good ventilation. In proportion to their bulk, horses need more fresh air than men, in order to perform the functions of respiration, yet they are commonly cooped up in narrow stalls, which are not large enough to keep a dormouse's lungs at work.

Shorthorns as Milkers.—As a milk and dairy-producing cow, properly bred, and educated for that object, the shorthorn has no superior. In England before they were in so great demand as of late years for breeding and feeding purposes, her feats at the pail were triumphantly set forth by her breeders; but of late years, so much more profitable have been her returns for breeding purposes alone, that the milking quality has been measurably neglected for the greater benefit of obtaining a better calf in the sacrifice of a large portion of her milk. That is to say: If the cow is milked to her utmost capacity in quantity, and time in yielding it, it must be to a considerable extent at the expense of the growth and development of the fœtus, or embryo calf within her: she cannot do two things in the best possible manner at one and the same time—give a great yield of milk, and produce the best developed calf together. One or the other must suffer, as the best breeders consider, and the calf being of the most consequence the milk is sacrificed. There are good physiological reasons for this opinion which might be given, but as we are not discussing the science of breeding, it need not now be dwelt upon. But that the Shorthorn has the natural capacity, and when reared and managed for that object, the tendency to produce milk equal to any breed whatever, there can be no question. Numerous recorded instances in this country, as in England, attest that fact. The several volumes of the American Herd Book may be referred to where shorthorn cows have produced thirty to even forty quarts per day, for weeks together, of the richest milk, making a corresponding weight of butter.

Broom Corn Seed Food for Horses.—We are glad to lay before our readers the following facts, upon the value of this peculiar kind of food for stock. To many persons, this will be entirely a new thought, and as broom-corn is already cultivated to a large extent, and will undoubtedly be largely increased the coming year, we hope those who have the opportunity, will try it, and furnish us with their experience and all the results:

In the township of Webster, Mich., where a man was not deemed sound on the broom corn question unless he had half his farm planted to it, I fed it to horses for years, and had an opportunity of seeing it used extensively for that purpose, and it was generally esteemed, by those who used it most, to be an excellent feed for horses giving a firm, hard flesh, and a solid, durable muscle, while, by its oily nature, it imparts a bright, glossy color to the hair.

Some horses will not eat it readily at first, but after a continued use of it they will prefer it to barley.

It is also a fine feed for cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry. If any one doubts this assertion, let them raise a few acres in a poorly inclosed field, and an army of belligerent cattle and besieging swine will soon compel them to acknowledge the corn.

Falling of the Womb in Cows.—I saw a request for any person who had any experience in the case here mentioned (falling of the womb), to give the same. I had a very fine cow a few years ago, which was in that situation, and I took some warm water and cleansed the protruded part, and replaced it as well as I could, but could not get it to stay there, until I took a stitch in each side of the outer part of the uretha, with a small cord and a strong needle, and tied the two ends together. I had to serve my cow thus about three times during three years, each time when she was about half gone with calf. I have advised some of my neighbors to do in the same manner, with success, so far as I ever heard.

The Striped Bug.—The striped bug, when it once makes an inroad into the garden, is the most destructive of the insect tribe. Not only cucumbers and melons are sometimes completely devoured, but squashes and pumpkins share the same fate. Numerous remedies have been suggested, some of them tedious and not altogether efficacious. Recently we came across the following, which looks as though it might be a preventive; at least it is not troublesome or expensive to try: Take a small piece of paper, put it on the ground in the center of your hills, and lay a small stone on each corner to keep it fast; then put on it two or three pieces of gum camphor as large as a pea. Renew the camphor when it is gone. It is asserted to be a complete remedy.

To Prevent Potatoes Sprouting.—Some advise to put potatoes for summer use in barrels, and occasionally empty them from one barrel to another, but I have found that a much more effectual way to prevent their growth, is to shake them in a basket. Take a common basket that will hold a bushel or more; fill it half or two-thirds full, and after giving a good shaking, if the sprouts are long, you will find most of them at the bottom of the basket, and the remainder completely "scotched." It is a more pleasant, certain, and vastly more expeditious way than sprouting by hand.

Cedar Buckets.—To an inquiry, "how to season cedar buckets," I answer: Varnish the inside with simple "shellac varnish." Some of our brewers build immense vats of cedar, (which gives the liquor an exceedingly disagreeable astringent taste,) and varnish the inside as above, and have no further trouble. Nothing is so efficacious, I know, as I have seen vitriol, lime, and &c., all tried, but this answered best. Alcohol and shellac, which are both cheap, are all the ingredients. They will not need it a second time.

Cure for the Bots.—Draw a cord tightly around the neck, or sufficiently so to raise the vein; then make an incision, taking three half-pints of blood from the horse, to which add one half-pint of fine salt. Put the same in a bottle, and drench the horse before it cools. The bots loose their hold upon the horse to eat of the blood, while the blood and salt act as a purge to carry off the bots.

Cure for Ringbone.—The following may be relied on: Equal preparation of the oil of spike, British oil, and turpentine, mixed, with an infusion of liquid vitriol sufficient for fomentation—to be applied immediately—and remixed and applied every other morning for three successive times—after which, soft oil of some kind should be used to suspend the cauterizing effect.

Rats and Mice.—The asphodel is useful in driving away rats and mice, which have such an antipathy to this plant, that if their holes be stopped up with it they will rather die than pass.

Domestic Recipes.

Beef a la Mode.—Take a round of beef, lard it with bacon; then make a dressing of bread, butter, sweet herbs, onion, parsley, salt and pepper, and stuff around the bone, and in several places in the lean part—skewer it and bind it close with tape. Have ready a deep pot, put the beef into it, and half cover it with water; stew it four or five hours—baste it constantly with the gravy and turn it in the pot. When done, place it upon a dish, and garnish it with forcemeat balls, parsley and carrots. Pour the gravy over it, having been previously flavored with Madeira wine.

Oysters—Pickled.—Take the oysters out of their own liquor and wash them in clean water, and drain them well. Make a pickle of salt and water that will bear an egg; boil it and scum it till it becomes clear, then throw your oysters into it, and let them simmer. As fast as they rise, take them out, and lay them one by one in a clean cloth till they become cold. Strain the oyster liquor, put some allspice, cloves, mace, pepper and vinegar to it, and boil it a few minutes. Put your oysters in jars, and pour this liquor over them. Close the jars, and set them away for use.

Oysters—Stewed.—Strain the liquor of the oysters, put it on to boil with a few blades of mace, some whole peppers and allspice; skim it well. When thoroughly boiled, put in your oysters, and give them a boil up. Mix a good sized lump of butter with some flour, smoothly, stir it in the boiling liquor, and add cream according to the quantity of oysters you cook. It is a very great improvement to put a wineglassful of Madeira wine into your dish, and pour the liquor and oysters over it.

Oyster Loaves.—Take some small French rolls, make a round hole in the top, and scrape out all the crumbs. Then put your oysters into a pan, with their liquor, and the crumbs that come out of the rolls; add a good lump of butter, and stew them together five or six minutes; then put in a spoonful of good cream. Fill your rolls with the oysters, &c., lay the piece of crust carefully on again, and set the rolls in the oven to crisp. These loaves may be used at an entertainment.

Oysters—Scalloped.—Wash your oysters well in their liquor, then put some of them into scollop shells, or a deep dish, strew over them a few bread crumbs, with some seasoning, such as you prefer, and spread some butter over them; then add another layer of oysters; then of bread-crumbs, &c., and when the dish or shells are full enough, spread some butter over the top, and put them into an oven to brown.

Oysters—Fried.—Wash your oysters in their own liquor, and then dry them thoroughly. Have ready some rolled cracker, seasoned with pepper and salt; also, the yolk of one or more eggs. (Four eggs to a hundred oysters.) Dip your oysters into the eggs, and then roll them into the cracker. Have a pan ready with some boiling hot butter in it, into which drop the oysters and fry them a light brown.

Oysters—Pickled.—Boil the oysters in their own liquor until they look plump, then take them out, and strain the liquor; add to it wine, vinegar and pepper to your taste, and pour it over the oysters.

Tea Cake.—Take of flour one pound, sugar one ounce, muriatic acid two drachms, bicarbonate of soda two drachms, milk six ounces, water six ounces. Rub the butter into the flour, dissolve the sugar and soda in the milk and the acid in the water, first add the milk to the flour and partially mix, then the water and acid, and mix well together, divide into three portions and bake twenty-five minutes; flat round tins or earthen pans are the best to bake them in. If the above is made with baking-powder, a teaspoonful may be substituted may be substituted for the acid and soda in the above receipt, and all the directions carried out as stated above. If buttermilk is used, the acid, milk and water must be left out.

Harico Soup.—Get a large neck of mutton, cut in two parts and put the scrag end into a stewpan with four large turnips and four carrots, together with one gallon of water. Let it boil gently till all the essence is extracted from the meat. Then wash the turnips and two of the carrots in the broth, cut and fry six onions in butter, and put them in; then cut the remainder of your mutton into very nice chops—not too large—and add them to the soup, and let it stew very slowly till the chops are quite tender. Cut the other two carrots that were boiled into slices, and put them in the soup, just before you take it off the fire; season it with pepper and salt, and serve it up very hot.

Sago Soup.—Boil one pound of beef in two quarts of water, until the essence is completely extracted from the meat. Strain the beef from the broth, and add to the broth one teacupful of sago; boil it gently for one hour, but do not let the sago become too soft. Beat the yolks of two eggs with about half a cupful of cream, pour them into your soup turreen, and then by degrees pour in the soup, stirring it gently.

Kid Gloves.—A simple method of cleaning white or light-colored kid gloves is to dip a bit of flannel in a lather made of milk and curd-soap, and gently rub the glove till the soils disappear; a wooden mould of a hand of suitable size greatly facilitates this operation, but if you have none, you must put the glove on your own hand.

To Clean a Gun barrel.—Wrap clean tow round the cleaning rod. Take a bucket of warm water (soapsuds, if procurable), and run the rod up and down the barrel briskly till the water is quite black; change the water till it runs quite clear through the nipple; pour boiling hot water (clean) down the barrel, if for use. If to put away, use strong mercurial ointment.

To Preserve Furs.—My better half wishes to inform her friends, that she has kept her furs perfectly safe through seventeen summers, simply by putting them in a tight linen bag, tying up tight and hanging up in some dark, dry closet. Those who put up their furs safe in May, will find them safe in November.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Take one quart of brown beans, boil them soft, and strain them through a cullender. Boil three pounds of the blue tripe, very tender; season with pepper and salt, and add a lemon cut into slices. Let the whole boil about five hours.

The Dead Alive

There lived once, in Switzerland, a rich bachelor about forty years ago, called Peter Gortz, who had the reputation of being a very pious but rather austere and thrifty man. He kept but one servant, an orphan, whom, as a child, he took to wait on him, and afterward taught her to write and read, boasting of her fidelity and indulging her as if she were his daughter. He was her only friend. At sixteen, Caroline de Burgh was as comely a girl as eyes need see, with the gait of a peacock, and skin like new milk, but from her silent, almost haughty disposition, the young men called her proud, the young women—fool; though mothers, even of less lowly station, would point her out to their own giddy geese, and cry: "Take pattern by poor Lina!"

Suddenly she appeared to grow timorous and melancholy; and one day was seen by a neighbor to hurry from her master's house, in fearful agitation. Peter Gortz pursued, but missed her; the neighbors sought with better fortune, and overheard her muttering to herself, "The Virgin forbid that I should be so rash—yet—anything rather than that! I can bear it no longer." This man instantly seized and questioned her on the meaning of these words, but as she only trembled, blushed and wept, he forcibly led her back to her master, who looked pleased at her return, and, on what she had said being repeated to him, merely laughed out, "I was too strict this morning, perhaps; silly wench, don't quarrel with thy second father." Lina was about to retort, when Peter bade the other leave them. What was this person's amaze when, next morning, his wealthy neighbor ran to him, all affright with the tidings that his house had been robbed of gold and plate, to a large amount, though no locks were broken, and his servant either murdered and concealed, or carried off alive, which seemed most likely, as everything that had belonged to her was missing, and no signs of contention had disturbed her master in the night. The menaces she had used tempted her hearer at once to suspect her, though the loser did not. She must, it was supposed, have taken the road to her native village. Officers of justice pursued that route, and overtaking a wagon, whose driver looked alarmed at their appearance, insisted on searching it. There indeed they found a female answering the descriptions given them, hidden with her trunk amid the straw. She denied her name, but a sheathed knife was found about her, on which it was graven. "Well," she cried, as if bewildered, "no law can force my return to him." Not heeding her, they lifted out her box. "'Tis heavy enough," said one significantly. "Is it?" she screamed to the driver. This appeal caused them to arrest him also. Falling on his knees, he swore by all the saints that he only knew this girl as having hired him, in the next town, to come privately to a certain house, for herself and baggage; that he had gone, stolen in, moved the box from her chamber to his wagon, where, by another bribe, she had induced him to conceal her. The lid was forced, and at the bottom of her apparel were discovered a sum of money, and other articles of silver, bearing the initials of Peter Gortz. In positive distraction Caroline shrieked, "I refused to be his wife, and told him I would leave him. Oh, he threatened to punish me!"

"You had threatened, too," said one of her captors, "and now, of course, would fain criminate your accuser."

"Nay, then, I am lost indeed!" she cried, and was conveyed to the prison of the town she had just left, amid the execrations of its assembled inhabitants, who had never before heard of such a way as her's for requiting an offer of marriage from a superior.

She was tried immediately on her apprehension. Who could bear witness in her favor? Who knew her character as well as Peter Gortz himself? He gave his evidence with extreme reluctance; everything tended to prove her guilt. She was condemned to die without delay; yet the priest who attended her could gain no avowal of the theft; finding her so impenitent, he tried all the power of terror on her soul, with but the result of unnerving her for the awful fate she was to meet. I cannot grace my story with a word in praise of her heroism. She begged for time, she supplicated the Virgin to interpose and save her young days; she groveled at the feet of her guards; her shrieks and groans rung from the scaffold, she struggled with the executioner, till even he was half overpowered by her pleading beauty. At last her strength and reason failed. She became insensible. The fatal cord was adjusted and the poor wretch left to hang for the usually appointed period.

Her body, according to the sentence of the law, was given for dissection. It fell to the lot of a rising anatomist, named Ebreson, who had it conveyed to the wonted scene of his scientific vigils, a large arched cellar, beneath his house, chosen for its coolness; its air was noisome, and its walls discolored; it was lighted from the ceiling by an antique lamp, whose rays fell on the instruments of his labors, and the still more terrific looking preparations on which he had toiled. The operator was accustomed to attire himself, for these experiments, in a dark dress which tightly fitted his gigantic form, and left his arms bare. His fiery eyes, cadaverous and strong features, set off by his black locks, which streamed over his shoulders, must have rendered him a frightful picture. Before him, on the table, lay the body of Caroline, partially covered with a cloth, often before used for similar purposes, and here and there stained from the dead. Ebreson, who had hitherto been constrained to study from such revolting remnants as his elders might leave of his churchyard spoils, was gratified in attaining an entire figure, so recently deprived of life. He had not attended Caroline's trial, though he had listened with a sad, shuddering interest, to the account of her early crimes and punishment. He commenced his examination. The limbs were scarce yet rigid; and when he bared the face, he observed that the manner of her death had neither blackened nor distorted it; for the first time he was aware of her identity with one he had seen walk the world in maiden pride, oft he had inclined to ask the young thing's name. He knew it now—and half forgetting his art, sighed forth: "Had she been as good as she was fair, this is not a breast which I could lacerate."

He turned away to make some preparation for his horrid work, when a heavy sigh, which seemed to bear upon its breath the word "Mercy!" recalled him to the side of Caroline; he seized her wrist, a feeble fluttering pulse vibrated thrillingly to his touch.

She opened her eyes, gazed around her, saw the surgeon, and all his accompanying horrors. She sprang from the board and threw herself at his feet; her own disarray affected her not, the feelings of this world she believed had passed forever; but in the most earnest accents she articulated: "I know not whether I am in the presence of God or the devil, but I am innocent!"

"Innocent!" repeated Ebreson, in a sepulchral voice.

"Yes," she continued, wringing her hands, "in pity torture me not! or say that this dismal place is but purgatory—that I do deserve, for I did carry a knife about me that I might put an end to my own life, rather than be his, but of the crime for which I suffered, he knows me guiltless; and thou, terrible being, can'st read in my soul that I speak the truth. Oh! thou look'st just, this will not last eternally. Spare, save me! and I will worship thee!"

Such an appeal in such circumstances, and under such a delusion, could not for a moment be doubted. Ebreson, in a transport of gratitude, poured over that dear bruised throat the vinegar which he kept at hand as a disinfector, weeping forth, "Be calm, my child! and fear me not—you are with a fellow-creature, who believes and will protect you. This earth and the life so miraculously preserved shall yet be endeared to you."

Instantly screening her limbs from the chill air, he led her to his own room, consigned her to bed, and brought her food and wine, while his servant slept; and would have left her to rest, but that her state still bordered on delirium; so he sat all night like an elder brother beside her. But now, what was to be done? To announce her existence to the world, cruelly as it had used her, and branded as was her lowly name, might but provoke fresh persecution; she had no power to prove the crimes of Gortz; her new benefactor's assertion of her innocence would not have impressed others with a like conviction; for Ebreson was, as yet, an obscure and needy man. The only course left for her was to fly, call herself something else, and in a distant part of the country live in retirement; but how could she gain a living, while unable to mix with her kind? Ebreson resolved never to abandon her; he could toil for them both. He would trust no one with his secret. Caroline, he thought, would no longer be exclusively his, if he shared the knowledge of her life with his dearest friend. He had one brother in the place, a Catholic cure. Locking up his treasure, he stole out ere dawn, awakened this holy man and borrowed all his money by telling him that debts and some quarrel, consequent on a hasty marriage, forced him to change his name and residence. The priest charged himself with forwarding all goods. Ebreson then hired a swift conveyance, bade Caroline array herself in his attire, packed up his books, instruments and wardrobe, and started.

When his servant rose, the cure was ready to account for everything. Ebreson found in this poor Caroline such intellect and virtue that he married her. The good cure settled with them, and they knew not what had become of Gortz, save that he had left the theater of his wickedness. One night Frere Basil entered their abode with a face of dismay. "Brother," he said, "I come from a shocking sight—the deathbed of a departing sinner. I was called in to administer the consolations of religion to an aged man, who has not long resided here. He will have no physician, though the people about him think he cannot see another sunrise; yet poverty is not the sole cause of his recklessness. He refused the last sacrament, calling himself unworthy of it; so I hastened to secure your charitable aid."

"What is the unhappy patient's name?" asked the wife.

"Gortz, sister."

"Now, all gentle saints be praised!" she cried.

"No questions, brother; our neighbor, the notary, must accompany us all. Pray heaven we are not too late!"

This party accordingly hurried to the wretched abode of the dying man. As they entered his chamber they heard him rave: "Talk not to me of sealed confessions—the whole world gaped on her degradation, and I have wandered for twenty years, like the accursed, undying Israelite; still no rest from that thought. I can give ye nothing, mercenaries. If ye find any gold, bury it at the gallows foot, or lay it out in masses—but no! no hopes of pardon for thy murderer, innocent Lina."

Caroline drew aside his curtain. At first he stared without recognition. When she called him by name, believing that he beheld her spirit, he coweringly hid his face; but she, removing his hand from his face, whispered: "Peter Gortz, take courage; I bring you peace and pardon. You are no murderer. The queen of heaven enabled her true servant wondrously to save me from death, and you from despair. I am a happy wife and mother. Yonder is my husband, come to serve you if he can."

The moment Gortz was assured of her life, he started up, and retributive justice again begged for one hour's—for but one half hour's breath. "Some potent restorative," he cried; "my poor girl's fame must be cleared all to the world, and as much atonement made as wealth can do." The draught was given: the notary was ready. To him, Peter deposed that, believing Caroline thought herself entirely dependent, and in his power, her rejection to his suit, and threats of departure, had stung him to vindictive madness. She told him that she had packed up, ready to set forth with the first light, and insisted on leaving the house to seek a conveyance, telling him that she had left her trunk open; he might search it if he would, for she had stolen nothing. These brave words gave his hitherto indefinite desire for revenge a feasible shape; and, during her absence, he had actually sewn into her raiment the plate and money, which he had concealed at the bottom of her box, leaving it apparently just as he found it; and when she returned, bidding her farewell with a semblance of relenting, ere he retired for the night. Having made this statement, he formally consigned the whole of his long hoarded wealth to her, and sank into a peaceful slumber, from which he never awoke in this world.

A preacher should not have a beam in his eye, but if he looks around him in his sermon, he will be sure to have a good many sleepers in it.

The boy who drives a flock of geese is quite as respectable a quill-driver as most votaries of pen and ink.

San Francisco.

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