

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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

VOL. VI.

STELLACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

NO. 13.

PUGET SOUND HERALD
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Editor and Proprietor.

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CHAS. PROSCH,
Song of the Shakes.
WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE ALCHEMIST.

Shake! Shake! Shake!
With body trembled and white,
With eyes that hate the light,
Shiver, and tremble, and strain,
With perpetual eye pain.
As if a fierce Icelandic rain,
Or horrible Arctic hurricane,
Were driving and freezing body and brain!

Shake! Shake! Shake!
Shudder, and cover, and quake,
Till every nerve has its separate quiver,
And every shiver its separate shiver,
And every bone its particular ache,
For either you or "the chill" must break.

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[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Coldingham Abbey.

Most of our readers, we dare venture to say, have either heard or read of Coldingham Abbey; but, for the enlightenment of such as may not, we may be permitted to add that for several centuries it continued to be one of the most famed and opulent of the many religious houses with which Scotland was studded. There are hoary chroniclers who tell how, many long years ago, the Saxon Princess Ebba, sister of Osway, King of Northumbria, was obliged to flee from the dangers with which her father's kingdom was distracted—how she embarked in a boat which she found lying at the mouth of the Humber—and how her frail self, destitute of armor or rudder, bent its way over the turbulent billows, till it landed her in safety on a sandy beach on the coast of Berwickshire, a little eastward from where St. Abb's, in giant grandeur, now rears his venerable head above the waves. The same venerable authorities record how the priests who officiated in a lonely temple, like the cry of the eagle, was perched upon the summit of that stupendous cliff, looking forth upon the stormy ocean, despaired with astonishment and awe the little boat bounding triumphantly over the billows, which threatened every moment to engulf it in their voracious abyss; and how the Princess, filled with gratitude to Him "who rules the whirlwinds and directs the storm," piously resolved to dedicate to His service the remainder of her life and fortune, and thus became the foundress of Coldingham Abbey. Time would fail us were we to enumerate the enormities which were carried on by the inmates of this religious establishment after the death of the sainted Ebba; nor shall we detain the reader by telling him how the deity, grievously incensed at the turpitude and extent of their delinquencies, commissioned a sect of Scandinavian rovers to land upon the neighboring coast, and consume the monastery and its wicked inhabitants in one common conflagration; and how it lay in ruins for about two hundred years thereafter, a monument of Divine retribution. In the year 1098, King Edgar of Scotland caused a much more splendid edifice to be reared upon its foundations. According to worthy Andrew Winton's re-creative "Chronicle"—

"Colyngtham then founded he,
And richly gart it dower he;
To Outhert, Ebb, and Mary baith,
This baith kirik he dedicate."

Therein he planted a colony of Benedictine monks from Durham, whence, at various times thereafter, it continued to be supplied. These worthy ecclesiastics and their successors, at the same time that they made spiritual affairs their profession, were by no means deficient in their regard to what was considered to be of tantamount importance, the laying of sufficient supplies for the due support of their monastery. In short, like the brethren of a neighboring Border convent, the monks of Coldingham

"Made gude baill
On Friday morn, they fasted;
Nor wanted their beir or last;
As lang as their neighbors' last."

Unlike the graver charismen of modern times, they engaged eagerly in the sports of the chase. Starting forth from their cells by break of day, they pursued the startled deer from his covert in the woods which sheltered the beautiful valley of the Eye; and, when the chase was over, planted in triumph his antlered head upon the festive board of the refectory. Then, crowding around it, they qualified their venison with liquor from goblets which mantled high with the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape; and concluded the business of the day amid the din of "wassail, rout, and revelry."

"Now it happened, about the middle of the fifteenth century, that there sprung up the powerful and warlike clan of the Homes, who soon became proprietors of many estates adjacent to the Abbey lands, and exercised the authority of more than Border barons over the persons and property of the greater part of the inhabitants of what were called the Eastern Marches. They soon began to cast invidious eyes upon the rich possessions of the monks; and, a favorable opportunity having at length occurred, they succeeded in getting one of their family installed into the lucrative office of Bailiff to the Priory. From that period they began gradually to encroach upon the power of the other officials, and to appropriate the revenues to the furtherance of their own ambitious schemes; so that the persons of the poor monks, once plump and rosy, "with good capon laid," dwindled down to be the very ghosts of what they were, by reason of the scanty manner in which their larder was supplied. About the year of grace 1487, the king formed the design of applying the revenues to the support of a splendid chapel-royal which he had recently erected at Stirling; a proposal which, if it had been carried into effect, would have forever blasted the selfish views of the usurping Homes. They, however, resolved not to be so easily forced to relinquish that which they had been in the habit of considering as their own; and, forthwith rallying their vassals around them, and contemptuously unfurling their banners upon the battlements of Fast Castle, Wedderburn, and Dungleas, they impetuously rushed into that rebellion which cost the king his life. His gallant son, James the Fourth, though certainly indebted to them for his premature elevation to the throne, when calmly seated there, and left to meditate at leisure upon the odious means by which he had attained it, cherished such an inveterate hatred against them that, while he lived, he would not allow a single member of the family to hold office within the Abbey. The fall of Prior Stuart at Flodden, by the side of his ill-fated father, the king, created a vacancy, however, which the Homes, at all hazards, resolved upon filling up; by installing their kinsman, David Home, a younger brother of their chieftain, in the Prioryship. The Regent Albany sought in vain an excuse for subjecting him to the same bloody fate as his two brothers had experienced soon after

his accession to office; though he gave large bribes to Hepburn, the chieftain of Hailes, and others, with whom he knew him to be at enmity, to find out some way of privately assassinating him. This horrid crime they found it by no means easy to accomplish. The Prior, aware of Albany's machinations against him, seldom ventured abroad beyond the precincts of the monastery, and then only when attended by a numerous escort of armed Borderers.

His time was for the most part devoted to the study of the sciences of astrology and necromancy; if, indeed, we may be allowed to dignify with the name of science systems which were based in ignorance and superstition.

It chanced one day, about the middle of March, 1518, that the Prior, having had occasion to make a short excursion from the monastery, was returning homeward with his escort over a moor that lay to the westward of the Priory, when their attention was attracted by the body of a man lying stretched on his back upon the heath. He appeared to be perfectly insensible, and only replied to the questions which were put to him by uttering frequent and deep groans. It seemed to be about the middle of the day, and he was dressed in the garb of a mendicant, though there was something in his general appearance that seemed to indicate that he had not been long, at least, reduced to the necessity of following that abject calling.

"Manderston," said the Prior, addressing one of the most athletic of the horsemen, who had dismounted to inspect the body of the mendicant, "do you see to get the poor wretch placed upon a litter, and conveyed with as much ease as may be to the Priory, whither some of us shall ride on before, and instruct Father Benedict to get such accommodations prepared as he may deem most meet for his restoration."

Having given these instructions, the Prior rode on to his tent, and speedily arrived with a few of his retinue in the courtyard of the Abbey. He was just on the point of entering into the cloister when he felt himself suddenly pulled by the skirt of his riding cloak. On turning round, he discovered standing behind him an old man, who usually formed part of his escort, the rueful aspect of whose countenance made him look like one who knew himself to be the bearer of tidings which he considered might be far from agreeable.

"What aileth you now, Lamsden?" said the Prior, scarcely able to repress a smile at the tragico-comic expression of the veteran's features; "you look like a man who has made up his mind to go to the gibbet than a bluff, far-naught Borderer, as you have heretofore proved yourself."

"Pardon me, my lord Prior," replied the other; "but I like not thy bringing hither yonder stranger for a guest. I doubt much, if mine eyes deceive me not, that he is something more than a gaberlunzie, albeit he weareth the dress of a seer; and that, I dread, will be over soon kind, to the sorrow of many, gin you'll no let me gang immediately to give directions that he is no to be brought within these walls."

"Why, Lamsden," rejoined the other, "you seem to have become dotard, old fool; your language is shrouded in greater mystery than are the writings of many of my old alchemistic authors; and Heaven knows many of them are sufficiently obscure. Explain yourself quickly, and detain me not; otherwise his life, be he mendicant or merely talker, like yourself, will be lost for want of timely assistance."

"Call me dotard, or babler, or worse, as thou list, my liege; but I may not forbear to warn thee against him. Thou knowest James Hepburn, the chieftain of Hailes, and what thou hast to expect should thou and he be together; for he hath vowed that Scotland shall not long have you baith till he be revenged upon thee. Under the gaberlunzie garb thou didst behold that chieftain. I once saw him, in cold blood, stab one of his own henchmen; and, since that time, his appearance hath been riveted upon my mind."

"Get you to your dormitory, old fool, and try what effect a little sleep may lead you in quieting your diseased imaginations," interrupted the Prior, impatiently, and immediately disappeared through a small Saxons-areway that led into the cloisters. He soon introduced himself into a small apartment, little more than six feet square, dimly lighted by a small circular aperture in the roof. In it sat Father Benedict, at a table covered with old musty parchments, and huge, moth-eaten volumes stowed with iron clasps. Though he had not exceeded forty-five years of age, his bald head truly indicated that those hours which the other members of the fraternity devoted to recreation and slumber were by him spent in study and nocturnal vigils. Underneath a set of bushy grey eyebrows gleamed two dark, penetrating eyes, betokening the superior share of intellectual acuteness which their owner possessed. His craft and insinuating manners had often proved efficient to the Homes in quelling the dissensions which not infrequently broke out among the monks during that turbulent age. He arose from his seat and made the customary obeisance as the Prior entered; and, on being apprised of the object of his visit, he proceeded, with great complaisance, to remove from an open chest various bottles, containing liquors of different colors, the names and virtues of which he explained to the Prior as he set them carefully down upon the table. At length he produced one considerably larger than the others, and holding it up with great satisfaction before the Prior's face—

"This containeth," said he, "one of the best elixirs in my pharmacopoeia. 'Tis the discovery of Henry de Grotham, a brother monk of Durham, who happening, some years bygone, to be sent hither on secular business, imparted unto me the valued secret of its composition. It is by far the best of my meditations—the Elixir Rhizorum, as I might call it. When Abbot Fornara presided in this house, it never failed to bring him forth out of those fits of stupor wherewith he oftentimes fell towards nightfall; and I doubt not but it will prove equally efficacious unto the varlet whom

thou findest lying senseless upon the moor."

While he spoke, a noise was heard at the entrance to the cloisters. It was speedily followed by a knocking at the door of Benedict's apartment, from the exterior of which an announcement was made that the sick man had been deposited in the hospital. Thither Father Benedict now hastened, with all due dispatch, to exercise his Esculapian skill, not forgetting to carry with him his favorite sanitary elixir. Nor did the result show that his estimable virtues had been over-highly rated; for ere the vesper bell had rung, his patient had so far recovered as to be able to complain of a sense of suffocation, which led him to request that the casement of the window might be thrown open, to admit the fresh air. From that time he rallied so fast that the monk, deeming it unnecessary to attend upon him longer, locked the door, and left him to compose himself for the night.

the perpetrator of the horrid deed. The

the Regent readily agreed to appoint his kinsman, Robert Blackadder, to the vacant Prioryship; and, accordingly, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, within whose diocese the Abbey stood, appointed the fifth day of October following for the performance of the ceremony of installation. No sooner was it known that the office had been conferred upon their kinsman, than the Blackadders of the Mers, the Hepburns, and their other respective chieftains, to pay their obedience to the new Prior, and escort him thence to the Priory over which he was called to preside.

In the present instance, the ceremony was expected to be one of the most splendid and imposing that had ever been performed within the hallowed walls of Coldingham. No expense was to be spared, it being the first time that a Blackadder had reached the dignified office of Prior. For several weeks preceding the entrance of young Blackadder into his new domains, the good people of Coldingham were all busily engaged in making preparations for the ceremony. Almost every individual in that then far from inconsiderable township found business moving on more briskly than usual in consequence of the anticipated ceremony. Watty Geddes, the tailor, found trade increase so fast upon his hands—being employed to fit out the monks with a new assortment of cowls and scapulars—that he required to enlist in his services, *pro tempore*—that is to say, till the completion of the cowl and scapular—some five or six knights of the needle from the neighboring villages of Auldcaubus, Eymouth, and Aucheneraw. And, while the wrights, blacksmiths, and other artisans, were busily occupied in making repairs upon the monastery itself, it was with no small exultation that Mistress Grizzel Turpenney was enabled, one evening, to declare to a "well-stored roomful" of her neighbors, when the briskness of trade had induced to squander an extraordinary mark or two upon her liquor, that her fingers were "clean blistered with turnin' the spigot."

Scarcely a week had elapsed after the murder of the Prior, when Father Benedict, the monk to whom we have already introduced our readers, stole forth from his cell, about midnight, to the stables, where, adding a pony, he led it softly to the court-gate of the Abbey. It was, of course, at the time, shut, which prevented ingress or egress to a horseman, though foot passengers could at all times gain admittance into the Abbey yards by what was called the Kirk-Styke.

"Who goes there, and what dost want?" bawled out Ratta Stinson, the porter, who was posted for which service he received the monk's blessing, under the comforting influence of which he once more rolled his drunken carcase under the bedclothes.

The monk, however, went to visit no dying layman, as he had told the porter, but upon quite a different errand. Ere two hours had elapsed, he found himself in the court of the priory, and, as he approached, the moon shone out and displayed to him the figures of the sentinels moving to and fro upon the summits of its battlements. It was a noble pile, and one of the strongest upon the borders, though it owed its strength more to the assistance of art than of nature. A deep moat, forty feet wide, swept round a septagonal wall, fortified with numerous turrets, far above the tops of which fluttered in the moonbeam the banner of its rebellious lord.

After some altercation with the warders, and undergoing a strict scrutiny, the draw-bridge was let down, and Father Benedict admitted into the court-yard. Here he was left to his meditations for some time, till the chieftain's presence. He was sitting by the window in an apartment at the top of the tower, brooding over the melancholy fate which had lately befallen so many of his kinsmen, and revolving how he could most amply revenge it, when the monk entered. His feelings were those of the bitterest chagrin when he heard of the sumptuous arrangements in progress for the inauguration of his kinsman's successor. His pride, too, was mortally hurt when he thought of the joy which prevailed among the inhabitants of Coldingham, who, at that time, had been no sufferers during the rule of his family—though, perhaps, their rejoicing was rather produced by the supposed advantage that would result from the present increase of trade than from any pleasure felt at the downfall of their old superiors. In this gloomy mood, he had passed the preceding part of the night, and had resolved—and when did a Home resolve in vain?—that Blackadder should fall by his sword.

"Knight of Wedderburn," said the monk, "hath the spirit of the Homes perished with those whom the proud foreigner and his minion have slain? Is there no one still left to tell him that Scotland may not be turned into a slaughter-house for thy race? Two days more and Blackadder's thine enemy, will be Prior of Coldingham."

"And in two days more his head shall be reared upon the highest pinnacle of its towers," interrupted the ruthless knight; "ay, and turned towards the west, too, that when the Regent shall come to visit him, his minion may not be the last to greet him."

The day fixed for the installation at length arrived. All the eminences, for many miles around, were occupied by groups of people from the surrounding district, who flocked

cagerly together to catch a view of the

the splendid cavalcade, as it passed on its route to Coldingham. The sun shone out brightly—the birds carolled forth their sweetest notes—and the whole aspect of nature accorded with the joyous state of the spectators' minds. It was a holiday sight which few then living had ever before seen. Most of the later priors had intruded themselves into the monastery by force, and consequently had readily dispensed with the ceremony of formal installation. About midday, the sound of the bagpipes and tambour, now and then broken in upon by the martial blare of the bag, announced to the anxious multitude that the procession was approaching nearer and nearer. With one accord they all rose from their seats upon the heath, and vied with each other who should catch the first glimpse of the approaching cavalcade. At length it came so near as to be distinctly visible to all, and was greeted with loud and long-continued cheering. First of all was a four-wheeled vehicle, covered with Tuscany cloth, and decorated with rich figures of the saints, wrought in gold and silver, and drawn by four milk-white steers, finely harnessed. In it were two monks, clad in loose white robes, kneeling at the foot of an *ex-voto* crucifix, to which was affixed an illuminated figure of the Savior. Behind followed eighty black-clad monks of the order of St. Benedict, each holding in his hand an ivory crucifix. Then came a superbly mounted cavalcade, consisting of upwards of five hundred horse, in front of which rode the celebrated Abbot Forman, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the official of Lothian; the Dean of the Mers; and the new Prior—all of their horses adorned with a costly cloth of crimson, the corners of which were supported by four pages who strutted by the side of each. The greater part of the horsemen were well armed, as a precautionary measure against any interruption from the Homes, whose strongholds of Fast Castle and Dungleas were but little removed from the road they had to pursue.

A few days antecedent to the celebration of the ceremony, the grand aisle of the church was splendidly decorated with figures of the saints, around whose necks were entwined long and showy wreaths of flowers; and instead of some antiquated full-length portraits of the Homes who had held office in that fane, were substituted those of some of the priors of older date, which, for more than a century, had been laid aside in an obscure corner of the building. On the portals being thrown open for the entry of the procession, the latter were found to have been removed—the portraits of the more recent priors to have been replaced by the wreaths stripped from the bodies of the images—and the whole interior of the church restored nearly to its usual condition. This disarrangement, however, which afterwards proved fatal to the individual to whom the keys of the sanctuary had been assigned, was insufficient to prevent the commencement of the ceremony. After the celebration of mass, at the high altar, by the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, the usual oaths were administered, and papers signed by the new dignitary, in presence of the whole assembly. Nothing occurred to break in upon the order of the ritual, till that part of it intervened wherein it was declared by the bailie or sub-priory that the election had taken place without one dissenting voice. At that instant, a harsh-toned voice replied, from the upper part of the building—"A Home objects, and a Home still lives to punish;" and, on looking upward in the direction whence this ominous declaration seemed to proceed, the reflected shadow of a man in armor was seen emerging from behind one of the buttresses. The assembled laity, started up, and the parchment dropped from his hand upon the pavement, while a tremulous "Save us, Holy Outhert!" escaped from his lips. The rest of the congregation remained for a minute in mute astonishment. At length, silence was broken by Hepburn of Hailes demanding, in a stern voice, who he was that dared thus arrogantly to interrupt the ceremony; at the same time ordering the gates to be locked, and the whole monastery searched for the apprehension of the intruder. Encouraged by his example, a hundred subordinates were quickly set in motion, every corner of the building scoured for the apprehension of the intruder; but no traces of the mysterious visitor were apparent, if we except the impression of recent footsteps, visible in the garden surrounding the monastery, and traceable from the bottom of a winding stair that communicated with the upper part of the building by a neglected passage. After this fruitless search, the parties returned to the church, and the remainder of the ceremony was gone through; but the spirits of all present had received such a "damper," as resisted the effects of the flagons of Mistress Turpenney's best liquor, which was afterwards dispensed free to all (and they were not few) who chose to partake of the new Prior's bounty. Various were the conjectures thrown out by the people as to the manner in which a Prioryship so inauspiciously begun would terminate.

On the following morning, the Prior, accompanied by a part of the retinue which had attended at the installation, in accordance with the usual custom, proceeded on a diet of visitation to the various cells and apartments within his jurisdiction. Having visited the cell at Ayle, the evocable advanced towards Lamberton, the eastern boundary of the diocese. On visitations of such nature, it was customary for all whom they met upon their way to retire to a little distance from the road, and to remain uncovered till the company who formed the procession passed by. The latter had only traversed about half of the ground between the places just mentioned, when a troop of armed horsemen appeared advancing toward them across the moor. Instead, however, of observing the general practice of falling off to the left, they continued strutting onward in the middle of the road. Perceiving the inclination thus manifested to neglect this point of etiquette, one of the horsemen connected with the cavalcade galloped up to the daring and irreverent equi-

trians, to expostulate with them on the

impertinence of non-compliance therewith. His exhortations were, however, utterly disregarded; and, on using certain language, deemed insulting by the party, a scuffle ensued, and shortly terminated in the overthrow of the unfortunate mediator. In the meantime, the monastic assemblage looked on with indifference. The armed escort now abandoned their position in the rear, and planted themselves in a dense phalanx in the middle of the path, determined to avenge the insult thus offered to clerical dignity. The monks, at the same time, retired to an eminence a little removed from the road, to await the result of the combat. Nor did the recusant horsemen seem to have expected a submissive toleration of the affront; for no sooner had they vented their rage upon the person of the unfortunate wight who had dared to dictate to them, than they formed themselves into fighting array, and continued their progress till they arrived within a few yards of the insulted Prior and his escort. Nothing in the shape of parley was for a moment attempted. It was obvious, from the firm and determined posture into which both parties had thrown themselves, that nothing less than the blood of his antagonist would satisfy the rancor that burned within the breast of each. The result of the skirmish was long doubtful. At the very commencement, two individuals joined together in single combat, and, for some time, continued to parry each other's blows with the greatest success. At length, the elder of the two received such a severe stroke from his antagonist, upon his sword-arm, that it fell powerless by his side, and his weapon dropped upon the heath. His adversary immediately sprang upon him, like a tiger upon his prey, grappled him by the throat, hurled him to the ground, and planted his knee firmly upon his breast. Then, drawing out from his belt a silver-hilted dagger, and pointing it to the heart of his victim, he exclaimed:—

"Ha, knave! didst thou think that Home no longer lived to revenge the murder of his kinsman? Thou shalt now die for it!" At the same time he plunged the weapon up to the hilt in the heart of his prostrate adversary. Scarcely had he done so, when a youth, dressed in an ecclesiastical robe, sprang forward, apparently for the purpose of arresting the fate of the fallen man; but he came too late. In his eagerness to intercept the fatal blow, he stumbled, and instantly shared the fate of him whom he had come to save.

Need it be added that the individual who achieved these sanguinary deeds was David Home, the knight of Wedderburn, and that his victim was Hepburn the chieftain, and Blackadder the Prior? The combat, which was afterwards known upon the Borders as the "Baird of Lamberton," terminated in favor of the Homes. The heads of Hepburn and the Prior were hewn off and fixed over the principal gates of the Abbey, where they were allowed to remain for some months—a horrid spectacle to the multitude.

As a steambat was about to start from Cincinnati the other day, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said in a suppressed voice:—"I say, me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger.

"A berth! thunder and lightning, do!" gasped the astounded man; "we ha'nt but just got married; we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—and a bed!"

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. — to her friend Mrs. —, whose *embouchure* is so strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean."

"I'll tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish; you think too much of me—too little of yourself!"

A gentleman told his little boy, a child of four years old, to shut the gate. He made the request three times, and the youngster paid no attention to it. "I have told you three times, my son, to shut the gate," said the gentleman sorrowfully. "And I've told you three times," replied the child, "that I won't do it. You must be very stupid!"

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman to a lady whose husband was a brickman, "Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones when he is on the cars?"

"No, not at all, for if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it; because Mr. Williams got \$10 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since."

A young "blood" in Suckertown, wishing to enter into conversation with one of the fair ones, donned his best looks and addressed her thus:—"Mrs., can I have the exquisite pleasure of jolting the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of your understanding for the space of a short time, this evening?"

The lady faintly.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked! She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of young America to his mother.

"Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I had my day, and I'll lam you again."

The editor of the Southern *Tribe* says that he has eleven children. If they are no smarter than their father, the case is an illustration of the old saying, "one fool makes many."

An English paper states that "a sheep gave birth to a lamb in Cambridge, lately, belonging to a widow lady with six legs and five wool all over her head."

trians, to expostulate with them on the

impertinence of non-compliance therewith. His exhortations were, however, utterly disregarded; and, on using certain language, deemed insulting by the party, a scuffle ensued, and shortly terminated in the overthrow of the unfortunate mediator. In the meantime, the monastic assemblage looked on with indifference. The armed escort now abandoned their position in the rear, and planted themselves in a dense phalanx in the middle of the path, determined to avenge the insult thus offered to clerical dignity. The monks, at the same time, retired to an eminence a little removed from the road, to await the result of the combat. Nor did the recusant horsemen seem to have expected a submissive toleration of the affront; for no sooner had they vented their rage upon the person of the unfortunate wight who had dared to dictate to them, than they formed themselves into fighting array, and continued their progress till they arrived within a few yards of the insulted Prior and his escort. Nothing in the shape of parley was for a moment attempted. It was obvious, from the firm and determined posture into which both parties had thrown themselves, that nothing less than the blood of his antagonist would satisfy the rancor that burned within the breast of each. The result of the skirmish was long doubtful. At the very commencement, two individuals joined together in single combat, and, for some time, continued to parry each other's blows with the greatest success. At length, the elder of the two received such a severe stroke from his antagonist, upon his sword-arm, that it fell powerless by his side, and his weapon dropped upon the heath. His adversary immediately sprang upon him, like a tiger upon his prey, grappled him by the throat, hurled him to the ground, and planted his knee firmly upon his breast. Then, drawing out from his belt a silver-hilted dagger, and pointing it to the heart of his victim, he exclaimed:—

"Ha, knave! didst thou think that Home no longer lived to revenge the murder of his kinsman? Thou shalt now die for it!" At the same time he plunged the weapon up to the hilt in the heart of his prostrate adversary. Scarcely had he done so, when a youth, dressed in an ecclesiastical robe, sprang forward, apparently for the purpose of arresting the fate of the fallen man; but he came too late. In his eagerness to intercept the fatal blow, he stumbled, and instantly shared the fate of him whom he had come to save.

Need it be added that the individual who achieved these sanguinary deeds was David Home, the knight of Wedderburn, and that his victim was Hepburn the chieftain, and Blackadder the Prior? The combat, which was afterwards known upon the Borders as the "Baird of Lamberton," terminated in favor of the Homes. The heads of Hepburn and the Prior were hewn off and fixed over the principal gates of the Abbey, where they were allowed to remain for some months—a horrid spectacle to the multitude.

As a steambat was about to start from Cincinnati the other day, a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said in a suppressed voice:—"I say, me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk—passing tickets out to another passenger.

"A berth! thunder and lightning, do!" gasped the astounded man; "we ha'nt but just got married; we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—and a bed!"

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. — to her friend Mrs. —, whose *embouchure* is so strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you had some of my lean."

"I'll tell you," replied the fair wit, "what is the father to that wish; you think too much of me—too little of yourself!"

A gentleman told his little boy, a child of four years old, to shut the gate. He made the request three times, and the youngster paid no attention to it. "I have told you three times, my son, to shut the gate," said the gentleman sorrowfully. "And I've told you three times," replied the child, "that I won't do it. You must be very stupid!"

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman to a lady whose husband was a brickman, "Mrs. Jones, do you feel worried about Mr. Jones when he is on the cars?"

"No, not at all, for if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it; because Mr. Williams got \$10 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since."

A young "blood" in Suckertown, wishing to enter into conversation with one of the fair ones, donned his best looks and addressed her thus:—"Mrs., can I have the exquisite pleasure of jolting the wheel of conversation around the axle-tree of your understanding for the space of a short time, this evening?"

The lady faintly.

A pretty girl attended a ball out West, recently, decked off in short dress and pants. The other ladies were shocked! She quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about the neck, as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers!

"You are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of young America to his mother.

"Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I had my day, and I'll lam you again."

The editor of the Southern *Tribe* says that he has eleven children. If they are no smarter than their father, the case is an illustration of the old saying, "one fool makes many."

An English paper states that "a sheep gave birth to a lamb in Cambridge, lately, belonging to a widow lady with six legs and five wool all over her head."

PUGET SOUND HERALD STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, April 2, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONTINUED FROM THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.] New York, March 18.—The World's special has a report that Stuart, with 5,000 cavalry, crossed the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg.

The House Judiciary Committee have instructed its chairman to report, with a recommendation of its passage, an amendment to Wilson's resolution proposing to the several State Legislatures that the Constitution be so amended as to prohibit slavery as incompatible with a Republican Government.

New York, March 18.—The steamer Ellen Ferry from New Orleans on the 13th, has arrived. The Times reports the sending of 50,000 troops into North Carolina. It says Newbern is impregnable, but the time has come when the Federal army must penetrate to the interior, carrying the banner of social and political emancipation.

Fort Smith, March 18.—The Arkansas election closed to-night, having continued three days under the old civil war system. All counties North and about twenty south of Arkansas river voted. Ten to fifteen thousand votes were cast. The new State Constitution proposed by the late convention, is almost unanimously adopted, there being so far only 137 votes against it. Murphy for governor and the whole State ticket is elected.

Chattanooga, March 18.—Considerable excitement prevails throughout Georgia, on account of Gov. Brown's message. The rebel papers discuss it with much violence. Freight trains were captured near Tallahassee last night by a party of Wheeler's cavalry. Two colored regiments are reported to have been captured by Gen. Sherman's forces.

New Orleans, March 18.—Considerable activity in military affairs here. Gen. Banks is on the eve of departure for Western Louisiana. Madisonville, on Lake Pontchartrain, opposite New Orleans, has been evacuated. The extensive fortifications thrown up on the island were left, but adding nothing to the strength of the place for the rebels.

Washington, March 20.—Letters from Europe report all kinds of titles of nobility being conferred by Maximilian on revolutionaries in large numbers attend him from Paris to Mexico. Mr. Gwin is to be a Duke.

Baltimore, March 20.—A company of guerrillas made a dash into Baltimore and captured prisoners and captured. But few rebels were seen in the city. Several instances for weeks that they have committed depredations. Parties from the valley report that all far-lounged rebel soldiers have been called back to join their regiments in Lee's army.

Special dispatches say bills are being prepared by the Senate and Committee of Commerce to establish the first-class steamship between New York and several European ports, which will be provided with the necessary armament, not only to protect themselves but to capture pirates. The Navy Department approves of the bill, and will send all the aid in its power for their establishment. The Post Office committee have the same subject under consideration and will shortly make a report.

It is ascertained from official sources, that the effective army of the United States, now in the field, exceeds by two hundred thousand the force of one year ago.

It is stated by authority that Gen. Grant commands the Army of the Potomac to command.

Washington, March 20.—Prisoners from Richmond assert that the rebels have already secretly executed a number of officers attached to colored regiments. It is said that several have mysteriously disappeared from Libby Prison.

Richmond, March 20.—The rebels, 500 strong, under Hughes and Ferguson, attacked one of Gen. Hobson's camps on the morning of the 19th near Bennett's Ferry on this side of the Cumberland, but were repulsed with a loss of men killed and wounded. Next day Hobson's army attacked the rebels under Col. Hamilton, killing six and wounding several. Hobson has nearly broken up the guerrilla bands along the Cumberland; many of them are daily surrendering themselves.

A caucus of Republican members was held at the Capitol last night. The objects were to harmonize views on important pending questions, in clubbing the financial measures necessary for the support of the Government and the bill on the rebellious States, to guarantee the States and to bring the Government into being and overthrow a republican form of government. Votes were taken as to the measures which should have precedence and it was generally agreed that those of the most public importance should be considered first.

New York, March 23.—A special dispatch to the World, dated Washington, March 21st, says: "Gen. Grant will be here in the morning. On Thursday he reviews the entire Army of the Potomac. He will be in the city on Friday. It is thought that Hancock, Sedgwick and Meade will retain their present positions. Gen. Grant is exercising a superior control of the entire Army."

The House Judiciary Committee unanimously authorized their chairman to report to be made as to the rebel army. A joint resolution has been introduced, submitting to the Legislatures of the several States the following proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States: Article 3d, section 3d. "No person shall be a Senator or Representative, or hold any office in the Government, who has ever taken an oath of support to the United States, and no involuntary servitude shall be permitted only as a punishment for crime. Section 3d, Congress shall have power to enforce the foregoing section of this article by appropriate legislation."

The House Military Committee have considered at length the question of reimbursing the States for calling out militia, but came to no definite conclusion. It is announced that several million dollars are involved in this matter. It will meet with considerable opposition in both Committee and House.

Gen. Grant has directed that recruiting for the cavalry regiments shall cease.

In pursuance of an earnest request by Admiral Farragut, the Navy Department has ordered the ship of war Bebaton to be prepared for service in the Gulf immediately. The ship will proceed to sea this week. Orders have been issued that two other monitors should follow immediately.

The Herald's special says: There is no probability that any sale or surrender of the rebel army will be made until at least after the spring campaign shall have been ascertained. Restrictions imposed by the bill would of themselves prevent the immediate sale of any quantity sufficient to affect the market.

Members of the Committee of Ways and Means are themselves ignorant of the rate of tax to be imposed on some of the most important articles.

There is no doubt that Lee's army is daily receiving reinforcements and that he is preparing for an early spring campaign. His cavalry is being reorganized and will be unusually formidable. The infantry is constantly coming up from various quarters and in a few weeks we shall doubtless have an army in our front not all inferior to that of last season.

that the 1st and 13th corps, are to be merged into the 3d and 6th.

New York, March 22.—A letter from Japan reports the burning of 30,000 houses at 2000 warehouses in the city of Asaka. One thousand lives were lost. The fire lasted three days.

Gen. Albert Pike has made overtures for a compromise at the war.

The English blockade runner Norma, while attempting to run the blockade on the Straits river, was run ashore and burned by her crew to prevent her falling into our hands.

The Senate Pacific Railroad Committee had under consideration to-day various schemes for additional legislation. The committee will make such changes in the bill as will insure a speedy completion of the work.

Gen. Hancock, who was today before the committee on the conduct of the war, completely vindicated Gen. Meade's conduct at the battle of Gettysburg.

The Postmaster-General invites proposals for the purpose of putting the California overland mail service in operation. The schedule increases the speed so that the trips must be made in sixteen days during eight months of the year, and in twenty days during the remainder of the year.

Chicago, March 22.—A statement has just been received, exhibiting quotas of the several States under the last call, with all credits deducted and all deficiencies added, which shows Illinois over 12,000 in excess. All the other States are deficient. Pennsylvania is short 78,000, New York 50,000, Ohio 39,000, Indiana 22,000, Massachusetts 20,000, and other States from 10,000 to 8,000.

Philadelphia, March 22.—A New Orleans letter says that Gen. Banks took the field on the 8th inst., for Franklin direct. His operating force is composed of 18,000 cavalry and 24 light regiments of artillery. Four brigades of these will sweep the country into Texas.

Washington, March 22.—Operations in Virginia will continue much more than many supposed. Gen. Grant will waste no time in idle reviews, but as soon as he obtains knowledge of the army, he is to operate in making offensive movements promptly.

Chicago, March 24.—At 3 o'clock this morning, Forrest's command drove in our pickets south of Union City, Tenn. Later in the day, he destroyed the communication with Columbus, Ky. Our troops have gone out to meet him. Fighting was suspended here at Columbus in the direction of Union City.

New York, March 25.—The House Naval Committee are preparing a bill to provide for the building of four ocean iron-clad cruisers for the coast. It appropriates from five to seven millions. The Committee of Ways and Means struck out the appropriation on the ground that it would take two years to complete them, and that further naval service does not require that class of vessels.

Dispatches of the 25th say an expedition recently sent into Green County, Va., has returned, having captured a large number of mules, horses, and three hundred stragglers.

A Baltimore correspondent gives the following as the exact number of the rebel army on the 20th: The Army under Lee, in various places in Virginia, 130,000; Department South, 70,000; in East Tennessee, under Longstreet, 20,000; Department of the Gulf, under Beauregard, 30,000; at Mobile, under Gen. Maury and Claiborne, 15,000; under Kirby Smith, 15,000. Total number of troops, 275,000.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention has adjourned their delegation to vote for Gen. McClellan for President.

Propositions are soon to be made in the Senate for the removal of the Naval Academy from Newport back to the old quarters at Annapolis. Joe Colburn, pugilist, has accepted a challenge from Jim Mace, and leaves for England on the 1st of May.

Washington, Illinois, from the House Committee on Commerce, introduced a bill, which passed, to punish agents or owners of steamships who change the names of such vessels in order to deceive the public.

Gen. Pleasanton has been removed from the command of the cavalry corps, and ordered to report to General Grant.

Gen. Sickles is ordered to report to General Curtis.

Gen. Hittell, Gibbon, and Wadsworth have been ordered to report to Gen. Meade for assignment to command.

Gen. Caldwell has been relieved, to enable him to sit on a Court-Martial.

Gen. Grant's first general order prohibits the use of intoxicating liquors by any person when on duty on military railroad service.

The Railroad from Long Bridge to Brandy Station, Va., has been authorized to be constructed by the Government.

Gen. Sherman is ordered to report to General Curtis.

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creation, I lay down again, but only to dream

new of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through the niche in the door towards my holsters.

Quicker than thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together.

Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned toward the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well!

One by one I removed the outlying boards. The plowshare rang fearfully as I heaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward.

Surely the bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap inanimate, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloated, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple as I approached the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness!

Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demonic hate of this savage family? A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me.

strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Ticonderoga."

The unwitting repetition of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the air assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land.

My God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow-countrymen!

It is generally supposed that women can never become Masons, but there was an exception to this in Ireland, many years ago, in the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Aldworth.

She was the wife of St. Leger family, and the daughter of Lord Viscount Doneraile, whose ancestor Sir Arthur St. Leger was Lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII, and died in the reign of Queen Mary in 1559.

The circumstances of her initiation into Masonry are briefly as follows: Lord Doneraile held a lodge at Doneraile House, in the place above named, of which several of his family were members, the lodge warrant being numbered 150.

One evening when an initiation was in progress, Mrs. Aldworth—then unmarried—was in a room adjoining the lodge room, which had been undergoing some repairs.

Hearing voices, she was induced to listen. By the aid of her scissors, she picked a hole through the plaster, and was thus enabled to see the degree conferred. At its close, she attempted to escape, but she was suddenly face to face with the Tyler. He gave an alarm and seized her, and when brought before the members of the lodge, she confessed to what she had heard and seen.

After the advance of our army upon Bragg at Tallahassee, and his retreat, the Pioneer Brigade pushed on to Elk river to repair a bridge. While one of its men, a private, was bathing in the river, five of Bragg's soldiers, guns in hand, came to the bank and took aim at the swimmer, one of them shouting—

"Come in here, you d-d Yank, out of the wet!" The Federal was quite sure that he was "done for," and at once obeyed the order, and after dressing he was thus accosted: "You surrender our prisoner, do you?" "Yes, of course I do."

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Land Wearing Out.

From seeing crops diminish year after year, men begin to say their lands are wearing out, and when they reach a certain point of diminution they are according to the same mode of reasoning "worn out." Under the impression made by the common use of the words, who can tell what thousands and millions have been sacrificed by land-owners in the old Atlantic States?

Who can count the fortunes made by those who came into possession of lands thus sacrificed, whether by accident, or by a shrewd discovery of their intrinsic value, or by reasoning, perhaps, that as man are to live on this earth for all time, it is but little more probable that the land should wear out than that the everlasting hills should give way?

A contemporary quotes from a late number of Chamber's Journal in which this fear of wearing out seems just now to disturb the quiet of some who live in older countries than ours. In the article alluded to, it is maintained that the vegetable world of the earth, upon which the permanent fertility of the land depends, is being annually destroyed.

To make matters worse, it says, this deterioration of the soil has produced an evil effect on the atmosphere, from which there is no longer vegetation to draw down moisture; thus the mists vanish, the dew ceases, the rivers fail, and the rivers are dried up. The writer accounts for these results in the too liberal dosing of the earth with phosphates when it wanted natural manures, and suggests as a remedy a little less physic and a little more food.

Another writer, however, doubts whether any effectual remedy can be found short of the repairing agency of nature, by which regions are to be conigned back to the birch and the pine, continents submerged for fresh deposits of oceanic sediment, &c., in European countries. More than a hundred years ago the subject attracted the attention of scientific men in Germany, where the practice has reached a high state of culture.

In England and France, though attention has been much more recently directed to it, this branch of industry has been successfully cultivated, and promises to become of the utmost importance. Ponds, lakes, brooks and rivers are stocked with the better kinds of fish, and their increase secured by artificial means.

We find in a foreign paper an interesting report made to the Societe d'Agriculture, &c., of France, of an experiment made by Mr. Coste, in a pond situated at St. Cucufa, one of the domains of the Emperor, near St. Cloud. It had hitherto been considered impossible to produce salmon in a state of domesticity, without their emigrating to the sea; Mr. Coste's experiment proves the contrary.

The small pond above alluded to, situated in a shady valley, does not cover a surface of more than two and a half acres. Three years ago he stocked it with some trout, which are now four years old, and about a foot and a half in length. Little more than a year and a half ago, several thousand diminutive salmon, bred at the Collage de France two months before, were put in the same pond, and notwithstanding the havoc committed by their voracious enemies, the trout, a large quantity had been taken, averaging about a foot in length.

But the most important circumstance which Mr. Coste remarked on this occasion, and which adds a new fact to science, was that all these fish were in a state of reproduction; the spaw which they contained had come to maturity, and it has been subjected to artificial fecundation; the embryos resulting therefrom are so far developed that most soon be hatched. Hence it is proved that salmon may be propagated in close waters; and also that salmon, like trout, begin to spawn at the age of eighteen months.

Fish-Raising.

There is, we suppose, says the Baltimore Sun, no cause for the neglect and indifference to the practice of fish-raising, but ignorance and aversion to whatever is new. Men, almost without exception, are fond of fish as an article of diet; and when this taste can be gratified in addition to the amusement of catching by hook and line, there are few who should despise a well-stocked fish-pond. We have heard of artificial ponds here and there, but only among such as can afford to have expensive luxuries. It does not seem to be understood that wherever there is a constantly flowing stream of water, a pond may cost, perhaps, as little as a poultry-house, and that fish of the choicest kind can be as easily reared as pigs, and as cheaply as chickens.

We learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that gentlemen of that city who have residences a few miles out on the Hudson, or on Long Island, are now paying much attention to the subject. Some of them have had extraordinary success, by simply forming small sheets of water in connection with a running stream, always being careful to have a wall, six or eight feet in depth, near the central part, where the inmates of the pond can take refuge from the cold of winter and the heat of summer. These ponds often yield an ample supply for the family, and an abundance of sport for amateurs. Others are kept exclusively for the use of such as are willing to pay by the hour for the privilege of taking away all they can catch, within certain limits as to weight; and others again are leased, at the rate of \$100 per annum, after the manner of renting a house. Some of these ponds become so over-populated, that the owners are compelled to remove the fish, or hire their removal. From these sources the domestic markets derive a moderate supply just sufficient to appease the hankering of epicures.

The subject of fish propagation and rearing as a matter of public economy, has, as yet, received no attention in this country. It is not so in the leading European countries. More than a hundred years ago the subject attracted the attention of scientific men in Germany, where the practice has reached a high state of culture. In England and France, though attention has been much more recently directed to it, this branch of industry has been successfully cultivated, and promises to become of the utmost importance.

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While the matter of introducing the better kind of fish, by artificial means, is properly protecting them in our large waters, it is rather as a matter of individual concern that we designed to attract to it more general attention. There are those sands of place where an acre or two, or even a half or quarter of an acre, might be covered with water at very little expense. A few varieties of good fish once introduced would soon take care of themselves, and offer continually a luxurious and economical feast as the consequence of an hour's amusement. There is no mystery in preparing the pond, and a little inquiry will discover the means of stocking it.

Turnip Culture.—We incline to think that most farmers who have been engaged in the practice of raising large quantities of turnips for their cattle are changing their course and substituting other roots, or corn fodder. Something ought to be provided by every dairy farmer for his cows after the summer pastures fall. Writers have often urged the advantage of growing large lots of yellow turnips and plucking off the leaves to be fed out to milk cows—reserving the bottom for winter use. But food for cows in milk. They may be used to a limited amount, but the milk is effected when large quantities are fed out, and though the quantity of milk is increased, the quality is injured, and the condition of the cows is by no means improved. Turnips are more easily raised than other root crops, as the seed may be sown at almost any time in July and of course less weeding by hand is necessary. The English flat turnip is raised with less labor than any of the roots, as the seed is usually sown broadcast, and they take care of themselves. Among corn at the last time of hoeing—flat turnip seed is often sown. A common hand rake is a good tool to be used in burying the seed, as it need not be covered deep. Sift all kinds of turnips run the soil harder than stalks, and leave it unfit for corn to follow without very high manuring. Yellow turnips do not enrich the soil as some writers assert, and they should never be grown before corn. Corn stalks of any kind are better for cows in milk than any kind of roots—and are more of them will afford as much nourishment as an acre of roots—while the labor of tilling is not so great.

Port-Wine Jelly.—One and a half pint of port-wine, two ounces of binggrass, one nutmeg. Pour the wine on the binggrass, let it remain twelve hours. Boil all together, with the nutmeg grated in it. Sweeten to taste. The recipe for boiling must not be an iron one.

Domestic Recipes.

JULENNE SOUP.—Put six pounds of beef in a stewpan cut in four pieces, put a piece of butter at the bottom of the stewpan, and about half a pint of water, place it over a sharp fire, moving it round occasionally with a spoon until the bottom of the stewpan is covered with a white glaze, when add a gallon of water, two ounces of salt, three onions (with two cloves in each), two turnips, one carrot, a head of celery, leek, and a bunch of parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf; when boiling put in two burnt onions to color it, and stand it at the corner of the fire to simmer for three hours, keeping it well skimmed, then pass the broth through a hair sieve into a stewpan, you have previously cut two middling-sized carrots, two turnips, an onion, a leek, and a little celery into thin strips an inch long; put them into another stewpan with two ounces of butter and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar; place it over a sharp fire, tossing them over occasionally until well fried and looking transparent, then put them into the broth with the half of a young onion lettuce, and a little tarragon and herbiv, place it at the corner of your fire, and when it boils skim off the butter; let it simmer until the vegetables are perfectly tender, when pour it into your tureen; serve the beef upon a separate dish.

MARY'S PUDDING.—Put not quite half a pound of grated bread-crumbs, and two ounces of butter, into a basin, pour upon them (boiling) a pint of good milk, sweetened with about three ounces of sugar. Cover with a plate or saucer, and set them cool. Beat up three eggs well, and stir them into the crumbs when cool enough, adding any flavor that is liked; it is very good without. Pour into a buttered dish, and bake half an hour; or pour into a buttered mould, and boil one hour. The following sauce is very nice over the boiled pudding: Add one egg, and the yolks of three, to half a tumbler of sherry, sweetened. Put in a jug in a pan of hot water, taking care not to let it remain too long on the fire; five minutes will be long enough. Whip the whole by rolling the whisk well between the hands till the mixture becomes light and firm.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a plish-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

THE LIPS.—The use of cayenne lozenges deepens the natural crimson of the lips; the effects of this carminative preparation upon the stomach and the breath are at the same time corrective and grateful, and it may be had recourse to on symptoms of sore throat. Cayenne lozenges are prepared as follows: Powdered sugar, one pound; mullage of gum tragacanth, sufficient quantity to mix; add essence, tincture or vinegar of cayenne, or a little soluble cayenne pepper dissolved in water to flavor.

SCALDED PUDDING.—Stir three spoonfuls of flour into the smallest quantity of cold milk possible to make it smooth; into this stir a pint of scalding milk, put it upon the fire, but do not let it boil; when cold, add nutmeg, ginger, and lemon peel, and three well beaten eggs; sweeten to taste. Butter a basin, fill it with the above, and let it boil for an hour. When cooked, plunge it into a pail of cold water, turn it on a dish, and let it stand a few minutes covered with the same basin before you send it to table.

BEEF A LA MENAGERE.—Take about twenty rather small onions, brown them in a frying-pan with a little butter, and when they have taken a bright color, sprinkle over them a little flour or some bread-crumbs. Remove the onions to a stewpan, taking care not to break them. Add a teaspoonful of onion juice, and a little butter, and sufficient seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and a bouquet of sweet herbs. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire for about two hours. Serve the beef on a dish, and arrange the onions round it.

STRENGTHENING JELLY.—One ounce of isinglass, one ounce of gum-arabic, one ounce of sugar-candy, dissolved in half a pint of port-wine. It is stirred all night, and next day let it simmer on the fire till well dissolved; then strain and keep for use; in this case the preparation assumes the jujube appearance. If half a pint of water be added before simmering, the usual jelly appearance is produced.

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR FOOT SPRAINS.—Slide the fingers under the foot, and having greased both thumbs, press them carefully with increasing force over the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour. The application should be repeated several times, or until the patient is able to walk. This is a simple remedy for a very frequent accident, and can be performed by the most inexperienced.

EASTER EGGS, &c.—Cut some narrow colored ribbons and with them bind the eggs completely and tastefully round, then after having properly secured the ends of the ribbons to prevent their getting loose, boil the same for about ten minutes, and the object will be effected. If the eggs were afterward varnished it would add much to the beauty of their appearance.

TAPIOCA BLANCMANGE.—Half a pound of tapioca, soaked for one hour in a pint of new milk, and then boiled until quite tender; sweeten, according to taste, with loaf-sugar, and, if preferred, flavor with either lemon, almond, or vanilla. Put the mixture into a mould; when cold, turn it out, and serve it with custard or cream, and, if approved, some preserves.

BAKED PUDDING.—One pint of milk, a quarter-pound of butter, a quarter-pound of flour, five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, two ounces of lump-sugar. Mix all well together, and bake in a cup, which first must be lined in cold skim milk. Bake half an hour, and serve with butter or arrowroot sauce.

RECEPT FOR SYLLABUB.—Put a quart of cider in a bowl, grate a nutmeg into it, sweeten with fine sugar; then add some milk, and pour some cream over it.

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