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Paul Gerhardt on the Death of his Son.

Thou'rt mine, yes, still thou art mine own!
Who tells me thou art lost!
But yet thou art not mine alone;
I own that He who cross'd
My hopes hath greatest right in thee:
Yea, though He ask and take from me
Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,
My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah, might I wish, ah, might I choose,
Then thou, my star, shouldst live,
And gladly for thy sake I'd lose
All else that life can give.
Oh, fain I'd say: Abide with me,
The sunshine of my house to be;
No other joy but this I crave,
To love thee, darling, to my grave!

Thus saith my heart, and means it well,
God meaneth better still;
My love is more than words can tell,
His love is greater still:
I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own,
And He who once hath given
Will have thee now beside His throne,
To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas! my light, my child!
But God hath welcome on him smiled,
And said, "My child, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

O blessed word, O deep decree,
More holy than we think!
With God no grief or woe can be,
No bitter cup to drink.
No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there;
Yea, in that Father's sheltered home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's sake;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
How best for them to make
A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed:
How seldom does their future prove
What we had planned for those we love!

How many a child of promise fair
Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to dare
Forsake Christ's holy way.
O, fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men!
The bitterest tears that e'er are shed
Are his who mourns a child misled.

But now I need not fear for thee;
Where thou art, all is well;
For thou thy father's face dost see,
With Jesus thou dost dwell.
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine;
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below.

He hears their singing evermore,
His little voice, too, sings;
He drinks of wisdom's deepest lore,
He speaks of secret things
That we can never see or know,
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet amid the mists we stand
That vail this dark and tearful land.

O, that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but awhile
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile
As he doth praise the holy God
Who made him pure for that abode!
In tears of joy full well I know
This burdened heart would overflow.

And I should say: Stay there, my son,
My wild laments are o'er;
O, well for thee that thou hast won—
I call thee back no more:
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells.

Then be it as my Father wills,
I will not weep for thee;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
Pure sunshine thou dost see,
The sunshine of eternal rest:
Abide, my child, where thou art blest;
I, with our friends, will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

A Little at First, but Mighty at Last.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs:
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little sprig had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall the word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Sir David Home's Revenge.

It was near midnight, on the 12th of October, 1516, when a horseman, spurring his jaded steed, rode furiously down the path leading to the strong tower of Wedderburn. He alighted at the gate, and knocked loudly for admission.

"What would ye?" inquired the warder from the turret.

"Conduct me to your chief," was the laconic reply of the breathless messenger.

"Is your message so urgent that ye must deliver it to-night?" continued the warder, who feared to kindle the fiery temper of his master, by disturbing him with a trifling errand.

"Urgent!—babbler!" replied the other, impatiently—"to-day the best blood of the Homes has been lapped by dogs upon the street; and I have seen it."

The warder aroused the domestics in the tower, and the stranger entered. He was conducted into a long, gloomy apartment, dimly lighted by a solitary lamp. Around him hung rude portraits of the chiefs of Wedderburn, and on the walls were suspended their arms and the spoils of their victories. The solitary apartment seemed like the tomb of war. Every weapon around him had been rusted with the blood of Scotland's enemies. It was a fitting theatre for the recital of a tale of death. He had gazed around for a few minutes, when heavy footsteps were heard treading along the dreary passages, and the next moment Sir David Home entered—armed as for the field.

"Your errand, stranger?" said the young chief of Wedderburn, fixing a searching glance upon him as he spoke.

The stranger bowed and replied—"The Regent"—

"Ay!" interrupted Home, "the enemy of our house—the creature of our hands, whom we lifted from exile to sovereignty, and who now with his minions tracks our path like a blood-hound!—what of this gracious Regent? Are ye too one of his myrmidons, and seek ye to strike the lion in his den?"

"Nay," answered the other; "but from childhood the faithful retainer of your murdered kinsman."

"My murdered kinsman!" exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping the arm of the other, "what! more blood! more! What mean ye, stranger?"

"That to gratify the revenge of the Regent Albany," replied the other, "my lord Home and your kinsman William have been betrayed and murdered. Calumny has blasted their honor. Twelve hours ago I beheld their heads tossed like footballs by the foot of the common executioner, and afterwards fixed over the porch of the Nether Bow, for the execration and indignities of the slaves of Albany. All day the blood of the Homes has dropped upon the pavement, where the mechanic and the clown pass over and tread on it."

"Hold!" cried Home, and the dreary hall echoed with his voice. "No more!" he continued; and he paced hurriedly for a few minutes across the apartment, casting a rapid glance upon the portraits of his ancestors. "By heavens! they chide me," he exclaimed, "that my sword sleeps in the scabbard, while the enemies of the house of Home triumph!" He drew his sword, and approaching the picture of his father, he pressed the weapon to his lips, and continued—"By the soul of my ancestors, I swear upon this blade that the proud Albany and his creatures shall feel that one Home still lives!" He dashed the weapon back into its sheath, and approaching the stranger, drew him towards the lamp, and said, "Ye are Trotter, who was my cousin's henchman, are ye not?"

"The same," replied the messenger.

"And ye come to rouse me to revenge," added Sir David. "Ye shall have it, man—revenge that shall make the Regent weep—revenge that the four corners of the earth shall hear of, and history record. Ye came to remind me that my father and my brother fell on the field of Flodden, in defence of a foolish king, and that I, too, bled there—that there also lie the bones of my kinsman, Cuthbert of Fastcastle, of my brother Cockburn and his son, and the father and brother of my Alison. Ye come to remind me of this; and that, as a reward for the shedding of our blood, the head of the chief of our house has been fixed upon the gate of Edinburgh as food for the carrion crow and the night owl. Go, get thee refreshment, Trotter; then go to rest, and dream of other heads exalted, as your late master's is, and I will be the interpreter of your visions."

Trotter bowed and withdrew, and Lady Alison entered the apartment.

"Ye are agitated, husband," said the gentle lady, laying her hand upon his; "hath the man brought evil tidings?"

"Can good tidings come to a Home," answered Sir David, "while the tyrant Albany rides rough-shod over the nobility of Scotland, and, like a viper, stings the bosom that nursed him? Away to thy chamber, Alison—leave me; it is no tale for woman's ears."

"Nay, if you love me, tell me," she replied, laying her hand upon his brow; "for since your return from the field of Flodden, I have not seen you look thus."

"This is no time to talk of love, Aley," added he; "but come, leave me, silly one; it concerns not thee. No evil hath overtaken the house of Blackadder, but the Homes have become a mark for the arrows of desolation, and their necks a footstool for tyrants. Away, Alison; to-night I can think of but one word, and that is—vengeance!"

Lady Alison wept and withdrew in silence; and Wedderburn paced the floor of the gloomy hall, meditating in what manner he could most effectually resent the death of his kinsman.

It was only a few weeks after the execution of the Earl of Home and his brother, that the Regent Albany offered an additional insult to his family by appointing Sir Anthony D'Arcy warden of the east marches; an office which the Homes had held for ages. D'Arcy was a Frenchman, and the favorite of the Regent; and, on account of the comeliness of his person, obtained the appellation of the *Sieur de la Beaute*. The indignation of Wedderburn had not slumbered, and the conferring the honors and the power that had hitherto been held by his family upon a foreigner, incensed him almost to madness. For a time, however, no opportunity offered of causing his resentment to be felt; for D'Arcy was as much admired for the discretion and justice of his government as for the beauty of his person. To his care the Regent had committed young Cockburn, the heir of Langton, who was the nephew of Wedderburn. This the Homes felt as a new indignity, and, together with the Cockburns, they forcibly ejected from Langton castle the tutors whom D'Arcy had placed over their kinsman. The tidings of this event were brought to the Chevalier while he was holding a court at Kelso, and, immediately summoning together his French retainers and a body of yeomen, he proceeded with a gay and a gallant company by way of Fogo to Langton. His troop drew up in front of the castle, and their gay plumes and burnished trappings glittered in the sun. The proud steed of the Frenchman was covered with a panoply of gold and silver, and he himself was decorated as for a bridal. He rode haughtily to the gate, and demanded the inmates of the castle to surrender.

"Surrender! boasting Gaul!" replied William Cockburn, the uncle of the young laird. "That is a word the men of Merse have yet to learn. But yonder comes my brother Wedderburn; speak it to him."

D'Arcy turned round and beheld Sir David Home and a party of horsemen bearing down upon them at full speed. The Chevalier drew back, and, waiting their approach, placed himself at the head of his company.

"By the mass! Sir Warden," said Sir David, riding up to D'Arcy, "and ye have brought a goodly company to visit my nephew. Come ye in peace, or what may be your errand?"

"I wish peace," replied the Chevalier, "and come to enforce the establishment of my rights. Why do ye interfere between me and my ward?"

"Does a Frenchman talk of his rights upon the lands of Home?" returned Sir David, "or by whose authority is my nephew your ward?"

"By the authority of the Regent, rebel Scot!" retorted D'Arcy.

"By the authority of the Regent!" interrupted Wedderburn. "Dare ye, foreign minion, speak of the authority of the murderer of the Earl of Home while within the reach of the sword of his kinsman?"

"Ay, and in his teeth dare tell him," replied the Chevalier, "that the Home now before me is not less a traitor than he who proved false to his sovereign on the field of Flodden, who conspired against the Regent, and whose head now adorns the port of Edinburgh."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the henchman Trotter, dashing forward and raising his sword, "said ye that my master proved false at Flodden?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping his arm. "Gramercy! ye uncivilised dog! for the sake of your master's head would ye lift your hand against that face which ladies die to look upon! Pardon me, most beautiful Chevalier! the salutation of my servant may be too rough for your French palate, but you and your master treated my kinsman somewhat more roughly. What say ye, Sir Warden, do ye depart in peace, or wish ye that we should try the temper of our Border steel upon your French bucklers?"

"Depart ye in peace, vain boaster," replied D'Arcy, "lest a worse thing befall you."

"Then on, my merry men!" cried Wedderburn, "and to-day the head of the Regent's favorite—the Chevalier of Beauty—for the head of the Earl of Home!"

"The house of Home and revenge!" shouted his followers, and rushed upon the armed band of D'Arcy. At first the numbers were nearly equal, and the contest was terrible. Each man fought hand to hand, and the ground was contested inch by inch. The gilded ornaments of the French horses were covered with blood, and their movements were encumbered by their weight. The sword of Wedderburn had already smitten three of the Chevalier's followers to the ground, and the two chiefs now contended in single combat. D'Arcy fought with the fury of despair, but Home continued to bear upon him as a tiger that has been robbed of its cubs. Every moment the force of the Chevalier was thinned, and every instant the number of his enemies increased, as the neighboring peasantry rallied around the standard of their chief. Finding the most faithful of his followers stretched upon the earth, D'Arcy sought safety in flight. Dashing his silver spurs into the sides of his noble steed, he turned his back upon his desperate enemy, and rushed along in the direction of Pouterleiny, and through Dunse, with the hope of gaining the road to Dunbar, of which town he was governor. Fiercely Wedderburn followed at his heels, with his naked sword uplifted, and ready to strike; immediately behind him rode Trotter, the henchman of the late Earl, and another of Home's followers named Dickson. It was a fearful sight as they rushed through Dunse, their horses striking fire from their heels in the light of the very sunbeams; and the sword of the pursuer within a few feet of the fugitive. Still the Chevalier rode furiously, urging on the gallant animal that bore him, which seemed conscious that the life of its rider depended upon its speed. His flaxen locks waved behind him in the wind, and the voice of his pursuers ever and anon fell upon his ear, like a dagger of death thrust into his bosom. The horse upon which Wedderburn rode had been wounded in the conflict, and, as they drew near Broomhouse, its speed slackened, and his followers, Trotter and Dickson, took the lead in the pursuit. The Chevalier had reached a spot on the right bank of the Whitadder, which is now in a field of the farm of Swallowdean, when his horse, becoming entangled with its cumbrous trappings, stumbled and hurled its rider to the earth. The next moment the swords of Trotter and Dickson were transfixed in the body of the unfortunate Chevalier.

"Off with his head!" exclaimed Wedderburn, who at the same instant reached the spot. The bloody mandate was readily obeyed; and Home, taking the bleeding head in his hand, cut off the flaxen tresses, and tied them as a trophy to his saddle-bow. The body of the Chevalier de la Beaute was rudely buried on the spot where he fell. An humble stone marks the scene of the tragedy, and the people in the neighborhood yet call it "Bawty's grave." The head of the Chevalier was carried to Dunse, where it was fixed upon a spear, at the cross, and Wedderburn exclaimed, "Thus be exalted the enemies of the house of Home!"

The bloody relic was then borne in triumph to Home castle, and placed upon the battlements. "There," said Sir David, "let the Regent climb, when he returns from France, for the head of his favorite. It is thus that Home of Wedderburn revenges the murder of his kindred!"

Spurs in Bed.

Many years ago, in England, when travelers were wont to journey on horseback and sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following droll incident occurred at Chester:

Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox Tavern, and, while going up to bed late at night, (it being hot weather) they discovered the door of one of the bedrooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and an Irishman were both asleep in the bed, and the Irishman had kicked the cover off, and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed, in a tempting way.

"I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "if you'll hold the light a minute."

The candle was held while the young chap went in, and taking up the Irishman's spurs, (travelers on horseback wore spurs in those days) buckled one on the heel of Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door. Paddy, though not awakened, drew his leg suddenly back, and in so doing sadly damaged the Scotchman's leg.

"The de'il d—n you!" exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "an' if ye dinna gang out o' bed an' cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be gettin' up an' trow yer oot th' window, ye loot"

The Irishman still slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in the old position, when the young joker who had put on the spur stole up to the bed and pinched his leg the second time. In went the leg again, the spur, as before, striking the Scotchman's leg, who now got in a terrible passion, and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming, as he did so,

"Get oot o' bed an' cut yer toe nails, ye loot! do you fash a Christian mon to stan such a rough diggin'?"

This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment, bringing the spur to bear on his own other leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment.

"By me sowl!" said he, "what a stupid fool is the ostler of this inn! Sure, an' he tuk off me boots whin I wint to bed, an' has left on one uv me spurs! Strange it is I didn't notice it."

This explanation being satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief sneaked off to his own nest.

A Western editor, complaining that he could not sleep one night, summed up the causes thus: "A wailing baby sixteen months old; a dog howling under the window; a cat in the alley; a colored serenade in a shanty over the way; a toothache; and a pig trying to get in at the back door."

"John," said a victimized husband, "how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses!"

"Why so, Pete?"

"I'd cheat somebody most shockin' bad afore night."

It was once remarked, in the hearing of a little girl of thirteen, that all things came by chance, and that the world, like a mushroom, sprang up in the night.

"I should like to know, sir," said the child, "where the seed came from."

A little girl—an only child—one day looked up in her mother's face and said—"Mother, what do you make me wear this old frock for? I should think you might afford to dress me better, seein' as how there's only one of us."

"Father, I want you to buy me a gun."

"A gun, Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?"

"Oh, I am going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake loves him better than she does me."

"Henry, my love, I wish you would drop that book and talk with me, I feel so dull." Long silence, and no reply.

"Oh, Henry, my foot's asleep."

"Is it? Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

Some one, speaking of a celebrated bass singer, said,

"He led a very abandoned life."

"Oh, yes," replied Sealey, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

A gentleman who has a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject at times to a breaking out in the mouth.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De late Gubernor of de State—Him come in wid berry little opposition; him go out wid none at all."

A woman who continually abuses her husband won't let anybody else do it. She esteems it such a luxury that she must needs monopolize it.

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier endeavored to disperse a crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!"

The man who heard a call from the "voice of glory," waited for the echo. It was "glo-ry;" so he resolved to stay at home.

Wanted, a good strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.

Baron Trenck and Princess Amelia

The loves of Amelia, the sister of Frederick the Great, and Baron Trenck, were of so romantic a nature, it was almost impossible not to have them recalled, in all their vividness, standing there in that very place, which had been the scene of their daily intercourse and most unfortunate loves. The unfortunate Baron appears to have been another example of the vanity of human wishes. While a handsome young officer he attracted the regards and won the affections of Frederick's youngest and most favored sister, the Princess Amelia, who was not so much distinguished for her beauty as for her exalted rank. Amelia! she was also a philosopher, like her royal brother. Her affections, therefore, had full play in the absence of all religious restraint. But Shakespeare says that loves true course never did run smooth, and this appears to have been no exception to the rule. The great Frederick decidedly objected to the attentions of the handsome young officer. He at the same time desired to avoid all scandal, and to effect this no time was to be lost. He gave the young lover strong hints to mind and mend his conduct. His hints were thrown away; who that has been young himself can wonder at the young lieutenant's blindness and obstinacy? It is not every day that a beautiful, witty and accomplished Princess sacrifices everything for the love of a simple gentleman. And was the favored object to risk nothing in return? The supposed secret interviews continued, but were in fact no secret to the penetrating eye of the all-powerful king. Arrests for pretended military crimes were the next measures adopted to warn the lover and protect the lady in spite of herself. But Trenck was no sooner freed from those restraints than he again flew for consolation to the arms of his illustrious mistress. A longer incarnation was next decreed. From this, however, he made his escape, and fled to a town beyond the Prussian dominions. There, in his indignation at what he styled Frederick's tyranny, he soon forgot what he owed to one who had sacrificed everything that the world holds dear. In his blind anger he irreparably injured his royal mistress—he

"Robbed her of that which enriched him not,
And left her poor indeed."

He had the audacity to display at a large dinner party the portrait of the Princess Amelia. Frederick could, therefore, no longer pretend ignorance of her conduct, nor cease to desire that she should be properly mated. Nothing but vengeance remained, and the continued imprudence of Trenck soon furnished the monarch with an opportunity which he did not neglect. He was suddenly seized and led off to a dungeon of one of the fortresses, where he suffered that long incarceration, whose dreadful story he has told so pathetically, and which is so familiar to the world. Frederick, after a long incarceration, released him, giving him a suit of mean clothes and some money, strictly enjoining him to leave the Prussian domains forever, and to be silent respecting what had passed. Trenck promised everything that was required of him, and left Prussia. After Frederick's death he obtained permission of the new monarch to make his appearance once more in the Prussian States for the purpose of collecting the wrecks of his paternal fortune. On arriving at Berlin, it may easily be imagined, his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the object of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe that interview. It lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears.

The past, the present, the future, they reviewed without alleviation to their mutual sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs, were theirs! what a perspective was within sight! Trenck, with his hair turned gray with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung suspended from it; his features changed by grief. This then was the man who, in his youth, was so remarkable for the manly beauty of his person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female, who, like himself, was prematurely advanced in years; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarcely to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim and haggard; a form that tottered with its feebleness, and joined to limbs, that through contortion and disease, were no longer able to perform their office. How, in so altered a being, was he to trace the once loved object of affection! an object possessed of the bloom of youth, features the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy, and most consummate beauty! How, in the accents of the austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, of desperation and distrust, that now escaped her, was he to recognize the tones that once delighted his enamored ear! How, in the illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things, could he be reminded of the rich sallies of imagination which so often had gratified his understanding! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the illusive dreams of future bliss? Ah, these joys were fled! Each now finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What effort must have been necessary on both sides to sustain the unnatural shock!

In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She conducted the scene in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time their mutual sorrows, and also that of mutual communication respecting their past sufferings. She inquired particularly after his situation; what was the nature of his present resources and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; and what manner of education he had adopted for them. She next assured him she would do the utmost in her power, and promised to take his eldest child, in a short time, under her roof for a companion. In this spirit it was [illegible] to see each other no more, for she died in a few days after this interview.

Concerning the wife that Trenck married, a most interesting anecdote is told in one of his memoirs by a Frenchman, which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. It was during a brief residence at Aix la Chapelle, he made the acquaintance of a baron, who was burgomaster of the town, and had several daughters. Trenck fell in love with the youngest, who was about eighteen, exceedingly beautiful and amiable. He demanded and obtained her in marriage. A gaiety of temper, natural to the lady, having, however, occasioned some censures to be passed on her conduct, her husband, on the evening of their marriage, gave a proof of the originality of his character which can scarcely be regarded with admiration. When every one had retired to rest, and the bride and groom had entered their apartment, the latter locked the door, took up a pistol, and said:

"I am acquainted, madame, with the reports which have been circulated respecting your reputation; it is but just I should be acquainted, also, how far these reports are founded. Therefore, choose whether you will make me a general confession, or perish by my hand."

The poor bride, confused and trembling, wept and lamented, and implored his pity and forbearance, but all in vain. Trenck was inexorable, and to her prayers to spare her life only answered: "Let me have a general confession, with no omissions, no reservations, or receive your death at my hands."

He persevered so absolutely that she was at length compelled to enter upon the confession required, and in which, impelled by fear, perhaps the truth was exaggerated. When she had confessed all, Trenck, laying down his pistol, said:

"Madame, you were ignorant of my true character. If you had known it, you would have entered into no engagement with me; consequently I would not have been entitled to the avowal now made me. As this is the case, I have no reproach to make, nor will I ever upbraid you for what is passed. What I wished for was to try if you were capable of telling the truth. This experiment affords convincing proof of your veracity, and I am satisfied. Now that I know that you are possessed of sincerity and ingenuousness of heart, in the fullness of mine I promise you the tenderest, the sincerest affection."

The lady was delighted, and it appeared they lived happily together, she bearing him several children.

Trenck, after his release from final imprisonment, appears to have spent a wandering life, embarking in a great variety of occupations—sometimes a wine-grower, and then a cattle-raiser. But, in an evil hour for himself, his restless spirit drew him towards Paris just at the time the reign of terror was at its height. It was not long before the bloodhounds of the Convention were upon his track; and one bright summer afternoon the prisoner of Madgeburg, the lover of Amelia, finds himself in the creaking tumbril that was hurrying a few more unfortunates to the guillotine.

The following incident, recorded in the early annals of Indiana legislation, will be appreciated by those acquainted with the composition of the law-makers of this Territory:

My old friend, Johnson W., then barely of age, had been elected to represent the county of D. in the Legislature, which was about to meet at Vincennes in 1819. But let him tell his own story:

"When I was near Vincennes, I began to think what a very sorry figure I, a green country lad, would cut in an assembly of the wisdom of the State, and it required all my resolution to keep me from turning back. Somehow or other I managed to get through the swearing-in process, and sneaked away to a seat, from which I hardly ventured to look up until the House adjourned for dinner. On returning to my hotel, I was rather gratified to find that I was to have as a roommate a brother member, who, as he had made at least six speeches during the forenoon session, I naturally regarded as one of the great men of the House. After dinner, he came up to our joint room, and, carefully closing the door, pulled out of his pocket an enormous, old-fashioned bulls-eye watch, and handed it to me with this remark:

"'Uncle Jake told me, just as I was starting that I ought to have a watch, and loaned me this, but I don't know how to screw the thing up; do you?'

"I walked into the legislative hall that afternoon with the most unlimited confidence in my ability to discharge all duties incumbent as a legislator."

Certain kill-joys about Leo X. lit up for his instruction a bonfire of thorns, and as the brambles blazed, and cracked, and went out, a deep bass moralist was set to shout, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" The merry Pope, bending over the embers, and rubbing his hands, replied, "But while it is passing, give us leave to warm our hands at it." It is a trite anecdote, but not without its moral.

An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed the congregation:

"My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

Nearly all the suicides in the United States are committed by foreigners. Yankees seldom, if ever, make away with themselves; for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President, and, at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on, just to see what he will come to.

A new stove has been invented for the comfort of travelers. It is to be put under the feet, with a mustard plaster on the head, which draws the heat through the whole body.

A bereaved widow thus addressed the pall-bearers at the funeral:—"You pall-bearers, just go into the bakery and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along."

Saved by his Boots.

Now that the name Varnhagen von Ense is brought so prominently forward, through the Humboldt correspondence, it may not be amiss to quote from one of his works a story about a pair of boots which, by their opportune disappearance, did their owner better service than did ever boots before by the promptest attendance. It occurs in the author's account of Crab Schlaberndorf, a writer of no little power, who lived in a Paris garret, was miserly in trifles, and lavishly generous in great things, who was primarily a hearty friend of liberty, and secondarily a persevering and disinterested patriot. A friend of Girondists, he speedily found his way to prison, under the sway of Robespierre.

One morning the death-cart came for its usual number of daily victims, and Schlaberndorf's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humor, prepared for departure. Presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, was common in those terrible times. And Schlaberndorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure when the unavoidable must of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed, only his boots were missing. He sought, and sought, and sought, and the jailor sought with him in this corner and in that, but they were not to be found.

"Well," said Schlaberndorf, sharply, "this is too bad; to be killed without my boots will never do. Hark ye, my good friend," continued he, with simple good humor, to the jailor, "take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday." The jailor agreed. The wagon, full enough without that one head, went to its destination. Schlaberndorf remained in the prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned, and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, boots and all; waiting the word of command. But, behold! his name was not heard that day, nor the third day, nor the fourth, nor at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed that he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day. In the multitude of sufferers, no one could curiously inquire for an individual. For the days that followed there were enough of victims without him, and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when, with so many others, he recovered his liberty. He owed this miraculous escape—not the least strange history of the revolution—partly to the kindness of the jailer—[illegible] mainly to his good temper. He was a universal favorite in jail.

Young man, speak kindly to thy mother, and courteously, tenderly, of her. But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, and her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly, but never again, while time is your's, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been. Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, she nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eye lighted up the vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. O, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps for improvement nor even then forsakes or forgets.

Speak gently, then, and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wontonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

A man who had never seen the inside of a court-house until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in a district court, being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said—

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause; but not comprehending what was said to him, continued his narrative. His Honor was then more explicit, and said to him:

"Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness then turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner,

"Good morning, gentlemen."

Life consists of money, a 2:40 horse, and a fashionable wife.

Good! Next, what is death? A payment that settles everybody's debts, and gives them a receipt in full of all demands.

What is poverty? The reward of merit that genius generally receives from a discriminating public.

What is religion? Do unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment.

What is fame? A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and a fortune to your enemies when dead.

Next, and last: which is the quickest and easiest method to reach heaven? Ask a railroad company.

It is commonly said that "Revenge is sweet;" but it can only be so to those weak minds that are capable of remembering an injury. An elevated mind is superior to injuries, and pardons them. The Emperor Adrian, meeting a man who had insulted him before he came to the government, said to him: "Approach, you have nothing to fear; I am an Emperor." This is an example well worthy of being imitated by those who are called to return good for evil.

If you put two persons to sleep in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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L. P. FISHER,
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Is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and the Atlantic cities, and collecting and receipting for the same.
CHAS. PROSCH.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 5, 1863.

The Speakership.—Not less important than many of the acts passed by a legislative body, all will agree with us, is the choice of a good presiding officer. He imparts dignity to the body over whose deliberations he presides, or he detracts from their dignity, by his demeanor and qualifications; he facilitates or retards the transaction of business, according to his fitness for the position; and he promotes good feeling or occasions animosities by his manner and decision of questions submitted to him. All of these things should be carefully considered in electing a Speaker. Of those returned to the Legislature to convene in Olympia on Monday next, we know of no one who combines in so marked a degree the qualities requisite in a good presiding officer as Hon. Henry M. McGill, formerly Acting Governor of this Territory. Correct and gentlemanly in his deportment, retiring and unassuming in character, he is withal a sound Union man, and earnestly devoted to the best interests of the Territory. Such a man would not only preside with satisfaction to the members, but he would reflect credit upon them as a body. We hope his claims will not be overlooked.

Sisters of Charity.—Through the instrumentality of Rev. Father Vary, our town has fortunately secured the permanent presence of two accomplished Sisters of Charity, accompanied by a lay sister, or novitiate. Their object in coming here is to open a school, after the style of those which have become so popular, under their charge, in all large cities. Elsewhere, Protestants parents are not less eager than Catholics to obtain places for their children in the schools of the Sisters; and in San Francisco, to our knowledge, esteemed themselves fortunate in being able to do so. At present they are engaged in the necessary preparations for the commencement of their labors, and we have not yet learned the time of opening or the terms of tuition. It is designed, we believe, to prepare accommodations for children from a distance; or, in other words, to establish a boarding school for young Misses. Next week we shall probably be able to enlighten the public further in regard to them.

A New Church.—Since his return from Port Angeles, Rev. G. W. Sloan has been actively engaged in efforts to procure means to complete the church edifice commenced, under the management of Col. Casey and others, some three years ago. The success he has met with, we are glad to learn, has proved very encouraging; upwards of one thousand dollars having been subscribed, with a prospect of considerable additions. This insures the completion of the building, Mr. Sloan informs us, in good style, as originally contemplated. The church-goers of Steilacoom will rejoice at this announcement, inasmuch as the old church was never fit, during the winter months, for religious services.

Wren's Wharf.—For a month or more, Chas. Wren has had a large gang of men employed in cutting and hauling piles for his (late Webber's) wharf, and last week the steam pile-driver completed the task of driving them. His gang, superintended by himself, has been engaged all of the week just past in laying the planks or covering, and have still much to do before the work is finished. When completed, it will be a great deal more firm and substantial than it ever was before. An entire new frame has been substituted for the old one, and it has been braced in the best manner possible.

Interesting to the Ladies.—A great improvement in crinoline has recently been made in London. The new article is called the "Ondina or waved jupon," and its properties are thus described in a late journal: "It does away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops; and so perfect are the wave live bands, that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, throw herself into an arm-chair, pass to her stall at the opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage, without inconvenience to herself or others, or provoking the rude remarks of the observers, besides removing or modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of Englishwomen; and, lastly, it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds." To be able "to modify in an important degree all those peculiar tendencies to destroy the modesty of Englishwomen" is itself a magnificent achievement.

Sanitary Funds.—By the mail of Wednesday last we received a circular from San Francisco, accompanied by a narrative of what Rev. Dr. Anderson saw and heard while in the East, appealing for further aid in behalf of the suffering soldiers now fighting the battles of the Union. The funds of the Commission are getting low, and the diminution of the subscriptions on the Pacific coast is sadly felt. It is hoped that all who can will generously respond to the appeal.

Another Change.—Mr. Philip D. Moore, late Deputy Collector at Port Angeles, under Victor Smith, arrived on the *Eliza Anderson*, from below, yesterday morning, *en route* for Olympia, where he will at once enter upon his new duties as Collector of Internal Revenue, *vice* H. A. Goldsborough, removed. Who goes out next? Mr. Moore brought from the East one million dollars for disbursement on the Pacific coast.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In resuming the publication of the Puget Sound Herald, we do so in an enlarged and improved form. Our reason for making this change we may briefly state to be—that we have long been impressed with the conviction that such a paper as we now offer for public favor is what the mass of readers in this Territory require; a paper containing more light, entertaining, and instructive matter than has hitherto been furnished by any of our journals; in short, a paper better calculated to prove a welcome guest in the domestic circle, in the logger's cabin, and in the mill-hands' boarding-house. We shall not here follow the hackneyed custom of making large promises for the future, but shall rest content with the simple pledge to issue weekly at least as readable a paper as the present, without diminishing materially the quantity of matter. In order to be able to do this, we have procured additional material, and have purchased a supply of paper sufficient to last a year, at least, unless subscriptions should flow in upon us in numbers far exceeding our most sanguine expectations.

We send a copy of this issue to each of our old subscribers, the terms of whose subscriptions, with the exception of a very small number, expired with the close of the last volume. Those who desire to renew their subscriptions will signify their wish to do so through the mails, enclosing *in all cases* the subscription money. We shall not continue to send the paper to any who do not order it as above; therefore those who want it should not delay in sending for it.

For terms, rates of advertising, &c., see the head of the first column of this page.

OFFICIAL ENCROACHMENT.

It will be seen from the letter of our Olympia correspondent, published in this issue, that the Secretary of the Territory, in addition to his other responsible duties, is prepared to do the printing for the Legislative Assembly, albeit that potential body has heretofore assumed the small privilege of selecting and appointing its own Printer. We learn that the material formerly used in the *North-West* establishment has been removed to Olympia, and that the Secretary has actually contracted with T. F. McElroy of that place to do the printing. The programme is to keep the appointment of McElroy profoundly secret, and, by skillful wire pulling, to secure his election by the Legislature, and thus avoid the appearance of an unwarrantable interference with the privileges of that body. But, to use a homely phrase, "the cat is out of the bag," and the adroit *coup d' etat* of the Secretary is destined to be nipped in the bud.

It is stated that the Secretary is in receipt of instructions from the Department at Washington authorizing the course which he has taken, but we have simply to say that we will believe this statement when we see those instructions, and the correspondence and representations which have drawn them forth. While a strict construction of the Organic Act of the Territory may place the printing under the exclusive control of the Treasury Department and the Secretary of the Territory, and would justify the latter in contracting for the performance of the work, yet we hold that as the contrary practice has prevailed since the organization of the Territory, a precedent has been established, as binding as law, and one which the Department would not set aside except in a very extreme case, such as the election of a man *known to be opposed to all the war measures of the Government, and who would propose to use the patronage of that Government for the support of a partisan and hostile press.* The next Legislature will have a majority of sound Union men; therefore the Secretary could not reasonably fear that they would select as Printer a man of questionable loyalty. If the design was to save money to the Government, by having the work done at rates less than those usually paid, why have not bids been invited, and the work given to the lowest responsible bidder, subject to the approval of the Legislature?

The Department has, at least on one occasion, recognized the legal right of the Legislature to elect their own Printer. At one of the earlier sessions, Col. Wallace was elected Printer, but the then Secretary (Mason) declined to give him the printing on the ground of some informality in the mode of election. The matter was referred to the Treasury Department, and the views of the Secretary sustained, and that officer was instructed to give the work to the Printer elected at the last preceding session, until his successor should be duly elected.

We have, perhaps, devoted more space to this subject than its importance will warrant; but we hold it to be the duty of a public journalist to expose and hold up to censure all such unwarranted assumptions of authority as that of which we now complain, and we trust that the matter will be thoroughly sifted by the representatives of the people. We have no fear that the Legislature will tamely surrender a privilege sanctioned by long usage, and recognized by the Department, or that they will be cajoled or forced to accept the individual whom the Secretary has determined shall be their Printer, however his rejection may interfere with the political aspirations of any man or set of men.

Patriotic Self-Sacrifice.—The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* records the remarkable case of a man volunteering to go as substitute for a friend who had been drafted, because that friend ought not to leave his family, and the young man felt he owed personal service to his country. Having accumulated $1500, he made a will devising, in case he should not return, $700 to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and $800 to the American Bible Society, the rest to be divided among his brothers and sisters. Having thus arranged his private affairs, the heroic youth left for the field of battle.

The Examination of Conscripts.—The Washington correspondent of the New York *Post* says the War Department is convinced that it has made one mistake in reference to the draft. It has permitted its surgeons to be too particular in the examination of drafted men. The Department finds that where it has had poor surgeons, yet men of practical sense, it has obtained most men, and where the most skillful and exact surgeons have had the handling of drafted persons, the government has fared badly.

Provost Marshal of Oregon.—Lieut. Col. English, the present Commandant of Fort Steilacoom, has been ordered to Portland, to assume the duties of Provost Marshal of Oregon. He will probably repair to his new station in a week or ten days.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

The result of the recent elections throughout the country has sent a thrill of joy through every patriotic and loyal heart. No victory by our armies could be more damaging to the hopes of Rebeldom, and full well is this fact appreciated by the traitors in arms, and by their aiders and abettors, the peace democracy. Where now their boasted strength, and opposition to the Government in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, as, one after the other, these noble States have wheeled into line, and spread dismay and confusion throughout their ranks? The Government is sustained in every measure adopted to suppress the rebellion. What pretext can our trans-Atlantic cousins now find for interference in our affairs? Jeff. Davis, through his agents, had assured the European powers that the great mass of the people of the North and West were opposed to the war, and that the Government would be rebuked through the ballot-box.

We are now in the third year of the war. When it commenced, our standing army numbered but eleven to twelve thousand effective troops; our navy was small and scattered, and our Treasury almost depleted. Every stronghold in the South was in the possession of the enemy. Our veteran army and navy are now the largest, best appointed and best paid in the world. All our financial engagements have been met, and at no time in our history has the national revenue from all sources been larger. The people are able and determined to carry on the war for national honor and Union; and if foreign nations had any cause to doubt this heretofore, the result of the recent elections must be convincing proof of the fact.

OLYMPIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Olympia, Nov. 25, 1863.

Your correspondent has just been informed of your intention to resume the publication of the Herald. Its re-appearance will fill a void much felt, and will be hailed with pleasure by old and new friends. This ancient borough and its good people are at peace with all the world "and the rest of mankind," and it is a pity that our deep slumbers should be disturbed by the outside barbarians soon to assemble here, to make and unmake laws, and disturb the peace of the community generally. By the way, have you heard of that "little arrangement" about the printing of the laws, &c., of the coming session of the Legislature. As you are aware, that body has always elected its own printer. Custom in this respect has grown into law, and the right of the Legislature to elect has been recognized by the Department, and by all former Secretaries of this Territory. But all great men must have an "organ" of their own, and why should the present Secretary of this Territory, with an eye "afar off" on the Delegateship, be singular in this respect? A new printing establishment has, it is said, been started by the Secretary, and, anticipating the wishes of the Legislature, he has a printer "on hand." Some of the knowing ones hint that the Secretary is seeking the crown of martyrdom at the hands of the "powers that be," but whether or not this be so, your correspondent is of opinion that the Legislature will be slow to surrender their prerogatives, and will have some voice in the selection and election of a printer.

I will take notes from time to time, and, if you see fit, you may print them.

Ion.

Hand-made Linen Paper.—A few days after the suspension of our paper, we received from Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, twenty-six samples of a new article of stationery, in the form of as many varieties of writing paper, in the manufacture of which linen was substituted for cotton. The superiority of this paper over that made of cotton is apparent at a glance; having a much smoother surface, being much softer, and evidently a great deal more durable. In writing upon it with metallic pens, the surface is not torn up, thereby clogging the pen; a consideration of some moment with many people who take pride in their penmanship. It is imported exclusively by Bancroft, and the demand has heretofore been greater than the supply.

No Draft in Illinois.—It is officially announced that the State of Illinois stands credited upon the books of the Adjutant General of the army with an excess of 44,851 over all calls for troops in 1861, 1862, and in 1863, up to the 11th day of June. The quota of the State for the present draft is 36,700. The excess of troops heretofore furnished by it over this quota is 8,151. There will, therefore, be no draft in Illinois under the present call for troops, and the number 8,151 will stand to its credit in the future demands of the general government.

Historical Parallels.—Washington, in the darkest days of the Revolution, remarked, "I am under more apprehensions on account of our own dissensions, than of the efforts of the enemy." And again, "unanimity in our councils, disinterestedness in our pursuits, and steady perseverance in our national duty, are the only means to avoid misfortunes. If they were upon us after these, we shall have the consolation of knowing that we have done our best. The rest is with God." How applicable are these words of wisdom to the present times!

Heavy Gale.—On the 14th and 15th ult., one of the most severe gales ever experienced in San Francisco took place. Several houses were blown down, and considerable damage sustained by the shipping at the wharves. Among others, the ship *Aquilla*, containing the iron-clad Monitor sent around Cape Horn by the Government for the protection of San Francisco, sunk at the wharf, and fears were entertained for the safety of both the ship and her precious freight. The weather subsequently clearing, however, hopes were indulged of saving both.

Rebels in the Union Service.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* mentions the parade in that city of two hundred and eighty rebels captured at Gettysburg, who have taken the oath of allegiance and entered the service of the United States. Capt. Pemberton, one of the officers in command, is a brother to the rebel Gen. Pemberton. There were representatives among them from North and South Carolina, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Connecticut.

Select School.—Rev. G. W. Sloan has now a school numbering some twenty-five pupils, all of whom are making a very gratifying progress in their studies under his tuition. On the completion of the present quarter, he will at once enter upon a [illegible]

IMPROVEMENTS.

Trifling improvements in and about Steilacoom have been steadily taking place during the past year, notwithstanding the general complaint of hard times. These improvements are seen in clearings here and there, in neat enclosures of hitherto open plots of ground, in the construction of substantial out-buildings, and in the finishing and painting of several previously unfinished dwellings. Though scarcely noticeable separately, these changes amount to considerable in the aggregate. Hardly perceptible to our own citizens, these improvements have been matters of surprise to strangers visiting us, who have remarked the contrast exhibited between this and other towns on the Sound.

We have now unmistakable indications that our town is gradually emerging from the torpor in which it has been reposing for the past three years. Our laboring men and mechanics are all actively engaged, and some have contracted for work months ahead. The complaint of hard times has ceased to be heard among working men, who have neither time nor inclination now to grumble.

Among the improvements in contemplation and about to be made, we may mention two of some magnitude. The earnest and indefatigable Rev. Father Vary, pastor of the Catholic church at present on the military reservation, having obtained the means therefor, is about to have that church removed to town, and such alterations made in it as to render it more commodious as well as more comfortable. He has already fitted up two buildings, one for a residence for himself and another for the use of the Sisters of Charity, and contemplates still greater undertakings, which will be noticed when he enters upon their accomplishment. The Rev. Father and those of our citizens who have co-operated with him deserve much praise for the energy they have displayed, and we trust they will not have cause to regret their labors.

Rev. Geo. W. Sloan, having succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to an amount ample for the purpose, will soon have work resumed on the church commenced for him some three years ago, but suspended in consequence of the dishonesty of the contractor. It is designed to finish this structure in a handsome and substantial manner, and, when finished, it will be an ornament to the town. Occupying, as it does, one of the most prominent sites of the town, it will be one of the first objects visible on coming within view of Steilacoom on the water. We hope to see it completed, and the lots upon which it stands enclosed, within six months.

We hear of other improvements, great and small, in contemplation, but not in a state of forwardness calling for mention. Altogether, the prospect for the future is encouraging. We hope to see the work go on until Steilacoom is without a rival on the Sound for dimensions and population, as she already is unrivalled for her superior location and natural advantages.

A TRIP TO THE PUYALLUP.

For the Puget Sound Herald:—

Having a desire to travel through Pierce County, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Lane, of the Puyallup, I jumped into their wagon, "and we all took a ride." The sun shining bright, with a clear northern sky, we "pursued the noiseless tenor of our way," leaving the military station on the left, over rolling prairies, spotted with groups of trees, and presenting a view of surpassing beauty. Some three miles from Steilacoom, on the margin of the plains, we alighted at what appeared to be a small village; there being visible a grist and saw-mill, a forge, dwelling houses, stables, etc., from the neat appearance and general economy of which I could not but think of the adage that "Birds of a feather flock together." Veering north and eastward over a level plain, we very early in the evening had the good fortune to alight at the hospitable residence of Dr. Spinning, who, with his kind lady, we found at home. We passed the evening in cheerful conversation; our intelligent host keeping up a cross fire on various subjects till the morning star announced the approach of day. The Doctor's farm embraces a large tract of black muck land, under excellent cultivation, and forms a "green spot in memory's waste." This physician has three Indian reservations under his medical charge, which occupies much of his time and attention.

Bidding farewell to our kind friends, we journeyed early under the inspiration of a brilliant sun and clear sky. Once regaining the plains, we traveled in a southeasterly direction over hill and dale. Several deserted ranches greeted our view; the gold fever having lured the deluded owners away. I hope to see many prodigals return once more to their own roofs, to partake of the joy and happiness of the cottage, a boon always denied to the gold seeker.

Alighting at the house of Mr. Mahon, we were greeted very kindly. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong." Mrs. Mahon seems to appreciate this sublime philosophy, and, in the generous hospitality of her kind heart, she quickly prepared and set before us a good hot cup of strong tea, with the "fixins," which met a cordial reception. Mr. Mahon is comfortably situated on the margin of a rich prairie, under good cultivation, and has a fine orchard and an excellent house; substantial evidence of what an industrious person may accomplish in this country.

Having received our clearance and taken our departure from Mr. Mahon's, we journeyed over a barren, wild, sparsely timbered country, for twelve miles or more. The fir timber bordering on the plains, exposed to the full power of the sunbeams, appears to contain much turpentine, as manifested by the profusion of gum droppings. I believe that this now neglected branch of industry will yet reward the labors of other men in other times. The military road over which we traveled appears remarkable for the superabundance of rocks "promiscuously in ruin hurled" over and around it; and as our ride proved a remedy for dyspepsia, we gratefully recommend it to our suffering fellow men.

Late in the afternoon we descended a steep hill into the valley of the Puyallup, which appeared as delightful to our view as did the Jordan to Moses in days of yore. Mr. Lane's farm is situated on the forks of the southeast and northeast branches of the Puyallup river, which we reached after dark. The Sabbath morning proved very fine, whereupon the family determined to attend divine service at Thompson's house, and I determined to do likewise. While they were getting ready, I strolled a mile or more up the road; and, as far as the eye extended, even to the very base of the Cascades, a large level plateau met the view, where I should judge that one thousand families could be accommodated with good farms within the radius of my vision. Several families have taken farms in this delightful valley, on which the sun sheds its glorious rays from the rising to the setting thereof, which is the grand secret of the early crops prevalent here.

All hands being ready, we recrossed the south fork and journeyed through a level valley for some ten miles, which was covered with fir, cottonwood, alder and vine maple, all within convenient reach of the river. Stately spars, sufficient for the navies of the world, and vine maple sufficient to hoop every woman in the United States, may be had in this valley as cheap as in any part of the world. At Thompson's, men, women and children assembled to worship God, and I was pleased to observe the neat appearance and pious demeanor of the congregation on this solemn occasion. Rev. Mr. Weston, from Oregon, conducted the services.

On my departure from Thompson's, I called on Cyril Ward, Esq., on the Morrison farm. Here I met several friends, with whom I passed some pleasant hours. During the afternoon I took a glance at Stuck valley, where for miles around the most pleasing landscapes appeared to view. Several families are now located there, but large tracts of vacant land still remain open for settlement, which easy labor may convert into flourishing farms.

Late in the evening, accompanied by Judge Stewart, I arrived at Franklin, and became a willing victim to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Franklin is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Puyallup river, eight miles from the bay; is easily approached, having a good scow in working order, and bids fair to become a place of considerable trade. While sojourning at Franklin, I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Walker, who has resided there for several years, and is very comfortably situated. He has an excellent building in process of completion, which he designs for a public house. I commend his house to the favorable consideration of travelers.

It is much to be regretted that so large a portion of the valley is reserved by an act of Congress to the Indians. The glaring folly of our government, in ceding the very key of this "shining river," for six miles from the bay, embracing both sides, requires no argument; and immediate steps should be taken by the Territorial Legislature to have this preposterous incubus removed forthwith. A very small portion of this fine domain is now occupied by the Indians, and they have manifested a desire to share it with the "Bostons;" but the red tape circumlocution of the bureau, like the Bourbons, "never learns and never forgets," will obstruct our progress with all its might. Our remedy lies with Congress, and a memorial should be forwarded immediately. I observed a few patches of potatoes, cabbages, cereals, &c., cultivated by Indians, and as they are a peg above the other tribes on our coast, their rights and privileges should be guarded to the same extent as our own, and no further. The reservation is now under the management of Messrs. Ward, Billings, Wiley and Spinning, and I can safely assert that those gentlemen devote their best energies to elevating the condition of the poor Indian, and that they enjoy his entire good will and confidence.

The Puyallup River has been long obstructed by dams of drift logs, trees and broken timber, greatly to the detriment of the settlers. To the end that those obstructions should be removed, the Puyallup Navigation Company—Messrs. Berry, Stewart, Ward, Billings and others—obtained an act of incorporation investing them with certain privileges for a number of years, on condition that those dams or other obstructions shall be removed and navigation uninterrupted. Sensible of the obligations thus incurred, the Company have removed the lower drift, and they hope to relieve the river of every obstruction in the course of the winter months. It is just to state that, though the Company enjoys exclusive privileges, yet, in the spirit of a generous desire to afford the greatest good to the greatest number, they have invited and are receiving the active co-operation of the settlers on the river and vicinity, in relieving the river of every impediment to its free navigation.

Having thus traveled through some thirty miles of the Puyallup valley, with facilities to judge of its resources, its rich soil, equaling the tobacco soils of Cuba, its splendid forests, of every variety of timber useful to mankind, its water power, mill sites, all combining to render this valley the garden of the Pacific coast, I found the settlers happy and prosperous, and most anxious to extend every facility to such persons as are earnestly seeking homes. I enjoyed everywhere a welcome and hospitable treatment, and I do commend the Puyallup valley and the kind settlers there located to the warmest consideration of such persons as are desirous of securing good homes among good people.

"So come along! come along!
Don't be alarmed;
For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give us all a farm."

I am just passing over into King County, which I purpose to explore in a few weeks, the result of which will be submitted to your readers in due time.

Tourist.

Puyallup, Nov. 1st, 1863.

The Three Great Navies.—In view of the present threatening aspect of our foreign relations, the following statement of the New York *Journal of Commerce* is of interest and importance:

"Stated in the aggregate, the navies of the three leading commercial nations compared last year as follows:

	Iron-clads.	Steam vessels.
France	16	325
United States	54	*328
England	16	†341

*All classes, 427 †Including all.

"France and England each have four iron-cased ships at sea. The former has two more nearly if not quite ready for sea, and ten on the stocks. England has four more launched, and eight in an advanced state of construction. The United States, at the date of the last annual report of the Secretary of the Navy, had 54 iron-clads, including 32 armored iron vessels, (many of which were unfinished) and a number have been added since."

Idaho Delegate.—Somebody, lately arrived at Walla Walla from beyond the Rocky Mountains, states that Cannaday (Wallace's opponent) has received the entire vote of that region, numbering over a thousand. To us this sounds rather apocryphal; however, we shall believe it when it is confirmed.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The English fund for the Stonewall Jackson monument amounts to £1,500.

A bank clerk in Chicago has recovered $10,000 damages for a false charge of embezzlement.

Fifteen thousand dollars worth of cheese was sold from one dairy in Cazenovia, N. Y., recently.

Harvey E. Taft of Milford has raised a stalk of corn measuring eleven feet eight inches in length.

Twenty-nine rebel sympathizers in St. Louis have been sent South, to be transferred beyond the rebel lines.

A piece of Mahomet's shirt was burnt at the late fire at Constantinople. The city is in great distress about it.

The American Bible Society has recently sent twenty-five thousand Bibles gratis to the Southern Sabbath Schools.

Government has given orders for the construction of fast gunboats and the speediest completion of ocean iron-clads.

Rosecrans' army at the battle of Chattanooga numbered 48,000, while that of the enemy must have been nearly 70,000 men.

Out of two millions of dollars of postal currency recently canceled and burned, not two hundred dollars were counterfeit.

A number of the pilots on the Alabama river have struck for higher wages, demanding six hundred dollars per month.

"The Frosty Sons of Thunder" is the name of a political organization in Pennsylvania. Why not the "Hyperboreal Boanerges?"

A burglar escaped from the Tombs in New-York, by crawling through an aperture 6½ by 29 inches. He was an ordinary sized man.

Cotton clad and iron clad gunboats now have a rival in tin-clad gunboats; one of the latter being mentioned as appearing at Rodney, Miss.

Four (out of seven) candidates for office in Virginia City, Nevada Territory, are natives of New England. "Out in the cold," surely.

"Chickamauga," the river near which the recent battles in Georgia were fought, in the Indian language signifies "the river of death."

The New York *Times* says the Conscription Act has yielded about $5,500,000 in money, which will be effective as bounties for volunteering.

"Over the left," the cant phrase implying falsehood, has been abandoned for the more emphatic and significant expression of "Over the wires."

General William Preston, one of the Confederate generals wounded at the Chickamauga battle, was the former United States Minister to Spain.

A Mississippi rebel paper boasts that the stock of ammunition in the Confederacy is abundant, and that in any contingency it is deemed ample.

The cotton experiment in Illinois is a complete failure. Not a bale of cotton, it is said, will be raised in the State, the recent frost having killed the plant.

The new *Army Register* is completed, and shows that on April 1, 1863, there were 2423 commissioned officers in the regular army and 40,909 enlisted men—total, 43,332.

Forty quarts of water were drawn from the chest of a horse that had been sick with lung fever, last week. He was thus enabled to breathe easy and take his oats.

Capt. Robert P. Parrott, the inventor of the gun known by his name, is a citizen of Greenland, N. H., and a native of Portsmouth, being a son of the late Hon. John F. Parrott, M. C.

Prentice says he has no doubt that Beauregard, when the Devil gets him, will quarrel with his club footed majesty in regard to the kind of fire he shall use in broiling sinners.

Coal is now selling at Louisville, Kentucky, at the enormous price of fifty-five cents per bushel, or twelve dollars a cart-load. It is now beyond the reach of many poor families.

Seventy-four men of the crew of the privateer *Florida* had been dispatched from Brest, in France, to England, in order to form the nucleus of a crew for some new rebel vessel or vessels.

"Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken," are the jubilant words with which the Knoxville *Bulletin*—now a Union journal—announces the deliverance of East Tennessee from rebel rule.

A sail-boat race came off at Bristol on Wednesday, in which the first prize was taken by the *Kelper* of Bristol, which was modeled, built and sailed by a blind man, Mr. John Harrishoff.

A lady has written to George D. Prentice of Louisville that she has named her Union boy, five weeks old, George D. Prentice Ulysses S. Grant Orlando H. Rosecrans Stanley Berryman Burnside Adams.

The celebrated tight-rope dancer, Signora Sacho, not having been able to obtain a license for performing in France, owing to her great age, 92, has gone to Valencia, where she looks for better luck!

The Utica *Observer* says that Jabez Halleck, of Oneida county, N. Y., grandfather of Major General H. W. Halleck, died on the 17th ult., at the extraordinary age of one hundred and three years.

"Recent statistics," says the Paris *Opinion Nationale*, "show that in one of the lunatic asylums of the department of the Rhone, one-third of the patients owe their infirmity to mind to spiritualism."

The people of the border counties of Missouri are quitting their homes by thousands, in compliance with the order of Gen. Ewing. Many are obliged to leave their furniture and even clothing behind, having no means of transportation.

It is calculated that the rebels lose one hundred slaves per day, who are valued at $100,000. At the same rate of loss, the secesh, in one year, would be out of pocket $36,500,000 in the value of human chattels alone.

Letters received at the Agricultural bureau at Washington from Wisconsin say that that State will have twenty millions of bushels of wheat to spare this year, after supplying the home demand.

At the session of the Board of Aldermen, at Portland, Me., lately, Mrs. J. P. Thurston made her appearance and requested her name to be added to the voting list, insisting upon her right to vote, as she paid taxes.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. W. Sullivan, the prompt and obliging news dealer of San Francisco, has laid us under obligations for bundles of papers on two occasions during the past month. The bundles comprised a good selection of the best of the Eastern papers, pictorials included, and were more than ordinarily welcome, especially the last; from which we have made many selections. He has our thanks.

To Major Stratman we are indebted for several bundles of papers received after our suspension, for which we thank him.

To such of the publishers of exchanges as have continued to favor us with their papers during our protracted suspension, a period which must have taxed their forbearance to the utmost, we shall feel ever grateful. We shall not soon forget their generosity.

It has been ascertained that the captures by the navy during the war up to the present time amount to thirty millions of dollars. Only one hundred thousand dollars of this sum has been awarded to captors.

MARRIED.

In Pierce County, W. T., at the house of the bride's mother, on the 14th ult., by E. A. Light, Probate Judge, Mr. Robert Thompson to Miss Mary Gerlock, all of Pierce County.

☞ Notice.—A Special Meeting of the Presbytery of Puget Sound will be held in Steilacoom, Pierce County, W. T., on Friday, the first day of January, 1864, for the purpose of investigating the connection of a Minister of the Gospel who is at present in connection with the Indian Department.

GEORGE W. SLOAN,
Stated Clerk.

Steilacoom, Dec. 5th, A. D. 1863. 1-4

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 Diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from Teething or any other cause.

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

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

Price only 25 cents per bottle.

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

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

COUNTY SURVEYOR.—GEORGE W. SLOAN, County Surveyor of Pierce County, W. T., will attend to the duties of said office in person. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Steilacoom, December 5, 1863.

U. S. MAIL AND STAGE LINE between Olympia and Steilacoom City, W. T., tri-weekly line. Leaves Olympia every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock A.M.; leaves Steilacoom every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 o'clock A.M.
6 1:tf J. D. LAMAN, Proprietor.

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,	- - - - -	2 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 Feet,	- - - - -	5 00 per Dozen
Size, 42 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.
NEW MILITARY BOOKS RECEIVED AS SOON AS PUBLISHED.
Books Imported to Order.
All kinds of Military Goods imported to order. Swords, Belts and Presentation Swords got up in the finest style in thirty days, at fifty per cent less than San Francisco prices.
6-1:tf J. STRATMAN.

COMMISSION AND PURCHASING AGENT
SAN FRANCISCO.

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

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

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

Those desiring information concerning the undersigned are

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

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

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

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The commodious and fast-sailing schooner
FLYING MIST,
190 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 KEACH or H. W. BERRY, in Steilacoom, or to the CAPTAIN, on board. 5-42:1y

Elk-Horn Market.

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

MEATS, VEGETABLES, &c.,

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

N.B.—Cash will be paid for choice Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Butter, &c, on delivery.
5-19:tf MONTGOMERY & BYRD.

E. S. FOWLER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FLOUR, PROVISIONS AND TOBACCO,
Pioneer Ship-Bread and Cracker Bakery,
Port Townsend, W. T. 5-32:tf

ALEXANDER BUSWELL,
PRACTICAL BOOK-BINDER,
Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer,
517 Clay and 514 Commercial sts,
Between Montgomery and Sansome,
San Francisco.
Binding of every description neatly executed; Blank Books Ruled and Bound to any desired pattern. 5-7:1y

FRANK CLARK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office—Corner of Commercial and Main streets,
STEILACOOM, W. T. 1-1y

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

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, December 5, 1863.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

New York, Nov. 15.—The Baltimore *American's* correspondence from Charleston harbor, dated November 11th, says: The Monitors *Montauk* and *Passaic* have returned from Port Royal, fully repaired. The bombardment of Sumter goes on without unusual incident. The rebel fire is not serious. The Monitor *Patapsco* recently threw five shells into Battery Bee, compelling the rebels to desert their guns. Gen. Gilmore threw three ordinary shells into the center of Charleston to try the range of his guns. This correspondent presumes that Charleston will not be shelled till the Monitors are in position in Rebellion Roads, (west of Sumter) when its surrender can be demanded according to all the forms and usages of war.

The rebels have two thousand negroes working on the batteries on Sullivan and James Islands. Many of these works will be entirely useless when the great trial comes. The correspondent concludes that the prospect of successful results was never more promising than now. He indistinctly refers to experiments recently made touching the removal of rebel obstructions as a success. These are no longer to be feared. He states his firm conviction that we will have Charleston or its ruins between now and Christmas.

New York, Nov. 16.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, writing under date of yesterday, says: Information just received here from the South indicates that a large body of North Carolina and Georgia Unionists, who had habitations only in the mountains of Western North Carolina, have made their escape with their arms and much valuable information into East Tennessee, where they will swell the ranks of Gen. Burnside's army. They come to us as original Union men, and will fight with our volunteers to the end. These men formed themselves into an army numbering about 5000, poorly armed and equipped; but with real courage and patriotism they have dared to give battle to the rebel regulars at a place called Warm Springs, north of Nashville, Buncombe county, North Carolina, near the Tennessee line. These brave men were making their way toward Knoxville, when they were attacked on the 29th of October by a party of the Twenty fifth North Carolina regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Brison, who was badly whipped and forced to beat a hasty retreat to Ashville. The rebels lost six killed and thirty wounded. After the fight the Unionists advanced and took Ashville after a feint, and came near taking Gen. Vance—son of the Governor—and his staff prisoners. After this the patriotic band fell back to the mountains. A letter from Gov. Vance, dated Madison county, North Carolina, Nov. 3d, says: The enemy has withdrawn from Washington, North Carolina, to East Tennessee, and they carried off several prominent citizens.

A Washington dispatch states that a consultation was held on Saturday, (14th) between the President, Stanton, Halleck and Meade. It is said that Stanton and Halleck favor the Army of the Potomac going immediately into winter quarters; while the President and Meade propose to take advantage of the completion of the Rappahannock bridge to endeavor to force a fight on Lee at a point near the Rapidan. The bridge will be finished the first of the week.

The *Herald* has advices from Banks' expedition up to the afternoon of the 4th of November. The expedition landed safely on the Texas shore of the Rio Grande, after losing one or two vessels. A boat's crew of seven soldiers were drowned while disembarking. The rebels evacuated Fort Brown, setting fire to the works there. Brownsville was also set on fire by a few rebel cavalry, but the Unionists turned out and extinguished it; where upon the rebel cavalry, joined by the secessionists in the town, attacked them, and a terrible street fight was going on while the houses were burning around them. The Fourteenth Maine Regiment was immediately ordered to march on the place. The Maine regiment was the first to land on the shore. An Iowa regiment was immediately after them, and their regimental flags were hoisted almost simultaneously.

New York, Nov. 17.—A letter from off Brashear City, La., dated November 5th, gives further particulars of the movements connected with Banks' expedition. A successful reconnoissance of the whole Texan coast had been made by the gunboat *Tennessee*, and also of the Rio Grande, with its pass and bars—most valuable information as to the depth of water being obtained, as well as views of the rebel works at Sabine Pass, Galveston river and other points.

During the cruise a small blockade runner, with arms, etc., from Havana, was captured, and another destroyed. Firing was heard off Sabine Pass—supposed to be in honor of the arrival of Magruder.

Washington Nov. 17.—The Navy Department has received information of another capture off Wilmington, N. C.

The Richmond *Enquirer* notices the capture of the steamer *R. E. Lee*, and says her loss will be severely felt. She has made many trips, and probably paid for herself several times. Her loss will none the less be regretted on that account.

The *Enquirer* indorses an article from the *Dispatch* in reference to the treatment of those of our men held as prisoners. The *Dispatch's* article is significant. It is as follows: If we are starving ourselves, how can we prevent them from starving? But the truth is, that, though straitened for our own means of life, we are caring as well for the prisoners as ourselves. Our own people, as we know of our own personal knowledge, have denied meat to their own families, because necessary for the Yankees.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Intelligence has been received to the effect that Longstreet's corps, or a portion of it, is moving in a direction between Chattanooga and London, (East Tennessee) as if to make a demonstration on Burnside's forces at Knoxville. Some skirmishing has already occurred with the outposts of the latter, and a battle is not improbable, though the movement is regarded as one of great daring for the rebel corps, as it is so far from its base. Burnside is believed to be strongly fortified, and it is believed here that he cannot be dislodged from his position.

Memphis, Nov. 16.—The steamer *Leonora* arrived this morning from White river. She reports that the guerrillas are swarming about the mouth of that river. A gunboat stationed there was expecting them to attack a party sent from the vessel in pursuit of the band that burned the steamer *Allen Collier*.

The Little Rock *National Democrat* of Nov. 10th, had received a Washington *Telegraph*, published in Hempstead county, Arkansas. This latter gives many items of interest. It says that Kirby Smith, as Lieutenant General commanding, had issued a proclamation to the people of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, calling for the formation of commands for local home defense. He says: "By a vigorous effort you preserve your property, you secure independence for yourselves and children and all that renders life desirable. Endure awhile longer, and victory and peace must crown your efforts."

A large Union meeting was held in the theater at Little Rock, Oct. 7th. Several addresses were delivered, after which a Committee on Constitution and By-laws, for the organization of a permanent State Central Union Club, reported.

Washington, Nov. 17.—On Sunday forenoon, the cavalry division of Gen. Kilpatrick, under command of Gen. Custer made a reconnoissance along the Rapidan to Raccoon Ford, to ascertain the truth or falsity of the reports that the rebels were falling back on Gordonsville.

Washington, Nov. 25.—Official dispatches from Grant and Thomas, dated Chattanooga, Nov. 24th, state that on yesterday Palmer Grant and Harvey's corps charged on the first line of rifle pits between Chattanooga and the creek, and captured nine officers and about 300 men. Our loss was 100.

To-day, Hooker, with Granger's and Ostenhaus' divisions, and two brigades of the fourth corps carried the north slope of Lookout Mountain. The enemy's loss is about 600. Our loss small.

There has been continuous fighting from 12 o'clock till after 8 o'clock. We repulsed the enemy's attempts to retake the position.

Sherman's corps, stationed at the mouth of Chickamauga, with three divisions of 15,000 and one division of the 14th corps, carried the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge.

Our success, so far, is complete. The troops from Lookout Valley carried, and now hold, the eastern slope of the Mountain, and points higher up.

We have the following from Chattonooga, dated November 25th: Gen. Bragg evacuated the summit of Lookout Mountain last night. Our troops now occupy that position. Bragg still holds the rifle pits on the base of Missionary ridge.

Hooker reports 2,000 prisoners taken in one assault on Lookout Mountain.

Gen. Sherman attacked the enemy on Missionary ridge this morning, and gained at that portion of the line a complete victory. Gen. Coffee led the rebel assault and was repulsed with heavy loss. Gen. Coffee being wounded, the second assault was made with Col. Loomis' brigade. They had nearly reached the summit of the hill, and enemy's works, when they were flanked, and an hour's fighting ensued, the enemy being compelled to protect their right.

General Grant attacked their weakened center, and after an hour's hard fighting broke it, and we gained possession of the Ridge. Our killed and wounded is unknown, as the killed were on the ground in possession of the enemy at dark.

Prisoners say that Bragg was on the Ridge just before it was taken. The main force of the enemy was driven north, toward Sherman, who caused them to break and flee across the Chichamauga.

We have taken not less than 5,000 prisoners, and perhaps 8,000.

Hooker will probably intercept the flying enemy in the vicinity of Rossville.

It is reported that we have taken a whole corps. We have taken forty pieces of artillery. Hooker captured five boxes of new muskets on Lookout Mountain. Our forces have entire possession of the field, and full control of the Railroad, and the river to Bridgeport.

Our loss will not amount to over 300 killed and 2,500 wounded, in three day's operations. Our success has been brilliant.

The enemy is reported about two miles beyond and south of Missionary Ridge. Col. Phelps, of the 38th Ohio, and Major Riley, of the 32d Indiana were killed.

Washington, Nov. 26.—The *Star* says we have positive and reliable intelligence from Burnside at Knoxville up to noon of the 20th—24 hours later than previously received. Burnside still holds his position without loss, and also kept intact his line of communication. Everything looks favorable.

American Naval Achievements.—The following from the London *Times* of January, 1812, will be read with interest at the present time:—"We witnessed the gloom which that event (the capture of the *Guerriere*) cast over high and honorable minds; it is not merely that an English frigate has been taken after a brave resistance, but it has been by a new enemy. The mourning for this last most affecting event (the capture of the *Java*) can never be laid aside till the honor of the British flag shall be redeemed by establishing the same triumphant superiority over the Americans that we have had over all the nations that traverse the seas. Five hundred British vessels and three frigates have been captured in seven months by the Americans. Can the English people hear this unmoved? Down to this moment not an American frigate has struck her flag. They insult and laugh at us; they leave their ports when they please, and return when it suits their convenience; they traverse the Atlantic; they beset the West India Islands; they advance to the very chops of the Channel; they parade along the coast of South America; nothing chases, nothing intercepts, nothing engages them, but yields to them a triumph."

Material of War.—The government, at the present time, has on hand, in the different arsenals throughout the country, seven hundred thousand stand of arms, five hundred thousand of which are effective. The number is rapidly increasing, the Springfield manufactory alone turning out 25,000 rifled muskets every month. Under the contract made by Secretary Cameron, nearly two years ago, with private parties, for two hundred thousand rifled arms, only twenty-five thousand have as yet been delivered to the government—the muskets manufactured by contract costing one-third more than those made at Springfield. There are also on hand about two thousand four hundred 24 and 32 pounder smooth-bore cannon, which are rapidly being converted into effective guns by the rifling process. By this means the weight of the projectile is increased one-third, and a greater range gained with less waste of powder.

Amusing Exhibition.—The exhibitor of the auto-peripatetic performers gave an exhibition at Masonic Hall, last evening, which was a complete success, if we may judge from the laughter and evident satisfaction of the audience.

Another Draft.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* expresses the opinion that there will be another draft immediately, and Secretary Stanton will recommend to Congress the abrogation of the $300 exemption clause. It is now feared that not over 75,000 men will be obtained by the present draft.

The extreme penalty of military law, daily visited, almost, upon the professional substitutes who have been caught in deserting, is working a reform, and desertions are decreasing. A sharp lookout is now kept on the Potomac, where they have been swimming across into Maryland and escaping. Some have been shot in the water who refused to give themselves up.

Capt. Samuel Davis, of the 14th Connecticut regiment, has been dishonorably dismissed from the service for gross neglect of duty in allowing 70 out of 117 drafted men to escape, while he was officer of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Elizabeth Beatty was tried at Pittsburg, recently, for the murder of John McCormick, her seducer, whom she shot in a court-room where he had given bonds under the bastardy act. She was acquitted.

Petroleum has advanced to $7 per barrel at the wells, without the packages. A well flowing 1500 barrels per day is a snug little property. Even a hundred barrel well, once considered a small affair, is not to be despised.

Certificates of disability for one hundred and seventy thousand cases of wounded soldiers have been sent from the Surgeon General's office to that of Pensions. But thirty thousand applications for pensions have yet been received.

The Chicago *Tribune* says the late severe frosts have demonstrated that the Chinese sugar cane is much hardier than Indian corn, and may work something of a revolution in the partial substitution of one staple for the other by farmers.

An alarmed Englishman writes to the London *Times* to know why English fortifications are being mounted with the old 68-pounders, while the United States and other nations are fortifying with huge 15-inch guns. England is behind the age.

The Poughkeepsie *Press* says that a society of Mormons actually exists in that city, and that it increases strongly almost every day. They propose leaving for Salt Lake City about the first of April next, at least one hundred and fifty strong.

There is a family "out west," the offspring of which bear the following flowery Christian names: Rosabella Ridgeway, Loretta Sophronala Florus Hogarth, Harrietta Burnietta, Florin Isadora, Fredolin Fitzaubin, Everard Lyfoye, and Iverness Floresdine.

John T. C. McCaffrey, from Knoxville, Tenn., served three months under General Jackson, thirty-two months in the Mexican war, twelve months in the present war, and sent eleven sons to the Union army, four of whom were killed before Vicksburg.

The Catholic clergy of the diocese of Philadelphia have presented to the Right Rev. Bishop Wood a splendid carriage, costing eleven hundred dollars, a superb set of harness to correspond, and sufficient money besides to purchase another vehicle for ordinary uses.

Among the modern inventions is a "ship's berth boat," intended to prevent seasickness when used as a berth, by accommodating itself to the motion of the vessel after the manner of the mariner's compass; and in case of ship, wreck may be used effectively as a life-boat.

Artemus Ward says: "I have already given two cousins to the war & I stand reddy to sacrifise my wife's brother rathur'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss I'll shed every drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war."

A Scotch paper says that Madeline Smith, who was tried for poisoning her lover at Glasgow, some years since, has been comfortably married, and may occasionally be seen, on a Sunday, along with her husband in a church, "not a hundred miles from Linlithgow."

The Union League of Philadelphia, a working organization, during the late invasion excitement in Pennsylvania, raised, equipped and sent to the field a full brigade of troops, and it is now engaged in forming a regiment of infantry for three years or the war.

The recent arrangement for exchange between Gen. Meredith and Commissioner Ould embraces all the prisoners captured up to Sept. 1, 1863, amounting to about 24,000, and leaves at least 40,000 in our hands. The terms of the cartel are the same as before.

As a consequence of protracted civil war, brigands have sprung up in Missouri in great numbers, and these prowl about plundering at will in some districts of the State. In the depopulated border counties these pillagers came in and made spoil of the property left behind.

It is estimated that the wheat crop in the South this year will amount to nearly 60,000,000 bushels. In 1860 over 31,000,000 bushels were harvested. This great increase is accounted for by the fact that unusual interest has been paid since the beginning of the war to the cultivation of the cereals.

The Atlanta (Ga.) *Sentinel* is troubled at the discovery that there are numbers of disloyal persons in the Confederacy, principally in large business places, who plainly show by their acts that they are not in sympathy with the rebellion. It says meetings of indignant citizens are being held to expel them.

The Canadian papers are mourning over the emigration of mechanics and laboring men from that country to this. Hundreds leave daily with their families, and the Queen's dominions are becoming depopulated. New towns are no longer seen to spring up, and the forests are encroaching upon the settlements.

A resident of Newport, a very poor man, found a wallet containing the sum of $300. He sought for the owner, and found him in the person of a well-to-do farmer from Narragansett, who was so delighted with his good luck in recovering his money, that he gave the poor man the extraordinary sum of *five cents!*

Chattanooga is 151 miles from Nashville, 432 from Savannah, 447 from Charleston and 610 from Washington. It is situated on the left bank of the Tennessee river, at the north terminus of the Western and Atlantic railroad, at the eastern termination of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, and on the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and according to the *Court Journal*, is likely to "become very prevalent." That authority says: "Fashion holds such a tyrannic sway over society that we need never be surprised at seeing the most astounding changes of manners, customs and dress brought about through its magic influence."

An American buggy in London is a subject of as much curiosity as if it was a chariot of fire. Men and women stop and look at it with amazement, as nothing of the kind has been seen in those parts, as the British ride in heavy, two-wheeled vehicles, about as cumbersome as express wagons. The boys stop and look at the strange apparition, and break out about as follows: "My hyes, 'Arry, 'ere's a four-wheeler for ye! Look 'it 'is wheels! Did you ever see such thin uns?"

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

It is estimated that the income paid to the Government from the Pennsylvania oil wells will reach $5,000,000 per annum. There is no tax on crude oil, and this revenue is realized mainly from the tax of ten cents per gallon on refined oil.

Of the Corps d'Afrique, organized under the auspices of Gen. Banks, fifteen thousand colored soldiers have already been mustered into the service, and recruits are still coming in rapidly. The maximum strength of the corps is 25,000.

The trunk of an apple tree in Chickopee, Mass., measures three feet and eleven inches in diameter, and its top spreads over a circle of one hundred and eighty feet in circumference, so that it is doubtless the largest apple tree in the country.

Protestant churches have multiplied in Paris within a few years. French and foreign chapels included, there cannot now be less than a dozen. There are about a million Protestants in France, and the country is a fair field for Protestant propagandism.

It is calculated that the expenditures of the quartermaster's department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, will amount to somewhere in the neighborhood of $875,000,000 or $400,000,000. The clothing bureau alone will swallow upwards of $100,000,000.

Mrs. Wannamaker died in Bergen county, N. Y., last week, who weighed previous to her death, seven hundred pounds. She was a great eater, and disposed of an ordinary-sized ham in two meals. At her last dinner twenty-four ears of corn made up a slight portion of her repast.

From figures in the Provost Marshal General's office it is ascertained that on the 1st of July, 1863, there were but 92,789 deserters from all the armies in the field. Since the establishment of the Bureau of Deserters over 15,000 of these "skulkers" have been returned to their regiments.

Charles M. Beecher, of the Cattaraugus *Freeman*, has been drafted. In announcing the fact he says:

Why should we mourn, conscripted friends,
Or quake at Draft's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Abra'm sends
To make us shoulder arms!

M. Nadar's newly-invented aerial machine, which is occupying considerable attention in Paris, is already nearly half finished. Its dimensions are so enormous that it will have accommodation, it is declared, for more than a hundred passengers. The first aerial journey is to be to Baden.

Brigadier-General Robert Anderson, United States army, has been ordered before the army retiring board, and it is expected that he will be retired from active service, as, since the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in 1861, he has not been equal to the fatigue and excitement incidental to service in the field.

The number of prize vessels taken into the port of Philadelphia since the commencement of the war is eighty-five. The most valuable, including the cargo, was the steamer *Bermuda*, which realized more than half a million of dollars. Several of the late prizes, which brought heavy cargoes of cotton, realized large sums.

Eleven millions of dollars is the amount required this year for the city expenditure of New York, equal to 12 dollars for each individual inhabitant, or 100 dollars for every voter. This is a tolerably good sized city tax bill, but New York is used to it, and considers its ability to pay it a mark of its metropolitan grandeur.

A general order has been issued at Washington, taking out of the hospitals every enlisted man (except hospital stewards) who are fit for duty. It is thought that several thousand will thus be speedily obtained, as a large number are employed in various ways about the hospitals who have been fit for active duty for months.

In London they have established a ghost club for research into the possibility of a traveler's returning from those bournes to which we all look forward with interest. The club is in downright earnest, as may be gathered from the fact that the committee advertise for a "haunted house," one whose reputation is well authenticated.

A pair of Government shoes were last week made in Boston for a Norwegian, a man of gigantic proportions. The size is No. 20, and the measure as follows: Heel 16 inches, ankle 12 inches, instep 12 inches, toes 11½ inches. He is a color sergeant in an artillery regiment of the army, and is at present at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor.

Monsieur Feanelon, who married one of the Ravel girls, and traveled with the family for twenty years, was playing as leader of the orchestra, at a rehearsal in a New York Theater, and had arrived at the passage in the tenor aria near the close of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "I will meet you in heaven," when he fell back dead from bursting a blood vessel.

The French papers contain a curious account of a town, the remains of which have lately been discovered imbedded in the mud at the mouth of the Garonne. A church, supposed to be of the date of the decadence of the Roman empire, has been already laid bare, and numerous capitals and ecclesiastical architectural ornaments have been brought to light.

The Portsmouth *Chronicle* tells of a man (with a strong-minded wife) who came to that city from Salmon Falls to enlist as a substitute. The wife attended her husband to the Provost Marshal's quarters, saw him mustered in, took his $300 and his citizen clothes after he had donned Uncle Sam's true blue, bid him good bye, and returned to her home. The couple are said to be well off for this world's goods.

Frank S. Viney, a negro who was recruiting negroes at Newcastle, Del., under orders from Major George L. Stearns, was lately arrested for being a non-resident free negro; and failing to pay a fine of $50 and costs, and to leave the State within five days, was committed to prison and advertised to be sold to the highest bidder, whether in or out of the State. Several gentlemen at Wilmington paid the bill and procured his release.

The enlistment of slaves as soldiers is going on very rapidly on the eastern shore of Maryland. This is done with the consent of their owners, who receive from the recruiting officer a certificate for every slave enlisted, which certificate will entitle the owner to $300, when the Legislature passes an emancipation (with compensation) act, which is expected to be done this winter. The same course is pursued in Western Maryland.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

It came and went so lightly,
That pleasant summer rain;
Now see, dear wife, how brightly
Laughs out our own demain.
Far, far into the distance
The eager eye can roam,
But here is true existence,
And here a happy home.

Down fly the pigeons cooing,
The pretty, graceful things!
So gentle in their wooing,
Beside the fairy springs,
Where, gathering flowers together,
A garland first I wove,
In bright and sunny weather,
For thee, my only love!

Another wreath I plaited,
As well rememberest thou,
That day when we were mated,
And took the happy vow.
The world was all before us,
To make or choose our way;
And years have stolen o'er us,
Since that most blessed day.

Contented and caressing,
What could we wish for more?
God sent a greater blessing,
We counted three and four;
Two more have joined the party,
The little prattling elves!
But now they're strong and hearty,
And taller than ourselves.

That story needs no telling;
I see you looking down
On yonder new-built dwelling,
Amid the poplars brown.
May all good angels guide him!
For there our eldest sits,
His winsome wife beside him,
Our own beloved Fritz.

How pleasant is the clatter,
'Tis like a measured reel,
As yonder falling water
Goes foaming o'er the wheel!
In many a song and ditty,
Are millers' wives called fair;
But none are half so pretty
As our dear daughter there.

Ah yes! I do not wonder
Your eye should rest e'en now,
Upon the hillock yonder,
Where dark the fir-trees grow.
There lie our babes together,
Beneath the daisied sod;
But they have seen Our Father,
And pray for us to God!

Look up! look up! for glancing,
The glint of arms appears;
And sound of music dancing,
Strikes full upon my ears!
With trophies carried o'er them,
In freedom's battle won,
Who walks so proud before them?
'Tis Carl! it is my son!

The Rose he loves so dearly
Is blushing on his breast—
Oh, wife! what follows nearly?
Our hero's marriage-feast!
Methinks I see the wedding,
The dancers and the glee,
And merriest measure treading,
Our youngest children three!

The happy faces round us
Will then recall the tide,
The blessed day that bound us
As bridegroom and as bride.
Nay, tarry here and listen!
Ere yet the year is done,
Our good old priest shall christen
A grandchild and a son.

Two men, be they the dearest friends in the world, when they have once lighted their candles and said good night, think no more of one another, and feel no lack of one another till they meet at breakfast the next morning. But two women, two sisters, or two dear friends, are not satisfied with talking all day down stairs; they must needs talk half the night in their bedrooms. Some prying novelist says somewhere that female nature is such that confidence cannot be perfect till the back hair is let down; but we do not know enough of ladies' toilets to know whether this is the right explanation. If it be, we feel quite sure that many husbands would be quite satisfied to allow the back hair to be let down in the drawing room; at all events, from the withdrawing thither to the announcement of tea. As it is, the poor man has a creeping sensation that he, and his house, and his friends, and all his affairs, are being discussed just when he is anxious to forget them all in sound slumber. We commend the question to the investigators of Social Science: Why do women delight to chatter in bed-rooms, while men, if they do chatter, invariably chatter down stairs?

Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty in the lady of a country squire. The struggle between departing youth and coming age is never more awful! A little older and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years, those during which, though not longer pretty, a woman may still be handsome, the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast with the first gray hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *embonpoint*. Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen is nothing to the agitation with which the poor grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion in which she is succumbing.

There is nothing more wholesome for both the people and their rulers, than to dwell upon the excellence of those statesmen whose lives have been spent in the useful, the sacred work of peace. The thoughtless vulgar are ever prone to magnify the brilliant exploits of arms, which dazzle ordinary understandings, and prevent any account being taken of the cost and the crime that so often are hid in the guise of success. All merit of that shining kind is sure of passing current for more than it is really worth; and the eye is turned indifferently upon, or even scornfully from the true friend to his species, the minister who devotes all his cares to stay the worst of crimes that can be committed, the last of calamities that can be endured by man.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of a recent sermon, made an elegant plea for newspapers, speaking of them as one of the most potent elements of our civilization. "There is," said he, "a common vulgar objection about newspapers that 'they lie so;' they don't lie any more than you do. Man is naturally a lying creature. Truth is a gift from Heaven, and very few of us possess it before we get there. The newspapers give both facts and rumors, and they would be blamed if they did not do so. It is for the readers to judge of these rumors. The last economy should be in regard to newspapers. It is better to deprive the body of some ribbon, or jewel, or garment, than to deprive the mind of its sustenance."

The Bethlehem Hospital was built on the plan of the Tuilleries, at Paris; and this facsimile of his palace, adapted for such a purpose, gave so much offense to Louis XIV., that he ordered a plan of St. James' Palace to be taken for offices in his own capital of a very inferior description.

THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND.

False prophets and erroneous interpretations of the Scriptures are not confined to the present period of the world's history. "White's Eighteen Christian Centuries," from which the following sketch is extracted, affords abundant evidence of the truth of this remark. We copy it as an interesting epoch of the Christian era:

Just as this century drew to a close, various circumstances concurred to produce a change in men's minds. It was a universally diffused belief that the world would come to an end when a thousand years from the Savior's birth were expired. The year 999 was therefore looked upon as the last which any one would see. And if ever signs of approaching dissolution were shown in heaven and earth, then the people of this century might be pardoned for believing that they were made visible to them. Even the breaking up of morals and law, and the wide deluge of sin which overspread all lands, might have been taken as a token that mankind were deemed unfit to occupy the earth any more. In addition to these appalling symptoms, famines were renewed from year to year in still increasing intensity, and brought plague and pestilence in their train. The land was left untilled, the house unrepaired, the right unvindicated; for who would take the useless trouble of plowing or building, or quarreling about property, when so few months were to put an end to all terrestrial interests? Yet even for the few remaining days the multitude must be fed. Robbers frequented every road—entered even into walled towns; and there was no authority left to protect the weak or bring the wrong-doers to punishment. Corn and cattle were at length exhausted; and in a great part of the continent these extremities were endured, and when endurance could go no further, the last desperate expedient was resorted to, and human flesh was commonly consumed. One man is mentioned who went so far as to expose it for sale in a market town. The horror of this open confession of their needs was so great that the man was burned, but more for the publicity of his conduct than for his inherent guilt. Despair gave a loose rein to all his passions.

Nothing was sacred—nothing safe. Even when food might have been had, the vitiated taste made bravado of its deprivation, and women and children were killed and roasted in the madness of the universal fear.

Meantime the gentler natures were driven to the wildest excesses of fanaticism to find retreats from the impending judgment. Kings and Emperors begged at monastery doors to be admitted brethren of the Order. Henry of Germany and Robert of France were saints, according to the notions of the times, and even now deserve the respect of mankind for the simplicity and benevolence of their characters. Henry the Emperor succeeded in being admitted as a monk, and swore obedience on the hands of the gentle abbot, who had failed to turn him from his purpose. "Sire," he said at length, "since you are under my orders and have sworn to obey me, I command you to go forth and fulfill the duties of the State, to which God has called you. Go forth, a monk of the Abbey of St. Vaune, but Emperor of the West." Robert of France, the son of Hugh Capet, placed himself, robed and crowned, amongst the choristers of St. Dennis, and led the musicians in singing hymns and psalms of their own composition. Lower men were satisfied with sacrificing the mark of their knightly and seignorial rank, and placing baldrics and swords on the altars, and before the images of saints. Some manumitted their serfs, and bestowed large sums upon charitable trusts, commencing their disposition with words implying the approaching end of all. Crowds of the common people would sleep nowhere but in the porches, or at any rate within the shadow of the churches and other holy buildings; and as the day of doom drew nearer and nearer, greater efforts were made to appease the wrath of Heaven.

Peace was proclaimed between all classes of men. From Wednesday night till Monday evening of each week there was to be no violence, or enmity or war in all the land. It was to be a truce of God.

And now came the dreaded or hoped-for year. The awful Thousand had at last commenced, and men held their breath to watch what would be the result of its arrival. "And he laid hold of the Dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set his seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years be fulfilled, and after that he must be loosed a little season."—(Rev. 22: 2, 3.) With this text all the pulpits in Christendom had been ringing for a whole generation, and not the pulpits only, but the refection halls of convents and the cottages of the starving peasantry. Into the castle of the noble, also, we have seen it had penetrated; and the most abject terror pervaded the superstitious, while despair, as in shipwrecked vessels, displayed itself, amid the masses of the population, in rioting and insubordination. The spirit of evil, for a little while, was to be let loose upon a sinful world; and, when the observer looked around at the real condition of the people in all parts of Europe, at the ignorance and degradation of the multitude, the cruelty of the lords, and the unchristian ambition and unrestrained passions of the clergy, it must have puzzled him to imagine a worse state of things, even when the chain was loosened from that "old Serpent," and the world placed unresistingly in its folds. Yet, as if men's minds had now reached their lowest point, there was a perpetual rise from the beginning of this date. When the first day of the thousand-and-first year shone upon the world, it seemed that in all nations the torpor was about to be thrown off. There were strivings everywhere after a new order of things. The first joy of the deliverance from the expected destruction impelled all classes of society in a more honorable and useful path than they had ever hitherto trod.

A curious breach of contract—which, however, included a libel—has just been decided in Paris. Mademoiselle S. proceeded against the directors of one of the Paris theaters for certain moneys due to her for an engagement as second danseuse. The defendant pleaded "never indebted;" and, as a rider to the plea, stated that "the calves of Mademoiselle's legs were too big for a danseuse." On the part of the plaintiff it was argued that she had made no secret of her legs, which were such as a liberal nature had given to her; that they were, in fact, the stock in trade of a dancer; that objections had been taken by other directors to danseuses "*sans mollet*;" and, finally, that the state of the case was known to the defendant when he made the contract. The defendant offered to refer the matter to an "expert," and named the ballet master of the Imperial Academy as his referee, but the court held that strong legs were no breach of contract, and gave a verdict of costs for the plaintiff.

Try for a day, I beseech you, says Jean Paul Richter, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Be but for one day, instead of a fire-worshipper of passion, the sun worshipper of clear self-possession; and compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you allowed it to grow up; and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of fate; truly, you will wonder at your own improvement.

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters: truth has produced hatred; success, pride; security, danger; and familiarity contempt. And, on the other hand, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters: for astronomy is the offspring of astrology; chemistry, of alchemy; freedom, of oppression; patience, of long-suffering.

If the first corruption be not sucked in from the domestic manners, a little providence might secure men in their first entrance into the world; at least, if parents took as much care to provide for their children's conversation as they do for their clothes, and to procure a good friend for them as a good tailor.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

The following rules are commended for their excellence, brevity and practical utility. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder, and inwardly digest:

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self denial, not self indulgence, of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these rules were reduced to practice—daily practice—by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented! It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the bad and dreadful consequences in the ruin of thousands.

"Beware of him who cannot look you in the eye," says the world. Beware of him who will not look Nature in the face, say we. Of all countenances, her's alone never grows old; awkward time scrawls no wrinkle on her brow; the rose on her cheek is not withered, nor the coral of her lip dimmed. Of all countenances her's is neither "changed nor sent away;" of all smiles, her's never fades, and the very tears that she sheds over the sweet day that is dead, turn to smiles for the robe she wears in the morning. Forever, as at "sweet sixteen," her heart is warm and roomy, and, like the God that made it, loveth all. It is a pleasant thing to think, when we gaze upon that face, that it kindles with the same expression it used to wear when household angels came and went, 'twixt Paradise and Heaven; that look of her's as full of soul and hope as when the choir of stars did sing its lullaby. But those lineaments of beauty grow loveliest to the clearest eye; the eye that is couched to see them as they are; to look beneath the curves of grace that shape the world, and read therein sweet syllables of truth. And the longer one looks, the more lively do they seem, and the warmer his heart grows, and the more like a child he becomes; a little child, wondering at the gems that grace the breast of his mother.

When you find Master Jack suddenly refuse, one morning, to play marbles any more forever, be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first love. When you find in Master Jack's bed room sundry greasy bottles, with a yellow bear in a blue forest on the label, which—the label, not the bear—informs you that the contents of the bottle is an unguent that makes the moustache grow, you may be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first love. If Jack becomes satirical, and alludes in scornful terms to the world, be sure Jack's first love has just sprouted. If you find a pocket edition of Byron about Jack's clothes, be sure Jack's far gone in his first love. If you find a pair of patent leathers coming home from your shoemaker's on Saturday afternoon, and can't remember ordering them, and they can't fit anybody but Jack, don't blame him; first love is responsible. If you see Jack's finger ends inky, and scraps of an acrostic anywhere around, be assured that first love has caused the spoiling of some good stationery. Finally, if Jack is suffering from first love, don't meet the complaint with too strong remedies, let it strike in, and Jack strike out from parental authority. First love is like the whooping-cough; we must all have it, and it is best to catch it young.

Above the doorway of a house in Stockholm is still to be seen the stone portrait of a man and woman kneeling, fastened by a long chain neck to neck, on each side of a blazing fire—"The judgment of a Stockholm Solomon." In that house dwelt a man and his wife, who mutually accused each other of crimes so atrocious that the judges, in despair, had the accused chained together, with a collar around their necks, and placed on opposite sides of a burning stake, with orders that the one who pulled his or her adversary into the flames should be acquitted. A pile was lighted before this portal. Hate gave the woman strength. Her husband, faint and exhausted, was almost done for, when, in his agony, he called to St. Lawrence—a good cry, for that saint, himself broiled on a gridiron, knows well the pains of fire. The prayer of the man was heard. With one convulsive struggle he tugged his wife into the flames, lay down quietly, panting and puffing, till she was burned to ashes, and then rose, with her collar dangling to his chain. In gratitude to St. Lawrence, the good man caused this sculptured stone to be placed above this gateway.

The number of languages spoken is 4,064. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. One half die before the age of 17. To every 1000 persons, 1 only reaches 100 years. To every 1000 only 6 reach 75 years; and not more than 1 in 500 reaches 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,824 die every day; 7,780 die every hour; and 60 per minute, and one every second. The married are longer lived than the single; and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more changes in life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 76 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is one-fourth of the population.

"My son," said a philosophical old gentleman, "when draymen take the temperance pledge and the police refuse bribes; when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and when a bachelor in lodging finds a shirt without a button off, then thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thine offer of a dress, simply because she thinks that she doesn't need it."

In youth we seem climbing up a hill, on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to gain its summit! But when we have gained it, how different is the prospect on the other side! We sigh as we contemplate the waste before us; and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is like a portentous cloud fraught with thunder, storm, and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Application of Manure.

If we grumble occasionally at the tenacity with which farmers stick to old notions, it is not to be denied that they often exhibit a commendable readiness to adopt an improvement when it is fairly presented to them On no point of agricultural practice was there more determined prejudice than as to the method of applying manures. To take a load of manure from the stable or barnyard, and throw it reeking upon the ground, was manifestly to waste its fragrance and its value at once. The smell which assailed the olfactories was the sensible proof that the life and strength of the compound was exhaling. Science seemed to back the prejudice. Ammonia was evidently involved in the escaping steam, and ammonia is the most costly element of the food of plants. When the man of practice and the scientific theorist joined hands, it is not to be wondered that opinion on this point was firmly set. It is creditable to the intelligence of the agricultural community, that under the influence of well directed discussion in the agricultural journals it has undergone a revolution, and the old theory and the old practice have alike broken down. Farmers are no longer afraid to throw their manures out freely on the surface, and the man of science justifies the course.

It is due to candor to say that it was not a revelation of science which indicated the better practice. It was rather, in the face of her false teachings, that intelligent observation furnished facts which could not be gainsaid; and the experience of practical men was appealed to to uphold the practice of manuring upon the surface, while the teacher of science still maintained the inevitable loss of the volatile ammonia. Finally, however, it was ascertained that the loss of ammonia was not to be estimated by the quantity of wasting odors the manure exhibited. Ammonia never failed, it is true, to give a sensible indication of its presence, but other gases of no value to the crops magnified the appearance of waste. It now appears that it is only in so far as the manure has rotted, that ammonia is formed at all; in all the unrotted portion it is securely locked up in the form of nitrogen. Thrown upon the surface there is no wasteful exhalation, even under the hottest sun, except of a very small amount of ammonia; but the first shower mixes it with that portion of the soil where it will be most available and efficient.

It is one of the good consequences of this change of opinion, that manures may be hauled out at any season. It is not necessary to wait for plowing time. There is no occasion to limit the time of carting to the fields to the period when the team is most required to break the land. Except where compost is wanted for special purposes, manures should be taken out at the earliest practicable time. This is a matter of the utmost convenience and economy. Instead of having the accumulations of the yards soaked and tramped indefinitely, to be taken out once, or, at most, twice a year, the value of the manure and the good of the land require that at any time when a cart may be spared for the purpose, it be taken out and spread immediately upon the surface.

We said lately, with reference to wheat sowing, and a proper preparation in advance, that "the seed once committed to the ground, the crop is made or lost." We will make an exception so far as to say, that manures of any sort thrown at once upon the surface, may compensate the failure to manure when seeding. Manuring for any spring crop may be done now, the earlier the better, by throwing out the material upon the surface, whether the plowing is to be done in fall or spring. We find the *Country Gentleman* coinciding with this advice as follows: Another way for the perfect diffusion of the manure among the particles of earth, is to spread the manure in autumn, so that all the rains of this season may dissolve the soluble portions and carry them down among the particles, where they are absorbed and retained by the growing crop.

In experiments which we have witnessed, where the manure for the corn was first applied in autumn, it has afforded a yield of about seventy bushels per acre, when the same amount applied in spring gave only fifty bushels. A thin coat of manure applied to winter wheat at the time of sowing, and well harrowed in, has increased the crop ten bushels per acre—and in addition to this, by the stronger growth it has caused, as well as by the protection it affords the surface, it has not unfrequently saved the crop from total or partial winter killing.

Rye.

We have sometimes wondered how it is that rye has maintained its existence on the face of the earth, and our own experience has not helped us to solve the difficulty. The Massachusetts *Plowman* quotes from an exchange which makes several points of recommendation of the crop. First, it says, it will produce good crops where oats will scarcely be worth the cost and labor of harvesting. We cannot deny this, as we never had the courage to try any kind of crop on such land. Again, it says, there is peculiarity about rye—it does not sensibly exhaust the soil. If that be so, it is because it is not a sensible crop, or such a one as a sensible man would be willing to grow. Again, it says, there are well authenticated instances in which rye has been grown for successive seasons on the same piece of land, without manure, and the crops, instead of diminishing, have actually increased. This is no more than to say, that each crop was too insignificant to over-balance the advantage to the soil of an active cultivation. The writer then goes on to advise certain applications of manure which he thinks will produce a remunerating crop, concluding with 200 lbs. of manipulated guano. What we have to say with reference to this grain is, that so far as our experience and observation goes, two hundred pounds of guano will, on any kind of land, produce more bushels of wheat than of rye, worth nearly twice as much money. While we do not deny that some rye may grow on such land as will bring no wheat at all, on any land which will produce a respectable crop of rye, we may get a more valuable crop of wheat. Therefore we said at the beginning, that as no reason as to time of seeding or harvesting could give it a preference, we wonder why it should continue to be sown. We say this in the face of the Pennsylvania farmer's predilection for rye-chop as horse food. We admit it may be the best food for his laboring horses, but is it not a very expensive one?

There is one use to be made of rye which we heartily commend, and that is for very early spring pasturage, or for soiling before the clover comes into use. Two bushels of seed to the acre, upon a rich lot, will give a great deal of early green food, and still produce a fair crop of grain. It is especially useful for milch cows, but every animal from pig to horse will enjoy it.

Free Cotton.

It was to be expected that there were people enough ready to take advantage, last spring, of the very natural desire to palliate the evil of the cotton famine. It was very suddenly found that a great portion of southern Illinois and other sections north of Mason and Dixon's line, to say nothing of the Middle States, was suited to the growth of cotton, and any quantity of seed was furnished, notwithstanding the blockade, "warranted to stand the climate." The anxious hopes that were excited seem to have been already blasted. A "killing frost" has "nipped the bud" of our great expectations, and free cotton has failed. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, dating from Champagne county, Ill., August 31st, says:

"The free cotton, of which thousands of dollars worth of seed has been sold, is gone beyond any hope of ever saving the roots, and the humbug is thus early collapsed."

Of this subject the Baltimore *Sun* says:

We do not know to what extent the cotton culture has been attempted in Maryland, and, as we have had no frost up to the last week of September, there may be here a more successful result. As a warning, however, it should be made known, that many years ago, in the mild climate of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, this matter was fairly tested. Early in the history of cotton culture, Dr. Joseph E. Muse, of Dorchester county, on his farm near Cambridge, experimented with the utmost skill and intelligence, and for several years was so successful that his crop was finally extended to seventy acres. The result, however, was a signal failure, and was accepted at the time as settling the question.

Champagne Cider.

We annex from a very respectable source, the following on the subject of Champagne Cider. The process of making a good article of cider, as free as possible from alcoholic influences, is so simple that any one who has the apples can have it in his family:

After the apples are crushed, press out the juice, put in a clean cask and leave out the bung. It will work without anything being put in. In four or five days draw off, and put into another clean cask; do this three or four times, allowing as many days between each change. It does not work well in cloudy weather, and so must be left longer. If it does not fine well, it will not keep sweet. To assist the fining, dissolve six ounces of gelatine for each hogshead, and mix; do this previous to the last change of cask.

The quality of cider depends upon the sort of apples used. Two parts sour and and one part sweet apples will make good cider.

Now observe, let there be no time lost in the whole process, but allow sufficient time to do it well. It is particles of pulp left in the cider that causes it to turn sour. To effect the proper clarifying and working, it will require four changes of casks, that is if you want first rate cider. Do not put any water in any part of the process, having all juice.

After the last change, the cider may remain in the cask, bunged up, two or three months. You can then bottle off, laying the bottles down in a cold, dark cellar; some will burst, but then you must put up with it. It will be fit to use during the summer, when all parts of the work have been well done. The bottled cider will be equal to champagne, and will keep sweet. Some put brandy, rum, gin or other spirits in; it does not preserve it, but only makes it intoxicating.

If you can get pineapples very cheap, two or three crushed up in a hogshead of juice will be a great improvement. If you keep the cider in casks, be sure that they are sound and air-tight, and very clean. Wash out with cold water, and scald out your cask—fumigate with rag of sulphur—melt the sulphur and then dip the rag in; a piece about one foot square will be sufficient for a hogshead—light the rag and then put in the hogshead—leave out the spile peg only. This will destroy all must or mildew, or any other bad taste in the cask.

TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.—We have, says a cotemporary, often urged upon our readers the importance of cutting rail and other timber in the summer. Experiments of our own, and frequent observation, have satisfied us that soft wood, cut when the bark peels from it freely, and when it will rapidly season, lasts at least twice as long as winter or spring-cut timber. The latter seasons slowly and becomes partially sap-rotten; the former dries thoroughly and hardens like horn. There may not be so much difference in the durability of hard timber, when cut in summer and in winter. Wm. Cone, of Michigan, writes as follows on this subject: "In June, twenty-nine years ago, having need of a pair of bar posts, I had to cut a tree for that purpose. I cut a white oak, about two feet through at the butt, and split out a pair. The bark peeled off easily. I set them with the butt end in the ground. Now, that pair of posts have outlasted about three sets in other parts of my farm, and the rails split at that time are much better than many that were split many years after. Now, bass wood rails, split in the summer, when they will peel easily, will outlast ordinary oak cut in winter."

SALTING HAY.—A correspondent says he has abandoned the old practice of putting salt on hay, as it adds to its moisture instead of lessens it. This opinion is backed with a will by a writer for a Boston paper, who lays down the law, as he understands it, in the following unequivocal manner:—"It is time this absurd custom was done away. It is beyond conception how so transparent a humbug ever got so widespread. Every particle of salt used on hay is a positive injury to it. The practice of salting hay ought to be almost as much discountenanced and discouraged as though it were an actual poison. Men will make almost superhuman exertions to get their hay up dry, and then immediately wet it with salt."

Domestic Recipes.

Hints for Housewives.

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meal, sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India sugar molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugars usually contain most of the saccharine substance, therefore there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed and granulated sugars than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called Dun, from its peculiar odor. Fish skins for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small, and kept in a box or paper bag.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old. Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take smooth half ripe tomatoes, scald, peel and put them in a small-necked jar, keeping them whole. Scald vinegar and sugar together the same as in pickling for peaches, pour it over the tomatoes to cover the fruit, of which the jar must be full. Then set it in a boiler of hot water and let it boil till perfectly heated through, and then cover and seal up. They are nice either with or without spices.

APPLE PUDDING.—Pare six or eight good sized apples, leaving them in quarters or large pieces. Butter a long pie-tin, fill with the apples, then take one tea-cup sour cream; one and a half of buttermilk; add a little salt and one teaspoonful soda. Make a stiff batter and pour over the apples; bake half an hour. Eat with sugar, cream and a little nutmeg.

A lady friend says the following method of making apple-butter is excellent: Boil a barrel of cider from sweet apples, to one third its original bulk, after having first taken out two pailfuls in which to cook the apples. Nicely pare and core sweet apples enough to make two bushels of fruit when finished. Boil these in the cider which was reserved for the purpose, until they are a little soft, then pour the whole into the boiled cider, while hot, and cook; stir it until a pulp. Sauce thus prepared will keep good for several years.

A good way to preserve cabbages is to lay them head downwards in trenches, with poles in the bottom of the trench to keep the head from the ground; cover with straw and then with earth, so laid and packed as to shed rain.

EXCELLENT CORN BREAD.—One pint sifted meal, half a pint wheat flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, milk and cream in equal proportions, to make a stiff batter. Bake one and a half hours, in a moderate oven. It must not be browned, but should be of a nice yellow color. Eat with molasses made from the sugar tree, or of nice white sugar.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The following is said to be a sure receipt for the cure of chapped hands: Dissolve three cents' worth of clarified beeswax in three cents' worth of pure sweet oil, by heating over a moderate fire. Apply at night before retiring.

WASH FOR SUNBURN.—Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of Roman alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy, and one pound of ox-gall; mix and stir well together, and repeat the stirring three or four times a day, until the mixture becomes transparent; then strain it through a filtering paper, and it is fit for use.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Dip your hands in warm water, and rub on the stain a small portion of oxalic acid powder and cream of tartar, mixed together in equal quantities. Keep it in a box. When the stain disappears, wash the hands with fine soap or almond cream. A box of this stain-powder should always be kept on hand.

ALMOND POWDER.—Blanch six pounds of bitter almonds, dry and beat them, and press from them one pint of oil; then beat them in an iron mortar, and pass the powder through a sieve. Keep it from air and moisture in a glass jar. Used instead of soap for washing the hands, it imparts a singular delicacy to their appearance.

LOTION FOR FRECKLES.—Take a teacupful of cold sour milk, scrape into it a quantity of horseradish. Let this stand from six to twelve hours; and then, being well strained, let it be applied two or three times a day.

TO MAKE MILK OF ROSES.—To one pint of rose-water add one ounce of oil of almonds and ten drops of the oil of tartar. Let the oil of tartar be poured in last.

Cleon and I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Little land have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Little gold have I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a dozen doctors,
Need of none have I;
Health surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature,
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—Not I.

How Grandmother Stopped the Thief.

I am a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they mean. And so I will write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm-house with my father. Your great grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and all his pleasures. At the time I write of, I was just eleven years old; a merry, boisterous girl, with big, fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief. I could fill pages with my adventures, but I know you only wish for one.

Four times a year my father paid the rent for his hired lands. The home farm, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be taken to the landlord's steward, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept in a bag in his own room. All these arrangements were well known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I see my father in his clean gaiters, and the neat bow that tied his hair; I see him ride off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I know every crease in the little leathern bag that carries the gold.

All the tribe of house servants and laborers who lived on our farm knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspicious to a fault.

One Friday evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in our great kitchen, and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my father to come down to them. He always came in at their meal, said a hearty word to those who were nearest to him, and then retired with me to his own parlor, his supper, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leathern bag that carried the money; but it was empty. I knew that its place was in the bureau in my father's room—not empty, but full.

"Father," I said, "where's the money? Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?"

Everybody in the room heard my question, for there was always a hush when the master came among his men, and everybody in the room heard this answer:

"Where's the money, missie? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in, to get the keys I left there in the morning; caught the bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coin into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. The great range of stables and farm buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made up of the ruins of an old manor house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. The only part of the building that still showed any signs of architectural beauty was one gable end, where the stables abutted on the modern house. There stood still an old room on the third floor, with great mullioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out from the old roof. Two of these large windows looked out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the diamanting of the building, for instead of mullions it contained a rough sash. The base of this little window (it was some five feet in height) was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house. Between the cornice and the sill of the window was a space of about a yard.

The staircase of the old house led from what had been the hall, into a room on the first floor, and up into the top room with the three windows. At some former time it had been proposed to use both the old and the new houses for domestic purposes, and a bridge passage had been since furnished with many locks and bolts, but they were all on my side. It was a special delight to me to escape from my own room and wander through the premises. I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures, and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse My father condoned my independence, and would only say as he bade me good night:

"Mind you lock your private front door, little missie. I would not have thee stolen."

On the night in question I lay long awake. I heard all the servants who slept in the house mount to their rooms. Then I heard my father locking and barring the two doors of the passage, and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room before he retired to his own. Still I lay awake, and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day, and of all I meant to do on the morrow. I was going down to fish in the beck with Beriah and Mary, the dairy women. I had been cutting a new hazel top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old buildings. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with?

My knife that my father had brought me from the town a year ago, and that I had loved so very fondly! I had left it in the attic. Of course no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No: certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the little attic looks in the bright moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot do any harm by going out. And I cannot sleep. And I hate to lie awake. The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven. The house has been quite still for an hour and a half.

I stepped gently out of my bed, and stole to the window. How sharply outlined the shadows were. I remember the whole scene now. Great clouds were coursing over the sky, and presently the moon would be hid. I turned the key in the lock of my own door. It moved so silently and easily that I could not help pulling back the bolts. In another minute I was in my attic. You may think that I was a very courageous girl, and very unlike most of the children you know. Perhaps children now-a-days have more foolish notions in their heads than those of seventy years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of.

There lay my rod, and there was my cherished knife. How strange the room looked! Everything was very black or very bright. I feasted my eyes at the big window, and then I turned to the little one.

Opposite to me rose up the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the light-house, its vane shining in the clear light, and its windows looking just as though there were a candle inside. I had turned to go down to my bed again, for I was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when I saw the window of the lighthouse that was nearest to me slowly open. I was spell bound with astonishment, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised, and a man cautiously got out. I had just time to recognize his features, when a great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom of the comparative darkness I could see but little. The man was one James Connor, a laborer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him, and he looked like a mere tramp, he had been received. His fellow-servants had complained, once or twice, that he was a drunkard, but he had promised amendment. He was in the kitchen when my father had indiscreetly answered my indiscreet question. What he was doing was clear enough. He had passed through my father's room before the house was closed for the night, had concealed himself in the garret till all was still, and had then mounted to the lighthouse to steal the money.

He could not descend through my father's room without rousing him. Nor was it needful to do so. He knew the premises well, and was aware that if he could descend the roof and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farm-yard, and so make his way whithersoever he would. All this flashed through my mind as the cloud fell over the moon. In a moment I was watching more eagerly through the night, as the dim figure crept heedfully downward. He wore his shirt' stockings, shoes, and a pair of rough breeches. In his hands he held his spoils, perhaps, because, as his stupid look showed, he was half drunk, and ran the risk of marring his plot, and maiming himself for life by his folly. This I could not explain. I saw him coming lower, lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, about a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing between us but the abyss between the two buildings. I was hidden completely in the dark corner of the window. I thought the man must fall. He reached the cornice in safety, and stood up for a second before he stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to roof, and, in a moment, was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had not thought what to do. I could not run away for help. I was chained to the spot. I knew that if the robber was to be baffled, it must be done now. As he paused before he clambered over the sash, and, as he held out his hands with their spoil within them, I struck them with all my strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what my weak form could never have done. The man was startled, his hands parted, and the gold all rolled over the floor. With a curse he clutched at my arm as I darted from the window, and caught it with a grasp that I feel to this hour. Had his power not been crippled by his dangerous position, I should have stood but a sorry chance against him. He could only use one arm, for with the other he was compelled to steady himself on the window. With that one arm he held me, and raised his knee to step into the room. I do not know why he did not let me go. He could have caught me long before I could have given any serious alarm, and have silenced me effectually. He could not, at the same time, hold me and enter the room. All this time I did not scream. It seemed to me that the struggle was too serious to be interrupted, and I felt so intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, that I was prevented from uttering a sound. At last the thief contrived to hold my little wrist in his huge hand, and grasp the sash with it at the same time. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered me in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prisoned. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate then. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction at the instant of the deed. I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth, and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe as though I could have cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window, and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strung only while the work was to be done. I staggered and felt fainting among the broad guineas I had saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagonist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left, and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. Slowly I returned to my deserted chamber, and passed through it to my father's.

It did not take long to assure him of my being whole and unhurt, in spite of my bloody night dress. Wondering as I told him my tale, he called some of his men, and we went out to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my rage. He was alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall that he was perfectly helpless. One of his legs was broken and his right arm was out of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious injury. It was a bad cut; but no more. He was carried off to jail as soon as he could be moved.

I will not tell you the story of his trial and his punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry her country's colors than many a man twice her years. But I doubt whether I could carry a big flag, though I conquered a thief. And now my story is done.

A lady, while on a visit to a friend residing in Hertfordshire, England, had during her rides on horseback in the neighborhood become perfectly aware of the boorishness of the peasantry. One day, riding unattended, she came to a by-gate of her host's park, which had not a lodge. A chubby boy was swinging to and fro upon it. She ventured to beg that he would hold it open while she passed. To her utter amazement he did so. Delighted with his complacency, she gave him a shilling, observing, "It is quite clear, my lad, from your civility, that you are not a native of Hertfordshire. The reply was this—"Thee'rt a liar—I be."

A man remarked the other day to an Irish baronet that the science of optics was now brought to the highest perfection; for that by the aid of a telescope which he had just purchased he could discern objects at an incredible distance.

"My dear fellow, I have one at my lodge in the county of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view that I could distinctly hear the whole congregation singing psalms," replied the baronet.

A wag, who was asked to buy a Bank Note Detector, said he would purchase it if it would detect a bank note in his pocket.

San Francisco.

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