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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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CHAS. PROSCH.

EDITORIAL LIFE.

BY SAXE.

O for a pen with Hogarth's genius rife
To paint the scenes of Editorial life!
The tale, I know, is rather trite and old,
And yet, perchance, it may be freshly told,
As some plain dish, a simple roast or stew,
Takes a new flavor in a French *ragout.*

SCENE—a third story in a dismal court,
Where weary printers just at six resort;
A dingy door with a rattle shuts;
Heaps of Exchanges, much adored with cuts;
Pens, paste and paper on the table strewed;
Books, to be read when they have been reviewed;
Pamphlets and tracts so very dull indeed
That only they who wrote them will e'er read;
Nine letters touching themes of every sort,
And one with money just a shilling short—
Lie scattered round upon a common level.
PERSONS—the Editor, enter, now the Devil:
"Please, sir, since this 'ere article was wrote,
There's later news perhaps you'd like to quote;
The Fed'rals storming with prodigious force,
Don'toon is down?" "Set it up, of course."
"And, sir, that murder's done—there's only left
One larceny." "Pray don't omit the theft."
"And, sir, about the mob—the matter's fat."
"The mob—that's wrong—pray just distribute that."
"And, sir, here's an article has come to hand,
A reg'lar 'rig'ual package"—"Let that stand!"

Exit the imp of Faust, and enter now
A fierce subscriber with a scowling brow:
"Sir, curse your paper!—send the thing to"—Well,
The place he named were impolite to tell;
Enough to know the hero of the Press
Cries, "Thomas, change the gentleman's address!
We'll send the paper, if the post will let it,
Where the subscriber will be sure to get it."

Who would be an Editor?—To write
The magic "we" of such enormous might;
To be so great beyond the common span,
It takes the plural to express the man;
And yet, alas, it happens oftentimes,
A unit serves to number all his dimes!
But don't despise him: there may chance to be
An earthquake lurking in his simple "we!"
In the close precinct of a dusty room
That owes few losses to the lazy broom,
There sits the man; you don't know his name,
Brown, Jones, or Johnson—it is all the same—
Scribbling away at what perchance may seem
An idler's musing or a dreamer's dream;
His pen runs rambling, like a straying steed;
The "we" he writes seems very wee indeed;
But mark the change! behold the wondrous power
Wrought by the Press in one eventful hour;
To-night 'tis harmless as a maiden's rhymes—
To-morrow, thunder in the "London Times!"
The ministry dissolves that held for years;
Her Grace, the Duchess, is dissolved in tears;
Both Rothschilds quail; the church, the army quakes;
The very kingdom to its centre shakes;
The Corn Laws fail; the price of bread comes down—
Thanks to the "we" of Johnson, Jones, or Brown!

Firm in the right, the daily Press should be
The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free;
Faithful and constant to its sacred trust;
Calm in its utterance, in its judgment just;
Wise in its teachings; uncorrupt and strong
To speed the right and to denounce the wrong.
Sad will it be when candor must confess
On Freedom's shores a weak and venal Press.

STRANGERS YET.

Strangers yet!
After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in fair lands,
After touch of wedded hands—
Why thus joined? why ever met,
If they must be strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of old friends,
After passion fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!
Nature by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand
Soul to soul and hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To restrain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher;
God himself were loved the best,
Were man's sympathies at rest;
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of strangers yet!
Strangers yet!

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

The Doom of Soulis.

You have, no doubt, heard of Hermitage Castle, which stands upon the river of that name, at no great distance from Hawick. In the days of the great and good King Robert the Bruce, that castle was inhabited by Lord Soulis. He was a man whose very name spread terror far and wide; for he was a tyrant and a sorcerer. He had a giant's strength, an evil eye, and a demon's heart; and he kept his *familiar* locked in a chest. Peer and peasant became pale at the name of Lord Soulis. His hand smote down the strong, his eye blasted the healthy. He oppressed the poor, and he robbed the rich. He ruled over his vassals with a rod of iron. From the banks of the Tweed, the Teviot, and the Jed, with their tributaries, to beyond the Lothians, an incessant cry was raised against him to Heaven and to the King. But his life was protected by a charm, and mortal weapons could not prevail against him. He was a man of great stature, and his person was exceedingly powerful. He had also royal blood in his veins, and laid claim to the crown of Scotland in opposition to the Bruce. But two things troubled him; the one was, to place the crown of Scotland on his head—the other, to possess the hand of a fair and rich maiden, named Marion, who was about to wed with Walter, the young heir of Branxholm, the stoutest and the boldest youth on all the Borders. Soulis was a man who was not only of a cruel heart, but it was filled with forbidden thoughts; and, to accomplish his purposes, he went down into the dungeon of his castle, in the dead of night, that no man might see him perform the deed without a name. He carried a small lamp in his hand, which threw around a lurid light, like a glow-worm in a sepulchre; and, as he went, he locked the doors behind him. He carried a cat in his arms. Behind him, a dog followed timidly, and before him, into the dungeon he drove a young bull that had never nipped the grass. He entered the deep and gloomy vault, and, with a loud voice, exclaimed—

"Spirit of darkness! I come!"

He placed the feeble lamp upon the ground in the middle of the vault, and, with a pickaxe, which he had previously prepared, he dug a pit and buried the cat alive; and, as the poor suffocating creature mewed, he exclaimed the louder—

"Spirit of darkness, come!"

He then leaped upon the grave of the living animal, and, seizing the dog by the neck, he dashed it violently against the wall, towards the left corner where he stood, and, unable to rise, it lay howling long and piteously on the floor. Then did he plunge his knife into the throat of the young bull, and, while its bleatings mingled with the howling of the dying dog, amidst what might be called the blue darkness of the vault, he received the blood in the palms of his hands, and stalked around the room sprinkling it in circles, and crying with a loud voice—

"Spirit of darkness, hear me!"

Again he digged a pit, and, seizing the dying animal, hurled it into the grave, feet upwards; and again he groaned, while the sweat stood on his brow—

"Come, spirit! come!"

He took a horse-shoe, which had lain in the vault for years, and which was called, in the family, the spirit's shoe, and nailed it against the door, so that it hung obliquely; and, as he gave the last blow to the nail, again he cried—

"Spirit, I obey thee! come!"

Afterwards he took his place in the middle of the floor, and nine times he scattered around him a handful of salt, at each time exclaiming—

"Spirit, arise!"

Then did he strike thrice nine times with his hand upon a chest which stood in the middle of the floor, and by its foot was the pale lamp, and at each blow he cried—

"Arise, spirit! arise!"

Therefore, when he had done these things, and cried twenty and seven times, the lid of the chest began to move, and a fearful figure with a red cap upon its head, and which resembled nothing in heaven above or on earth below, rose, and with a hollow voice inquired—

"What want ye, Soulis?"

"Power, spirit! power!" he cried, "that mine eyes may have their desire, and that every weapon formed by man may fall scatheless on my body, as the spent light of a waning moon."

"Thy wish is granted, mortal," groaned the fiend. "To-morrow eve, young Branxholm's bride shall sit within thy bower, and his sword return bent from thy bosom, as though he had dashed it against a rock. Farewell! invoke me not again for seven years, nor open the door of the vault, but then knock thrice upon the chest and I will answer thee. Away! follow thy course of sin and prosper—*but beware of a coming wood.*"

With a loud and sudden noise the lid of the massy chest fell, and the spirit disappeared, and from the floor of the vault issued a deep sound, like the reverbing of thunder. Soulis took up the flickering lamp, and leaving the dying dog still howling in the corner where he had driven it, he locked the iron door and placed the key in his bosom.

In the morning his vassals came to him, and they prayed him on their bended knees that he would lessen the weight of their hard bondage; but he laughed at their prayers, and answered them with stripes. He oppressed the widow and persecuted the fatherless; he defied the powerful and trampled on the weak. His name spread terror wheresoever it was breathed, and there was not in all Scotland a man more feared than the wizard Soulis, the Lord of Hermitage.

He rode forth in the morning with twenty of his chosen men behind him, and wherever they passed the castle or the cottage where the occupier was the enemy of Soulis, or denied his right to the crown, they fired the latter, destroyed the cattle around the former, or sprinkled upon them the dust of a dead man's hand, that a murrain might come amongst them.

But, as they rode by the side of the Teviot, he beheld fair Marion, the betrothed bride of young Walter, the heir of Branxholm, riding forth with her maidens, and pursuing the red deer.

"By this token, spirit," muttered Soulis, joyously, "thou hast not lied. To-night young Branxholm's bride shall sit within my bower."

He dashed the spur into the side of his fleet steed, and, although Marion and her attendants forsook the chase and fled, as they perceived him, yet, as though his familiar gave speed to his horse's feet, in a few seconds he rode by the side of Marion, and, throwing out his arm, lifted her from the saddle, while her horse yet flew at its fastest speed, and continued its course without its fair rider.

She screamed aloud, she struggled wildly, but her attendants had fled afar off, and her strength was feeble as an insect's in his terrible embrace. He held her upon the saddle before him—

"Marion! fair Marion!" said the wizard and ruffian lover, "scream not—struggle not—be calm and hear me. I love thee, pretty one! I love thee!" and he rudely raised her lips to his. "Fate hath decreed thou shalt be mine, Marion, and no human power shall take thee from me. Weep not—strive not. Hear ye not? I love thee—love thee fiercely, madly, maiden, as a she wolf doth its cubs. As a river seeketh the sea, so have I sought thee, Marion; and now thou art mine—fate hath given thee unto me, and thy fair cheek shall rest upon a manlier bosom than that of Branxholm's beardless heir." Thus saying, and still grasping her before him, he again plunged his spurs into his horse's sides, and he and his followers rode furiously towards Hermitage Castle.

He locked the gentle Marion within a strong chamber; he

"Wooed her as the lion woos his bride."

And now she wept, she wrung her hands, she tore her raven hair before him, and it hung disheveled over her face and upon her shoulders. She implored him to save her, to restore her to liberty; and again, finding her tears wasted and her prayers in vain, she defied him, and invoked the vengeance of Heaven upon his head; and at such moments the tyrant and the reputed sorcerer stood awed and stricken in her presence. For there is something in the majesty of virtue and the holiness of innocence, as they flash from the eyes of an injured woman, which deprives guilt of its strength, and defeats its purpose, as though Heaven lent its electricity to defend the weak.

But, wearied with importunity, and finding his threats of no effect, on the third night that she had been within his castle he clutched her in his arms, and, while his vassals slept, bore her to the haunted dungeon, that the spirit might throw its spell over her and compel her to love him. He unlocked the massy door. The faint howls of the dog were still heard from a corner of the vault. He placed the lamp upon the ground. He still held the gentle Marion to his side, and her terror had almost mastered her struggles. He struck his clenched hand upon the huge chest, and cried aloud,

"Spirit, come forth!"

Thrice he repeated the blow—thrice he uttered aloud his invocation. But the spirit arose not at his summons. Marion knew the tale of his sorcery—she knew and believed it—and terror deprived her of consciousness. On recovering, she found herself again in the strong chamber where she had been confined, but Soulis was not with her. She strove to calm her fears; she knelt down and told her beads, and begged that her Walter might be sent to her deliverance.

It was scarce daybreak when the young heir of Branxholm, whose bow no man could bend, and whose sword was terrible in battle, with twice ten armed men, arrived before Hermitage Castle, and demanded to speak with Lord Soulis. The warder blew his horn, and Soulis and his attendants came forth and looked over the battlement.

"What want ye, boy," inquired the wizard chief, "that, ere the sun be risen, ye come to seek the lion in his den?"

"I come," replied young Walter, boldly, "in the name of our good king, and by his authority, to demand that ye give into my hands, safe and sound, my betrothed bride, lest vengeance come upon thee."

"Vengeance! bearding!" rejoined the sorcerer; "who dares speak of vengeance on the house of Soulis? or whom call ye king? The crown is mine—thy bride is mine, and thou also shalt be mine, and a dog's death shalt thou die for thy morning's boasting! To arms!" he exclaimed, as he disappeared from the battlement, and within a few minutes a hundred men rushed from the gate.

Sir Walter's little band quailed as they beheld the superior force of their enemies, and they were in dread also of the sorcery of Soulis. But hope revived within them when they beheld the look of confidence on the countenance of their young leader, and thought of the strength of his arm and the terror which his sword spread.

As hungry tigers spring upon their prey, so rushed Soulis and his vassals upon Sir Walter and his followers. No man could stand before the sword of the sorcerer. Antagonists fell as impotent things before his giant strength. Even Walter marveled at the havoc he made, and he pressed forward to measure swords with him. But, ere he could reach him, his few followers who had escaped the hand of Soulis and his host fled and left him to maintain the battle single-handed. Every vassal of the sorcerer, save three, pursued them; and against these three and their charmed lord young Walter was left to maintain the unequal strife. But, as they pressed around him,

"Back!" cried Soulis, trusting to his strength and to his charm; "from my hand alone must Branxholm's young boaster meet his doom. It is meet that I should give his head as a toy to my bride, fair Marion."

"Thy bride, fiend!" exclaimed Sir Walter; "thine! now perish!" and he attacked him furiously.

"Ha! ha!" cried Soulis, and laughed at the impetuosity of his antagonist, while he parried his thrusts; "take rushes for thy weapon, boy; steel falls feckless upon me!"

"Vile sorcerer!" continued Walter, pressing upon him more fiercely; "this sword shall sever thy enchantment."

Again Soulis laughed, but he found that his contempt availed him not, for the strength of his enemy was equal to his own, and, in repelling his fierce assaults, he almost forgot the charm which rendered his body invulnerable. They fought long and desperately, when one of the followers of Soulis, suddenly and unobserved, thrusting his spear into the side of Sir Walter's horse, it reared, stumbled, and fell, and brought him to the ground.

"An arrow-schot!"* exclaimed Soulis; "wherefore, boy, didst thou presume to contend with me?" And suddenly springing from his horse, he pressed his iron heel upon the breast of his foe, and turning also the point of his sword towards his throat—

"Thou shalt not die yet," said he; and turning to the three attendants who had not followed in the pursuit, he added: "Hither—bind him fast and sure." Then did the three hold him on the ground, and bind his hands and his feet, while Soulis held his naked sword over him.

"Coward and wizard!" exclaimed Walter, as they dragged him within the gate, "ye shall rue this foul treachery."

"Ha! ha! vain, boasting boy!" returned Soulis, "thou indeed shalt rue thy recklessness."

He caused his vassals to bear Walter into the strong chamber where fair Marion was confined, and, grasping him by the neck, while he held his sword to his breast, he dragged him towards her and said, sternly: "Consent thee now, maiden, to be mine, and the boy shall live; refuse, and his head shall roll before thee on the floor as a plaything."

"Monster!" she exclaimed and screamed aloud, "would ye harm my Walter?"

"Ha! my Marion!" cried Walter, struggling to be free. And, turning his eyes fiercely upon Soulis, "Destroy me, fiend!" he added, "but harm not her."

"Think on it, maiden," cried the sorcerer, raising his sword; "the life of thy bonny bridegroom hangs upon thy word. But ye shall have until midnight to reflect on it. Be mine, then, and harm shall not come upon him or thee; but a man shall be thy husband, and not the boy whom he hath brought to thee in bonds."

"Beshrew thee, vile sorcerer!" rejoined Walter, "were my hands unbound, and unarmed as I am, I would force my way from thy prison in spite of thee and thine."

Soulis laughed scornfully, and again said "Think on it, fair Marion."

Then did he drag her betrothed bridegroom to a corner of the chamber, and ordering a chain to be brought, fettered him against the wall; in the same manner he fastened her to the opposite side of the apartment; but the chains with which he bound her were made of silver.

When they were left alone, "Mourn not, sweet Marion," said he also, "and think not of saving me. Before to-morrow our friends will be here to thy rescue; and, though I fall a victim to the vengeance of the sorcerer, still let me be the bridegroom of thy memory." Marion wept bitterly, and said that she would die with him.

Throughout the day, the spirit of Lord Soulis was troubled, and the fear of coming evil sat heavy on his heart. He wandered to and fro on the battlements of his castle, anxiously looking for the approach of his retainers, who had followed in pursuit of the followers of Branxholm's heir. But the sun set, and the twilight drew on, and still they came not; and it was drawing towards midnight when a solitary horseman spurred his jaded steed towards the castle gate. Soulis admitted him with his own hand into the court-yard; and, ere the rider had dismounted, he inquired of him hastily, and in a tone of apprehension—

"Where be thy fellows, knave? and why come alone?"

"Pardon me, my lord," said the horseman, falteringly, as he dismounted; "thy faithful bondsman is the bearer of evil tidings."

"Evil! slave!" exclaimed Soulis, striking him as he spoke; "speak ye of evil to me? What of it? where are thy fellows?"

The man trembled, and added: "In pursuing the followers of Branxholm, they sought refuge in the wilds of Tarras, and, being ignorant of the winding paths through its bottomless morass, horses and men have been buried in it; they who sank not fell beneath the swords of those they had pursued, and I only have escaped."

"And wherefore did ye escape, knave?" cried the fierce sorcerer; "why did ye live to remind me of the shame of the house of Soulis?" And, as he spoke, he struck the trembling man again.

He hurried to the haunted dungeon, and again performed his incantations, with impatience in his manner and fury in his looks. Thrice he violently struck the chest, and thrice he exclaimed, impetuously—

"Spirit! come forth! arise and speak with me!"

The lid was lifted up, and a deep and angry voice said:

"Mortal! wherefore hast thou summoned me before the time I commanded thee? Was not thy wish granted? Steel shall not wound thee, cords bind thee, hemp hang thee, nor water drown thee. Away!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Soulis; "add, nor fire consume me!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the spirit, in a fit of horrid laughter, that made even the sorcerer tremble—"Beware of the coming wood!" And, with a loud clang, the lid of the chest fell, and the noise as of thunder beneath his feet was repeated.

"Beware of a coming wood," muttered Soulis to himself; "what means the fiend?"

He hastened from the dungeon without locking the door behind him, and, as he hurried from it, he drew the key from his bosom and flung it over his left shoulder, crying, "Keep it, spirit!"

He shut himself up in his chamber, to ponder on the words of his familiar, and on the extirpation of his followers; and he thought not of Marion and her bridegroom until daybreak, when, with a troubled and a wrathful countenance, he entered the apartment where they were fettered.

"How now, fair maiden?" he began; "hast thou considered well my words? wilt thou be my willing bride, and let young Branxholm live? or refuse, and look thy fill on his smooth face, as his head adorns the point of my good spear?"

"Rather than see her thine," exclaimed Walter, "I would thou shouldst hew me in pieces, and fling my mangled body to your hounds."

"Troth! and 'tis no bad thought," said the sorcerer. "Thou mayest have thy wish. Yet, boy, ye think that I have no mercy; I will teach thee that I have, and refined mercy, too. Now, tell me truly, were I in thy power as thou art in mine, what fate would ye award to Soulis?"

"Then, truly," replied Walter, "I would hang thee on the highest tree in Branxholm woods."

"Well spoken, young Strong-bow," returned Soulis; "and I will show thee, though ye think I have no mercy, that I am more merciful than thou. Ye would choose for me the highest tree, but I shall give thee the choice of the tree from which you may prefer your body to hang, and from whose top the owl may sing its midnight song, and to which the ravens shall gather for a feast. And thou, pretty face," added he, turning to Marion, "sith you will not, even to save him, give me thine hand, i' faith if I may not be thy husband, I will be thy priest and celebrate your marriage, for I will bind your hands together, and ye shall hang on the next branch to him."

"For that I thank thee," said the undaunted maiden.

He then called together his four remaining armed men, and placing halters round the necks of his intended victims, they were dragged forth to the woods around the Hermitage, where Walter was to choose the fatal tree.

Now a deep mist covered the face of the earth, and they could perceive no object at the distance of half a bow-shot before them; and, ere he had approached the wood where he was to carry his merciless project into execution—

"The wood comes towards us!" exclaimed one of his followers.

"What! the wood comes!" cried Soulis, and his cheek became pale, and he thought of the words of the demon—"Beware of a coming wood!" and, for a time, their remembrance, and the forest that seemed to advance before him, deprived his arm of strength and his mind of resolution; and, before his heart recovered, the followers of the house of Branxholm, to the number of fourscore, each bearing a tall branch of the rowan-tree in his hand,† as a charm against sorcery, perceived, and, raising a loud shout, surrounded him.

The cords with which the arms of Marion and Walter were bound were instantly cut asunder. But, although the odds against him were as twenty to one, the daring Soulis defied them all. Yea, when his followers were overpowered, his single arm dealt death around.

Now there was not a day passed that complaints were not brought to King Robert, from those residing on the Borders, against Lord Soulis, for his lawless oppression, his cruelty, and his wizard-craft. And, one day, there came before the monarch, one after another, some complaining that he had brought diseases on their cattle, or destroyed their houses by fire, and a third, that he had stolen away the fair bride of Branxholm's heir; and they stood before the King, and begged to know what should be done unto him. Now the King was wearied with their importunities and complaints, and exclaimed, peevishly and unthinkingly, "Boil him, if you please, but let me hear no more about him!" But

—"It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humor for a warrant;"

and, when the enemies of Soulis heard these words from the lips of the King, they hastened away to put them in execution; and with them they took a wise man, one who was learned in breaking the spells of sorcery, and with him he carried a scroll, on which was written the secret wisdom of Michael the Wizard; and they arrived before Hermitage Castle while its lord was contending single-handed against the retainers of Branxholm, and their swords were blunted on his buckler, and his body received no wounds. They struck him to the ground with their lances; and they endeavored to bind his hands and his feet with cords, but his spell snapped them asunder as threads.

"Wrap him in lead," cried the wise man, "and boil him therewith, according to the command of the King; for water and hempen cords have no power over his sorcery."

Many ran towards the castle, and they tore the lead from the turrets, and they held down the sorcerer, and rolled the sheets around him in many folds, till he was powerless as a child, and the foam fell from his lips in the impotency of his rage. Others procured a caldron, in which it was said many of his incantations were performed, and the cry was raised—

"Boil him on the Nine-stane rig!"

And they bore him to where the stones of the Druids are to be seen till this day, and the two stones are yet pointed out from which the caldron was suspended. They kindled piles of faggots beneath it, and they bent the living body of Soulis within the lead, and thrust it into the caldron, and, as the flames arose, the flesh and the bones of the wizard were consumed in the boiling lead. Such was the doom of Soulis.

The King sent messengers to prevent his hasty words being carried into execution, but they arrived too late.

In a few weeks there was mirth and music and a marriage feast in the bowers of Branxholm, and fair Marion was the bride.

*When cattle died suddenly, it was believed to be by an arrow-schot; that is, shot or struck down by the invisible dart of a sorcerer.

†It is probable that the legend of the "coming wood," referred to in the tradition respecting Lord Soulis, is the same as that from which Shakspeare takes Macbeth's charm—

"Till Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane."

The circumstances are similar.

The Atlantic Ocean is estimated at three miles, and the Pacific at four miles deep.

The Pirate.

I send you the following true narrative, says a correspondent of the New York *Chronicle*, as a little incident showing, among a thousand such, the power of true religion, and the friends of the Peace Society will find it a confirmation of their belief. The narrative is given by the captain:

Twenty-seven years ago, the ship I commanded was on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound for the Cape de Verdes with bread to the famine-stricken and dying.

It was the fourteenth day out, in the first grey of the morning, that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light the vigilance officer descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on the deck in an instant. The first glance at the stranger almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," the mate answered, "but look at the men on her deck."

One glance at the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said, "but she may not be a pirate for all that. One need not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts"

"She's no slaver, captain."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her deck, instead of water casks."

As if to put an end to our speculations, the suspicious vessel began to spread more canvass, and as she careered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which, when it reached the truck, unshook its folds in the wind. On a white field we saw the terrible insignia of the freebooter, the death's head and cross-bones painted in diabolical black.

We made all the sail we could, but escape was impossible. A gun from the pirate, and a ball whistling over us, speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther, which, sure of its prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance, he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter boat, and I was ready to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain, let them send for him," said he. "I'll see if the mate will not answer as well."

He descended into the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang, and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterwards they were on board of my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square compact frame, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in very fair English:

"Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"From Boston."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verde."

"Why, they are all starving there."

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians, to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time had broken into the main hatch, and in a rough, commanding tone, spoke a few words of Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain, for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hands behind him, and walked rapidly to and fro for five minutes; he then said, turning sharply to me:

"You Americans are all heretics—why should you send flour to feed Roman Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow men, and their Savior is our Savior," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie to me," he cried, with a fierceness that startled me, "I'll nail you to the deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers—swear it by the Savior, whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear it by the Holy Trinity," I replied solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and bent his head devoutly when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still with his head bent over while one might have moderately counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half closed, but open and clear in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," he said, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side; but he lingered behind, and after a moment's hesitation, approached me with his hand extended.

"God bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and speed you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone.

A downeast Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powdered snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the third sneeze.

Murder Will Out.

The celebrated English actor, Garrick, made a trip to Paris in 1757, when he was in the height of his powers and fame. He travelled for amusement, a mere tourist, anxious to visit a beautiful country which he might claim his own. The family of the English actor was of French extraction; they fled from the country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

In the mail coach which bore them from London to Dover, Garrick found for a fellow-traveler Sir George Lewis, a gentleman he had met several times before in company, and had known for a constant frequenter of Drury Lane Theatre. They took advantage of this casual encounter to improve their acquaintance; each was delighted with the other. After crossing the Channel together, they came to Paris in the same vehicle, but when they reached the capital they separated. The actor went to the house of the friends who were expecting him, and Sir George took up his lodgings in one of those splendid furnished houses of the Quartier de la Chaussee d' Antin, which then began to be a very fashionable quarter of the town. The two traveling companions had promised to see a good deal of each other during their stay in Paris, but the very different life each of them led rendered it impossible for them to execute their resolutions. Sir George Lewis was a man between 45 and 50 years old, with a very singular face, whose irregular and prominent features made his physiognomy most eccentric and expressive. During the whole journey Garrick had admired that countenance, thinking what an effect it could produce on the stage. Despite his age, which should have cooled the ardor of his character, and should have engaged him to abandon the follies of youth, Sir George Lewis lived in the midst of dissipation and pleasure. He had come to Paris to amuse himself by gaily spending a large legacy unexpectedly bequeathed to him. He was passionately fond of gaming, and the satisfaction of his passion led him into a mixed company, as indeed are all companies where gambling is indulged, since these men are valued by the sum of money they are able or willing to stake on the cards, a test which allows many sharpers to slip in. The actor lived in a very different sort of society, and during the four months of their stay in Paris the two traveling companions scarcely met above two or three times.

Just as he was about leaving Paris, Garrick called upon Sir Geo. Lewis to bid him good-bye and inquire if he had any commands for London. To his horror he found that the unhappy gentleman had been assassinated the previous evening. His body had been found that very morning in the forest of Bondy, covered with wounds, and bathed in blood. Deeply touched, Garrick exerted himself to ascertain as much as possible the details of the deplorable event. He found that Sir George had been one of the party of pleasure to visit a chateau in the environs of Bondy, where a large company of sportsmen and gamblers were assembled. He intended to remain there a few days. The first evening of his visit he won a large sum of money at the gaming table.

In the afternoon of the second day he received a note from Paris, engaging him to a gallant rendezvous, and immediately on receipt of it he bade adieu to the company. They tried to detain him, less out of politeness, perhaps, than a desire of winning back the money he had taken from them, and this desire was so vehement as to carry them to the resolution of dismounting his carriage. But Sir George Lewis was a man of will, and he determined to return to Paris on horseback. He leaped on his horse and galloped away. Further than that Garrick could learn nothing. The police were inclined to believe the catastrophe one of the usual adventures then frequent in the forest of Bondy; but Garrick pointed out to them that Sir George Lewis's pistols were found loaded in his holsters, and that, while his purse had been taken from him, his gold watch, gold snuff-box and diamond ring were untouched, from whence he concluded, firstly, that Sir George Lewis had not been attacked by a banditti, but by some acquaintance, who perfidiously took him off his guard; and, secondly, that the personal property lay untouched merely because the robber was afraid of compromising himself.

The society assembled at the chateau was then secretly scanned by Garrick and the police, and suspicion alighted on an Italian called the Chevalier Gaetan. This Italian was proved to have left the chateau shortly after Sir George Lewis, and, despite his explanation, he was arrested. But no direct evidence could be brought against him, and the noble proprietor of the chateau, who was naturally anxious that no such cloud as crime should rest on his "friends," used every exertion to procure the liberation of the Italian. At this moment Garrick interfered. He begged the police to allow him to make an examination, which he declared was decisive. Garrick, as everybody knows, was famous for his play of feature; he could assume whatever countenance he pleased. The police fetched the Italian from the jail, and took him, well escorted, to Sir George Lewis's rooms. Uneasy and perplexed at this move, (for he had been a visitor at Sir George Lewis's house) he questioned the police agents what they were going to do with him. No reply was made to his inquiries until they reached deceased's house, when the Chief of Police said:

"Sir George Lewis is not dead. He accuses you of attempting to assassinate him. I am going to confront you both."

The Italian trembled; he could scarcely speak; his confidence all forsook him. He was carried into the room where Garrick stood. The great actor represented Sir George Lewis to the life; he had his face, feature, expression, gesture, and it was in the very tone of the deceased knight that Garrick exclaimed:

"You wretch! You assassin! Do you deny your crime before me?"

The Italian was thunderstruck, and, falling upon his knees, confessed his crime and prayed for mercy. He was hung.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

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

☞ *Communications descriptive of the character and resources of localities in the Territory, the inducements they present for settlement, etc., are solicited from well-informed sources.*

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

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

STEILACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 19, 1863.

FIRE AT FORT STEILACOOM.

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening, 16th inst., one of the vacant company quarters at Fort Steilacoom was discovered to be on fire. The long roll was immediately sounded, and every member of Company K, 1st Washington Territory Infantry, with their company commander, Capt. E. H. Tucker, repaired to the scene of conflagration, and, as we are assured by an eye-witness, worked with a zeal unsurpassed on any similar occasion elsewhere. The flames were confined to the building in which the fire originated, which was totally destroyed. It is due to Capt. Tucker and his company to state that to their united efforts is attributable the saving of the entire garrison from destruction. The commanding officer, Lieut. Col. English, was present, stimulating the exertions of the men, and remarked that he never saw so much labor performed in the same space of time by an equal number of men. He thought that to both the officers and members of Company K too much credit could not be accorded for their efforts to save the property of the garrison.

The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. A court of inquiry has been called by the Commandant, to ascertain, if possible, the origin of the fire. The result of its investigations we have not yet learned.

TROOPS FOR THE WAR.—The following is a statement of troops voluntarily furnished by the different States, to Jan. 1st, 1863: Maine, 38,105; New Hampshire, 17,738; Vermont, 19,066; Massachusetts, 71,038; Rhode Island, 14,626; Connecticut, 28,219; New York, 222,-836; New Jersey, 30,214; Pennsylvania, 200,-338; Ohio, 170,121; Indiana, 104,316; Illinois, 135,440; Michigan, 45,670; Wisconsin, 40,640; Minnesota, 12,266; Iowa, 48,814; Missouri, 37,947; Kentucky, 48,908. No returns from Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, or California. Total, 1,276,246. Of these, 91,561 were three months' men; 67,335, nine months' men; 15,863, State troops for State defenses; 1,068,767, three years' men. So says the Army and Navy *Journal*.

HEAVY GALE.—Lieut. Jester, who came a passenger in the steamer *Oregon*, last week, from Portland to Victoria, informs us that a terrific gale was experienced just after crossing the bar, which seriously threatened the loss of the steamer, with all on board. Six thousand packages of merchandise, mainly comprising Oregon produce for the Victoria market, were thrown overboard. After a week's hard struggle with the storm, she finally succeeded in reaching Victoria.

THE WEATHER.—All sorts of weather have prevailed during the past week. Rain, hail snow and wind, sometimes alternating and sometimes altogether, have each and all given us a taste of their quality. The rain, however, endured the longest, and obliterated all trace of the snow and hail. On one night a thin ice formed. It still rains.

BOLD WAGER.—A wealthy citizen of St. Louis offers to bet ten thousand dollars that Gen. Grant will be the next President of the United States. He says the people will elect him as an Independent Union candidate, by an overwhelming majority, in spite of all conventions or regular nominations. Perhaps so; stranger things have happened.

HOLIDAY BALLS.—A Ball will be given in Olympia on Christmas Eve, (Thursday) and another at Masonic Hall, in Steilacoom, on Christmas night, (Friday). The lovers of dancing will thus have two chances to shake their blood into circulation. We trust the weather will admit of both being well attended.

RECRUITING.—Lieut. Jas. E. D. Jester, of Capt. Tucker's Company, stationed at Fort Steilacoom, has been ordered on the recruiting service. He will open an office at Port Townsend, whither he repaired on Monday evening last. There is no limit, we understand, to the number of men to be enlisted.

DEPUTY PROVOST MARSHAL.—A Mr. Gilbert, late of Sacramento, Cal., came up last week on the Sound steamer, to assume the duties of Deputy Provost Marshal; he will locate in Olympia. His jurisdiction extends over Thurston, Lewis and Chehalis counties, we believe.

EGGS.—The *Chronicle* of the 1st inst. says eggs were held at $1.25 per dozen in Victoria at that date. As Victoria partially depends upon California for this article, and as it was scarce and high there at last dates, it is probable that the price will go still higher in Victoria.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—Capt. G. B. Ironsides, known here as formerly an officer on the *Shubrick*, has commenced a suit against J. J. Southgate & Co., of Victoria, for $40,000 for alleged false imprisonment. We should like to share even with him when he gets it.

PAPER CURRENCY.—From the Victoria *Chronicle* we learn that three banking houses in that city have recently issued notes. Our neighbors cannot be too cautious in encouraging their circulation.

SNOW STORM.—On Monday evening last, snow commenced falling quite rapidly, and continued to do so nearly all night; but, being succeeded by a warm rain, it soon after disappeared.

OCEAN MAIL.

A petition has been in circulation, for some days past, praying for the restoration of the ocean mail service between San Francisco and Puget Sound. This is the last of several petitions dispatched to the Federal Capital on the same subject, all of which, we believe, have received more or less attention, without as yet producing the desired result. That, however, is not the fault of the Post Office Department, which has ever seemed disposed to grant all the facilities in its power for the transmission of the mails; and we should even now have the ocean steamers plying regularly between San Francisco and the head of Puget Sound, were it not for the impertinent intermeddling and misrepresentations of Victor Smith. It is well known that there is a standing offer of twenty-five thousand dollars a-year for the service; Congress, by special act, having authorized the Postal Department to pay that sum, and no more. This action was one of the results of Smith's false representations at Washington, and to it alone are we now indebted for the absence of the ocean steamers. No steamship owners can be found willing to perform the service for that amount; and no wonder, when it is remembered that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company formerly received one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the same service semi-monthly. Until, therefore, the act alluded to is repealed, we can have no hope of the prayer of the petitioners being granted.

The season has again arrived when our communication by mail overland with California and the East is to be broken off. A few heavy rains, a freshet here and there, with the consequent destruction of bridges and submergence of roads, and we shall be as isolated as are the inhabitants of the Society or Marquesas Islands. Whatever may be the fate of this last petition, we are destined to be cut off another winter, as we were during the two preceding winters, from postal communication with the East, unless the requisite steps are adopted immediately at Washington for our relief. If Mr. Cole has any voice in the matter, which we very seriously doubt, it is to be hoped that it will be exerted in behalf of this measure. He cannot confer a much greater boon upon his Puget Sound constituents than the restoration of the Ocean Mail service.

FIRST THREATS OF SECESSION.

The Democrats delight in declaring that Secession was originated by the Federalists of New England, and quote, to prove this assertion, statements from the history of those days when, as now, political democracy had plunged the country into a bloody war. It is nevertheless a fact, however, that Secession is a Virginia notice, hatched, doubtless, in the empty noddle of some degenerate scion of one of the "first families." The following paragraph is printed as it appeared in a Virginia paper of 1795.

"Notice is hereby given, that in case the treaty entered into by that arch-traitor, John Jay, with the British tyrant should be ratified, (by the Senate,) a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly of Virginia, at their next session, praying that the said State may secede from the Union, and be left under the government and protection of one hundred thousand free and independent Virginians."

What do the independent Virginians think, now that they have seceded from the Union, and are enjoying the government and protection (?) of Jeff. Davis and his hordes?

A COURTING INCIDENT.—A love-smitten swain of this county, more noted for failures among the fair than for wit or brains, while on a visit to his last inamorata, (whose name, by the way, is Mary Ann) some time since, experienced unusual difficulty in finding something to talk about. After a long silence, during which he vainly taxed his brains for subjects of interest to the fair one, his eyes wandered despairingly about the room, and suddenly rested upon an object in the middle of the floor, directly behind Mary Ann's chair. The object that arrested his attention was neither more nor less than the cat, which was industriously employed in washing its face; and as he looked on the animal, a gleam of pleasure illumed his countenance. Quickly turning to his sweetheart, he exclaimed: "There, Mary Ann, do you ever do that?" Alas for all human calculations! before Mary Ann could change her position so as to see the object, the cat turned its attention to its posteriors, and was engaged washing them when she looked! The ill-fated lover, horror struck, instantly seized his hat and left; nor could he ever be induced to visit Mary Ann again.

LEAVING CANADA.—Last week we published an item showing the feeling prevalent in Canada for emigration to the United States. From another source we obtain the following, in the same connection: "While we are speaking of defence, militia, etc., our industrious and indispensable classes of mechanics, workmen, laborers, etc., are with their families leaving daily by the hundred from our land to obtain a subsistence in a neighboring country afflicted with a civil war. Our population, already inadequate to this immense territory, is every day decreasing immeasurably. The forests, the wilderness, which not long since were changing into beautiful fields, dread lest the persevering hand of man. New towns are no longer seen to spring up. Capital brought into the country formerly by the exertions of some of our great men, who were often ungratefully calumniated, no longer contributes to the enlargement or embellishment of our cities, nor the erection of any new public edifices, but hidden, is unprofitable to the public welfare. Even foreign immigration, the true wealth of a new country, and which, to a certain degree, was prosperous and had found its way to Canada, has also of late turned its tide to the United States."

HATS OFF.—At the theatre in Viena all ladies are required to take off their bonnets before entering the theatre to take their places. They are so large, people cannot see over them. At the theatre in Paris the same end has been attained, by placing printed rolls above the theatre, containing the following announcement: "All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on."

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.—The English Registrar-General's recent report shows that nearly one in eleven deaths in London occur in workhouses, and that every sixth person dies either a pauper or a criminal. London now covers 120 square miles. The population, which increases 1,000 a week, is now 3,000,000.

OLYMPIA CORRESPONDENCE.

OLYMPIA, Dec. 15, 1863.

The "long struggle is o'er" in the House; that branch of the Assembly having organized by the election of the following named officers, to wit: Hon. Clenrick Crosby, of Thurston, Speaker; J. L. McDonald, Chief Clerk; W. H. Pope, Assistant Clerk; T. Prather, Sergeant-at-Arms; and J. Somers, Door Keeper. Mr. McGill, I am informed, would have received the vote of every Union Member, with the exception of those from Clark County, (Messrs. Austin and Leeser) but these gentlemen felt themselves controlled to a certain extent by local issues. Under these circumstances the Union vote was concentrated on Mr. Crosby, who is a sound Union man, and will make a prompt and efficient officer.

The great Democratic champion from Walla Walla, F. P. Dugan, who, I am told, has been a resident of this Territory for about the same period as his friend Cole, made a desperate struggle for the position, and, before the final vote was taken, he "defined his position" in a set speech to the House. But his *true* sentiments has been already recorded, and the House preferred to go by the record. Since his defeat, this unterrified Democrat has entered into an alliance, 'offensive and defensive,' with E. Evans, Esquire, Secretary of this Territory, and he denounces in unmeasured terms all the other officials who compose what he is pleased to call the "Corrupt clique of Federal officials." He has thus stolen the thunder of several other small politicians of the unterrified order in this quarter. Various constructions have been placed upon this alliance between the Secretary and Dugan; one of which is the appointment of a peace Democrat as printer, and the Secretary's well known affiliation with the peace Democracy, in their opposition to the removal of "Little Mack" from the command of the Army of the Potomac. Certain it is, however, that they are in *clish tum tum*, and Dugan introduced a resolution endorsing the Secretary's action in taking the appointment of printer into his own hands, and appointing so good a Democrat as T. F. McElroy, and this resolution passed in the absence from the house of some Union members. The "end is not yet," however, and time will reveal other chapters in this printing business.

The Council have not yet organized, although a quorum has been in town from the first day of the session. Of course no business can be transacted until the Council organize and by unnecessary delay the members subject themselves to censure, which is doubtless well merited in certain quarters.

ION.

EMPLOYMENT OF SOUTHERN LADIES.—A correspondent of a New York paper, writing from one of the Federal camps down South, says: "If one may judge of such a matter correctly from what may be seen in this army daily of Southern ladies, the popular opinion at the North, that they are more ornamental than useful, is a great mistake. No lazy Pawnee or Flathead Chief ever depended more completely on the labor of his squaws for a livelihood than the high-born Southron in this section in these evil times. Does he want rations (all of them do) upon which to subsist his family? he sends his wife, if she is pretty, or his handsomest daughter, to negotiate with the nearest division or corps commander. Does he want a pass to go out of the lines, or a permit to remain within them, or a parole to keep out of prison, or a barrel to haul water in, or permission to occupy an abandoned house, or the privilege of vending pies or small beer, or a pair of mules or a set of harness, or a guard to arrest pillagers? in each and every case he sends his wife, daughter, or sister, if he has one, to make the necessary application to the authorities. If there are no females in his own family, he borrows one, and sends her. The reason for this anomalous state of things is, I suppose, twofold. In the first place, the distinctive traits in the character of a true Southern man are not unfrequently pride and laziness. In the second place, they calculate upon the gallantry of our officers, and understand that but few of them will refuse a pretty woman any reasonable request, while many of them will stretch things to accommodate the fair suppliants for favors. How well these practices comport with true manliness, and how flatly they contradict all the absurd charges against Northern men as brutal ravishers and bloody fiends!"

A COMPLIMENT TO CHASE FROM AN ENEMY.—The London *Times*, whose hostility to everything American, and especially to everything connected with the Federal Government, is well known, pays an unwilling compliment to Secretary Chase. It says: "With a debt which would crush any State in the Old World, except England and France, Chase still exhibits all the distinctive features of a splendid, increasing and permanent prosperity; he has a large stock of bullion, so large as to keep in hand all speculators in gold; should they buy gold faster than he wishes, he can immediately buy up millions of paper and make them complete their purchase in a dear market."

WHY NOT NOW?—Gov. Seymour concluded his recent speech at Buffalo with, among others, the following words: "I hope before many months have rolled away that all will agree that those men are traitors who would tear away the flag of our country, or would wipe out from its azure field a single star." Why should months roll away before we agree to this proposition? Why not agree to it now, and act upon it? Has he not made up his mind?

COL. DAN. McCOOK, of the 52d Ohio Regiment, has destroyed the home of the murderer of his brother, Brig. Gen. McCook, who was butchered while lying wounded in an ambulance. The avenging brother left not one stone upon another, and made it a place of desolation. The house was near Huntsville, Ala.

HOW REBELS VOTE.—The rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, held a regular and orderly election on the 13th ult., and voted for Governor with the following result, which is published as the official returns; Vallandigham, 1,061; Brough, 8.

LECTURE.—A Lecture will be delivered on Sabbath evening, 20th instant, in the M. E. Church, at early candle-lighting. Subject—"Evil Speaking." The public are respectfully invited to attend.

THE HOUSE THAT JEFF BUILT.

The Hartford *Post* perpetrates the following with an introduction thus:—

The following history of the celebrated edifice erected by Jefferson Davis, Esq., is authentic. It was written for the purpose of giving infant politicians a clear, concise, and truthful description of the habitation, and the fortunes and doings of the inmates:

I. *The Southern Confederacy*—This is the house that Jeff built.

II. *The Ethiopian*—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

III. *The Underground Railroad*—This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

IV. *The Fugitive Slave Law*—This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

V. *The Personal Liberty Bill*—This is the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

VI. *Chief Justice Taney*—This is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

VII. *James Buchanan*—This is the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

VIII. *C. Cash*—This is the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

IX. *Plunder*—This is the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jeff built.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The latest dates from Europe are to November 26th.

The London *Morning Post* announces that the English Government is about, with regret, to decline giving its adherence to the European Congress. It says that the purpose of the Emperor is regarded with admiration, but the means proposed are not considered effectual.

The Paris *Patrie* has published a statement, under reserve, that the Emperor, without wishing to draw up a programme for the Congress, had expressed an opinion that it should be chiefly occupied with considering the questions of Poland, the German Duchies, Rome, Venice, and of reforms to be introduced in the Principalities of Romania.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* asserts that the believers in the Congress grow fewer every day.

Active warlike operations are progressing in Denmark; 110,000 soldiers have been called out, and six war vessels are being fitted up.

The Polish question still looks threatening, and arrests in Warsaw continue numerous.

The argument in the case of the *Alexandra* is concluded, and Government will take time to consider its judgment.

The Glasgow *Herald* says that the naval authorities on the Clyde have been instructed to detain the suspected war vessel for the Confederates, should she attempt to go to sea before further investigation is made.

Sixteen hundred men were to sail from Cherbourg on the 23d November for Mexico.

The London *Times* says America has rapidly settled into its normal state of war, and an early peace looks hopeless.

A successful experiment with a great Armstrong gun, throwing shot and shell weighing 550 pounds, had been made.

The English answer to Napoleon, on the subject of the proposed Congress, has been announced. It is an unqualified acceptance, but seeks for information as to the precise points proposed for discussion, and further communications between the two Governments are expected. The Papal Government assents, and the Prussian reply was expected on the 21st. It is believed that the principal replies will all seek information as to the programme.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* asserts the belief that the proposed Congress loses ground daily. That paper continues, editorially, to show the abortiveness of the scheme.

A bill has been submitted to the French Council for supplementary credits of ninety-one million francs, to meet the expenses of the Mexican conquest.

Sweden is making preparations for war.

The *Hiawatha*, which arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, Oct. 2d, reports seeing the *Alabama* in the Bay of Bengal.

The Russian Ambassador at Paris had communicated the reply of Prince Gortschakoff to the invitation to a Congress. It is, in substance, that Russia will take part therein, but not until after the pacification of Poland.

A BIG STORY.—The following, from the Jacksonville (Oregon) *Sentinel*, is hard to beat: "A most distressing accident was related to us one day this week, the circumstances of which are about as follows. Some two weeks since, Mrs. Barnett, wife of James Barnett, living on the north side of Rogue River, near Table Rock, was thrown from a horse, falling with such violence upon her feet as to break her limb above the ankle, and driving the bone through the flesh and into the ground about six inches. So firmly was the bone driven into the ground that all the efforts of the unfortunate lady, united with the assistance of her sister, failed to release her. She was compelled to remain in that terribly painful position until her sister went a quarter of a mile and got Mr. Erity to hasten to her release. At last accounts she was suffering greatly, and fears were entertained that she could not long survive."

A Russian spy had succeeded in obtaining proof that a priest named Dodicki, living near Warsaw, was an agent of the Polish National Committee. He was arrested, but no proof of his guilt could be obtained, and he was about to be released, when his accusers learned that great consternation existed abroad lest some of the secrets of the National Goverment should be forced from him. Bribery was now resorted to—a prebendary stall and rich benefice. His resolution was thus overcome. He stipulated for a confessor to absolve him from the guilt of breaking his oath to the National Committee. This was granted, and the confessor was left alone with the pretended betrayer. A longer time elapsed than usual, and eventually the door of the cell was broken open. The priest lay dead on the floor, stabbed to the heart, and the confessor was in the last agonies of death, having poisoned himself with prussic acid.

New York, certainly, is no *mean* city when one considers the promptness and liberality with which her people respond to all appeals to their generous impulses. Within a year, in addition to the usual donations to establish charities, and over and above the contributions constantly making in behalf of the soldiers, there have been collected here the following sums: for the Lancashire sufferers, $162,000; for starving Ireland, $50,000; for the families of policemen injured by the rioters $35,000; for the colored victims of the mob, $35,000; and for unemployed operatives in France, $8,000. Isn't that a creditable show of figures?

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Gov. Curtin's official majority in Pennsylvania is 15,256.

Gov. Tod announces no present draft in Ohio, her quota being full.

The death of fifteen huundred squirrels was the result of a recent hunt in Ashtabula county, Ohio.

It is estimated that the wheat crop in England of this year will be equal to that of 1861 and 1862 added together.

Colonel Lakeman of the third Maine, who has just been appointed brigadier general, enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war.

Advices from the Texas expediton at Vermillionville, 16th, say there had been skirmishing every day for a week, without loss on our side.

A heavy snow storm, extending over a large portion of Missouri and Illinois, occurred on the 22d Oct. Over six inches of snow fell at St. Louis.

Three out of six members of an English family died lately of eating toadstools. The unfortunate persons supposed them to be mushrooms.

From January 1st to September 10th of this year, there were imported into Great Britain 5,625,696 gallons of petroleum from the port of New York.

Mrs. Brown, widow of *the* John Brown of Kansas and Virginia history, was in Clayton county, Iowa, a short time ago, in search of a home in that State.

Queen Victoria, with the Princess Louis and Princess Helena, her daughters, were recently thrown out of their carriage and had to ride home on hill ponies.

The Louisville *Democrat* says that when the vote of the Ohio soldiers in that city was taken, two who voted for Vallandigham were "immediately arrested and placed under a guard."

At the Winsted, Conn., cattle show, an ox race was one of the features. A pair of blacks owned by Thomas Williams, of Winsted, took the first premium, going the mile in 10½ minutes.

A workman on a staging in Paris sneezed. The sneeze made him drop a stone, the stone dashed a man's brains out and the man's falling body dislodged another workman who occupied a lower staging.

A New Haven Justice has undertaken to hold a warrant officer from the conscript camp for shooting a deserter, in spite of the claim of the commanding officer that he "was in the discharge of his duty."

The New Bedford *Mercury* says that "one of our dealers yesterday received a note, in which his correspondet inquired 'the price of your kerriseen oil at hole sail price,' and desired an answer by 'barier.'"

A correspondent of the *Progress* of Lyons states that there exists in Belgium an order of decorated workmen. The candidates are named by a jury of workmen, and the King only ratifies the popular decision.

It has just been discovered in England that poor people not unfrequently throw their dead children into fields or by ways in order to save the expense of employing an undertaker. The matter, naturally enough, is causing great indignation.

The *Journal of Poland* says that notwithstanding the great concentration of Russian forces, the insurrection continues without interruption, and the national government is determined to prosecute the struggle with still greater energy the coming winter.

A large portion of the wealthy population of Nashville were under Breckinridge, in Bragg's army at Chickamauga, and out of sixteen hundred under that general thirteen hundred were killed. Three-fourths of the ladies of the Episcopal church are in mourning.

The Cecil (Md.) *Democrat* of the 17th announces that the draft has been suspended in Maryland, adding—"This action has been taken in order to allow the State the opportunity to fill up her quota by the enlistment of negro or other volunteers."

Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky has determined that the guerrillas shall be ousted from the state, if possible, and has ordered that unless at least one company is raised in each county in the State by the 24th of November, a draft will be immediately enforced.

Late Spanish papers record the death of the Duke of Hijar, a grandee of the first class. The deceased duke belonged to a family which possesses the curious privilege of receiving every year the clothes worn by the kings and queens of Spain on the day of the Epiphany.

A stranger who will create some excitement is expected in London, and apartments have been taken for him, not at Mivart's, but at the Zoological Gardens. It is a most magnificent Chinese tiger, the first ever seen in London; and the tiger will be a lion among the visitors.

The draft in New Jersey, ordered to begin last month, has been postponed till January, so that, if drafting is necessary at all, the deficiency on the old and new calls may both be drawn at once. The quota of New Jersey on the new call is nine thousand four hundred and forty-one.

The "strike" movement, recently revived, seems to be extending to Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Chicago and other cities. The carpenters, painters, shoemakers, &c., all say they are unable to live, and keep their families, at the prices of provisions, clothing, fuel, &c., the result of the currency inflation.

As the laborers on the Charlestown (Mass.) water-works were digging up the ground for the purpose of laying pipes, they struck, about four feet below the surface, a number of beds of charcoal. A Boston paper ventures the theory that the charcoal is the remains of the houses that were burned by the British during the Revolution.

Foreign journals are amusing themselves with the story that the Pope has been cured of a diseased leg by a French Physician, who is withal a noted free-thinker. Dr. G., happening to be in Rome, and hearing of the suffering of the Holy Father, obtained at last an audience, and declared that he could cure him. The Pope assented to his proposal, provided the fact of the doctor's attendance should be kept secret. In a short time he recovered the use of his limb, and quite astonished the cardinals by walking into their presence with as light and as firm a step as ever. They knew they could not attribute the cure to Italian physicians, and so supposed it to be a miracle.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Papers from Selma, Ala., say that a conflict of authority has taken place between the State and Confederate authorities in Butler county, of that State, which has excited the people to frenzy. The town of Greenville is especially excited. The provost-guard had been fired upon and one killed—the rest were captured. The one killed was one Smith, a tax collector.

The Agricultural College in Pennsylvania is now in full operation. It is situated near the Alleghany Mountains. Four hundred acres of land are connected with it. The college building is immense, costing one hundred thousand dollars. The students rise at six and breakfast at six and one-half the year round. The course is four years, and students are educated for practical and scientific farming.

The native species of wild cat infests the forests of Germany this year in such numbers that sportsmen in many districts complain that there is hardly a hare to be shot. This ferocious little member of the feline race has even committed considerable havoc among the young deer in some parts of the country. The consequence is that regular cat hunts have been found necessary to thin their numbers.

The grand jury of Twiggs county (Ga.) Supreme Court requested the court to order a record called the "Black Roll," in which the names of all who refuse to take Confederate bills, bonds or notes in payment for any debt, shall be recorded on this recommendation and that of each succeeding grand jury, that the names of such malcontents may be officially handed down to posterity, and their ultimate reward insured.

An order from Gen. Sheply to enforce the payment of the city taxes had produced the greatest excitement in New Orleans. If the order should be executed, it would cause the sale of the greater portion of real estate in the city, as the unsettled condition of affairs, and the total prostration of business for the last couple of years, had absolutely left the people without money, except such as held situations or contracts under the federal authorities.

The cup and chest of Alexander Selkirk, the world-famed Robinson Crusoe of Defoe, have now become the property of Mr. James Hutchinson of the Scotch warehouse, 48 Warwick street, Regent street, London. These interesting relics have up to this time remained in the possession Selkirk's descendants in Largo, Fife, where he was born. The cup was put upon a stalk and mounted with silver by Sir Walter Scott. It is Mr. Hutchinson's intention to exhibit the articles in London.

The French provincial journals are full of accounts of inundations of the country. In Franche-Comte, the Doubs has risen to within about a couple of feet of the height attained in 1852. The promenade at Chamars is covered, and Montbeliard is inundated. A washing house at Bregille was carried away by the force of the stream and broken to pieces against the piers of the bridge. The plains of Arbeche, opposite Valence, are flooded by the overflowing of the Mialan, and the road between St. Peray and Valence is in many places under water.

The Bresca family of San Remo, on the Genoa coast, descended, as is well known, from the seamen who, by calling out "Throw water on the ropes!" on the occasion of the erection of an impotant part of the cupola of St. Peter's church, at Rome, prevented a great disaster. Since that time, the family has been invested with the right of furnishing the branches carried by the Pope and the Sacred College on Palm Sunday. The Chevalier Giuseppe Bresca, who held that privilege, having just died, it now devolves to the canon, Victor-Amedee Bresca.

A new Hebrew paper was started at Jerusalem a few months ago. The heading, "Halbanon," "the Lebanon," is printed in three different kinds of character—Hebrew, Arabic, and Latin. At present the paper will be issued once a month—on New Moon's Day. The first part of the publication contains political and other news from Jerusalem, from Asiatic and European countries. The second, however, is of a purely literary character, and bears the heading, "Honor of Lebanon." The first portion is printed in Hebrew-square, the second in the so-called "Rashi" types. As editors are mentioned Messers. J. Bril, M. Cohen, and J. M. Bram.

MARRIED.

In Puyallup Valley, Pierce County, W. T., at the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 22d, 1863, by Rev. Rodolphus Weston, Mr. WILLIAM LANE to Miss ELIZABETH AGNES WHITESELL, both of Pierce County.

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

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

TERMS FOR BOARDERS:

For Board and Tuition per quarter of eleven weeks....$40
For Washing per quarter.................... 10
For bedding do 2
For Music do 15
Entrance fee for all not admitted at commencement... 5

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

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

GENERAL REGULATIONS:

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

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

For clothing, books, or other wants of students, no advances will be made by the Institution. To meet such expenses, a sufficient sum must be deposited with the Treasurer. Pre-payment will be invariably demanded at the commencement of each quarter.

UNIFORM:

The uniform consists of a black French merino dress, blue ditto, and white muslin ditto with blue sash, all made with skirt sleeves, and a loose cape of the same material; one white and one black veil; three night dresses, six pairs of cotton hose, six of woolen ditto, three pairs of shoes, two quilted skirts and one white ditto, six towels, six aprons, twelve handkerchiefs, three pairs of sheets, three pillow cases, and one white counterpane.

STEILACOOM, December, 1863. 6:2-tf

COUNTY SURVEYOR.—GEORGE W. SLOAN, County Surveyor of Pierce County, W. T., will attend to the duties of said office in person. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Steilacoom, December 5, 1863. 1:tf

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.

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.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

☞ 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 conduct 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 Diarrhœa in children, whether it arises from Teething or any other cause.

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

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

Price only 25 cents per bottle.
REDINGTON & CO., 416 and 418 Front st, San Francisco, Agents for California.
1-6m

UNION CLOTHING STORE, STEILACOOM, W. T.

PINCUS & PACKSCHER, DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING THE public in general that they have removed their place of business to the old stand of BALCH & WEBBER, where they have on hand a well-selected stock of CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, FAMILY GROCERIES, Crockery, Glassware, Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors, TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES, COAL AND FISH OIL, TABLE AND STOCK SALT, Cordage, Axes, Nails, Washboards, Brooms, Wash-Tubs, &c., &c., &c.

Which we offer for sale at greatly reduced prices for cash or country produce. 6:2-tf

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

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

Size, 1 Foot, - - - -	$1 00 per Dozen
Size, 2 Feet, - - - - -	2 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 Feet, - - - - -	9 00 per Dozen
Size, 48 inches, - - - -	10 00 per Dozen

Also, BUNTING FLAGS of all sizes, from 60 cents to $1 a foot.
J. STRATMAN, Major First California Artillery,
Empire News Depot, northeast corner Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

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

ALLEN H. H.—Elementary Instruction in the Schools of the Soldier, Company, and Battalion, with Manual of Arms, 1 vol 18mo.......... $ 75
ALSTON Lt. A. H.—Seamanship, and its Associated Duties in the Royal Navy, 1 vol 12mo.... 2 50
ANDERSON Gen Rob't—Evolutions of Field Batteries of Artillery, translated from the French and arranged for the Army and Militia of the United States. Published by order of the War Department. 1 vol 32mo, with 33 plates, cloth....... [illegible]
ARMY REGISTER, Official, [illegible].... 75
BARNARD, Major J. G.—Notes on Sea Coast Defence, consisting of Sea Coast Fortifications, the Fifteen inch Gun, and Casement Embrasures, 1 vol 8vo, cloth.......... 2 00
BENTON J. G.—A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery, compiled for the use of Cadets in the United States Military Academy, 1 vol 8vo half morocco.......... 5 00
BERRIMAN Capt M. W.—The Militiaman's Manual, and Swordplay without a Master; Rapier and Broadsword Exercises copiously explained and illustrated; small-arm Light Infantry drill of the United States Army; Infantry Manual of Percussion Muskets; Company drill of the U S Cavalry; New edition, 1861; 1 vol 12mo, with 12 plates, cloth.......... 1 25
BUSK Hans—The Rifle, and how to use it; comprising a description of that valuable weapon in all its varieties; 1 vol 16mo half roan.......... 1 00
——— Rifle Volunteers, and How to Organize them; 1 vol 16mo, boards.......... 50
CASEY'S Infantry Tactics, 3 vols 16mo, 1862.... 2 50
Besides a long list of others, comprising al the works on Military subjects in print.

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 render their commissions satisfactory.

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, 130 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

E. S. FOWLER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN GROCERIES, FLOUR, PROVISIONS AND TOBACCO, Pioneer Ship-Bread and Cracker Bakery, Port Townsend, W. T. 5-35: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. 5-1:1y

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 19, 1863.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

Washington, Nov. 27.—Our troops broke camp yesterday morning and marched toward the Rapidan in three columns. The right, consisting of the 3d corps, supported by the Sixth, crossed at Jacob's Ford. The Second crossed at Germanna Ford. The Fifth, supported by the First, crossed at Culpepper Ford, between Germanna and Ellis Fords. A little skirmishing occurred at Culpepper Ford and Jacobs' Ford, the rebel pickets retreating as we advanced. There were strong works opposite Germanna Ford, but our artillery on the left bank flanked them and they were abandoned.

The latest reliable intelligence is that Lee's force will not exceed 50,000 men. Ewell has been relieved from the command of his corps in consequence of disability, and is succeeded by Early. The rebel position resembles our position at Gettysburg. Our crossing points are therefore all between the Rappahannock and the rebel position. Shortly after nine this morning heavy cannonading commenced, and continued until five P.M., without intermission. A battle probably ensued, along both sides of the plank road to Orange Court House, as this was expected to be the battle field.

At 9:30 this morning the whole army, trains and all, was across the river, "double quicking" to meet the enemy. One corps took the road toward Chancellorsville. Another went toward Orange Court House. The men were in jubilant spirits, and anxious to meet the rebels. Lee's troops evacuated Fredericksburg Heights, which are now occupied by our cavalry.

The Washington *Star* of November 28th says that yesterday morning our cavalry pushed as far as Locust Grove, four miles south of Germanna Ford, where they met the advance of the rebel cavalry. The latter were driven across Trussel creek and Mile Run. A body of rebel infantry was posted between that point and Orange Court House, which also moved in the direction of the latter place.

Chattanooga, Nov. 27.—The situation to-night is highly satisfactory. Hooker's Palmer's and Sherman's commands are nearly ten miles beyond Chickamauga creek in pursuit of Bragg's crumbling army, which is making every effort to escape. Our advance is near Dalton. In a sharp fight this morning Palmer's advance took four guns and 300 prisoners. Sherman is reported to have advanced from Tyler Station, on the left to-day, and cut off 2000 rebels. All reports agree that the road along which Bragg is retreating is lined with wagons, caissons and commissary and medical stores. Prisoners taken say it is impossible for the rebel leaders to make their troops stand.

Col. Long's cavalry command has returned from a raid on the East Tennessee railroad to-night. They destroyed the road for fifteen miles above and burned the foundry at Cleveland, where a large quantity of munitions of war was stored, and also a hundred wagons loaded with baggage, and captured 400 prisoners. Col. Long was subsequently attacked by a superior force of rebels, but succeeded in bringing off his prisoners.

Our loss in the three days fighting will probably not exceed 3000.

New York, Nov. 28.—A special dispatch to the *Times* says: Among the prisoners captured at Chattanooga were a large number of Pemberton's men, paroled at Vicksburg. Grant has telegraphed to Washington to ascertain what disposition he shall make of these faithless scoundrels.

The official statement of our losses at Chattanooga on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, at the storming of Lookout Mountain, makes the total three thousand killed and wounded, and in the assault on Missionary Ridge, two hundred. Our wounded are all in.

The steamer *Wadsworth*, from New Orleans November 21st, has arrived. The *Era* has a dispatch from the Mobile papers of November 19th, to the effect that Charleston had been burning for sixty-three hours, and Gilmore's shells were constantly making it worse. Nearly all the men in Sumter had been killed by the fall of the remaining wall, under which they had taken shelter.

The brig *Velasco*, with a general cargo, arrived at New Orleans November 19th, a prize to the gunboat *Virginia*.

Kirby Smith had ordered the withdrawal of the rebel troops from Alexandria.

New Orleans Nov. 21.—Reports from the Mississippi river are to the effect that a rebel force of from 5,000 to 10,000 is trying to concentrate at some place on the river not far above Port Hudson. A portion of this force, with four pieces of artillery, attempted to stop the steamer *Emerald* a few days since. The rebels are very active along the river from Baton Rouge to the Mississippi State line. All preparations have been made for concentrating and planting batteries to obstruct the commerce of the river.

The British brig *Dashaway*, with a valuable cargo, was captured while entering the Rio Grande.

Cincinnati, Nov. 28.—John Morgan and six of his officers—Capts. Bennett, Taylor, Sheldon, Holmes, Hockersmith and McGee—escaped from the Columbus State Penitentiary last night, by digging through the floor of the cell to the sewer leading to river. A thousand dollars reward is offered for the arrest of Morgan.

Washington, Nov. 29.—A messenger who left Meade's headquarters yesterday morning arrived at Washington to-night. The army advanced from the different fords at six o'clock on Friday morning, (27th) and formed a line of battle; the center on the Fredericksburg turnpike. The left advanced along the plank road, forming a curve toward Gordonsville, and the right terminating near the Rapidan, west of Jacobs' ford.

As the center advanced, it came upon the enemy's picket and skirmish line. Subsequently the enemy's line was strengthened by reinforcements from Early's corps, on the Rapidan front. At 1 o'clock P.M., slow, irregular cannonading commenced on the road leading toward Orange Court House. There was considerable firing between the skirmishers. The enemy did not reply with artillery.

At four o'clock it was announced that Hill's corps, which previously rested on the Rapidan, west of the railroad, was approaching on the left. In a half hour heavy musketry firing was heard on the right, showing that the Third Corps, forming that wing, was engaged. Gen. Gregg's cavalry, on the left, had a severe fight with the rebel cavalry, and drove them back upon their infantry, and then fell back themselves upon the fifth corps, who in turn drove the rebel infantry back and took position as the left wing. A portion of Warren's second corps fought them for several hours, until the remainder of the corps came up, when the rebels fell back.

Gen. French's loss is estimated at 500 killed, wounded and prisoners. Gen. French, commanding the third corps, has reported 900 rebels captured.

Rappahannock Station, Nov. 30.—The army of the Potomac has severed its line of communication with Washington. It is now between eighty and ninety miles from Washington, and thirty miles from the terminus of the telegraph and railroad.

Gen. Meade completely deceived the enemy as to the point of crossing. It was reported that Lee had his whole army in line of battle all Thursday, the 26th, fronting Morton's Ford, supposing we were to cross there. He thus abandoned a most formidable line of earthworks on the south and southwest bank of the river. On Saturday the 28th, at daybreak, Gen. Meade advanced to the front. Picket firing soon commenced and continued at intervals till noon. The enemy has fallen back some two miles. Our line of battle now must extend about nine miles, in the form of a triangle. The whole army is ready and impatient. Large numbers of prisoners came in this morning.

The *World's* correspondent, under date of Nov. 27th, says: Late in the afternoon it was evident from what could be observed at the front, that the enemy was making a demonstration on our right. Heavy firing was heard, but as we had no communication, it was not possible to get any particulars. It was ascertained, however, that the enemy made a most determined attempt to turn our right, and Gen. French had repulsed them, taking nearly 1000 prisoners. Gen. French is reported to have lost heavily—it is said from 1000 to 1,500 killed and wounded.

Toronto (C. W.) Nov. 30.—John Morgan arrived here to-day.

The Richmond *Whig* of Nov. 28th and 30th has the following:

Charleston, Nov. 27th.—The Yankees kept up a heavy mortar shelling on Sumter last night, continuing this morning. Six shells were thrown into the city. Two buildings were struck. The shelling of Sumter, Johnson and Simpkins from Gregg and Wagner has been heavy.

Cairo, Nov. 30.—Extensive smuggling operations, perpetrated in this city, St. Louis and Nashville, have been brought to light by the Government detectives. Fourteen of the guilty parties have been arrested and their goods confiscated. The Government detectives have handed over stores to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.

New Orleans, Nov. 21st.—From Western Louisiana we have news of a very well managed reconnoissance and surprise of the enemy on Nov. 20th, by our cavalry, on the Abbeville and Vermillionville road, a mile in the rear of Camp Pratt. The cavalry, supported by infantry and artillery, took the enemy completely by surprise, capturing the whole Sixtieth Texas Regiment, with the exception of twenty-five men; and also dispersing the Second Louisiana. The cavalry returned with slight loss.

The news from Gen. Banks in Texas continues good. He has captured Corpus Christi and several smaller places. The Texans are exhibiting strong evidence of Unionism wherever the army marches—so much so that arms and equipments for them, particularly for the cavalry service, are being sent from here.

The very latest telegram from Southwest Pass to-day says that on November 17th our forces attacked Arkansas City, Texas, and captured a hundred prisoners and three guns.

Chattanooga, Nov. 30.—There has been no fighting for the past few days. Our corps held the country as far as Ringgold and Cleveland. The enemy is below Tunnel Hill.

Nashville, Nov. 28.—Col. Long encountered a portion of Wheeler's cavalry at Cleveland (Tenn.) yesterday, and after a severe fight the rebels were routed. The loss was not stated.

There was a heavy rain last night. The Cumberland is rising rapidly, with nine feet of water on the Shoals.

A dispatch from Chattanooga says: Sufficient reinforcements under Granger, have been sent to Burnside to insure success. Bragg's main force reported beyond Dalton. Stragglers are still coming in. Guerrillas are very troublesome on the Cumberland river. Boats have been fired into, houses robbed, and property destroyed.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—A dispatch from Cumberland Gap to-day, says: All the available forces have left camp under Gen. Foster. Longstreet is retreating into Virginia. Burnside is said to be closely pursuing the enemy's rear; decisive results are anticipated.

An official courier has just reached here from Knoxville. The rebels succeeded in throwing pontoons across the river on Sunday [illegible], but were prevented from crossing by our batteries. The cannonading at this point brought on a general engagement, resulting in the rout of the enemy and the capture of Wheeler's entire division of 5000 troops.

Omaha, Dec. 3.—There was a grand banquet and ball last night, in honor of the Pacific Railway opening. The city was brilliantly illuminated.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—The capture of Corpus Christi has been already reported, but the following particulars are from a correspondent with the expedition, who says: The fleet left Brazos, Santiago Pass, on the evening of Nov. 17th, and the following afternoon several regiments landed on Mustang Island, and, marching all night, reached the vicinity of the rebel works about daylight. Some skirmishing took place by our advance, which was thrown across the Island that no one might escape. Half an hour later, when Gen. Ransom came up with two regiments in line of battle, the rebels threw up a white shirt on the point of a bayonet, and made an unconditional surrender of their fort, troops and munitions of war. The capture was effected without the loss of a man.

Government has ordered the sale of all the confiscated lands in Virginia, South Carolina, Louisiana and Tennessee. The January sale is to be peremptory, to pay the direct tax of those States.

New York, Dec. 4.—Richmond papers agree that Bragg is not only defeated, but routed, with great loss. The *Whig* is furious, and says it is not Bragg's fault, for the Almighty did not give him brains enough to command an army, but it is Jeff. Davis' fault for retaining him in command.

Gen. Butler has determined to make the Department of Virginia and North Carolina pay its way, as the Department of the Gulf did while under his command. He charges 1 per cent. on goods for transportation, for which a permit is granted, and the money derived from these sources he proposes to administer for internal improvements. Gen. Butler is also determined to require the oath of allegiance from every person who desires to remain within the lines, and those who refuse are to be sent South.

Meade has not been superseded yet, and may not be at all. The President is not well enough to give the subject his attention. It is probable that there will be much delay in the decision.

Chattanooga, Dec. 4.—A number of refugees from Walker county, Georgia, represent that a perfect reign of terror exists in Northern Georgia. The males of all ages are conscripted. All the supplies are exhausted. Citizens are escaping to the mountains. Bragg has been relieved by Hardee, who is making a desperate effort to patch up his shattered army, and assume the offensive.

Chicago, Dec. 5.—The *Conservative* Union National Committee was in session in Cincinnati yesterday, as was also the Consulting Convention of the same organization. The Convention adopted the Kentucky platform of 1862, and suggested to the Committee the nomination of Gen. McClellan for the Presidency. The Committee postponed consideration of the resolution until the meeting to be held in Philadelphia on the 22d inst. The Hon. W. B. Campbell, Leslie Coombs and Gov. Bramlette, are mentioned in connection with the Vice-President.

Cairo, Dec. 5.—The Little Rock *Democrat* of the 24th ult., has the following items from the expedition from Benton:

A few days since, through the mountainous country west of Arkadelphia, they captured the rebel Major Wetherspoon and thirty of his men. Several Union men took advantage of the presence of the expedition and accompanied it within the lines. On the 19th, 45 of the 3d Arkansas Union Cavalry had a fight with Adams' guerrillas near Dover. The rebels were routed and a number of prisoners taken. The Union men in Arkansas are working hard for the restoration of the old Government, and with great apparent success. People from the country are daily flocking in and taking the oath of allegiance and enrolling themselves in the home companies for their protection against guerrillas. The counties of Pope, Conway, White and Van Buren are reported clear of guerrillas, they having gone to the south of Arkansas. Price has his headquarters at Washington, 80 miles from Little Rock. As near as can be ascertained his forces number between 15,000 and 16,000. The unconditional Union men in Arkansas held a convention at Fort Smith on the 15th of October, at which 20 counties were represented, and a candidate for Western Arkansas for the coming Federal Congress was placed in nomination.

New York, Dec. 5.—A special telegram to the *Tribune* says all the reports about the removal of Meade that spring up before the meeting of Congress are premature. After the President obtains strength sufficient to enable him to weigh the six days' campaign just closed, a decision may be expected.

One of the most interesting reports ever issued by the Secretary of the Navy, is now preparing by Mr. Welles. The estimate for all the branches of the Naval and Marine Corps will not exceed 142,000,000. The report will suggest many improvements in the arrangement of naval matters. The Secretary will devote some space to the discussion of iron-clads, and Mr. Welles will be able to count 650 or 700 vessels as the property of the naval department.

The health of the President is still feeble He is unable to leave his chamber, but is engaged in the completion of his message.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated the 4th, says our casualties in the late battles were 4500; the number of prisoners captured 6450, and 46 guns.

Chicago, Dec. 6.—Washington special dispatches of the 5th say: It is said the necessity for the recent retrograde movement of the Army of the Potomac is charged upon the failure of the corps of French and Warren to reach, until Friday night, the position which they were ordered to reach 24 hours sooner; thus giving the enemy time to entrench themselves, so that it was not deemed prudent to make the attack. Intelligence from that point to night says Lee's movements indicate an intention of assuming the offensive. It is plain that he construes Meade's withdrawal into apparent weakness, and is determined on making a move. It looks as though the rebels were endeavoring to flank Meade on the right, getting between him and the Rappahannock. A disposition of our troops has been made in anticipation of such a movement.

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 6.—A Charleston telegram of the 4th says: A slow fire was kept up to-day on Sumter, Sullivan and James Islands. The enemy (Federals) have not renewed their fire on the city, but are mounting more guns on Fort Wagner, bearing on the city, and have unmasked a new battery.

Officers from the Army of the Potomac concur in the opinion that an attack could and should have been made upon the enemy at Mine Run, and if one had been made at first, the loss would not have been so great on our side as afterward; but success was certain at any time. It is rumored that charges will be preferred against one at least of the corps commanders.

Gen. Meagher, who was with the army as a visitor to his old brigade, was captured in citizen's clothes, near Mine Run, during the recent engagement, and is now in the hands of the enemy.

A special Washington dispatch says that frauds amounting to over one million have been discovered in furnishing supplies to the Army of the Potomac. On Friday night, Capt. Stoddard, Quartermaster at Alexandria, was arrested by order of the Secretary of War, and lodged in the Old Capitol prison. On Saturday night Capt. Ferguson, of the regular army, Chief of the Quartermaster's department at Alexandria, was also arrested and sent to the Old Capitol. These frauds have all been unearthed since Gen. Meiggs went to Tennessee. The frauds in which a number of other officers, some very high in rank, who are yet to be arrested, are implicated, consist principally in large purchases of oats and corn, so compounded that the Government is cheated 20 cents on every bushel. Enormous frauds in purchases of lumber for houses for the Army of the Potomac have also been discovered.

Washington, Dec. 6.—The House met at noon. Etheredge, the Clerk, called the House to order, and proceeded to call the roll, reading the names of the members of all the States except Maryland, Western Virginia, Oregon, Missouri and Kansas. The credentials of the members from these States not being filed in accordance with the act of March last, motions were adopted that the names of members from the States named be placed on the roll. The House then proceeded to the election of a Speaker. The whole number of votes was 181, of which Colfax received 101. Mr. Colfax was declared elected, and Messrs. Dawson and Cox appointed a committee to conduct the Speaker to the chair. On taking the chair, the Speaker delivered a brief, eloquent and patriotic address, which was received with great applause.

Senate.—The Vice President called the Senate to order at noon. Messrs. Conness of California and Henderson of Missouri qualified, and took the oath of loyalty as prescribed by the last Congress. Some debate was had on the admission of the Senators from Western Virginia. Mr. Davis held that there was constitutionally no such State, and there could, therefore, be no Senators from such State; he believed the old State intact, and the whole thing a flagrant violation. After a debate, in which Mr. Davis stated the question, it was moved that the oath be administered to them, which was carried. Yeas, 35; Nays 5—the nays being Buckalew, Davis, Hendricks, McDougall, and Powell.

New York, Dec. 6.—The *Evening Star*, with New Orleans dates to the 28th November has arrived:

On the 25th of November about 800 Federals, under Gen. Lee, attacked the 4th Texas and 2d Louisiana, and drove them from Camp Pratt to within four miles of Vermillion bayou, when the 2d and 3d Illinois cavalry made a gallant charge, breaking the enemy's ranks and capturing about 70 prisoners, mostly from the 4th Texas, with their arms and horses. Eight rebels were killed and a considerable number wounded. A few days previously Gen. Lee surprised a camp of rebels 20 miles from New Iberia, and captured 6 officers, 35 privates, and a large number of horses and arms belonging to the 1st Louisiana Mounted Zouaves.

Cairo, Dec. 7.—The rebel force under Lee and Chalmers, estimated at 3,000 or 4,000 attacked Col. Hatch's command at Wolf river bridge, near Lagrange (Tenn.) on the 3d. The fight was desperate for four hours, when the rebels were repulsed with heavy loss. Among their killed are several officers. Hatch's force consisted of 1000 cavalry and 700 negroes, with one piece of artillery. The day before, some rebel forces made a raid on Saulsbury and tore up the railroad track for a mile and burned a quantity of cotton.

The rebel loss in the fight at Wolf river bridge on the 3d, will probably reach 150 killed, wounded and missing, as far as heard from. Ours was 3 killed, 40 wounded and 49 missing.

A Chattanooga telegram says advices from Kingston state that Sherman's expedition had Longstreet hemmed in with a poor chance of escape.

Chicago, Dec. 8th—Considerable discussion was had in the House of Representatives yesterday on the admittance of the members from Louisiana. The subject was finally referred to the Committee on Elections.

New York, Dec. 8th—New Orleans letters say that the rebel force interfering with the navigation of the lower Mississippi is estimated at four thousand, under Dick Taylor, and a sort of flying corps, which appears from time to time at different points on the river. Traders generally are seriously alarmed, and have applied to the military authorities to have all the river boats armed and manned by a few artillerists.

Gen. Washburn's command is moving in the direction of Matagorda, with every prospect of capturing that place. Our forces will then have a footing on the mainland, with a fine harbor and a good base of operations.

A special dispatch says Maj. Gen. French has been relieved from his command in the Army of the Potomac and placed under arrest. His arrest is preliminary to charges of misconduct in the recent affair at Mine Run.

The *Herald's* army dispatch, dated Culpepper the 7th, says: "Our infantry are apparently going into winter quarters. The cavalry are busier than ever scouting for guerrillas."

The Richmond *Enquirer* says: "Hardee only temporarily commands Bragg's army and Johnson will take the permanent command."

The *Tribune's* special says of the President's Message, that the most important and interesting portions are those which deal with the subject of slavery and the restoration of the Union. Regarding the former topic, the President considers the Emancipation Proclamation as an accomplished fact. He holds that the Proclamation has liberated all slaves within the Territory which it embraces, and all future action must be based on that supposition and word. The President does not, and will not adopt any policy which fails to give the slave a vested right in himself. The plan Mr. Lincoln proposes for the restoration of the loyal people of the truant States to their former position in the Union is represented to be purely his own, unlike any plan now before the public, and, not confining himself to general outlines, he enters with some minuteness into the details.

The *Times'* special says the Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, adopts all the recommendations of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in regard to whiskey and tobacco, and suggests the propriety of a still further increase in the tax on these articles, in order that the revenue may be increased, as it has fallen considerably below the estimate of the framers of the law. The receipts from this source for the last year will fall short sixty millions.

Cincinnati, Dec. 8.—A Chattanooga dispatch of the 7th, says: Hardee is falling back from Dalton with Bragg's whipped men. The mountains of East Tennessee are filled with rebel deserters and stragglers.

[The stage yesterday failed to bring any mail, the connection being broken between Portland and Monticello. We are thus probaby deprived of several days later news.]

THE BOY.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy;
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all;
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now;
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if the music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;
'Tis then that on [illegible]
His beautiful but [illegible]
And, like a long-forgotten [illegible]
Its sweet familiar [illegible]
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fettered now—
Things came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, something press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling, whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Blithe Robin lost his brindle cow,
He mourned, he wept, and could not buy another!
His wife soon follows. Eager now
His friends advise that he his grief should smother.
"Here's my daughter, young and true,
A worthy wife she'll be to you."

Then Robin mused and scratched his head,
And in reflective accents said:
"I see it clearly now;
In this strange village where I live,
I lose my wife—my friends another give;
But no one offers me another cow!"

"Talk about mean men," said old Fox, "why, there's that Bill Johnson, he's the meanest man I ever heard tell on. Bill was constable here. Why, don't you think, he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levied on the old woman's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him. I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em around the house, and every time he'd catch a duck, he would sit down and wring its head off, and charge for mileage!"

A Boston paper says that many years ago the whole town of Nahant was purchased by a farmer for a suit of clothes, and that then its only inhabitants were wolves and deer. The same may be said of most of the inhabitants now, only the wolves are in sheep's clothing and the deer in crinoline.

The author of a trifle which was 'goosed' off the stage, explained the failure by saying he hashed it off on a single afternoon. "What a pity I didn't know what you were doing that day," broke in a friend, "I might have kept you in liquor all that time, and both you and the public would have been spared an affliction."

The other night, a landlord, discovering one of his customers, who was drunk, 'sloshing about' in the mire, went to his assistance, and setting him upon his feet, inquired if he was sick, or what was the matter. "No," replied the boozy customer, "I ain't sick, nor I ain't drunk—but I'm almighty discouraged!"

Would'st thou not be thought a fool in another's conceit, be not wise in thine own; he that trusts to his own wisdom proclaims his own folly; he is truly wise and shall appear so, that hath folly enough to be thought not worldly wise or wisdom enough to see his own folly.

An Irishman was testifying in court, the other day, in regard to an assault with a gun, and delivered himself in this manner: "Plase your honor, he stroke a heavy blow with the gode, and broke it in three halves!"

A Western preacher, while offering up a prayer before his congregation a few weeks ago, made a rather singular declaration, and added: "Paradoxical as they may seem to be, oh Lord, it is nevertheless true."

KNOW WHO YOUR PILOT IS.
Story of a Blockade-Runner that was Trapped.

The following story is from a late English magazine. The scene opens at Nassau, which is thus described:

The harbor was crammed with craft of all sorts and sizes; the bay was full of shipping; the little streets were crowded, and there was a continual stir and turmoil on the quay, all too small for the press of traffic that daily poured in. All this animation, all this activity, had been caused by the Federal blockade of the Southern coast; and the cheerful burghers attested the fact that Nassau was the great emporium for contraband of war and smuggled cotton, and that much money was being spent in the island by those employed in this gainful but perilous commerce. Wherever I went, in the tavern, grocery, store, or counting-house, there was but one all-engrossing topic, one common subject of interest—the blockade. Such and such a schooner had been taken; such a brig had been burned, cargo and all, to keep her out of Yankee hands; such a drogher had come in with cotton; such a steamer had got safe to Charleston, with so many thousand stand of arms on board. The Black-eyed Susan had been sunk by the United States gunboat Sloper—no, she had only received four round shot in her hull, and had escaped among the sand-keys. Who had insured the Delight? They would lose smartly, for the vessel had been condemned; whereas the Fly-by-Night had got into Charleston securely, and her freight of Blakely guns was worth $23,000 net profit.

All this gambling and venturing, this staking of fortunes on the speed of a vessel or the wariness of a captain, was thrillingly exciting to the brokers, merchants, and other speculators who swarmed in the Nassau boarding-houses, and who had only a pecuniary interest in the game. And I perceived that the risks nearly balanced the favorable chances; that if many escaped, many were taken; and the loss of a ship was philosophically borne by her owners.

The writer, after some trouble, found a steamer that would take him to Charleston. "When do you start?" he asked of Capt. Pritchard—but the writer shall tell his own story:

The commander's voice sunk to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying eyes, and using all caution, since Nassau teemed with Northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal, which was to be replied to, and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"After dark," muttered Pritchard, with an oath, "we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that hangs about the island. The Governor bade her keep at the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal, now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States Consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't dogged up and down by rascals in Federal hire. See there! that mulatto hound has been after me these four days," pointing to a dark-complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned nonchalance and lit his pipe.

I found a good deal of quiet bustle and suppressed excitement on board the Bonnybell. The fires were banked up; the swarthy faces and red shirts of the engineer and his gang were visible at the hatch of their Cyclopean den, getting a breath of the cool breeze before starting. Some brass guns, that had been hidden under fruit baskets, hencoops and tarpaulins, were visible enough now; and beside them lay piled little heaps of round shot. The crew bustled to and fro, and the captain was so busy that he could but return a brief word and a nod to my greeting. The sky grew darker, and surrounding objects dimmer, every instant.

Before long the passengers arrived. Several Southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of harsh imprisonment at least, in the event of capture. By the uncertain light I could see that most of them were pale and nervous; but they talked in an undertone among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

"Get up steam!"

By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing, there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the captain give orders to "stand by" for slipping from the moorings, and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

"There they are, slick and right—three red lights and a green one!" murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and, looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the masthead. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on shore.

"We'll soon see the pilot now," said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner. "The signal's made and repeated; in ten minutes our man will be with us. Hillo!—boat ahoy!—what d'ye want?"

"Bonnybell ahoy!" was the rejoinder, in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion. "Pilot wants to come on board."

There was a stir and a start of surprise among those on deck; and as a rope was thrown to the boatmen, Capt. Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted, you must be own cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you're our pilot?"

"I'm the pilot engaged by Col. Jeremy Carter, of Spottsylvania, if that'll do," answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side. "Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was raised."

While the captain—reassured by the mention of Col. Carter's name—gave hasty orders to cast off the cable and go ahead, I, in common with the rest of the passengers and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the new comer. The latter was about 40 years of age, long and lean of figure, with a hardy, sunbrowned face. There was no mistaking the resolute air and bearing of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk around his lips; and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore-going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin till we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, gnawing viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

It was an anxious time when the Bonnybell, under a full head of steam, went darting out of the bay; her look-outs straining their eyes to pierce the mist, and give warning to the helmsman of vessels ahead; while Pritchard walked to and fro, too fidgetty and eager to endure conversation, listening every instant for some sound that was to indicate that the Federal cruiser had taken the alarm. But on we went, without check or hindrance; and we all drew our breath more freely as the lights of the town began one by one to vanish, as if the sea had swallowed them, and the dark headlands faded away into obscurity. The American gunboat was neither seen nor felt; a circumstance which I did not the less regret, because I perceived, not only by the display of the cannon alluded to, but by the resolute demeanor of several of the crew, who stood grouped about a couple of uncovered arm-chests, that our pigmy foe would not have found an entirely unresisting prize.

One slight circumstance, hardly, as I thought, worth mentioning, did occur before we had run half a mile to seaward. There came a long, faint hail from so great a distance as to be hardly distinguishable even by a sailor's practised ear, but which was announced to be addressed to us.

"Some boat, with a message perhaps for a passenger. The lubbers deserve rope's-ending for being so late. Can I lie-to safely, do you think?" said Pritchard to the pilot, irresolutely, and giving the word "slacken speed!" What the pilot answered I know not. I only caught the concluding phrase,

"Yankee tricks; so, cap., you'd best look sharp about you."

So Pritchard thought. He gave the word to go on at full speed, and we heard no more about the matter.

The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling summer sea, with no boisterous behavior on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy. We saw several vessels, but none of a hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yachting excursion in holiday waters. We were all displeased to be pleased; and the pilot, although a saturnine and morose personage, viewed through this rose-colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purposes, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals and islets—many of which were not noted down in the chart—more than once saved the Bonnybell from an ugly thump upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something elephantine about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than vacuity. He did his work, answered when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

"Land ho!" sung out the look-out man at the masthead, and Pritchard and the pilot, who were poring together over the map close to the binnacle, looked up, while the passengers edged nearer to hear the news. Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

"Edisto Island, as I said, cap.!" hailed the pilot; "and beyond it is the Carolina coast. We're close to home, gentlemen and ladies."

There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the helm, but directly afterwards came two shrill cries of "Sail ho!"

"Uncle Sam's barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, cap," said the pilot as he leisurely descended the rope ladder. There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the port-holes, the grinning cannon, the star-spangled flags and warlike display of the Federal blockading squadron. The steamer was put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view. The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entrance into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war-vessels. There was no going to bed on board the Bonnybell that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing out over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fires. There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the captain and pilot stood on the forecastle noting the replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in a shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

"Ten fathoms sheer! By the deep, nine! By the mark, seven!" called out the leadsman, from the chains.

"Water allers does shoal here, cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean," said the pilot, with some confusion.

"By the mark, five!" was the next call.

Capt. Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seaman not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the depth of water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and we moved but slowly on, the lead going as before.

"Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me the water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash; left Moultrie to leeward and got into the network of sand-banks near. Hilloa! what's that ahead of us! Boats, as I'm a sinner!"

At the same moment the pilot thrust his hand rapidly into the breast of his coat, drew out something and flung it on the deck, where it instantly began to sputter and hiss, and directly afterwards the lurid glare of a blue-light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish two dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats, full of men, pulling swiftly but noiselessly towards us, and no doubt with muffled oars.

"By the mark, two! Shoal water—we're aground!" cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and the Bonnybell came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor instantly arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who now came dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood beside the blue light that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war's men, for such we could not doubt them to be, began to scramble on board.

"The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough; but you shall not live to share the prize money!" exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster that would have been a lethal stroke, had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been madness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were 9 or 10 marines, well armed with musket and bayonet, and who drove the Bonnybell's crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The Federal lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no heedless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the United States war-brig Dacotah, he yet restrained the fury of that precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, drawn a bowie-knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"Gently, sir," said the lieutenant; "gently, Quartermaster Fitch. These caged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Quartermaster!" exclaimed poor Capt. Pritchard, as his hands were thrust into the handcuffs, "you don't mean that double-dyed villain, that Judas of a pilot, is a Yankee petty officer, after all! I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and—if I swung for it—I'd have chucked the spy overboard as I would a mangy puppy!"

The lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest and to take steps for getting the Bonnybell off the sand bank. He then compelled the engineer to set the machinery at work, and we ran down, under the skillful pilotage of Mr. Fitch, to Edisto Island; in which anchorage we came to our moorings under the guns of the Dacotah, and within a short distance of several other vessels of the blockading squadron.

"Tell me about the sermon, dear; take off your shawl and hat, and come and sit beside me here: the text first—where was that?"

"Well, really, auntie, I don't know, I have forgotten quite; I wish you could see Jane Munroe, she dresses like a fright! Miss Lyman wore a splendid shawl, with that old, horrid bonnet, the very one she wore last fall, and that old trimming on it. Strange what extravagance and waste some people always show! Then Hattie Bell, what want of taste she dresses with, you know."

"The audience you remember, dear, if you do not the sermon: which preacher do you like to hear; this one, or Mr. Herman?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Herman, for he's handsome, aunt, you know; then he's so graceful, and his teeth—how splendidly they show!"

Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation each should compliment the other, and everybody belonging to him, in the most laudatory style; and deprecate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"
"My insignificant appellation is Wong."
"Where is your magnificent palace?"
"My contemptible hut is at Suchan."
"How many are your illustrious children."
"My vile, worthless brats are five."
"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"
"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

Recently, upon the cars running out of Cleveland, a female colporteur was peddling tracts. The tract which engrossed her especial attention was entitled, "Give me thy Heart," and was undoubtedly an orthodox and valuable production. Without a word, she presented it to a quiet looking homo, who read the title, and replied—"No, Madam, I cannot give it; this woman is my wife." The heart seeker vamoosed and the passengers roared.

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady, to whom he had once paid his addresses, murmured at the charge. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I want to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

"Ah, doctor, how is my wife to-day?"
The doctor shook his head and said, "You must prepare for the worst."
"What! (exclaimed the alarmed husband) is she likely to recover?"

An Irish Judge said, when addressing a prisoner:—"You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you." And it did prove to be a warning; he never did so any more.

Dimensions of a Chinese lady's shoe: Length, exactly two inches and a half; breadth, seven-eighths of an inch; depth, one inch; hight of heels, once inch.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

In all noble enterprises the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the males.

Many idle men seek enjoyment as mendicants seek bread—from door to door.

Is a man in a stew when his blood boils?

The Farmer's Corner.

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

The Orchard.

Nothing strikes the traveler more favorably, or gives a better impression of the thrift of the farmer, than a large, healthy and neatly trimmed apple orchard; and if there be added a goodly number of peach, pear and cherry trees, the picture is still more attractive. For several years there has been more or less discussion, as to whether or not field-crops should be cultivated in an orchard; but the question is still unsettled. Those who have taken pains to notice the comparative productiveness of orchards under different modes of culture, find that one of the most thrifty and best fruit-bearing orchards in a neighborhood has been "let alone" for years; neither plow nor pruning-knife having disturbed either the roots or branches of the trees. And they will also find another equally productive, wherein has been grown a rotation of field crops from the very first planting of the orchard. It is not the purpose of this article to renew the discussion of the subject, but simply to call attention to it, and to present the views and experiments of others, experienced in orchard-culture.

At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, J. A. Warder, of Cincinnati, communicated an interesting paper on "Orchard-culture in the West," and from that part of his communication which particularly refers to the treatment of orchards after the first five years, we make the following extracts:

When the orchard has acquired a sufficient growth, and assumes its condition of maturity and fruit-bearing, it no longer so imperatively requires to be cultivated, and is somewhat better if let alone: having been laid down to clover, or clover and orchard grass, it should be made use of as a hog-walk. No other stock should ever be permitted to set hoof upon the soil appropriated to the orchard. The swine alone should be allowed to pasture it, and to consume the fallen fruit, thus destroying immense numbers of insects, and they will keep these pests in check. They will distribute their droppings over the surface, and they may even be allowed to root in the soil, to some extent, with their snouts. Should weeds make their appearance, they may be mowed and left upon the ground, or thrown about the trees as a mulch; but, with the close planting that is now generally recommended, and sometimes practised, and with the low-headed trees that are so very much preferred by all who have had an opportunity of observing their advantages, there is really little space left for any crop among the trees except grass, and this will scarcely grow beneath them, in the thick shade of their depending boughs.

Shall an old orchard ever be plowed? is a question often asked by those who have neglected their trees, or who have fallen heirs to orchards of the old style with tall trunks, and long naked branches, furnished only with a brush of decrepit spray at their extremities, while their roots are starved beneath an old sod that has been tramped and pastured for years. Under these circumstances, the trees producing an excess of blossoms and fruit, having ceased to make any thrifty wood growth, may need a thorough cultivation, as well as a severe pruning to invite a reproduction of healthy wood and foliage. The damage that ensues from breaking the roots is then more than over balanced by the renewed vigor that ensues. A thorough pruning, removing the dead limbs, and thinning out those that are too close, scarifying the bark, and washing the stems with an alkaline solution, will insure the rejuvenescence of the trees, which are then able to push forth new roots where the plow had broken old ones, and with these adjuvants, and with the application of lime, the breaking up and after cultivation of the soil will be of the greatest advantage to the old orchard. Still, it is a question, whether it be not better to avoid the necessity for this treatment; and it is believed that by a suitable course, this may be obviated. The proper cultivation of the young trees does not materially injure the roots, and it preserves the soil in a condition most favorable for their renewal. In an orchard that has been thus cultivated, there will always be a system of roots at a depth below the influence of the plow; these are permanent. If, on the contrary, by mulching or otherwise, the roots have been brought very near the surface, the thorough plowing may seriously injure the trees by too much breaking and tearing of these important organs; here, as in other cases, the less of two evils must be chosen, nor can there be any question as to the propriety of plowing in the condition supposed above, that of an orchard showing signs of decrepitude from neglect of pruning, and want of proper care of trees, with a grass bound surface of the soil beneath them, and hard mossy bark, so that they are well styled hide-bound. The condition of a thickly planted and well grown orchard, with low heads, shading the ground, and mulched with the decaying grass and leaves, is more like that of the primeval forest, and such trees may be allowed to continue for many years without plowing; indeed, it may be doubted whether, if occasionally limed, they be not really better without this disturbance of their roots.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, from Schuyler Co., N. Y., whose orchard must be exceedingly productive, says:

My orchard contains 90 trees, has been set about 35 years, and all the trees have been grafted since. It has been in my possession over 16 years. Before that it was tilled part of the time, and part of the time it was seeded and kept for meadow; and, invariably, while in grass the apples were inferior, gnarly and wormy. Since I have had it, I have plowed it every year except one,—have manured with barnyard manure every other year, have plowed it myself, being careful not to injure the roots with the plow, or to rake the bodies of the trees with whiffletrees or with the harrow. I plow very shallow under the trees, just enough to keep the top of the ground raw. The trees are nearly all healthy and thrifty; and during the 16 years I have not failed except one year (and at that time they were cut by frost, but I had 60 bushels then) to have a good crop of apples, and good quality. This fall I have 450 bushels; I think there were 800 bushels or over of all kinds in the orchard this year.

A successful fruit grower in the east writes to the *Maine Farmer* as follows:

I wish to say a few words about raising an orchard down in the eastern part of Washington county, as I have been experimenting in that business the past twenty years.

First, I plow ten or twelve inches deep, cultivate two or three years till the soil is fine, removing all the stones of any size, and manuring high while cultivating.

Secondly, I select trees about six feet high and about one inch in diameter near the roots, and trees that are well formed, for no others should be set. I then dig the holes about one foot deep and large enough to admit all the roots when straightened out, fill up the hole about one-third with the richest and finest earth that can be obtained handy, place the tree on it and let a boy hold the tree straight up. I then place all the roots out straight and divide them all around equally as possible, putting on a handful of dirt to make them stay, and with my shovel sift on the finest dirt that I can get, till all the roots are covered up three or four inches deep. After this I tread down hard, then shovel on till it is raised a little, then tread down again, leaving the earth around the tree raised a little. They grow and flourish, and I seldom lose a tree. They should be drawn out of the nursery by hand, no spade or hoe used, as it is liable to mar the the roots. Set eighteen or twenty feet apart, the land to be cultivated four or five years, with root crops, and with good care the trees will begin to bear quite freely in four or five years.

Thirdly, the way I prune my fruit trees, I begin the first of May and follow it up till the last of August. I use nothing but the knife; the limbs being small, they will soon heal over and will not leak the sap. I sometimes rub on a little dirt that fills up the pores. If the tree grows faster on one side than it does on the other (as they sometimes will) I cut the limbs off on the thrifty side, and that will throw the growth on the other side of the tree, and in about two years you can get a good balanced top and a handsome tree. If the tree leans, shear it up gradually till you get it plumb. I mulch with sods and any kind of manure. Turn the mulching over in June or September or October; it will prevent the borers getting into them.

Horse Hay Spreader.—Last spring, in conversation with a farmer from Massachusetts, I heard of a machine for turning and spreading hay, manufactured in that State which from his description I judged to be a valuable farm implement. After much search I found where the machine was manufactured, and procured one. During the very unfavorable weather for hay which we have had this season, I have found it very useful. All farmers know that where grass, averaging one or two tons per acre, is cut with a mowing machine, it will not dry on the under side unless it is turned over, which is quite a bungling and tedious job. This machine with a boy and one horse, will turn a strip 8 feet wide and do it much better than it can be done by hand. By turning it over a field two or three times, the hay can be cured in one-third the time otherwise required.

The manufacturers inform me that on account of the scarcity of mechanics they cannot manufacture more than enough machines to supply the local demand, and hence have not found it necessary to advertise.

The machine is very simple, not liable to get out of order, and does its work perfectly. I think if some of the extensive manufacturers of farm machinery would make arrangements to build and introduce this or a similar machine, they would be adding a very valuable implement to the list of farmmachinery.

Renovating Flower Beds.—If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top spit and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland field well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of the three ingredients. If you can get the beds empty in the winter, the best way will be to take off the top spit and fork over the subsoil, so as to let the frost and snow penetrate it, then get a good supply of burned clay and hot-bed dung, and chop them down together in a ridge, and let them be well frozen and fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings of hedges, refuse wood, straw, &c., built up over a hole, and packed round with cakes of old turf, and then burned, make a capital dressing to dig into the old soil, if you cannot get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth of the whole very old dung would prove a very good mixture. Bedding plants do not require a very rich soil as much as a new soil.

Manure for Fruit Trees.—As a rule, you give young orchards too much, and your old bearing ones too little manure. And in neither case do you discriminate, as you should, or give or withold manure for a specific reason. In a large proportion of our virgin soil, the young tree, if well cultivated, is likely to grow fast enough, and too fast for safety, if a tender sort. Here, fat manures will do much more hurt than good—so far as the tree or plant is concerned. But, by and by, the crop taken from between trees, and occasionally large yields of fruit will begin to tell on the trees, then vegetable and animal manures may come in, to keep up a healthful growth, and help sustain large crops of fruit. And mineral may be still more useful; for you can no longer plow deep, to bring them from below. The roots are in the way of the plow. And here we notice another mistake. You pile the manure around and near the bodies of your trees, when the roots may be twenty feet from the tree, perhaps interlocking with roots from neighboring trees. Place your manure there; and in plowing it under, don't plow up the roots of your trees.

The *Rural American* suggests that grape vines cannot be advantageously pruned between the first of September and fifteenth of October.

Domestic Recipes.

To Make Cider Vinegar.—Almost every family in the country have the materials for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper, are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. And what is still better, the cider which you extract from the apples does not detract from the value of the apples for any other purpose.

Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally; then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun, or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar if they will follow the above directions.

To Warm up Cold Meat.—Cut some slices from a leg or saddle of mutton; the slices must be of a moderate thickness. Put into an earthenware dish the following mixture: All the gravy which was left on the dish after the joint was served, and if not sufficient, add a little more; two tablespoonfuls of port wine, one dessert spoonful of vinegar, the same quantity of both walnut and mushroom catsup; cayenne and salt to taste; warm those in the oven, but do not let the mixture boil; put in the slices of meat, and serve when they are thoroughly warmed through.

To Boil Potatoes.—In Ireland, potatoes are boiled to perfection. The humblest peasant places his potatoes on his table better cooked than could half the cooks in America, trying their best. Potatoes should always be boiled in their "jackets." Peeling a potato before boiling is offering a premium for water to run through it, and making them waxy and unpalatable. They should be thoroughly washed, and put into cold water. In Ireland, they always nick a piece of the skin off before they place them in the pot; the water is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water commences boiling; and it should thus be checked until the potatoes are done; the skins will not then be broken or cracked until the potato is thoroughly done; pour the water off completely, and then let the skins be thoroughly dry before peeling.

Blackberry Jam.—Blackberries, in almost any form, and wine made from them, are very pleasant, and wholesome, and besides are conceded to be good medicine for the "Summer complaint," and housewives and nurses look out for a good stock of blackberry jam. It is easily made, and there is no difficulty in keeping it. To each pound of ripe fruit, stewed in a porcelain kettle for five minutes, add one pound light brown sugar, and mash the contents fine with a strong iron or wooden spoon while still upon the fire. When well mixed and boiled 15 minutes longer, stirring it well in the meantime, fill the jars or glasses and set away.

To make Potato Starch.—Starch made from the common potato furnishes an excellent substitute for arrowroot as a wholesome, nutritious food for infants. It also makes a good cheap pudding for the table, if cooked like sago; and as it has not the medical properties of the arrowroot, it is much to be preferred as an article of daily food, except for children who are subject to diarrhœa or summer complaint. The process of making the starch is simple, and the time required so short as to put it into the power of every one having the means at hand. Wash any quantity of potatoes perfectly clean, and grate them into a tub half full of clean cold water, stir it up well, let it settle, and then pour off the foul water, put the grated potatoes into a fine wire or coarse hair seive; plunge it into another tub full of clean cold water, and wash the starch through the meshes of the seive and throw the residue away; or wash it again if any starch remains in the pomace; let it settle again, and repeat this process until the water comes off clear; scrape from the top any remains of the pomace; then take the starch out, put it on dishes to dry in a warm room, and it will be fit for use immediately. When wanted for use, mix as much as may be needed in cold water, and stir it into boiling milk, or water, if preferred, and it requires no further cooking. It also makes a stiff and beautiful starch for clearing thin muslins and laces.

Veal Curry.—Cut up about two pounds lean veal into small square pieces, half the size of walnuts; then put a large onion cut into small dice in a stewpan, with a clove or garlic, and one apple cut into slices, and one ounce of butter; keep them stirred over a moderate fire until lightly browned, when stir in a good tablespoonful of mild curry powder, half a one of flour, mix well, then add a pint of water, let it just boil up, put in the veal, which stir around two or three times, to mix with the curry, and put the stewpan over a slow fire, or in a warm oven for an hour and a half; when done (which you may ascertain by pressing a piece between the finger and thumb, if done it would be quite tender and separate) add the juice of a lemon and a little salt, stir the whole round three or four times very gently, to mix, and turn it out upon your dish; serve with rice separately.

Sheep's Tails and Tongues.—Take three tails and three tongues, cut the tails in half and split the tongues. Stew them gently for three hours in as much water as will cover them, adding three spoonfuls of vinegar, three onions, a teaspoonful of mixed spices, and one of salt: these ingredients to be put in after the pot has been skimmed. When the tails, &c., are very tender, take them out, score them, dip them in drawn butter, roll them in grated bread crumbs, and let them lie for a few minutes, then put on more butter with a knife, and additional bread-crumbs, which latter should be slightly seasoned; brown them before the fire. Strain the gravy, enrich it with butter, squeeze lemon juice over the tongues and tails, and serve them in the gravy.

Hard Biscuit.—Take one quart of sweet milk, half a teacupful of shortening, and add enough flour to make a stiff dough, and a little salt. Beat it until smooth; cut into round cakes, prick them in a slow oven.

Crullers.—Two cups of sugar, two cups sour milk, a teaspoonful of baking soda, a tablespoonful of melted butter, four eggs, nutmeg or cinnamon.

PAY THE PRINTER.

All honest men, attend to hear
The serious fact—the times are dear;
Who owes a bill, 'tis just as clear
As starlight in the winter,
That he should come without delay—
That's if he can—that bill to pay,
And, ere he puts his purse away,
"Fork over" to the Printer.

The Printer's cheek is seldom red;
The fine machinery of his head
Is working when you are in bed—
Your true and faithful Mentor;
All day and night he wears his shoes
And brains to furnish you with news;
But men of conscience ne'er refuse
To pay the toiling Printer.

'Tis known, or ought to be, by all,
His dues are scattered, and they're small,
And if not paid, he's bound to fall
In debt for fuel, bread, rent, or
Perhaps his paper; then to square
Up with his help—a double care
Bows down his head—now is it fair
That you don't pay the Printer?

His wife and little prattlers, too,
Are now depending upon you,
And, if you pay the score that's due,
Necessity can't stint her;
But if you don't, as gnaws the mole,
'Twill through your conscience eat a hole,
And brand the forehead thus—"No soul!"
Of him who cheats the Printer.

The cats will mew between your feet,
The dogs will bite you on the street,
And every urchin that you meet
Will roar with voice of Stentor:
"Look to your pockets! there he goes!
The chap that wears the Printer's clothes!
And proud, though everybody knows,
The grub, he gnawed the Printer!"

Be simply just, and don't disgrace
Yourself, but beg the Lord of grace
To thaw that hardened icy case,
That honesty may enter:
This done, man will with man act fair,
And all will have the "tin" to spare;
Then will the Editorial Chair
Support a well-paid Printer."

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender;

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet tow'rd slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the women do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting?
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave-grown people at the door,
Tall, grave-grown people at the table,
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones, with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an "infirmity," as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while settling a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish up under his coat-tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a good deal, and have paid you up promptly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," says the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend; speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter cod-fish."

Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counsellor—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessings on his head.

A rough customer who was a politician, attended a Methodist meeting and fell asleep. A speaker, with much emphasis, conjured his followers to think of the future state. The rough man heard it amid his dreaming, and starting up, cried out—"Thunder! it's gone Republican by 15,000 majority!"

Tell a man who is bald that his hair is getting thicker; tell a man of seventy that he is every day looking younger; tell a man who can now walk at but a slow pace that he walks uncommonly fast; tell a middle-aged lady whose voice is cracking, that it is always growing finer.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced."

"No," was the reply, "but I've often had them bored!"

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half blest; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

The Unknown Painter.

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found, upon the canvass of some one of his pupils, sketches or specimens of drawing, imperfect and unfinished, but bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of delighted surprise, when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one and then to another of the young gentlemen, to see if they could lay claim to the choice but mysterious production, but they returned a sorrowful negative. "He who has left this tracery will one day be master of us all. Sebastian," said he—a youthful slave stood trembling before him—"who occupies this studio at night?"

"No one but myself, Senor."

"Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant to this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow."

He bowed in quiet submission, and retired. That night he threw his mattrass before the easel and slept soundly till the clock struck the hour of three. He then sprang from his couch and exclaimed, "Three hours are my own; the rest are my master's." He then seized a palette, and took his seat at the frame, to erase the work of the preceding nights. With brush in hand, to make the oblivious stroke, he paused: "Oh, those eyes!" said he, "they pierce me through; that blood will run from those purple veins; I cannot, I cannot erase it; rather let me finish it!"

He went to work, and soon the slave, the darkened brow, the child of toil and suffering are merged in a youthful spirit, rising from the impetus of his own deathless energies into a sphere of liberty and bright beauty.

"A little coloring here, a touch there, a soft shade here;" and thus three hours rolled unheeded by. "Oh, those beaming eyes; those lips, they will speak and bless me; my beautiful! Oh, my beautiful—" A slight noise caused him to look up Murillo with his pupils stood around; the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement, while yet the unextinguished taper burned. Again he was a slave, and the spirit's folded wing scarce seemed to flutter. His eyes fell beneath their eager gaze.

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You, senor."

"Your drawing-master, I mean? I have never given you lessons."

"No; but you gave them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them."

"Yes, you have done better—you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or reward, my dear pupils?"

"Reward, senor," was the quick reply.

"What shall it be?"

One suggested a suit of clothes, another a sum of money, but no chord touched in the captive's bosom. Another said, "The master feels kindly to-day; ask your freedom, Sebastian."

He sank on his knees and a groan of anguish burst from him; he lifted his burning eyes to his master's face, "The freedom of my father."

The death chill had passed from his heart and he breathed. Murillo folded him to his bosom.

"Your pencil shows that you have talent; your request that you have a heart; you are no longer my slave, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have not painted but made a painter!"

That women are horribly unmerciful to delinquents of their own sex, is a generally admitted truth. Mrs. E. Vale Smith, in a recently published article, goes, however, one step further—openly apologizing for the author of the miseries of the human race. She says:—"On closing 'Paradise Lost,' two ideas will always be prominent in the mind of a reader who has come to it unbiased by traditionary prejudice, or schooled into the belief of Milton's inspiration. First, that Satan was a very fine fellow, and it is a great pity that we are obliged to call him Devil; and secondly, that the Edenic experiment was, after all, a great failure, which, perhaps, had better never been made. Now, these certainly were not the feelings which the author intended to produce; and hence, considered merely in the light of a specific end, proposed by the author to himself, this magnificent poem is a palpable failure."

"I have always been astonished," said Mrs. Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Mountflathers left my school. Seeing her gazing towards the sky, I asked her what she was looking for."

"That beau," said she, "which is told of as being set in the cloud—I wish he'd come down."

The majority of authors write for immediate effect. Like little boys playing in sand, all their pleasure consists in seeing the cloud they raise.

They had a dance one night, in Wisconsin, for the benefit of the church, whereupon a journal supposes it was a religious movement.

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat-boat laden with corn. Joe wrote to his father thus:

"Nu Orleens, Gune the 5.—Dear Dad:—Markits is dull corn am mighty lo and Bill's ded. Your affecshunate sun, jo benton.

There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs.

"Now, young man, as you are settled in this town," said an uncle, "I would advise you to take a wife."

"With all my heart, sir; whose wife shall I take?"

The earth is a tender and a kind mother to the husbandman: and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom and at another plucks her ears.

"I shouldn't care so much about the bugs," said a thin, pale lodger to his landlady; "but the fact is, ma'am, I haint got the blood to spare."

It is not sufficient for legislators to open the avenues to crime, unless they open those which lead to virtue.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

The long head is never headlong.

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