

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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WEARERS.
BY LONGFELLOW.

Our little feet, that each long year
Must wander on blood-bought and scars,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load,
I nearer to the wide world run,
When fall shall come and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still as long to give or see,
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throbb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such restless and strong desires,
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned
With passions into sadst years,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine!
Reflected through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lowly bows his head of mine!

HOME'S HARMONY.
The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As, rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings she skims along,
To welcome in the rising morn;
Her sweetest song is poured to me,
Compared with home's sweet harmony.

Days in the woods, the nightingale
At midnight hour may tune her lay,
Her voice may soothe the slumbering soul,
Her love's sweetest melody;
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer sunny days,
In rattling strains the sweetest lay;
Lovely the songs of birds and bees,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh! what cheers the winter night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When fathered songsters take their flight,
Or fall a gloomy little tomb;
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Praise most our home's sweet harmony.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.
Summer moonbeams, softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle Keep;
And there I see a maiden stray,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is listening, surely, truly,
To the woe of her old story.

'Tis the old, old story, surely,
Running on like time and tide;
Maiden fair, oh! have a care,
Vows are many—truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple;
Lovely doth speak his lot;
She is laughing, he is sighing,
His the castle, hers the cot.
Sweeter far she deems his whisper
Than the night bird's dulcet trill;
She is sighing, he is laughing,
'Tis the old, old story, still.

Maiden fair, oh! have a care,
Vows are many—truth is rare.
The autumn sun is quickly going
Behind the woods of Castle Keep;
The air is chill—the night wind blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.

Her cheeks are white—her brow is aching—
'Tis the old, old story, and brief;
Of heart broken and left high breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.
Maiden fair, oh! have a care,
Vows are many—truth is rare.

"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son
and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance,
was long since, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon the "smartness" of his scholastic studies—the youngest having attained eight years of age. "Father, I am an American, ain't I?"

"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.
"Well, father, you ain't, are you?"
"No, by birth, my son."
"Well, then," said young America, "when I grow up, I shall be able to lick two like you, shan't I?"
The poor parent's answer is not recorded.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Perseverance.

My father's precept of perseverance carried me through my schoolboy days gloriously, even as it had borne him through the expense of paying out his scanty earnings for the education of nine children. I wanted three days of completing my thirteenth year when I left the school, but then I had begun to read Homer in Greek—I had read Horace in Latin, and I was acquainted with Euclid. My father was proud of me—my master was proud of me, for I had persevered. It was seldom that the son of a cotter, or the son of any one else, left the school at such an age so far advanced.

I have said that I left school three days before I had completed my thirteenth year, and on the day that I did so I was to become tutor in the family of a Colonel Mortimer, of the Honorable East India Company's service. I was to be at once the playmate and instructor of two children; the one five, the other seven years of age—both boys. But his family contained another child—Jessey Mortimer, a lovely, dark-eyed girl of fifteen. The sun of an eastern climate had early drawn forth her beauty into ripeness, and although but two years older than myself, she was as a woman, while I was not only a mere boy, but, if I might use the expression, something between what might be termed a boy and a child; and certainly at the very age when children are most desirous to be permitted a ripper age. Young as I was, from the very day that I beheld her, my soul took up its habitation in her eyes. I was dumb in her presence; I opened not my mouth. I was as a whisper, a shadow in the family; a piece of mechanism that performed the task designed for it. It was a presumptuous thing in the son of an humble barn-man, to fix his eyes and his heart upon the daughter of an East India Colonel, and one two years older than himself; but the heart hath its vagaries, even as our actions have.

For the first two years that I was in the house of Colonel Mortimer, I may say that, save in my class-room, my voice was not heard above my breath. But, as my voluntary dumbness became more and more oppressive, so also did my affection, my devotion for Jessey become more intense. The difference between our ages seemed even to have become more marked, and I felt it. Yet I began to think that her eyes looked upon me more tenderly, and she thought increased the devotion which for two years I had, almost unconsciously, cherished. There seemed also a music, a spirit of gentleness and of kindness in her voice, which first inspired me with hope.

This did five years pass on, and during that period I hardly ventured to lift up my eyes in her presence; though throughout that period I had said within my heart, Jessey Mortimer shall be my wife, and that was a bold thought for the son of a barn-man to entertain towards the daughter of a wealthy nabob. But throughout my whole life I had endeavored to put into practice my father's doctrine concerning perseverance; and most of all was I determined to follow it in the subject which was dearest in my heart.

I remember the first time I ever spoke to Jessey. When I say the first time I spoke to her, I mean the first time that my soul spoke to her through my lips. For more than five years we had exchanged the common civilities of society with each other; but the language of the heart is ever a seal; and when the cold-fashioned ceremonies of society have to be observed.

But to proceed. I was now upwards of eighteen, and the children under my tuition were to be removed to a public school. It was no disgrace to me that they were to be so removed, for I knew it from the beginning of my engagement. Yet I felt it as a disgrace—as more than a disgrace—because that I would tear me from the side of Jessey, on whom my eyes lived and my mind dwelt. I had no wish to be a teacher—no ambition to become a minister; and my father had procured for me a situation as a clerk to a broker in London. But to me the thoughts of departure were terrible. Everything within and around the Colonel's establishment had become things that I loved. I loved them because Jessey loved them; because she saw them; touched them, was familiar with and in the midst of them. They had become a portion of my home. I was unhappy at the thought of leaving them; but without comfort at the thought of leaving her—it was hopeless, desolate. It was like causing a memory by force to perish in my heart.

In a few days I took my departure towards London. I carried with me the letters of introduction which her father had given me. The broker to whom he recommended me was a Mr. Stafford. He received me civilly, but at the same time most coldly, and pointing with his finger to the desk, said, "You will take your place there."

I did so, and in a very few weeks I became acquainted with the manner of a broker's office. I perceived the situation which my senior clerks occupied, and I trusted one day to be as they were. I had heard them talk of our master having come to London with only half a crown in his pocket; and I thought of my father's maxim, "perseverance," and that I might do even as my master had done.

around him as a ragged robe. The shoes upon his feet were the ghost of what they had been. His whole apparel was the laughing-stock of the wind; but my father had taught me to despise no one, however humble. It was a saying of his: "Look to the heart within a breast, and not to the coat that covers it;" and therefore I received Esau Taylor kindly. He was the son of an extensive farmer in our neighborhood, and, although I wondered to find him in a situation so distressed, I recollected that in London such things were matters of everyday occurrence. Therefore I did not receive him coldly because of the shabbiness of his coat and the misery of his appearance. I knew that I was the son of a barn-man, and that my father's coat might be out at the elbows.

"Ha, Esau! my dear fellow," said I to him, "when did you come to town?"

"Several weeks ago," he replied.

"And what have you been doing?" I said.

"Nothing—nothing," he rejoined.

"Well," said I, "will you meet me in this house to-morrow? You were always good at figures, Esau; you can keep accounts. I think I can do something for you; and if you persevere, I doubt not but that you may arrive at the top of the tree, and become the managing clerk of the establishment."

"Thank you! thank you! thank you!" said Esau, grasping my hands as he spoke.

"Ah!" said I, "there is no necessity for thanks; I am a plain, blunt person. I did not know you personally in the place of my nativity, but I remember having seen you. I remember also your friends; and, as a townsman, I will give me pleasure to know that I can be of service to you."

Esau grasped my hand, and he shook it as though he would have taken it from the elbow. I was certain that he would obtain the situation which I had in view for him. We sat down together—we talked of old times, when the feelings of our hearts were young; and, amongst other things, we spoke of Jessey Mortimer. I set—I drank with him—we became happy together—we became mad together. My Jessey—Jessey Mortimer was before me. Her presence filled my thoughts—it overshadowed me. I could think of nothing else—I could speak of nothing else. I drank to her in bumpers; but Esau sat as calm as a judge with the black cap upon his head. I marvelled that the man had so little of what is called sympathy in his soul. He appeared before me as a dead man—a thing that moved barely as it was moved. Utmost despised and yet I trusted him, because he was connected with the part of the country to which I belonged.

Now, as I have informed you, we sat together, we drank together, and the name of Jessey Mortimer overcame me; but I sat still I forgot her, till I forgot myself—my companion—everything! In this state I returned home. I was alone, bewildered. My companion had left me. My first sensation was that of shame—of burning shame. I felt that I had abused the time and the confidence of my employer, and the thought rendered me wretched.

It was two days before I ventured to call again at the office, where I had become a confidential clerk. My master passed me as I entered, but he neither spoke to me nor noticed me. His coldness stung me. I felt my guiltiness burning over me. But my confusion was increased when I learned that I was not only discharged, but that my place was to be supplied by Esau Taylor!

"Deem it so," said my informant; "but you have cherished an ardent that has stung you; and, with all your knowledge, you are ignorant of the world, and of the people that live, breathe, and act in it. Take my counsel, and regard every man as though he were your enemy until you have proved him to be your friend."

There was something in his words that more than restored my wandering thoughts to their proper channel.

I found that I had performed an act of kindness towards a villain—for I had not only treated Esau Taylor hospitably, but knowing that in London a good coat is of as much importance as a good character, I had furnished him with wearing apparel from my own wardrobe. A few days afterwards I met him in the Strand, arrayed in a superb garment, and he passed me with a supercilious air, as though I were a being only fit to be despised. I walked on as though I saw him not, conscious that, if he had a soul within him, it must be having with the coals of fire which I had heaped upon his head.

I soon found it was wretched easier to lose a good situation than to obtain an indifferent one, and that one act of folly might accomplish what a thousand of repentances could not retrieve.

In a few months I found myself in a state of destitution; and while the coat which I had given to Esau Taylor was still gleamy upon his back, mine—my last remaining coat—hung loose and forlorn upon my shoulders. Yet, although I then suffered from both cold and hunger, the words which my parents had made a portion of my character departed not from me; and "persevere!" "persevere!" were ever in my heart, kindling, glowing as a flame, until, in solitary enthusiasm, I have exclaimed aloud as I wandered (not having a roof to shelter me) over the streets at midnight, "I will persevere!"

I was glad to accept of employment as copying clerk to a law stationer, at a salary of seven shillings a week. It was a small sum, and I have often thoughtlessly wasted many times the amount since; but it made me happy then. It matched, or rather it bought from the grips of death; it relieved me from the pains and the terrors of want. My situation was now sufficiently humble, but my spirit was not broken; neither had I forgotten Jessey Mortimer, nor did I despair of one day calling her mine.

By sedulous attention to my duties, the law stationer, and he increased my salary from seven shillings to a guinea a week. Within twelve months he obtained me a situation in the office of an eminent solicitor, where I was engaged at a salary of a hundred pounds a year. I again found myself in circumstances equal to those I had enjoyed previous to the breach of Esau Taylor's fidelity. I did not, in order to ingratiate myself with my employer, practice the bowing system, with which my countrymen have at times been accused; but I strove to be useful, I studied to oblige, and I was rewarded with his confidence and favor.

It became a part of my employment to draw up abstracts of pleadings. On one occasion I had drawn out a brief, which was to be placed in the hands of one of the most eminent counsel at the bar. He was struck with the manner in which the task was executed, and was pleased to pronounce it the clearest, the ablest, and best arranged brief that had ever been placed in his hands. He inquired who had drawn it out, and my employer introduced me to him. He spoke to me kindly and encouragingly, and recommended me to persevere. The word recalled every slumbering energy of my soul. I had always endeavored to do so, but now stronger impulses seemed to stir within me. I had never felt before. He suggested that I should prepare myself for the bar, and generously offered to assist me. Through his interest, and the liberality of my master, I was admitted a student of the Inner Temple. My perseverance was now more necessary than ever.

I allowed myself but five hours out of the twenty-four for repose; the rest I devoted to hard study, and to the duties of assistant reporter to a daily newspaper. My studies were not in the midst of my studies, and even while I should never prepare myself for the bar, and I was admitted a student of the Inner Temple. My perseverance was now more necessary than ever.

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ble—don't be too diffident; but, as I say to you, throw your soul into it, and I will answer for it making your fortune. Here are fifty guineas as a retaining fee, and it is not unlikely that my fair client to-morrow may give you fifty more as a retainer."

"Fifty guineas!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and my eyes glanced upon the money. I felt as though my fortune were already made, and that I should be rich forever.

"Come, Roderic," said he, "don't think about the retainer, but think of the case—think of getting another."

"That is the case?" I inquired.

"That," replied he, "your brief, which is as clearly and fully drawn up as if you had done it yourself, will explain to you. In the meantime, I may state that your client, the defendant, is a young lady of matchless beauty, great fortune and accomplishments. When you see her, you will be inspired. She is the orphan daughter and now the sole surviving child of an officer who had extensive dealings with a house in the city. Of late years the prosecutor was his heir. Some time after the father's death, the prosecutor made overtures of marriage to the defendant, which she rejected. He has now, stimulated by revenge, set up a fictitious claim for twenty thousand pounds, which he alleges her father owed to the house of which he is now at the head; and for this claim he now drags my client into court. Now, I trust that we shall not only be able to prove that the debt is fictitious, but to establish that the documents which he holds, bearing the Colonel's signature, are forged. Such an act is a grievous case for you; here is your brief, and I shall call on you again in the morning."

I took the brief from his hand, glanced my eyes upon the back of it, and read the words—Taylor against Mortimer.

"Taylor against Mortimer?" I exclaimed, starting from my seat; "what Taylor? what Mortimer? Not Jessey—my Jessey? Not the villain, Esau—the supplanter—the—"

"Hold, hold!" said the solicitor, in surprise; "such are, indeed, the names of the parties; but, if you are in an error already, I must take the brief to one who will read it soberly."

"No!" I cried, grasping the brief in my hand; "take back your fee; I will plead this cause for love."

"Keep the money—keep the money," said he, drily; "it will be of as much service to you, in the meantime, as love. But let me know the cause of this enthusiasm."

"I can't conceal my love to him," I said; "I did not see Mrs. Mortimer until the day that I was in the court; and, when I rose to plead for her, she started—the word 'Roderic' escaped from her lips, and tears gushed into her bright eyes. It was at the same moment that Esau Taylor saw and recognized me—his eyes glistened beneath my gaze; his guilt gushed to his face. I commenced my address to the jury—I drew the picture of a fiend. Taylor trembled. Every individual in the court was already convinced of his guilt. He endeavored to escape amidst the crowd. I called upon the officers to seize him."

I gained the cause, and with it, also, won the hand of Jessey Mortimer, to obtain which from boyhood I had persevered. Taylor was committed to prison, to stand his trial for the forgery; but, before the day of trial came, he was buried within the prison walls, with disgrace for his epitaph.

Two men named Sariol and Turbin were brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, for being drunk and disorderly at Saint Dennis. These two individuals had formed a partnership for the sale of four francs' worth of brandy at the fair at that place, and set out for the scene of operations with their stock of trade, which they had agreed to sell out for four sous the small glass.

On arriving at La Chapelle, Sariol expressed a desire to taste the liquid, but the objection was immediately made that he was only part proprietor, and that one half of what he might take would belong to the other. "Oh! I perfectly comprehend that," said Sariol; "and in consequence I propose to pay two sous for the glass, being your share of the value." As Turbin made no further objection, Sariol very gravely handed him over the two sous and drank the liquid.

Shortly after, Turbin, who had looked on the enjoyment of his companion with a jealous eye, determined in his turn to regale himself, and accordingly handing over with perfect gravity the two sous to his companion, also swallowed a glass of the brandy. But this saw process was repeated so often that when the two parties arrived at St. Dennis, their brandy was found to have dwindled away to almost nothing; they themselves were three-fourths intoxicated, and the whole receipts of the day were only two sous. Turbin could not by any possibility understand how four francs' worth of brandy should have been regularly sold, glass by glass, and that only two sous should be forthcoming to represent both the original cost and the profit. He therefore expressed the opinion that there must be something wrong somewhere, and then terminated by expressing doubts as to his associate's honesty. That impeachment led to regular fight, followed by the interferences of the police, and the arrest of the two partners. The tribunal condemned them each to a week's imprisonment.

A cute Yankee lawyer, pleading for a burglar against whom the case was clear, contended that he had been caught before he had introduced more of his person than the upper part into the house in question, asked, "Can a man be said to enter a house when only one half of his body is in and the other half out?"

"Judge," I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the facts as proved."

The jury hung in a verdict of "guilty" as to the one half of the body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half. The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the "guilty" half cut off, or take it along with him.

The Boy Patriots.

In the year 1776, Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would have disgraced a savage. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp of the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook little hand to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the top of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narrative we have just heard is true, and as we have an hour to wait let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red-coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time, nine huge rocks, each a half ton in weight, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, their death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars. "They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his rock till I give the word, and then all at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs, James saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bow, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the oarsmen in places, and the old man, he saw the identical band Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about two-thirds from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence and shouted: "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing and gazed with astonishment about them. Two impostors which the boat had supposed to be British soldiers, were seen to rise, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doomed words, "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how the plan succeeded, and as the boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat burst in pieces, and the oarsmen found a grave at the bottom of White Clay. A cry of victory burst from the joyful lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed aloft in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoners!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find, in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal chord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had just disappeared down, and there was no use to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of American foes, forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder and an abundance of balls were concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found there were given a joyous welcome at the headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware, would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, betrayed by all who knew him; James lost his leg in the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips—"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and in a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells us of an old lady who liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the number, and her directions were graduated thus: "Nelly, you'll go to Lady Carnegie's, and make my compliments, and ask the honor of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening; and if they cannot come, give to the Miss Muddies, and ask the pleasure of their company; and if they cannot come, give to Miss Hunter, and ask the favor of her company; and if she cannot come, give to Lucy Spark, and bid her come."

James, some time ago, asked Smith the following question: "Say, Jones—'we have the age of iron, the age of gold, and the age of bronze; but what shall we call the present age?'"

"Why," said Smith, leaning the back of a postage stamp which he was about to apply to a letter. "I think we had better call this mill-age!"

too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant of the sick wife. Not a few of the kind troubled for a widow's support, and the poor wretched being, some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp of the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent.

The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook little hand to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the top of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narrative we have just heard is true, and as we have an hour to wait let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the red-coats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time, nine huge rocks, each a half ton in weight, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, their death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his rock till I give the word, and then all at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs, James saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bow, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the oarsmen in places, and the old man, he saw the identical band Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about two-thirds from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence and shouted: "Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing and gazed with astonishment about them. Two impostors which the boat had supposed to be British soldiers, were seen to rise, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doomed words, "Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how the plan succeeded, and as the boys again looked over the rocks nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat burst in pieces, and the oarsmen found a grave at the bottom of White Clay. A cry of victory burst from the joyful lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed aloft in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoners!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find, in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal chord and choked to death. There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had just disappeared down, and there was no use to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of American foes, forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder and an abundance of balls were concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found there were given a joyous welcome at the headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware, would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Greene, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, betrayed by all who knew him; James lost his leg in the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the ever to be remembered words on his lips—"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scene of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots is still pointed out, and in a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

Dean Ramsay

PUGET SOUND HERALD STEELACOOM, W. T., Saturday, January 23, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

Boston, Dec. 26.—The officers of the gunboats report that when they left Halifax, warrants were out for eight of the pirates, all of whom had been in the city for several days, but it was doubtful if any arrests would be made, as the police were in the interest of the rebels and the people utterly opposed to such measures.

New York, Dec. 26th.—Rules regarding a new passport system are being entered into for foreign vessels. The fact was communicated to the British Consul yesterday.

The English bark *Crossin* was seized here yesterday under suspicious circumstances, and some arrests made. The ironclad *Deatur* was successfully launched this morning.

Advises from Texas state that Gen. Washburn had started for Indiana and Lavaca, and they are doubtless in our possession ere this. It is believed San Antonio will soon be in our possession, where our troops will concentrate for the overthrow of the rebels.

Information has been received at the State Department to the effect that orders have been sent by the Government of France to the Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces of the Pacific ocean, to blockade the ports of Acapulco and San Blas, but through a spirit of liberality and comity on the part of the Emperor of the French, the American steamers, which constitute the line between San Francisco and Panama, shall continue their route of coast which they may find for their own vessels, but shall not leave nor receive any merchandise or passengers.

Washington, Dec. 26.—In accordance with instructions received from the Emperor of Russia, his Minister has an audience with the President this morning, and is expressing the thanks of the Imperial Government for the kind reception given to the Russian army, and their officers, and crews, in the United States.

New York, Dec. 26th.—Lord Lyons has had an interview with Secretary Stanton. The *Chambers* affair is likely to prove troublesome.

It is said that the whole of Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry division has been re-elected for the war. Most New England regiments have signified their intention to re-enlist, also four Illinois regiments.

Since Congress refused paying the exorbitant bounties, enlistments are increasing, hundreds arriving here daily. In a few weeks, at the present rate, nearly all the army of the Potomac will have re-enlisted for the war.

Gen. Morton, who returned from the Army of the Potomac, has reported that four of his regiments will re-enlist.

The quota of several States are being arranged so as to avoid difficulty in future. Each State will be officially informed of the number of men it is expected to raise, and the enforcement of the draft will not be later than the middle of January.

Washington, Dec. 26th.—An expedition to cooperate with Gen. Averill, consisting of two regiments of infantry, one battery of six guns, and 400 cavalry, numbering 1,400 in all, under command of Col. G. D. Wells, of the 84th Massachusetts Infantry, has returned to Harper's Ferry, without the loss of a man, after penetrating to Harrisonburg, Shenandoah valley, where it was ascertained that Averill had finished his work.

After Wells had accomplished his diversion, strictly according to orders, he found himself confronted by 7,000 to 10,000 of Lee's troops, with Gen. Boon's brigade and Stuart's cavalry in front at Front Royal, and a mass of 200,000 men of the popular 500 loan. Subscriptions to this loan should continue to come in faster than needed by the department. It is understood that permission will be given to agents to visit the States, and to solicit contributions. A small amount shall be required—two per cent. on the Government a large amount of interest.

Secretary Chase in his annual report asks Congress to repeal the provision directing him to make loans for ten or forty years, and empower him instead to negotiate necessary loans on whatever terms he may deem best. This authority will undoubtedly be given, and the Secretary will have power to make loans of \$20,000,000 of the popular 500 loan. Subscriptions to this loan should continue to come in faster than needed by the department. It is understood that permission will be given to agents to visit the States, and to solicit contributions. A small amount shall be required—two per cent. on the Government a large amount of interest.

Washington, Dec. 26.—Chief Justice Taney, who has been dangerously ill for some days, is somewhat better to-day.

The official rebel loss at the battle of Chickamauga is as follows: killed 3,298; dangerous wounded 4,730; slightly wounded 10,500; missing 1,660.

Secretary Chase in his annual report asks Congress to repeal the provision directing him to make loans for ten or forty years, and empower him instead to negotiate necessary loans on whatever terms he may deem best. This authority will undoubtedly be given, and the Secretary will have power to make loans of \$20,000,000 of the popular 500 loan. Subscriptions to this loan should continue to come in faster than needed by the department. It is understood that permission will be given to agents to visit the States, and to solicit contributions. A small amount shall be required—two per cent. on the Government a large amount of interest.

Washington, Dec. 26.—The *Guerrillas* fired into a boat running down the river from Knoxville to Nashville, December 24th, killing the Captain and wounding another man severely. They boarded the boat, which they scuttled and sunk. A force sent in pursuit succeeded in capturing six guerrillas and thirty or forty muskets and horses. When *Ferry* left, guerrillas were shelling the woods.

Families who have just arrived from the interior countries in West Tennessee represent great destitution among the people in that region. In Haywood and Madison counties the families could not afford any cover, straw, or blankets, and were all well packed partly propped up on ash. Forest is lying in contributions of provisions and forage on all farmers in the vicinity. The guerrillas under Payne, who have been committing depredations on the people in counties adjoining Memphis, have, it is reported, gathered up all their forces and crossed the Big Hatchie.

The Little Rock Democrat of December 12th says: The city is improving. Business is rapidly increasing. In the State the Union cause is gaining ground rapidly and firm. The Unionists are laying down their arms and prejudices. Hundreds of volunteers are enrolling themselves in the ranks of the National defenders. Better spirits and a healthier tone pervade among the people.

Col. Merrill, who was sent some days ago in pursuit of the rebel forces, sent a dispatch that night stating that the enemy was 900 strong, with two miles beyond Princeton. He killed 80, wounded 17, and took as prisoners three commissioned officers and 35 privates.

A Federal foraging party in the rear of Meritt's advance captured 140 head of beef cattle. The rebels are all driven beyond the Cumberlands. Merrill was within fourteen miles of Camden in pursuit.

Fort Smith, (Ark.) Dec. 23.—Col. Williams, commanding at Rushville (Ark.) has secured for the Government, and is in possession of, some two hundred loads of rebel cotton. He has, within reach of his camp, one hundred thousand bushels of corn, and is gathering a thousand bushels per day.

Harper's Ferry, (Va.) Dec. 23.—Gen. Sullivan's column returned safely, bringing in a hundred prisoners, horses, equipment, etc. The Unionists are laying down their arms, and are now safely back. They captured in all over four hundred prisoners and a large quantity of property. My plans and orders have been promptly and faithfully executed with but a single exception and but a small loss on our part.

F. Kitzly.

Cumberland (Md.) Dec. 20.—Gen. Kelly has received information from Gen. Sullivan that the letter getting into one of the deacons just from

the Shenandoah Valley—that the rebel General Early, with 9,000 men, was between Newmarket and Mount Jackson. Gen. Prosser also has 700 rebel troops and Gen. Imboden 1,500 men. Great dissension existed among the rebels, and deacons heard of the President's proclamation with surprise. They declare that if the proclamation could be distributed freely among the rebel troops, thousands would at once enter our lines.

Washington, Dec. 20th.—This morning R. C. Claybrook, of the 9th Virginia rebel cavalry, was granted an audience with our President for the purpose of making an important communication of a secret character.

Chief Justice Taney is thought to be somewhat better.

Forty decrees of condemnation of rebel property under the Confiscation Act have been issued here.

Measures will be at once adopted by our Government which will compel the rebel authorities to recognize General Butler as an officer of the United States Army. Until that is done, no proposition relating to exchanges made by the rebels are to be recognized.

New complications are said to have arisen in the matter of the removal of the French tobacco from Richmond. It is believed here the rebel Government will refuse permission to the French war vessels to ascend the James river.

Letters received from an officer of General Banks' army say that the cotton which was brought into market will amount to over three hundred thousand bales.

Fifty guerrillas, including a Colonel, Major, and Chaplain, were captured by Gen. Dodge's mounted infantry, near Pulaski (Tenn.) Dec. 25th. Three of them are in chains, charged with the murder of Federal soldiers last summer. Skulls of the murdered men, placed as ornaments on the mantel-pieces, were found in their rooms. Seven members of the 6th Ohio Battery, captured by the rebels near Tallahassee, were shot and their bodies thrown into the river.

Chattanooga, Dec. 25th.—Col. Long, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, returned from Cahoon, Tenn., to-day, and reports that the rebel General Wheeler, with 1,500 to 2,000 cavalry and mounted infantry, attacked Col. Seibert, and captured a supply train from Chattanooga for Knoxville, at ten o'clock this morning, at Cartersville, on the south bank of the Hiwassee.

The train and escort had reached the campment at Cartersville, and were engaged in the war's skirmishes were hotly engaged with the enemy. They charged before Col. Long was apprised of their approach.

He hastened the full force for duty in his camp, being only 150 men, and the 10th Ohio Cavalry's support. The rebels shortly afterwards gave way, Col. Long pursuing them closely. Discovering that a portion of their force was cut off on the right, he charged them with sabres, completely demoralizing and scattering them in great confusion. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is unknown—some hundred and twenty-one prisoners were captured, including five commissioned officers. The main rebel column fled, closely pursued for several miles on the Dalton road, and when last seen was fleeing precipitately. Col. Long's loss was one man slightly wounded.

The officer in command of our station at Cleveland also reports that he was attacked by the rebels, and that he was killed by a force of a hundred rebels. He drove them off.

Gen. H. Thomas.

New York, Dec. 21.—The President's proclamation is kept from the men in the rebel army, although the officers have received it.

Newbern, Dec. 21.—The North Carolina Times says it is generally understood that the rebels are in possession of the steamer *Wagon*, which has been captured by the rebels, and is being used for the transport of troops and supplies.

The Raleigh Standard and Raleigh Progress severely criticize J. P. Davis's message. They published Lincoln's message with favorable comments.

New York, Dec. 21.—The dispatches from Washington say that private advice from the lower counties of Maryland, and the counties in Virginia, this side of the Rappahannock, state that the amnesty proclamation of the President is not generally satisfactory to the people there, and that the time for such a proclamation has arrived. It was believed that 1,000 rebels would take the oath, but for the intermeddling and advice of comrades.

Washington, Jan. 1.—Official information has been received by the Navy Department from Bermuda, Dec. 21st, in relation to the blockade of the island of Bermuda. The *Coyne* had been among the blockading fleet off Wilmington, but could not get in. The steamer *Ranger* returned, not having been into port.

The report of the Florida having been run on a reef and held in the harbor, and having been frightened by a British mail steamer, is confirmed.

Information has been received of the capture of the steamer *Charm*, off Doornay Sound, on the morning of Dec. 20th. She was bound to New York, and was carrying a large quantity of tobacco prepared for market was burned. Loss \$100,000—insured for \$88,000.

The heaviest snow storm seen in this section for many years commenced on the 23d of December and continued until yesterday morning, January 1st. Telegraphic dispatches represent the storm as very severe as far north as Springfield, and it extended north to Greenburg.

Jan. 3.—A special Cincinnati correspondent says that soon after the assembling of Congress, a bill will be introduced instructing the President to call 800,000 men in addition to the 800,000 mentioned in the last call; not that 800,000 are expected to be secured, but that one-fourth at least will be obtained and \$300 each for the remainder. The Treasury will thus realize \$180,000,000, which amount will be appropriated to re-enlistment bounties to all troops whose terms expire next spring. The \$300 clause will therefore not be repealed, but a consolidation of both clauses will be made.

The same dispatch says it is known by direct advice from Richmond that the rebels will accept all able-bodied persons, without regard to age or condition, and again if possible Tennessee and Kentucky. Negroes are to be marched off, and they will be armed and compelled to fight by the side of their masters. Forts are to be manned by negroes, commanded by white commissioned and non-commissioned officers. By this means it is designed to bring a large force into the field, and knowing that the time must come when the Federal regiments now in the field, expires in the spring, they expect an easy conquest over those who are left.

New York, Jan. 3.—Advises from Holly Island, received per *Argo*, state that our guns on Cummings Point opened fire on Charleston

Christmas morning and continued from 1 A.M. to 3 P.M. Several fires were kindled in the city, which burned a considerable amount of property. The rebel batteries replied without damage.

The *Unionist* *Marblehead* was fired into by a rebel battery in Stone Inlet. Two men were killed and five wounded. Assisted by the *Panacea* she compelled the rebels to leave their works. Gen. Gordon, with a detachment of men, left later in the day, and took possession of the guns, which were subsequently brought off by the *Panacea*.

St. Paul, Jan. 3.—A letter from C. J. Bridges of the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada, to C. W. Taylor of this city, states that he has no doubt whatever that the line contemplated by the Government, which runs across the Hudson Bay territory to the Pacific, negotiations for which are in progress, will result in the actual construction of a railroad before very long from St. Paul to Fort Garry. Steps will be taken to continue the line across to the Pacific coast. He also reports that the construction of a telegraph line across Siberia to the mouth of the Amoor river is in active progress. His information is derived from the direct telegraph of London.

New York, Jan. 3.—Advises from Cumberland, Md., of the 1st state that our pickets near Winchester, Va., had been driven into Bunker Hill.

An expedition composed of three negro regiments, one white regiment and a battery of artillery, under G. L. Hunt, had gone from New Orleans with the intention of crossing the river to the mouth of the Red River.

The Mississippi river is frozen clear across. Memphis steamers report the thermometer ten degrees below zero on the morning of the 1st. It was sixteen degrees below zero the same morning. A number of persons have been frozen to death below Cairo. On New Year's Eve ten negro soldiers perished on the river. The 11th and 13th Illinois Regiments were frozen to death below Fort Pill.

A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, writing from Richmond, December 24th, says: The loss of the government by Averill's raid is heavy; consisting of a large quantity of bacon and corn, with a considerable amount of leather, which had been accumulated for the use of government workshops. The loss in private property in the village and neighborhood is considerable. About 80,000 pounds of bacon was saved by being shipped before the enemy reached the depot.

Jan. 5.—The Tribune's Washington special says: Gen. Burnside is now here, and has, at the private property in the village and neighborhood is considerable. About 80,000 pounds of bacon was saved by being shipped before the enemy reached the depot.

Mr. Gen. Stoneman has been relieved from his command and assigned to duty as Chief of Cavalry at the West, whether he proceeds on duty is not known.

Gen. Butler arrived in town to-day from Point Lookout, and had a long conference with the President upon matters pertaining to his Department, on the subject of exchanges, and as to pardoning the rebel prisoners at Point Lookout. He is reported to have been seen with the oath of allegiance.

The special to the Times says our Government will not permit Gen. Butler to be ordered to the West, and the exchange of prisoners committed to him will be left in his hands. Secretary Stanton has signed Gen. Butler's powers by putting all the rebel prisoners in the United States under his care. There will be 30,000 at Point Lookout within three weeks. The policy is resolutely insisted on, that all exchanges shall take place through the hands of Gen. Butler.

Mr. J. P. Davis was in favor of recognizing him, as he had already done. Benjamin wrote the proclamation outlawing Butler. As Lincoln's proclamation outlawed the whole of the rebel Government, thus making quality in disability, there is no doubt but exchanges will soon be re-established.

Burnside leaves to-morrow to assume command of the Department of the Ohio, relieving Gen. Foster, who is reported to be in bad health.

Official reports put the Union loss in killed, wounded and missing at Chancellorville at the appalling figure of 28,000 men.

The World's Chattanooga correspondent, writing on the 20th December, states that the rebel Gen. Wheeler, with a large force of cavalry, attacked a train of supplies for a few miles from the Dalton road, and when last seen was fleeing precipitately. Col. Long's loss was one man slightly wounded.

Jan. 7.—Archbishop Hughes was buried to-day from St. Patrick's Cathedral. High mass was celebrated by Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, and the funeral oration was pronounced by the Rev. Father McGee, of the same cathedral, with impressive religious exercises.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—Special dispatches from Washington say: The fact that the *Alabama* is believed to be making her way towards the Pacific coast has at last aroused the attention of both the War and Navy Departments to the fact that the *Alabama* is making her way towards the Pacific coast. A single 300 gun frigate could take the harbor of San Francisco, or any other harbor along the coast. The Navy Department were determined to send two or three men-of-war to that place, at the earliest possible moment. Senator Cass has already secured from the War Department the assignment of a prominent and able Major-General to the Pacific coast, with several batteries of artillery and a small addition to the infantry force. California has for some time been making urgent representations of the need for these changes and reinforcements.

The Canadian reciprocity treaty got its first reading yesterday by a resolution introduced into the Senate to terminate it. It is understood that an efficient Canadian lobby will be held to maintain the present arrangement.

A fleet of nine light gunboats, for Admiral Farragut, carrying two or three rifled guns each, will sail in a few days.

Longstreet has been heavily reinforced from the armies of Lee and Johnston. The rebel headquarters are at Red Bank. The pickets from the other at Blair's cross-road, 30 miles northwest of Knoxville. Longstreet's position is a splendid one, presenting the river and mountains in his front. Johnston also reports a bold raid on Jan. 1st and 2nd.

Chicago, January 13.—General letters to Dec. 26th represent the rebel army as quiet, encamped near Dalton a 20 mile hill, recovering from their last defeat. Despatches report that Johnston is very active in collecting stragglers and deserters and reorganizing his army. His cavalry are scouring the mountains and valleys in search of the rebels, very few of whom are recovered. They are daily making their way to our lines.

Gen. Hancock has gone North to arrange measures in the several States where his corps were recruited, to increase its number to 50,000, the whole to be destined for special service. Gen. Burnside has authority to do the same.

A Washington letter to the *Tribune* says that it has been decided to remove the rebel capital to Columbia, South Carolina. The writer is a Union man, lately from the South, where he had been a clerk in the rebel War Department. He also says that the gunboats and the iron-clad at Richmond are, with one exception, ready for service. On the 17th all the rebels were ordered to make a demonstration on Hampton Roads, but after proceeding a few miles below Drury's Bluffs, the order was countermanded.

A dispatch from Newbern, N. C., the 11th, says: The Times, a new legal paper pub-

lished here, says the people of the State are ripe for a revolt against the Richmond Government. The leaders of the movement advocate a separate sovereignty, though boldly avowing a return to the Union as preferable to the present state of affairs in Dixie.

Chicago, Jan. 14.—A Washington letter of the 11th says that the Republicans in both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature have on joint ballot nominated Abraham Lincoln for the next President. Resolutions, with a preamble, were adopted on parchment, have been committed to Simon Cameron, to take to Washington and present the same to the President.

The Secretary of War informed Congress that there are now in the army 14 Major-Generals, and 11 Brigadier-Generals unemployed. The staff officers unemployed number 25. Their total monthly pay amounts to \$12,333. The general officers disabled by disease number 8. The general officers on duty, and not in the field, number 93.

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 14.—Information has reached here that the rebels and the French in Canada design an attack on Put-in-bay, Lake Erie, and other places in that vicinity. A military force has been despatched to the scene of danger. The rebels will receive a warm reception should they attempt to carry out their intentions.

A slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Balize on 26th December.

New York, January 14.—A Chattanooga letter to the *World* intimates that our cavalry will soon make a raid to Montgomery, Ala.

The rebel Government declines to assent to the scheme proposed by the Richmond papers, to make wealthy men turn their silver plate and jewels into the treasury.

The same correspondent says that Lee's present force does not exceed 35,000. The present rebel force in the Shenandoah Valley is to prove obstinate, and also preparatory to a series of operations which will probably not come to light before the beginning of the next campaign.

Cairo, Jan. 15.—United States Marshal Phillips took to-day, a large quantity of cotton, captured by the Navy under Admiral Porter, and worth \$1,000,000, and sent to New York. The Marshal has already turned over to the authorities as naval prize money, since he administered affairs here, a half million dollars.

A report has been received that the rebels in Arkansas are suffering severely from the cold weather which extended throughout the South.

Kirby Smith, commanding the trans-Mississippi department, has been ordered North, as the Arkansas and Missourians refuse to go further South.

St. Paul, Jan. 15.—Gen. Sibley has received a dispatch from Pembina, stating that the British authorities have succeeded in inducing some of the Indians to leave Selkirk settlements. They have been supplied with food and sent to Fort Union. They were in the prairie during the late terrible snow. A large number of them must have perished.

New York, Jan. 15th.—The Herald's army special says it was reported as General Hall last evening that Gen. Stuart, with 5,000 cavalry, had reached Leeburg, our forces there falling back towards Fairfax. Whether his object is to cut the railway near Bull Run, or to press forward to the Point of Rocks, is not known.

The health of the army is quite good. During the late cold spell, five men were frozen to death.

Fourteen rebel officers, including Capt. J. S. Lee, nephew of Gen. Lee, have been sent from the Old Capital Prison to Fort Mifflin.

The National Union Committee, appointed by the Chicago Convention, has been summoned to meet here on the 3d of February.

The statement that Longstreet had been reinforced by Lee's army is untrue.

A letter from a prominent general officer in the Army of the Potomac, says that Lee's army, instead of being depleted, is being increased by deserters from the rebel ranks. The rebels are using strenuous efforts to organize and recruit their cavalry for offensive operations in the spring. The rebel army is encamped between Orange Court House and Gordonsville, and is well supplied with provisions, though suffering for clothing.

Private information from rebel sources states that Charleston is being gradually destroyed by fire from our batteries. On the 26th, December, two blocks of buildings on King street, between the river and the city, were destroyed by our batteries. The city is well supplied with provisions, though suffering for clothing.

The power claims have erected temporary accommodations for the fire. Great dissatisfaction prevails among them.

A bill will soon be reported by the House Naval Committee providing for the distribution of prize money to the officers and crews of the *Alabama*.

In San Pedro, Jan. 15.—Col. Wilder, of the Missouri Brigade, now here, reports that Gen. Foster's force in East Tennessee is fully equal to Longstreet's, and so posted that it cannot be successfully attacked. Longstreet will have no communication with Lee is kept open and easy.

New York, Jan. 16.—A special dispatch says the amendment to Sherman's amendment, making the commutation four hundred dollars instead of five hundred, was adopted.

The Conscription Act, as it now stands, provides that the draft shall be made on the basis of the number of men who are in the military service in each district in draft, when he is again liable. Both classes are consolidated. The exemption of the only son of a widow, father of motherless children, or of a soldier, is now made no longer applicable to the House Military Committee.

Authentic information to the Government places Magruder's force in Texas not exceeding 10,000 men. Taylor's force is reported to be half that number, and is scattered, and transportation is so scarce, that they could not be consolidated in less than two months.

The probable tax on manufactured articles will be doubled before the close of the present session of Congress.

Gen. Stoneman has gone West to report to Gen. Grant.

The receipts from internal revenue, from July 1st to Jan. 15th, amounted to nearly forty-eight millions of dollars. The expected changes in the excise law, the lowest estimate for the second year are one hundred and forty two and a half millions, while the highest estimate would add twenty-five or thirty millions thereto.

On Monday, Gen. Butler sent an important document to City Point, by flag of truce, bearing on the subject of the exchange of prisoners. In the meantime he has ordered the rebel prisoners to be brought within the lines of his department, to await the release which he hopes he will be able to effect.

Among the intercepted Lamar correspondence, the following to Hinton & Lamar has been discovered: "Gentlemen: When you go to Paris, call on Mr. Sidel. Tell him, for me, to negotiate for the French Protestants in case of necessity. The people will gladly accept it in the last extremity. With Mexico, France, and the Confederacy in alliance, and few traders, we would easily be victorious." G. B. LAMAR.

Accounts received to night from the Army of the Potomac say it is reported that the movement of Stuart's cavalry occasioned no alarm, as it is not believed that he has a sufficient number of men for less arduous duty than a campaign on our right. It is believed that the movement is progressing in that direction, it cannot be of much magnitude. Trains are running to and from the army as usual. Nobody anticipates any collision.

Major Spratt and his Tortoise-shell Spectacles.

Major Spratt was an inveterate gambler. The highest stakes were powerless to make him flinch. There were public gaming-tables at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Major looked in for two or three hours every afternoon at Kurraal. As a rule, although a careless player, he won largely; one night he carried away 3,000 Napoleons; on another he broke the bank, which was limited to 5,000. But it was observed that he never approached the roulette table, adding himself always to the rouge et noir or trente et quarante, a game which, as you should know, is played with cards, and in no way depends upon the treacherous revolutions of an ivory ball.

It was in private that Major Spratt made his largest gains. At languenet, at piquet, at ecarte, at whist, at ring-et-up, he was unconquerable. He always won; and that, too, by seemingly the most indifferent sums. It was impossible to bring against him the slightest accusation of foul play; but at last the granddukes and the ambassadors, whose pockets he emptied, began to look with some uneasiness upon the terrible American. He did not play as a system; he merely looked at his cards; and yet he always won.

There was at this time at Aix a dashing adventurer of Irish extraction, whose real name is believed to have been O'Kelly, but who called himself the Baron de Koll. He had been mixed up in the mysterious and disreputable intrigue by means of which the British Government endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to liberate Ferdinand of Spain (the Virgin's petticoat embroiderer) from the clutches of Napoleon at Bayonne. The Baron de Koll had come to Aix on a day of adventure or of swindling, and lived from hand to mouth like a high metied gambler as he was. He could not gain admission to the patriotic society in which Major Spratt was a welcome guest, but to the Kurraal, and to the trente et quarante table the Baron de Koll came afternoon after afternoon, playing a little when the odds were favorable, but occupying himself much more with watching the game of the man with the tortoise-shell spectacles.

It chanced one day that Major Spratt was holding across the green baize to make a handful of Napoleons on the rouge, one of the strings which, besides the tortoise-shell, confined the spectacles to his head, became loosened, and those appendages slid off his nose and fell on the floor. He stopped rapidly to pick them up; but the Baron de Koll had been beforehand with him. He had placed the heel of one of his Hessian boots on the glasses, and crunched them into a hundred fragments.

Major Spratt (he had won the stake, by the way), looked extremely disconcerted, and turned toward the Irishman as if for an apology; but the latter coolly whispered: "I did it on purpose. You may pick up the pieces, and put them in your pocket, if you like. I think I've spoiled your little game, my darling."

Major Spratt angrily shrugged his shoulders, muttered something about an owl's ward boot, and, pocketing his winnings, turned to leave the room, when the Baron de Koll laid his hand on his wrist.

"You'll just go on playing, my jewel," he whispered, "just for one little half-hour. I will see how you'll get on without those cat's-back spectacles of yours. If you don't, I declare that I'll pick a quarrel with you, and blow your brains out before sunrise to-morrow."

The Baron de Koll looked as though he could be as good as his word, and Major Spratt went on playing with his tortoise-shell spectacles. He staked low, till the Baron whispered to him that unless he should be compelled to carry out his promise. At the end of half an hour, Major Spratt had lost 800 Napoleons.

"And now," he said, familiarly taking the Major's arm: "we'll just stroll to the roulette room, and see what there's doing there."

"Thank! I don't want to be ruined," quoth Major Spratt. "I play to win, and not to lose. Here, come this way; and we'll settle this little matter outside."

They walked into the garden of the Kurraal, and when they had reached a secluded spot, the American said:

"I suppose you are not overburdened with worldly wealth, Baron?"

"I am as poor as Job, or a gentleman could well be."

"I thought so; well, you have broken my spectacles, and spoilt, as you say, my little game; and besides, you have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. I could easily leave you baffled and uncertain; but I like peace and quietness, and would rather not have a spy watching my movements. Here are five rouleaux, each containing a hundred Napoleons. For you to hold your tongue for forty-eight hours, by which time I shall be across the French frontier. Will that do?"

The Baron bowed, and protested his eternal gratitude. The Major gave him the money, which he lost within a fortnight at roulette.

As for Major Spratt, he discharged his bill at the hotel, and leaving a handsome gratuity for the servants, left Aix the next morning in a post chaise for Belgium. He forgot, however, to bid farewell to the Prince Schmutzkoff and Mademoiselle Catin; and after his departure it was discovered that the rubies and diamonds he had been so liberal a dispenser of were all spectacles.

As for his tortoise-shell spectacles, and the connection between these apparently harmless aids to weak sight, and his enormous gains at cards, that little mystery was not cleared up until ten years afterwards.

In 1825 a man named Gougenheim was tried before the criminal court of Assize at Cologne, charged with half a dozen acts of forgery and swindling. He made, after conviction, a clear breast of it; and, as is usually the case with repentant rogues, volunteered the confession of a great many crimes of which he had never been suspected. It appeared that, at the time of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, he had been in a large way of business as a manufacturer of playing cards. Thousands of packs of the Devil's Book were wanted to assist the Congress at their deliberations, and Gougenheim furnished all. He had been for a long time, and in a nefarious transaction, in league with the pseudo Major Spratt, a Polish adventurer, who had spent many years at the French galley.

The two worthless knaves a very notable device. On this engraved backs of the cards Gougenheim placed certain esoteric marks, denoting their color and value, quite invisible to the naked eye, but discernible by means of a powerful magnifier. And the tortoise-shell spectacles were simply very strong magnifying glasses.

How Koll ever got an inkling of this fraud was never discovered; but a large fortune had been realized by the tortoise-shell spectacles before the disappearance of Major Spratt. Ere he finally levanted, however, he contrived to swindle his confederate out of his share of the plunder; and, weighing all the pros and cons of the matter, and judging him by a pretty human standard, I incline to think that Major Spratt, or whatever his name was, has every right to be reckoned as a great man.

The Pearl Necklace.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Work for March.

An Eastern agricultural paper submits the following: After some months of dry fodder, cattle long for something green. This craving can be in part satisfied by feeding roots...

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Rules for Tree Planting.

The following important rules to Tree Planters are given by John J. Thomas, and if heeded would save thousands of trees from destruction, and make many people richer and happier:

1. If the roots of a tree are frozen out of the ground, and thawed again in contact with air, the tree is killed.

2. If the frozen rotten roots are well buried, filling all cavities between thawing away at all, the tree is uninjured.

3. Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots of a tree, in setting it out, but old finely pulverized earthy compost answers well.

4. Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood before digging up.

5. A small or moderate sized tree at the time of transplanting will usually be a large bearing tree, sooner than a larger tree set out at the same time, and which is checked necessarily in growth by removal.

6. Constant, clean and mellow cultivation is absolutely necessary at all times, for the successful growth of the peach tree, at any age; it is necessary for a young plum tree, but much less so for an old tree; it is nearly as essential for a young apple tree, but much less so for an old orchard; and still less necessary for a middle aged cherry tree.

7. To guard against mice in winter with perfect success, make a small, compact, earth mound, nearly a foot high, around the stem of the young orchard tree.

8. Warm valleys, with a rich soil, are more liable to cause destruction to trees or their crops by cold, than moderate hills of more exposure, and with less fertile soil—the cold air settling at the bottom of valleys during the sharpest frosts, and the rich soil making the trees grow too late in autumn, without ripening and hardening their wood.

9. The roots of a tree extend nearly as far on each side as the height of the tree; and hence to dig it up by cutting a circle with a spade half a foot in diameter, cuts off more than nine-tenths of the roots; and to spade a little circle about a young tree not one-quarter as far as the roots extend, and call it "cultivation," is like Falstaff's men claiming spurs and shirt collar for a complete suit.

10. Watering a tree in dry weather affords but temporary relief, and often does more harm than good, by crusts the surface. Keeping the surface constantly mellow is much more valuable and important—or if this cannot be done, mulch well. If watering is ever done from necessity, remove the top earth, pour in the water, and then replace the earth, then mulch, or keep the surface very mellow.

11. Shrivelled trees may be made plump by watering, by covering tops and all with earth for several days.

12. Watering trees before they expand their leaves should not be done by pouring water at the roots, but by keeping the bark of the stem and branches frequently or constantly moist. Trees in leaf and in rapid growth, may be watered at the roots, if properly done.

13. Young trees may be manured to great advantage by spreading manure over the roots as far as they extend, or over a circle whose radius is equal to the height of the tree, in autumn or early winter, and spreading this manure in, in spring.

14. Never set young trees in a grass field, or among wheat, or other sown grain. Clover is still worse, as the roots go deep, and rob the tree roots.

15. The surface should be clean and mellow; or if any crops are sown there, they should be potatoes, carrots, turnips, or other low, hood crops, for a complete suit.

16. The doctor's rule is to return a verdict, which they soon did (after consultation) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted in a voluntary protest, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shall be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under the pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it on his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of excitable temper and violent passions, especially, as was often the case, when under the influence of strong drink.

Not far from him resided old Squire Nelson, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

The squire had at the time of which I write, a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from his pen, and wandered about seeking what it might devour, till finally it happened into Barnes's garden, where, following the impulses of its nature, it (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it) "rooted around like one possessed."

The animal was at length espied by Barnes, who, it being the hour when his hither most were fed, issued forth with murderous intent and spirit, so that the poor beast "withdrew" as speedily as possible, and reached home more dead than alive.

When recovered from the effects of his potions, Barnes regretted his hastiness, and resolved to visit the squire, explain, and make it right, if possible. Off he started, and found the squire at home. He hardly knew how to open the subject, and so he began with:

"Wal, Squire, I'm a-thinkin' o' leavin' these parts."

"Squire, you don't say so? I'm sorry for that."

"Barnes (with great surprise)—"Be ye? An' why, may I ask?"

"Squire—Wal, I'll tell you. Years ago there come a Mr. Robinson to live where you do, and he was a mean sort of a man, and it was hard gittin' along with him. And after him come Tom Mullon, and he was a dreadful mean man—worse, if any, than the other. And after he left, there came Bill Mosher; and who was really terribler; and then they wuz all the others together—old Ned Bolow. You see, they kept a growin', wuz, and, finally, you come; and I'm afraid that if you go, the evil one himself will be next."

"Barnes left."

"Some day took a drinkin' fellow, placed him in a sedan, with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed him in a grass yard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him flat, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking around exclaimed:

"Wal, I'm in the first—that's it, or else I am confoundedly delated."

Domestic Recipes.

How to Draw Tea.—A few years since the writer took tea with a relative, and was delighted with the quality of the beverage. Upon inquiry, it proved that the article was from the same package used by another friend, whose tea always tasted miserably, and the difference was wholly owing to the methods used in its preparation.

The last named person followed the usual plan of pouring boiling water upon the tea, which causes most of the aroma to escape with the steam. The other friend adopted the following process, which I have since practiced, and would recommend: Pour tepid or cold water enough on the tea to cover it; place it on the stove-heat, top of a tea kettle, or any place where it will be warm but not enough so as to cause the aroma to escape in steam. Let it remain about half an hour, then pour on boiling water and bring to the table.

To Sweeten Butter Firkins.—Before packing butter in new firkins put them out of doors in the vicinity of the well; fill them with water, and throw in a few handfuls of salt. Let them stand three or four days, and change the water once during that time. Butter firkins should be made of white oak, and this process effectually takes out the acid contained in that wood, and makes the firkins sweet. If the firkins are well made and rightly packed, it will keep good all summer, even if the firkins be kept in a store above ground. To cleanse old firkins in which butter has been packed and left exposed some time to the air, fill with sour milk, and leave standing twenty-four hours; then wash clean, and scald with brine. This makes them as good as new.

A Remedy for Moths.—The ravages of the woolen moth may be prevented in a measure by the use of any of the following substances: tobacco, camphor, and perhaps the most agreeable for wearing apparel, a mixture of one ounce of cloves, one ounce of rubarb, and one ounce of cedar shavings, tied up in a bag, and kept in a box or drawer. If the substance be dry, scatter it in the folds of the cloth, carpet, blankets or furs; if liquid, scatter it freely in the boxes, or on the cloth or wrapper, laid over and around it.

To Wash Woolen Goods.—Prepare in your tub some soft water, as warm as you can bear your hand in, put your soap in the water, wash the flannels clean in this, have in another tub or pail some more hot water; if there should be no suds left in the last after water wringing, put in a little soap, wring quick, shake well and dry. You must do this with soap on your clothes, or apply cold water, as the cause of the flannel falling. White goods will do well to have the last water blued. Ironing, too, falls, if any soap be left in them then.

Dressed Chickens.—Boil a fine, large tender chicken, when done, and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a steppan with one gill of boiling water, then stir together until perfectly smooth, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-teaspoonful of flour, and the yolk of one egg, which add to the chicken, half at a time, stirring all well together; then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, add half a gill of Madeira and send to the table hot.

Strawed Apples.—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Steep the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

Hamon.—A cold firkins.—To one gallon of finely-chopped green tomatoes, put six chopped green peppers and six chopped onions; then salt it well and let it stand overnight, squeeze it dry, and put to each gallon one tablespoonful of ground pepper, one of allspice, and one-half pint of white mustard seed. Let it stand a month before using for the table.

A Cure for Warts.—Touch the wart with pulverized carbide, two, three, or half a dozen times a day, especially after washing it. You can get three or five cents' worth at any drug store. This possesses the advantage of curing the wart without pain or blood, and five cents' worth will do for a regiment.

Prepared Glue.—Melt glue in the usual mode, of a good consistency, then add one pint of alcohol to three pints of the dissolved glue bottle overnight, and it will keep any length of time in any climate. It is very useful in every family for its convenience, in repairing furniture, mounting maps, paper on walls, labels, &c., &c.

Geranium Leaves.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised, and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in very short time.

To Boil a Cracked Egg.—We extract the following from a correspondent's letter: "Many a nice new-laid egg that gets flayed in laying can be boiled simply by enclosing it in a piece of soft paper. When the paper becomes wet, it adheres to the egg, and prevents it from protruding through the shell. I have boiled many this way successfully."

Cutlers.—One spoonful melted butter, one spoonful sugar, one spoonful milk, one egg, a little soda, nutmeg. Mix, roll thin, cut any shape you like and fry in lard.

Preserving the Nails.—One ounce of tartar-powder, one drachm of oil of tartar-powder; mix up with essence of lemon to scum it.

Sty on the Eyeball.—Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on it enough boiling water to moisten it, then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the sty will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is certain to remove it.

Colic.—Water.—A pint of brandy; 80 drops of oil of gill, 30 of oil of bergamot, and half a gill of water.

To Empty the Stomach over the Red Sea.—Wash your stomachs out clean, and while damp, rub fine salt on them, quite quiet, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed, While others are beginning; 'Tis luck at times, at times, indeed, That gives an early winning. But if you chance to fall behind, Ne'er slacken your endeavor. But keep this wholesome truth in mind, 'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well, But never trip your neighbor; 'Tis noble when you can excel By honest, patient labor. But if you are outstripped at last, Press on as bold as ever; Remember, though you are surpassed, 'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast Of victory o'er another. But while you strive your utmost, Deal fairly with your brother. Whatever your station, do your best, And hold your purpose ever. And if you fall to beat the rest, 'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run, Succeed by noble daring; Then, though the last, when once 'tis won, Your crown is bright and wearing. Then never fret if left behind, Nor slacken your endeavor. But ever keep this truth in mind— 'Tis better late than never.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

The noble horse who toils for thee, And does thy bidding willingly, Endowed by God with instinct rare, Should in thy love and kindness share.

The patient ox, who meekly bows Beneath the yoke, and idly plows The rugged field, should surely be Repaid with tenderness by thee.

O, spare the lash! remember, they Have not thy gift—bright reason's ray; Be gentle to the helpless brute— Kindness is heaven's own attribute.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much a favorite; but his patience at times would get very much exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars.

On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after one of these detectors shouted:

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering!" John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite both by his teacher and schoolmates.)

"Yes," answered John. "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next me to reach me the arithmetical that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper or escape punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will, however, let you choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out, G. S. T. D., and D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did (after consultation) as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted in a voluntary protest, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Master, here is my hand; they shall be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under the pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it on his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

When he had been two months betrothed, Mr. Creighton was called to New York on business. We had a very affectionate parting, and after he had gone, time never dragged so slowly. He went away on Thursday, and would return on the ensuing Wednesday.

Wednesday arrived at last. The train from New York was due at 10 A.M., and by the time the clock struck the hour, I was in the front hall waiting for him. I had dressed myself in his favorite colors—and was confident of making a good impression.

He came even before I expected him. I saw him coming up the street at a rapid pace—I opened the door and stood on the threshold ready to greet him. He ran up the steps—I rushed forward and threw myself into his arms, crying out—

"Oh! I am so rejoiced to see you!" and then I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him. I kissed him more than once, I am afraid.

He did not speak, but hugged me with considerable emphasis. Just then there was a wild shriek from some one at the gate, and a woman rushed up the steps and commenced beating me over the head with a market basket. The basket contained a turkey, some potatoes, lettuce, and packages of tea and sugar. And about my devoted head they all fell in lavish profusion.

"I'll learn you to kiss other women's husbands in broad daylight!" yelled the woman—slapping me in the face with the unfortunate turkey—"ain't you satisfied with your own sweetheart, that you must be a dozing of my husband?"

I looked up in the face of the gentleman I had been greeting, and goodness me! it was the face of an entire stranger! and at the same moment, I met the eyes of Mr. Creighton looking over the stranger's shoulder. He was as black as a thundercloud!

"Agnes!" said he, "I have seen all. Allow me to bid you farewell!"

"Thornwell!" I cried, "O, Thornwell! it was all a mistake! I did not know this was—"

"Agnes, I saw for myself," he said coldly. "Good-by."

He turned and left me. I apologized as well as I could to the strange gentleman, who proved to be the "old man," apologized to his wife; went up to my chamber and had a good cry.

I have never met Mr. Creighton since, save in company. He is married to an amiable woman who is not near-sighted.

Since then I have had many offers, but have thought best to decline. I am afraid of another mistake with some other woman's husband. So I end as I began—I am near-sighted and an old maid.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

A Near-Sighted Old Maid.

I am near-sighted, and an old maid. Almost any one would admit that one of these misfortunes, alone, was sufficient for any individual; but both vials of wrath were dropped upon my defenseless head.

I am near-sighted and husbandless; and am—well, no matter how well. No woman gets so old as to lose all hope, they say, and I am inclined to believe it is true.

I have not been near-sighted always. You fortunate people who have good eyes, can see to read your signs around the street, and can recognize your friend without the necessity of crossing over to be sure it is the right one, know nothing of the perils and trials of a near-sighted person. Nothing at all, and no pen could picture them to you—were it ever so graphic.

All through my girlhood, I was engaged in picking up pins and needles, which proved to be straws; hoping to people I had never seen before, upsetting inevitable cans and baskets, and hurrying by my best friends, never dreaming of their propinquity.

I shook hands with the Governor of the State once, under the impression that it was my uncle Jefferson; and astonished him beyond measure by inquiring how aunt Polly's rheumatism was, and if she had good luck with her last boiling of soft soap.

I have searched half the day for some particular store or shop, which I had passed and re-passed twenty times without being able to read the sign.

Nature had endowed me with a good voice, and I was needed to sing in our choir—but goodness! I was so near-sighted that I could not see to read the music unless I held the book close to my eyes, and then the whole congregation would ignore the singing, and whisper loud enough for every one to hear—how near-sighted Agnes Gray-mond is!

I could not bear the notoriety, so I left the choir.

If I made an appointment anywhere, I was invariably an hour too late, or as much too early, because, if I had been to have saved the city, I could not have told the time by the town clock.

I never dared to go out nights—not on account of ghosts, for I might have gone directly through a ghost without ever seeing it—but because I was liable to dash my brains out against any lamp-post that happened to be standing in the way.

My friends deserted me. I used to pass them blindly by, and once I ran away from my own father, thinking him a pick-pocket!

I stumbled over poor Mr. Blake, my mother's most revered minister, as I was passing down the stairs—never seeing him till I heard the noise of his fall.

Once I went into a strange church, and there being no sexton, I very gravely took my seat with the deacons, greatly to the scandal of the congregation. I was not to blame, the church was dark, and I certainly took the head of the tallest deacon for a woman's white bonnet and veil.

At last I fell in love. Perhaps you may wonder how I came near enough to any man to fall in love with him; this Thornwell Creighton was my music teacher, and I had to sit near in order to see the notes, you know.

Mr. Creighton was a lawyer in good practice; a man of wealth and influence. At the urgent solicitations of my father, he consented to give me instructions—and the result was just what might have been anticipated.

At the end of three weeks we were betrothed.

Mr. Creighton was handsome, and intelligent, and kind-hearted, but he had one terrible fault—he was jealous.

I used to drive him nearly frantic by my attentions to other men, as he called my hollering my head this way and that, to find who I should speak to, and who I should ignore.

When we had been two months betrothed, Mr. Creighton was called to New York on business. We had a very affectionate parting, and after he had gone, time never dragged so slowly. He went away on Thursday, and would return on the ensuing Wednesday.

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I looked up in the face of the gentleman I had been greeting, and goodness me! it was the face of an entire stranger! and at the same moment, I met the eyes of Mr. Creighton looking over the stranger's shoulder. He was as black as a thundercloud!

"Agnes!" said he, "I have seen all. Allow me to bid you farewell!"

"Thornwell!" I cried, "O, Thornwell! it was all a mistake! I did not know this was—"

"Agnes, I saw for myself," he said coldly. "Good-by."

He turned and left me. I apologized as well as I could to the strange gentleman, who proved to be the "old man," apologized to his wife; went up to my chamber and had a good cry.

I have never met Mr. Creighton since, save in company. He is married to an amiable woman who is not near-sighted.

Since then I have had many offers, but have thought best to decline. I am afraid of another mistake with some other woman's husband. So I end as I began—I am near-sighted and an old maid.

A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

San Francisco.

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