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PUGET SOUND HERALD

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CHAS. PROSCH.

"WE'LL TEACH THE NORTH!"

During a stormy debate in the House of Representatives, a Southern member exclaimed, passionately, "We'll teach the North!" Of this vaunt a New England poet wrote:

You'll teach the North! Ay, teach her what?
Has Bunker Hill forgot her dead?
Is Lexington an unknown spot,
On which the churls of ignorance tread?
Is Faneuil's holy hall a tomb
Of buried thoughts and deeds unknown?
And Plymouth! does she sleep in gloom,
And scorn the Pilgrim's stepping-stone?

You'll teach the North! Ay, teach her what?
To bow before your haughty will?
To choose the menial's humble lot,
And, at your simple nod, be still?
To shame her fathers' bones with fear?
To cower behind their hallowed graves?
As well might you, in their career,
Control the ocean's giant waves!

She gives you life, she feeds your pride,
She makes you strong in danger's hour;
She stands brother by your side,
To laugh to scorn the spoiler's power.
Then teach her not with angry mien;
Then chafe her not with idle words;
She stands, like her old hills, serene,
And for her foes reserves her swords.

You'll teach the North! Her spindles ring
With downy seeds from Southern plains;
Her labor makes your reapers sing,
And richly pays for all their pains.
She loves you still! Her children know
Your fathers' deeds of deathless fame,
When North and South opposed the foe,
And gained a country and a name.

Then teach the North to love the plains
Where sleep in blood her gallant dead;
Teach her to make more bright the chains
That link in one each sovereign head!
Ask not from her to basely bow,
And, like a spaniel, lick your rod;
She wears your laurels on her brow,
And master—she has none but God!

A SICK-BED.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Long hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smooth it yet again,
As softly as before:
Once—only once—and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain,
Through many a restless day,
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where, on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee,
My weary side to raise,
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep,
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cold water from the spring;

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now;

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footsteps, nigh;
Nor listen by my bed,
To hear my faintest sigh,

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak,
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers that please me best—
Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the rest I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, at eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou should'st not grieve:

Who, when the kind release
From sin and suffering came,
Passed to the adopted peace
In murmuring thy name.

Leave at my side a space
Where thou wilt come, at last,
To find a resting-place,
When many years are past.

A philosopher, who has studied out almost everything, says he is satisfied that the reason why girls are in the habit of pouting out their lips is because they are always willing that theirs should meet yours half way.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

Polwarth on the Green.

In the year 1470, John Sinclair of Herdmanstone, in East Lothian, who was also Lord of Kimmerghame and Polwarth, dying without male issue, the estate of Kimmerghame descended to his daughter Marion, and that of Polwarth to her sister Margaret. His heir-male was his brother, Sir William Sinclair, to whom the estate of Herdmanstone fell. Sir William, as the uncle of the co-heiresses, though not appointed as their guardian by their father, for they were both well nigh of woman's estate when he died, craftily took upon himself that duty. He whispered to them that their estates were not managed as they ought to be—that their boudmen did not perform the duty required of them—that those they had set over their grounds as stewards did not render them a faithful account of their stewardship. He insinuated a thousand suspicions into their young minds, until their affairs gradually fell into his hands, and he at length succeeded in gaining the entire management of their estates; and he now required only to have the disposal of their personal freedom. Men of power in those days were not very scrupulous as to the means which they employed to obtain their object; he who had a score of retainers held the scales of life and death in his hands. Nevertheless, aware of the rank which his neices held in the estimation of his country, Sir William knew that it would not be safe to venture upon making them prisoners by open violence. He therefore courteously invited them to his house at Herdmanstone, where he stated that the gayest and the proudest company in broad Scotland would be present to delight them. Marion, who was fond of amusements, was overjoyed at the invitation; but her sister Margaret, who was of a graver disposition, said—

"Well, sister, I like not our uncle's kindness—something sinful seems to laugh in his looks; the very movement of his lips bespeaks more than he reveals; confide in me, dear sister, and distrust him. When I was but a child, playing around our mother's knee, I have heard her say unto my father, 'Ah, John! I like not your brother; there is a cunning in his looks, in his very words; he cannot meet you with the straightforward gaze of an honest man; and methinks he looks upon me as though he distrusted and hated me; yea, I have often thought as though he were plotting evil against me.' So our mother was wont to say; and my father would reply—'Dear Elizabeth, think not so cruelly of one who is so near and dear to me; trust me, that he loves you and yours.' 'It may be so,' she would reply, 'but there is that in his manner which I cannot overcome.' Then our father would remain silent for a time, and add—'Well, there is a want of frankness in Sir William which becomes not a brother.'"

"Lull your suspicions, my demure sister," the light-hearted Marion replied; "a thousand times have I heard him say that no one but the boldest baron in all Scotland should wed his niece, Marion."

"And he said truly," replied Margaret; "for, if he have us once within his power, not even the boldest knight in Scotland will be able to receive our hands, unless he sue for it with gallant bowmen at his back, and the unsheathed sword to enforce his suit."

"Oh, then, sister," rejoined Marion, "I suppose you have a knight at hand who would delight in such handiwork; for is not Sir Patrick Hume of Wedderburn reputed to be the most valorous knight upon the Borders, and withal the humble worshipper of fair Margaret Sinclair of Polwarth?"

And as the maiden spoke she laughed, and tapped her sister good-naturedly upon the cheek. Margaret blushed, and playfully replied—"Well, sister, is there no valorous knight at Wedderburn but Sir Patrick? What think ye of George Hume?"

"No more of this," cried Marion; "let us accept our uncle's invitation, and mingle with the gay company he has invited to meet us."

"If you will have it so, let it be so," replied Margaret; "but, trust me, I fear that good will not come of it."

On the following day they set out upon their journey toward Herdmanstone, accompanied by only two men-servants. Their uncle received them with a show of cordial friendship; but the guests whom they expected to meet they saw not, and they had been but a few minutes beneath his roof when they found themselves prisoners, secured by gratings, bolts and bars. On discovering the situation into which they had been entrapped, Marion wept aloud, and accused herself of being the unwitting author of her sister's captivity.

"Fear not," said Margaret; "our uncle is a stern man—he is a man of blood; but there are as strong hands as his that will be raised to deliver the sisters of Kimmerghame and Polwarth, when their captivity becomes known."

"But how will it be known?" asked Marion; "for who knows that we are here?"

"Let us trust to Him who is the orphan's father," replied her sister, "and leave all to His good providence."

"Amen," said the other; but she sobbed bitterly as she spoke.

On the second day of their imprisonment, their uncle entered the apartment where they were confined.

"Weel, maidens," said he, sternly, "how like ye your abode at Herdmanstone? I have observed the slightfu' een with which baith o' you have looked upon your uncle; and now that ye are in my power, ye shall repent the airs o' disdain that ye hae taken upon you. It becomes nae the blood o' Polwarths to assume a superiority over the house o' Sinclair. So choose ye—there are twa cousins who are not very auld, but they're growing; ye shall hae your choice to marry them, or the deepest dungeon in Herdmanstone shall be your doom. Your destiny is placed in your own hands—decide it as ye will; but remember that it is a Sinclair that never broke his word, that wags the finger o' fate over your heads. Eight days! eight days! remember!" he repeated, and left them.

"Now, you will despise me, Margaret," said Marion, "for my maiden ambition has led us into this trouble; yet will I rather be an inmate in our uncle's dungeon than be the wife of the boy-husband he would assign me. Sister, will you not upbraid me?"

"Upbraid you!" said the calm and gentle Margaret, "stern as is our uncle, deadly as is his wrath, I fear him not. The other day you spoke to me jeeringly of Sir Patrick Hume; in the same strain I answered you respecting his brother George. Eight days will not pass until Sir Patrick miss me from Polwarth; and powerful as my uncle may be, bold and desperate as he is, I know that one stone of Herdmanstone Castle will not be left standing upon another until we are freed."

"You have a brave heart, sister," said Marion, "but it is small comfort to me, who must look upon myself as the author of this disaster. And how think ye that Sir Patrick or his brother George (if ye will speak o' him) are to hear of our confinement? Wot ye not that they know not where we are; or if they should know, they will not apprehend that evil could befal us in the house of our relative."

"I believe, Marion," answered Margaret, "that within the eight days which our uncle has named, we shall either be at liberty or have ceased to live. It is our lives that he seeks, not that we should be the wives of his sons; rather than be so wed, I will die—so will you. But, if we should die, our deaths would not be unavenged. He would neither enjoy our estates, nor the triumph of his guilt. Ye have heard the names of Patrick and George Hume of Wedderburn spoken of as sounds of terror upon the Borders; their swords have avenged the injured and released the captive. Marion! they will avenge our wrongs! dear sister, be not afraid."

It was about daybreak on the fourth day after their imprisonment that a musician, who played upon the Union or Northumbrian pipe of those days, approached beneath the window of their apartment, and softly playing an air, accompanied it with his voice, as follows:

My heart is divided between them,
I dinna ken which I wad hae;
Right willing my heart I wad gien them—
But how can I gie it to twae?
There's Meggy, a fairer or better
I'm certain there couldna weel be;
Dumfounder'd the first time I met her,
What was sweet Marion to me?

Yet Marion is gentle and bonny—
I liked her ere Meggy I saw;
And they say it is sintu' for ony
Man upon earth to like twa.
My heart it is rugg'd and tormented,
I'd live wi' or die for them baith;
I've done what I've often repented,
To baith I have plighted my aith.

And oft when I'm walking with Meggy,
I'll say "Dear Marion," and start;
While fearfu' she'll say, "Weel, I ken ye
Hae ithers maire dear to your heart."
Was ever a man sae confounded?
I dinna ken what will be dune,
Baith sides o' my bosom are wounded,
And they'll be the death o' me sune.

"Hark!" said Marion, as she listened to the strain of the minstrel; "it is the song of the Egyptian thief, Johnny Faa. Mind ye since he sang it beneath our window at Kimmerghame?"

"I remember it weel," replied Margaret. "But dinna call him thief, sister; for, be Johnny a king or no a king, he is one that King James is glad to lift his bonnet to; and I am sure that he means weel to us at present. Wheesht ye, Marion, and I will whisper to him a low chaunt over the window." And in a low voice she sung—

Oh, saw ye my laddie comin', Johnny?
Oh, saw ye my laddie comin'?
If ye've no seen him, tell him frae me,
That I'm a woefu' woman.
We here are sisters twa, Johnny,
Confined within this tower;
And ilka time the sun gaes down,
It points to our death hour.

"I heard it rumored, gentle maiden," said the gipsy, gazing eagerly towards the window from whence they looked, "that no good was intended ye in this place; and though it be not in the power of Johnny Faa to bring to ye the assistance of his own men, yet it strikes me there is ane, if no twa, maidens, that I could bring to your rescue, and that wad make a clap o' thunder ring through the deepest cell in Herdmanstone."

"Thank ye, Johnny," replied Margaret; "ye're kind—ye're very kind; and if ye wad carry a bit scrap o' paper to Wedderburn Castle, greatly would ye aid a distressed damsel."

"I thank ye, my doo, for relying on the word and promise o' John, king and lord o' Little Egypt. Little do they ken me, and less is their knowledge o' our race, who think that we wad look upon those who are wronged without seeing them righted. How I heard of your imprisonment, or the wrong intended ye, never fash your thumb; though a bird waffled it in my lugs wi' its wings, though it chirped it in them as it chirmed past me, it is enough that I ken o' your wrongs, and that I will assist ye. Trust me, maidens."

"I will trust ye," answered Margaret.

"Dinna trust him, sister," said Marion; "he may be some spy of our uncle's."

"Of being a spy," cried the other, "I dinna believe him capable. Stop, Johnny, or king, or whatever ye be," she added, "and I will throw ye a word or two to carry to Sir Patrick Hume of Wedderburn."

She addressed to him a few words, and threw the paper which contained them into the hands of the gipsy.

"Bless ye for your confidence, my bonny lassie!" said Johnny Faa; "and before the sun gae down, Sir Patrick Hume shall ken that there is ane that likes him pining in a captive's prison, wi' none but ane that his brother likes to bear her company."

The gipsy king was mounted on an active pony, and although it was without a saddle, and reined only by a hempen bridle, he dashed off with it, at the pace of a fleet racer, and directed his course towards the Lammermoors.

It was not noon when he arrived at the Castle of Wedderburn. The porter at the gate retreated in terror as he beheld him, for the name of the Faa king had become terrible on the Borders, and even the king had been glad to grant him terms of his own choosing. On being admitted to the presence of the knight, "What is it, ye vagrant loon," asked Sir Patrick, "that brings ye to venture within the roof o' honest men?"

"Honest!" said the gipsy; "ha! ha! ha! I dare say your honesty and mine is muckle about a par. Between us two it is, take who can. Ye hae the bit land, Sir Patrick, but ye havena a stronger or a more cunning hand, nor yet a sharper sword than the lord o' Little Egypt. Therefore speak at evens with me, lest ye rue it."

"And wherefore should I speak at evens," answered Hume, "with the like o' you, who are at best but the king o' gaberlunzie men?"

"The mischief light on ye!" said the gipsy; "ye have provoked me sair, and I have tholed wi' your slights and taunting; but try me not wi' another word, lest ye rue it, Sir Patrick Hume, and your brother rue it, and every Hume o' the house o' Wedderburn shall be brought to cry dool, for refusing to listen to the words o' Johnny Faa."

"And what wad ye say if ye had your will, ye braggart knave?" cried the knight.

"Merely," retorted the gipsy, "that there is a bonny lassie, ane who is owre guid to be the bride o' sae uncivil an individual as yoursel', now lying in durance, wi' death or perpetual imprisonment before her, while ye havena the courage to lift your hand to her rescue."

"Of whom speak ye?" vociferated the laird of Wedderburn.

"Who," rejoined the gipsy, slily, "is nearest to your heart? who nearest to your door? Have you seen her within these four days?"

"What!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, "speak ye of my Margaret?"

"Of whom does your heart tell you that I speak?" said Faa.

"It is then to her that ye allude?" cried Sir Patrick.

"Ay, it is to her," was the reply; "and what knight are ye that would remain here idly within your castle, while death threatens the maiden of your love?"

"Pardon me, stranger," said Sir Patrick; "tell me where she is."

"Ye ask me to pardon ye now," answered the gipsy, proudly. "Ye knew me before, when the insult was offered; ye know me still. It is not because ye bear a name powerful in arms, nor yet that I have heard of your deeds of war, that I come to you; but it is because of the maiden who loves you as the Mayfly does the summer sun. Margaret Sinclair and her sister are the prisoners of their uncle, Sir William Sinclair of Herdmanstone. He has looked with an eye of covetousness upon their estates—he longs to possess them; and, if they be not yielded to him, the life of the fair owners now in his power must pay the forfeit."

The knight clasped the hand of the gipsy. "Thank ye, thank ye," he cried; "I will reward ye for this act of kindness."

"You reward me!" shouted the gipsy king, disdainfully. "Think ye that when the king of Little Egypt does an act of humanity or generosity, he is to be rewarded for it by a Scottish knight! Away with ye, man! I spurn your thanks! I am as far above them as the moon is above the glowworm that glimmers on the ground—ay, as the sun above the fœtid matter from which it draws life. Know, then, that Margaret Sinclair and her sister will die unless ye have courage to release them, and that before another Sabbath shine a holiday to you."

Wedderburn held his hand in thankfulness. "Forgive me, forgive me," he cried; "I have spoken unjustly to one that has a soul within him, and who has sympathized for those in whom my happiness is bound up Again, I say, forgive me."

"Ye are forgiven," said the Faa; "and, if assistance be needed in the hour of peril, ye shall find willing hands ready to help ye, though ye deserve it not."

So saying, the Faa beckoned his hand and withdrew from the presence of Hume. Sir Patrick bore the tidings instantly to his brother; and, within two hours, a hundred of their retainers stood armed around Wedderburn Castle. "To Herdmanstone!" was the cry, "and the rescue of the lady love of the Lord of Wedderburn!"

"Ay, and for Marion, the maid of Kimmerghame!" cried George, the brother of Sir Patrick; "and the Sinclairs shall wear stout bucklers, and bolts to boot, that this sword pierce not."

The party being marshalled, they took their way across the Lammermoors with the brothers Sir Patrick and George Hume at their head. It was shortly after daybreak when they appeared before Herdmanstone Castle, and the Lady Margaret was the first to perceive their approach.

"Sister!" she cried, "see! see! aid is at hand! the banner of the Humes is waving over the fields of Herdmanstone."

"Ye dream, sister," said Marion, starting from her couch.

"Nay, I dream not," replied Margaret. "Arise; through the grey light I perceive the plume of Sir Patrick Hume, and the gay jack which my sister wrought for his brother."

Marion sprang forward to the window where her sister stood; they thrust their hands from the window, to encourage their deliverers to the rescue, while Sir Patrick and his brother answered them back, saying, "We come! we come! The haughty and cruel Sinclair shall repent in blood."

The trumpets of the Humes sounded; and, as if prepared for the approaching conflict, within a few minutes more than fifty retainers of Sir William Sinclair were in arms. Ignorant of the number of their foes, they rushed forth to meet them, hand to hand, and sword to sword. Long the strife was desperate—it was even doubtful; but, at length, superiority of numbers on the part of the Humes prevailed; the retainers of Sir William were routed in all directions, and his castle was assailed, even to its threshold. "To the rescue of the fair maidens!" shouted the Humes. Independent of the immediate retainers of Sir William Sinclair, however, his neighbors came to his aid, and, although they were at first as two to one, the conflict had not lasted long when the Humes became the weaker party. The battle raged keenly—swords were broken in the grasp of their owners—the strong war-horse kicked upon the ground, in the agony of death, indenting the earth with its hoofs as it died—the wounded men grappled with and reviled each other, as though they had been foreigners or aliens—spears were broken, and shields clanked against each other—while the war shout and the dying groan mingled together. Victory seemed still to be doubtful; for, though the Humes fought bravely, and their leaders led them on as with the heroism of despair, yet every minute the numbers of their adversaries increased, while theirs, if the expression might be used, became fewer and more few.

Yet there were two spectators of the conflict who beheld it with feelings that may not, that cannot be described. Now the one beheld the plume which she had adorned for her betrothed husband severed by the sword of an enemy; while the other saw the gay jerkin, which she had weaved for hers, tarnished with blood. They perceived also what we might term the ebbing and flowing of the deadly feud—the retreating and the driving back; and they were spectators also of the wounded, the dying and the dead. They saw the party in whom their hopes were fixed gradually overpowered—they beheld them fall back beneath the swords of their opponents, disputing inch by inch as they retired, and their hearts fell within them. When hope, fear, and anxiety were wrought to their highest point of endurance, and the party in whom their trust lay seemed to be vanquished, and were driven back, at that period Johnny Faa and a number of his followers rushed to their succor.

"Hurra!" exclaimed the wanderer, "for the braw lasses o' Polwarth and Kimmerghame? Fight, ye Humes! fight! There is a prize before ye worthy a clout on the crown, or even a stab through the brisket."

The approach of the Faa king turned the tide of victory, and his followers shouted—"The bonny lasses o' Polwarth and Kimmerghame shall be free!"

"For ever, ay, and a day after it," cried Sir William, "shall the man inherit a cow's mailing, and a cow to boot, upon the lands o' Herdmanstone, who this day brings me upon his sword the head o' one o' the birkies o' Wedderburn!"

Sir William, however, became a suppliant for mercy beneath the red sword of Patrick Hume; and his life being granted, the Sinclairs gave their arms into the hands of their opponents. The young brothers rushed into the house, to the rescue of the captive damsels; and Margaret and Marion each fell upon the neck of the man she loved.

On arriving at Polwarth, they were met by the glad villagers, with whom the fair ladies joined hands, and they danced together in joy around a thorn tree, upon the village green.

In a few weeks, each of the maidens gave her hand to her deliverer—Margaret to Sir Patrick, and Marion to his brother George. On their marriage-day, the dance around the thorn upon the green was resumed, and a festive crowd tripped joyously around it, blessing the bride of Polwarth and her fair sister, Marion of Kimmerghame; and the music to which they that day danced proceeded from the pipes of king Johnny Faa, who, with half a dozen of his people, sat each with a pair of union pipes beneath his arm, and discoursing most eloquent music, without "fee, favor, or reward," save that they were partakers of the good things which were that day plentifully circulated upon Polwarth green.

In concluding this account of the co-heiresses of Polwarth and Kimmerghame, it is only necessary to add that, from her union with Hume of Wedderburn, the fair Margaret became the progenitor of the future Earls of Marchmont.

A lady who has just opened a boarding house not a thousand miles from Denver City, C. T., has posted up the following Rules of the House:

Gentlemen must not put their feet on the mantel in the winter, or out of the window in the summer.

Ladies must not write their names on the glass with a quarts pin. If they use an air tight, they must regulate the damper themselves, and not ring every ten minutes for the chambermaid.

The single gentleman must not play the trombone, nor make love to the servants, nor comb his whiskers at the table. If he does, he won't answer.

The lady must not turn up her nose at anything on the table, unless she has a natural pug.

Nobody must drink with a mouthful of victuals, nor fight for the top buckwheat cake.

Terms liberal, and board must be paid weekly in advance.

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the Captain to Gussie, the other day, up at Normal. Gussie cogitated a minute and then answered: "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women have not." The Captain "saw it" immediately.

Never buy goods of any dealer that don't advertise. You can be sure that he is close, stingy, and lacks sufficient energy to take advantage of the markets and buy cheap. In fact, it is a safe rule to set it down that you will have to pay twenty per cent. more for goods to a merchant that don't advertise than to one who does.

"Daddy," said a young hopeful, "let's go up in the nine-pin alley and roll."

"Roll, what do you know about rolling?"

"Me knows about it? Why, I can roll your darned eyes out in ten minutes!"

A poor man in Leeds, who had a gossiping wife, informed a friend of his, "as a great secret," that his wife went out of the house every day forty times to gossip with some of her neighbors, and that she remained out two hours each time!

A Word to Married People.

The ringing of the door bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is calling.

Returning home one day earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out, and while lounging idly over the paper the door bell rang.

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country, the next day, to transact some business that had long been pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day. I was pleased: first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly, because I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished, and consequently I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose—as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day; and as I rode along, noting the brilliant tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride.

"How lovely was Alice, then!" thought I, "and how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same, though we are changed. Let me see: we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer?"

And I felt a pang, as I contrasted the past with the present, to think we could have settled down into the commonplace life we now lead.

We had no serious trouble, we didn't quarrel; though when I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of early love had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed back behind her ears, unless she was going out or expecting company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find a place among so many prosy realities? I supposed we were as happy as anybody; yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, with her jetty hair in tasteful braids. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and then flitted away, while the doctor, remarking that his motto was, "to business first and pleasure afterward," led the way to the library.

As we entered the room, I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remark about it to which the doctor responded.

"Yes, I am very fond of flowers, and love to see them in the house; and as I spend much of my time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out in the grounds, which were quite extensive and tastefully arranged.

There was a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Stearns was standing on the steps. The doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a slight bow and smile; and holding up a spray of crimson berries, which he had broken off, she bent her head, while he fastened it among the dark braids of her hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before; and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it pleasant; and," he added, "I believe I am a contented man: so far I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married, doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence the bright atmosphere which surrounds your home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do? I should think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I once dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and pointing to a thrifty grape-vine climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, said:

"That vine needs careful attention, and if properly pruned and cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon it would become a worthless thing! So the love which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to leave it unimpaired, is generally neglected. Ah, my friend, it is the little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of courtship; and, while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure that mine will be respected."

That night, as I rode homeward, pondering the doctor's words and reviewing the years of our married life, I was surprised at my own blindness, and determined to recall the early dream if possible.

The next morning at breakfast I astonished Alice by a careful toilet, chatted over the dinner, and after tea invited her to ride. When she came down in my favorite *grande*, with her hair in dancing curls, I thought she had never looked lovelier.

I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly the evening passed.

I resolved to test the doctor's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

For all the little nameless attentions so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover, and neglected by the husband, I find myself repaid a thousand fold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the non-fulfilment of early dreams, to go and do likewise, remembering that that which is worth winning is worth keeping.

Inquiring Young Lady—O, dear, tell me how John declared his love?

Expectant Wife—Well, Fanny, we were in the parlor, you know, and all at once he turned his eyes, so I thought he was ill. Then he turned 'em down and squeezed my hand and asked me if I'd have him—and—

Inquiring Young Lady—Well, dear—well, what did he do next?

Expectant Wife—Nothing, dear; but I said yes, and, gracious! how he kissed me. Then, dear, I laid my head upon his shoulder and then he talked, dear. O, how I trembled; I thought I never could go through it.

Mr. Taylor, of the Chicago *Journal*, in one of his letters from Chattanoogs, relates the following incident: A soldier, fairly riddled with bullets, like one of those battle-flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket, gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, and a friend before this cruel war began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who is going home on a furlough, "Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?"

"Tell them," said he, "that there is hardly enough left of me to say 'I,' but—hold down here a minute—tell Kate there is enough left of me to love her till I die!" Jemmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.

Two clergymen—one a Presbyterian and the other of the Dutch Reformed Church—were seated in a jovial mood before the fire-place enjoying themselves in a friendly chat. The Dutchman, like most of his brethren, an inveterate smoker, in rising from the fire, at which he had re-lighted his pipe, struck the back of his head against the wall of the chimney.

"Ouch," he cried, "that makes my head ring."

"Then it must be hollow," said his friend.

"Don't your head ring when you strike it?" inquired the other.

"No."

"Then it must be cracked!" was the rejoinder.

A native of the green isle of Erin called at one of our drug stores, the other day, with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity.

"What is that, ony way?" said the customer.

"This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture cemifuga racemosa, and liniment of sapnois, cantharides and opit."

A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?"

"Thirty-seven cents," was the reply.

"Och, be jabers," said Patrick, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at laste a dollar and a half."

There is a wonderful thing, says Nennius, in the country of Cretiensis, in which is a mountain called Crucamur, on the top whereof stands a sepulchre, along which whoever extends himself, though he be a man of a short stature, yet he shall find the sepulchre just even to his length; and though he be four cubits high, the sepulchre shall be of the same length, and so still fitted to the proportion of every man; and whatever weary traveler shall kneel thrice by it, shall be no more weary to the day of his death, though he should live alone in the remotest part of the world.

Other nations pray for rain, as we do: In a season of great drought, in Persia, a schoolmaster, at the head of his pupils, marched out of Schiraz in procession, to pray for rain. A stranger asked whither they were going. The tutor told him, and said,

"He doubted not but God would listen to the prayers of innocent children."

"My honest friend," said the traveler, "if that were the case, I fear there would be no schoolmaster left alive."

Miss Matilda Muggs has put a fresh shingle at her shop door in one of the western cities, with this announcement:

Notice.—I ar got nu artikels for sail, such as krackers, dandels, humphy, kups and sassers, and meny other artikels too numberous to mension, all selling cheap.

P. S.—Beans is bort here by the kwort or booshel.

We met a Friend, (Quaker) in the street, the other day, carrying in his hand an elegant sword.

"Ah!" said we, "do the Friends carry carnal weapons?"

"Thee knows," he replied, "that the rebellion must be put down."

The sword was for his son, an officer in the army.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

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

☞ *The columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are open to communications on all questions of public policy and interest, and the advocacy of all sides of every question shall be freely heard; but such communications as are not of a general public nature, or are intended for the furtherance of individual ends, will be charged as advertisements. The 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, April 23, 1864.

STATUTES OF 1863-4.—We have received from the Public Printer, Mr. T. F. McElroy, a copy of the Statutes passed at the last session of the Legislature. Copies have also been furnished to the officials of the different counties of the Territory. The execution of the work is very creditable to the Printer, for correctness, neatness, and promptness. The same work was not completed until a late period, last year, and then in an imperfect manner, we understand; for, owing to the want of courtesy of Mr. McElroy's predecessor, we did not receive a copy of the statutes of 1862-3, and therefore cannot judge from comparison.

OUR SCHOOLS.—The school of the Sisters and the Select school of Miss Sylvester are both progressing encouragingly. Twenty-three pupils now attend the Sisters' school, with indications of a considerable addition to the number at the commencement of the third quarter. Miss Sylvester expresses herself well pleased with her school, and regards the prospect for the future as good. In these schools our town presents as good facilities for educating the young as are afforded by any town in the Territory.

TROOPS FOR GRAY'S HARBOR.—In compliance with a requisition from C. H. Hale, Esq., Indian Superintendent, Capt. Tucker, commandant of Fort Steilacoom, dispatched eighteen men, under Lieut. Jester, on Monday last for Gray's Harbor, W. T. The requisition was made, we understand, under an apprehension of trouble with the Indians in that vicinity, though no hostile demonstration has yet been made by them. It is believed that the presence of a few soldiers will keep them quiet and peaceable.

TWO CHURCHES.—Under the direction of Rev. Father Vary, the work on the new Catholic church is steadily progressing. It will probably be finished in two months from this date. The contractor for the completion of Rev. G. W. Sloan's (Presbyterian) church has just obtained the lumber for that edifice, and will commence work next week. Some three or four months will be required to complete this structure. Steilacoom will lead in church edifices as in everything else in this Territory.

VICTOR SMITH.—We are informed that this personage, who has recently been laboring in Washington to procure the removal of the officials here who were instrumental in his removal from the Collectorship, is daily expected at Port Angeles. It was a short time since rumored that he had succeeded in ousting one of those officials and securing the appointment of himself instead, but that proved untrue, we believe. He returns now without an office, we understand.

APPEALED.—In the case of young Howe, who was to have had another trial before the U. S. District Court, for the killing of B. F. Kendall, an appeal has been taken to a higher tribunal. A private letter from his father, received in this place, announces the death of Horace Howe in Santa Clara, Cal., (whither he had gone for the benefit of his health) on the 24th ult. Thus ends that trial.

UNFORTUNATE.—The Washington correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* says that Mr. McGilvra, District Attorney of Washington Territory, was relieved of his pocket book, containing $1,150 in currency, by a pickpocket, at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot, while on the way to New York to take the steamer for California. He remains behind "flat broke."

ANOTHER NEW VESSEL.—H. G. Williamson will, in a day or two, lay the keel of a schooner of eighty tons, near Balch & Webber's old warehouse. The material for this vessel is all ready, and she will be pushed forward rapidly to completion. His first vessel, the sloop *Lolita*, has proved a complete success in every respect, and is constantly in profitable employment.

GOLD FALLING.—At the latest date from New York, gold was falling with a rapidity unprecedented in fluctuations. On the 14th inst., it was quoted at 179@180; on the 16th, it tumbled down to 168@170! No cause is assigned for this rapid decline. The news is good for holders of legal tenders.

SHIP HUNTSVILLE.—Capt. Glidden, well known here as master and owner of the barque *Scotland*, a few days ago purchased the ship *Huntsville*, of 522 tons, at San Francisco, for $12,050. It is supposed he will place the ship in the Puget Sound trade.

THE LEGITIMATE RESULT.

We regret to notice, by the statement of the Sacramento *Union*, that dissensions have arisen in the ranks of the Union organization in California. We are not, however, surprised, should it be true, as stated by the *Union*, that a central clique in San Francisco have attempted to dictate to and rule the organization throughout the State. Should the Union party continue united in California, they can carry the State by an overwhelming majority; but should defections take place, the result may be at least doubtful, and the men who shall have caused the defeat by their assumption of unwarranted authority will lose, as they should, the confidence of the people, notwithstanding their present prominence in the party. In order to secure success to a political organization, it should be free from the charge of centralization or clique dictation, and the rank and file left entirely uncontrolled in their choice of men and measures; and it is strange that the political leaders in California should attempt a course which must prove suicidal and ruinous to the Union cause in their State. It will not do for any set of men to monopolize powers and rights which are the common property of all; and when they do so, disaffection and defeat will surely follow.

We trust that the temporary difficulties in California will be adjusted before any serious injury shall result to the Union cause, and that they may not be entirely devoid of good in pointing out the unpopularity and disorganizing influences which always attend clique dictation, particularly in politics. It is important that the Government should have the moral support of that State, as well as of Oregon and the adjacent Territories, at least during the struggle of the nation for existence, and it is therefore to be deplored that anything should occur to place in jeopardy or render doubtful that support. Union victories at the ballot-box are scarcely less valuable to the country than Union victories on the battle-field, as all know who have witnessed the salutary effects of the elections in the East since the inauguration of the rebellion. On the one hand, they encourage, strengthen and stimulate the Government in its efforts to crush the rebellion; on the other, they dishearten and weaken the rebels, who from the outset placed their main dependence on opposition through the ballot-box at the North to the Government. For this reason, then, it is to be hoped that the existing differences in the Union party of California will be healed, and its consequent threatened defeat thereby averted.

WEALTH AND INDEBTEDNESS.—The wealth of our country is enormous, and equal to its physical capacity to carry on the war. The Copperheads are constantly dwelling upon the great debt we are heaping up by the war. Since 1804, or from that year to 1857, the mints of the United States coined in gold ($402,150,752 76) four hundred and two millions, one hundred and fifty thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two dollars and seventy-six cents. The great bulk of this gold was emboweled since 1850, or within fourteen years. At this rate, the mines of the Pacific Coast will pay the principal and interest of the debt we are forced by the rebels to create, in twenty-five years! Let the Copperheads growl while the loyal and patriotic continue to fight rebels and dig gold.

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL REPORT.—We have received from Mr. John Swett, Superintendent of Public Instruction, the thirteenth annual report of the schools of California. It covers 214 closely printed pages, and contains much matter of value to those interested in the welfare of common schools, as well as many valuable suggestions to teachers. The number of children of all ages attending public schools is 29,416; the census returns show nearly an equal number not attending any schools. The school fund of the State in 1863 amounted to $581,055 77, of which $483,-407 49 was expended; a very flattering exhibit, certainly. We have not space to give the report an extended notice.

TIRED OF WAITING.—A Chicago girl, tired of waiting for the young men who don't "propose," probably on account of the expense—takes advantage of the season and speaks out boldly over her own name in the "Wants" column of the Chicago *Tribune*, as follows:

"This is leap year. I'll wait no longer. So here I am, twenty-one years old, healthy, prepossessing, medium size, full chest, educated, prudent, large sparkling eye, long black flowing hair, and as full of fun as a chestnut is full of meat, born to make some man happy, and want a home. Does anybody want me?"

Yes, a thousand bachelors, more or less, in this Territory, want as many just such brave damsels as you. Come here, and, our word for it, you will not have to wait long.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The Union majority in this State, as we were informed some time since by telegraph, was about 6,000. The House, Senate and Council are all largely Union. We learn by mail that Franklin Pierce's own town, Concord, rebuked his Copperheadism and that of his party by a large majority. Gilmore (Union) received there 1,408 and Harrington (Copperhead) only 898 votes. There were heavy Union gains in every town heard from except three. On the night of the election, March 8th, the Union victory was celebrated at Concord by fireworks, music and processions.

The poor women and children in suffering Southwestern Missouri chop wood at sixty cents per cord.

OUR INTERESTS IN WASHINGTON.

We were not mistaken, it seems, when we relied upon the good offices of Col. Wallace in behalf of his former constituents and friends, although he now represents another constituency and another Territory. His removal to another Territory has not diminished his interest in this, as recent letters from him bear ample testimony. In a letter to Mr. J. H. Munson, dated Washington, March 12, 1864, he says he will do all in his power to advance the interests of Washington Territory, and adds, in reference to the Puget Sound and Columbia River Railroad project:—

"I introduced a bill in the last Congress appropriating lands to aid the Territory in the construction of a Railroad from Steilacoom to Vancouver. Had I been advised at an earlier day of the action of the Legislature in incorporating a company to build the Road, I could have got the land; but the information reached me too late. The committee to whom it was referred ordered a report in favor of the passage of the bill, but it was so late in the session that the report could not be made under the rules; the committees not being called for reports till the close of the session. Whether your Delegate will call up this bill or not, I cannot say; if he does, I will give him all the aid in my power to secure its passage. And not only will I aid him in this, but in all other measures having a tendency to promote the interests of your Territory."

EASTERN ELECTIONS.

The following returns, extracted from the telegraphic news summary, are all that have yet been received. It will be seen that they are of the right complexion, with one or two unimportant exceptions:

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—Incomplete returns indicate the election of James S. Thomas, Radical candidate for Mayor, by 2,000 majority. In the City Council the Radicals have from four to six majority.

At the Leavenworth election, McDowell, anti-radical, was elected by from six to eight hundred majority. At noon Mayor Anthony issued a proclamation closing the polls and calling on the citizens to assist him in preserving peace, which was disregarded, and voting continued. Rioting was indulged in to a considerable extent, and several persons, including Mayor Anthony, were beaten with revolvers. The *Democrat's* special says the polls were seized by a mob of armed men, who took possession early in the morning and defied the city authorities. The military were called out, but assistance was refused by Gen. Davis, who issued stringent orders that no soldiers at the Fort should assist the city unless entitled to vote. These orders were disregarded, and intense excitement exists. The best citizens denounce the election as foul.

CINCINNATI, April 6.—At the election of city officers yesterday, about three-fifths of the vote polled was Union, giving a majority of about 4,700.

Returns from the interior are meager, but all received thus far show a Union majority, except at Columbus, which the Democrats carry. The Union majority in Cleveland is 1,500; Dayton, 300.

St. Joseph, Mo., April 5.—Incomplete returns indicate the election of W. R. Renick, Radical, for Mayor, by 200 majority. In the Council there are seven Radicals and three Conservatives.

NEW HAVEN, April 5.—The entire State, with 18 towns to hear from, gives Buckingham 5,653 majority. The Unionists have six-sevenths of the Senate and three-fourths of the House.

Returns from the election of State officers in Rhode Island, from nearly all the State, indicate the election of James T. Smith, Union candidate for Governor, by a small majority.

BALTIMORE, April 6.—The election of Delegates to the State Convention for amending the State Constitution took place to-day. The vote in this city stands, for Convention and emancipation, 9,041; against, 78. Returns thus far indicate a majority of not less than 15,000 for Convention.

NEWARK, N. J., April 12.—The election yesterday shows a heavy Union majority.

AREA OF THE DISPUTED DUCHIES.—The total area of Schleswig-Holstein and Laurenburg, the Duchies now in dispute is not equal to 7,500 English miles. Holstein covers 3,600, Schleswig 3,400 and Laurenburg 420 miles. The first has a population of 544,619, the second 409,907, the third 50,147. Holstein has seven fine towns, of which Altona is the chief, with 45,524 inhabitants. Kiel is the capital, however, with 17,541, and takes its lead in social rank, owing to its famous University and fine port.

CHEAP.—A letter from Santa Barbara county, received by a gentleman in San Francisco, states that 5000 head of cattle were sold in that county, at auction, a few days since, at 37½ cents each.

It is questionable whether there is an instance in the history of the composition of our army to match the following, which we find in the Portland *Advertiser*: A widow in Union, Me., who has twelve children, eleven of them boys, has just sent the eleventh son into the army. On the occasion of his enlisting, some officers and friends made up a purse of $200, and presented it to this patriotic matron, who said she was sorry that her other child was not a boy, so that she might make still another offering to her country.

The latest sensation of the hour is that of a woman becoming a telegraph operator. A Mrs. Palmer, from Kenosha, Wisconsin, is at present employed in Shelbyville, and attracts much attention, not only from the fact of the peculiar vocation she professes, but because her personal beauty is said to be of a high order. She is tall, graceful and queenly, is intelligent and refined, and makes many admirers feel the ennobling influence which a true woman has upon the sterner portion of humanity.

The street peddlers in Mexico have peculiarities in their traffic as well as those who in the East sell figs in the name of the Prophet. The Mexican poultry-dealer, who offers ducks for sale, introduces them to your notice by crying out,

"Ducks, oh, my darling ducks!"

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The war costs about a hundred thousand dollars an hour.

A patent safety pocket has been invented against pickpockets.

A colored man 108 years of age died lately at Washington.

Confederate whiskey is a fine article of turpentine and water.

People get "embalmed" and escape from Dixie in air-holed coffins.

It is suggested that Gen. Hardee secured his wife by his "tactics."

A lynx caught near Bennington, Vermont, recently weighed 57 pounds.

Ohio makes 8,280,000 pounds of sugar per annum of sorghum.

Louis Napoleon's bow-legs are said not to show to advantage in skating.

The West is said to be flooded with counterfeit greenbacks.

Iowa has prohibited the circulation of foreign bank notes in the State.

The Governor of Iowa is an ex-canal driver—so much the more to be honored.

Ten thousand dollars are paid for a safe passage from Richmond to the Union lines.

The whole number of rebel troops enlisted since the 1st of October is 100,000.

The San Francisco market is glutted with oranges, four vessels heavily loaded being in port.

Punch says there can never be peace in Prussia under the dominion of a General Wrangel.

It is customary and proper to include the dentist's bill among those expenses called inci-dental.

An hilarious mamma at Nottingham, Eng., is under arrest for whipping her child with a red-hot poker!

The Provost Marshal of Oregon reports that there are in that State 14,720 persons subject to draft.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, who is to succeed Rev. Starr King, left New York on the 4th inst., accompanied by his family.

The *Rural New Yorker* shows by figures that $100 per acre can be made by cultivating beets for sugar.

It is thought that those who recently set fire to Jeff. Davis's house intended merely to smoke the creature out.

In New Albany, Indiana, a Loyal League has to pay $270 damages and costs for calling a Democrat a traitor.

A Missouri woman lately gave birth to twenty-seven pounds of animated humanity, done up in three parcels.

The most intense cold ever known in London was on December 25, 1719. The hottest day was in July, 1808.

A Richmond paper advertises a lot of brown paper, suitable for envelopes or wrapping paper, at $80 a ream.

A valuable bed of coal underlies the city of Steubenville, Ohio, and parties have offered the city $150,000 for the privilege of mining it.

A late Richmond *Enquirer* complains of the increase of *nymphs du pave*, besmeared with paint, and bedizened with ill-gotten finery.

It is estimated that shipowners in and around Portland, Me., have realized $6,-110,500 for vessels sold in England since October, 1862.

"How can I run for the Presidency?" remarked Mr. Lincoln to a friend who came to the recent fire, "for all my horses are burned up!"

A movement is on foot in Pennsylvania to establish an "invalid corps" of teachers, in which provision may be made for old and faithful teachers.

The total fund and fundable debt of the United States on the 29th of January was $1,446,871,507. The interest of $750,-717,809 is payable in gold.

Congress does not think much of the proposition to create a Secretary of Industry, but, with the country, desires all its Cabinet to be industrious.

A prohibitory liquor bill has passed the West Virginia Senate, but has yet to pass the Assembly and be approved by the people.

The Woonsocket *Patriot* says there is great scarcity of help for the mills which are recommencing operations in Rhode Island, especially of adult males.

The report of the Auditor of the State of Ohio, for the year 1863, sets down the valuation of dogs in the State at $384,-953. How much a head, we wonder?

Samuel W. Day was convicted of sending a false marriage notice to the Boston *Journal*, and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs of prosecution.

A three-mile race on snow shoes, took place at Montreal on the 13th of February. Mr. Maltby, who won the prize, made the three miles in twenty-four minutes.

It is estimated that Keller, of Los Angeles, will put up about 10,000 pounds of tobacco this season. The "weed" is remarkable in flavor, fine color, and solidity.

The Indiana State Agricultural Fair, which will be held next October, will have a Sanitary Fair Department, to be managed in part by the State Sanitary Commission.

It is said that there are now 1,000 women employed in the various departments of Government, at salaries of $600 a year—and not a copperheadess among them we believe.

Eight tons of greenbacks were carried over the New Jersey railroad to Washington one day recently. The money is said to be the collection of different internal revenue officers.

The Sydney *Herald* says that the kangaroo has largely increased in Australia. Indeed, kangaroo steaks are said to be the principal article of diet in some parts of the country.

In a recent conversation with an American gentleman in St. Petersburg, Prince Gortschakoff, discussing the Emperor's policy, declared that the progress of Russia within the next two years would astonish the world.

According to the Mobile *Tribune*, a correspondent of the London *Herald* is now in a place "where the dogs won't bark at him," for putting his hands in the pockets of a gentleman.

A woman at Johnstown, N. Y., foretold the time of her decease, made all her preparations for that event, did a day's work at washing and baking, took her clothes and hung them away, saying she would never want them again, and next morning was found dead in her bed. Very sensible female.

BLOWING OFF AGAIN.

Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguided mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride; the never-failing vice of fools.
POPE.

Our neighbors, the enterprising editors of the Seattle *Gazette*, (Olla and Wat) have become infatuated with the songs of Inspector the bard of the Wilderness, and solicit another stroke of his lyre. Now we are willing to write for the amusement of our friends, if they can find any amusement in our humble style, but we cannot devote too much time in entertaining every monkey that sees fit to cut a caper. But if our neighbor at the head of navigation will donate something worth while in payment for our labor, and convince us by some sane act that he is not crazy, or deranged in his upper story, we will then endeavor to favor him with another poem or perhaps a romance, as he is so fond of rambling. But before entering upon so arduous a duty, it will be necessary that a medical examination be made by a practical physician as to his sanity, and certified to by a justice of the peace or some other functionary duly authorized by law. Notwithstanding, however, we have seen innumerable paragraphs in the *Gazette*, written by the defendant, endeavoring to establish some grounds for sanity, yet still more are we under the conviction that insanity has grasped him with hooks of steel. In every issue of the *Gazette* he sets up a defence that he is not crazy. What better proof do we require of his insanity? Were he sound on the goose, he would not harp on it, but his defence is one that all brainless idiots make. He now invokes the good spirits of his subscribers to come forward and help him out of the hell in which he has plunged himself, but as they don't come to taw, there seems to be a weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Still Wat don't understand it. That alone shows a lack of judgment, for if he published a decent paper it would not be so; but what hope is there left? He promises when he enlarges his sheet to be more hostile than ever—and his subscribers begin to think that his neutral sheet has been quite hostile enough to the interests of the Territory generally. How delightful it would be if Seattle had a nice influential journal, one that would harmonize with the balance of the journals on Puget Sound. But instead thereof the *Gazette* man kicks up a devil of a muss about nothing, and wants to slay everybody, as Samson slew the Philistines, with the jawbone of an ass. It is astonishing how so much combustible matter has remained for so long a time confined in so small a compass. One would suppose that spontaneous combustion would take place at once, but, like the fires of Ætna, they have become smothered by their own heat. Now he appears in a new garb, and throws down the glove as poet laureate of Washington Territory. We admire his rhyme, but detest his meter. Our modesty would compel us to omit one word in the first stanza; but the last line we can pardon, as it is evident that an attack of Squak fever caused a rush of blood to his brain. In justice to somebody, he is induced to state that his mail facilities between Olympia and Port Townsend are more regular than usual. We are glad to hear it, and wish that our pay for said service was as regular as his mail matter. If it was, we could still make an improvement.

I cannot close this epistle without noticing one item more in the *Gazette*. The writer says that the poet of the Wilderness always swears by his brains, for the same reason that a woman might swear by her beard. Therein I have the advantage of my neighbor of the news depot, for I can swear by that he has not got. He compares the poet of the Wilderness to a woman. Bless them, I wish it was true, and that the poet was worthy the comparison. Yet all this is done to dodge perjury. Well, I think it commendable in any one to dodge perjury, whether it is done by the brain or a woman's beard; but it seems that Olla-pod is willing to violate every act of decency and humanity, and perjure himself besides.

O shameless Wat, and brainless Olla,
To dance a jig to Peggy and Molly!
INSPECTOR.

Some days since a lady called at a daguerrean establishment in Oxford, N. Y., to have a photograph taken of her niece, a little child then with her. The photograph was taken, and while the lady was waiting to have it finished, the little girl strayed into the laboratory and swallowed some kind of poison which she found there. When missed and looked for, she was found in the laboratory, dead, having expired almost immediately. The aunt has since become insane.

A German paper gives the following list of Roman Catholic Generals now in the army of the United States: Rosencrans, Foster, Gilmore, Newton, French, Stone, Corcoran, Ord, Whipple, Shields, Meagher, Scammon, Mulligan, Gibbon, Crook and Lawlor.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—JOHN BRADLEY, Petitioner, against MARY A. BRADLEY, Defendant.—Petition for Divorce. In the U. S. District Court for Pierce County, Washington Territory—May Term, 1864.

To MARY A. BRADLEY:—You are hereby notified that John Bradley has filed a petition and complaint against you, in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of said Court which shall commence more than four weeks after the 16th day of April, 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said petition and complaint is to obtain a decree of divorce and a nullity of the marriage contract heretofore existing between yourself and the petitioner, and to obtain an order for the custody of the minor children, the fruits of said marriage, &c.

Petition and complaint filed April 16th, 1864.

FRANK CLARK,
Attorney for Petitioner.

18:5

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—CATHERINE WAMSLEY, Petitioner, against JOHN WAMSLEY, Defendant.—Petition for Divorce. In the U. S. District Court for Pierce County, Washington Territory.—May Term, 1864.

To JOHN WAMSLEY:—You are hereby notified that Catherine Wamsley has filed a petition and complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of said Court which shall commence more than four weeks after the 16th day of April, 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said petition and complaint is to obtain a decree of divorce and a nullity of the marriage contract heretofore existing between you and the petitioner, also to get such other and further relief as the Court in its discretion may award in the premises.

Petition and complaint filed April 16th, 1864.

FRANK CLARK,
Attorney for Petitioner.

18:3

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL whom it may concern, that I will, on the 23d day of April next ensuing, at the hour of 9 A.M., offer at Public Sale, in the town of Whatcom, Whatcom County, W. T., to satisfy delinquent taxes thereon, the following described real and personal property, to wit:

The Gulliekson House, block No. 6, Lot No. 7, assessed valuation	$150
Walker House, block No. 8, Lot No. 14, assessed valuation	150
Metropolitan and adjoining Building (Jones's) Block No. 8, Lots 14, 15, 16, assessed valuation	200
Barnette House, block No. 9, Lot 3, assessed valuation	100
Page's House, block No. 12, Lots 2 and 3	—

JAMES KAVANAGH,
Sheriff of Whatcom County, W. T.

Whatcom, March 11th, 1864. 15:5

DISTRICT COURT TERMS.

1st District—At Walla Walla, on the first Monday of April and October of each year.

2d District—At Vancouver, on the second Monday of March and the third Monday of October; and at Olympia, on the first Monday of May and second Monday of November of each year.

3d District—At Port Townsend, on the second Monday of June and first Monday of September; at Seattle on the fourth Monday of June and second Monday of October; and at Steilacoom on the third Monday of May and first Monday of November of each year.

TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ The Victoria daily EVENING EXPRESS contains the latest Mining, Commercial, and General News up to the hour of going to press. Being the only evening paper published in Victoria, and having a circulation equal to any other Journal in the Colony, it will be found an excellent medium to enable advertisers to bring their notices before the public. 13

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT FROM AND after this date, Mr. M. GIMEL is no longer a partner in the Gem Saloon in this town, and that he is not responsible for any debts contracted after this date.

F. C. SEAMAN.

Steilacoom, March 1st, 1864. 16:4

SELECT SCHOOL.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL OPEN A SELECT SCHOOL, for scholars of all ages, in this place, on the first Monday in April, 1864.

The Term will consist of eleven weeks, and the School be divided into three Departments, according to the advancement of the pupils.

TERMS:

Primary Department	$6
Junior "	8
Senior "	10

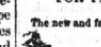
Common English branches will be taught; the higher branches if desired.

Music, per quarter	$15
Latin, "	10
French, "	10

EMILY W. SYLVESTER.

Steilacoom, W. T., March 24th, 1864. 16:4f

THE SUBSCRIBER



offers, at private sale, four prime American MARES; two sets of double HARNESS, made to order, from first quality oak tanned Philadelphia leather, and one second-hand two-seated WAGON.

Good Sheep at fair prices will be taken in exchange.

PETER SMITH.

Steilacoom, W. T., March 23d, 1864. 13:tf

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The new and fast-sailing Sloop

LETITIA,

Captain J. P. ADAMS,

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

The LETITIA is well adapted to carrying Lumber, Live Stock, and Country Produce, for which trade she was built. Her cabin accommodations are not surpassed by those of any vessel on the Sound. Freight and Passengers will be taken at the most reasonable rates.

For Charter, Freight or Passage, apply to H. G. WILLIAMSON, at Steilacoom, or to the

14:tf CAPTAIN, on board.

NOTICE.

HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE STOCK of Goods, together with the house and lot occupied by Mr. H. Goodtime, I hereby give notice to my friends and the public generally that I will continue the business formerly followed by Mr. Goodtime, at the same place and on the same terms.

The stock now embraces large new invoices of assorted goods, just imported, consisting in part of

Dry Goods,
Ladies' Dress Goods,
Clothing, Hats,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockeryware,
Groceries, &c.

New Goods will be from time to time added to these, as the public wants require. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

MATTHIAS BECKER.

Steilacoom, March 19, 1864. 14:3m

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF PIERCE, ss.—Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

M. H. TILLY, Plaintiff, against GILMORE HAY, Defendant.—Civil Action. In the District Court for Pierce County, in the Third Judicial District of Washington Territory.

To GILMORE HAY, Defendant: You are hereby notified that M. H. Tilly has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at the first term of the District Court which shall commence more than three months after the 27th day of February, A. D. 1864, and unless you appear at said term and answer, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer thereof granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain a judgment against you for $557 17, upon a promissory note or due bill drawn by you, payable to plaintiff March 31st, 1862, together with interest on said sum of $557 17 at ten per cent. per month from March 31st, 1862, the date of said due bill or note.

Complaint filed Feb. 27th, 1864.

12:6m FRANK CLARK, Pr's Att'y.

PACIFIC HOTEL

AND

RESTAURANT,

OLYMPIA, W. T.

THE ABOVE WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR House, having been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished, is now prepared to entertain guests in greater comfort and in a more accommodating manner than any other house in the place. The house will be conducted on the

RESTAURANT PRINCIPLE.

Meals after 8 o'clock P.M., Extra.

An adjoining Cottage has been leased and refitted, where a large number can be accommodated with lodging, good clean beds, and well-ventilated rooms.

☞ Call and witness the truth of the above.

REBECCA HOWARD,
Proprietor.

13:tf

KOSHLAND BROS.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN

AMERICAN CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS, ETC., ETC.

We also purchase Wool, Hides, Furs, Deer-skins, etc., for which we pay the highest market price.

Corner Yates and Wharf streets,

12:tf Victoria, V. I.

C. CROSBY. N. CROSBY, JR.

C. CROSBY & CO.,

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, HARDWARE AND DRY GOODS.

6-1:tf Tum Water, W. T.

FOR FREIGHT OR CHARTER.

The commodious and fast-sailing schooner

FLYING MIST,

120 Tons Capacity,

Capt. WM. THOMPSON,

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

The FLYING MIST is well adapted to carrying Live Stock, for which trade she was originally designed, and is amply provided with fixtures to ensure the safety of cattle in the roughest weather. She is suitable for all kind 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

COMMISSION AND PURCHASING AGENT

SAN FRANCISCO.

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

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

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

Those desiring information concerning the undersigned are

REFERRED TO

Wm. T. Coleman & Co., San Francisco;
J. H. Coghill & Co., "
C. Langley, Druggist, "
Flint, Peabody & Co., "
Ira P. Rankin, "
Rose, 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,
209 Washington st., up stairs,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating Bronchial Affections, Asthma, Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS

Will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech.

Agents for California,

13:4 REDINGTON & CO., San Francisco.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!

☞ **Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething!**—This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will a most 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.

1-6:1y

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

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	5
For Music do	15
Entrance fee for all not admitted at commencement	5

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks $6

GENERAL REGULATIONS:

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

For the sake of uniformity and order, all the pupils will attend 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 shirt sleeves, and a loose cape of the same material; one white and one black veil; three aprons 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

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

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

Size, 1 Foot,	$1 00 per Dozen
Size, 2 Feet,	3 50 per Dozen
Size, 3 Feet,	9 00 per Dozen
Size, 32 Inches,	40 00 per Dozen

Also, BUNTING FLAGS of all sizes, from 60 cents to $3 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 Robt.—Evolutions of Field Batteries of Artillery, translated from the French, and arranged for the Army and Militia of the United States. Published by order of the War Department. 1 vol 32mo, with 89 plates, cloth 1 25

ARMY REGISTER, Official, United States, 1861 75

BARNARD, Major J. G.—Notes on Sea Coast Defence, consisting of Sea Coast Fortifications, the Fifteen inch Gun, and Casemate 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 Militia Manual, and Swordplay without a Master; Rapier and Broadsword Exercise 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 72

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T.,
Saturday, April 23, 1864.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

[CONDENSED FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

WASHINGTON, April 6th.—Arrangements are being made for investing Culpepper with a formidable cordon of fortifications, with a view of rendering it so at all points of operations.

Gen. McDowell is about to leave for California, to command the Department of California, Oregon, &c.

The President will authorize the organization of ten new volunteer regiments there.

New York, April 4.—While Grant was at Fortress Monroe, preliminaries were satisfactorily arranged for an exchange of prisoners.

A special dispatch from Washington says Gen. Sickles, accompanied by his personal staff, left this morning for Cincinnati. He is charged with a special order from the President to make a tour of the territory reclaimed from the rebels, with a view to observe the disposition of the people towards the Government. The General will make such suggestions to the President, from time to time, for modification or special change of policy of the Administration, as they occur to him from his observations. At Cincinnati, gunboats from Admiral Porter's fleet will be placed at his disposal, by which he will be conveyed to the principal points southwest. He will return via St. Louis, calling at points in Federal occupation, for which purpose an armed naval vessel will be assigned to him by Farragut. He is sanguine of success in restoring those people to allegiance who have been long held by Southern politics.

The protracted storm has swollen the Potomac to an alarming extent. Some apprehensions are entertained of the safety of war material and other property on the wharves at Georgetown, D. C.

April 8.—A dispatch from Louisville says that several of Forrest's officers have crossed the Ohio into Indiana and Illinois, for the purpose of exciting the people to revolt. Forrest is on the way to Corinth with his troops. It is said that he will proceed thence with reinforcements to make a raid into middle Kentucky, with the expectation of getting a large number of recruits. Others say he will join Longstreet and push into Kentucky.

New Orleans, March 29.—A steamer was burned on the 27th, with a cargo of cotton; total loss, $80,000.

A French brig, from Havre to New Orleans, was wrecked near Pass L'Outre, on the night of the 24th. After drifting about 24 hours, she fell in with a pilot boat, and her passengers (60 in number) were saved, but the vessel and cargo were a total loss.

The rebel ram *Tennessee* was struck by a squall and sunk near Grant's Pass, on the 16th. She was a powerful vessel; her armor being six inches thick.

An Alexandria dispatch of the 27th says a large amount of cotton was captured on Red River.

Cairo, April 8.—The naval dispatch boat has arrived from Alexandria with 600 bales of cotton captured by our fleet.

Pine Bluff, (Ark.) March 31.—The expedition to Mount Elder and Longview have met with complete success. They burned a train of 35 wagons and captured 320 prisoners.

Washington, April 7.—Several hundred rebels have come in behind our forces on a raiding expedition; 450 Texans, under Gen. Gans, attacked Rossville, five miles south of Clarksville, yesterday, and burned 300 bales of Government cotton. Our troops drove them off, killing several.

Cairo, April 6.—Grierson had a fight with a superior force on the 2d inst., near Somerville After skirmishing some time, the rebels were reinforced and Grierson fell back, leaving a few prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

Advices from Vicksburg report S. D. Lee and Loring at Canton. The rebels are repairing the railroad destroyed by Sherman.

April 8.—Forrest is said to be trying to get away by dividing his force into small detachments in fear of being caught in a trap.

Recent advices from the Tennessee River state that Poddis's command is doing considerable mischief in the vicinity of Waterloo, Ala. His principal business seems to be robbing and conscripting.

New York, April 11.—It is said that Gen. W. F. Smith will command the Second Army Corps, which is to be organized at Fortress Monroe, and will go up the Peninsula while the army of the Potomac keeps Lee occupied. Burnside, it is presumed, will attempt the old route to Goldsboro', N. C., intending to cut the railroads. These movements will probably be delayed by the storm.

Information has been received which shows that the rebels are strengthening their fortifications along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and building works between it and Fredericksburg. Lee is daily receiving large accessions to his army.

A committee, composed of leading Representatives of both Houses, has called upon Senator Morgan, Chairman of the National Union Committee, and urged upon him the postponement of the National Convention. Papers are being circulated, signed by Representatives and Senators, representing that the Convention should be postponed.

The House resolution respecting Mexico has been referred to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. The committee will take no action until Mr. Seward's views are ascertained in regard to it. He has always been opposed to any action by Congress on the subject. The unanimity with which the resolution passed the House has caused a good deal of uneasiness in the State Department.

A special Washington dispatch says that there was a terrible rainstorm in that vicinity on the 9th, which caused a rise in the tributaries of the Potomac. Several bridges on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad were washed away. The damage is expected to be again repaired to-day.

Ex-Congressmen Edgerton of Ohio, Somes of Maine, and McKibbin of California, are candidates for the Governorship of Montana.

All sutlers have been ordered to leave the Army of the Potomac before the end of the week.

Chicago, April 11.—The Union State Committee of Pennsylvania met at Harrisburg on the 6th, and agreed to call the State Convention on the 28th. The meeting was very largely attended by members of the Legislature, with whom members of the committee had full consultation. The general tone of the discussion indicated a decided preference for Lincoln. There was considerable outside influence in favor of Andrew Johnson of Tenn. for Vice President.

St. Louis, April 11.—A dispatch from Provost Marshal General Fry to the Provost Marshal of this State says that Gen. Grant directs active measures to be immediately taken to get into the field recruits of the new organization and all old troops.

Gen. Sherman, in a dispatch to the Governor of Missouri, on the subject of his Department, has given him control of all veterans now absent, and requests the Governor to have them sent to Louisville immediately on the expiration of their furloughs. No excuse will be taken for any delay, and commanders of regiments will be held strictly accountable for all failures to report.

The General says now is the time that every soldier should be in his place; 300 in time are better than 1000 too late.

Ten regiments, belonging to the armies of Ohio and the Cumberland, will be sent to Nashville. Those of the Army of Tennessee will be sent to Cairo, where they will receive further orders.

Fortress Monroe, April 8.—Forty rebels landed on the wharf at Point Lookout, last night, and destroyed all the oil of the light-house and exploded a keg of powder under each of the towers. The lantern was considerably injured, and it will require several days to repair it.

Cincinnati, April 11.—Dispatches from Louisville say that Capt. Patrick, with fifteen men of the 14th Kentucky, surprised eighty rebels on the 6th, at Quicksand Creek, killed ten and wounded eleven, and captured the arms and camp equipments.

St. Louis, April 11.—Official advices from Gen. Steele, March 25th, have been received. He was then at Arkadelphia, on the Washita. He had continued skirmishing with the enemy on the route, but the progress of the expedition was at no time impeded.

Memphis, April 9.—Grierson's cavalry had a fight yesterday with a part of Forrest's force, at the bridge over Wolf river, which Forrest had just completed. Our force succeeded in capturing the bridge, with a loss of eight killed and wounded.

New York, April 11.—New Orleans dates of the 2d say the President has recognized Gov. Hahn as civil governor of Louisiana. He has also bestowed on him the powers of military governor. These powers are doubtless intended to be temporary, to be withdrawn as soon as the people have adopted the State Constitution.

Washington, April 11.—The Navy Department has received advices of the capture of two steamers by the *Columbia*, of the South Atlantic squadron; one of them a very valuable prize.

Advices received to-day state that constant additions are being made to the defences of the rebel capital. Mines are understood to be ready at certain points.

Deserters who left the rebels on the 5th report unusual activity in the army, with rumors of an advance on our lines.

A thorough inspection of Johnston's army took place on the 1st inst.

Richmond advices say the rebel capital is being provisioned for a siege.

Huntsville, Ala., April 11.—A caisson of Coggawell's 1st Illinois Battery exploded at the depot this morning, killing six privates and wounding several citizens. The horses attached to the caisson were killed and the depot badly shattered.

Cairo, April 11.—A Little Rock paper of the 2d says Price was at Camden on the 28th of March. A Union prisoner who escaped from Shreveport says there are two gunboats there and one ironclad, with no guns on her, as they have been taken for the fortifications. Quantrell is said to be in northeastern Louisiana.

Memphis papers of the 9th mention the arrest of a woman near Fort Pillow, recently. Some important facts were obtained from her, which led to the arrest of several prominent traitors in the vicinity of Fort Pillow.

New York, April 12.—Report says Bishop McCloskey has been appointed Archbishop of New York, and Bishop Spaulding Archbishop of Baltimore.

Letters from New Orleans state that the rebel steamer *Clinton*, formerly a U. S. gunboat, attempted to run the blockade at Sabine Pass, on the 21st of March, with a cargo of cotton. She got aground and remained immovable, and was burned to prevent her falling into our hands.

A side-wheel steamer, with four thousand stand of arms for the rebels, ran into Port Valdeo, after being driven off at Galveston by our fleet.

Fortress Monroe dispatches state that on the 10th an attempt was made to destroy the frigate *Minnesota*. What seemed a floating spar approached her, and, getting near, was ascertained to be a boat with three men. The lookout warned them off, but they pushed boldly for the frigate, and in a few moments an explosion similar to that of twenty cannon was heard. The vessel shook, and the crew tumbled off the hammocks, when the confusion subsided. Orders were instantly given to pursue the rebels. The damage done by the torpedo was slight, and has been repaired.

Heavy rains still delay the movements of the Army of the Potomac.

Philadelphia, April 12.—A Nashville dispatch says it is certain that East Tennessee has been abandoned by the rebels. They have destroyed all the bridges.

Seven of Longstreet's Generals have been court martialed in consequence of the failure of the campaign.

Gov. Johnson has gone to Knoxville to oppose the separation of Eastern from Western Tennessee.

Bishop Polk's army is on its way to Dalton, Ga.

Florida advices of April 3d state that the steamer *Maple Leaf*, while returning to Jacksouville from Pilatki, struck a rebel torpedo, which exploded, tearing off her entire bow. The vessel sunk in ten minutes. Two firemen and two deck hands were drowned; the passengers, sixty in number, were saved.

New York, April 13.—The Ways and Means Committee have finished the Revenue bill, and decided to have it printed before it is reported. The bill is very elaborate. It is estimated that it will yield upwards of $300,000,000 of revenue.

Gen. Sedgwick and a large number of officers went to the front yesterday.

Nine men were captured on Sunday, near Middleburg.

There was a fight with guerrillas last night, between Union Mills and Manassas. Five or six men were killed, among them one captain of the Pennsylvania reserves.

The committee have decided to adopt the bill establishing the Territory of Montana, with the Senate amendments, to the effect that all inhabitants, black or white, can vote.

The tax on spirits is $1.25; tobacco 30 cents per pound, with graduating scale. A small tax is imposed on crude and 25 cents on manufactured petroleum.

The Virginia Convention for amending the State Constitution adjourned yesterday, having adopted amendments abolishing slavery in the State.

Chicago, April 15.—Special dispatches say the demand for the surrender of Columbus was only a ruse to get an opportunity to steal horses.

An account of the capture of Fort Pillow says: On the morning of the 12th, Forrest, Chalmers and McCullough, with from 6000 to 8000 men, attacked the Fort, which was garrisoned by a batallion of the 13th Tennessee Cavalry, 300 men, and 200 negroes. Some citizens were also inside the Fort who fought well. The women and children were sent over on an island. The enemy were hid and fired from behind cover for some time. The surrender was demanded several times without effect. At last the enemy formed in two columns and made a direct assault. All the troops in the Fort fought like heroes until the rebels were seen on the breastworks, when the negro troops gave way and ran down under the river bank. The white troops were ordered to take their place, but the derangement of the lines could not be remedied, and the enemy poured in, forcing the Federals back to the river where they were compelled to give up. The gunboat *Number Seven* threw 240 shells, but did not do much damage to the enemy. Our troops spiked three guns which were captured by the enemy, who afterwards set fire to everything combustible, burning all the houses in town. The negroes who had taken refuge under the river bank were shot wherever found, notwithstanding the surrender. Forty-nine white troops were also shot and wounded after the surrender. The enemy took about 100 prisoners; the wounded number 65, and the remainder are killed. When the steamer *Platte Valley* left on the evening of the 13th the enemy were still there and expressed their determination to remain. Citizens were returning.

A New Orleans letter of the 5th says a brilliant fight took place at Pensacola recently between the 23d and 24th New York cavalry and the 57th Alabama rebel cavalry, in which the latter was almost annihilated in a hand to hand fight with sabres.

DESMOINES, Iowa, April 14.—The emigration westward is increasing daily. Feed for stock on the plains is said to be very scarce and difficult to be obtained. The season is unusually backward, grass having scarcely made its appearance.

Little Rock, Ark., April 11.—Advices from Gen. Steele are to the 7th. The expedition had reached a point about five miles south of Elkin's Ferry on the Little Missouri, 25 miles from Camden, where it was expected that Gen. Thayer, with a force from Fort Smith, would join him next day.

On the 2d Shelby attacked Steele's rear guard under Gen. Rice, with 1,200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery. The enemy were routed with a loss of 100 killed and wounded. Our loss was 44 killed and wounded and 15 taken prisoners.

On the 4th, Marmaduke with 3,000 or 4,000 cavalry and five pieces of artillery attacked Rice on the South side of Little Missouri. After five hours fighting he was repulsed with a loss of four killed and 23 wounded; our loss 24 wounded.

There is a large force of rebels five miles in advance of Steele, but it is not expected they will make a stand.

New York, April 15.—New Orleans dates to the 8th, and Alexandria dates to the 5th, report that Banks and staff had proceeded up the river and were reported at Grand Echo. Ample preparations had been taken against surprise at Fort De Russey. There was still sufficient water for transports to cross the fall.

Advices from Texas state that Gen. Dana was relieved from the command of the troops at Pass Cavallo at his own request, and was succeeded by Gen. Warren.

Gen. Herron was sick at Brownsville. There was no prospect of any immediate movement on the coast or from Brownsville.

The steamer *James Battle*, which took Banks and staff to Grand Echo, on her return was fired into by guerrillas 25 miles below, wounding Maj. Gifford, Paymaster, and the engineer, neither very seriously.

Chicago, April 16.—Special Chattanooga dispatches state that active preparations are going on in the Army of the Cumberland for a movement against Dalton.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Disloyal words admit of this defence:
Want of loyalty is a want of sense.

A key that fits everybody's trunk—Turkey.

A great oddity in these times—a cheap commodity.

The rebel army in Virginia is described as "Lee's Miserables."

California interior papers are complaining of unusually dull times.

About two hundred freedmen a week are enlisted at Chattanooga.

Gen. Grant is said to be a fatalist—believes in his star. The country believes in his three stars.

The ladies secured four hundred dollars to the Sanitary Fair by their tableaux vivant in Washington.

Foreign letters state that St. Petersburg is very gay. Balls and fetes abound, and Italian opera is in full swing.

Efforts are making to establish in France the system of "lectures and readings" in vogue in this country.

A Belgian artist, Stroens, said to be the best skater in Europe, has been invited to skate with the Empress Eugenie.

A company has been incorporated in San Francisco for the cultivation of cotton, coffee, sugar, etc., in Sinaloa, Mexico.

Senator Conness, of California, is proposed by several papers for Vice President; but being of foreign birth, is not eligible.

The Chicago *Tribune* pays its own city the compliment of speaking of it as "the common refuge of the erring and the unfortunate."

There are five newspapers in Florida, employing nine persons. In Mississippi, where there were seventy-five papers, there are now but nine.

Some one has reckoned up that more shells were fired at the battle of Gettysburg than were used in all the battles that Napoleon ever fought.

It is said that a rebel spy was caught while dancing at the ball recently given at the headquarters of the 3d corps of the Army of the Potomac.

By order of Gen. Schofield, several persons have been arrested in Louisville for kidnapping negroes in Missouri, and selling them into slavery in Kentucky.

Hale and hearty conscripts who get exempted on the ground of "weakness of the spine," may be said to be adepts in the game of *backgammon*.

The new official map of France is finished. This immense work, executed by the general staff of the army, has occupied nearly sixty years.

The Mayor of of Columbia, Tenn., has been arrested and taken to Nashville, charged with killing one Federal soldier and wounding another.

A Portland paper says there is a ship belonging to that State, now at sea, forty-three years old, whose first owner, first master and first consignee are all living.

A merchant of Philadelphia, who a few years ago was wealthy and making annually from five to ten thousand dollars, is now a driver on a horse railroad car at ten dollars per week.

The Cabinet of the King of the Sandwich Islands contains an American, an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a Kanaka and a woman. A pretty good mixture.

The loyal papers in Ohio call the opposition side of the House of Assembly the "South Carolina corner," owing to the uniform hostility there existing to all patriotic measures.

An old lady in New Hampshire has a bed-cord made nearly fifty years ago, which has been in constant use ever since, and is to all appearance as good as new. It is homespun, made by hand from flax tow.

The Mission Woolen Mills at San Francisco have capacity now for the manufacture of $600,000 worth of cloths and blankets per annum. New arrangements are in progress to enlarge their capacity to $1,000,000.

Capt. Westervelt, who piloted Gen. Burnside's expedition to Newbern, was among those captured on the gunboat *Underwriter*. The rebels had offered $1,000 for him dead or alive, and when captured he was bound hands and feet.

A member of Co. M, 2d Maine Cavalry, encamped in Augusta, was confined in the guard-house in the evening, escaped the vigilance of the guard, came into town, was married, and succeeded in getting back unobserved to the guard house before morning.

A Story of Dueling.

The practice of dueling was probably at its height during the latter end of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth.

All Europe was convulsed. New nations were receiving the baptism of blood; old ones were being sacrificed, and by a murderous hand. Dynasties were tottering and tumbling. The political horizon was obscured by a mist, and its hue was crimson.

Mutations were going on everywhere—in mind and matter, in public and private relations, in low and high estates, in opulence and indigence. Everything was being changed, and the universal instrument was the sword. The hand of improvement was bloody.

But even revolution pauses. Occasionally there were lulls.

But the minds of men are not nations. The passions of men are not the phases of polity. These cannot pause. And from these lulls, from these minds, and from these passions, the Duello, the spirit of polite murder, arose from comparative infancy to the acme of its influence. Men were crippled daily and hourly; sometimes for mere pastime, in hot blood and cold, generously and maliguantly. The good swordsman adored it. There were men who could count up their murders on their fingers, and go through the digits of the hands and begin over again.

Achille de Beaumont was just such a one. Achille St. Pierre de Beaumont; step-son of the Marquis de Chesnea; no money; forty years old, and handsome still; Maitre d'Armes and Lieutenant of the Imperial Guard. That is all the description necessary for this story of his doom. Dueling had become his passion, his sole delight. He quarrelled with people in order to kill them. He had slain his first cousin, a mere boy, to keep his hand in. He had slain half his friends and crippled the rest. Only one was spared, left whole.

"I should like to kill thee, too, Maurice," said the duellist, regretfully; "but I cannot. I must have a friend—one friend—the Duello requires a second."

In return for this unparalleled magnanimity, Maurice seemed to love his friend extravagantly. Truly, he was a faithful jackal, was Maurice. It was said that upon more than one occasion he had furnished prey to the lion. He had pushed a poor young Vicomte, and had forfeited his life the next morning at daylight. There were other instances, but the above will suffice. At any rate, Maurice was fond of contributing to his friend's vanity. At the cafe, or at the club, such a conversation (for the special benefit of bystanders) was not of rare occurrence:

Maurice (sipping his brandy)—"Let me see, my dear Achille, what is the number of your duels?"

Achille (sipping his brandy)—"Thirty-six, exactly."

Maurice—"And let me see—really I have forgotten—out of these thirty-six there were fatal—?"

Achille (twirling his moustache)—"Twenty-four."

Maurice—"And, my dear Achille, if I mistake not—really my memory is provoking—in those thirty-six duels you were wounded or scratched—?"

Achille (with pardonable hauteur)—"Never."

And upon a certain evening toward the end of March, when the cafe was overflowing, a conversation very similar to the above was brought to an unusual *denouement*.

The scornful "Never" had just burst from the curling lips of the Lieutenant, as it had burst successfully many a time before, when a young man glided from somewhere in the crowd to the side of the boaster, and said, politely:

"Will Monsieur be so condescending as to favor me with his name?"

"Achille de Beaumont, of the Guard."

"Monsieur, I have come from Lyons to seek you," continued the young man; and coolly elevating the half empty tumbler of the Maitre d'Armes, he cast the contents in his face.

The duelist appeared paralyzed with astonishment; but the young man left him no time to gape. Seizing the nose of the Maitre d'Armes, he pulled it, and wrung it, and twisted it, till the victim fairly squealed.

Then, still retaining his hold on the nose, with his disengaged hand he collected a handful of the filthy sawdust with which the floor of the cafe is covered, and crammed it down the vociferating mouth, at the same time rubbing it well into the eyes. Having gone thus far in a very quiet, business-like manner, the young man relieved the sufferer and stood calmly by, addressing the spectators in the following terms:

"Gentlemen, my name is Henri Duval; my place of residence is Lyons; I am a gold-beater by trade. A year ago our family was composed of four—a mother, a daughter, and two sons. To-day our family is composed of one—myself. Yonder wretch is the cause. My brother was a lieutenant of infantry. He was unutterably beautiful; he was noble and brave; our hopes were centred in him; our lives were nothing but eyes that watched his career. This man murdered him. He purposely insulted him, compelled a challenge, took his life. When my mother heard of it, she was ill; the blow killed her. My sister is dead of a broken heart. Gentlemen, can you guess why I am here? Can you doubt that my mission is vengeance? Can you imagine that failure is possible with me?"

"Enough," said the lieutenant, who had spat out the sawdust and drank another glass of brandy; "here is the measure of my sword"—handing him a strip of paper from his vest pocket.

"Thanks, thanks!" cried the young man joyfully. "There is a little wood on this side of the Seine; a hundred yards to the left, as you approach it, going northward from here, is an open glade; let the time be daybreak, and to-morrow."

"At that place will I meet you," said de Beaumont; "and at that time precisely you shall meet your brother in another world."

"We shall see," said the beardless young man, and he left the room.

Of course this incident, the young man's unique behavior, the unusual publicity of the challenge and the fame of the Maitre d'Armes, created a profound sensation, and every one who had witnessed the challenge looked forward to witnessing the duel with almost as much interest as the actors themselves. Several policemen had been present, whose sense of duty had been overpowered by the desire to see the fight.

And to make a long story short, and as this is not the duel of my tale, I will merely mention that the parties met at the appointed time and place, the only noticeable event in the preliminaries being the young man's difficulty in procuring a second from among the spectators, most of whom were fearful of incurring the displeasure of the Lieutenant, who had a well-known knack of fighting his opponents' seconds on the first available occasion—that the struggle was longer than usual; and, finally, that the young man received the rapier of Achille de Beaumont right through the centre of his heart, and expired with a groan of baffled vengeance, and his clay was borne to the common dead house, for he had no friends.

It was the evening of that bloody day at the cafe. The customary crowd was there, and a few more besides, for the fame of the duelist had received an accretion since morning. And the Maitre d'Armes himself was there; so was his pimp-friend, I should say—both in excellent spirits; the former, especially, for it may be told that for the first time in his life Monsieur le Lieutenant had felt apprehensions previous to meeting the strange young man, Henri Duval. There had been something so supremely deadly in his calm demeanor—something so eager, yet passionless, in his bestowal of the insult—something so unaffectedly joyful in his aspect when made aware that his object, the duel, the mortal meeting, was to be consummated—that even the brave bully, even while flaming under the monstrous insult he had been subjected to, was touched with doubt that was akin to fear.

What then must be the exuberant, the exultant character of the Maitre d'Armes' emotions upon the present occasion! He is not a talkative man; his words may be few; but his glowing countenance, his demeanor nervous, enjoyable, self-celebrating—are they not eloquent? Do they not say to the whole cafe: "Toyez, Messieurs! regardez moi! last night you saw me insulted, abused, outraged; to-night yo see me here, beaming, buoyant, supreme. Last night you saw me stained, to-night you see me cleansed. What changes a little day brings forth!—what a perfect cleanser is a steady hand! what a burnisher of dimmed honor is the bright, the swift, the glorious rapier! And the insulter, the avenger, the fierce young man—he is not here to-night; how is this? Heyday! the beardless young man from Lyons, I do not see him here to-night—where can he be?" &c., &c.

Indeed, the elevation of the victor permits him to be generous. He admires the dead man's courage; he acknowledges that his fencing was excellent, his attitude irreproachable.

"My dear Maurice," (speaking to his friend in particular, and to the cafe in reality) "my dear Maurice, he punished me with the fervor of a Conde. And his defence—was it not impregnable?—could anything penetrate it?—Parbleau! it was a cutrass, a wall!"

"Ah! then," said Maurice, "but my friend Achille's *coup de grace!*"

Achille smiled, his soul was tickled; but suddenly the smile was changed to an expression of intense horror, the bloom of his cheek was blighted to the color of a corpse; the lustre seemed to have left his eyes, which were wide and dilated; he had partially arisen from his chair, and now appeared frozen in—the attitude—a painful, unnatural one.

Seeing the aspect of his friend, Maurice followed the stony glare of those frightened eyes, and then remained motionless, himself scarcely less confounded.

The frequenters of the cafe, standing up and sitting down, were equally impressed. The clinking of the glasses at the bar came to a sudden cessation. All were silent and lifeless. Had a quick enchantment chilled the gay cafe? All eyes were turned in one direction. All faces bore a likeness to each other, so fearful was the breathless anxiety of each.

One young dandy had been in the act of lighting a cigar, and the lighted paper burnt up against his arrested hand, and went out without his moving, or evincing any sensation of pain.

"Parbleau! the beardless young man!" gasped the Maitre d'Armes.

Brave, though a bully, he was the first to recover. Seizing a decanter, he brimmed a tumbler with brandy and drank it down like water.

Sure enough, there, to all appearance, stood the young man who had given himself the name of Henri Duval, and who had been put to death on the morning of that day by the Maitre d'Armes, looking as he had looked the night before, with the exception that he now wore a long cloak and was without a hat.

"Is it possible my presence—that of a perfect stranger—can have created this extraordinary sensation? Excuse me, gentlemen, I am in search of a duelist named Achille de Beaumont—do I behold him in this gentleman?"

"You do," said the Maitre d'Armes. "May I have the liberty to inquire if Monsieur bears the name of Duval?"

"That is my name, Monsieur."

"And may I also take the liberty to inquire if Monsieur is the—the brother of a certain Henri Duval?"

"No, Monsieur; not a brother, but a near relation."

Achille breathed more freely, and the cafe breathed more freely. But without another word the young man stepped up to the table, filled a glass and emptied it in the face of the Lieutenant.

The latter drew a napkin over his face in a patient, mechanical way, and there was something like dignity in his demeanor when he arose.

"Enough," said he; the insult was unnecessary, Monsieur. What shall it be?"

"The same as be—rapiers, of course," said the young man.

"Time?"

"The present."

"Place?"

"There is a little wood on this side of the Seine; a hundred yards to the left, through the trees, as you approach it, going northward from here, is an open glade—let the place be there."

Achille shuddered, but his tones were even. "It is well. Allons!"

The cafe was vacated in a moment. By many ways the crowd hastened to be present at the finale of this strange quarrel. The cafe itself was not remote from the suburbs, and barely half a league from the spot indicated; so that there was but little addition to the crowd when it arrived there, and the time was so brief that the event gained but little further publicity before its occurrence.

When the last man of the panting crowd arrived, he saw the stranger standing in the centre of the little opening, completely environed by spectators. He was calmly awaiting his opponent, who was rapidly divesting himself of his coat and vest, with the assistance of Maurice. His preparations were few. When they were completed, he took his sword from Maurice, and advanced.

"Will not Monsieur take off his cloak?" said he, politely.

A shake of the head was the response.

"And has Monsieur no second?"

"I need none; there are many witnesses; I am ready."

He shook his right arm free from the folds of his cloak, which was fastened at the throat. A bare weapon was in his hand, and the conflict commenced.

It seemed unequal. Achille had all his skill—was as cool, as consummate as ever before; but his vigor had departed, his attack had but little fire, and even his matchless guard was hardly proof against the sturdy valor of the foe.

Once they almost closed. It was nearly night, and the sparks flew from their weapons in showers. They burst apart and staggered back to breathe—Achille with his left arm bleeding.

"Bon Dieu! are you hurt?" whispered Maurice.

"It is nothing—a mere touch—I do not feel it."

"O, Achille, my own Achille! you must push more fiercely, or you are lost—this is to the death!"

He took the advice, and went forward like a gladiator. There was a terrific struggle, involving pure physique as well as skill, and the Maitre d'Armes was rushing to the bare bosom of his foe, when, quick as thought, the latter threw his cloak wide open with his left arm, as if for a fairer target; but Achille saw something in there which appalled him, and he reeled back a step, letting his weapon sink a little—the next instant, the young man's rapier passed through his breast, the hilt rapping up against the ribs quite sharply.

Achille sank down on the turf to die. He felt something pass over his heart like a heavy hand,—his tongue was dry, his ears were filled with strange murmurings, and tinklings, and languid pulses of sound; but he raised himself on his elbow and pointed through the mist which was before his eyes, then sighed again, and fell back in ruins.

What became of the stranger it was never known. He was not seen after his opponent fell, and his disappearance was a mystery, for the throng of bystanders made a complete hedge around the arena, and no one saw or felt him pass through. It is true Maurice swore that, when the young man had flung back his cloak, he had revealed a bare bosom, and a sword thrust wound through the heart of it, scarcely a day old, thus identifying him with the young man who had been slain in the morning.

But, then, Maurice did not repeat this assertion many times—in Paris, at least; for, now that his friend was dead, that very night before bedtime he was the recipient of six challenges, and by daylight the poor wretch was fleeing towards Spain in dismay.

HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.—A good washing fluid may be made of hot water and plenty of soap.

Sweetmeats may be kept a long time by putting them in a safe place, and never setting them upon the table.

Plenty of fresh, sweet butter, and a good appetite, will keep bread from moulding.

Children's dresses wear longer by letting them reach their ankles.

Woolen rags should always be washed in sweet oil before they are made into flannel cakes.

Pork should always be salted down never up.

A regard for decency requires that salad should be dressed before appearance at the table.

Milk that has stood for some time should be permitted to sit down.

Carpets will prove more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.

A few Congressmen entered into a conversation about the merits of different Generals in our army, in the course of which one of them told the following story about General Grant:

I knew Ulysses Grant when he was a little boy. We used to go to school together, near Georgetown, Brown county, Ohio. The boys used to plague him dreadfully about a horse trade he once made. When he was about twelve years old, his father sent him a few miles into the country to buy a horse from a man named Ralston. The old man told Ulysses to offer Ralston fifty dollars at first; if he wouldn't take that to offer fifty-five dollars, and to go as high as sixty dollars if not less would make the purchase. The embryotic Major General started off with these instructions fully impressed upon his mind. He called upon Ralston and told him he wished to buy the horse.

"How much did your father tell you to give for him?" was a very natural inquiry from the owner of the steed.

"Why," said Ulysses, "he told me to offer you fifty dollars, and if that wouldn't do to give fifty-five dollars, and if you wouldn't take less than sixty dollars to give you that."

Of course sixty dollars was the lowest figure, and on payment of that amount, the animal became the property of the young Napoleon.

A Worcester cotemporary tells of a pugnacious goat who, seeing his shadow in a hole made in the ice, lowered his head, shook his caudle appendage spasmodically, and at a tremendous gait rushed upon the shadow, went into the hole out of sight under the ice, and has not since been seen. Moral: never rush into anything without giving the subject due consideration.

Mr. Burke, an auctioneer at Sligo, was selling goods recently in a loft, surrounded by about fifty people, and while he was with uplifted hammer crying, "Going, going, gone!" the loft gave way with a crash, and the whole party were precipitated upon an earthen floor, a distance of about twelve feet.

A young lady from Pennsylvania enlisted at Oswego, N. Y., a few days since. Her sex was discovered by a fellow soldier, who gave information to the authorities, and she was arrested and placed in confinement. The *Times* says that she is "only sixteen years of age, pretty, intelligent and modest, and determined to go to the wars."

Odds and Ends.

To trust everybody and to trust nobody, are equal failings.

He that has the fewest faults, has comparatively none at all; no man has more faults than he who pretends to have none.

Hannah Moore said to Horace Walpole, "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.

If you light your candle, you live in light while it burns; if you do not light it, you live in darkness, and in the end lose your candle. Moral. Better use and lose, than save and lose.

Little faults; no less than great crimes, can hide the light of heaven from the soul. Just breathe upon the glasses of a telescope, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars.

Mail contract for the United States—"There is only one "mail contract," says a young lady, "that I would care about embracing or embarking in, and that is a promise of marriage."

A country editor says, a farmer in their county made a scarecrow so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days, and left it in the field.

With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that in both cases, the offspring goes beyond its parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

Let not the guilty man who may now be enjoying the pleasant sunshine of prosperity, flatter himself that he shall escape a self-inflicted punishment for guilt. When adversity comes, remorse, with its poisonous fangs, begins to gnaw at the heart of its victim.

Quick on the trigger! Miss Brown, said a young man to a brisk brunette, "I have been to learn to tell fortunes. Just let me have your hand if you please."

"La! Mr. White, how sudden you are. Well, go and ask my father."

A man asked a celebrated balloonist what he would do if in want of refreshment in his aerial voyage, as there were no hotels. He instantly replied that he should have no occasion for them; he would stop at some of the "castles in the air."

A traveler came down the wharf just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating a stranger inquired if he wanted to get aboard.

"Certainly," said he.

"Then take one off that fence," was the reply.

The character and style of "turn out" that a man should sport, depends altogether upon the number of times he has "bust up" in business. While the first bankruptcy would justify a barouche, the fifth one may justify a coach and four. Such, we understand, are the rules laid down in many of our large cities.

"Really," said Mrs. Plainheart's nineteenth cousin after a six weeks' visitation, "I fear if I stay much longer you will be made twice glad when I go."

"Have no fears on that score," was the reply. "I assure you I haven't yet been made once glad."

Ladies are often annoyed by perplexing questions from the male gender, and sometimes they escape from a direct answer by a happy bon mot. "What are you making, Miss Knapp?" inquired a familiar acquaintance of a lady.

"A knapp-sack" was the satisfactory reply.

Two little children were talking of the moon the other evening. Charley said, very solemnly, in his imperfect communication, that it was "Dod."

"No it ain't," said Sarah, "it ain't big enough."

"Well," replied the boy, determined not to be put down altogether; "it is the hole he looks through anyhow!"

The celebrated Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe upon lawyers for pleading against their conscience. After dinner, a young counsellor said some severe things against the clergy, and added that he did not doubt, were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach a funeral sermon.

"Yes," said Swift, "I would, and give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning!"

The Irishman who was willing to ride "clear to Boston on the cowkitcher to accommodate such jintlemanly ladies," has found an equal in gallantry in one of his fellow countrymen who said to a young lady, upon picking up and returning to her her parasol, which had been carried away by a gust of wind:

"Faith, Miss, an' if ye was as strong as yer handsome, be jabers a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye."

"My dear hearers," said a preacher, discoursing on the awful subject of death, "there's nothing destroys so many lives as death. Some people are killed by accident, and some in battle; some are lost at sea, and some are devoured by wild beasts; but, my hearers, it is a solemn truth that nothing kills so many as death. Ay, death has been at work ever since sin entered the world, and destroyed millions on millions of the human family."

Miss Fanny Fern, in the *Olive Branch*, says the only way for the female community to obtain their rights is to pursue the "Uriah Heep" policy—look humble, and be almighty cunning. Bait 'em with submission and then throw the noose over the will. Appear not to have any choice, and as true as gospel you'll get it. Ask their advice, and they'll be sure to follow yours. Look one way and pull another. Make your reins of silk, keep them out of sight, and drive where you like.

An editor from the Hoosier State, says this is the style in which the fair ones in his vicinity, convey the hint to backward swains:

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day to a bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply.

"I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

We think we might have understood that without any aid to help us.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., APRIL 23, 1864.

The Farmer's Corner.

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

Fall Manuring.

At a late meeting of the Philadelphia Farmer's Club, the principal item of conversation was the subject of fall manuring. We recommend to the careful attention of our agricultural readers the following suggestions from practical farmers. The *Germantown Telegraph* gives the following digest of the matters discused:

Mr. Bright expressed himself favorable to the application of manure in the autumn, to remain upon the surface through the winter on such lands as were intended for corn or other spring crops. He said that the practice had, in that neighborhood, been pretty generally adopted, and from his experience and observation he was led to believe that it possessed advantages over spring manuring.

Mr. Landreth united in this opinion, so far as he was capable of judging, from some experience in this mode of application. He thought that it was in accordance with common sense that the land should be additionally benefitted by this over the common mode of hauling out manure and covering it at once. With much manure, in some seasons, the decomposition would not sufficiently be progressed to benefit the young plant when it needs support the most. Beside, the protecting of the surface against the effects of the sun and wind—the constant changing of temperature, in freezing and thawing, was of much advantage, to say nothing of the enriching influences of the manure, which, for portions of the year, would be finding their way into the soil, long before the haulm of the application would be turned in to fulfill its office.

Dr. Elwyn was quite decided in his approval of fall manuring for corn or top dressing grass lands. He has never heard of it giving dissatisfaction, but was quite averse to making the application upon rolling or rather hilly lands, as upon them there would be much loss from washing, &c.

Mr. Sheridan differed in his views, as to the advantages of fall manuring, with all the preceding gentlemen. He had not particulary experimented, but he had not yet been convinced that the spreading of manure upon the surface in the autumn to remain through the winter, exposed to the sun, rain, and winds, would not seriously interfere with the effect of the manure He said the land required all the genial warmth of the sun, during winter, and doubted that any benefit from shading it, at this period, would make up the losses. His practice has been to haul out all his manure as fast as it accumulated, fresh from the stables, and plow it under as soon as possible. He said he hauled from the city one thousand dollars worth of manure annually, besides purchasing wood-ashes at the limekilns, lime, &c.; but all was buried out of sight at once. He admitted that he had found benefit from top dressing grass lands in the fall, and approved the application so far as that description of crop was concerned. Mr. Sheridan, it is well known, has perhaps the largest, and assuredly one of the very best farms in the rural wards of Philadelphia, and his experience has been very extensive.

Mr. Landreth replied and said that there was no evaporation or loss of the volatile portions of the manure during the winter months. It required a certain amount of heat to produce evaporation which did not exist during this period.

Gen. Patterson had no doubt of the good effects of shading the ground for three or four months of the year, when it could not be used for any of the purposes of farming. He stated that it was a very common practice among the sugar growers of Louisiana, when the land became exhausted by over cropping, to intermit a single year the sugar cane, and instead put in a heavy crop of peas broadcast, which densely covered the entire surface, shading the land completely, and which was left unharvested until a late period. The effect was almost magical. The soil was surprisingly renovated—apparently as affluent as it ever was, and again produced the cane abundantly for many consecutive years.

Mr. Freas, who introduced the topic, had no doubt of the good effects and advantages of top dressing land in the fall, intended for corn or other spring crops requiring manure. He said some of the best farmers in Montgomery county had for a number of years adopted this system, and they found that they could obtain better crops, and the ground was left in better condition than by the old system. Another advantage was, that the autumn was a season of more leisure to perform this work than the spring, which is sometimes very brief, when everything has to be hurried and the labor of conveyance increased from the condition of the ground. He said that, upon a visit to Chester county in the hay-making season, he noticed that those farmers whose premises he had visited did not use a rake in their hay fields. The hay which the common hay fork did not gather was left scattered over the field, and when the cause of it was inquired, the reply was, that the quantity so left in the field was of more advantage by far to the land-owner in shading the grass and protecting the roots than in the mows.

Coughing Horses.—Cause and Cure. It is well known that feeding horses on clover hay often makes them cough, but the why and wherefore may not be so generally known. From observations I have become fully satisfied that the manner of feeding hay to horses is the cause. The usual custom is to let them draw it through a rack, thus stripping off the fine dust which adheres to the stalk, which being drawn into the lungs produces the cough. The cure consists in removing the cause—that is, the racks—and allowing the animals to take their food in the natural way. I have removed all of mine, and now feed my horses on the barn floor, having a breastwork sufficiently high for them to eat over. In this way they can be fed hay without raising a dust, they get none under their feet and the labor of cleaning out mangers is saved. Whatever is left is easily pushed out with a rake into the yard for the cattle. The dust on the hay will do the horses no harm if taken into the stomach. Since making the improvement above mentioned in my feeding apparatus, I am not troubled with coughing horses. There is no patent on my invention; my brethren can use it freely.

The Strawberry.

As rapid improvements have been made in the strawberry, and still are made, it is difficult to decide what varieties are best. Those that were best three years ago may not in all cases be the best now; for new seedlings may have come into notice within that time, of such excellence as to be worthy to supplant some of the old varieties, though acknowledged to be good. Ten years ago we wanted the best strawberry then known; to-day we want the best now known; ten years hence we shall want the best that will then be known.

The strawberry is capable of indefinite improvement. Improvement is slow but sure. It is slow, because a great majority of even the best directed efforts at improvement will be failures. Thus, if you plant a gill of the seeds of the best strawberry in existence you will be likely to get as many as one thousand distinct varieties of seedlings; but the probability is that nine hundred and ninety would prove, after three or four year's careful attention, entirely unworthy of cultivation: six or seven may be good, two or three may be equal to the parent stock, and possibly one or two may be decidedly better than anything yet known. If so, you will have won; if not, you may try again. This shows why progress must necessarily be slow.

But whoever brings out a strawberry seedling comprising more good qualities than any yet known is sure of a rich reward, in both honor and profit; thousands of skilled horticulturists are at work for the prize: and although, in this as in lotteries, there are thousands of blanks to one prize, yet a prize is there, and somebody will draw it. Possibly it may have cost the successful competitor more than it will be worth to him, but certainly not as much as it will be worth to the world. All the past improvements in the strawberry make it certain that improvements will yet be made. Progress, therefore, though slow, is sure. The Creator has made the strawberry susceptible of countless variations. To suppose that all the possible variations have yet been developed would be absurd. To suppose that you have the best possible variety, and so to close the gate against efforts at improvement, would be at least unwise.

To decide for the millions who are just discovering that the cultivation of strawberries is richly worth their attention, would be a task which must be left to others. And when doctors disagaee, what then? Why, the disciples must learn what they can from so many varying opinions, and then go to work and learn more by their own experience. Mr. Pardee, in his manual on strawberry culture, recommended as the six best varieties: 1, McAvoy's Superior; 2, Hovey's Seedling; 3, Monroe Scarlet; 4, Burr's New Pine; 5, Longworth's Prolific; 6, Walker's Seedling.

At the same time, perhaps ten years since, Mr. Pardee recommended, as the next twelve best, McAvoy's Extra Red, Jenny's Seedling, commonly called the Jenny Lind; Moyamensing Pine, Large Early Scarlet, Crimson Cone, Iowa, Rival Hudson, Genesee Seedlings, Willy, Princess Alice Maud, Boston Pine and Black Prince.

At a later date, in his preface to the sixth edition of the "Strawberry Manual," Mr. Pardee gives the following as what he esteemed the six best: Wilson's Albany Seedling, Hooker's Seedling, Jenny Lind, Hovey's Seedling, Longworth's Prolific, Walker's Seedling.

It should not be inferred, from the old and the later lists by Mr. Pardee differing somewhat, that he wrote unadvisedly in either case. The world moves, and so does the strawberry culture; and the best read man on the subject has a right to modify his opinion as often as once in five years, for within that time new varieties are introduced, and in some cases old ones have ceased to do as well as they had done.

In 1859 the question of varieties was largely and ably discussed in the American Institute Farmers' Club in New York. A committee was appointed to discuss the subject further, and report a list of six varieties—the best, in their judgment, for general cultivation. After full consultation that committe reported, and the club adopted the report as follows:

1. Wilson's Albany—For its productiveness, size and firm juicy flesh. Rather too acid.

2. Longworth's Prolific—Early, large, of excellent flavor; only moderately productive; sometimes running to leaves.

3 Hooker—Good size, of a rich, sweet flavor; moderately productive.

4. McAvoy's Superior—Productive, large and of excellent flavor.

Hovey's Seedling—Too well known to need description; only defect want of high flavor.

6. Burr's New Pine.—Exquisite flavor, medium size, moderately productive; plants want vigor and hardiness.

Within a few months past, the Fruit Growers' Club discussed the same subject at several of its sessions. A committee was appointed to report on the six best strawberries for ground cultivation. The committee reported at a subsequent meeting, when their report was amended by striking out Most St. Julien and Jenny Lind, and adding La Constante and Newland's Seedling. The amended report was as follows:

1. Triomphe de Gand; 2. Bartlett; 3. Wilson's Albany; 4. Cutter's Seedling; 5. La Constante; 6. Newland's Seedling.

Small Sheep vs. Large Ones.—Robert George of Jefferson Co., Ohio, says: "If it can be ascertained that an acre of grass land will produce a greater number of pounds of mutton in carcasses from 18 to 20 pounds per quarter, than in carcasses from 30 to 40 pounds, then every one must admit that the advantages are on the side of the smaller sheep. The reason of this is obvious. In times of drouth and scarcity a small animal will collect for itself as much food as a larger one; and having a small carcass it may sustain itself; and, if equally well developed, may even improve, while the larger animal is daily losing condition. And when the period arrives at which an abundance of food may be obtained, the smaller animal is in advance of the larger and will soon be fit for market.

Milking Young Cows.—It is said that young cows, the first year they give milk, may be made, with careful milking and good keeping, to give milk almost any length of time deemed desirable; but that if they are allowed to dry up early in fall, they will, if they have a calf at the same season, dry up at the same time each succeeding year, and nothing but extra feed will prevent it, and that but for a short time.

Domestic Recipes.

Farinaceous Food for Infants.—The prejudice, on the part of medical men, against the use of farinaceous food (or flour of cereals) is much to be lamented. I believe that if that prejudice were to give to give way, and a more rational system of feeding to take place, thousands of infant lives might be spared annually. I consider the farinaceous food (a few of them) most valuable articles of diet, used either in the way of an adjuvant to the cow's milk, when it may be deficient in nutritive qualities, as it often is, by diluting or skimming, or the farinaceous substance will act as a corrective to the milk when an undue proportion of acidity may be present. But the real objection is not so much against some particular sort of food as it is to the excessive quantity given, and that quantity being improperly prepared. It is as senseless and as much fraught with mischief—nay, more so—to overload the stomach of an infant beyond its powers of digestion, as to weigh the tiny body down with a burden which, from its tender age and fragile structure, it is unequal to sustain. Overfeeding, which has made so many victims, is the real evil to be combated. The effects of over-feeding are numerous; convulsions, diarrhœa, atrophy, manition, defective assimilation, may all be the results of improper feeding. It takes different forms and exhibits various symptoms; in some individuals the effect is rapid, in others slow. An overloaded stomach may, after a short time, cause any of the above disorders; the digestive organs becoming weakened, they cease to do their duty, and the frame is deficiently nourished in consequence.

To Pickle Mushrooms White.—Cut off the stalks of some small buttons, rub off the skins with a piece of flannel dipped in salt, and throw them into milk and water. Let them remain some little time, then drain them out and put them into a stewpan with a good handful salt of over them; cover close, and put them over a gentle stove for five minutes to draw out all the water. Empty them on to a coarse cloth to drain well, and leave them until they are quite cold. Make a pickle of white wine vinegar, a little mace and ginger. Boil all together for a few minutes, and, when cold, pour over the mushrooms.

To Salt Hams.—For three hams pound and mix together half a peck of salt, half an ounce of sal prunella, three ounces of saltpetre and four pounds of coarse salt; rub the hams well with this and lay what is spare over them; let them lie three days, and then hang them up. Take the pickle in which the hams were, put water enough to cover the hams with more common salt till it will bear an egg; then boil and skim it well, put it in the salting tub, and the next morning put in the hams; keep them down the same as pickled pork; in a fortnight take them out of the liquor, rub them well with brine and hang them up to dry.

To make Fancy Biscuits.—Take one pound of almonds, one pound of sugar and some orange-flower water. Pound the almonds fine and sprinkle them with orange-flower water; when they are perfectly smooth to the touch, put them in a small pan, with flour sifted, through a silk seive; put the pan on a slow fire and dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; move it well from the bottom to prevent its burning; then take it off and roll it into small round fillets, to make knots, rings, etc., and cut it into various shapes; make an icing of different colors, dip one side of them in it and set them on wire gratings to drain. They may be varied by strewing over them colored pistachios or colored almonds, according to fancy.

Brandy Bitters.—Digest a quarter of an ounce of dried orange and lemon-peel, and half an ounce of fresh ditto, in one pint of good brandy for ten days frequently shaking, then press out the liquor and filter through blotting paper; lastly, dissolve two ounces of lump sugar therein. A very agreeable bitter, either taken as a dram or taken with other liquor.

Tincture for the Teeth.—Take of Florentine iris root eight ounces, bruised cloves one ounce, ambergris one scruple. Bruise the root, and put the whole ingredients into a glass bottle, with a quart of rectified spirits of wine. Cork close, and agitate it once a day for a fortnight, keeping it in a warm place. About a teaspoonful is sufficient at a time; in this a soft tooth-brush should be dipped, and then worked into a lather on the teeth and gums. It cleanses the teeth, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Apply the tincture in the morning, and before retiring to rest.

To Fill a Decayed Tooth.—The following plan has been recommended to us by one who has tested its efficacy:—Procure a small piece of gutta percha, drop it into boiling water, then, with the thumb and finger, take off as much as you suppose will fill up the tooth nearly level, and while in this state press it into the tooth; then hold on that side of the mouth cold water two or three times, which will harden it.

To Promote the Growth of the Hair.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with this, and the proportion be very gradually increased, it will answer every purpose of facilitating the growth of the hair.

To Make Eau de Cologne.—Take half an ounce of oil of sweet majoram, half an ounce of oil of thyme, half an ounce of essence of violets, half an ounce of essence of carnations, six drops of oil of cinnamon. Mix all these articles together in a clean bottle, shake it well, and cork it tightly. It improves by keeping.

Rheumatic Pains in the Face and Teeth may be greatly alleviated by adopting the following course. Take two teaspoonsful of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger, and incorporate them well together with sufficient spirits to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen rag and apply it to the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all, and it will effect a cure.

To Clean Turkey Carpet.—Beat it well with a stick in the usual manner until all the dust is removed, then take out the stains, if any, with lemon or sorrel juice. When thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf, and if the weather is very fine let it hang out in the open air for a night or two. This treatment will revive the colors and make the carpet appear equal to new.

Mr. Jones's Wives.

Mr. Jones—an uncommon name, reader—never discovered that he loved his wife to distraction until the very day of her death. When that sad event occurred, he seemed suddenly to become conscious of the wonderful fact that he couldn't possibly exist without her. He plunged at once into the deepest purgatory of woe; and though he groaned, wept, wrung his hands, and tore his hair, he regretted exceedingly that he was still unable to express his grief in a manner more adequate to the occasion. Mr. Jones literally waded in agony, and swam in despair; he refused utterly to be comforted, and touchingly requested his friends to "bury him in the same grave with his Sophronia."

It was a singular circumstance well known to the neighbors, that he had never appeared sensible of his wife's virtues during her lifetime; but now, while she lay dead in the house, the bereaved husband enumerated such a catalogue of good traits and dazzling qualities as would tire the reader to hear them repeated. It was truly astonishing to hear from his own lips what a marvelous woman Mrs. Jones was—so kind, so affectionate, so prudent and self-sacrificing, so industrious, and such a good mother! He wept all the time of the funeral service, and at the churchyard tried to throw him self into the grave, in an exacerbation of grief. He returned home looking so crushed and woe begone that the neighbors said "he would never recover from the shock."

Mrs. Smith met him and tried to assuage the awful pangs of sorrow which convulsed his breast. She advised him to be reconciled to the will of Heaven, and not to rebel against the divine mandates.

"Mrs. Smith," he replied solemnly, "all my hopes of happiness are blasted. With Sophronia I have buried all my earthly prospects."

"Now, don't take on so," rejoined good Mrs. Smith, "but bear your bereavement patiently, for the sake of your children."

"I really wish I was dead, Mrs. Smith. I wish I was dead buried with her!" And he capered about as some of the martyrs might have done when subjected, barefoot, to the torture of the hot iron floor.

"Remember that death is the common lot," added the persevering lady.

"Death doesn't terrify me," returned the widower, in an impressive tone. "Its being left behind."

"Believe me, neighbor Jones, time will soften your sorrow, and God will give you strength to bear this visitation."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "I do not wish my sorrow softened, and I don't care about strength; in fact, I hope it may fail, and my bodily powers decay, that I may soon follow her to the silent tomb."

"Such feelings are sinful, Mr. Jones; conduct yourself with a becoming fortitude, and in due time find a companion for yourself, and a mother for your children."

Here the afflicted man had a fresh paroxysm of grief and struck some highly tragical attitudes, favoring his kindly disposed neighbor with some of the most lugubrious expressions ever attempted and successfully achieved, either on the stage or off.

"I shall never, never marry again! The sainted Mrs. Jones has not her equal on earth! The bare idea of a second wife seems like the rankest treason to departed worth; but I forgive you Mrs. Smith, for I d-d-dare say you m-m-mean well!"

The worthy woman now realized that such woe was altogether out of her depth, and that she could not possibly fish up any comfort from the common waters of consolation; and so with a sigh she left the bereaved Jones to wallow through the mire of affliction.

Everybody said Jones would never get married, and the idea was of universal prevalence—a settled question ceded by all parties by unanimous consent.

In just one month from the day of Mrs. Jones' decease, Mrs. Smith from a window, saw a remarkably well dressed gentleman driving by quite gaily, with a youthful looking lady at his side.

"Who in the world can that be?" she asked, turning to her friend, Mrs. Hopkins.

"That," replied the lady, "is Mr. Jones."

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed the questioner.

"And why not?" inquired Mrs. Hopkins.

"Because his wife's death has broken his spirit, and he'll never hold up his head again. But I do declare, it does look like him!"

"And do you recognize the lady with him!" resumed the other.

"It's probably his wife's aunt," said Mrs. Smith, carefully adjusting her glasses.

"Nothing of the kind; it is the pretty widow Perkins, whose husband died last fall."

"Well I never expected to see Mr. Jones look so cheerful or spruce up in such a way. Why, I don't remember when I've seen a man prostrated by any bereavement as he was by the death of Mrs. Jones. Really, I thought he would die of grief."

"You perceive it is wearing off pretty fast. You see in the young widow Perkins the future Mrs. Jones, probably."

"Now, Mrs. Hopkins, you are really uncharitable. It is most likely the poor soul has no such idea in his mind. Who knows but he is going to visit his wife's grave?"

"It doesn't look much like it to me, Mrs. Smith. I should say that he is courting his second wife."

"He'll never marry; he most solemnly assured me that he shouldn't;" rejoined Mrs. Smith, sharply.

"Wait a while," was the laconic reply. And so they waited.

Would you believe it, reader?—have you anticipated the announcement we are about to make! Mr. Jones was married to the widow Perkins in precisely two months after his adored Sophronia's departure from the world of vississitudes. All the neighbors talked, appeared nonplussed, and couldn't comprehend it in the least. The crushed, broken spirited Jones could not be found anywhere; but a cheerful, somewhat dashing, carefully dressed person bearing that name was frequently seen walking very lovingly and cosily with a lady that sported the unmistakable trappings of a bride. That serene, complacent, smiling looking individual must once have been the widower who forms the subject of this sketch. People stopped and gazed after him in the street until his rejuvenated figure was out of sight; and this they did for a long time, before they could persuade themselves that the man who wished to be "buried with his dear Sophronia" was again married.

The Slow-Coach Family.

Don't take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means. Emulate Rip Van Winkle; steep your senses in mental or moral oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing about you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose five hundred or five thousand dollars by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air. If you have children, don't take any paper for them; tell them 'book larnin' ain't no 'count.' Let them tumble in the highway unwashed, uncombed, and in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the State Prison, it will be no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow and reap as your stupid old father did before you; scoff at agricultural papers, and sneer and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry, and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better.

By not reading papers, you will succeed, if a farmer, in having the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at a fair for the rot; cabbage that are all leaves and no head; turnips that are destroyed in the shoot by the worms; hay mouldy and musty; because you despised barometers, and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn, half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years, and starved Nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return. All these calamities and many more will befall you, because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it "hard luck," but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's more "book larnin'."

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world, must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of spirits, out of pocket, temper, money, credit; in short, everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people, after all; so let us exclaim—"The Press forever."

A Mexican, when you praise his horse, immediately replies that the horse is at your service, which means no more than when in England you write to a man that you are his "obedient, humble servant." A late Turkish ambassador in England actually did what the Mexican phrase professes to do. When any lady happened to praise one of the handsome shawls that decorated his person, he immediately presented it to her. This led to a very general expression of admiration for his excellency's shawls, and, in consequence, to a great diminution of the ambassadorial wardrobe. At last, when his excellency's stock was reduced to the one he wore, upon a lady loudly expressing her admiration of its beauty, instead of his former reply, "Madame, it is at your service," he said, with Turkish composure, but with more than Turkish gallantry: "Madame, I am glad you like it: I shall wear it for your sake."

A leading spiritualist, of Boston, says that Capt. Semmes, of the pirate *Alabama*, is a medium of extraordinary endowments, and he has been guided in his work of destruction by the spirit of the infamous pirate Gibbs, who was hanged some forty years since, and who still maintains the most malignant hatred of the Yankees. But when Gibbs has wrought out his venom through the material agency of Capt. Semmes, that Semmes himself will come to an untimely end.

In the pastures of Hungary, there is a genus of grass called Stiper, the seeds of which, when carried about by the wind, make a lodgment on the back of sheep, and work their way through the wool, and skin, and flesh, into the intestines, and excite throughout the system a powerful morbific action, which the veterinarians of the country call the *sti ox moxa*, and which shows itself in restlessness, sleeplessness, and loss of appetite, and terminates in fever, inflammation, and death.

Sheridan was once taken ill in consequence of a fortnight's continued dining out and dissipation. He sent for Dr. Heberden, who prescribed a rigid abstinence, and calling again soon afterwards, asked his patient if he was attending to that advice. The answer being in the affirmative—"Right," said the doctor, "'tis the only way to secure you length of days."

"I do not doubt it," said Sheridan, "for these three last days, since I began, have been the longest to me in life."

One of the recently published French works maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvenel, the last of these deluges occurred 4,500 years ago; the next one is due in 6,000 more.

A schoolmaster in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig-trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. ———, have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

A farmer's wife meeting one of her neighbors returning from market, inquired, "What do they pay for eggs at market now?"

"I got only eight cents a dozen for mine," he replied.

"Eight cents a dozen!" said the indignant dame. "Well I shall not sell my eggs for eight cents—it don't pay for the wear and tear of the hen!"

An Irishman being about to enter the army, was asked by one of the recruiting officers,

"Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run?"

"Ah, faith," replied the Hibernian, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be afther doin', yer honor, as the majority of ye does."

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn and twist, and brush, and fix, till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and then she'll go right off and spank the baby.

San Francisco.

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING list of American and Foreign Periodicals for which I receive subscriptions. Permanent arrangements having been made by the United States Government for the carrying of the mails from the Atlantic States by steamers three times a month; I am enabled to receive subscriptions at a much lower rate than formerly. The same care and attention will be paid to the forwarding of all packages for which this establishment has gained such an enviable reputation throughout the Pacific coast.

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