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PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

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STAGE

AND
LIVERY STABLE

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Once I was Pure.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people far meet;
Dancing.

Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong;
Trying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Glimping to lips to a trifling frank,
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the babes gush and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays its game with every one;
Chasing.

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dog, with a bark and a sound,
Bays at the crystals that eddy around!
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
Giving a welcome to the beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes straying along,
Hailing each other with kisses and hugs!
How the gay stroller, his meters, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Singing.

Over the crust of the beautiful snow,
I see you pure when I talk from the sky,
To be trampled and trampled by the thousands,
Till it blends with the Sib's horrible streets.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snowflake from heaven to hell!
Fell to be trampled and trampled by the thousands,
Till it blends with the Sib's horrible streets.

Calling my soul to heaven and saying,
Dealing to shame for a moment of day,
Hating the living and hating the dead,
Hating God! I have I believe so long!

Once I was pure as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Then I let love for its momentary bliss,
Faintest and faintest, I let it go!

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with others to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice touch my despairing brain,
Fainting.

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my tears
To be heard in the judgment town;
How I let love for its momentary bliss,
Faintest and faintest, I let it go!

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A Traveling Acquaintance.

It is highly important to those who travel from London to Edinburgh in a day, and who cannot read or go to sleep in a railway carriage, to secure for themselves an agreeable traveling companion.

Having to take this journey very often, and laboring under the above disadvantages as I do, the practice of looking out for eligible fellow passengers, at King's Cross or Euston Square, has made me pretty perfect in my judgments.

The most ordinary of glasses suffice to convince me of Who's Who, in the nine A. M., in the case of four-fifths of its live stock, whose rank and situation I can approximate to with the fidelity of a collector of Income-tax, and whose very opinions I can often predict without giving them the trouble of opening their lips.

Four-fifths of the human race—or at all events, so much of it as travels in the first-class by railway—can be ascertained in about half a dozen pigeon-holes, and when you have seen a specimen of each description, you have seen all, the rest being but duplicates.

Club gey, arm swell, man of business, country gentleman, parson, and individual with a grievance—very nice people all, without doubt, and may they live a thousand years at the very least; but just conceive an eleven hours' journey in the same carriage with any one of them!

Of the gentler sex I say nothing, save Bless their hearts, and may they never grow a day older! For as to being shut up for eleven hours with the same female, I am very sure that the hour would be altogether too much for me.

My sphere of choice, then, being thus narrowed to one-fifth of the human race (male) who travel in first-class carriages, and my eye being fixed on Tuesday, the twentieth of July, I had occasion to look out northward, as usual, from Euston Square. I was a little late and hurried, and there was not a very varied collection of passengers to choose from. As I walked hastily by the side of the already occupied carriages, the unthinking guard would, in his impatience, have twice consigned me to durance vile—once in company with a whole juvenile family, who had already commenced eating and smelling of ham sandwiches, and once with no less than five Celestians, only waiting for an Englishman that they might begin to dilate upon the perfections of their native land. I cast myself into the last through carriage in despair, and without so much as looking before me. It was probable that my luck would be better; it could hardly, as may be imagined, at all events, be much worse.

Beside myself, the carriage had but one other occupant; a young man of an altogether gentlemanly appearance, except, perhaps, that his clothes looked suspiciously new, and his hat somewhat too glossy. He was not reading the Times so intently but that he could spare a scrutinizing glance at the new arrival, as I rammed my carpet-bag under the seat with my hands, and kept a sharp look-out, under my right arm, on him. When I rose, he was again buried in his paper. In the advertisement sheet. The gentleman, then, had probably some good reason for concealing his talent for observation. Nobody who was not in want of a situation gets wrapped up in an advertisement sheet; and my companion, I felt sure, was in want of no such thing. His profession, whatever that might be, had been settled long ago, and the fishing-rod and guide-book which reposed over his head disclosed a young gentleman with money to spare, who was about to take a summer holiday among the trout streams of the north. One circumstance, which occurred just after we started, persuaded me that he must needs be a lawyer, (and indeed, as afterwards turned out, his pursuits did somewhat partake of the nature of that calling, so much did it smack of ready reasoning and practical acuteness. Leaning out of the window as the train began to move, the wind carried away his glossy hat; whereupon, instead of sitting down furiously, and muttering Good gracious! or Confound it! the young man seized upon his hat-box and launched that after the missing property.

"My hat-box," he explained, in answer to my stare of amazement, "has got my Edinburgh address in it, but my hat has not. The one is of little use without the other, and it is probable, since we have barely left the station, that they will both be found and forwarded to me by the next train."

Here was an original! Here was a grand exception to five-fifths of the human race who travel in first-class carriages! I caught myself at the notion of having secured a traveling companion, and that, too, after such a couple of previous escapades.

"But how do you know," I urged, because I had nothing better to say, and was determined, at all risks, not to suffer the conversation to drop; "how do you know that somebody won't steal them?"

"I don't know," replied the other, with a contemptuous dryness, "but I do not think it probable; the articles would fetch so small a price that the reward would be likely to be quite as remunerative as the swag itself, and, of course, without the risk."

The swag? Did anybody who travels first-class ever hear such an expression? I was a good deal puzzled, also, at the tone of annoyance in which he spoke, and I replied, tartly: "I don't understand thieves' logic nor the language either."

"Ah! I do," responded my companion, carelessly. And he resumed his paper.

We had passed Rugby, and were flying through the dark dominions of King Coal, before either of us again broke silence.

"Come," cried my berthended acquaintance, suddenly, "there is no occasion for us two to quarrel; only nothing puts me so out of temper as to see a man proud of his ignorance. Now, you are a keen, long-headed fellow enough, I can see, but you don't know anything."

"Perhaps not," I replied, still annoyed by the man's manner, and at the unaccountable position of second fiddle in which I found myself. "But I have really no ambition to learn thieves' logic."

"What a type of the respectable classes of this country you do afford," mused the other, coolly. "In this your excessive obstinacy and conceit. You have no ambition to learn, and yet, I dare say, that you, yourself, are concerned, either directly or indirectly, in endeavoring to diminish crime, and to put down the profession of robbery. You help to elect a member of Parliament who votes upon social subjects, you

subscribe to benevolent associations, for the moral rescue of criminals; you consider the convict question to be an exceedingly important one, and yet you—"

Here this irate individual absolutely burst out laughing. "What would you think of a doctor, now, who had prescribed for a patient into the particular features of whose case he had really no ambition to inquire?"

"I am not a doctor!" I roared, out of all patience; "and I wish all the thieves in England were to be hung to-morrow."

"The country would be very sadly depopulated," replied the other, impassively; "and I would certainly never meet again."

"This is downright insult," I exclaimed with indignation. "I shall take care to change carriages and company at the very next station."

"Nay, sir, I meant no offense," responded my companion, gravely; "I referred only to myself as being doomed to be cut off in the flower of my days, if your wishes should be carried into effect. I have been a pickpocket from my very cradle; and," added he, after a pause, "I am thankful to say that I have not been altogether unsuccessful in my vocation."

I was startled for an instant by the man's seriousness, and instinctively—although he was at the other end of the compartment—looked for his wicked hands. They were lying in his lap before him, neatly gloved, one of them still holding the paper.

"Ah," he said, smiling, and at once comprehending my glance, "those are nothing. They are merely my whitened wails, my outside respectabilities, my ostentatious charities, my prayers before my business proceedings. We have our little hypocritical, like the commercial world. See here," and he rose up to his full height, and the two lemon-colored aristocratic bands fell on the floor with a thud. "Here are my natural digits," he continued, producing another set of digits unglued, and not particularly clean; "so be careful not to pick your pockets with those who always keeps his hands before him, and reads the city article in the Times."

"You were reading the advertisement sheet," I said, intensely interested, but still inclined for contradiction.

"Yes, sir," he retorted, "because I saw that pretence of that kind, to a person of your intelligence, would be futile. I always change my tactics with my company."

I began to feel very tenderly for this poor fellow, whose doubtless circumstances had driven to his present degrading calling, but whose mental endowments had evidently fitted him for better things.

"But why," I urged, "not have picked my pocket, my good young man?"

"Because," he answered, "I am now bent on pleasure, and not on business, unless something very enticing should come in my way; open and unreserved conversation, too, such as I felt I could indulge in with you, is to me in my situation" (the poor fellow sighed) "too rare a happiness to be easily forgone; besides," he added, resuming his natural tone, "you don't carry your bank-notes in your pocket at all."

I felt myself glowing all over as red as beet-root or boiled lobster, but I managed to articulate as calmly as I could, "Bank-notes! ah, that's a good joke. I very seldom have anything of that kind to carry, I'm sorry to say."

"Yes, but when you have?" I interrogated the other, wilyly.

"Well, sir, when I have, what then?" I retorted, with assumed carelessness.

"Why, what a very strange place," remarked he, very slowly and impressively; "your neck-cloth seems to be for keeping them safe!"

"How the devil do you come to know that?" I cried in astonishment.

"What does it signify? What can be the value of thieves' logic?" he answered, derisively. "I am sure you can have no ambition to be informed."

"Pray, tell," I entreated, "pray, tell; I humbly apologize. I had very nearly robbed myself of a most interesting conversation through my ill-humor. It is very true that I have a number of Scotch notes in the place you mention, which my purse would not hold; but what on earth would you discover it?"

"It was very simple reasoning," he replied, "and scarcely needs explanation; thieves are seldom now, and yet your neck-cloth had something in it; you were anxious about that something, and put your fingers to it involuntarily a dozen times; it was not through solicitude for your neat appearance, for you never touched the lot of it; nor did the thing mislead you, or tickle your neck, because instead of scratching you simply tapped it as a man taps his foot to be assured—there, you're doing it now—of the safety of his watch."

"What a fool I am!" I exclaimed testily.

"Nay," said he, "it would be more civil to compliment me upon my powers of observation."

"I do compliment you," I replied, with candor. "I think you an exceedingly clever fellow."

"Well," said he, "it is not for me to speak about that; I know a thing or two doubtless that may be out of our respectable best, and I dare say I could put you up to the time of day in several matters."

"Put me up to it," I cried, with enthusiasm, and parting with my last ray of opposition; "I am as ignorant as a peacock, I feel; do, I entreat you, put me up to it."

Whereupon, I am bound to say that my companion communicated to me such an array of interesting facts regarding his calling as would have shamed a parliamentary blue-book, and beguiled the way for hours with conversation, or rather monologues, of the most exciting kind. Lord Byron states that one of the pleasantest persons he ever met in his life was a pickpocket, and I hasten to endorse his Lordship's opinion with my own. I felt all that satisfaction in listening to my nervous acquaintance which belongs to an intercourse with an enemy during a temporary truce; the delight which a school-boy feels in playing at cricket with his prodigious; or the pleasure which is experienced when a bishop happens to join, for once, in the chorus of one's own comic song. So affable, so almost friendly, an air pervaded his remarks that the most perfect sense of security was engendered within me. I could scarcely imagine that my agreeable companion could ever have been in reality concerned in a fraudulent transaction, and far less in any deed of violence.

We had just left Preston, and he was concluding a highly interesting account of how bad money was circulated in the provinces, when a sudden thought struck me, to which, nevertheless, I scarcely liked to give utterance. I felt desirous to know exactly how garrulous was effected, yet how was I to put such a question to so inoffensive and gentlemanlike a scoundrel? At last I mustered resolution enough. Did he happen to have heard from any acquaintance who,

through misfortune or otherwise, had fallen in the intellectual branches of his profession, how the garrote was effected. I trembled for his answer, and half-expected of having said anything so rude as soon as the question had left my lips. He, however, did but blush slightly and become smiling, smiled with the confidence of a master in some art who is ignorantly interrogated as to his knowledge of its first principles, pulled up his false collar with his real hands, and thus delivered himself:

"Why, singularly enough, sir, the garrote is my particular line."

"My satisfaction at this avowal was, as may be imagined, complete. It was like the question about Huguenot mutton among the omnibus passengers, being referred to the strange gentleman in the corner with a Roman nose, who turned out to be the Duke of Wellington."

How eloquent did my fraudulent friend become about this his favorite topic! What spirit he threw into his descriptions! What breadth of escape from the police and other intrusive persons interrupting him in the pursuit of his vocation, he had at various times experienced! Left alone with his man, he had rarely indeed been unsuccessful. Once, however, with a gymnastic gentleman—a harlequin; in plain clothes, returning home from the theatre—when he had a summer suit clean over his head; and once with a stout party from a city dinner, who had no neck—positively none—to afford the operator a chance, and who bit my poor friend's arm in such a manner that it was useless for weeks afterwards.

"And you did these feats of yourself and without any assistance?" I inquired, with some incredulity.

"Quite alone, sir," replied he, "but, in all cases, the garrottees were several inches shorter than myself; with a man of your size, for instance, and he laughed good-humoredly, "it would be almost an impossibility."

I laughed very heartily at this notion, too. Would he be so good as to show me, just to give me an example how the thing was done?

"I throw my arm from the back of your neck, like this," said he, putting the action to the word, but with the very greatest delicacy of touch. "You are sure I am not inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all," said I. "Go on."

"I then close the fore-arm tightly. Stoop a little lower, please; thank you, and compress the windpipe with—"

Where was I? Why, I was lying on the floor of the carriage instead of sitting on the corner seat? Why was my neckcloth unfastened, and where were the bank-notes which I had carried? These questions, in company with many others, presented themselves to my mind as the train glided into Carlisle station. Above all, where was my agreeable companion? I knew by the unerring Bradshaw that the train stopped nowhere between Preston and—

"Yes, sir, Carlisle, sir. A quartet of an hour allowed for refreshments."

"Don't talk to me of refreshments," I cried, hoarsely. "Did a man from this carriage get out at Oxenholme?"

"Yes, sir; very gentlemanly young man with fishing rod and landing-net. A lake tourist. Asked whether there was a trout stream in that neighborhood."

"I have not quite settled yet, in my own mind, whether the thing was planned from the very first, and the lot hat itself—which was not claimed—a portion of the diabolical plot, or whether the intentions of my companion had been really honorable until I was fool enough to put a temptation in his way, which he could not resist. It was like placing the Bismarck suit of arms in the chamber of Joan of Arc, and expecting that she would keep to ermine and the small bunnet in preference to that martial costume to which she has been so long accustomed, and in which she looked so becoming. Pardon me, but I am not quite satisfied."

He reasoned, too, perhaps, that since he had so fully "put me up to the time of day," I should have no further occasion for my good repeater. At all events, my travelling acquaintance had taken that away with him.

Beauregard was the son of a watchmaker. The popularity he enjoyed as court, on account of wit and other recommendations, excited the envy of the young nobles about the sovereign; and one of these volunteers to put him out of countenance. He addressed him before the whole court, he said: "Ah, M. Beauregard, I am charmed to see you; my watch has been for some time out of order, and I beg you to look at it."

"Certainly; but I must tell you beforehand that I am the most awkward person about watches in the world."

"No matter; I beg you to look at it—I insist."

Beauregard took the watch, most respectfully with diamonds and enamel, raised it to his ear and let it drop on the marble floor. It was of course totally destroyed.

"You see, my lord," said the wit, coolly, "I knew my awkwardness better than your your man."

In speaking of a learned servant, who gave a confused, elaborate and tedious explanation of some point of law, Curran observed, "That whenever that grave counsellor endeavored to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling pin."

"Madam," said Old Roger to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he, sympathetically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender."

Wife (anxiously)—"What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"

Husband (with a smile of calm delight)—"Why, my love, she observed rather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female—that's all. A-hem!"

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which gives value to reputation.

A mad girl's sore throat is a very bad thing, but a malignant throat, not sore, is scarcely any better.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch and a good deal harder to hold.

Domestic Items.

The actor most wanted by the rebels, in the present drama, is somebody to play "Cash-in."

The N. Y. Seventh Regiment like campaigning so well that they have held a meeting to see about entering the service again for the war to its close.

It is said the New York Firemen Zouaves, near Alexandria, have proved themselves quite expert

