

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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VOL. VI.

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NO. 2.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

CHARLES PROSCH,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

The Order of the Garter.

It was early in the autumn of 1342 that David Bruce, King of Scotland, led an army across the Borders, and laid waste the towns and villages of Northumberland, as far as Newcastle.

The invading army seized upon the cattle, the flocks, the goods, and the gold of the Northumbrians; and they were returning, overlaid with spoils, when they passed within two miles of Wark Castle, which was then the property of the Earl of Salisbury.

The Earl was absent; but on the highest turret of the castle stood his Countess, the peerless Joan Plantagenet, daughter of the Earl of Kent, and cousin of King Edward. Her fair cheeks glowed, and her bright eyes flashed indignation, as she beheld the long line of the Scottish army pass by, laden with the plunder of her countrymen.

"Am not I a Plantagenet?" she exclaimed; "flows not the best blood of England in my veins? and shall I tamely behold our enemies parade the spoils of my country before mine eyes? Ho! warden!" she continued in a loud tone, "send hither Sir William Montague!"

Sir William was the brother of her husband, and the governor of the castle.

"Behold!" said she, sternly, as the governor approached, and pointing towards the Scottish army. "Is it well that we should look like imprisoned doves upon you rebel host? Or shall ye, Sir Governor, discharge your duty to your sovereign, if ye strike not one blow for England and revenge?"

"Fair sister," returned the knight, "ere an hour after nightfall, and the cry, 'For England and the Rose of Wark!' shall burst as the shout of death upon the ears of our enemies. A troop of forty horsemen wait but my word to become the messengers of vengeance."

"Good, my brother," she replied, while her former frown relaxed into a smile; "and each man who hath done his duty shall, on his return, drink a cup of wine from the hands of Joan Plantagenet."

The knight began to gather round the turret the names of the men, and the highest the proud figure of the Countess was still indistinctly visible; now walking round it with impatient steps, and again gazing eagerly to obtain another glance of the Scottish army, or counting the lines which sprang up along the lines, when it had encamped for the night, when Sir William and forty of the garrison, mounted on fleet steeds, galloped from the gate of the outer wall.

"Our ladies' gallant hearts!" said the fair Joan, as she beheld them sweep past the fair wood on their way to the field.

The Scottish army were encamped a little beyond Curham, carousing around their fires from flagons filled with the best wine they had found in the cellars of the Northumbrian nobility; over the fires, suspended from poles, were skins of sheep and of bullocks, rudely sewed into the form of bags, and filled with water; these served them as pots, and the flesh of the animals was boiled in their own skins. Amongst the revellers were veterans who had fought by the side of Wallace and Bruce; and, while some recounted the deeds of the patriot, and inspired their comrades with accounts of his lion-like courage and prodigious strength, others, with the goblet in hand, sought Bannockburn over again. Thus the song, the jest, the laugh, the tale of war, and the wine-cup went round, amidst the bustle of culinary preparations, and each man laid his arms aside, and gave himself up to enjoyment and security.

Suddenly there arose upon their mirth the tramping and the neighing of war steeds, the clang of shields, and the shouts of armed men; and the Countess, who had been seated in the tower, sprang down, and the lines of Sir William Montague—

"For England and our lady!" echoed his followers. They rushed through the Scottish lines like a whirlwind, trampling the late revellers beneath their horses' feet, and flashing their swords in the bodies of unarmed men. For a time they left carnage behind them, and spread consternation before them.

The surprise and panic of the Scottish army, however, was of short duration. "To have to have your backs to the camp, and they began to converge the small but desperate band of assailants on every side.

"England is revenged! to the castle with our pliers!" cried Sir William; and they retreated towards Wark, carrying with them a hundred and sixty horses laden with plunder, while the Scots pursued them to the very gates. The Countess hastened to the outer gate to meet them, and as, by the torches borne by her attendants, she surveyed the array of horses they had taken, and the rich booty which they bore,

"Thanks, Sir William!" cried she; "thanks, my gallant countrymen, ye have done bravely; merry England hath still its chivalrous and stout hearts upon the Borders. To-night shall each man pledge his lady love in the ruddy wine."

But there was one who welcomed Sir William Montague's return with silent tears—the gentle Madeline Aubrey, the companion of Joan Plantagenet, and the orphan daughter of a valiant knight, who had won his golden spurs by the side of the first Edward, and laid down his life in defence of his imbecile son. Madeline was, perhaps, less beautiful than the Countess; but her very looks spoke love—love ardent, tender, and sincere. Here was the beauty of the summer moon kissing the quiet lake, when the nightingale offers up its song—lovely and serene; Joan's was as the sun flashing upon the gilded sea—receiving the morning worship of the lark, and demanding admiration.

"Wherefore are ye sad, my sweet Madeline?" said Sir William, tenderly, as he drew off his gambeson, and took her hand in his. "Joy ye not that I have returned sound in life and limb?"

"Yes, I joy that my William is safe," answered Madeline; "but will our safety? Think ye not that ye have done desperately, and that the Scottish king, with to-morrow's sun, will avenge the attack ye have made on his camp to-night?"

"St. George! and I pray he may!" added Sir William. "I am the dependent of my brother, with no fortune but my sword; and

I should glory, beneath the eyes of my Madeline, to win such renown as would gain a dowry worthy of her hand."

"When that hand is given," added she, "your Madeline will seek no honor but her William's heart."

"Well, sweetest," rejoined he, "I know that ye rejoice not in the tournament, nor delight in the battle-field; yet would ye mourn to see your own true knight vanquished in the sun, or turn craven on the other. Let Scotland's king bestow us if he will, and then with this good sword shall I prove my love for Madeline."

"Madeline is an orphan," added she, "and the sword hath made her such. She knows your courage as she knows your love, and she asks no further proof. The deed of chivalry may make the lady proud of her knight, but it cannot win her affection."

"Well, sweet one," said he, playfully, "I should love to see thy pretty face in a monk's cowl, for thou dost preach of peace right potently. But come, love, wherefore are ye so sad—what troubles thee?"

"'Tis for you I fear," she replied; "I know your daring, and I know that danger threatens us; and oh! Madeline's hands could not dot her bosom for the battle; though in her own breast she would receive the stroke of death to shield it. For my sake, be not too rash; for, oh! in the silent hours of midnight, when the spirits of the dead visit the earth, and the souls of the living mingle with them in dreams, I have seen my father and my mother, and they have seemed to weep over their orphan— they have called on me to follow them; and I have thought of you, and the shout of the battle, and the clash of swords have mingled in my ears; and when I would have clasped your hands, the shroud has appeared my bridal garment."

"Come, love, 'tis an idle fancy," said he, tenderly; "dream no more. But that they have mocked me up in this dull castle, where honor seeks me not, and reward awaits not, ere now my Madeline had worn her wedding garment. But cheer up; for your sake I will not be rash, though for that fair brow I would win a coronet."

"'Tis an honor that I covet not," said she, "nor would I risk thy safety for a moment to wear a crown."

Madeline was right in her apprehension that King David would revenge the attack that had been made upon the rear of his army;—whereas, the entire Scottish host were encamped around the castle, and the young king sent a messenger to the gates, demanding the Countess and Sir William to surrender.

"Surrender! boasting Scot!" said the chivalrous Joan. "Doth your boy king think that Plantagenet will yield to Bruce? Back and tell him that, ere a Scot among ye enter these gates, ye shall tread Joan Plantagenet in the dust; and the bodies of the bravest of your army shall fill the ditches of the castle, that their comrades may pass over."

"I take not my answer from a woman's tongue," replied the herald. "What say ye, Sir Governor? Do ye surrender in peace, or choose ye that we raze Wark Castle with the ground?"

"If King David can, he may," was the brief and bold reply of Sir William Montague; "yet it were better for him that he should have terrified in Scotland until his beard be golden, than that he should attempt it."

"Ye speak boldly," answered the herald; "but ye shall not fare the worse, by reason of your free speech, when a passage shall be made through these walls for the Scottish army to enter."

The messenger having intimated the refusal of the governor to surrender to his prince, preparations were instantly made to commence the siege. The besieged, however, did not behold the preparations of their enemies, and remain inactive. Every means of defence was got in readiness. The Countess hastened from post to post, inspiring the garrison with words of heroism, and stimulating them with rewards. Even the gentle Madeline showed that her soul could rise with the occasion worthy of a soldier's love; and she, too, went from man to man, cheering them on, and with her sweet and silver tones, seemed to rob even death of half its terror. Sir William's heart swelled with delight as he beheld her midday lighted up with enthusiasm, and heard her voice, which was as music to his ear, giving courage to the faint-hearted and heroism to the brave.

"Heaven bless my Madeline!" said he, taking her hand. "Ye have taught me to know what true courage is, and our besiegers shall feel it. They may raze the walls of the castle with the ground, as they have threatened; but it shall be at a price that Scotland can never forget; and even then my Madeline shall be safe. Farewell now, love; but as night gathers round, we must again prepare to assume the part of assailants."

"You must! I know you must!" she replied; "yet be not too rash; attempt not more than a brave man ought, or all may be lost. You, too, may perish, and who, then, would protect your Madeline?"

He pressed her hand to his breast; again he cried "Farewell!" and, hastening to a troop of horsemen who only waited his command to sally from the gate upon the camp of the besiegers, the drawbridge was let down, and, at the head of his followers, he dashed upon the nearest point of the Scottish army. Deadly was the carnage which, for a time, they spread around; and, as they were again driven back and pursued to the gate, their own dead and wounded were left behind. Frequently and suddenly were such sallies made, as the falcon watcheth its opportunity and darteth on its prey, and so frequently were they driven back, but never without leaving a desperate price Wark Castle was to be purchased. Frequently, too, as

they rushed forth, the Countess eagerly and impatiently beheld them from the turret; and as the harvest moon broke upon their armor, she seemed to watch every flash of their swords, waving her hand with exultation, or raising her voice in a strain of triumph. But by her side stood Madeline, gazing not less eagerly, and not less interested in the work of danger and despair; but her eyes were fixed upon one only—the young leader of the chivalrous band who braved death for England and her lady's sake. She also watched the flashing of the sword; but her eyes sought those only which glared where the brightest helmet gleamed and the proudest plume waved. Often the contest was beneath the very walls of the castle, and she could hear her lover's voice, and behold him dashing as a thunderbolt into the midst of his enemies.

Obstinate, however, as the resistance of the garrison was, and bloodily as the price, indeed, seemed at which the castle was to be purchased, David had too much of the Bruce in his blood to abandon the siege. He began to fill the ditches, and he ordered engines to be prepared to batter down the walls. The ditches were filled, and, before the heavy and ponderous blows of the engines, a breach was made in the outer wall, and with a wild shout a thousand of the Scottish troops rushed into the outer court.

"Joan Plantagenet disdains ye still!" cried the dauntless Countess. "Quail not, brave hearts," she exclaimed, addressing the garrison, who, with deadly aim, continued showering their arrows upon the besiegers; "before I yield, Wark Castle shall be my funeral pile!"

"And mine!" cried Sir William, as an arrow glanced from his hand, and became transfixed in the visor of one of the Scottish leaders.

Madeline glanced towards him, and her eyes, yet beaming with courage, seemed to say, "And mine!"

"And ours!" exclaimed the garrison; "and ours!" they repeated more vehemently; and, waving their swords, they cried, "Hurray for our lady, St. George, and merry England!"

"'Tis the shout of valiant but despairing men. Yet, as the danger rose, and as hope became less and less, so the determination of the Countess. She was present to animate at every place of assault. She distributed gold amongst them; her very javelins were in presents to the bravest; but though they had their match of the best blood in the Scottish army, their defiance was hopeless, and their courage could not save them. Almost their last arrow was expended, and they were repelling their assailants from the inner wall with their spears, when Want, the most formidable enemy of the besieged, gained to assault them within."

It was now that the gentle Madeline, when Sir William endeavored to inspire her with hope, replied: "I fear not to die—to die with you!—but tell me not of hope; 'tis not to be found in the courage of the brave garrison whom famine is depriving of their strength. There is one hope for us—only one; but it is a desperate hope, and I would rather die than risk the life of another."

"Nay, mine, I deem not," said Sir William, eagerly; "and if the heart or hand of man can accomplish it, it shall be attempted."

Madeline hesitated.

"Speak, silly one," said the Countess, who had overheard them; "where lies your hope? Could true knight die in nobler cause? Name it; for I wot ye have a wiser head than a bold heart."

"Name it; do, dear Madeline," entreated Sir William.

"King Edward is now in Yorkshire," she replied. "Could a messenger be dispatched to him, the castle might hold out until he hastened to our assistance."

"St. George! and 'tis a happy thought!" replied the Countess. "I have not seen my cousin Edward since we were children together; but how know ye that he is in Yorkshire? I expected that, ere now, he was conquering the hearts of the dark-eyed dames of Brittany, while his arms conquered the country."

"In dressing the wounds of the aged Scottish nobleman," answered Madeline, "who was yesterday brought into the castle, he informed me."

"What think ye of your fair lady's plan for our deliverance, good brother?" inquired the Countess, addressing the governor.

"Madeline said it would be a desperate attempt," replied he, thoughtfully, "and it would indeed be desperate; it is impossible."

"Out on thy knightlyhood, man!" rejoined the Countess; "thou art the far-famed chivalry of Sir William Montague! Why, if it be the proposition of your own fair lady, who, verily, ye cannot believe chivalrous to a fault. But it is to Joan Plantagenet that ye talk of impossibilities? I will stake thee my dowry against fair Madeline's, I find a hundred men in this poor garrison ready to dare and do what ye declare impossible."

"Ye will not find two, fair sister," said Sir William, proudly.

"Oh, say not one—not one!" whispered Madeline, earnestly.

Upon every man in the castle did the Countess utter the dangerous mission; she entreated, she threatened, she offered the most liberal, the most tempting reward; but the boldest rejected them with dismay. The Scottish army by encompassing them around; their sentinels were upon the watch almost at every step, and to venture beyond the gate of the castle seemed but to meet death and to seek it.

"At midnight have my bestest horse in readiness," said Sir William, addressing his attendants; "what no man dare I will!"

"My brother, thank ye, thank ye!" exclaimed the Countess, in a tone of joy.

Madeline clasped her hands together—her cheeks became pale—her voice faltered—she burst into tears.

"Weep not, loved one," said Sir William; "the heavens favor the enterprise which my Madeline conceived. Should the storm increase, there is hope—there is hope—it will be accomplished." And while he yet spoke, the lightning glared along the walls of the castle, and the loud thunder pealed over

the battlements. Yet Madeline wept, and repented that she had spoken of the possibility of deliverance.

As it drew toward midnight, the tempest of the storm increased, and the fierce hail poured down in sheets and rattled upon the earth; the thunder almost incessantly roared louder and more loud; or, when it ceased, the angry wind moaned through the woods, like a chained giant in the grasp of an enemy; and the impenetrable darkness was rendered more dismal by the blue glare of the lightning flashing to and fro.

Silently the castle grew unbarred; and Sir William, throwing himself into the saddle, dashed his spurs into the sides of his courser, which bounded off at its utmost speed, followed by the adieus of his countrymen and the prayers and the tears of Madeline. The gate was scarce barred behind him ere he was dashing through the midst of the Scottish host. But the noise of the warring elements drowned the tramp of his horse's feet, or where they were indistinctly heard for a few moments, the sound had ceased, and the horse and his rider were invisible, ere the sentinels, who had sought refuge from the fury of the storm in the tents, could perceive them.

He passed through the Scottish lines in safety; and, proceeding by way of Morthew and Newcastle, on the third day he reached the camp of King Edward, near Knaresborough. The gay and chivalrous monarch, at the head of a portion of his army, like a true knight, hastened to the relief of his distressed cousin.

David, however, having heard of the approach of Edward at the head of an army more numerous than his own, and his nobles representing to him that the rich and wealthy booty which he had taken in their foray into England, together with the oxen and the horses, would be awkward incumbrances in a battle, he reluctantly abandoned the siege of the castle, and commenced his march toward Ed Forest, about six hours before the arrival of Edward and Sir William Montague.

Madeline took the hand of her lover as he entered, and tears of silent joy fell down her cheeks; but the Countess forgot to thank him, in her eagerness to display her beauty and her gratitude in the eyes of her sovereign and kinsman. The young monarch gazed, enraptured, on the fair face of his lovely cousin; and it was evident, while he gazed in her eyes, he thought not of gentle Madeline, the wife of his boyhood; nor was it less evident that she, flattered by the admiration of her prince, relative, to her absent husband, though in the presence of his brother, Edward, finding that it would be imprudent to follow the Scottish army into the forest, addressing the Countess, said—"Our knights expected, fair one, to have tried the temper of their lances on the Scottish shields, but as it may not be, in honor of your deliverance, to-morrow we proclaim a tournament to be held in the castle-yard, when each true knight shall prove, on the morion of his antagonist, whose lady-love is the fairest."

The eyes of the Countess flashed joy; and she smiled, well pleased at the proposal of the sovereign; but Madeline trembled as she heard it.

Early on the following morning, the castle-yard was fitted up for the tournament. The monarch and the Countess were seated on a dais covered with a purple canopy; and the latter held in her hand a ring which gleamed as a morning star, and which the monarch had taken from his finger, that she might bestow it upon the victor. Near their feet sat Madeline, an unwilling spectator of the conflict. The names of the combatants were known to the pursuivants only, and each entered the lists armed with lance and spear, with their visors down, and having, for defence, a shield, a sort of carcase, the helmet, gauntlet, and gorget. Several knights had been wounded, and many dismounted; but the interest of the day turned upon the combat of two who already had each dismounted three. They contended long and keenly; their strength, their skill, their activity, seemed equal. Victory hung suspended between them.

"Our lady," exclaimed the monarch, rising with delight; "were they fight bravely! Who may they be? But it is not that he cannot yet be in England, I should say the knight in dark armor is Sir Joan Aubrey."

Madeline uttered a suppressed scream, and sprang a look of mingled agony and surprise at the monarch; but the half-stifled cry was drowned by the spectators, who, at that moment, burst into a shout; the knight in dark armor was unhorsed—his conqueror suddenly placed his lance to his breast, but as suddenly withdrew it; and, stretching out his mailed hand to the other, said—"Rise, mine eyes! 'twas thy own fault, and some of those that chance gave me the victory, though I wished it much." The conqueror of the day approached the canopy beneath which the monarch and the Countess sat, and, kneeling before the dais, received the ring from her hands. While she had held the splendid bauble in her hands during the contest, conscious of her own beauty, of which her border minstrel and foreign troubadour had sung, she expected, on placing it in the hands of the victor, to behold it in homage laid again at her feet. But it was not so. The knight, on receiving it, bowed his head, and stepping back again, knelt before the more lowly seat of Madeline.

"Accept this, dear Madeline," whispered he to the voice which she knew and loved. The Countess cast a glance of envy on her companion as she beheld the victor at her feet; yet it was but one which passed away as the young monarch poured his practiced fatigues in her ear.

The King commanded that the two last combatants should raise their visors. The victor, still standing by the side of Madeline, obeyed. It was Sir William Montague.

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STELLACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 12, 1863.

WHAT ENGLAND THINKS OF AMERICAN ART OF WAR.—Gen. Gilmore's operations against the forts in Charleston harbor...

FRUIT TREES.—Our season for setting out fruit trees on Puget Sound, unlike that in the Eastern States, extends through the entire winter.

NO EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—The rebels continue stubborn, and refuse to return negro troops as prisoners of war.

THE BULLY.—A partial change has recently taken place in the proprietorship of the San Francisco Bulletin.

STILL IN DOCK.—The tugboat Benjamin Zook lies on the beach near Balch's old warehouse.

THE SHAVEL GAZETTE.—The first number of the paper reached us on Thursday morning.

THE WEATHER.—Thus far our winter has been mild and agreeable as the most favorable ever known here.

SANITARY FUND.—In three days the subscriptions to the United States Sanitary Commission, in San Francisco, amounted to \$23,000.

REMOVED AT LAST.

Under this head the Oregonian of the 5th inst. notices the removal of R. J. Atkinson, Third Auditor of the Treasury.

AN ACT OF CONGRESS authorized the appointment of a Commission to examine the claims of the citizens of Oregon and Washington.

YOUR article of last week upon the printing question meets with hearty approval from all quarters.

WE trust that this whole matter will be taken under consideration by the Legislature now assembled.

THE REBELS.—The rebels continue stubborn, and refuse to return negro troops as prisoners of war.

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SANITARY FUND.—In three days the subscriptions to the United States Sanitary Commission, in San Francisco, amounted to \$23,000.

STELLACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 12, 1863.

OLYMPIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Monday last, being the day appointed by law, &c., &c., the eleventh annual session of the Legislative Assembly opened at this place.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SPEAKER COMMENCED yesterday. Several ballots were had, but without result.

YOUR article of last week upon the printing question meets with hearty approval from all quarters.

WE trust that this whole matter will be taken under consideration by the Legislature now assembled.

THE REBELS.—The rebels continue stubborn, and refuse to return negro troops as prisoners of war.

THE BULLY.—A partial change has recently taken place in the proprietorship of the San Francisco Bulletin.

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MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Chinese eat pickled cat-trappers, and think they resemble truffles.

COMMODORE TULLIN's (rebel) effects have been confiscated and sold.

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ANNUAL REPORT.

Of the School Superintendent of Pierce County, Washington Territory.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, according to established usage and custom, and sanctioned by law, would most respectfully beg leave to make the following report in regard to the condition of the Public Schools of Pierce County, W. T., to wit:

NUMBER OF PUPILS eligible to attend the schools, being between the ages of 4 and 21 years, 244.

NUMBER OF SCHOOL DISTRICTS, 6; number of school houses, 6.

AMOUNT OF MONEY expended during the year, in paying school teachers, \$10.

THE APPOINTMENT OF THE SCHOOLS falls to the different districts as follows, to wit:

SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1, 64 pupils, \$240.00; No. 2, 31 pupils, \$120.00; No. 3, 12 pupils, \$45.00; No. 4, 48 pupils, \$180.00; No. 5, 48 pupils, \$180.00; No. 6, 36 pupils, \$135.00.

TOTAL AMOUNT, \$900.00.

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TOTAL AMOUNT, \$900.00.

STELLACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 12, 1863.

DEED.

At Byrd's Mill, Pierce County, Dec. 8th, of a certain ferry, Stephen Elford, infant son of Thomas and Amy A. Mack...

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

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UNION CLOTHING STORE, STELLACOOM, W. T. GENERAL MERCHANDISE. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINE AND LIQUORS. TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES. COAL AND FISH OIL. TABLE AND STOCK BARS. CORDAGE, AXES, NAILS, WOODENWARE, BRASSWARE. Wash-Tubs, &c., &c., &c. Which we offer for sale at greatly reduced prices for cash or country produce.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STELLACOOM, W. T., Saturday, December 12, 1863.

LATEST EASTERN NEWS.

With the exception of one day's later news, of no importance, received on Monday last, we have nothing in addition to the advices published last week. There has been no news received at Portland.

The Sacramento Union of the 30th ult. says the Continental Telegraph was reported to be out of order east of Fort Kearney on Saturday, the 25th. This statement will account for the absence of later intelligence.

We may look with certainty, we think, for exciting news when communication is again resumed.

A GRANTIAN BIRD.—Naturalists are delighted to read that according to a late New Zealand paper a Moa has been seen there. It is a walking, not a flying, bird, supposed, from the numerous skeletons which have been found of it to grow from eight to nine feet high. It has hitherto been believed to be extinct, though it was known within the memory of men living on the island that it had been killed and eaten by the natives. It was always hoped that in the unexplored parts of the island some lost specimens of the nearly extinct race might yet be found alive; and now it seems that a gold miner, sitting by his camp fire, saw one, peering at him, from the edge of a near hill. He took it at first to be a man, but presently saw it gravely starting off. The track, or footprint of this great bird showed "three claws, and about a foot behind, the mark of a pad, and behind that again the mark of a spur." A reward of twenty-five hundred dollars has been offered for the bird alive or dead; and if the miner told the truth, we may yet see a living Moa—a member of a tribe once sufficiently numerous in New Zealand to be a source of dread to the natives.

THE KILLED IN TWO WARS.—According to the most reliable statistics, the whole number of Americans killed and wounded during the war of 1812, extending from June, 1812, to March, 1815, was 7,738; of these, 2,816 were killed—this includes both the land and naval forces. The largest number in the naval forces was at the engagement between the Chesapeake and Shannon, where the number of Americans killed and wounded was 146, and the British 85. At the battle of New Orleans there were 53 Americans and 2,073 British killed and wounded. The Americans appear to have suffered most at the battle of Bridge-water, where they had 748 killed and wounded, and the British 448. In the various skirmishes among the Indians, the Americans had one thousand killed and wounded. In the engagement between the Constitution and Java, the American killed and the British 161 killed and wounded. The loss of McClellan on the Chickahominy, the battle of Antietam, and one or two other battles of the present war each excel in casualties the numbers destroyed in the entire war of 1812.

REMAINS OF EXTINCT SPECIES.—The fossil bones of a pigmy species of elephant have been found in the caves of Malta, and described by Capt. Spratt, of the British navy. This species of elephant was full grown could not have been larger than a lion or a tiger. All the bones were firmly ossified, and when contrasted with those of the ordinary elephant, they were seen to be remarkably disproportionate in size. Bones of the young of the pigmy elephant were likewise found, and when it is stated that the milk teeth of this creature were not much larger than human molars, an idea can be formed of its small size. The tusks of the pigmy elephant were about a foot long. In the same cavern were found the bones of a gigantic swan, three or four times larger than the present known swan, and also the bones of a gigantic species of dormouse.

SCARCITY OF LABOUR IN ENGLAND.—In an article upon this subject the London Globe regrets that the crops have been permitted to rot for want of hands to pick them, and says:—It was not a question of price, for almost any price has been offered to draw hands. As much as two guineas a week have been made even by women, and that in the purely unskilled labor of hop-picking. The fact is that during the last few years the Irish harvesters have ceased to come over to England in the numbers they used to come.

RETENTION OF WATER IN VEGETABLES.—As nature places water in large quantities in organic bodies, in many cases she takes due provision to keep it there. Urticaria potatoes and various apples removed from the parent stock shrivel, wither, and perish. These effects result from the porous condition of the immature skin, which permits the water within to escape by evaporation. But when ripe, this porous covering has become chemically changed into a thin impervious coating of cork, through which water can scarcely pass, and by which, therefore, it is confined within for months to gather. It is this cork layer which enables the potato to keep the winter through, and the winter pear or winter apple to be brought to table in spring of their full dimensions.

A GOOD PLACE TO EMIGRATE FROM.—A correspondent of a St. John paper, writing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, says: "It is a strange, deplorable fact, that fully 50 per cent. of the young men of this Province leave it yearly, and at an age, I might say, when they are just the bees and sows of the country, and seek an asylum in a foreign land, (the United States) to earn fame as well as a comfortable livelihood, which if they remained here a hundred years they never could accomplish."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Naples has felt compelled to address his flock from his forced retirement at Rome. One short sentence tells us: "And a city has arrived at such a bright as to erect in Naples, in the midst of a people wholly Catholic, and in one of the most beautiful and popular quarters, a public temple to Protestantism. The murder is out! An English church has been built at Naples. Heretofore and portentous crime!"

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The death of Archbishop Whately, at the age of 76, is announced in late English papers. The Ohio Eagle says the Democratic party "is bestren from 40,000 to God only knows what."

Pronounce Chickamauga thus: Chick-a-may-ga, and you will have the correct pronunciation. The Government has in course of construction thirty iron-clad vessels, from the plans of Capt. Ericsson.

The population of San Francisco in 1842 was: Men, 70; women, 42; boys, 42; girls, 36. Total 190.

"Birds in their nests agree;" if for no other reason—because it would be very dangerous to fall out.

Samb's says: "These folks make a good many deep patches from de seat of war out of whole cloth."

A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just as he pleases.

A single firm pays one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to the London Times for advertising.

The price of cotton at the government sales in New York ranges from 80 to 98 cents, according to quality.

Horace Greeley is writing a history of this country, of which a Hartford publishing house is to pay him the sum of \$10,000.

Eggs are scarce in San Francisco, and are worth 70 cents per dozen, and will go higher. There are no Eastern in market.

There are 230,000 noblemen in the Austrian States, of whom 168,000 are in Hungary, Galicia 54,000, and Bohemia 2,260.

Eight or ten loads of Salt Lake apples have been sold in the Idaho mines at \$2 per dozen. Are not such apples "forbidden fruit?"

The foreign emigration continues to be large. At New York 160,000 have arrived this year, to 70,000 last year, an increase of 54,000.

The Philadelphia Bulletin suggests that the crown of Mexico, which cannot yet be regarded as worth half a crown, be tendered to Jeff. Davis.

Gen. Michael Corcoran, whose wife recently died in New York, was married again, in October, to the daughter of a citizen residing in that city.

Brooklyn, which Beecher calls the bedroom of New York, is growing now very rapidly—new churches, new stores and new houses are very numerous.

Schools for the education of colored children have been established at New Orleans. It is found prudent to educate some of the heirs of the slaveocracy.

The people of J. Davis county, Ill., where Gen. Grant resided at the breaking out of the war, have presented the hero of Vicksburg with a magnificent sword.

The New York World, daily, and the New York Argus, weekly, have been joined—the concern to be hereafter edited by Maston Marble and Elton Condit, Esq.

During the decade from 1850 to 1860, the population of the United States increased 33 per cent., and more than fifty millions of acres of land were brought into cultivation.

The children are said to be so dirty in a place on Cape Cod that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half-dozen children before she finds her own.

A man in London is getting out a patent for printing without ink. He charges the paper with some chemical substance, which, when crushed by the face of the type, turns black.

A piece of copper weighing 500 pounds, and nearly pure, was found in a plowed field near Detroit a few days ago. A bright mark caused by the tooth of a harrow led to its discovery.

The great seal of the new commonwealth of West Virginia has representations which symbolize agriculture and mining. The motto is, *Montani semper liberi*; mountaineers always free.

The seaman women of Washington are following the example of their spring sisters of the South, and appear on the street without a drop of arline. Their appearance is very funny as well as marked.

The Golden City, the magnificent vessel of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, recently arrived at Panama, after the quickest voyage on record to that place, from New York via Straits of Magellan.

Gen. Thomas, in the midst of his deadly fight with the overwhelming masses of the enemy, sent this immortal dispatch from the front to General Rosecrans: "I am here, with my columns as invulnerable as a rock!"

Lieut. James, one of the celebrated English actors, G. P. R. James, has resigned his position in the volunteer service to fill the one of captain in the United States engineering corps, to which he was recently promoted.

John McFadden, one of the men arrested on the pirate scho. Chapman, and another, named Henry Chadwick, are under arrest at San Francisco, on the charge of highway robbery, committed on the night of the 17th ult., on Commercial street.

The editor of the San Juan News, says an exchange, is as independent as a pig on ice. He says: "We publish a paper to please ourselves, not to please other people. If somebody else coincides with us, well; if not, we don't care a tinker's curse."

Coarse linens are now manufactured in the north of Ireland cheaper than samples are shown of an Irish power-loom linen at 5 1/4, a yard, and 5 1/4 a yard. The linen is undoubtedly the better and more durable, as well as cheaper article of the two, though naturally somewhat coarser.

Some of the Southern slaveholders have sent their slaves to Cuba to be sold, but through the instrumentality of Mr. Savage, our able consul, many of these slaves have been set free. It is a law of Spain that any slave brought from the continent or adjoining lands from the moment he touches the soil of Cuba. It is the same in case of a slave brought from Cuba to Spain, notwithstanding the colonial relations.

REMEMBER ON AMERICA.

It will be remembered by many of our readers that Sir E. B. Lytton, a year or two ago, expressed an earnest hope to see the Union broken up—not into two, but into four or more parts. In a late number of Blackwood's Magazine he devotes an article to the progress and destiny of America, from which we extract the following: It hardly seems consistent with his previous declarations:

Considering that men now living have seen the birth, with the old world can wonder at the pride with which its citizens regard it? What other state in history ever rose, within the period measured by the life of a single man, into so great a power among the nations? On equal terms it has met the mightiest monarchies; no slow growth of progressive ages; it came into the world like America herself, a discovery which altered our knowledge of the globe, and dated the birth of a new destiny in the chronicle of the human race. Blunt indeed the statesman who imagined its future darkened by the calamities it now undergoes. Divide the vast area of the land as fate may decide, be there in republican America as many independent sovereign States as in monarchial Europe, still the future of America, from the date of that disruption, must be as potent on the world as has been the past of Europe, whether disrupted by the fall of Rome or by the death of Charlemagne. Enough of pride for me, an Englishman, to know that what ever State in that large section of the globe may best represent the dignity and progress of human thought, shall have had its fathers in Englishmen, and shall stir its edicts in the English tongue. It is a justice against America as American! Enough answer to that charge, for me and my countrymen, that fathers have no natural prejudice against their children!

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THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

A little child stood moaning In the hour of midnight lone, And no human ear was listening To the feebly wailing tone. The cold had been of winter, With funeral wail, swept by, And the blinding snows fell darkly Through the murky winter sky.

While the latter are frizzling and spattering away, let us go upstairs again. Paul rubbed his eyes, probably to discover whether he was in the flesh. Having fully satisfied himself on that point, he peered around as if there were any toilet articles in the room. There was close at hand a tiny table with a snow-white cover, upon which were all that an excited could wish, while above hung a mirror. So far all was well. Now for the clothes. Sure enough, there were on a chair at the top of the stairs. A vigorous effort, and "Richard (or rather Paul) would be himself again."

Paul crept out, led and Ringwood down a passage, and stepped upon it, when, horrible to relate, with a crash it gave way under him! and in the twinkling of an eye he descended bodily into the kitchen below, where, at that moment, Mary stood against the door, and the savory odor which speedily arose told unmistakably of ham and eggs.

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BLAIR ON THE STAGE.

A young man, whose real or assumed name was Paul Temple, having become smitten with the attractions of the stage, such as they appear before the curtain, under the combined smiles of gas and public applause, resolved and prepared to become an actor. He was of good family, fair education, a tradesman's clerk, and had been praised school for merit in declamation.

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The Farmer's Corner.

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

FEEDING MEAL TO STOCK.—Doubtless many of your readers have had longer experience in feeding meal, and perhaps know as economical and effectual a manner of feeding it as the subscriber. I believe there are a few, at least of your patrons, like many farmers whom I know, who feed from four to eight quarts of meal a day to one beef creature, till they feed from seven to ten ewt. of meal to one beef, and who never slaughter an ordinary sized beef that yields upwards of forty pounds of rough tallow. These farmers feed their meal dry. This is a great waste. My practice in fattening beef and swine, as well as feeding cows for milk, has been to pour boiling water on as much meal as would not make the animal's bowels move too freely, at night and in the morning; when the meal is cool, give it to the cow or pig. In covering the meal with boiling water in this way, the starch of the grain is dissolved, and the latent nutritive properties extracted, and the animal receives the entire nutriment of the grain.

I calculate that it does not, in eating dry meal, receive more than one half of the goodness of the meal. There is not action enough in mastication, or heat sufficient in the stomach of the animal, to extract and receive the entire and real sweetness of the grain. Had I roots, I should feed them to my fattening beef. But not having any, I feed only meal and hay, and I have fattened two ordinary sized cows, two years past, and to which I only fed three ewt. of meal each, and they each yielded upwards of forty pounds of rough tallow. Once a week, I throw into the mash a little salt, and occasionally a tablespoonful of wood ashes. My experience teaches me that one ewt. of meal as described above, is equal to two ewt. fed dry. Try it, young farmer, and see if you can endorse this.

DOUBLE FLOWERING FRUIT TREES.—A correspondent wishes some inquiries answered respecting Double Flowering Fruit trees, and we propose to make a few suggestions on this subject, which will be of interest to many of our readers. There are few objects more really beautiful when in blossom than some of our double flowering fruit trees. The cherry forms a snowy wreath of flowers as double as the rose; the Double Peach and Almond are magnificent. But we have not recommended their general culture very strongly, as our correspondents intimates, and for the following reasons:—

The double varieties flower with the single, and their orchards and yards are gay and fragrant with fruit blossoms; and who ever saw a more beautiful object than a well grown apple tree with its branches gracefully drooping to the ground, one fragrant, rosy pyramid of delicate and beautiful flowers. If we turn from such an object to a double flowering tree, the change is by no means satisfactory. The flowers of our double flowering trees are short lived, and there we have only the common fruit tree, without its fruit, which makes the bearing tree almost as fine in the autumn as in the spring. We would certainly prefer a well formed dwarf cherry, apple, or pear, to a double flowering tree, for beauty.

When double flowering fruit trees are grown, especial pains should be taken to prune and train them, so that they may look as well as possible at all seasons. The double peach tree, which is usually growing in many cases more dead than live wood upon them. This could be prevented in great measure by shortening in the young shoots so as to obtain a round and compact head.

POPE'S SPINNING PLUM AS A DWARF.—Much is said of dwarf pears and apples, but little of dwarf plums. The plum is susceptible of being grown as a dwarf. It may be made almost as beautiful and symmetrical an object as a pear; some kinds quite as much so. Like the pear, some kinds of plums take on a good form better than others.

Dwarf plums are admirably calculated for the garden. All parts of the tree being within easy reach, the fruit is readily gathered, and the "little tree" is more under control. Trees of this kind become objects of regard, requiring better treatment, and consequently receive better fruit. There is no reason why they should not be alternated with pears in the garden. They are deserving of a place there, and will repay the little extra trouble they demand in their formation. Our object at present is to simply call attention to the subject, and to present an example of a good specimen.

FOND'S BLENDING.—A vigorous grower and quite productive. The fruit is large and oval in form, with a yellowish skin, tinged with a yellowish red, especially on the sunny side, and somewhat juicy, but not of the highest flavor. It is a very good plum, ripening about the middle of September.

BLANCHING CELERY.—We copy the following from the Gardener's Chronicle, that our readers may give it a trial. Having had some trouble in keeping late celery from rotting in a new kitchen garden, where the soil was very retentive and damp, and the plants earthed up in the usual manner, I have since used sawdust for the purpose, and find that it answers perfectly. Last winter the late celery was earthed up in sawdust, and it kept quite sound till April, and no signs of insects attacked it under ground, the heads being very solid, clear and crisp, and well flavored. I had some doubts that the sawdust from the resinous trees might give the celery a disagreeable flavor, but on trial I found this not to be the case, and the sawdust is now taken indiscriminately from the saw pits where different kinds of trees are sawn up. Before the late severe frost occurred, in October, I had just finished the earthing up of all the late celery with sawdust, and I find it is now wonderfully fresh, the frost never having penetrated far through the surface to the hearts.

Apples keep best when left upon the trees until quite late in the season. Pick carefully, and leave them in the orchard or out-house to sweat for a few days, and only take to a cool dry cellar when there is danger of their being injured by hard frost.

POWDER FOR CATS, ETC.—Take dry beetroot bark, powder it by rubbing on a fine grater; then sift this powder through gauze or muslin, and sprinkle it lightly on the part chapped. It is a safe and certain curative.

Fish as a Fertilizer.

The editor of the Cultivator, a journal printed in Philadelphia, recently on a visit to Cape May county, New Jersey, had his attention specially directed to immense quantities of king crabs or horse fish which the farmers along Delaware Bay had secured for manuring purposes. During the summer season numbers of these shell fish visit the shores of the bay for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. The farmers watch the opportunity, and while the crabs are on the sands making their nests, they dig up the crabs, capture them and throw them into large pens made of rails, where they die, and are permitted to remain until wanted for use. Scarcely a thousandth part of the crabs that visit that locality are taken. This is not because of any difficulty in securing them, but the want of force sufficient to gather them.

The Delaware shore of the bay, is, if possible, more prolific than that of the New Jersey, and, within the past year or two, the attention of the Delaware farmers has been specially directed to their value as a manure.

The method of preparing them for use is very simple. After lying in the pens until thoroughly dried, they are beaten to pieces with flails, though a more expeditious and effectual method is to run them through a machine similar to a threshing machine, only more powerfully built, and so arranged as to be easy of transportation from farm to farm. A large mill has recently been erected on the shore, where the crabs are purchased by the proprietors, ground and sold to those who desire them, or ground for those who gather them.

The price per ton of the ground crabs, which is known as Canoeine, is \$16 at the mill. It is in continual and ready demand; all being sold that the mill is capable of grinding. The crabs in their unground state now command from \$2.50 to \$4 per thousand. From two to three thousand are considered a sufficient quantity for an acre; they being applied broadcast, after having been ground, of course. They produce remarkable effects upon the wheat crop; not only manure ever tried in that section equaling them. The effect produced by canoeine upon clover is most singular. While it seems to promote germination, the clover is almost certain to die after it has attained its third leaf. This is always the case when the crabs have been composted, but is readily obviated by the use of lime.

HOW TO STACK AND DRY BEANS.—Two stakes seven or eight feet long, and one and a half to two inches through, should be set in the ground about two inches apart; then put a white on the stakes a foot or eighteen inches from the ground, after which take a handful of beans and lay the roots between the stakes; care should be taken to have the roots so far through the stakes, that the tops will not reach the ground; then lay a bunch in the same manner on the other side. After this is done, and until the stack is finished the roots only should come between the stakes, and especial care should be taken to have each bunch laid at right angles with those of the bunch preceding. Another withe should be added when within a foot of the tops of the stakes, then draw the stakes together to hug the roots closely, fill up to the top, and then take two bunches of beans, tie the roots together, lay outside the top, and the stack is finished. The advantage gained by stacking beans in this way is, that they will never mould.

A HINT TO GARDENERS.—The latest invention is an instrument to prevent poultry from scratching up the garden. It is something like a long spur, attached to the hind part of a rooster's leg. The instrument is so arranged that when the fowl is about to scratch the earth, the spur catches in the ground before the fowl's foot has fairly descended, and obliges it to bring its foot down quietly and harmlessly in front of the place where it aimed at. The fowl then repeats the operation with a like result. It keeps on trying, and before it is aware of it, the machine has walked it right out of the garden.

WORKEN IN THE FIELDS.—A correspondent, who has been traveling in the West, says: "It is a very common affair to see a bright-eyed young woman seated on the reaper, driving a four-horse team. But not only thus are women useful, for I have frequently seen them using the hoe. But what I saw a couple of weeks ago, in the south part of Madison, Lake county, was at the scenes in this line within my knowledge. To appearances a rain storm was coming up, and there was one woman in the field dexterously raking up the hay, whilst the double team and hay wagon were being driven into the field by two other women. Raker, picher and loader were all women."

CABBAGE PLANTS.—A farmer near Chicago adopts what to us is a novel way of raising early cabbage plants. He takes an old hog trough in the fall and fills it with soil, and puts it on the top of a fence, or any place that will be five or six feet from the ground. Here it remains all winter. The frost mellow the soil, and in the spring it will be fit to grow much earlier than the soil in the garden. He sows the seed in the trough, and has all the plants in winter, and some of his neighbors, and earlier, we are told, than they can be raised in any other way. A frost which will kill tender plants on the surface of the ground does not trouble those on the fence in the hog trough.

The so-called "wine plant," advertised somewhat extensively throughout the country, is pronounced by the American Agriculturist to be nothing more nor less than rhubarb or pie-plant, which may be purchased at from \$18 to \$20 per thousand plants at almost any extensive commercial nursery.

A farmer of much experience gives the following remedy for lice on calves and other stock. One quart fine salt dissolved in three quarts buttermilk. Wash thoroughly once or twice. It has never failed to be effectual besides giving the hair and skin a fine appearance.

FOOD FOR FATTENING POULTRY.—The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. These must not be confounded with oat meal, or with ordinary ground oats. The whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder; nothing of any kind is taken from it. When properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed at day break.

Domestic Recipes.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk; one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To three pints warm water add a dessert-spoonful of salt, three table-spoonfuls of good yeast, and stir in middling (coarse flour) to the consistency of thick batter; let it stand overnight, and if a little sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in warm water, and bake as you would any other pancakes. They are a nice, healthy dish for breakfast, and not so injurious as buckwheat.

BROWN BREAD.—Take one quart buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls of soda, four cups Indian meal, two cups flour and half a cup of molasses. Mix and steam over a kettle of boiling water, for three hours, and then bake for half an hour. This makes very excellent bread, which is not unwholesome to be eaten when warm, as is raised bread.

SOLID.—When butter is soft, one pound is equal to a quart. Ten eggs are one pound. Flour, wheat, one pound is one quart. Indian meal, one pound two ounces is a quart. Sugar, best brown, one pound one quart. One ounce is one quart. The above will render it unnecessary to resort always to the scales, and thus save trouble.

ROSE-WATER.—When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distil gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

ALMOND PASTE.—Blanch half a pound of sweet almonds and a quarter of a pound of bitter almonds, and beat them to powder in a mortar with half a pound of loaf sugar; then beat them into a paste with orange-flower water.

MAKING SOAP.—Have the lye strong enough to burn up an egg and put it in your soap barrel. Put a little in your kettle, and put it in your grease and melt it. Have a tin pan with holes punched in the bottom, and strain the grease through this to get out all the lumps, then turn it in the barrel with the lye. It wants about three pails of lye to one of grease. Stir it up once or twice a day for a few days, and you will have a fine barrel of soap. If there is too much lye it will settle to the bottom, and if not enough the grease will rise, and more must be added.

GREENING PICKLES.—It is considered very desirable by cooks who pickled cucumbers, mangoes, &c., should be of a deep green color. They taste no better, but they look nice. A way of doing it without the aid of arsenic is recommended by Mrs. Haskell's Encyclopaedia, which is as follows:—When packing the cucumbers in salt, line the barrel, bottom and sides, with grape leaves, and pack between the layers of cucumbers a quantity of the fresh leaves, until the barrel is full. When salted through, remove them from the brine, and pour boiling water on the pickles several times. If not the desired color, line a tub in the same manner that the barrel was prepared, and pack the pickles with a large quantity of the leaves. Heat vinegar boiling hot, pour it over the pickles, and cover them tightly. If, next morning, they are not sufficiently greened, drain off the vinegar, repeat the process until of the color desired. When they are sufficiently greened, pour over them hot vinegar; if they taste of the vine leaves, change the vinegar after a week.

SHORT CAKES.—Rub three-quarters of a pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of sifted flour, and make it into a dough with a little cold water. Roll it out to a sheet half an inch thick, and cut it into cakes with the edge of a tumbler. Prick them with a fork; lay them in shallow iron pan sprinkled with flour, and bake them in a moderate oven till they are brown. Send to table hot.

BATTER CAKES.—Mix together a pint of sifted Indian meal and a pint of wheat flour; add half a gill of yeast. Make it up stiff with water at night. In the morning add an egg, and new milk sufficient to make it thin enough to bake on a griddle.

LIGHT BATTER BREAD.—To a pint of milk stir in a pint of Indian meal, half a pint of wheat flour; a teaspoonful of tartaric acid and one of soda. Bake it in a shallow pan half an hour.

WHITEWASH FOR BUILDINGS.—In "Downing's Country Houses," the following directions are given, which may be acceptable to our readers: Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a barrel of quicklime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slacked. When quite slacked, dilute it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt, which may be had at any of the druggists, and which in a few days will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash. To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre, one pound of Indian red, and a pound of lampblack. For gray or stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack. The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash.

TO KILL MOLLUSCS.—Take one pound of bean meal, three ounces of slacked lime in powder, half an ounce of powdered verdigris and four ounces of essential oil of lavender. After mixing the powders thoroughly, put in the oil with a little water and work into a dough. With this make balls the size of a hazelnut. They will become hard after being exposed to the air for twenty-four hours. Put them twenty or thirty feet apart in the mole's paths, or drop one ball in the hole of each mole hill, covering it up immediately. The moles will either soon die or skeddadle. This mixture is a violent poison for mice, rats and all such vermin.

Dad is Growing Old, John.

By J. Q. A. WOOD.

Ah, Dad is growing old, John, His eyes are growing dim, And years are on his shoulders laid, A heavy weight for him; But you and I are young and hale, And each a stalwart man, And we must make his load as light And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John, At cradle and the plow, And earned our porridge by the sweat That trickled from his brow; Yet never heard we him complain, Whate'er his toil might be, Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat Upon his solid knee.

As when our boy strength came, John, And sturdy grew each limb, He brought us to the yellow field, To share the toil with him; But he went foremost in the swath, Tossing aside the grain, Just like the plow that leaves the soil, Or ships that shear the main.

Now we must lead the van, John, Through weath'ring foul and fair, And let the old man read and doze, And fit his easy chair; And he'll not mind it, John, you know, At eve to let us o'er Those heavy old days of British times, Of Grandad and the War.

I heard you speak of Ma'am John, 'Tis gospel what you say, That caring for the likes of us, Has turned her head so gray! Yet, John, I do remember well When neighbors called her vain, And when her hair was long and like A gleaming sheet of rain.

Her lips were cherry red, John, Her cheeks were round and fair, And like a ripened peach it swelled Against her white hair; Her step fell lightly as the leaf From off the summer tree, And all day busy at the wheel, She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John, That wistled well the rod, Whether with whiffling whip, our feet The path forbidden trod; But to the heaven of her eye We never looked in vain, And overcame our yielding cry Brought down her tears like rain.

But that is long ago, John, And we are what we are, And Ma'am is ready as my day, Her fading cheek and hair; Ah, when beneath her faithful breast The tides no longer stir, 'Tis then, John, we must all feel We had no friend like her.

Sure there is no harm, John, Thus speaking softly o'er The blessed names of those, ere long Shall welcome us no more. Nay—hide it not—why shouldst thou An honest tear disown! Thy heart one day will lighter be, Remembering it has flown.

For Dad is growing old, John, His eyes are growing dim, His head is ready to sink down, The din descends with him; But you and I are young and hale, And each a stalwart man, And we must make his path as smooth And easy as we can.

Lake Mahopaw was at one season so crowded, or rather the hotels in its immediate vicinity were, that the farm houses were filled with visitors. One of the farmers was especially worried almost to death by his boarders. They found fault with his table—this thing was bad, and that wasn't fit to eat.

"Durn it," said old Isaac, one day, "what a fuss you are making! I can eat anything." "Can you eat crow?" said one of his young boarders. "Yes, I kin eat crow." "Bet you kin eat a hat," said the guest. "The bet was made; a crow was caught and nicely roasted; but, before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff. Isaac sat down to the er; he took a good bite and began to chew away.

"To be sure I can eat crow." Another bite, and an awful face. "Yes, kin eat—crow (symptoms of nausea)—I kin eat—crow; but I'll be darned if I hanker arter it!" Poor Isaac arose from the crow feast in somewhat of a hurry, and bolted towards the back of the house.

The pomposity of Dr. Johnson, and his vain display of learning amongst those who assumed in his presence any acquaintance with literature, are well known. Old Macklin, the player, who was a genuine Highlander, one day paid the doctor a visit as a literary man. After a few introductory words, the doctor observed, in a sneering way, that literary men should not converse in the vulgar tongue, but in the learned language; and immediately addressed the dramatist in a long sentence in Latin. Macklin, after expressing his assent to the doctor's proposition, said he would rather converse in Greek, and immediately followed with a sentence of equal length in Irish. The doctor again reverted to the English tongue, and observed—

"Sir, you may speak very good Greek, but I am not sufficiently versed in that dialect to converse with you fluently." Macklin burst out laughing, made his bow and retired.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When the great lawyer was called upon to justify this enactment, he replied, "that in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches or neglected for their poverty."

If we could become acquainted with the secret history of our enemies, we would find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm hostility. Ardent spirits are unfavorable to bodily toil. The greatest pedestrians walk on water. He who carries musical compositions in his hat puts on airs when he walks out. It must be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the sacred truth. The result of all traveling—Well, I am glad to get home again."

Heroic Sisters.

There dwelt in the village of Montague, at the period of the French Revolution, two girls, named Felice and Theophile Fernig. Both possessed beauty of a sweet and attractive kind—both were modest, reserved, and apparently timid. The youngest was thirteen years of age when the nightly attacks of the Austrians demanded an immediate and resolute resistance. Soldiers being wanted, the sisters put on their brothers' clothes, armed themselves, and charged the plundering parties in the front rank of the National Guards. Notwithstanding every effort to disguise themselves effectually, Gen. Buonaparte discovered them, and, marking their intrepid conduct, presented them, together with their father and brother, to his staff. Not only pure, but free from suspicion, they were the admiration and pride of the whole army. They distinguished themselves in every action previous to April 5, 1793.

In an engagement near Brussels, they rushed headlong into the midst of the enemy, when a general officer called on them to surrender. The reply was a ball from the pistol of the youngest, which laid him dead at her feet, and in the momentary confusion, they drew back in safety. The same sister, at the battle of Jeumeppe, charged a Hungarian battalion with a small party of horse, and herself disarmed one of the most formidable grenadiers. His height on foot was nearly the same as her own when mounted; and he was in despair when the musical tones of her voice, saying, "General, this is a prisoner I have brought you," revealed to him the sex of the brilliant officer. Felice attended the Duke of Chartres, and never failed to charge the enemy at his side. Both the sisters aided in the escape of Dumouriez, accompanying him to the Austrian lines, the soldiers firing on them as they passed. Once beyond pursuit, they resumed the attire of their sex, made no unnecessary display of courage, and labored industriously in support of their aged father. Theophile died at Brussels, unmarried. Felice wedded a Belgian general.

After the death of Montezuma, the Mexicans took possession of a high tower in the great temple which overlooked the Spanish quarters, and placing there a garrison of their principal warriors, not a Spaniard could stir without being exposed to their missile weapons. From this post it was necessary to dislodge them at any risk. Juan de Escobar thrice made the attempt, but was repulsed. Fernando Cortez, sensible that not only the reputation, but the safety of his army depended on the success of the assault, ordered a bucker to be tied to his arm, as he could not manage it with his wounded hand, and rushed with his drawn sword into the thickest of the combatants. Encouraged by the presence of their general, the Spaniards returned to the charge with such vigor that they gradually forced their way up the steps, and drove the Mexicans to the platform at the top of the tower. There a dreadful carnage began; when two young Mexicans of high rank, observing Cortez as he animated his soldiers by his voice and example, resolved to sacrifice their own lives in order to cut off the author of all the calamities which desolated their country. They approached him in a suppliant voice, as if to beg for mercy, and then, with a sudden seizing him in a moment, hurried him forwards the wall, over which they threw themselves headlong, in hopes of dragging him along to be dashed to pieces by the same fall. But Cortez, by his strength and agility, broke loose from their grasp; and the gallant youths perished in this generous though unsuccessful attempt to save their country.

Two Russian ladies of the highest rank, the Countess Z. and X., had for some years been united in the closest friendship. The Countess Z. (Russian ladies, by the way, are neither so cold nor chaste as the women of their northern clime) had a lover who proved faithless, and abandoned her for her friend, the Countess X.

Madame Z. was not long in discovering who was the preferred one, and concealing, with feminine tact, her rage and jealousy, she met her rival with smiles. "As she chere," she said, "I am really delighted that the Prince loves you, and hope you may long retain his affection; but your beautiful hair is getting thin; you must take care of it. Here is an infallible remedy, which I use myself. I would not give it to any one but you; use it, and your hair will be as luxuriant as ever."

The Countess X. embraced her with many thanks, and hurried home to apply the revivifying compound. In two days she was completely bald. Now, who could be faithful to a mistress with a wig? The Prince returned to his first love, and the poor Countess X. lives to ponder on the falsity of female friendship and her own borrowed capillary covering.

Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the Legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice Mr. D. gained the election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his, who congratulated him on his success. "I have got the election—L. was no match for me. I'll tell you how I stung him; if there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, and there I had the advantage of him. But as to L., he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow." "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you!"

"Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated Quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, "these know almost everything; can they tell me how I can procure my own small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble thy small beer any more."

Paul Fry, saying a man digging a large pit, and being disposed to rally him, asked him what he was digging. "A big hole," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with such a big hole?" inquired Paul. "Going to make it into small holes, and retail them to you fellows to set fence posts in."

A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark that "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

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