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The Walla Walla Statesman.
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R. R. and S. G. REED, Editors and Proprietors.

EDWARD SHELL, M. D., PHYSICIAN.
Sergeant and Assistant Surgeon, has resumed the practice of his profession. Office, at his house, next to the Walla Walla Hotel. July 28, 1863. 23ly

THIBODO & BRO., PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND MIDWIVES.
Office at Drug Store, two doors above Bro's & Co's fire-proof Brick Store, Main street, Walla Walla, W. T.
A. J. Thibodo, M. A., M. D. and Member Royal College Surgeons, England.
O. J. Thibodo, M. D. and Ex-Surgeon R. M. Navy.
Our Diplomas can be seen at our office.

OTIS L. BRIDGES.
L. JAY S. TURNER.
BRIDGES & TURNER, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, WALLA WALLA, W. T.—Will practice in the various Courts in Washington and Idaho Territories. Office in the front rooms over the "Bank Exchange," on Main street, opposite the "Oriental Hotel." March 21, 1864.

IASATER & LANGFORD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WALLA WALLA, W. T.—Office on Main street, opposite the "Bank Exchange." Sept. 1, 1863. 30ly

FRANK P. DUGAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office opposite the Police Office, Walla Walla, W. T. Will attend the sessions of all the District and Supreme Courts in the Territory. (Oct. 2, '63) 3ly

HENRY LAW, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT. Front street, Portland, Ore. Spokes, Fellows, etc. Also on hand and for sale, a general assortment of Oregon produce. And a constant supply of the finest quality of Flour on hand and for sale in lots to suit. 11

WHAT CHEER HOUSE, FRONT STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON. M. O'CONNOR, Proprietor. The What Cheer House will be on the wharf to convey passengers and baggage free of charge. A good safe for keeping valuables. This house is conducted on temperance principles. 11

WILLIAM YOUNG, DEALER IN MARBLE MONUMENTS, Tomb Stones, Tablets and Carvings. Marble Monuments, Headstones, Stone for building purposes, etc. All Stone cutting done to order. Portland, Oregon, April 4, 1863. 15ly

W. P. HORTON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND CITY RECORDER. Will attend to collection of debts, conveyances, acknowledgment of deeds, and all other legal business. Office, City Council chamber, 2d story of Bank Exchange. 11

WESTERN HOTEL, CORNER OF FIRST AND MARKET STREETS, PORTLAND, OREGON. S. D. SMITH, Proprietor. This Hotel is centrally located, and has been recently enlarged by the addition of two new stories, well ventilated rooms, for the accommodation of regular or transient boarders. 11

F. MILLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, IDAHO CITY, BOISE COUNTY, I. T. Prompt personal attention paid to all professional business connected with the Territory. Collections punctually made and returned. (Hannock City, 1864) 9ly

JAS. D. MIX & S. R. FARGO, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, OFFICE MAIN STREET, OVER BANK EXCHANGE. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to them in the District and Supreme Courts of the Territory. Walla Walla, Oct. 5, 1864.

LEOPOLD WOLFF. ATTORNEY AT LAW—Stark's Building, Front Street, Portland, Oregon. (Deutscher Advokat.) Will practice in all the Courts of Oregon and Washington Territory. (Oct. 7, 1864) 11

H. H. BLACK, BLACK & MACK, DENTISTS, PORTLAND, OREGON. Office and Laboratory No. 10, Alder street, between 1st and 2nd streets. (Oct. 7, 1864) 11

PERSONS FAVORING THEM WITH THEIR PATRONAGE may rely upon their best endeavors to promote the interests of their patients. Portland, Dec. 19, 1863 59ly

EMPIRE HOTEL & RESTAURANT. Main Street, Walla Walla. L. MARKHAM, PROPRIETOR. THE ABOVE HOTEL, HAVING BEEN MUCH enlarged and otherwise greatly improved, is again open to the public. It will be kept on the Hotel and Restaurant principle. Meals at all hours. NEW SUITES OF ROOMS, for Sleeping Apartments have been added to the house and furnished in such a manner as to make it a comfortable home for the Traveler and Boarder. The Table is always supplied with the best market affords. Terms Moderate. 45ly

City Hotel. Has just opened and thoroughly re-fitted the above Hotel, I will open on Monday, the 24th of Dec. upon the strict Prepayment System, at the following rates: Single Men, Fifty cents. Board per Week, \$ 9 00 Board and Lodging per Week, \$ 12 00 Single Bed, 50 Bed and Room, 75 Let it be distinctly understood that we are Cash in Advance. E. E. TAYLOR, Proprietor. April 29, 1864.

L. J. RECTOR, County Auditor of Walla Walla Co., W. T. Notary Public, and Commissioner of Deeds for Oregon. Office—with Clerk of the District Court, City of Walla Walla.

DEEDS, MORTGAGES, Powers of Attorney, and all instruments of writing carefully drawn up, and Acknowledgments taken. Instruments for any part of the United States Acknowledged or Certified under the Seal of the District Court. Aug. 8, 1863—4f

KELLOGG & McAULIFF'S FERRY. AT THE MOUTH OF TUCANON, three miles from the old Ferry on the Colville Road. This Ferry possesses superior advantages to the traveling public, situated as it is on Snake at the most accessible point for travel to Colville, Antoine Plante's Dittier Root, and and, in fact, is on the most direct route to all that portion of country lying to the north and north-east of Snake River. The road leading from Walla Walla to the Ferry is far superior to the old Colville road, and the country is better supplied with grass and water. The public will find it to their advantage to travel this road. KELLOGG & McAULIFF. Our rates of ferrage will not exceed those charged by the Colville Ferry. March 19, 1864. 14ly

"Only Seven Hundred Killed."
Only seven hundred killed of their breath—
Out of life suddenly hurried to death—
On the red battle-field drenched in their gore,
They were stretched fearfully, waking no more.
There, mid the regiments, where cannon thundered,
There lay the murdered men, only seven hundred!

Some died in misery, writhing with pain;
Some, like extinguished lamp, instantly slain.
Piled up in heaps on heaps on the crushed grass,
Was such the human hyenas to pass?
All unresisting there they lay plundered,
That little band of them, only seven hundred.

Some have left families doled in tears—
Left them in poverty, sorrow and fears.
Here, widows and orphans send up their sad moans;
There fathers and mothers bewail for their sons;
By the hot cannon ball they have been smitten,
Laid the dead sleep—they are only seven hundred.

Thousands on thousands went out to the fray;
Thousands on thousands fell since the first day.
There have been streams of blood poured out like rain;
Figures exhaust themselves counting the slain.
Why make a count of them only seven hundred?
Why make a count of them only seven hundred?

"Man's inhumanity makes thousands mourn."
How long shall the savage fire in his heart burn?
What a strange, eventful year that had been to us,
And round us up all the devil in man;
Till all show of pity seems to have vanished,
And we are contented to "only seven hundred!"—N. Y. Home Journal.

The Divorce.
BY ETHEL CARLYLE.

Only one year, and I here hold the paper that makes me free again. Divorced I and on the first anniversary of my wedding day!

What a strange, eventful year that had been to me, since the day I stood at the altar and promised to be a true and faithful wife until death—Had I performed that vow? I asked myself the question, sitting there alone, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes on that paper. My heart misgave me, but conscience acquitted. I had fulfilled it as long as duty required, and it was no fault of mine that I had not done so unto death.

How strongly in contrast to the present seemed those few happy months, when it was my highest happiness in life to perform that duty, and oh, how slight a circumstance had wrought the change! merely the accidental discovery in my husband's private secretary of a package of letters and the miniature of a woman so wondrously beautiful, yet with so unholily an expression, that she seemed a fallen angel. And those letters—breathing the fiery, passionate ardor of a heart such as I should imagine would accompany that beautiful face—were addressed to Myron Clare, the man who had given to me, and me alone, until death. And nearly all of these were written subsequent to our marriage, and were seemingly in answer to similar ones from him, and each of his frequent absences from home, which had always purported to have been on business, were now speaking to me of a man who had been in my presence, and in the last, written a few days prior to his present departure, a meeting was arranged for the day on which he had left home, at a place designated in New York.

What a discovery for a wife to make! Myron was away on business, which he had said would detain him two or three months. There was no opportunity for an explanation, if, believing in his honesty, I had permitted me to have a word with him. Had any one told me one week, even one day previously, that any combination of circumstances could have shaken my confidence in my husband's honor, I would have smiled in happy incredulity; but now I was half crazed with doubt and jealousy. The passionate, bewitching beauty of that pictured face seemed sufficient to tempt an angel from duty. But it was very hard to think that one in whom I had placed my confidence should have deceived me even from the beginning. I would know the truth, if it were possible!

There was but one among my friends to whom I would have confided so shameful a secret, and even there I hesitated, but my own heart would not let me. I had no one else upon whose assistance I could so implicitly rely. Cyril Dart was distantly connected to me, and had been reared in my father's family in childhood and youth. Perfect confidence had always existed between us, and, although for years we had not met, until a few weeks previously, the old feelings yet held sway, and to him I entrusted the strange discovery I had made, asking his assistance and advice. His first step was to telegraph to the western city where Myron had intimated, or pretended to go, but he brought back the intelligence that my husband was neither there nor expected there.—I treated him then to proceed to New York, he did so, and this time he brought me news that he had found the beautiful original of the picture and Myron together at the place mentioned in the letter.

"There is but one step remaining to be taken," I said, in pride and anger, when the whole truth was before me, and I had decided to go. Cyril offered his services. I gladly accepted them, and before Myron's three months absence had expired the divorce was applied for and he was notified of it. I scarcely expected he would visit me, but he sought me, though in vain, for I refused to see him, referring him to my lawyer, Cyril Dart, for any information he might desire.

"Tell me, Annie," he wrote in reply, "do you apply for this divorce of your own free will, uninduced by any of your friends?"
"I do, most assuredly!" was the answer I returned.

"You are free, then," was the reply, "I shall not oppose you. May you be happy."
Thus we parted; and one bright September evening Cyril Dart placed in my hands the papers which made me free once more. I asked no questions, cared nothing how it had been obtained. I had only stipulated in the commencement that the disgraceful circumstances which had occasioned it should not be made public, and he now assured me that my wishes had been regarded.

I was free now, with my confidence in mankind gone, my hopes blasted, and my whole life darkened; but pride upheld me, caused me to wear a smiling face even when my heart lay crushed and bleeding.

One year later I was installed as a nurse in a Virginia hospital. Dr. Bunce, our family physician had been appointed surgeon in the hospital, and on his departure I entreated him to permit me to accompany him as nurse, for I was anxious to engage in some active and useful work, partly to banish unpleasant memories, but more to escape Cyril Dart's importunate wranglings; for, within a month, he had changed from an earnest friend to a persistent lover. But now I was away from all old associations, leading an active, useful life, which left me no time for useless wranglings or vain regrets.

One day there had been many new arrivals, and the surgical ward was full, and, filled with earnest sympathy for those wounded men, I was doing what I could for their temporary relief, when I heard a voice call my name in tones of earnest entreaty.

"Oh, Annie—Annie, don't leave me!"
Faint and sick, I caught at the bed beside me for support, for I knew that no voice save Myron Clare's could have called me like that; and

the accents plainly told that it was the incoherent ravings of a delirious man.
With a feeling of tender pity such as I had never thought he could again awaken in my heart, I sought his bed, and found it worse than I expected. His right arm lay crushed and mangled by his side, just as he had been taken from the battle-field, while his forehead and bloodshot eyes told of the fever coursing through his veins. It was heart-rending, even to me, bitterly wronged as I believed myself to be, to hear his piteous entreaties to me not to forsake him. He seemed to fancy himself again on the battle-field, wounded, almost dying, and that could I save him but would not. But I was helpless to afford him either aid or comfort now, and could only stand, beside him gazing in pity upon the wreck of what had once been my strong and handsome husband, until Dr. Bunce drew me away.

"Amputation will be necessary, and it is no place for you," he said kindly. "After it is over if you wish it, you may care for him then."
And I did care for him as tenderly as if my feelings had been the same towards him as before that fatal discovery; it was very long before reason returned, but before it returned I had decided, with good Dr. Bunce, "that there was a terrible mistake somewhere. Myron Clare had never been false to me in his life, and my ravings had convinced me of that, and I only waited the return of reason for the explanation I felt sure he could give.

At last when the first cool days of autumn came, he awoke to the consciousness that the Annie he had called so wildly for was beside him. The look of pleasure which overspread his face as he recognized me fully repaid me for all of my care; but it suddenly changed to one of pain and dismay as he attempted to raise his hand, and for the first time discovered his loss. I tried to speak, but tears choked my utterance. I could only stoop down and kiss the pale brow.

"It is all right, it gives my Annie back to me," he said, in low, feeble tones.
I could only answer fervently, "God grant it has been the means of bringing us together for some good purpose."

The doctor had forbidden all conversation when he should become conscious, so the explanation so earnestly desired by both was necessarily deferred until strength was partially restored to his wasted frame.

A week later and his returning strength admitted of that explanation. I told my story, watching carefully the shades of surprise and anger which swept alternately across his face.

"To whom did you show the letters and picture?" he asked, as I concluded.
"Cyril Dart," I answered.
"Who telegraphed to Chicago for you?"
"Cyril Dart."
"Whom did you send to New York?"
"Cyril Dart," I still answered.

"And Cyril Dart procured your divorce and afterwards asked you to marry him?"
I looked up in surprise.
"How did you know that?"
"Because it is the only thing necessary to complete the chain of evidence against him. The world conspired as usual, and wondered what articles in my desk for the very purpose which was accomplished by them; and when he brought you those messages from Chicago and New York he was successfully carrying out his project. He never telegraphed to Chicago, for I do not believe he ever left New York, or, if he did, he never saw me there, for I never returned that city during my absence. It was a plot skillfully laid to separate us; you can see as well as I what it was."

"And I was his dupe," I said in bitter self-reproach. "Oh, Myron, can you forgive me the sorrow I have caused you?"
"I have nothing to forgive," he answered tenderly. "You were never wrong against me, and I am just towards you now as I would ask but one thing—take me back once more, and let my future conduct prove my penitence for the almost fatal mistake I have made."

"My kneeling beside his lowly hospital bed, I spoke again the words which made me Myron Clare's wife, responding earnestly, in heart, to the words "that God has joined together let no man put asunder." A few weeks after I returned home, accompanied by my husband, who, though still pale and weak, was fast recovering health and strength. In informing my friends of my intended return I had made no mention of my husband's arrival. His words of welcome were cut short when I presented the pale, crippled soldier beside me—whom he had failed to recognize—with the simple words "My husband." He recognized him the next day, and I had ever doubted his villainy. I was not surprised to find him ready to do anything to take me back once more, and let my future conduct prove my penitence for the almost fatal mistake I have made.

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Advertisements for Correspondence.
Readers of the *Waverly Magazine* have noticed in that journal, week after week, columns of advertisements from soldiers in the army, asking for correspondence with young ladies, usually setting forth that the object of the correspondence is to be "mutual improvement," "pastime," or "perhaps, matrimony." And in other columns of the same journal may be found stories headed "Kittie" (or some other imaginary being's) Correspondence," showing how Kittie answered one of these letters from "a poor private," and how that "poor private" rose from rank to rank until he became Colonel of his regiment, and then "by a turn of fortune's wheel," he was transported into a great cotton speculation, amassing an immense fortune and returns home and marries the "sweet Kittie." Another sets forth that the "Susie" answers one of these letters; is at first amused, and then interested by the "dashing, off-hand style of Corporal FitzGibbons, whose eloquence at once proves him to be a man of superior mind, who has evidently seen better days, and shows qualifications for a position much above his present humble one. They exchange photographs; "chic bro" and "delicately rounded form,"—neither of which do justice to the "lofty grandeur" of the one, or the "exquisite beauty" of the other of the originals—are mutually admired and worn by each "next to the heart"; both fall "desperately in love"—and continue to correspond! Susie writing upon "delicately perfumed note-paper" and enclosing in "tiny, little embossed envelopes" which—either by the shape or the scent—always told the Corporal who they were from before he broke the seal, and he, in turn, writing upon the leaves of his memorandum book and enclosing in huge envelopes furnished him by "his old friend the Quartermaster," and addressing in a "full, round hand" which Susie—by intuition, probably—recognizes as the chirography of the Corporal. Thus it goes, until one morning when Susie, having finished up her household duties, is "reclining in beautiful listlessness upon a lounge in her boudoir," that her Pa carelessly enters, pats her on the cheek, and places a copy of the *Herald* in her hand; she casually glances over it, until she sees the heading, in flaming capitals, of "Terrible Assault upon the Enemy's Lines by the 1st Regiment—Terrible Slaughter on Both Sides"; she hastily glances over the list of killed and wounded until she comes to the name of Corporal FitzGibbons, among the list of probably mortally wounded; the paper drops from her hand, and she—drops upon the lounge, covers her face with her hands and—cries! But she does not remain long thus; rises up with a determined look upon her countenance, dons her bonnet and shawl, goes out and sees the good Mrs. —, Vice President of the — Society, obtains a situation as nurse in the — Hospital, returns home and packs up trunk with tit-bits and cordials, and, by the entreaties of her friends, to the train for the army of the Potomac.

Arriving there, she is at once installed in the duties of her new position, and goes through the initiation of seeing half-dozed "dirty rebels,"—all whom revive immensely under the electricity of her gentle manipulations, and shed many tears in consequence of her gentleness reminding them of their own darling sisters and sweethearts—she finally comes the object of her adoration, lying upon a "pallet" and looking as if he were "breathing on his last," but still "charismatic" in death." She recognizes the "chic bro" though now unlike the picture, yet, if possible, still more beautiful in its marble whiteness, and as she hears the Dr. say, "Poor fellow! he must die!" she inwardly offers a prayer to heaven that he may not, and sets to work bolstering up with pillows, which the reader can't help wondering how she got into her trunk along with the cordials! He seems to breathe easier, and finally she imparts her secret to the benevolent Dr. — Chief Surgeon, who turns out to be an old friend of her father's, and assigns her to the especial care of the Corpor

