THE OREGON ARGUS.

BY D. W. CRAIG.

TERMS—The ARGUS *will be furnished at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, in advance, to single subscribers—Three Dollars each to clubs of ten at one office—in advance.*

When the money is not paid in advance, Four Dollars will be charged if paid within six months, and Five dollars at the end of the year.

☞ *Two Dollars for six months—No subscriptions received for a less period.*

☞ *No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.*

The Oregon Argus.

—A Weekly Newspaper, devoted to the Interests of the Laboring Classes, and advocating the side of Truth in every issue.—

VOL. V. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859. No. 24.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square (12 lines or less, brevier measure) one insertion, $3,00
" " two insertions, 4,00
Each subsequent insertion, 1,00
Reasonable deductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt o additions suited to all the requirements of this locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

A Song of Summer-Time.

With the breath of flowers panting,
Comes the breeze,
And the birds their loves are chanting
In the trees;
So I know that summer reigneth,
And that while her throne remaineth,
Every heart is full that draineth
Joys like these.

I can listen to the thrushes
As they sing;
I can quaff the life that gushes
From the spring;
But I cannot tell the measure
Of my heart's supremest pleasure,
As it grasps the lavish treasure
Which they bring.

Gentle spirit of the summer,
Stay, oh stay!
Thou wilt find no welcome warmer
Hence away;
Nowhere will the fields be greener,
Or the summer skies serener,
Gladness purer, pleasure keener,
Hearts more gay.

Every summer is a whisper
From the shore
Where fruition's golden harvest
Is in store;
Where joy floweth like a river,
And the winter cometh never,
But a glory shineth ever—
Evermore!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

The Last Victim of the Scottish Maiden.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A Scottish maiden! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land; or haply, if he has had an *entree* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within; and he has learned to love the race that once had such deadly feuds wfth his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the northern capital; and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot.—Yet to some, this gastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed damsel might have envied; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed as he laid his head upon the block, "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gailant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips; but when, some years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstances of his death obliterated all recollections of the marquis and his dying words.

It happened, singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle and Kenelm Hamilton, who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the deadliest enemies; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we will now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself compelled, by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton; he was a young man of peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either; he was the second son of the noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time we write, when the families had been represented by the marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry temper; for his elder brother was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which even the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a quarrel between them which had fearfully embittered their traditionary hatred. The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly. But not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accept the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride.

Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be even the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of the same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of poor Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle, and the little village which lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy night; the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like specters among the bleak grey rocks. Truly, it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though solely against his will, to rest in the domains of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, unhappily, that morning one of his guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any one but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and entirely unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were in fact almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the "Argyle Arms" that night. The landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one would wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitor on a night so "uncanny."

Hamilton assured him that he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle, and disencumbered himself of his heavy riding boots, he sat down on the oaken settee opposite the huge fireplace; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room, and lighted up with a bright glare the figure of a young woman, who sat on one side of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid motion of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting; her plaid throwa back from her her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets, nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone blind, while there lurked certain lines around the thin, compressed lips, which seemed to indicate that she had all the cuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful—scarcely even pleasing—yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel, and yet cannot define, in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and, as he continued to watch her, sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of his rival's bloody death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyle's young life might be fitly represented by this wierd damsel, who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate, weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times, who feared neither death nor danger, were prone to superstition, and Hamilton, hot-blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to this rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the inn-keeper returned and broke the ominous silence which oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days, which we will not attempt to reproduce; "here is a gentleman cold and hungry; come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak; but she never opened her lips. She rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by touch, while the staring, glassy eyes seemed to him absolutely ghastly, as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whiskey, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat, immovable as before.

"Is this your daughter?" said Hamilton to the inn-keeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child, and blind from birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject were painful. "Elspeth's not like other folks, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he plied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen set appetite. Nor did he spare the whisky, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and as she never moved or spoke he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well nigh forgotten, also, the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from those retainers of his foes, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

'Ye come from Edinbro', then,' said the inn-keeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness; and clenching his fist he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming, "Curses on the bloody city!—the city of murderers!—and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen!" said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear; and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself; and, whilst an involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said, at length. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the stones though they are stained with the blood of the noble Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies who drove him to death—his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton who stole his bride!"

"Amen!" the deep voice answered, but Hamilton heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet he advanced towards Campbell, saying:

"Man, do you know of whom you are speaking?"

"I neither know nor care," said the inn-keeper rising also. "But I say yet more: not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her his lady light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's house had she become his bride!"

This was too much. In another instant Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word!" he thundered out; "she is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-o'-love!" repeated Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—one fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground, as his assailant plunged the dagger into his breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming:

"Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat!"

One deep groan—one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death.—The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amicably but a few minutes before, was lying there, murdered by his own hand. But suddenly, as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him, as she knelt on the floor by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthy that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white, ghastly face; but, as he receded, she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which she had steeped in her blood, on his, till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice: "You have murdered him, and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape; the vengeance of heaven will track you out one day!" Then, flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed: "My father, oh, my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have wrung upon the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself. He must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse, without saddle or bridle, and the clatter of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest until he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and, if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him, and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when he would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact had become known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in the presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim, which Elspeth detailed word for word; but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation, the search was given up, but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that, if ever in his lifetime the assassin was discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of these times, which recognized a claim on the part of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark foreboding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first man he had *murdered*—the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Wherever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low, solemn warning of the blind girl came to him, as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father, he heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he looked for it—Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown the ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the gentle Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born spoke of new ties to make life sweet; and, later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when, at last, he returned with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the innkeeper had not been thought of by any one for a long time past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town, where the houses of the nobility were chiefly to be found, when his attention was attracted by a fray which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days; but the fury of the lads was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarreling, and, with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each, he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd, and Hamilton's rank and position were well known as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and scarce bending his lofty head in acknowledgment of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky, streaming down upon his noble and commanding form, seemed but to typify the brilliancy of his worldly prospects. One moment he stood thus, and the next the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp, and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek, so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rung through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen, and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child.

On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis of Argyle's town residence, a tall, haggard-looking woman was standing; her arms were outstretched toward Hamilton; and her eyes, whose glassy vacancy showed that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near: "Seize him! seize that man, whoever he may be; he is the murderer of my father!—I know him by his voice!" Many of Argyle's retainers were amongst the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel. All knew Elspeth Campbell, the blind woman, and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and to the repeated expression of her long ng desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words one instant ere he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she should know them again if she could but once hear the murderer speak; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out: "Seize him! seize him! I know he is my father's murderer!" In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awe-struck conscience set a seal upon its truth, for he attempted no defense, but kept his appalled look still fixed upon the blind woman's ghastly face; he let his hands fall at his side, and exclaimed: "It is the hand of God, and I am lost!"

He spoke truly; he was lost indeed. Argyle speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable, nor did he attempt to controvert it; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after that bright morning when he stood, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune, with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the center of a large assemblage, the object of interest to all. The deadly "maiden" had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitterest tears, as she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die. They let him pause one instant to take leave of her.

"My Ellen, do not weep," he said; "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it is come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold, and not in the fires of hell!" He kissed her pale lips, and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as he had killed her father. He laid his hand on hers: "Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to die! Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me!"

"I will," she answered, and tears fell from her sightless eyes as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the "maiden" had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashion of executing criminals; and it may be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who, in very deed and truth, was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—"We are afraid," said some visitors to Baxter, "that we break in upon your time." "To be sure you do," replied the disturbed and blunt scholar. Ursinus, to hint as gently as he could to his friends that he was avaricious of time, contrived to place an inscription over the door of his study, which could not fail to fix their eye, intimating that whoever remained there must join in his labors. The amiable Melancthon, incapable of a harsh expression, when he received these idle visits only noted down the time he had expended, that he might reanimate his industry and not lose a day. The late, elegant, poetical Mr. Ellis, on one of these occasions, at his country-house, showed a literary friend that when driven to the last he usually made his escape by a leap out of the window.

THE BIBLE IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—At that great time of religious conflict every one read and knew the Bible. It was the whole literature then, as it almost is now, of the poor—their story-book, their teacher, their encyclopedia, their tragedian, their week-day preacher. It had never been a sealed book; but still it was then sown broadcast over the land. It was the storehouse of artists and designers. The great manor-house pictures were taken from it, so were the church window stories, so the legends for cups and chairs, so the scenes for the stiff tapestry, so the poems and the pageants. Shakspeare drew from the Bible, so did Marlowe, so did Spenser, so Du Bartas, so everybody.—*Athenæum.*

☞ On the field of Solferino, Francis Joseph is said to have addressed an angry reproof to one of his oldest Generals, who instantly broke his sword across his knee and threw the pieces at his feet; the Emperor burst into tears and held out both his hands, begging pardon for the offense he had given.

☞ The Pittsburg Gazette has reached its 73d anniversary. The first copy was issued in July, 1786, and it was not only the first paper printed in Pittsburg, but the first one west of the Alleghany mountains.

BIBLE PROMISES—They are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of a poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

☞ It is said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, when a boy, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text:—"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

☞ An absent-minded editor, having courted a girl, and applied to her father for permission to marry her, the old man said:

"Well, you want my girl. What kind of a settlement will you make?—what will you give her?"

"Give her?" replied the editor, looking up vacantly, "O, I will give her a *puff*."

☞ The Civic Tribunal of the Seine has just decided in a case "Madame X—*versus* the Mayor of the 10th arrondissement," that a foreign woman, legally divorced in her own country, cannot during her husband's lifetime—although he is also a foreigner—contract a second marriage in France, where, since 1816, the law does not permit a divorce under any circumstances whatever.

WATERLOO.—The great French writer Michelet, embodied the universal feeling of France, in one line, when he wrote the emphatic words, at once a history and a prophecy, "France has no past, but Waterloo." In 1840, when Louis Napoleon was brought to trial, before the chamber of Peers in Paris, for his invasion of France at Boulogne (the affair of the tamed eagle, which would not alight upon the Napoleon column) he defended himself very impressively, and said:

"I present before you a principle, a cause a defeat; the principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, that of Waterloo. The principle you have recognized, the cause you have served, the defeat you wished to avenge. No! there is no difference between you and me, and I will not believe that I am destined to suffer the penalty of the treason of others. Representing a political case, I cannot accept as judge of my wishes and of my acts a political jurisdiction. Your formalities deceive no one.—In the struggle which is commenced there is only a vanquisher and vanquished. If you are the men of the vanquisher, I do not expect justice from you, and I do not want your generosity."

☞ The Liberal Government of Mexico, through their agent in the United States, have just concluded a contract for the supply of Minie Rifles, and cannon and ammunition to suit them. These are to be forwarded to Mexico by the 1st September. It is not yet known here whether American volunteers will be accepted, as Lerdo had not arrived, and the character of his instructions, therefore, not ascertained. These warlike stores may supersede the necessity for extraneous aid, except as to competent officers, there being a sufficiency of Liberals ready to take the field as rank and file.

MR. DALLAS IN THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—The London Evening Mail, in relation to the opening of Parliament, says of our Minister, George M. Dallas:

"Conspicuous among them all, in his plain evening dress and snow-white hair, is the American Minister, Mr. Dallas, a striking type, if we may so call him, of the simple institutions of the great republic which he represents so well."

☞ The London Star says that a late sale of ancient manuscripts, autographs, &c., Milton's receipt of the publisher for the purchase money of "Paradise Lost," was knocked down at the price of £15, to a gentleman who bought it on commission for the United States. This receipt, in Milton's own hand-writing, is now on its way to Philadelphia.

☞ The high church people of Scotland have been shocked by the second marriage of the Bishop of Edinburgh, Primus of the Scottish Episcopate, three days after his consecration. He was sixty-nine years of age and married a widow. It appears to be a rule, or a custom, rather, of the English Established Church that its ministers shall not marry twice.

☞ There is many a sermon, says Beecher, that has altogether too much ornamentation for good. If I recollect right, there is never an urchin that is to be whipped but who would not prefer that all the leaves should be left on the stick. But those who have experience know that if you want to make the child tingle, you must strip off the branches.

☞ In the early history of Harvard University corporeal punishment was one of the common means of correction—the tutors chastising the students at discretion. By the college annals it appears that when one Thomas Sargent was publicly whipped in the hall, the exercises were opened and closed with prayer.

CALIFORNIA LIONESS.—The Courier says that a man named Nobles, living about fifteen miles from Shasta, on the Sacramento river, succeeded in killing a very large California lioness.

☞ Extraordinary as it may appear, says an exchange, a piece of brown paper, folded and placed between the upper lip and the gum, will stop bleeding of the nose. Try it.

☞ Nine guns of rifled ordnance, on on trial at Fort Monroe, have been found far superior to the smooth bore, after a very severe test.

TO MEND GLASS OR CHINA.—With a small camel's hair brush, rub the broken edges of glass or china with a little carriage oil-varnish; and if neatly put together the fracture will hardly be perceptible, and when thoroughly dry, will stand both fire and water.

☞ The New York Post says it is understood on certain conditions, which have been duly considered by personal friends, that Sickles will voluntarily surrender his claims for representing the third Congressional District.