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[From Dickens's All the Year Round.]

## SOMEbody's ESCAPE.

In the old town of Limerick are many fine houses, built when it was thought that the town would stretch out by Clare's, instead of going as it did. There is Back Clare Street, built of handsome private houses, which were afterwards let and sub-let cheap to lodgers—many of the lower class of tradespeople. It was in one of these houses that a reduced gentleman—Miss Sally Carmody—lived, in or about the year 1761. There was a deal of French money sent over in those times, and some it was thought appropriated to their own use.

Frank Arthur even, when he was building Arthur's quay, was accused of having got some. I am quite sure this was untrue, but the story was believed because, you see, in those days, it was thought to be such an impudent thing for a Catholic to build a whole quay! Three times, they say, he was on the point of being hanged, but the Earl of Limerick saved him. However this might be, Frank Arthur, being considered mighty "upish" (that was the word for a Catholic, was suspected, and not himself alone, but all who were known to be connected with him. Arthur's wife was better born than himself, and poor Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin of hers, and well known as such. No she, poor old lady, was under suspicion also.

Miss Sally being, as I said, reduced, was obliged to take in needle work to support herself. She was very skillful at her needle, and numbers of fine ladies used to mount the stairs to her lodgings to entrust her with work they were particular about. One would think there could be nothing very dangerous in this poor gentleman's still, being related to Arthur's wife, she was watched, and knew it. Above all, she lived in constant dread of a fellow lodger, who occupied the rooms on the ground floor, immediately below her. This woman, who followed the calling of clear starcher, was an acrid, close, communicative little body—very industrious, but very odd in her ways. She was what the neighbors called "a bitter Protestant"; consequently, she was employed by all the Protestant ladies of Limerick, and was, moreover, a weekly pensioner of some religious society. By Miss Sally, the little Protestant clear-starcher was looked upon as a spy, and dreaded and avoided accordingly.

One day a handsome carriage stopped at the door, and a lady of modish appearance having inquired for Miss Sally, alighted, and ascended the stairs to her room. She had some very fine work with her, and concerning this she had a hundred instructions to give. Miss Sally remembered afterwards that while she was talking about the work the lady's eyes kept glancing here and there rather curiously. But as this was by no means unusual in her fine lady visitors, it caused her no uneasiness at the time. Her customer at last departed, and Miss Sally resumed her occupation, suspended during the rather tedious directions to which she had to hearken.

The visitor's sharp eyes, however, had not gone a-prying in vain. Inside the front room there was, as I have often seen in those old houses, a little room or closet, without any window, only lighted by means of a glass door connecting it with the apartments without. It came out subsequently that the fine lady spy had seen the shadow of a man inside. In less than an hour the whole street was filled with soldiers, and up to Miss Sally's room they came to secure their prisoner. They knew he had not had time to escape; they also knew that from the closet there was no second outlet; so when they were in the room without, they were sure he was trapped.

Into the closet, then, they thronged, General Duff at their head. But the room was apparently empty. It was without furniture, save a mattress, a chair and a table, on which were the remains of a meal. In one corner was a little heap of straw, but not large enough to conceal a man. For a moment the soldiers were taken aback—next moment they were reassured. There was a bricked-up fire-place in the room; and round it they all gathered. At that time there was a tax called hearth money, and people used to build a sort of wall of bricks, around the fireplace, that the Inspector might see when he came that they made no use of it. Aye, and maybe, when he'd turn his back, the bricks would be taken down until the time for the next visit. However, as luck would have it, Miss Sally had really no use for this fireplace; I suppose it was so much as she could do, poor lady, to keep up the fire in front of it.

And it so happened that the bricks were well and firmly built, and even plastered over, and they reached to within a couple of feet from the ceiling. There was just room for a man inside, and down there, as

the soldiers guessed, the poor fugitive had dropped. He had only a few minutes notice of their coming, and catching up a hatchet that was in the corner with the firewood, he had just had time to clamber up and gain his temporary place of refuge when they broke in.

With a throbbing heart he listened to their threats, their cries of anger, their oaths. He heard them asking if it would not be best to shoot down upon him, and kill him in his lair. But Gen. Duff bawled out, "No, no!—not for a hundred thousand pounds. He must be taken alive!—He cannot escape us; pull down the wall and he is ours!" They then set to, and worked hotly; and what with the knocking and hammering, and crushing and shouting, there was such an uproar as was never heard before in poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings. She was as busy as they had anticipated to tear them away. And when at last they did effect their purpose, their purposed prisoner had again bawled them—how was plainly to be seen.

While they were uprooting the bricks that screened him from them, he seeing, or rather feeling, that there was no heart stone under his feet, had conceived the hope that by cutting away the floor, he might drop down into the room below, and so have another chance of getting off. With the hatchet he had caught up, he fell to work, the noise he made completely drowned by the uproar without, and some minutes before their object was effected, he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given. By the soldiers nearest the hearth place. Some of their number remained above, while the rest hurried down to get into the room below. But here was another delay for the woman who occupied it—a good Protestant, as several of them knew, and therefore not to be suspected of voluntarily harboring a French spy, (for such they declared the fugitive to be)—was absent, and the door was locked. Some who had hurried round to the back of the house, found the window to this room fast bolted on the inside, and there was no other outlet from it.

With a shout they announced their certainty that the Frenchman was still in the house caught in his own trap. So they called for a crowbar to break open the door and seize him at last. Somehow, none of them ventured to follow him through the hole he had made in the floor and ceiling. They knew he must be armed—they had abundant proof of his energy and desperation; and the bravest man that ever stepped might well be pardoned for not adopting a means of descent sure to be fatal to himself.

But, just as the crowbar was about to be put into requisition, there was a cry of "Stop! Stop!" from a female voice in the crowd, and presently a little woman, greatly hurried and excited, came elbowing her way towards them. "Oh, general, honey," she cried, "sure ye won't break open my little room? I have the key some-where—only wait a minute!" and the little clear-starcher fumbled desperately in her pockets and in the bosom of her dress, vowing the while, as well as she could speak, that it was the "Lard sent her back from her errand in time to prevent her little place from being smashed!" Still the poor creature was so frightened and so confused that it was not until the general, losing all patience, had again called for the crowbar, that the key at length made its appearance in the hands of a capacious pocket.

It was snatched from her, the door was flung open, and the men poured in. In a moment every crook and cranny was ransacked in vain. There was no trace of the fugitive, and they were entirely at fault. The window shut and bolted on the inside precluded any idea of escape in that direction; the fire cheerfully burning in the large grate as effectually proved that he could not have ascended the chimney; he was no where in the room, yet was plain to all beholders the aperture in the ceiling by which he had got down. And louder than the cries of the angry soldiers were those of the little clear-starcher whose apartment had been so unceremoniously disfigured. The captors were outwitted by the devil himself.

But the evil one had no need, even were he so inclined, to interfere in the matter. The little Protestant clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly to outwit the soldier. That she was odd in her ways was certain; for, while every man, woman or child, except herself, was in commotion on the arrival of the military, she remained at her wash tub, rubbing away and listening to the uproar and blows overhead, as if nothing at all unusual were the matter. There she was, when the ceiling gave way, and the poor hunted Frenchman, pale and covered with dust, stood before her. She never cried out or even spoke; she just looked at him a second, then pointed to the window; he sprang out, and hastened in the direction she had indicated. The little woman dusted the window sill where he had left the prints of his feet, shut the window, bolted it on the inside, threw some fresh fuel on the fire, and mingled unobserved with the people in the street.

When the Frenchman was, he was saved. When he jumped out through the window he made off across a garden, on through other gardens, out into a field where some men were digging potatoes. These seeing him running, and his dress all torn, guessed how it was, and one of them gave him his jacket, another his brogue, and another his carbene, and they rubbed clay over his hands and face, and otherwise aided his disguise.

They put a spade in his hand, and set him to dig with them. By-and-by the soldiers came to make inquiry, and were sent off on a wild goose chase after a gentleman without a hat, whom they said they

had seen running in an opposite direction. The soldiers never found him, and the fugitive got safe back to France. It was not rightly known what he was, some said one thing and some another, but from what General Duff cried out when the soldiers waited to fire down on him, it was believed that it must be somebody of great consequence. The poor people said it was the King of France. So it was.

## AN OLD FLORIDA CITY.

A correspondent writing from St. Augustine thus describes that ancient city:—St. Augustine has been often described—perhaps too often to make another description interesting. Yet I shall venture it because each new view or picture of a place may develop something not seen by any former artist. Besides, the colors like colors in a picture, are generally gotten as soon as that scene of the panorama has passed by. And again, the scene audience is constantly changing, and always large, so that some portion of it will be likely to be entertained, if history does repeat itself. After crossing the ferry and some twenty rods of causeway over a tide covered flat, we enter a narrow lane, with a fine large mansion upon either hand; that on the left owned by Mrs. Anderson and her son, "the young Doctor," formerly of New York. They have about a thousand orange trees in bearing, or nearly ready to bear, planted upon the twenty acres surrounding the house. Several lines of evergreen hedges have been planted as protection to the orange trees against the effects of severe north east gales. The trees upon this place, as well as every other one I have examined, are vigorously healthy, although some of the leaves and twigs shown me by Dr. Anderson exhibited the marks of fungus disease occasioned either by insects or fungi, which gives them a blighted appearance when very prevalent.

With good culture, and food for growth, this disease does not injure the trees. If neglected, they become like all other neglected fruit trees, scrubby and unproductive. Opposite Mrs. Anderson's, Mr. Abiah Gilbert, late of Butternut, Otsego county, N. Y., has bought a place of nine acres, and a fine large mansion, built by Captain Cobb of the old Liverpool and New York line of packets. Mr. G. paid \$10,000 for this place, which is considered "dirt cheap," although in bad order, owing to having been occupied as a hospital by the army. These two outposts give the traveler who approaches by this route (which, with the exception of the one to Jacksonville, is the only approach by land) a favorable impression of St. Augustine. Leaving these, a few rods bring him to the head of the Plaza, where he sees the old mansion of the Spanish Governor, now owned and occupied by the United States Courts, Post-Office, &c. It is a two-story stone building, in the form of an L, with a broad piazza, above and below. It stands within a walled enclosure of several acres, which was once a splendid garden, filled with flowers, tropical plants and orange trees. The building was shamefully abused by the troops quartered there, and has now a sadly dilapidated appearance. One of the lower rooms has been roughly fitted up as a Post-Office, by Dr. Benedict, Postmaster, formerly in charge of the Utica, N. Y., Insane Asylum, but for several years a resident here, and on the St. John's, and a great sufferer by the Rebels in the early part of the war, as he was ever an unyielding Republican and opponent of secession. Formerly, no man would have dared to have the *Tribune*, or any similar paper addressed to him by mail. Now they are taken freely, both daily, weekly and semi-weekly, and read openly, and the Post-office is a sort of public exchange for Union men, as Dr. B. is a most pleasant, intelligent, sociable gentleman. In front of the Court-house, and open to the Bay, which is about 80 rods distant, lies the Plaza, or public square, a green sward, dotted with trees, but marked by two ornamental market houses, upon the end next to the water. Upon the north side of the street, bordering the Plaza on that side, stands the old Catholic Church, which has a bell made in 1682, as that date is cast in the metal. The present church, however, appears to have been rebuilt in 1793. The large, three-story building that we see in the rear of the Court-house, as we enter the town, is a Franciscan Convent. The holy mother Church owns a good deal of property, all about town, much of it in a dilapidated condition, as she is literally too poor to take decent care of it. The Protestant Episcopal church confronts the old Catholic one, as it stands on the south side of the square, and is a respectable looking edifice, but has only a small congregation. There is, a little way off, a neat, small Presbyterian church, and in another direction a building belonging to the Methodists, but there are no white members.

The majority of the people are attached to the Catholic Church, and the leaders have always been able to control everything relating to municipal affairs. The finest residence on the public square is that of Dr. O. Bronson, formerly of New York, but now apparently permanently fixed in this place. At least he is satisfied, after 30 years searching this and foreign countries, that he has never found any place so desirable as this for a residence all the year round. The house he occupies was built by Peter Sken Smith, brother of Gerrit Smith. Opposite Dr. B.'s, on the main north and south street through the town, stands the former residence of Judge Putnam, Rebel formerly and Rebel yet; although still on the bench. His fine house was sold at tax sale, and is now owned by Mr. Ray, from Freehold, N. J., and is occupied as a boarding-house by Mrs. Gardner. A little farther down the south side of the Plaza is the residence of Col. John T. Sprague, Commandant of the State of

Florida, and Agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. Col. S. is a native of Massachusetts, a gentleman by nature, aided by education, and possessed with ability, ready decision, firmness combined with suavity, that renders him peculiarly fitted for the position he occupies. He is quite sanguine about the future growth and prosperity of St. Augustine, but, owing to his integrity and great candor, would be a safe person for any party to consult who may desire information about the place as a desirable residence, or place to invest money.

Beside the Plaza and Bay street, nearly all the rest of the streets in this singular old town are too narrow for two wagons to pass, or for one to turn around without backing one wheel into a door upon one side, while the horse pushes his head into another door upon the other side of the street. None of the streets have sidewalks and some of the houses are built with a base to the wall, to keep the cart wheels from raking the windows. A great many of the houses have overhanging balconies, and in some of the narrowest streets two men could shake hands from opposite galleries over a passing cart. The greatest portion of the old houses are built of "coquina rock," from a quarry upon Anastasia Island, opposite the city and directly in front of the inlet through the outer ridge of white sand hills that bound the bay or "Mantanzas River." This rock is merely a conglomerate of small shells, not decomposed but simply agglutinated together so firmly that the mass can be cut into blocks of any size or form, from one to ten thousand pounds weight. To make a handsome, smooth surface, a workman hews off the rough edges with an ax as easily as he would a block of wood. The blocks, laid up with cement, make a better and much cheaper wall than brick. There are walls here that have stood 800 years or more, but, like all walls, they are subject to crumble to decay and ruin when left uncaared for, to the action of time's knawing tooth. The material, however, is a good one for building, and the supply inexhaustible, and it will be furnished cheaply whenever Yankee skill and capital are applied to the work of quarrying, dressing and transportation. It can be moved by rail into boats, and landed within half a mile of any spot where it is required, as the peninsula is less than a mile wide where the town is located.

It is impossible to fix the date of erection of any of the most ancient buildings of this ancient city, since it has been several times besieged, the people driven into the castle, and a greater portion of the town destroyed. There are some roofless walls, however, that are extremely old—that of the old Spanish Treasury building is one. It appears to me that about one-third of the buildings in the town are unimpaired. Many of them have been thus so long that all vestiges of wood-work have disappeared, yet the coquina walls stand as firm as they did an hundred years ago. Some of them show that the buildings were immense structures. Indeed many of the "old Spanish houses" now occupied are designed upon the grandest scale. Here, for instance, is the form of one. It extends from street to street, perhaps 150 feet, and is 40 feet wide, including the piazza of the second story underneath, which is an entrance to the court through a gate. There is also a piazza overhanging the narrow street, from which you enter the street door into a broad hall that extends back to some of the store rooms in the rear. Out of this hall, doors and windows open into rooms on a level with the ground, the largest of which is used for a dining-room. Two broad flights of stairs ascend from the first to a duplicate hall and room on the second floor. There are also lodging rooms on the third floor. The grand saloon extends across the whole front of the second story. At the left of the entrance into the court is a garden, enclosed by a high coquina wall, so that none but the occupants of the house can see the flowers, unless they look from balconies of adjoining houses, built after the same general plan. Behind the gardens are buildings for various purposes, including kitchen, which fashion and the system of slavery have dictated must be separate from the main house. Most of the houses have walls of hard ware; walled square with coquina, and but few have cisterns. The walls are all shallow. I have not seen one fifteen feet deep. Of course gardens might be easily irrigated, as the water is often only six feet below the surface, while the earth is suffering with drought. The soil is mostly sand, filled with broken shells, and, when only moderately manured, appears to me to be productive of all kinds of garden vegetables, and of course flowers are perpetual.

Faith enables us to see our friends depart without mourning, and to meet our own dissolution with resignation and hope. But when the forces of ambition ebb out of a man's conscience, when hope dies out of his life, when love decays within him, the main spring of his being is broken, and desolation takes possession of his soul. Flowers grow and bloom over the grave in the cemetery, but over the grave of hope and affection in the heart nothing will grow. The ashes of the immortal children of the heart are watched by angels, who will keep them sacred until the deathless spark which sleeps within them, kindled by the breath of God, shall flame forth in purer lustre than before.

The Paris (Texas) Press says that a great deal of stock has perished in the bottom during the late high water. In one place the carcasses of twelve horses were found in a pile.

The question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers was answered, "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."

## How Easy he Writes.

"With what ease he writes!" exclaimed a young lady as she laid down one of Washington Irving's volumes. Straightway we made up our mind that the young lady did not know what she was talking about. If she had said "How easy it is to read his works," we might have sympathized with her amazingly. Then, finding that we could not make a satisfactory reply without compromising our honesty, we fell to making a comparison in silence. The steamboat glides majestically and gracefully through the water, but it is no easy power that gives the water-traveler her steady and rapid motion. It is true she is tastefully painted and gilded, her cabins are pleasant and her prow is decorated with specimens of the sculptor's art. But descend with the engineer to his fiery domain, sweeter there in the burning pit, see the heated grease, and listen to the bursting steam, see the tremendous power of fire and water combined, assist the strained and groaning boiler threatens to burst asunder and deluge the decks with the heated fluid. You will perceive that ease, although a mild and pleasing darning has a confounded rough old father. Little dreamt the admirer of Irving how much agonizing toil was required to beget that easy which she so much delighted in. Yet she was not alone in her error. How many a publisher thus estimates the labor of his weary author. How many a tradesman smiles at the trifling employments of the man of genius. We have been mad enough to eat a tripe supper, when we have heard a peasant draw an invidious comparison between himself and the poor wight whose intellect supplies him with bread. "I get my living by sweat of the brow," says he, "while you are trifling away your time with books and papers." Yes, see that pale and hungry being starting from his task by the sound of the midnight bell. See how his fingers grasp the bell convulsively, as he fears his task will not be accomplished in time—a slave to men whose pockets are better lined than their pericraniums, and who mete out to him his travelling pittance with the unwilling hand of an upper servant dealing out cold pence and sausage ends to a beggar. See him placing his hands upon his snapping brain as the fire of his fancy darts upon his withering soul. Yes—"how easy he writes!"—*Kidd's London Journal.*

## Motley, the Historian.

So much attention has been called to our late Minister to Austria that his antecedents and literary career have come to be of public interest. His appearance before the world as an eminent historian was so sudden and unexpected that many thought he had in no manner paved the way to his destination. From his early years he manifested decided literary ability, and was very remarkable as a student at college; but marrying a woman of wealth, and inheriting a small fortune from some of his relatives, he seemed to lose his ambition until reverse of circumstances through unfortunate investments induced him to more earnest efforts.

Motley first attracted attention by his contributions to the North American, and soon after wrote a novel entitled "Morton's Hope," which had more merit than success. A few years after he produced a second work of fiction, "Merry Mount," which was not more popular than the first. During the Taylor campaign of 1848 he warmly advocated his election, speaking frequently in Western Massachusetts, and finally being chosen State Representative. Politics did not interest him, however, and he discovered his forte only by accident.

The pecuniary losses we have mentioned induced his removal to the continent as a measure of economy, and while in the Netherlands the idea of writing the history of the country occurred to him, especially as he had always had a taste for study. His researches were long and laborious, and his success, as every one knows, complete. He has often said that the "Dutch Republic," so far as he was concerned, owed its rise to his poverty. This is one of the numerous instances in which straightened circumstances have developed men of genius, and in which adversity has proved after all the best of good fortune.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

## The Luxembourg Trouble—France and Prussia—Preparations for War.

London, April 9.—Evening.—It is not definitely known that Napoleon, deeming the possession of Luxembourg indispensable for the military security of the French frontier, not long since commenced negotiations with the King of Holland for the purchase of the Grand Duchy and its incorporation with the French empire, but as the Fortress of Luxembourg, one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, is held by a Prussian garrison, and the Prussian government backed by the whole of Germany firmly object to the transfer of the Duchy to France; the King of Holland has withdrawn from any further negotiations on the subject. The Emperor of the French, however, insists that his propositions shall be carried out and the treaty completed.

The natural pride of France has been deeply wounded, and a wild and Prussian feeling has seized the country. Meantime, while this dispute is pending, both France and Prussia are making military preparations. This threatening state of affairs in the case of the financial panic which now exists in London, Paris and all the principal commercial countries of Europe.

Duraz, April 9.—The trials of the Roman prisoners on the charge of high treason, commenced here yesterday, but were to-day postponed until the 23d inst. The prisoner Massey has turned Queen's evidence.

## NO NIGHT THERE.

Wanderer, full of doubts and fears,  
Travelling through this vale of tears,  
Pursuing in the path of life,  
Seeking pleasure, finding strife,  
Though earth's shades are darkly creeping,  
Though these eyes are dim with weeping,  
Lift thy fearful gaze above,  
To that better home of love,  
There shall come no withering blight,  
There shall be no gloomy night.

There no mournful wail of sadness  
Mingles with the strains of gladness;  
But a glorious song is swelling,  
Of a Saviour's mercy telling,  
Angel choirs the song repeat,  
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,  
Oh, that world is ever bright,  
There shall be no gloomy night.

Earth's storms are dark and dreary,  
And our hearts grow faint and weary,  
As with faltering steps we stray,  
Through life's tangled, desolate way,  
Often cherished friends forsaking,  
Leave our hearts with sorrow aching,  
Often we are made to weep,  
For the loved ones called to sleep,  
And on our pathway falls the gloom,  
Of the dark and dreary tomb.

But a star still shines above us,  
Telling one is left to love us,  
And we know that when at last  
All life's weary days are past  
We shall join the angel band,  
In the brighter, better land;  
Here the angel choirs are singing,  
Where immortal flowers are springing,  
Never chilled by earth's dark blight,  
Where there comes no gloomy night.

## DESERTED.

The river flowed with the light on its breast,  
And the waves were eddying by;  
And the round, red sun went down in the west,  
When my love's loving lips to my lips were pressed.  
Under the evening sky,  
Now weeping alone, by the river I stray,  
For my love has left me this many a day—  
Let me be dropped and die.

As the river flowed then, the river flows still,  
In ripple, and foam, and spray;  
On by the church, and round by the mill,  
And out under the alms by the old burnt mill;  
And out to the fading day,  
But I love it no more, for the night grows cold,  
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,  
And the heart is given away.

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!  
Oh, weeds, float on to the sea!  
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful  
past,  
And the hopes that like bread on the water, I  
cast  
Have drifted away like chaff;  
So the dream is fled, and the day it is done,  
And my lips still murmur the name of one  
Who will never come back to me.

## The Mosses.

"The mosses, as the earth's first mercy,  
so they are its last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichens take up their watch by the headstones. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet, as in one sense the humblest in another the most honored of earth's children. Unfading as motionless, the worm feeds them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills to them, old-perennial, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Standing the stillness of the uninterfering rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter snow, and summer dews on the parched meadow, and the drooping of its cowardly grass, and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak, reduce the sunset of a thousand years."

## The Brazilian War.

The war in South America shows no signs of abatement, but is rather bladed up afresh. According to the latest reports Paraguay had refused all offers of mediation on the part of the United States, thereby indicating a desire to continue fighting. It is also reported that the Emperor of Brazil had called on the national guard of the empire, in order to furnish the army in the field, opposed to the forces of Paraguay. In all previous engagements Brazil has had rather the worst of it at the hands of the Paraguayans, but what will be done with better preparation remaining to be seen. If, however, it seems likely, both sides increase their strength, about the same proportion, there will possibly be no material change in the fortunes of either belligerent, and they may keep up their warfare indefinitely, in the favor of the American faction.

In the gardens of a certain southern country-house there happened to be found a different species of bean with this curious: "Please not to pick the flowers without leave." Some way got a bean bush and added it to the last word.