VOLUME 65.

LANCASTER, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1864.

NUMBER 33.

Loetry.

MARY'S HOLLOW. A shady dell beside the road, Sequester'd, cool, and grassy; A pleasant brook anear it flow'd, Its current pure and glassy. And Mary's home was on the hill, Up in the farm house yonder:

Her father's sheep the tender maid Her steps had taught to follow Her steps had taught to follow, And friskfut lambs around her play'd Down in the grassy hollow.

And there she sat on summer days, Her nimble fingers flitting, Through many an intertwisting maze In curious arts of knitting.

And there she sang some simple song Or hymn learn'd from her mother: The hours to her were never long— Each moment chased the other. A native quietude of mien So graciously became her, The maidens on the village-green With honor loved to name her,

The quiet meekness of her brow Awoke no special wonder. Though like a brook beneath the snow A stream of thought ran under. And oftentimes a sudden smile Her countenance stole over, As fitting sunbeams dance the while O'er fields of blooming clover.

The very angel of her hearth, Her mother's hand caress'd her; She changed her father's care to mirth, And silently he bless'd her,

On Sunday, in the village choir, Her pure, sweet voice outpealing, -Struck up in listening hearts the fire Of deep and holy feeling. When sorrow's burden fell upon Some soul too weak to bear it. She bent her willing shoulder down And kindly sought to share it.

The great wide world was all astir And heaved in toppling billows: And heaved in toppling billows But all was calm as heaven to he Beneath her drooping willows.

As life ran on with silent pace, And when the leaves were turning red,

Sweet Mary with the early dead Beneath the grass was sleeping. The neighbors, still, who pass that way Where Mary's sheep did follow, Remember her; and to this day They call it Mary's Hollow.

CELESTIAL FROLICS. e sun had put his night cap on, And cover'd o'er his head, When countless stars appear'd amid The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly
To take a quiet peep
How all the stars behaved while he
Her sovereign was asleep. She saw them wink their silvery eyes, As if in reguish play; Though silent all, to her they seem'd As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their frolics should disturb The sleeping king of light, She rose so high that her mild eye Could keep them all in sight. The stars, abash'd, stole softly back, And look'd demure and prim; Until the moon began to nod, Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily the thought her home, That's somewhere—who knows where ? But as she went, the playful stars Commenced their twinkling glaro. And when the moon was fairly gone, The imps with silvery eyes Had so much fun it woke the sun, And he began to rise. He rose in glory !—from his eyes Sprang forth a new-born day :

Sprang forth a new-born day; Before whose brightness all the stars Ran hastily away.

Literary. THROUGH THE BLOCKADE.

ied to the Governor. I've been watching the clock ever since eleven. It is almost half-past. He has never been five minutes after time in all the 1wenty-seven years that I have been a So said the elder cashier, and I could

not but admit that the occurrence was imprecedented, though my own experience in the firm was short in comparison with that of the first speaker. Mr. Trent, second partner in the old established banking house of Follet, Trent & Co., was punctuality itself. He chiefly managed the business, since we saw little of our nominal principal, the first partner, whose working days were past. And during the five years for which I had been in the employ of the firm, I had never known Mr. Trent to be absent from his post. Any deviation from routine on the part of the methodical man of business is apt to startle his subordinates, and it is not surprising that while Mr. Griffith and myself were shaking heads over the non-appearance of our chief, the juniors should be venturing on such conjectures, ranging from apoplexy to insolvency But these guesses were abruptly checked by the sudden arrival of Mr. Trent himself. He came in with a hasty step, and I thought, as he passed by with a nod and a civil word of greeting to the bank parlor, he looked ill and harassed. Almost immediately he sent for me.

"Mr. Phillips," said the banker. speaking in a nervous, fidgety manner, quite unlike his usual calm decision of speech and bearing, "I have something to ask of you-a service-a favor, in short, for I am sensible that this is not at all in the way of regular business duty—in a word, would you go to America to oblige me?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied at once. "I have been there once before, if you remember, to attend the winding up of that Wall street firm, three years since. If it is your desire that-But here I was interrupted.

"I want much more than that, Frank Phillips," broke in my employer, speaking with unwonted excitement, "niore than I have a right to ask of you, and more than I would ask of any of your companions, except, perhaps, Grifflth, who is too old, and we have been good friends out of business hours, you and I, and-and I knew your father, Frank, and knew you before you left Charter house, so I think I may rely on you in this sad business.'

And then Mr. Trent proceeded to explain. The service he required of me was strictly of a private character, and | thus wholly upon my own resources, wholly unconnected with money mat-The banker, as I was vaguely aware, had an orphan niece to whom he was greatly attached, and who had for some years been married. This lady resided abroad, somewhere in Italy, to the best of my knowedge, and her husband was an American gentleman from one of the Southern States, and the owner of sufficient property to enable him to live in Europe with his English wife. But I was now to hear, for the the first tin e, that on the outbreak of hostilities Mr. Bolton had found it impossible to withstand the call of patriotism, that he had hastened across the Atlantic to take service in the Confederate army, and that he had quieted his young wife's apprehensions by the promise of a speedy return. Many Southerners did the same, obeying the summons to arms with a certainty that the whole dispute would be settled in one short campaign. Among the disappointed was Captain Bolton. Long months went by, and still the war went on, nor did any safe and convenient opportunity for his wife to rejoin him present itself. Blockaded by sea, and guarded by land, the passage of the to be the Saucy Jane's last visit to a Confederate frontier was full of risks, especially for ladies and children. Natural anxiety and hope deferred had

affected Mrs. Bolton's health and spirits. She had come back from Italy to England, to be nearer, as she said, to her husband when he should summor her to share his fortunes. And at last the summons had come, but it was no

joyful one. Captain Bolton had been severely wounded in a skirmish with some of General Gilmore's troops, then besieging Charleston, and he had expressed a strong desire to see his wife and babes for what might but too probably be the last time. And the favor which Mr. Trent had to ask me was, that I should undertake the task of escorting his niece and her children on the hazardous voyage to South Carolina. The hazards of which I have spoken of course belonged to the last portion of the route, for the outward run from England to the British possession of New Providence was safe and easy. But between the Bahama Islands and the Carolina coast, lay the blockading squadron, and I knew that no trifling dangers and hardships must be risked by those whom love of gain or any higher motive should urge to elude the vigilance of the Federals. Be that as it might, I undertook the commission, and the next packet carried Mrs. Bolton and her two children, under my care, to Nassau, where the real difficulties of the pilgrimage began. To procure a passage to Charleston Wilmington, or some other less known port of the beleagured Confederacy, was, indeed, easy enough. The bay

was full of vessls attracted to that once lonely roadstead by the gainful contraband commerce then at its height.-There at anchor, side by side, lay the bluff-bowed brig that had brought out a cargo of war material from England, and the swift rakish schooner destined to carry the transhipped freight to a Southern harbor. All the fishing boats, dories and canoes seemed to have been enlisted in the service of plying between the deep laden vessels and the shore and the vessels were all too small to ac commodate the towering piles of clothing and medicine, saddles, sabres, cavalry boots, kegs of powder, and Birmingham rifles, that lay heaped upon wharf and jetty. Streets, landing-places beach and bay, were all alive with the bustle and stir of a gainful and perilous traffic. Under such circumstances as these, to obtain a passage to the American mainland might have appeared the simplest proceeding conceivable. Such, however, was far from being the case. I found, by listening to flying reports that circulated about the town, and which invariably referred to the one absorbing topic of interest, that the blockade was more serious than we in England had believed it to be. Many of the sly, low, black-hulled steamers, many of the tall-masted schooners and brigantines, that hay awaiting an oppor-

explained to me on the second day of our stay at Nassau. t ou see, sir, one cargo in three pays and one cargo in four saves us from being out of pocket-yes, mister. We count on some loss, we do, but if a clipper has the good luck to get twice in with notions, and twice out with cotton, why the Yankees are welcome to her afterwards, hull, spars, and running gear.'

tunity to slip off unnoticed, were des-

matter of profit and loss, as an old mer-

chant, whose English was made pecu-

liar by the drawling Bermudian accent,

"And the crew?" I enquired. But my communicative friend treated his part of the business lightly enough. seamen had high pay, and took The their share in the risk of being shot, drowned, or blown up in consideration of extra wages. The captain and mate were allowed stowage for so many cubic feet of European goods one way, and so many cotton bales the other, and often had a per-centage on the amount realized by a fortunate venture. Success, therefore, meant wealth for the owners and the officers, and at least a handful of dollars for the foremast men, and in ease of capture there was no danger of anything worse than a tedious and comfortless detention for some months in Fortress Monroe or elsewhere. When, however, I spoke of the probable results of an unsuccessful attempt to the passengers, supposing the latter to be persons connected with the South by de-

scent or adoption, the talkative Bermudian grew serious. And, indeed, I found that the boarding hotels of the island were crammed with the families of Southerners, longing for a secure opportunity of rejoining the husbands and fathers, who, far away in Virginia, Tennessee, or Carolina, were fighting or toiling in the cause of their new-born Republic, but afraid to make the perilous plunge. If many vessels came back, many were taken or destroyed, and most of them that came victoriously in with a freight of costly cotton could show shot holes in their sails, and the marks where Federal cannon balls had "hulled" them

during the fruitless chase. Mrs. Bolton, my charge, was a timid delicate little woman, quite unfit to lighten my burden of responsibility by taking any portion of it on herself. She loved her husband dearly, and to reach the couch where he lay wounded, and perhaps dying, she was willing to endure hardships and confront dangers that at any other time would have seemed insurmountable to her. But as for any aid or advice in such a matter as running the blockade, I might as well have applied for counsel to her two baby girls, little Lucy and Fanny, as to their mother, my employer's niece. Thrown spent much time in the preliminary inquiries, and at last comforted myself

that I had come to a sensible and practical decision. The vessel in which we took our passages was a swift sailing English schooner, the Saucy Jane, of and from Liverpool. A beautiful craft she was, with her tapering masts and fine lines, lying like a duck on the heaving surges of the Nassau roadstead. But her chief attraction in my eyes was the high reputation for seamanship and prudence which her commander had acquired.-With his sailing vessel, Captain Harrison had made six successful trips, four to Charleston and two to Wilmington, in the very teeth of the blockading squadron. In each case he had safely delivered a valuable cargo to the Confederate consignees, and had made the run home with a freight of cotton for the Lancashire market, and though chased, had got off scot free, while fast steamers were daily being sunk or driven ashore. In these bold and dexterous evasions of the Federal fleet the merchant captain had amassed a con-

Southern port, at least with her present commander. "It's profitable work, very," said the

siderable sum of money, and this was

daring young sailor, as he told me of for shoals and sand banks, for channels words were suspicious, and the voice little cabin, when our passages had been definitely engaged and paid for on board the schooner; but it's too much like gambling to suit my taste, and I can't get out of my head that saying about the pitcher that goes often to the well. All I've made in six double trips-a tidy lump of dollars-is aboard the craft now. in the shape of quinine, and negro cloth, and shoes, and fire-arms, ready to yield four hundred per cent. profit if I can swap it for cotton, and as much more if I can land the cotton at Liverpool. And if all goes well, I can cut the concern,

and sail to China in a three-master of my own, and Mary Anne and I ——" But here Captain Harrison came to stop, probably remembering that he had told enough of his private affairs and prospects to a stranger. I took a fancy to this high spirited young skipper, who was a year or two my junior, but a firstrate seaman, bold as a lion, and by no means as incautiously communicative in his dealings with all the world as he had shown himself to me.

"You see," he frankly remarked, 'when a chap's knocked about the world, from port to port, as I have done since I was bound apprentice aboard the Hood bark, in the Rio trade, he gets to know something of physiognomy .-And I saw at once that you were what you represented yourself to be, even before you showed me the letters of credit my owners bank with too, as luck would have it. But, mind you, the island's chockfull of spies. They're about us all day long, on one pretence or another, like wasps round a comb of honey. And there isn't so much as a word buzzed ashore that doesn't find its way, by fair neans or foul, to that beauty there."

Captain Harrison pointed to a dim peck hovering far out to sea, beyond the mouth of the bay, about which curled a thin wreath of dusky vapor -This was the United States steam-sloop Pocahontas, whose peculiar duty it was o watch Nassau and the ships anchored there. This vessel was perpetually a source of annoyance, not only to the merchants of the place, but also to the authorities. She was fond of lying, with steam up, ports open, and a spring on her cable, near some ship that was notoriously on the eve of departure for the Southern ports. And even now when, in compliance with the Governor's peremptory commands, enforced by the presence of her Majesty's ship Fury, she had reluctantly retired to the prescribed limits of one marine league she remained there as long as her coal would serve her, in hopes of cutting off some would-be blockade-runner in the outset of her career.

On shore there were other dangers.-

Lean, wiry men, with keen features

and restless eyes, were constantly to be tined to capture. This was a mere met with at the bars of the hotels and taverns, from the handsomest holsteries down to the low-browed cabins where coarse Mexican corn brandy was sold, and these, though loud and blatant as to their Southern sympathies, were nevertheless in constant communication with the American Consul. More specious spies, either real Europeans or: boarding-houses, on the wharves, about the merchants' offices, and beguiling the unwary into conversation on the engrossing topic of the contraband trade. The sailors belonging to the different ships about to sail were so often tampered with, that many captains found it necessary to refuse all shore leave, lest the hour of departure should be signalled to the Federal cruiser lying in the offing, like a vulture on the wing. That she was signalled every night by some concerted system of lights displayed from housetops on shore, was as-

suredly no secret to any one in Nassau, The instant we were aboard, and had inswered to our names as the steward ead them off from his list by the shaded light of a ship lantern, anchor was weighed, quickly but cautiously. There was no shrilly pierceing fife to encourage the men-no heart chant of Yo, heave yo! as the crew went stamping round after the spinning capstan bars. But if the work was done silently, it was expeditiously performed, and as if by magic the broad sails dropped from their festoons, and the gallant schooner, spreading her white wings, glided off seaward. A sigh of satisfaction burst from many hearts as the vessel began to move from her anchorage. Mr. Trent's niece was the only one on board whose hopes and affections centered in the land toward which our row now pointed. The breeze was steady, and the Saucy Jane, slightly heeling over in response to its welcome breath, flew through the water at a rate that proved how well she deserved her reputation as a fast sailing craft. - Still the utmost caution was preserved. Not a light was shown. Captain Harrison conned the schooner himself, nor did his vigilance appear to relax, until, more than an hour after we had left our moorings, he laid his hand familarly on my shoulder, saying, "all right now, Mr. Philips. Do you see that faint blotch of crimson red and yellow, the

smoky light three miles off; no, more to leeward? That is the San Jancinto. The Yankees won't make much of us this time, or my name's not Jack Harrison." And, indeed, a more fortunate voyage to all appearances, no vessel had ever made. Day after day the weather was beautiful, the sea smooth, and the winds hough light, still favorable. We saw no Federal cruisers. Twice indeed we fell in with armed vessels, but these our skipper's experienced eye recognized as British ships of war, even before they drew near enough for the red, white and blue of the Union Jack to be visible by means of our best glasses. And one sultry afternoon the cry of "Land, ho!" was raised, and the Southern exiles on board set up a cry of joy, and clapped their hands exultingly, for they knew that the low blue line, like a cloud bank could be no other than the coast of South Carolina

tain declined to sail into Charleston harbor, as he might easily have done, before sunset on that evening. He knew too well that to make such an attempt would simply be to run in the lion's We could see no Federal cruiser at that moment, but there could be no doubt that many war vessels of every calibre and class, from the ferry-boat hastily armed with a brace of nine-inches by the joint force of a paddling oar and a Parrot guns to the swift steam frigate, lay lurking among the numerous islands that skirt the coast so thickly. It would have been folly to have run the gauntlet through the Yankee squadron n broad daylight, whereas by night the chance of eluding hostile eyes was an excellent one. Harrison knew the en-

Somewhat to the disappointment of

the lady passengers, however, the cap-

and shallows, was remarkable, and one vell qualified to act as a pilot in his native waters. The schooner was, therefore, moored,

stem and stern, close under the shelter of a convenient islet, a long low strip of sand, crested by palmettoes and overgrown with brushwood, and which intervened between us and the blockading squadron. The sails were furled, the colors hauled down, and the Saucy Jane lay concealed, only her bare masts rising gaunt and indistinct over the tuted trees of the islet. It was confidently believed that the best telescopes on board the Federal men-of-war would fail to distinguish any trace of our whereabouts while, towards midnight, we could resume our voyage with a fair prospect of success. The vessel lay in deep water, so close to the shore that a couple of planks were thrust out as a bridge to connect the gangway with the sandbank, and most of us gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity for a ramble on dry land. Mrs. Bolton, whose spirits had improved as we approached the country she so longed to reach, was one of the group of ladies who visited the islet, where the children were delighted to run and play on the firm white beach, covered with bright shells, and whence terrapins and other small turtles floundered hastily at the approach of a human foot, and splashed in the limpid blue water beneath. With trawn and signed by your people, that this party was the padre, M. Duchochois. The worthy ecclesiastic had become a general favorite on board, thanks to his quaint good nature and amusing

eccentricities. People could not help

laughing at him, but they liked him,

and the children, who teased him a

good deal at first, had ended by voting him grand master of their revels A curious sight it was, that of a cluser of little boys and g'rls, unconscious neighborhood of the Federal foes, gathered around the tall old cure, and with eager gestures appealing to him to devise ome new game for them to play at. And it was none the less curious to watch the cure himself, as intent on the amusement of the moment apparently, as his little friends, taking snuff noisily, and volubly chatting in his strange dialect of three languages woven into one. The ladies on board the Saucy Jane, who had at first been somewhat shocked at the uncouthness of the poor priest, now voted him a dear good creature, and a subscription had been already proposed for the purpose of sending him and his Indian servant lad home to St. Gaspard. This lad, Blaise, whom the children had dubbed Man Friday, was a taciturn boy, like all his race, but evidently attached to the priest with an almost canine fidelity. He was seldom far from his master, but on this occasion he was not as usual, ready to hold the large red cotton umbrella over the head of M. Duchochois, a ceremony which he often

gravely performed on deck. Meanwhile, several of the male passengers, with Captain Harrison, sat their segars in a shady nook of the islet, screened from the sun's rays by the long drooping leaves of the feathery palmettoes overhead, and almost affecting the garb and speech of natives | walled in by thickets of the oleander, of the old continent, lurked in the the nopal, and the prickly pear, gorgeous with large red blossoms. Everybody seemed happy and hopeful. Suddenly the captain sprang to his feet, with a fierce oath that died away into a shout of anger. "Hilloa! on board there. Who did

that?" One of the mates, longing half asleep

over the taffrail, looked up with surprise at the sound of his commander's voice.

" Look, alive there! Who loosed that sail?" cried the captain. And, as we all glanced upwards, we saw, to our astonishment, that the maintopsail of the schooner was loose, and heavily flapping to and fro in the freshening breeze, like the broad wings of some wounded seabird. It needed but a glimpse of Harrison's look of wrathful dismay, as he sprang on board and gave his orders—orders that instantly sent three or four seamen scrambling hurridly up the rigging to reduce the sailto assure us that mischief was afoot. In a very short time the fluttering canvass was closely reefed, but to discover the offender who had cast the sail loose was less easy. In vain the captain sternly interrogated such of the crew as had been on deck. All declared that they knew nothing of the matter. One sailor, who had been dozing under the bulwarks aft, did, indeed say that he had opened his eyes a few minutes before, and had, while in a state between sleeping and waking, seen some one jump out of the standing rigging, and slip down the fore hatchway. And it was his belief that this person was no other than the padre's boy, Indian Biaise. But Blaise was found fast asleep in his air below, and he did not seem even to understand what was said to him when

he was asked in French, whether he had been aloft lately. He shook his head in dissent, however, and indeed no one had ever seen the Indian ascend the rigging or believed him capable of getting high enough to loosen the sail, even if there had been any comprehensible reason for such an act on his part. The most natural conjecture was that the sail had been carelessly secured, and the Captain's only hope was that the tell-tale canvass had not attracted the eyes of any sharp-sighted look-out man on board of a Federal ship. And as hour passed after hour, and no column of smoke rose black against the darkenng violet sky, giving token of the unwelcome approach of an enemy, we breathed more freely again, and all looked forward to breakfasting in Charleston itself. The sun went down inking in a bank of grey cloud, and there were signs of a probable change of weather, but still the sea was calm. We were all aboard again, supper was over, and the lights were extinguished, and the passengers were all in their berths somewhat earlier than usual .-The deck was left to the watch, and as the schooner's bell told off the hours we knew that the time for sailing would oon arrive. I was lying, half dressed, on the tiny bed in my little cabin, when

of the Britishers leaning over the side, forward. Keep in the shade." And then followed a gentle splashing sound, and a faint tapping against the planking, as if some boat or canoe were being guided along the schooner's side human hand that grasped the wood- one in his manhood stand over me and work of the vessel's side and drew the boat forward. Of this I should have thought little—nothing was more likely than that a boat should have been

I heard a voice say, in a husky, smoth-

ered tone-"Not yet, Japh! I see one

wonderfully like that of the good old priest, M. Duchochois. For a moment I hesitated as to whether I should seek the captain or one of the mates to communicate what I had heard, but the more I thought of the matter the less certain was I that I had caught the exact meaning of the speaker. I had een drowsy and only half awake, and the very notion that the cure had been the owner of the voice was a manifest absurdity that made me consider the whole affair unworthy a second thought.

listened but could hear nothing, and oon sank into a real slumber. I was awakened by the quick tramp of feet overhead, the word of command, the rattling down of coils of rope upon the deck, the quick wash of the surging vater along the schooner's sides. Evidently sail had been made on the Saucy Jane, and we were heading for Charleston harbor. I got up, threw on my upper garments, and went on deck, where found two or three of the male passengers. They were talking together near the stern with excited gestures, but in cautious tones. As I drew near, I caught the words "the boat," and at once asked if anything had gone wrong.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips, the dingey's missing," said one of the Southerners, a tall Georgian, who bore the title of Major; "it was the only boat towing astern, as you may have noticed, all the others being on board. Just before sailing it was found to have disappeared, though in what manner-"Captain Harrison suspects," Inter

rupted another; but he was interrupted in his turn by the captain, who came quickly up, and said in a voice that ook with suppressed anger: "There's treachery afoot, gentlemen The plugs have been removed from the

bottom of every boat, and not an oar but has been sawn through just above of the peril that might accrue from the the blade. Some rascally traitor must

"Sail, ho!" sung out a sailor from the mast head. "A large ship on the weather bow."

"Sail, ho! a steamer to leeward!" alled out the look-out man in the bows. "The captain started, sprang into the rigging, and took a hasty survey of the probable enemy. As he did so the red flash of a cannon shot lit the darkness of the night, and the bellowing report followed sullenly over the waters. "Down helm, you! put her about!

smartly now, lads!" shouted the cap-

tain; but another flash succeeded, and down came the schooner's mainboon, mainsail and all, thundering upon the deck, knocking down and bruising several of the crew, while a third shot crashed into the deck, and made the white splinters fly. Escape was impossible in our crippled condition. We backed the topsails, and in ten minutes more a large dark steamer had ranged dongside. We were immediately boarded by a powerful force of armed seamen and marines, and declared a lawfulsprize to the U.S. steam-sloop Susquelianna. By the light of the battle lanterns w were all paraded on deck as prisoners, when what was our amazement at recognizing in the lieutenant who commanded the boarders no less a personage than the cure of St. Gaspard, the Rev. M. mistake about it. The shovel-hat and shabby soutane and horn spectacles had been replaced by navy blue cloth, a gold-laced cap, and a belt, in which a revolver balanced the cutlass that hung on the left side, but the crafty black eyes were those of our late protege, though the expression was wholly

changed. "Yes, gentlemen; ladies, your humble servant," said the spy, with a sneer of triumphant malice; "old Papa Duchochois, very much at your service in his new capacity of lieutenant in

Uncle Sam's navy, you rebel greenhorns.' And, indeed, the villain-for the part he had played in practicing on our compassion was to enable him the better to betray us-was Lieut. Aminabid Hitch, of the Susquehanna, while grinning at his principal's side, with the coppercolored pigment but half washed from his cunning face, was the ci-devant Indian boy, Blaise, alias Japhet Bunch, Yankee corporal of marines. We neard afterwards that the lieutenant, who was famous for his power of personating an assumed character, had visited Nassau for the express purpose of securing the prize money of so valu able a capture as the Saucy Jane to his own war-vessel. It was his accomplice the pretended Indian lad, who had loosened the sail to give notice to the lookout men of the sloop of the whereabouts of the blockade runner. After this, the two worthies had stolen the dingey, first disabling the other boats from pursuit, and had pulled out to sea, where, as they had expected, they had seen a preconcerted signal from their own ship, and had been picked up by her before we approached the channel through which the false cure was aware of the skipper's intention to pass. Had we even eluded the Susquehanna, we must have been infallibly sunk or taken by the Portland, which was awaiting us on the other tack.

I do not wish to dwell on the scenes of misery that ensued on board the schooner when husbands were torn from their wives, and fathers separated from their children, to be consigned to the dreary captivity of Forts Warren and Lafayette. Nor was it pleasant to see the despair of my charge, poor Mrs Bolton, whose hopes of again seeing her husband in life were, to all appearance, dashed to the ground when on the eve of being realized; while to poor Captain Harrison, the affair was simply ruin. The sight of his pale, angry face is before me still, as he was being led away to be placed in irons, like the rest of the crew and officers. However, the caprice or mercy of the Federal authorities procured the release of Mrs. Bolton, as well as of several of the other ladies, after a short detention; and, though I was not myself permitted to accompany my charge within the Confederate lines, I was glad to hear that she and her children had arrived safely at Charleston, and still more glad to hear that Captain Bolton's recovery was considered probable. And thus ended what was my first, and will most assuredly be my last, experience of blockade running.

A Good Man's Wish.-I freely confess to you that I would wish, when I am laid down in the grave, to have some say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew lowered for some purpose connected I owe what I am to him;" or else to it, but he aided me in the time of need; with our getting clear of the sand banks and sunken rocks that were numerous utterance, telling her little children, trance to the harbor well; his memory in our immediate proximity—but the "There is your friend and mine."

WIDOW SIMPSON'S SPOONS. In the Parish of Bathgate, in Linlithe gowshire, Scotland, lived a widow wo-

In her family resided, in the capacity of help, one Nancy Campbell, a girl of about nineteen, who was suspected of having taken a fancy to Robin, the widow's son, who reciprocated the sentiment. Nothing, however, would soften the widow's heart as regarded a match, till at last the following event having occurred, and caused her to give way:-About the hay-making time a distant and comparatively rich relation was expected to call and take tea that evening on his way to Linlithgow. It was not often that the superior relative honored her house with a visit, and Mrs. Simpson, determined that

nothing should be wanting to his entertainment, brought out the treasured spoons early in the forenoon, with many injunctions to Nancy touching the care she should take in brightening them up. While this operation was being conducted in the kitchen, in the midst of those uncertain days which vary the Northern June, a sudden darkening of the sky announced the approach of heavy rain. The hay was dry and ready for housing. Robin and two farm men were busy gathering it in; but the great drops began to fall while a considerable portion yet remained in the field, and, with the Instinct of crop preservation, forth rushed the widow, followed by Nancy, leaving the spoons half scoured on the kitchen table. In her rapid exit, the girl had forgotten to latch the door. The weasel and the

who should come that way but Geordy Well the kitchen door was open, and Geordy stepped in. He banged the settle with his staff, he coughed, he hemmed, he saluted the cat, which sat purring on the windowseat, and at length discovered that there was nobody within. Neither meal nor penny was to be expected that day; the rain was growing heavier, some of the hay must be wet, and Mrs. Simpson would return in bad humor. But two objects powerfully arrested Geordy's aton the fire, and the other the silver spoons scattered on the table. Bending over the former, Geordy took a considerable sniff, gave the ingredients a stir thin." His proceeding with the latter

kite were the only depredators known

about the mooreland farm; but while

they were all occupied in the hay-field,

tention; one was the broth-pot boiling with a potstick, and muttered "very must remain unmentiened; but, half an hour later, when he was safely nsconsed in a farm-house half a mile off, and the family were driven within loors by the increasing storm, they found everything as it had been leftthe broth on the fire, the cat on the window-seat, the whiting and flannel on the table; but not a spoon was there. "Where's the spoons?" cried Mrs. Simpson to the entire family, who stood by the fire drying their wet garments. ould tell. Nancy had left them

on the table when she ran to the hay. No one had been in the house; they were certain that nothing was disturb ed. The drawer was pulled out, and the empty stocking exhibited. Every Duchochois. Yes, there could be no shelf, every corner was searched, but to no purpose; the spoons had disappeared, and the state of the farm-house may be imagined. The widow ran through it like one distracted, questioning, scolding and searching. Robin, Nancy, and the farm-men were despatched in different directions, as soon as the rain abated, to advertise the neighbors, under the supposition that some strolling beggar or gipsey might have carried off the treasure, and would attempt to dispose of it in the parish. Nobody thought of Geordy Wilson; he had not be espied from the hay-field. Lost the spoons were, beyond a doubt, and the widow bade fair to lose her senses.-The rich relation came at the appointed time, and he had such a tea that he vowed never again to trust himself in the house of his entertainer. But the search went on; rabbits' holes were looked into for the missing silver, and active boys were bribed to turn out

magpies' nests. Wells and barns in the neighborhood were explored. The criers of the three nearest parshes were employed to proclaim the loss; it was regularly advertised at kirk-gate and market-place; and Mrs. Simpson began to talk of getting a search-warrant for the beggar's mealpouch. Bathgate was alarmed throughout its borders concerning the spoons but when almost a month wore away stealthily ascended the rigging and and nothing could be heard of them, the widow's suspicions turned from beggars, barns and magpies to light upon poor Naney. She had been scouring the spoons, and left the house last; silver could not leave the tables without hands. It was true that Nancy had borne an unquestionable character; but such spoons were not to be found every day, and Mrs. Simpson was determined to have them back in her stocking. After sundry hints of increasing readth to Robin, who could not help

thinking his mother was losing her udgment, she one day plumped the charge, to the utter astonishment and lismay of the poor girl, whose anxiety in the search had been inferior only to ner own. Though poor and an orphan, Nancy had some honest pride; she immediately turned out the contents of her kist (box), unstrung her pocket in Mrs. Simpson's presence, and ran, with tears in her eyes, to tell the minister. As was then common to the country parishes of Scotland, difficulties and dis putes which might have employed the writers and puzzled the magistrates were referred to his arbitration, and thus lawsuits and scandal prevented.-

The minister had heard-as who in Bathgate had not?-of Mrs. Simpson's loss. Like the rest of the parish, he thought it rather strange; but Nancy Campbell was one of the most serious and exemplary girls of his congregation-he could not believe that the charge preferred against her was true yet the peculiarities of the case demanded investigation. With some difficulty the minister persuaded Nancy to return to her mistress, bearing a message to the effect that he and two of his elders, who happened to reside in the neighborhood would come over the following evening hear what could be said on both sides, and, if possible, clear up the mystery, The widow was well pleased at the minister and his elders coming to inquire after the spoons. She put on her best mutch (that is to say, cap), prepared her best speeches, and enlisted some of the most serious and reliable of her

neighbors to assist in the investigation. Early in the evening of the following day—when the summer sun was wear ing low and the field work was overthey were all assembled in the cleanscoured kitchen, the ministers, elders and neighbors, soberly listening to Mrs. Simpson's testimony touching her lost

silver, Nancy, Robin and the farm-men sitting by till their turn came, when the door, which had been left half open to man by the name of Simpson. admit the breeze, for the evening was sultry, was quietly pushed aside, and in slid Geordy Wilson, with his usual acompaniments of staff and wallet. "Ther's na room for ye here, Geordy" said the widow; "we're on weighty

business." "Weel, mom," said Geordy, turning o depart, "its of nae consequence. only came to speak about your spoons. "Hae you heard o' them ?" cried Mrs.

Simpson, bouncing from her seat. "I couldna miss bein' blessed wi' the precious gift o' hearin', and what's better, I saw them," said Geordy. "Saw them, Geordy? Whar are they and here's a whole shillin' for ye; and Mrs. Simpson's purse, or rather an old

glove used for that purpose, was instantly produced. "Weel," said Geordy, "I slipped in ae day, and seein' the siller unguarded, I thought some ill-guided body might covet it, and laid it by, I may say among the leaves o' that Bible, thinkin' you

would be sure to see the spoons when you went to read." Before Geordy had finished his revelation, Nancy Campbell had brought down the proudly displayed, but never opened Bible, and interspersed between its leaves lay the dozen of long-sought

The minister of Bathgate could scarcely command his gravity while admonishing Geordy on the trouble and vexation his trick had caused. The assembled neighbors laughed outright when the draft man, pocketing the widow's shilling, which he had clutched in the early part of his discourse, assured them all that he kenned Mrs. Simpson read her Bible so often that the spoons would be certain to turn up. Geordy got many a basin of broth and many a luncheon of bread and cheese on account of that transaction, with which he amused ail the firesides of the parish. Mrs. Simpson was struck dumb even from scolding. The discovery put an end to her ostentatious profession, and it may be noped turned her attention more to

Has the story no moral for you, dear eader ?—Leisure Hours.

[From the N. Y. Herald.]

The Yankee Tyranny...The Central and Western States Mere "Hewers of Wood" to New England.

Previous to the present civil war the agitators of New England were eternally enouncing the alleged ascendancy of the seven cotton States in shaping and controlling the policy of our national government. "Everything is shaped to benefit the cotton States," was the cry of the New England fanatics. "The whole government is in the hands of the South, and every measure of legislation is held subordinate to Southern interests." That there was a small basis no more:-The seven cotton States de-

manded that the constitution of the that no legislation hostile to their property interests in the institution of slavery should be undertaken by Congress. They also further demanded, in one single instance—the Fugitive Slave law-that Congress should make some legislative provision to enforce one of the rights guarranteed to them by the constitution against the treasonable and unconstitutional opposition thereto of these same New England fanatics. This was about all the "peculiar legislation"

the South demanded, and, in return for receiving it, they-a wholly agricultural and producing people-acquiesced with out murmur in all the legislation demanded by the complex commercial agricultural and manufacturing interests of the remainder of the Union. Well, the Union was at last broken up,

the South being no longer able to bear peacefully the constant irritation and dangers resulting from the aggressive character of New England's anti-slavery fanaticism. The fourteen Senators from the seven cotton States not only lost their ascendancy in our national affairs, but stepped out of the Union altogether. And now what do we find to be the result? Just this:—That the twelve Senators of the six New England States have adopted the role which they so vehemently denounced in what they were pleased to call the "Black Gulf Squadron," and that our whole national policy is to-day subservient to the In erests and dictates, the bigotries and narrow, puritanical prejudices, of the twelve Senators who, forming the Black Republican Squadron," are sent from the New England States to Washington. Our present actual masters are more sordid, grasping and cruel than were the alleged Southern managers of the past. They legislate with a view exclusively to New England interests, and their object would seem to be to throw all the burdens of taxation and revenue upon the other portions of the loyal States, while compelling us all, by high protective and prohibitory importation duties, to purchase New England manufactures, however inferior to those we could obtain much cheaper abroad, at just such prices as may suit the pockets—we will not say consciences, for they appear to have none—of New England's

nanufacturing aristocracy. The main burdens of our internal revenue were thrown by the legislation of last winter upon two articles—whiskey and tobacco—in which the New England States have but the slightest interest, while our custom house duties were advanced to figures making regular importation all but certainly unprofitble, and of necessity driving the trade, eretofore centred at New York, to be mainly transacted thereafter by active parties of smugglers along the Canadian oorder. So much is this the case that the Secretary of the Treasury is now devising means to check this very smuggling, which has reached, even while yet in its infancy, enormous proportions Secretary Fessenden apparently forgetting Sir Robert Peel's maxim, as the esult of English experience, that "it is utterly impossible to check any smuggling which, if successful; pay a profit of over thirty per cent." In our ease, however, the profits of running certain articles into the United States from Canada will be many hundred per cent; nor can this be stopped in any manner unless we build along the Canadian frontier such a wall as divides the Chinese from the old Tartar empire. Even this would hardly suffice; for with such a profit as New England greed has left open to the smugglers, it would be a renimerative speculation to start a hundred large balloons in this pecies of traffic.

In the last session of the Senate, let is not he forgotten, the chairman of every Important committee was a New En-

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ground out was either to benefit New England interests, or to supply food to New England bigotries and bates. The trade of New York city, was to be destroyed by imposing duties which would force foreign merchandise up to Canada, and thence, by smuggling, into the United States ; while New England was to avoid the heavy burden of taxation, in great measure, by placing the heaviest excise duties of our internal revenue upon two articles in which her interests are insignificant. Her six States, with an aggregate population of three million one hundred and thirty-five thousand three hundred and one, according to the census of 1860, are represented by twelve Senators, holding the chairmanships of all the most important committees of the Senate of the Union; while New York, with a population of three million eight hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two, according to the same census, has but two members in the Senate; and these two, upon every occasion in which they attempted to defend the interests of New York and the Central States, were roughly overridden and voted down by "Black Republican Squadron from New.England.

Thus it is that history repeats itself. The Puritans fled to this country under pretence of a desire to secure religious liberty; but no sooner had they obtained it for themselves than they commenced burning Quakers, nonconformists, witches and all others whose tenets were not identical with their own, or whose practices they could not understand. They protested against the ascendancy of the "Black Gulf Squadron "in our national affairs, even provoking a civil war rather than submit to it; but no sooner are they given a chance of power than we find the 'Black Republican Squadron'' in full sweep, with the black flag hoisted against the rights, interests and opinions of every section of the Union. Our whole government to-day is one of Yankee ideas and the most miserable sort of

Yankee philanthropic notions. The sceptre thrown down by the extreme South as it rushed out of the Union is now wielded more fiercely and remorselessly by the extreme Northeastern section of our people. When will the day come it may be

asked, in which the great Central and Western States will assert their natural supremacy, and crush out the extremsts, or corner-men of the continent, as we may call them—one faction of these residing in the southeast, and the other in the northeast corner of the Atlantic seaboard? When will the day come that we of the Centre and West shall be 'Americans," and not "Yankees," in the eyes of Europe, and indeed of all the world? We are called "Yankees" now -even by our Southern foes, who know better, geographically-merely because it is seen that we are the helots of a of fact for these assertions is not to be to Vankee rule, and fighting out a war Yankee oligarchy, patiently submitting vhich had its origin in Yankee intolerance and bigotry. With seven hundred and fifty thousand more population United States should be upheld, and than the six New England States put together, we have but two representatives in the Senate of the United States, while New England has twelve; and, not content with foisting on us the greater part of the burdens of the war, while at the same time ruining the trade and marine of our greatest city-the greatest city on the continent-New England has now capped the climax of her oppression by so arranging it that, while but twelve and a half per cent. of her population has been enrolled for the coming draft, no less than twenty-six per cent, of our population in the first ten districts of New York have been enrolled for the same purpose! Does this really mean that the lives of two and a fraction citizens of New York are but

worth the life of one Massachusetts man? Or will the Bay State assert that one of her lanky sons is able to whip two and something over of our New York athletes? The question is a pertinent one; for, as things are now progressing, no one can tell how soon these questions may be brought to a very practical test. The only remedy for hese evils is for the Central and Northern States to make a strong alliance, offensive and defensive, during the progress of the Chicago Convention, and to place upon a platform, opposed alike to Southeastern and Northeastern

A COURT SCENE.

extremists, some conservative soldier or

statesman who shall be the vigorous

exponent of a national, anti-corner

policy...

There is an attorney practicing in our courts, who has attained a great notoriety, among numerous other things, for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out in the crowd, we will merely call him Wayke," for short.

There was a horse case in the Justices' Court, one day, in which Wayke happened to be engaged. A slow and easy witness had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who, in a plain, straightforward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wayke commenced a regular cross examination, which was cut short in this man-

"Well, what do you know about a horse-you a horse doctor?" said the barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner. "No, I don't pretend to be a horse

doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast." "That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wayke in the same stylelooking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the

expression, which said, "Now I've got im on the hip." The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out: "O, ye-as-just so-I'd never take you

crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic

for a horse! The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The lick back produced a regular stampede, and the bushel of suspender buttons that stuck to the ceiling above, brought a shower of plaster upon the leads below. Everybody was convinced that whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a "hoss."

One day a little girl about five years old heard a preacher of a certain lenomination praying most lustily till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and beckonling the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered: Mother, don't you think that if he important committee was a New Englander; the presiding officer was a New to pray so loud," Such a question is worth a volume on elecution in prayer.