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three months	5 00	" three months	10 00
six months	8 00	" six months	15 00
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The Daily Patriot & Union.

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SUNDAYS EXCEPTED
BY O. BARRETT & CO

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for TEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT AND UNION is published at TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, invariably in advance. Ten copies to one address, *fifteen dollars*.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

Business Cards.

DR. J. C. HOYER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN WYETH'S BUILDING,
In room formerly occupied by Dr. Carman,
CORNER OF MARKET STREET AND MARKET SQUARE.
sep1

C. D. WALTER'S,
CLOCK MAKER, CLEANER AND REPAIRER,
NORTH STREET, EAST OF THE CAPITAL.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Sep 26-d6m

WM. H. MILLER,
AND
R. E. FERGUSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE IN
SHOEMAKER'S BUILDINGS
SECOND STREET,
BETWEEN WALNUT and MARKET SQUARE,
ap-29w&d Nearly opposite the Buehler House.

ROBERT SNODGRASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office North Third street, third door above Market, Harrisburg, Pa.
N. B.—Pension, Bounty and Military claims of all kinds prosecuted and collected.
Refer to Hons. John C. Kunkel, David Mumma, jr., and R. A. Lamberton. myll-d&w6m

DR. C. WEICHEL,
SURGEON AND OCULIST,
RESIDENCE THIRD NEAR NORTH STREET.
He is now fully prepared to attend promptly to the duties of profession in all its branches.
A LONG AND VERY SUCCESSFUL MEDICAL EXPERIENCE justifies him in promising full and ample satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call, be the disease Chronic or any other nature. ml8-d&wly

THOS. C. MacDOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MILITARY CLAIM AND PATENT AGENT.
Office in the Exchange, Walnut st., (Up Stairs.)
Having formed a connection with parties in Washington City, who are reliable business men, any business connected with any of the Departments will meet with immediate and careful attention. m6-y

MILITARY CLAIMS AND PENSIONS.
The undersigned have entered into an association for the collection of Military Claims and the securing of Pensions for wounded and disabled soldiers.
Muster-In and Muster-out Rolls, officers' Pay Rolls, Ordnance and Clothing returns, and all papers pertaining to the military service will be made out properly and expeditiously.
Office in the Exchange Buildings, Walnut between Second and Third streets, near Omit's Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.
THOS C MACDOWELL,
je25-dtf THOMAS A. MAGUIRE.

SILAS WARD.
NO. 11, NORTH THIRD ST., HARRISBURG.
STEINWAY'S PIANOS,
MELODEONS, VIOLINS, GUITARS,
Banjos, Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Accordeons,
STRINGS, SHEET AND BOOK MUSIC, &c., &c.,
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES, ALBUMS,
Large Pier and Mantle Mirrors, Square and Oval Frames of every description made to order. Regilding done.
Agency for Howe's Sewing Machines.
☞ Sheet Music sent by Mail. oct1-1

JOHN W. GLOVER,
MERCHANT TAILOR!
Has just received from New York, an assortment of
SEASONABLE GOODS,
which he offers to his customers and the public at
nov22) *MODERATE PRICES.* dtf

J. COOK, Merchant Tailor,
27 CHESNUT ST., between Second and Front,
Has just returned from the city with an assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,
Which will be sold at moderate prices and made up to order; and, also, an assortment of READY MADE Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.
nov21-1yd

DENTISTRY.

B. M. GILDEA, D. D. S.,
NO. 119 MARKET STREET,
Positively extracts teeth without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide.
jan8-tf

RELIGIOUS BOOK STORE,
TRACT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY,
E. S. GERMAN,
27 SOUTH SECOND STREET, ABOVE CHESNUT,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Depot for the sale of Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, Music and Musical Instruments. Also, subscriptions taken for religious publications. no30-dy

JOHN G. W. MARTIN,
FASHIONABLE
CARD WRITER,
HERR'S HOTEL, HARRISBURG, PA.
All manner of *VISITING, WEDDING AND BUSINESS CARDS* executed in the most artistic styles and most reasonable terms. decl4-dtf

UNION HOTEL,
Ridge Avenue, corner of Broad street,
HARRISBURG, PA.
The undersigned informs the public that he has recently renovated and refitted his well-known "Union Hotel" on Ridge avenue, near the Round House, and is prepared to accommodate citizens, strangers and travelers in the best style, at moderate rates.
His table will be supplied with the best the markets afford, and at his bar will be found superior brands of liquors and malt beverages. The very best accommodations for railroaders employed at the shops in this vicinity. [al4 dtf] HENRY BOSTGEN.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
This pleasant and commodious Hotel has been thoroughly re-fitted and re-furnished. It is pleasantly situated on North-West corner of Howard and Franklin streets, a few doors west of the Northern Central Railway Depot. Every attention paid to the comfort of his guests. G. LEISENRING, Proprietor,
je12-tf (Late of Sellins Grove, Pa.)

THEO. F. SCHEFFER,
BOOK, CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
NO 18 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.
☞ Particular attention paid to printing, ruling and binding of Railroad Blanks, Manifests, Insurance Policies, Checks, Bill-Heads, &c.
Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards printed at very low prices and in the best style. jan21

TAILORING.
GEO. A. KLUGH.
The subscriber is ready at NO. 94, MARKET ST., four doors below Fourth street, to make
MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING
In any desired style, and with skill and promptness. Persons wishing cutting done can have it done at the shortest notice ap27-d

CHARLES F. VOLLMER,
UPHOLSTERER,
Chestnut street four doors above Second,
(OPPOSITE WASHINGTON HOUSE HOUSE,)
Is prepared to furnish to order, in the very best style of workmanship, Spring and Hair Mattresses, Window Curtains, Lounges, and all other articles of Furniture in his line, on short notice and moderate terms. Having experience in the business, he feels warranted in asking a share of public patronage, confident of his ability to give satisfaction. jan17-dtf

The Patriot & Union.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 14, 1863.

SURE TO WIN.

CHAPTER III.

[CONCLUDED.]

Open hostilities were therefore now declared—Stutely *versus* Stark, Themis against Mars, Bayfield and the Ferns the scene of action, six months the duration of the campaign.

After the colonel's departure, my uncle and I held a consultation. Our deliberations resulted in the conclusion, that some means of communicating with Letty must positively be found. The colonel's vigilance was only to be baffled by securing an ally within the garrison. None could be so effectual or valuable as Letty, if we could only engage her upon our side. Now how was this to be accomplished?

We were lawyers, and between us we conceived a plan. It was strategy, romantic and hazardous; its success was very doubtful; its failure would only cause the enemy to double his watchfulness. But his insolent defiance had put us upon our mettle, and we resolved to leave no wile untried that might secure victory.

Not far from my uncle's house lived an old college chum and lifelong friend, Dr. Polt.—Like habits, like tastes, like politics, like bachelorhood, bound the two strongly together. The doctor was the oldest medical man in Bayfield. He was in very tolerable circumstances, and had of late years almost retired from practice, maintaining his connection only with a few families, many of whose members he had introduced into existence. The intimate terms upon which Uncle Ferril and Dr. Polt stood rendered the latter fully cognizant of all the circumstances attending my troubled love-passage, and his warmest sympathies were for our success. Much of this feeling may have been owing to the colonel having upon several occasions treated the doctor with considerable rudeness. Colonel Stark, crammed with Indian prejudices, did not see why he should be civil to the 'vet,' as he chose to call our friend.—Dr. Polt was a short man, and short men are touchy upon the point of personal dignity.

'Big, blatant blusterer!' exclaimed the doctor to my uncle one evening, when Colonel Stark's want of urbanity formed the topic of discourse. 'I wish he'd fall ill, and call me in, Ferril. Wouldn't I physic him? Aha!' and the doctor glared balefully over his spectacles, in a manner intended to signify that the pharmacopœia would hardly afford the tremendous compounds he should like to inflict upon his enemy.

Dr. Polt entered heart and soul into the little plot my uncle and I had devised for Colonel Stark's confusion.

'Ay, ay, boy,' he ejaculated, rubbing his hands gleefully, when I told him what had been resolved upon, and asked his assistance—'I'll help, I'll help willingly. 'Twill be almost as pleasant as prescribing this nigger-flogging colonel asafœtida and creosote. Ay, ay, I'll be ready.'

Riding into Bayfield, therefore, according to custom, one frosty forenoon, it happened that my usually well-behaved mare began to grow restive as I approached the house of Dr. Polt. Feigning to lose temper, I punished her pretty severely about the head and ears. The mare began to kick; I began to reel in my seat; a sentimental cheesemonger's daughter tripping past with a three-volume novel under her arm, began to scream; the mare started, reared, my feet left the stirrups, I went to the ground with a crash just opposite the doctor's door. The mare galloped wildly down the street.

Dr. Polt was upon the watch, and pounced upon the case in an instant, like a vigilant spider upon a heedless fly.

'Hullo! hullo! What's the matter? How's this?' exclaimed the doctor, as naturally as if the whole thing had not been pre-arranged. 'Who's this, tumbling off his horse like a sack of oats? Why, dear me! Can it be? No! Yes! Positively, so it is. Bless my soul, my young friend Stutely! Dear, dear! What a sad piece of business! No bones broken, I hope. Let's see. Hm! Hm!' passing his hand rapidly over my limbs as I lay upon the ground, hardly able to restrain my laughter. 'Skull not cracked; no, no, impossible—too thick. Lie still, young gentleman, if you please. Collar-bone all right. Radius, ulna—no damage right or left. Not broken his neck—time enough for that to happen—nor yet his spine. Any ribs smashed? One—two—three—four—five—and the false ones? no; all in order. Now, let's try his legs—right leg: femur, tibia, patella; all straight. Left—ah! something wrong here. Dear, dear!' with a very solemn face, and a learned shake of the head, to impress the half-dozen idlers who had gathered round. 'Severe fracture of the os cosmographicensis; displacement of the head of the quan. suff.—most important bone that; extensive luxation of the tendo Achillis. Dear, dear! More severely injured than I thought. Bring him into my surgery, my friends, and I'll soon set him to rights. Gently, gently; don't displace the quan. suff. any further, or I won't answer for the consequences. Bring him in—bring him in.'

Preceded by Dr. Polt, enjoining upon my bearers the utmost caution, I was carried into the house, placed upon a sofa, and left in due professional care. Within half an hour all Bayfield rang with the exciting news that young Mr. Stutely had been thrown from his mare opposite Dr. Polt's door; that the mare had fallen upon and crushed him, breaking several of his ribs, his cosmos, the head of his pantstuff, and his tender killings. Later intelligence added that, in spite of these desperate injuries, Dr. Polt still entertained hopes of the poor young gentleman's recovery. Another bulletin declared that the doctor had been heard to say Mr. Stulely might recover, but would certainly remain a cripple for life. The very latest news averred that the only doubt Dr. Polt felt was whether the fractured limb would be two inches and a half or three inches and a quarter shorter than the other.

As the plotters intended, the report of the accident was not long in traveling to the Ferns. I must confess to some compunction at the alarm I knew it would cause Letty, although I was consoled, upon the other hand, by picturing to myself the glee with which the heartless old colonel would rub his hands and growl forth: 'There's a stopper to young Parchment's exertions for the next few months at any rate. Bravo! Josiah, my boy; the game's your own.'

The colonel having been induced to believe that I was helplessly shelved, we were enabled to proceed with the next item of our scheme. My uncle communicated with a friend in town, by whose instrumentality a letter was addressed to Colonel Stark, ostensibly from the India House, requesting his appearance before the Board of Directors upon a day named, they being informed he was able to give valuable evidence respecting details of management connected with the Company's native forces in Bengal. As we had anticipated, the bait was greedily swallowed. Nothing could have been more congenial to Colonel Stark's lofty opinion of his own consequence than such a summons. The opportunity was favorable. His enemy was out of the way, and he could leave home for a short period with a quiet mind.—Four days later, my uncle hurried to me in the afternoon with the news that he had seen the colonel set off in a post-chaise half an hour previously upon his road to town.

This gave the signal for action. Despite the colonel's departure, I dared not show myself openly at the Ferns, for there could be no doubt the servants were all in the colonel's interest, and would not risk their places by disobedience; but a letter was despatched by a trusty messenger to Letty, to whom access during her father's absence could not well be denied. In this I briefly acquainted her with the actual state of affairs, and implored her, with all the epistolary eloquence at my command, to meet me after dusk at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, a secluded winding thoroughfare hard by the Ferns, leading at some distance to the north main road. Here a chaise should be in readiness to carry us at once to Scotland. If she consented, I begged her to send a few words by bearer.

Within an hour, the answer came. It bore no signature, and was laconic enough, consisting only of the four words: 'Your request is granted.' Still, the note was in Letty's well known hand, and the assurance it contained too precious to criticise. 'She may not have liked to write more, I thought.' 'The dear girl's sensitive modesty would not allow her to dilate upon so delicate a theme. For me must be reserved the pleasing task of overcoming her scruples, and of persuading her to unite her fate with mine.'

At the appointed time behold me, therefore, at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, anxiously awaiting the beloved of my heart. Some little distance down the lane, well out of sight from the main road, was the chaise that was to bear us off, as fast as four spanking steeds could gallop, to Scotland and to bliss. In my anxiety and eagerness, I drew nearer and nearer to the Ferns, watching the instant when fate and love should bring Letty to my desiring arms. It was eight o'clock of a November evening, pitch dark and bitterly cold. Even the ardor of passion that coursed through my veins was insufficient to keep me warm. I paced to and fro outside the fence, and stamped upon the ground for cold and impatience; it is not unlikely even that I swore. At last, however, at last my hopes were realised; along the road came tripping a gentle step, which was surely Letty's timid footfall. Dear girl! how I sympathised with her hesitation, so natural, so womanly, to intrust her destinies to the charge of one of the ruder sex. How it should be the study of my future life to make her happy!—Even as I listened, the footsteps ceased. A voice, whose tones were music, breathed my name. I rushed forward, and in another moment the sylph-like figure of Letty was sobbing upon my breast.

Time would not permit of long entreaty. Leading my charmer rapidly on towards the chaise, I poured forth my hopes and wishes in a passionate appeal, which clearly found a responsive echo in Letty's heart, for, although she said nothing, she hurried along at a speed I found it difficult to equal. Even at that anxious moment—so critical is ungrateful man!—I could not help reflecting that the haste she testified was slightly unfeminine, and ill in accordance with the ideal of shrinking modesty I had hitherto considered her especial attribute. But I dashed the cruel thought away as soon as it arose, and we hastened down the lane.

The chaise was reached at last. I called to the postboys to look to their horses, and opened the door of the carriage to help my Letty in. Judge of my consternation, when a tall, portly figure, in a long military cloak, stepped on the instant out of the vehicle, and withdrawing the side of a lantern, shewed by its light the mocking and detested features of my enemy, Colonel Stark!

'Hullo! young Parchment,' he sneered, with a hideous grin distorting his malignant countenance, 'what are you going to do with my daughter? Come, come, my lad, your gallery's countermined. Catch a weasel asleep if you can, and shave his eye. It won't do. Your plan was clever, but not clever enough to deceive an old campaigner. Come, sir, give up the lady, and march away.'

'Never!' I shouted, throwing my arm around Letty's shrinking form. 'There are limits even to a father's authority. Never will I surrender this dear, this lovely prize, save at her own request. She honors me with her affection, and I will not abandon the precious boon, except with life. Stand away from the carriage, Colonel Stark, and let us pass this instant!'

To my intense astonishment, the colonel broke into a burst of uproarious laughter.—The postboys, who had turned sideways upon their saddles, the better to survey the scene, exploded with similar glee. Last and hardest blow of all, from beneath the veil that shrouded Letty's features issued sounds unmistakably those of mirth! I fell back a pace, and gazed upon her shaking figure with speechless dismay.

'Ho, ho, ho!' bellowed the colonel. 'This fellow 'll be the death of me. Hold me up, somebody, or I shall fall. Ho, ho, ho! What did he say? "This dear, this lovely prize—this precious boon." O Lord! O Lord! Here, young Parchment, look at your lovely prize!'

Slowly the figure before me raised its veil, and instead of my Letty's charming features, I beheld—O horror!—the sable visage of that disgusting Johtee Lall, his eyes gleaming with malicious delight, his mouth distended with a hideous grin from ear to ear.

'He, he, he!' tittered the wretch, holding out his arms, 'Missa Tutely run away wid Johtee all de way to Cotland. Come along, Missa Tutely—come along!'

How I got home that night, I never knew.

Long afterwards, I learned how this terrible mishap had come to pass. Up to the morning of that unlucky day, it appeared, all had gone well. The colonel believed me seriously hurt, and intended to avail himself of the circumstance to appear at the India House, in obedience to what he imagined a genuine summons. Being in Bayfield, he had called at the postmaster's to order his chaise; while in the yard, he noticed another vehicle being got ready for service, and inquisitive as usual, asked for whom it was intended. The postmaster, knowing no reason for secrecy, replied that the chaise had been ordered for that evening by my uncle Ferril, who was going to the north. The colonel's ever-ready suspicions were instantly aroused; he determined to delay his journey for a day, to see if this unusual event concealed mischief. Ostensibly, however, he made no change in his arrangements; at the appointed time, the chaise conveyed him from the Ferns, and took the road for the metropolis; but at the post-town ten miles off he halted, ordered the postboys to remain where they were until the ensuing day, and returned to the Ferns secretly and on foot. My note to Letty arriving shortly afterwards, was intercepted by the colonel's vigilance. It shewed him at once that his precaution was fully justified. Under some pretext, he obtained from Letty the answer I received, and the subsequent plot was carried out without her knowledge.

Well, my courage was not dampened even by this failure. Letty's genuine concurrence was absolutely essential, and I tried another scheme. I re-wrote my explanation to Letty of the present state of affairs, and despatched it to my sister Grace in town. As old schoolmates, the two corresponded frequently. I asked Grace to visit the lady-principal of the establishment where the girls had been educated, and telling that respectable instructress she was going to pass a few days with Miss Stark, offered to take charge of any communication she might desire to send. Postage-rates were high in those days; shillings were needed to purchase the privileges pence now buy; and such an offer as this was not uncommon. My sister was to copy my note to Letty, and append it to the packet of correspondence. I hoped that Col. Stark, who would infallibly open the parcel, seeing that it was made up of many sheets in that delightfully angular feminine hand so difficult to decipher, after wading through a page or two of latest fashions and school gossip, would toss over the remainder to his daughter in disgust. I relied on Letty's superior ingenuity then to discover a method of reply.

Within a week from the concoction of this notable scheme, a large packet was delivered by Johtee Lall at the office from Col. Stark. It was directed to me. Opened, out fell the lady-principal's budget, my sister's missive to Letty, and a scrap of paper whereupon was written, 'No go, Parchment; try again.'

This last failure almost broke down my resolution. Fortune seemed desperate against me. How was this lynx-eyed disciplinarian to be lulled asleep? In my despair, I turned to my uncle, and humbly besought his assistance.

'Well, Caleb,' replied Uncle Ferril, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, 'I've no objection to give you whatever help is in my power. It's not perhaps strictly professional to be mixed up in these matters, but I plainly see you'll be nonsuited unless I give advice. Still, I will only aid upon condition you shall not inquire what measures I employ.'

I assented eagerly.

'Then write to Miss Letty again, and I will see what can be done.'

One day passed—two days—three. No answer. Upon the fourth day came from the Ferns a packet of documents relating to some property in the neighborhood of Bayfield Col. Stark desired to purchase. Out of a mortgage dropped a neat little note from Letty, addressed to me. I seized it in triumph.

Now, how do you think my astute old uncle contrived so easily what had baffled my less-practiced ingenuity. Very simply indeed. I did not make the discovery myself until some time after, but this was how he proceeded. Going to the Ferns apparently to consult the colonel about the property just mentioned, he managed to time his visit so as to find his client and Letty at their morning exercise in the grounds. My uncle took the colonel's arm and walked in front of Letty, but contrived, in the course of the interview, carelessly placing his arms upon his back, to exhibit my note between his fingers. Letty demurely tripped forward, deftly extracted the missive from its hiding-place, and slipped it into her pocket. A few lines from Uncle Ferril pointed out the packet of deeds as a fit vehicle for her reply.

Letty's answer was more than satisfactory—it confirmed my belief that her father had purposely kept her in ignorance of the compact into which he and I had entered. Better than all, her fertile woman's wit pointed out a method by which, if ably managed, every condition of the agreement might be thoroughly fulfilled.

Colonel Stark, therefore, like most remarkably cunning persons, just contrived to overreach himself. Had he frankly appealed to his daughter not to enter into any engagement without his sanction, so high was the dear girl's sense of filial duty, that nothing would have induced her to run contrary to his desire. She would have trusted to patience, submission and time to subdue her father's selfishness, and to soften his heart. As it was, her spirit revolted at the mistrust implied by his reticence, and the colonel created an adversary where he should have secured an ally.

It was my turn to chuckle now.

CHAPTER IV.

Acting in strict accordance with my instructions, I remained perfectly quiet for several weeks. I still took occasional horse-exercise, but sedulously avoided the neighborhood of the Ferns, and thought it useless to repeat the fracture of my cosmos. My uncle and Dr. Polt, who had both been made acquainted with the scheme now in progress, approved it highly, and argued favorably of its success.

'She's a pleasant little woman, that Letty Stark,' opined the doctor, 'and a sensible one into the bargain. Caleb, my boy, I shan't envy you your father-in-law, but I shall your wife.'

That which we confidently calculated upon soon happened; Colonel Stark, failing to detect further hostile manœuvres, and too old a soldier not to know that an enemy of whose movements you are ignorant is dangerous, grew uneasy. His restless spirit would not allow him to play the safe game of waiting patiently until the expiration of the stipulated time, and in his turn he resolved to reconnoitre the hostile camp. One frosty morning, therefore, my uncle and I were disturbed in our avocation by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, succeeded by a lusty peal of the office bell.

I ought, perhaps, to state that my uncle Ferril, like many other country solicitors, transacted his professional business at his own house. For this purpose, two rooms upon the ground floor were set apart as offices. The outer room was usually occupied by the clerk, rent collector—we were agents for a good deal of house property in the town—general manager, and factotum, Roger Tice, while my uncle and I tenanted the inner apartment. In cases where a private consultation was desired, I slipped out of my uncle's room by a door leading into the hall, and going round to the front office, kept Roger company until the client's departure. As usual with persons of inferior rank to his own, the colonel, by excessive haughtiness and rudeness of manner, had contrived to insult Roger as mortally as he had offended Dr. Polt. I knew therefore that, if requisite, we might confidently reckon upon the clerk's assistance and secrecy.

'Colonel Stark, sir,' announced Roger, popping his head into my uncle's sanctum.

'Very good, Roger. Shew him in,' returned my uncle. 'Now, Caleb.'

I nodded, and vanished from the room, just as the colonel, bluff and boisterous, blustered in.

'Well, Ferril,' exclaimed the visitor, 'how's the world using you? Loot abundant, eh? Plenty of quarrels stirring. Envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, only to be set right by a good dose of law and swingeing costs. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow lawyers good, isn't it? Why, where's young Parchment? Thought I saw him here just now.'

At this moment I re-entered the room.

'Oh, there you are, young fellow,' continued the colonel. 'Well, how goes on the war? You don't seem to be making much progress. Three months of six are past, and you haven't gained an inch of ground. You must be quick, sir, you must be quick, if you mean to outmanœuvre Josiah Stark.'

'Well, colonel,' I replied, 'we'll talk the matter over a little, if you please. The terms of our compact are, briefly, that I am to succeed within six months in taking you in, "clearly, plainly, under your own nose, so palpably that there shall be no mistake."—Those were your words, I believe, were they not?"

'Ay, ay, young fellow; right enough. But you haven't done it, my good sir—you haven't done it: you can't do it; I defy you to do it.'

'We shall see. Now, colonel, I have to ask further, would you consider I fulfilled the agreement, if I were to tell you what passes in your own house, to which, as you know, I cannot possibly have access? Suppose, for instance, from private sources of information, I were to state the purport of a conversation you had with your daughter this morning during breakfast.'

'I don't believe you can state anything of the sort,' returned the colonel promptly, with an indignant snort at the supposition.

'Did you not say that you had finally decided upon purchasing the Wharton estate, and tell Letty she might begin to think of preparations for leaving the Ferns?'

Colonel Stark listened to the question in speechless wonder; surprise and consternation seemed to have suddenly stricken him dumb; finally he drew a long breath, then uttered a tremendous oath.

'That infernal nigger!' he shouted. 'The vile, scoundrelly, treacherous spy! That's the fellow, without a doubt. Yes, yes, I recollect now that he was in and out of the room at breakfast I daresay half-a-dozen times. Directly he heard me speak of quitting the Ferns, he must have bolted off with the news to his precious employer. Oho! young fellow, so Johtee's your private source of information, is he? Eh, sir? Was the nigger your informant?'

'Really, colonel,' I replied, 'you must excuse me; I do not feel justified in betraying whence my information is derived. It is enough for me to be assured it is correct.—Do I understand you to admit this to be the case?'

'Correct! correct!' bellowed the colonel, with dreadful sarcasm. 'O yes, Mr. Parchment, very correct, sir—highly correct. I wish I could say as much of the sense of honor that permits you to tamper with my servants, sir. If you find it impossible to gain your end without resorting to proceedings of that questionable nature, sir, the less you talk about correctness the better.'

And Colonel Stark marched up and down the room in a very wrathful state of mind.

'All's fair in love and war, colonel,' I laughed. 'You invited stratagem, you know, and set me the example yourself in that post-chaise business. But I don't admit that you have discovered my source of information, by any means.'

'Of course you don't admit it, sir!' exclaimed the colonel. 'It's one of the maxims of your —— profession never to admit anything. But common sense tells me that you must have suborned the nigger. How else—— But I shan't waste another word upon you. I'll put a stop to this business in double-quick.'

That same afternoon, Johtee Lall's sable visage, wearing a very piteous and imploring expression, appeared at the office. The Colonel Sahib, he declared, after administering a savage thrashing with the big bamboo, had literally kicked him out of the house. Not knowing where to go, the fellow came to me. Little as he deserved kindness at my hands, yet, as his discharge was certainly the result of my operations against his master, I felt a kind of moral obligation to provide for the man's support. For the present, I committed him to the care of Roger Tice. Roger sniffed dubiously as he received his charge, offered a mild remonstrance, but finally acceded to my desire, and walked away with Johtee.

A week passed without a sign of Colonel Stark; at the end of that time, unable, I suppose, to curb his impatience longer, he marched down to Bayfield, and again presented himself at my uncle's house. As before, I slipped out of the room immediately upon his arrival, and re-entered it after he had exchanged a few words with Uncle Ferril.

'Ah, youngster,' was the colonel's greeting, 'how are we getting on now? Any more choice little bits of intelligence from sneaks bribed to fetch and carry? Aha, my spark, I think your tampering with my servants has been pretty effectually stopped.'

'Well, colonel,' I replied, 'we shall see. I have got something to communicate, certainly, and I hardly think that my private source of information is at fault. Did you not tell Miss Stark this morning, while walking in the grounds at the Ferns, that you thought of taking her to town about the end of the month after next? When the time stipulated in our agreement has expired, that is, you know, colonel. Am I correct?'

My adversary fell upon this into such a passion of rage that I really feared at first he would drop dead upon the spot. His sallow complexion turned to a ghastly purple; the veins upon his forehead filled and strained till they stood out as rigid and taut as cordage, he gurgled in his throat as he gasped and strove for breath.

'Those infernal reptiles!' yelled the colonel, when he had sufficiently mastered his indignation to find words; 'those vile, mercenary, traitorous servants of mine! Why, you must have corrupted all the household. But I'll punish 'em. Stay you here till I come back, and I'll put your boasted sources to the test. If you can answer what I ask you then, Josh Stark's a Dutchman, that's all.'

The colonel hurried away. Upon reaching home, he instantly discharged all the servants in the house paid them their wages, and gave them an hour to get clear of the premises, standing grimly by watch in hand as they filed away. Then he rushed back to Bayfield, burst into the office, and required me to tell him what he had done.

From my private sources of information, I was enabled to comply with Colonel Stark's demand. I forbear to characterize the language of which he made use upon receiving my answer, further than by stating that his expressions were most discourteous and of a highly actionable kind.

Grown wiser by experience, Colonel Stark acted now as he should have acted from the first, and shut himself up in his fortalice altogether. When the new servants arrived from town a few days after the dismissal of their predecessors, he cut off communication with the world without. All the supplies required for his garrison were taken in through the half-opened door by one of the servants, appointed for that office, and supervised by himself or Letty. As an extra measure of precaution, he had all the locks changed upon all the doors by workmen from a distance, bells attached to the windows, strong bolts and bars fitted to the shutters, every loophole at which even a mouse might enter the fortress blocked and barricaded. It is not unusual, I fancy, after the steed has been stolen, carefully to brick up the stable-door.

As soon as these measures had been taken, the colonel once more presented himself at the office, and desired to know if I had anything to tell him. Again, and for the fourth time, my private sources aided me. He probably fancied I had learned what had happened from the workmen, for this time, in place of going into a passion, the enemy listened in silence, then nodded thoughtfully, and withdrew.

We gave Col. Stark a fortnight to recover his self-possession, and feel the inconvenience of the blockade he had established, then proceeded to strike the final blow.

Six weeks still remained of the time originally stipulated, when Uncle Ferril and I set out together for the Ferns. We sent in our names to the colonel, and, after some hesitation, were admitted into the library. There sat the enemy, looking worn and haggard. He pointed to chairs, and we sat down. Much of what is popularly called 'the bounce' had evidently been taken out of the colonel. His manner was more cautious, less defiant. Our visit clearly made him ill at ease, but he waited silently to hear what we had to say.

'My uncle and I have called upon you, Col. Stark,' I began, 'to claim the fulfillment of your contract.'

Here the enemy was unable to repress a start, shewing how much his nervous system had become affected of late; still, he uttered never a word. I went on.

'Upon four distinct and separate occasions the stipulation contained in that agreement has been carried out. I have repeated conversations which I never heard, related circumstances which I never saw, and you have admitted both to be correct. You have adopted various methods to discover the source of my information; you have been unable to discover it; you are unacquainted with it even now. If necessary, I am prepared to repeat my execution of the stipulation for a still longer period. But it is not necessary. I maintain that I have, fully, duly, and amply carried out my portion of the agreement; and I call upon you, as a man of honor and gentleman, to perform yours. My uncle will testify that his opinion coincides with mine.'

The colonel had listened to this little speech in perfect silence; he now turned, still mutely, towards Uncle Ferril.

'I am decidedly of opinion, Col. Stark, as a professional man of thirty years' standing, that my nephew Caleb has performed his portion of the contract.'

The colonel leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed upon the ground. Minutes passed, that seemed hours.

'Well, so am I,' he said at last. 'The battle has been fought stoutly; I can't see an error anywhere in my combinations; but the youngster is too deep for me. I've turned the matter over for the last fortnight, and I cannot for the life of me discover whence the information has been gained. I can't sleep o' nights for thinking of it; it haunts my mind incessantly by day; I've lost my appetite; I don't enjoy my wine; life's growing a burden to me; I wouldn't pass another month like this for all the lacs in the Company's treasury. I give it up. Parchment, Letty shall be yours! Stop! I consent upon one condition only,' he continued, checking my joyful exclamation with a warning finger. 'Before you leave this room you shall disclose the means you have employed.'

'Most willingly, colonel. Have the goodness, if you please, to call down Letty.'

'Letty! exclaimed the colonel. Why, *she* knows nothing about'——

'Pardon me,' I interrupted. 'Call her down and I think she will be found better informed than you imagine.'

Col. Stark rang the bell, and gave the necessary order. In a few minutes my charmer entered the room. Little explanation sufficed to acquaint her with what had just transpired, and with her father's conditional surrender.

'And now Letty,' I added, 'if you please, bring in the culprit.'

Letty went out. The colonel faced round towards the door, watching with a tremor of nervous fury to behold the traitor in his camp. Next moment, his daughter returned, bearing in her hand the warm fur-cap which her father, used to an Indian climate, almost constantly wore. Letty laid the cap upon the table. The colonel took up his headgear, twirled it upon his fingers, failed to derive information from the process—laid it down again, looked at me, then at Letty.

'You see, colonel,' I explained, 'ordinary stratagems were useless against your practical experience, and we were forced to make you your own postman.'

Lifting the silken lining of the cap, I displayed, to Col. Stark's astonished eyes, a neat little pocket, artfully contrived, and quite invisible, unless on close inspection. In that receptacle, Letty, when she wished to communicate with me, had deposited a slip of paper containing what it was requisite I should know. Upon reaching my uncle's house, the colonel had naturally left his cap upon the hall-table while he went into the office; I had slipped out, extracted the missive, and returned to the room, had given the colonel the benefit of its contents.

Col. Josiah Stark listened to this remarkably simple explanation of the mystery that had puzzled him with mingled anger and disgust; then taking his daughter by the arm when I had finished, he pushed her towards me, exclaiming: 'There, take her, Parchment; you've won each other fairly. Heavens and earth! that a wary old campaigner should be outmanœuvred by a girl and a lawyer!'

REBEL CAVALRY CONFESSED INFERIOR.

[Form the Richmond Whig, October 2.]

A special dispatch, dated Orange Court House, September 22, 1863, says: "A considerable cavalry fight occurred to-day, beginning near Madison Court House. Our forces *fell back* some three or four miles." True, in this instance, "we captured seventy Yankees," and there may have been good reasons for "falling back." But this tune of "Our Cavalry Fell Back" is becoming too familiar to the Army of Northern Virginia. *Nobody expects "our cavalry" now to do anything but fall back.* Time was when Stuart's cavalry was the pride of the country. It was never dreamed that the clumsy Yankees, unused to horseback, could rival, much less surpass it. *But such is the lamentable fact.* Since Kelly's Ford and the great review at Culpepper Court House for the benefit of the ladies, our cavalry has gone under, and we have been forced to the shameful admission that Yankee tailors and shoemakers on horseback are superior to the cavaliers of the South. Certainly the cavalry engagements of the last six months have ended with the same old songs, "Our Cavalry Fell Back."

The cause of this deterioration is unknown to us. It is alleged that the enemy's horse is invariably supported with artillery and infantry; but this is denied by competent authority in regard to the most famous cavalry "fall back" of the war—that from Middleburg to Ashby's Gap. But be that as it may, we also have artillery, comprising some of the best batteries in the service, connected with our cavalry, and the artillerists fight bravely—so much so, indeed, that their guns are captured for want of support.

If this painful state of things be not past cure, we suppose the commanding General will