

# THE BAY.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1861.

VOL. 8.—NO. 8.

## THE BAIN.

I love the rain, the glorious rain!  
As it falls from the clouds on high,  
Which speaks in voice and tongue of flame,  
And sings the song of the soul's life.  
I love the rain, the frolicsome rain!  
Its musical voice to me  
Sings the song of the ocean wave,  
And the depths of the dark blue sea.  
I love the rain, the dashing rain!  
Its play with the earth and air,  
For it speaks with mournful tenderness,  
To the soul that's touched with care.  
I love the rain, the buoyant rain!  
Whose laughter, deep and loud,  
Lifts from the woe that gave it birth,  
Wild torrent of the cloud.  
I love the rain, the fruitful rain!  
For it brings things glad,  
To cool and freshen mother earth.  
When drouth hath made her sad,  
The glorious rain, the frolicsome rain!  
The dashing and the fruitful rain,  
And the buoyant rain for me.

## TUCUMSEH'S ELOQUENCE.

Tecumseh led, the warriors followed, one in the footsteps of the other. The Creeks in dense masses stood on each side of the path, but the Shawnees noticed no one; they marched to the pole in the centre of the square and then turned to the left. At each angle of the square, Tecumseh took from his pouch some tobacco and smatch, and dropped it on the ground, and his warriors performed the same ceremony. This they repeated three times as they marched round the square. They then approached the flag pole in the centre, circled around it three times, and facing the North, threw tobacco and smatch on a small fire, burning as usual, near the base of the pole. On this they emptied their pouches.

They then marched in the same order to the Council, or king's house, (as it was termed in ancient times), with drum before it. The Big Warrior and leading men were sitting there. This Shawnee chief sounded his war whoop—a most diabolical yell—and each of his followers responded. Tecumseh then presented to the Big Warrior a wampum belt of five different colored strands, which the Creek chief handed to his warriors, and it passed down the line. The Shawnee's pipe was then produced; it was large, long, and profusely decorated with shell beads, painted eagle, and various designs. It was lighted from the fire in the centre, and slowly passed from the Big Warrior along the line. At this time not a word had been uttered; everything was still as death, even the winds slept, and there was only the gentle fall of leaves. At length Tecumseh spoke; at first slowly and in sonorous tones, but he soon grew impassioned, and the words fell in avalanches from his lips, his eyes burnt with superior lustre, and his whole frame trembled with emotion. His voice resounded over the multitude, now sinking in low and musical whispers, now rising to its highest key, hurrying out his words like a succession of thunderbolts. His countenance varied with his speech; its prevalent expression was a sneer of hatred and defiance, sometimes a murderous smile; for a brief interval a softness of profound sorrow pervaded it; and at the close a look of concentrated vengeance, such, I suppose, as distinguishes the stern enemy of mankind.

I have heard many great orators, but I never saw one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the same command over the muscles of his face. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. Its effects upon that wild, untutored, warlike assemblage may be conceived; not a word was said, but stern warriors, the "stoics of the wood" shook with emotion, and a thousand tomahawks were brandished in the air. Even the Big Warrior, who had been true to the whites during the war, for the moment, visibly affected, and more than once I saw his huge hand clutch, spasmodically the handle of his knife. All this was the effect of his delivery, for though the mother of Tecumseh was a Creek, and he was familiar with the language, he spoke in the northern dialect, and was afterwards interpreted by an Indian linguist to the assembly. His speech has been forgotten, but its effects can do him justice. I think I can repeat the substance of what he said, and, indeed, his very words:

### TUCUMSEH'S SPEECH.

In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements, once on our favorite hunting grounds. No war-whoop was sounded, but there is blood on our knives. The pale faces felt the blow, but knew not from whence it came. Accused by the race that has seized our warriors. Our fathers, from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards, here they now call us brave men. The Georgians trembled at our war-whoop, and the maidens of my tribe, on the distant lakes, sang the prowess of our warriors and signed for their embraces. Now your very blood is white, your tomahawks have no edge, your bows and arrows have been buried with your fathers. O! Muscogee, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the tears of slavery, strike on the drums for vengeance once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Let the dead drop from the weeping skies. Let the white race perish. They seize your land, they corrupt your woman; they trample on the ashes of your dead! Back, whence they came, upon a trail of blood they must be driven. Back, back, eye into the great water whose sacred waves brought them to our shores! Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The Red man enjoys the country, and the pale faces must never enjoy it! War now! War forever! Never upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave! Our country must give no rest to the white man's bones. All the tribes of the North are dancing the war dance. Two mighty warriors across the sea will send us arms. Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets shall tarry with you. They will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white man approaches you, the yawning earth shall swallow him up. Soon you shall see my arm of the stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake.—Clairborne's Life of General Sam. Dale.

Ripe fruits fall with their own weight. Unripe politicians fall from their want of weight. Question for the regulars—what is the use of a rest of war to a standing army.

## THE LEFT-HANDED THIEF.

"How many young men have been injured and perhaps ruined by false suspicion?" remarked my mercantile friend, as we were conversing on the "panic," a few evenings since. Suspicion is like an assassin in the dark. It stabs its victim, and he knows not from whence the blow comes. Or it may be like the keen frost which seizes upon the ears, the cheeks, or the nose, freezing the flesh or driving back the life blood, and yet the poor man is totally ignorant of his situation till he comes in contact with heat, and begins to feel the stinging pain. But I believe I never told you of the only time that suspicion of evil was ever fastened on me. It has nothing particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it serves to show how merchants sometimes lose money.

When a mere youth I was placed in the store of Jacob Wharton, a merchant doing a good business. I was frugal industrious and faithful, and at the age of twenty-one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after banking hours was also in my care. I tried to do my duty faithfully and I think I succeeded. Mr. Wharton was a close, methodical man with a quick eye and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied he felt satisfied, I felt much pleased.

I had been a book-keeper for a year when I thought my employer's manner toward me began to change. He began to treat me more coolly, and finally he watched my movements with distrustful glances. I became nervous and uneasy, for I feared I had offended him. But the thing came to a head at length.

One evening when I was alone in the store, engaged in making up my cash account, Mr. Wharton came to me with a troubled look and spoke. His voice was as usual, and I could see that he was deeply affected.

"George," said he, "I am sorry for the conviction that has been forced upon me; I fear you have not been treating me as you should."

I managed in spite of my astonishment to ask what he meant.

"I fear you are not honest?" was the reply.

"Not honest! And there I had been for many years making it my chief aim and study how to serve him most faithfully. I do not remember what I said first—I only know the tears came into my eyes—that my lips trembled—and that my utterance was almost choked. How long had he held these suspicions? I asked him, and he told me for more than two months.

"You have suspected me thus, and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to your interests all my energies—after striving for faith and honor, that I might win your love and esteem—to suspect me in secret—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me! Oh, I would not have believed it!"

"Let us talk the matter over calmly," said the merchant, his old kind tone coming back. He was touched by my agony, and I could see that he was wavering.

I felt, at first, like telling him that he should have done this before, but as he seemed ready to reason now, I found no fault.

"You have spent considerable money of late."

"How?" I asked.

"Have you not built a house?"

"Yes, sir, and paid for it too, and have thus given my mother a comfortable home."

"Mr. Wharton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply, but pretty soon he asked:

"Just did the house cost you?"

"I had it built, and I suppose you would know where I got the money. You, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you six years. The first year you paid me fifty dollars, the second year you gave me a hundred dollars, and I laid up sixty a year. The fourth year you made me a clerk, and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me as our little cot answered for the time. I got along that year upon an expense of seventy-five dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred dollars on condition that I keep your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you paid me one thousand, and I spent only the interest of what I previously invested so that the thousand was not touched. Of course mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars for my house, and have five hundred dollars in the savings bank. That is a plain statement of my affairs."

"Within the last year I have lost more than two thousand dollars! It must have been taken from the store. I know this for I know the amount of goods which have been sold, and I know how much cash I have received. I began to be watchful four months since."

Two months ago a man paid me in the afternoon, five hundred dollars. I put it in the drawer, and on the next morning, before you came in, I looked at your cash account, and found only two hundred of that set down. From that time I have been very watchful, and have detected a dozen similar cases. I have noticed every dollar that came in after the bank account was made up, and have also taken note of the amount entered upon the books, and during that time there has been a leaking of over seven hundred dollars! Now who has access to the drawer and the safe?"

I was astonished. I could only assure my employer that I knew nothing of it; and I saw that he wanted to believe me. I asked him if he had spoken of this to any one else. Not a living soul but me, he replied. I pondered a few moments and then said:

"Mr. Wharton, could you make me believe that even liberally I had wronged you to the value of a dollar, I should not feel the perfect consciousness of honor I now feel. There must be a thief somewhere. Some of the clerks may find access to the money. But are you willing to let the matter rest for a few days? I will strain every nerve to detect the evil doer."

He finally consented to let me try my hand at detecting a thief. He promised not to send a syllable upon the subject to any one else, and also to leave the matter wholly in my hands for one week. He gave me a warm grasp when we separated and said he hoped I would succeed.

On the following morning I entered the store with all my energies of mind centered upon the work before me.

There were four clerks or salesmen, and one boy, in constant attendance, besides myself, and all the money received had to pass through my hands. Sometimes I made up my cash account at night, and sometimes not till next morning.

In the latter case I generally put the money drawer into the safe, and locked it up. The key to the safe was kept in a small drawer, to which there were two keys, one of which I kept, while Mr. Wharton kept the other. The only other person who ever helped us in the store, was Henry Wharton, my employer's only son, a youth of twenty years of age. He was preparing for college under a private tutor but found time to help us in the store when business was slow. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, and a strong natural attachment had grown up between us. At first I thought of getting him to help me find the thief, but as Wharton had promised to speak to no one else upon the subject, I concluded to keep quiet also.

That night I counted my money, but made no entry on the account. There were three hundred and forty odd dollars. I put it in a new calfskin pocket-book—placed that in the money drawer, and locked the whole up in the safe. On the following morning I found fifty dollars missing. I counted the money over carefully, and was not mistaken. My suspicions took an unwelcome turn.

During the day I pondered upon the subject, and finally hit upon the following expedient: When I had locked up the safe for the night, I spread upon the knob of the door, and upon the money drawer, carefully, pale red pigment being careful not to get enough on to be easily noticed. I had left the cash account open, to be closed up in the morning. When I next opened the safe, all was as I had left it.

The next night I fixed the knob in the same manner, and on the morning following I found forty dollars gone. Upon the pocket-book were finger marks of red lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found the same kind of mark there. So I learned one thing; the thief knew enough to see whether my account had been made of the money before he took it. I felt more unpleasantly than before, for my unwelcome suspicions were being confirmed. I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger marks that told me a sad story. Still, I wished to try farther.

For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed, but on the third night I missed seventy-five dollars more, and I had now set my trap carefully. The red pigment was not only used, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket-book and cash book were very clear and distinct.

When the week was up, Mr. Wharton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," said he as he noticed the sorrowful expression on my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

## WILLIAM AND HIS HAVELOCK.

"The members of the Mackerel brigade, now stationed on Arlington Heights, to watch the movements of the Potomac, which is expected to rise shortly, desire me to thank the ladies of America for supplies of havelocks and other delicacies of the season just received. The havelocks, my boy, are rather roomy, and we took them for shirts at first; and the shirts are so narrow-minded that we took them for havelocks. If the women of America could manage to get a little less linen in the collars of the latter, and a little more in the other department of the graceful 'garment,' there would be fewer colds in this division of the Grand Army. The havelocks, as I have said before, are roomy,—very roomy, my boy. William Brown, of Company G, put one on last night, when he went on sentry duty, and looked like a broomstick in a pillow case, for all the world. When the officer of the night came around and caught sight of William in his havelock, he was struck dumb with admiration for a moment. Then he ejaculated:

"What a splendid moonbeam!"

William made a movement, and the sergeant came up.

"What's that white object?" says the officer to the sergeant.

"The young man is William Brown," said the sergeant.

"Thunder!" roared the officer; "tell him to go to his tent, and take off that nightgown. You're mistaken," says the sergeant, "the sentry is William Brown, in his havelock, which was made by the women of America."

The officer was so justly exasperated at his mistake that he went to his headquarters and took the oath three times running with a little sugar.

The oath is very popular, my boy, and comes in handy. I take it medicinally myself. The shirts made by the ladies of American are noble articles as far down as the collar, but would not do to use as an only garment. Capt. Mortimer de Montague, of the skirmish squad, put one on when he went to the Presidential reception, and the collar stood up so high that he couldn't put his cap on, while the other department did not reach to his waist. His appearance at the White House was picturesque and interesting, and as he entered the drawing room, Gen. Scott remarked very feelingly:

"Ah! here comes one of the wounded heroes."

"He's not wounded, General, remarked an officer standing by."

"Then why is his head bandaged up so?" asked the venerable veteran.

"Oh!" says the officer, "that's only one of the shirts made by the patriotic women of America."

In about five minutes after the conversation I saw the venerable veteran and the wounded hero at the office taking the oath together.

A REBEL IMPLEMENT OF WARFARE.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that a few days ago Colonel Guthrie of the First Kentucky regiment, now commanding at Charleston, Va., learned that a revolving cannon, invented by two men named Woods of the rebel army, was secreted somewhere in the town of Malden, a little place about six miles above Charleston, and a vigorous search to be made for it, and succeeded in unearthing it. He embraced the first opportunity to forward it to Cincinnati, and it is now in Collector Carson's office in the Custom House. It is impossible to give satisfactory description of the gun, for the reason that it is in an unfinished condition, and also because some of the pieces have been lost. The workmen had not time to complete it before Wise was in full retreat, and consequently it was buried to keep it from falling into the hands of the Union troops. We may say, however, that it is composed chiefly of sixteen short cylinders, each containing twelve chambers, and that it is designed to throw three balls through rifled barrels about eighteen inches long. It seems to be worked by a lever similar to that of a locomotive. At each discharge it would throw one hundred and ninety-two balls. If the principle on which it is constructed be correct, we see no reason why one might not be built that would throw five hundred, or even a thousand balls.

Col. Tompkins of the rebel army, a graduate of West Point, pronounced it one of the most destructive engines of war ever designed. Colonel Guthrie, thinking that "there might be something in it," and believing there is ingenuity enough in Cincinnati to find out what that something is, requests that it be delivered to Miles Greenwood, or some other well-known iron worker, for examination. We shall most probably learn whether it is a valuable arm, or simply "a weak invention of the enemy."

A LOAN FOR MEXICO.—A rumor is being circulated that the Administration has recently received an application from the Mexican Government, through Mr. Corwin, asking for a loan of nearly \$10,000,000 to pay the interest on the foreign bonds, and thus relieve that was the guilty party.

French, English and Spanish intervention. Nothing is yet known respecting the action of our Government, but it is generally understood that communications have been forwarded to the aggressive powers by the Secretary of State, announcing the determination of the Government to resist the spoliation of Mexico at all risks.

## A BIT OF ROMANCE.

A female exists as a Volunteer at Camp Curtin. Last Saturday evening a week an apparent young soldier stopped at the Susquehanna Hotel, in Baltimore, to await the departure of the Northern Central train from that place to Harrisburg. He was not there long, however, before it was whispered among some of the knowing ones that the soldier was a female, which fact was revealed by a fellow-passenger from Washington. Finding that he was suspected, and fearing that he might be subjected to great inconvenience from it, he had just concluded to make known to the Marshal of Police that he was a female, when a policeman appeared, and taking him into custody, conducted him to the Middle District Station House, where the charges of being a woman were preferred against him. This he indignantly repelled, and played the character of a young man to such perfection that nearly every one present at the examination went away satisfied that the charge was unfounded. He was about to be committed to jail to await further examination, when Mr. Vorsehl, proprietor of the Susquehanna hotel, appeared and offered to keep him at his office all night. This was agreed to, and an officer was sent to guard the room in which he slept.

When he arose yesterday morning he donned his uniform, but had, on the previous evening, acknowledged to Mr. V., that he was a female. A guard was kept over her until about noon yesterday, when Mr. McPhail Deputy Marshal, allowed her to go about the house without a guard, an officer merely remaining near at hand, to be called whenever his service was needed. At noon she dressed herself in female attire, which was kindly furnished her by the lady and daughter of Mr. Vorsehl, and in a short time she was about the room with as much ease and grace as if she had known nothing of such a "rough" thing as a soldier's life. About seven o'clock at night Mr. McPhail appeared at the hotel and removed her guard, and thus the matter rested that evening.

The subject of this investigation, is rather a good-looking young lady, about nineteen years of age, near five feet in height, of good form, with dark eyes and auburn hair. When first suspected and arrested, she told several different stories, but finding it useless to conceal anything further, the following true statement of her case is given:—In April last, her husband enlisted as a private in a three month's Pennsylvania regiment, of which she gives the number, now attached to Gen. Banks' column, without the knowledge or consent of his wife; finding his whereabouts, she also enlisted at Harrisburg and was passed by the examining surgeon in that place.

She was attached to the same regiment in which her husband was, and as the Colonel of the regiment was aware of her sex, she was engaged in the capacity of messenger to that officer; she was in the battle of Manassas, and is considerably deafened in consequence. After the three months' service, she was mustered out and re-enlisted for three years, with her husband. Her first enlistment was on the 3rd of May, and consequently she has been in service five months, three weeks of which were spent in Camp Curtin near this city. Her sex was known to the following persons in the regiment:—the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon, and her husband. The day following her arrest she was taken down to Fort McHenry and confronted with Gen. Dix. She stated that her name was Hattie Martin, but she enlisted under the name of Robinson, which was her maiden name. At the recruiting office in Harrisburg she made known her sex to the examining surgeon, and at her earnest solicitation he accepted her as a recruit. She is but nineteen years old, and had been married but a short time when she enlisted. Since her sojourn on the Potomac she alleges that her husband grew unkind towards her, which determined her to return to Pennsylvania. After her interview with Gen. Dix she was returned to the Susquehanna House, the ladies of which have been very kind to her, and by the deputy provost marshal liberated from custody.

She is the only lady who has while playing soldier overlooked her in Baltimore, she having carelessly concealed her sex, except to a few of the regimental officers, who, she states, treated her with marked respect and kindness.

HOW THE ENEMY GET INFORMATION.—Col. Forney writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press:

"The frequent boast of the Southern traitors that every movement of our armies is immediately made known to them, and that the free States abound with their spies, who, under the cloak of loyal professions, obtain possession of the confidence of the Union men, which they use and abuse without hesitation. Washington city is the very nest of these vermin. They are often among the loudest to shout hosannas to the Union; but let a battle be lost to the American flag, and they cannot restrain their joy. The female secessionists who shelter themselves behind the immunities and privileges of their sex, delight in every kind of demonstration against the government, and are only dangerous when they irritate their lords and masters by pretending to sympathize with the cause of the country. Then they become the efficient and vigilant auxiliaries of Davis and his crew. It is believed here that, immediately after the movement upon Manassas Hill had been decided upon by the military authorities and the Cabinet, information was conveyed to the rebel troops across the Potomac, and upon this admission they retreated without the loss of a man."

DISASTROUS ACCIDENT.—On Monday, two weeks, John Bougher, residing near Centerville, Crawford county, met with a most distressing accident, which resulted in his being killed almost instantly. It appears that he was engaged on a keel boat, and at the time of the accident the boat was passing down Oil Creek. When at or near G. W. McClintock's, as the boat was passing under a foot log from the shore to a derrick, Mr. Bougher was standing with his side toward the log, but not so as to see it, which was just high enough to strike his neck. As the log struck him on the side of the neck his car struck on the opposite side, thus bringing it between the two, and so instantly cutting his throat. He died in about four minutes. He leaves a family.

A firm in Adams county has made forty thousand dollars the present season on its stock of wool alone by the rise in the price since they bought. The net profits of this concern for this year will be over one hundred thousand dollars.—Plymouth Rock.

## TRAITORS IN THE REVOLUTION.

The following extracts, of "Newspapers in the Revolution," and "Action of State Legislatures," from the pen of B. I. Lossing, the Revolutionary historian, will be read with interest as a similarity in the present state of the country:—

"In all colonies there were only thirty-seven newspapers, and of these, at the time in question, only seven were devoted to the interests of the British government. These were soon stifled by public opinion wherever the Whigs, as the patriots were called, bore rule, while five of the remaining three were seduced by gold or frightened by innuendoes into the support of the Crown. *Harrington's Royal Gazette*, published in New York, took ground boldly against the Revolutionary movement; and on Monday, late in the autumn of 1775, it was 'surrounded' by one hundred light horsemen from Connecticut, led by Capt. Sears, a distinguished 'Son of Liberty,' in New York. They destroyed the press and other apparatus, put the type into bags, and, without one word of complaint from the people, returned to Connecticut, carrying with them a tory clergyman named Seabury, who had preached against the Whigs and the Continental Congress. The type they cast into the sea. All the people except the 'peace party' of that day, said, Amen! After that, the newspaper press ceased to be troublesome to the Whigs, and pamphleteers wrote anonymously."

In the course of the war for independence, the several State Legislatures passed numerous acts for the punishment of the sympathizers with the enemies of the country. In Massachusetts, they could be arrested under a Magistrate's warrant, and banished unless they would take the oath of allegiance to the Whigs cause. The selectmen or trustees of towns could prefer charges of political treachery in town meetings, and the accused, if convicted by a jury, might be immediately banished into the region occupied by the enemy. Many persons were subjected to these penalties in that State.

Rhode Island passed laws still more severe against the tories. Any person who should communicate with the ministry, or their representatives, or who should pilot armed ships of the King's, or who afforded supplies to the enemy's forces, might, by law, be punished by death and confiscation of estate. There were, also, special acts passed in that State, by which the property of certain persons named was confiscated and sequestered.

In Connecticut, speaking, writing or acting against the doings of Congress, or the Assembly of Connecticut, subjected the offender to the penalties of disqualification for office, the seizure of his arms and imprisonment. For furnishing the royal troops with supplies or personal aid, the offender might be punished by the confiscation of his estate, and imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years.

In New Hampshire, similar laws were passed, and under them a large number of tories, former citizens of that commonwealth, were prohibited from entering within her borders; and the estates of about thirty residents were confiscated.

In New York, those who were opposed to the Declaration of Independence were prohibited from practicing law in the courts, and their estates might be confiscated. A parent whose sons joined the enemy was taxed nine pence on the pound of his estate for each and every son. County committees were authorized to apprehend and decide upon the guilt of all persons who should be accused of correspondence with the enemy, and they had the power to punish them with imprisonment or banishment.

The legislature of Virginia provided by law that certain tories should be treated as aliens, their property to be sold, and the proceeds placed in the public treasury. They also, by law, forbade certain persons entering the bounds of that commonwealth, and subjected them to penalties for the violation of the command.

New Jersey passed several acts for the punishment of tories, subjecting them to imprisonment and forfeiture of estates.

A BUCKET OF FLOORS.—A lady of York, who has received the cognomen of the Railway Queen, is in the habit of giving fine parties to the inhabitants of that city and its neighborhood. On one of the occasions, wishing to show off a little before the *magnates*, her Majesty called one of the servants, when the following dialogue occurred:—John, said her Majesty. "Yes, ma'am," said the servant. "Bring me a bucket," said the Queen. "Yes, ma'am." John, as in duty bound, instantly disappeared. On his way down to the kitchen he began to wonder what her Majesty could want with a bucket; and wondering whether he could not have been mistaken, consulted the other servants on the subject. It was agreed, however, that her wishes should be complied with; and a bucket was accordingly brought out. John filled it with water, carried it up stairs, and marching through the corridors in the drawing-room, much to the astonishment of all present, placed it at her Majesty's feet. "Here it is, ma'am." "What is this, sir?" "The bucket, ma'am, the bucket." "Oh, you stupid fellow," said her Majesty, "it was not a bucket of water I wanted: it was a bucket of floors." Her Majesty, it is needless to say, had asked for a *boquet*.

THE ENCHANTED FLOORS.—The following pleasant trick has been lately performed by the celebrated magician, Herrmann, in a fashionable private circle: Herrmann, having brought along a great quantity of artificial flowers, invited the guests in the room each to take one. Then, walking around from one person to the other, he took each flower only for a moment between two fingers of his right hand, and, gently breathing upon it, returned the same to its owner, when suddenly all the flowers were changed into natural ones, scattering the air with the most delicious fragrance.

The Southern papers earnestly debating whether the Provisional Government shall not be continued till the war is over. It is agreed that Davis will be elected permanent President if an election is had now, and the project of postponement seems to come from some who would prefer another man.

THE MONTREAL HERALD says there have settled in Montreal, as "refugees" from the United States, a gentleman from Florida, a banker from New York (with \$250,000), and two others, men of means and property. They seek (adds the editor) to be naturalized as British subjects.