The South-Western.

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TERMS

The South-Western is published weekly, at Five Dollars per annum. Terms for six months, payable in advance. No subscription taken for a less period than six months.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 50 per square for the first insertion and 75 Cents for each subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less, constitute a square. Liberal deductions made to those who advertise by the year.

Obituaries, Notices of marriages, public meetings, cards of thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements.

A. H. RAY.

STEVENSON & MAY,
COTTON FACTORS,
New Orleans.

A. N. SHERRY. A. H. ISAACSON.

RICHARD NUGENT & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS and General Commission Merchants, No. 84 Union street, New Orleans.
New Orleans, August 1, 1865.

J. C. MORRIS,
Successor to Beebe & Co.,
DEALER IN WOODEN WARE, Paper, Cordage, Brooms, Brooms, Wicking, Twine, Matches, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, etc.
21 and 23 Old Levee street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans, August 26, 1865-1y

F. DUNBAR,
COTTON FACTOR and Commission Merchant, No. 6 Carondelet street, New Orleans. Special attention given to receiving and forwarding Merchandise.
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

R. TANEY, JR. T. T. EGGLESTON.
SCOTT, CAGE & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
UNION STREET, ... 9
New Orleans. [s20-6m

WAYNE, HUNTINGTON & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS and Commission Merchants. Have resumed business at their old office No. 51 Gravier street, New Orleans. aug28-6m

J. GARNER. T. H. HARRISON.
BOWER, GARNER & HARRISON,
COTTON AND SUGAR FACTORS, and Commission Merchants, No. 6 Carondelet street, New Orleans. Liberal advances made on Cotton consigned to us.
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

J. L. HARRIS.
JUNEY & HARRIS,
Successors to FACEY, JUNEY & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS and General Commission Merchants, No. 56 Perdido street, New Orleans.
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

J. H. MCKEE.
A. A. WEED & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Cotton and Sugar Factors, No. 7 Tchoupitoulas street, corner of Common, New Orleans.
REFERENCES: Sprague, Soule & Co., Boston. First National Bank, N. O.
McCombie & Ogden, N.Y. Hoyt, Bow, N. York.
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

JAS. J. TARLETON, New Orleans, La.
J. A. TARLETON,
COTTON FACTORS, Commission and Forwarding Merchants, No. 6 Carondelet street, New Orleans.
Liberal advances made on Cotton. sept5 6m

BAYLE, NOBLE & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS and General Commission Merchants, New Orleans. Have assumed business at their former office, No. 56 Perdido street. aug23-1y

JAS. HOY. J. N. NIVEN.
CARROLL, HOY & Co.,
COTTON FACTORS and Commission Merchants, No. 78 Perdido street (Factors Row,) New Orleans. We respectfully solicit your business for business on the 15th June last.
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

R. C. CUMMINGS & Co.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.
Will continue business as heretofore. Mr. Thos. H. Cummings will visit Shreveport, La., at Messrs. Walsh & Buisson's warehouse, with representative of our house in all business matters. july19

R. M. BURRELL. J. E. ISENBOUR.
BURRELL, GAYLE & Co.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
New Orleans, July 15, 1865-6m*

J. T. TUM,
COMMISSION MERCHANT and General Merchandise Broker, 101 Gravier street, between Magazine and Camp streets, New Orleans. Agent for Hilton, Dan & Co's Insulating Cement. aug26-1y

J. B. RICHARDSON.
WYCHE & RICHARDSON,
(Successors to John F. Wyche & Co.)
Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants,
No. 42, Union street, New Orleans, Louisiana. aug16-6m

JOHN H. SANDIDGE.
Bossier Parish.
SPYKER & SANDIDGE,
General Factors and Commission Merchants,
NEW ORLEANS. [o11 3m

JOHN H. MAURER. HENRY MARCH.
JOHN H. HUGGINS & CO.
Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants,
No. 34 Factors Row, Perdido street, New Orleans.
THIS House has open River Policies with three Insurance Companies in New Orleans, and are insured to the amount of Fifteen Thousand Dollars in each of them on everything coming from the Mississippi River and its tributaries, having cotton consigned to them. [aug16-6m

GEO. W. MARICO. THOS. B. BODLEY.
Formerly with A. D. Dunbar, Jr. New Orleans.
JNO. P. MARICO & Co.,
COTTON FACTOR, Commission and Forwarding Merchant, No. 126 Gravier street, [front office, up-stairs] New Orleans. je21

THOS. B. BODLEY.
No. 126 Gravier street, New Orleans,
DEALER in Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Circular Saw Mills, Corn Mills. All descriptions of Machinery and Agricultural Implements, Shafting, Piping, etc., etc. je21

R. MARROW. J. HELPS. J. R. HELPS & CO.
COTTON FACTORS and Commission Merchants, No. 54 Gravier street, New Orleans, Louisiana. Factors & Receivers, Agents at Shreveport.

THOMAS HENDERSON,
Formerly Henderson, Terry & Co.,)
COTTON FACTOR,
AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NO. 19 COMMON STREET,
New Orleans. [s20

R. WIGGINS. J. WIGGINS.
R. WIGGINS & Co.,
Cotton Factors and Commission MERCHANTS,
No. 36 Gravier Street, New Orleans.
Liberal advances made on good steamboat, and cotton policies of insurance. All orders for supplies will be promptly attended to. jane14-1y

SAM'L. NATHAN.
THOS. MAXWELL & Co.,
FACTORS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE BROKERS, and Commission Merchants,
No. 18 Natchez street, New Orleans, La.
WILL attend to the purchase and sale of Cotton, Sugar, Molasses, Corn, Rice, Bagging, Rope, and General Merchandise. Consignments and orders from our friends in the country will meet with prompt attention.
REFER TO
S. Woolf & Co., Mobile.
C. E. Hooker, Esq., and
A. J. Kerr, Esq.,
Jackson, Mississippi.
Livingston Nims, Esq.,
Enterprise, Mississippi.
D. C. Lyles, Esq.,
Raymond, Mississippi.
W. P. Tennard, Esq.,
Baton Rouge, La.
A. D. Banks, Esq.,
Montgomery, Ala.
Natchez, La. New Orleans, July 26, 1865.

DRY GOODS.
WM. C. TOMPKINS. H. R. ALEXANDER.
WM. C. TOMPKINS & Co.,
NEW ORLEANS.
HAVE resumed business at their old stand, No. 3, Magazine street, corner of Canal, where they will be found a Full Assortment of Dry Goods, for country merchants and planters.
Their stock is ENTIRELY NEW, and will be kept complete by every arrival. [aug26-3m

TO THE LADIES.

YOUR ATTENTION is politely invited to our large and beautiful assortment of Goods **Just Received**, consisting in part of the best Sprague and Merrimac Calicoes, Ginghams, Delaines, Alpaccas, Lustres, Mozambiques, Grenadines, French Merinos, Berégés, Poulard and Lyons Silks, Swiss soft Jaconet, Nainsook, Mull, Brilliante and cross-bar Muslins, Lawns, Cambrics, and every description of Dress Goods.

English and Irish Linens of all kinds for personal and domestic use, including Shirtings, Sheetings, Table and napkin Damask, Towels, Crash, Diaper, &c. Domestic Cottons, bleached and brown, of every width and quality, white, red, grey, and blue Flannels, Canton Flannel, Fine English Hosiery, French Corsets, Bradley's Duplex Elliptic and all other kinds of Hoop Skirts, Laces, Gloves Gauntlets, Dress-Trimmings, Linen hemstitched, plain and embroidered Handkerchiefs, Belts, Belt-ribbons, Buckles, Ribbons, French artificial Flowers, Collars and Cuffs, plain and embroidered, Colognes, Cosmetics, Combs, Brushes, Sozodont, Tooth Powder, and toilet articles generally.

Kid, Cloth, and Morocco Shoes, Gaiters and Slippers of every kind and quality for Ladies, Misses and children; Needles, Threads, Hooks and Eyes, Tapes, and all description of small wares, besides a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

Our goods are all new, of the latest styles, well selected, and selling at extremely low prices.

We solicit a share of your patronage.

JONES & Co.,
Texas street, near the Levee.
Shreveport, September 6, 1865.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

JONES & CO.,

Texas Street, near the Levee,

ARE NOW PREPARED to furnish complete outfits in Men's wear, from Hats to Boots, of every quality and description and at the lowest known prices.

FINE FRENCH FELT HATS,
CLOTH and CASSIMERE SUITS,
FINE BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS and CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, JEANS and COTTONADES.
ENGLISH, FRENCH and AMERICAN SHIRTS,
FLANNEL, CLOTH and MERINO OVERSHIRTS,
GAUZE, MERINO,
LINEN and COTTON UNDERSHIRTS, and DRAWERS,
ENGLISH and GERMAN HALF HOSE, WHITE and BROWN.

Boots and Shoes of every quality from the stoutest Calf-skin to the finest French Kid, Linen and Silk pocket Handkerchiefs, Collars, Neck-ties, Umbrellas, Gloves and Gauntlets, Saddle-bags, Carpet-sacks, Pocket and Penknives, Stationery, Wallets and Pocket Books, Fancy and Toilet articles generally, and everything else worn or used by mankind, at lower prices than they can be bought in town or elsewhere.

Shreveport, September 6, 1865.

MEYER WEIS & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
85 Canal Street,
o4-6m NEW ORLEANS.

S. C. HICKEY,
(SUCCESSOR TO GEO. W. & JEHIAL DEAD, NEW YORK,)
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
HATS, CAPS AND STRAW GOODS,
49 CAMP STREET, New Orleans.
THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.
EXAMINATION WILL PROVE IT. sep27-3m

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE SOUTH,
REMOVED FROM NO. 10 OLD LEVEE,
—TO—
Corner of Gravier Street and Bank Place.

H. CASSIDY,
SAIL MAKER,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH, LIGHT AND HEAVY CANVASS,

French and English Buntings, Etc., Etc.

PAYS strict attention to making, in a superior manner, all sorts of FANCY BOAT and YACHT SAILS; also every description of Wood and Iron Frame Awnings for Stores, Galleries, Offices, Steamboats, etc., at moderate prices.

Every description of Camp Furniture, such as Portable Camp Cots, Chairs, Stools, etc., always on hand in any quantity. Also, every description of American, Foreign and Fancy Flags, Steamboat's and Ship's Burgees, Jack, Pennants, etc., on hand, and made to order.

Fall Ropes, Slings, etc., spliced and furnished at a moment's notice; Blocks of every description strapped; Trucks neatly covered.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to getting up, in superior style and finish, all sorts of Plain or Fancy Embroidered Silk Flags or Banners, for Military or other Companies; and also the Manufacturing of Circus Tents, having had much experience in that line.

All articles of Canvass will be warranted proof against rot or mildew. [o18-1y

EDWARD R. HUNT.
READ & HUNT,
DEALERS IN
BOOT AND SHOES,
No. 21 MAGAZINE STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, Corner of Canal and Jefferson Road, New York. Corner with Geo. & Jehial Dead, New York.
☞ ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. aug28-3m

WALLACE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS
In Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Plantation Clothing,
No. 74 Canal street, and 21, 23 and 25 Common st.,
Stores formerly occupied by C. H. Slocomb & Co.,
NEW ORLEANS. aug28-3m

EVERETT LANE,

(SUCCESSOR TO R. B. AUCOIN,)
Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
22 Magazine Street, New Orleans.

A large and select assortment always on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices.

Mr. AUCOIN's friends can still find him engaged with the above. [nov8 1y

FREE TRADE! FREE TRADE!
WITH THE INTERIOR.

JAMES GONEGAL,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,
NEW ORLEANS,
At the well known stand of
WOODMAN & BEMENT,
Now offers to the Trade the best selected Stock of
Drugs and Medicines in the South,
Composed in part of the following Staple Chemicals,

ACIDS,
QUININE,
CALOMEL,
IODIDE POTASSA,
SUBNITRATE BISMUTH,
BLUE MASS,
BLUE VITROL,
CHLOROFORM,
COLODION,
COPPERAS,
CREOSOTE,
CREAM TARTAR,
DOVER'S POWDERS,
EPSOM SALTS,
Ether, Nitric (f. f. f.)
Ether, Sulphuric,
Glauber Salts,
Glycerin, (Amer. and Eng.,)
Hoffman's Anodyne,
Iodine Resublimed,
Iron, all prep'ns of,
Sugar Lead,
Chloride Lime,
Lunar Caustic,
Magnesia, Calcined and Carbonate,
Mercury, and the different prep'ns of,
Morphine, Acetate and Sulphate,
Potassium Cyanide,
POTASSA, and all the preparations of,
RED PRECIPITATE,
ROCHELLE SALTS,
SEIDLITZ MIXTURE,
SALACINE,
SANTONINE,
SODA, and its diff. prep'ns.
SILVER NITRATE CRIST,
STRYCHNINE,
SULPHUR,
TANNIN,
VERATRIA,
ZINC, and its prep'ns,
BILLING'S Syrup.

My stock of Pure Drugs and Medicines is large, and has been carefully selected.

Also, **Brandies, Wines, Liquors,**
And PERFUMERIES and FANCY GOODS.

Druggists, Physicians and Planters will do well to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

JAMES GONEGAL,
Corner Magazine and Common streets,
New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

EVANS'

WHOLESALE
HAT EMPORIUM,

62 CAMP Street, (next door to the Picayune office,)
New Orleans.
MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER.

THE proprietor of this establishment, established himself in business in the city of New Orleans in 1828, and from his long experience in this line of business, is now prepared to offer to his customers and the public, Hats of the best description. His BEAVER, RUSSIA and NEUTRIA HATS, have long been known for their comfort and durability. The stock will be kept up equal to the demand; prices uniformly low, and no pains spared to give entire satisfaction. Merchants and planters are solicited to call and examine for themselves. [oct4 3m

MAYER BROTHERS,
Crescent City Steam Tobacco Works,
No. 49 & 51 LAFAYETTE STREET,
Salesroom, No. 51 Tchoupitoulas Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

MAYER BROTHERS, No. 51 Tchoupitoulas street, between Poydras and Natchez streets, New Orleans, Louisiana, dealers in LEAF, CHEWING, and manufacturers of SMOKING TOBACCO and CIGARS.

A heavy, well selected stock constantly on hand.

Orders from the Trade, Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, respectfully solicited, to whom a liberal discount will be allowed. [o18-6m

PELICAN
CIGAR MANUFACTORY,
—AND—
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.

SIMON HERNSHEIM,

73 Gravier Street,
NEW ORLEANS,

HAS constantly on hand a complete assortment of Havana and Domestic Cigars and Cigarettes, of all brands and prices; also a large stock of Garrett's, Lorillard's and Lillienthal's Scotch and Maccoboy Snuff, and of Western and Virginia Manufactured Tobacco, which he offers to the trade generally, at a very liberal discount. Country merchants will find it to their advantage to give him a call before making their purchases. Orders carefully filled. oct4-3m

E. J. HART & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 73, 75 and 77 Tchoupitoulas street,
NEW ORLEANS.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of

RIO, HAVANA, and JAVA COFFEE,
BROWN SOAP,
CRUSHED SUGAR,
TEAS, in all sized packages,
MOLASSES, BACON,
HAMS, LARD,
And all other provisions.
TOBACCO and SEGARS, direct from Havana,
BRANDIES, GIN, WINES,
CORDIALS, CHAMPAGNE,
CIDER, ALE,
and PORTER, Bottled and in barrels.
FRUITS of all descriptions,
PICKLES and CATSUP,
Philadelphia and Havana PRESERVES,
Writing, Hardware and other Wrapping Papers.

DRUGS.

SULPHATE of QUININE, and other staple drugs, by the package only.

WHITE LEAD.

Agents for the sale of Wetherill & Brother's Philadelphia celebrated.

STATIONERY.

A full assortment of Fancy and Staple, imported direct.

Caution.—Our correspondents are cautioned against persons pretending to be traveling agents for us.

New Orleans, August 23, 1865-1y

JOHN SALESBURY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, and Finishing Merchant, No. 159 Duane street, New York. aug4-1y

Somebody's Escape.

In the old town of Limerick are many fine houses, built when it was thought the town would stretch out by Lord Clare's, instead of going as it did. There is Back Clare street, built of handsome private houses, which were afterwards let and sub-let cheap to lodgers—many of the lower class of trades people. It was in one of these houses that a reduced gentlewoman—Miss Sally Carmody—lived, in or about the year 1761. There was a deal of French money sent over in those times, and some, it was thought, appropriated it to their own purposes. Frank Arthur even, when he was building Arthur's Quay, was accused of having got some. I am quite sure this was untrue, but the story was believed, because, you see, in those days it was thought such an impudent thing for a catholic to build a whole quay. Three times, they say, he was on the point of being hanged, but the earl of Limerick saved him. However this might be, Frank Arthur, being considered mighty "uppish" (that was the word) for a catholic was suspected, and not himself alone, but all who were known to be connected with him. Arthur's wife was better born than himself, and poor Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin of hers and well known as such. So she, good old lady, was under suspicion also.

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

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

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

Into the closet, then, they thronged, Gen. Duff himself at their head. But the room was apparently empty. It was without furniture; save a mattress, a chair, and a table on which was a little heap of firewood, but not enough to conceal a man. For a moment the soldiers were taken aback—next moment they were reassured.

There was a bricked up fire-place in the room, and round it they gathered. At that time there was a tax called hearth-money, and the people used to build a wall of brick round a fire place, that the inspector might see, when he came, that they made no use of it. Aye, and may be, when he'd turn his back, the bricks would be taken down until the time came for the next visit. However, as luck would have it, Miss Sally had really no use for this fire-place. I suppose it was as much as she could do, poor lady, to keep up the fire in the front room. And so it happened that the bricks were well, and firmly built, and even plastered over, and that they reached within a couple of feet of the ceiling. There was just room for a man inside, and down there, as the soldiers guessed, the poor fugitive had dropped. He had only a few minutes' notice of their coming, and, catching up a hatchet that was in the corner with the firewood, he just had time to clamber up and gains his temporary place of refuge when they broke in.

With throbbing heart he listened to their threats, their cries of anger, their oaths. He heard them asking if it would not be best to shoot down upon him, and kill him in his lair. But Gen. Duff bawled out: "No, no!—not for a hundred thousand pounds! He must be taken alive! He cannot escape us; pull down the brickwork, and he is ours!" They then set to, and worked hotly; and what with the knocking and hammering, and cursing and shouting, there was such an uproar as was never before heard in poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings. The bricks being solidly built and plastered, it was not so easy as they anticipated to tear them away. And when, at last, they did effect that purpose, their supposed prisoner had again baulked them—who, was plainly to be seen. While they were uprooting the bricks that screened him from them, he, seeing, or rather feeling, that there was no hearthstone under his feet had conceived the hope that by cutting away the floor he might drow into the room below, and so have another chance of getting off. With the hatchet he had caught up he fell to work, the noise he made being completely drowned by the uproar without; and, some minutes before their object was effected, he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given by the soldiers nearest the hearth-place. Some of their number remained above, while the rest hurried down to get into the room below. But here was another delay, for the woman who occupied it—a good protestant, asseveral of them knew, and therefore not to be suspected of voluntarily harboring a French spy (for such they declared the fugitive to be)—was absent, and the door was locked. Some, who had hurried around to the back of the house, found the window of this room fast bolted on the inside, and there was no other outlet from it. With a shout they announced their certainty that the Frenchman was still in the house, caught in his own trap. So they called for a crowbar to break open the door and seize him at last. Somebow none of them ventured to follow him through the opening he had made in the floor and ceiling. They knew he must be armed—they had abundant proof of his energy and desperation; and the bravest man that ever stepped might well be pardoned for not adopting a means of descent sure to be fatal to himself.

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

It was snatched from her, the door was flung open, and the men pursued in. In a moment every nook and cranny was ransacked—in vain! There was no trace of the fugitive, and they were completely at fault. The window shut, and bolted on the inside, precluded any idea idea of escape in that direction; the fire burning proved that he could not have ascended the chimney, he was nowhere in the room, yet there was plain to all scholders the aperture in the ceiling by which he had got down. And louder than the cries of the angry soldiers were those of the little clear starcher, whose apartment had been so unceremoniously disfigured. The would-be captors were baffled by the devil himself.

But the evil one had no need, even were he so inclined, to interfere in the matter. The little protestant clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly to outwit the soldiery. That she was old in her ways was certain; for while every man, woman or child, except herself, was in commotion on the arrival of the military, she remained at her wash-tub, rubbing away, and listening to the uproar and blows overhead, as if nothing at all unusual were the matter. There she was when the ceiling gave way, and the poor hunted Frenchman, pale and covered with dust, stood before her. She never cried out, nor even spoke; she just looked at him for a second, then pointed to the open window; he sprang out, and hastened off in the direction she indicated. The little woman dusted the window sill where he had left the prints of his feet, shut the window, bolted it on the inside, threw some fresh fuel on the fire, slipped out, locking the door behind her, and mingled unobserved with the people in the street.

Whoever the Frenchman was he was saved. When he jumped out through the window he made off across a garden into a field where some men were digging potatoes. These, seeing him running, and his dress all torn, guessed how it was, and one of them gave him a jacket, another his brogues, another his caubeen, and they rubbed clay over his hands and face and otherwise aided his disguise. They put a spade into his hands and set him to dig with them. By-and-by the soldiers came to make inquiries and were sent off on a wild goose chase after a gentleman without a hat whom they had seen running in an opposite direction. The soldiers never found him and the fugitive got safe back to France. It was not rightly known who he was—some said one thing and some another—but from what Gen. Duff cried out when the soldiers wanted to pe down on him, it was believed he must be some body of great consequence. The poor people said it must be the king of France.

Some days ago a sportsman in the vicinity of Lacelas, Illinois, wounded a white crane, and took it to town. While examining it some of the citizens fantalized the bird until they got it angry. Among the number was George W. Thompson, formerly of Rockport, Indiana, and for several years clerk of Parke county. While stooping down to pluck at it, the crane made a sudden peck in his face literally tearing one of his eyes from his head.

Swimming in the Dead Sea.

When we reached the shore of the Dead sea we all gazed in silence on the scene before us. What were our first impressions? Putting aside the associations of God's anger and righteous judgment, which are irresistibly suggested by all we knew of those degraded races who dwelt somewhere on the borders, or on spots where its waters rest, the scene was decidedly pleasing. True, it is not picturesque. The want of life, on this part of its waters makes it dull and uninteresting, without, however, giving it the dreary look of many a highland lock—such, for example, as the darkest and most barren of all I have ever seen—Cornisk, in Skye. Nor is the mountain range of its shores, apparently "bleak and blasted," like the sides of a volcano, but, generally speaking, is clothed with what looks like herbage, though it may be but low shrubs; while several beautiful and luxuriant waddles debouch on its shores. And, there was a delicious breeze blowing over it, sending fresh-looking tiny waves to the shore; and the water was so marvellously clear and transparent, and we were so hot and deliquescent that a bath was anticipated with peculiar pleasure. It is an error to suppose that there is actually no life of plant or animal possible within the influence of its so called noxious vapors. Plants do grow on its border; and further south, birds are seen not only flying over it, but swimming or wading in its waters. No fish have yet been discovered in it; and this, no one who touches its waters will be surprised at, assuming that fish have tastes like men! But one must draw upon fancy more than on what is seen by the eye, to make the Dead sea so very dreadful as it is generally supposed to be.

We bathed, of course, and the experiences gained thereby are such as its water alone afford. Every one knows what a horrid taste it has. No mixture of vinegar, alum, and sulphur, or any similar compound which would fret the skin and pucker the tongue, can give any idea of it. One must taste the deceptive liquid, so clear and beautiful, yet so vile and nauseous, in order to appreciate its composition; and must let his lips, cracked and blistered with the sun, and his face punctured with mosquitoes and other insects, be touched by this limpid wash, before he can estimate its energy. Its buoyancy is also well known, but one must swim through its heavy waters to realise the novel sensation of being unable to sink. The first attempt to swim never fails to produce shouts of laughter—a dangerous levity, as giving admission to the water by the lips. The moment we breast the waves, we are astonished to find our feet fly up to the surface, and all our ideas of equilibrium vanish. The most comfortable attitude is either floating on the back, or sitting in the water, with a gentle movement of the hands to balance our water seats; and then the ease, quiet, and composure with which our object can be accomplished, inaugurate a new idea of aquatics. Some travelers tell us that they have dived, or attempted to dive into these depths. The very idea would have terrified me! I felt uneasy once when losing connection with terra firma, and had a vision of a depth of possibly 1500 feet, near if not beneath me. Might not the edge of the Abyss be but a few yards off? And the idea of hanging over such a precipice, with who knows what below, was enough to make one look at the pebbles at his feet for comfort. Besides I did not see how anybody with only hands for paddles, and without the help of a screw, could ever force his way through those leaden depths. It may pain some solemn critics to know that we very frequently broke the silence of the Dead sea by shouts of merriment. But the fact must nevertheless be confessed—though we are, in some quarters, given to understand that whatever colored garments a clergyman may wear in Palestine, he is always to write as one who travels in gown and bands. We enjoyed our bath exceedingly felt much refreshed by it, and did not find the pungent effect of the water on the skin peculiarly disagreeable. [Dr. Macleod, in Good Works.

EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON.—A letter from Nashville gives us some particulars of the execution of Champ Ferguson, and his confession. During the prayer of the minister, on the scaffold, when the God of the widow and the fatherless was implored to be the friend of the family of the dying man, Champ shed tears. His last coherent words were: "I will die an out-and-out rebel; and my last request is, that I may be moved to White county, Tennessee, to be buried in good, pure rebel soil." His wife parted with him without much emotion, merely shaking hands and bidding him good bye. His daughter, a prepossessing young lady, clung to him passionately, calling him her "dear papa," and sobbing piteously. He made a full confession, saying he surrendered under a promise that he would be treated as a prisoner of war. He did not think he had done any wrong; had killed a good many men, of course, but never killed a man he did not know, or, if he did not know him, knew at least that his victim was attempting to take his life. He said, in the course of his confession: "It is false that I never took any prisoners—I took a number of prisoners and paroled them, but they would not give me a chance to prove this in my trial. I don't think I had a fair or just trial. I wish to thank Mrs. Blackburn for her kindness to me during my trial. One of the witnesses against me—Lewis Duvall—told the truth in every particular, and I thank him for it; also Miss Dawdy, except one or two words. I have always heard that the federals would not take me prisoner, but would shoot me down wherever found. That is what made me kill more than I should have done. They (the federals) never got a man that belonged to my company or one that belonged to Bledsoe's company that was with me, but what they killed him, and, of course, they must expect that I would not miss doing so to their men."

FASHIONS IN HAIR—BRAIDS TO SUCCEED WATERFALLS.—The New York World says: The ultimatum has gone forth from the centre of civilisation and fashion, declaring that waterfalls are no more to be worn by the dames of the *haut monde*. Paris has spoken, and from the rising to the setting of the sun there is general and submissive acquiescence to the immutable and irrevocable decision of their hair dressers and *perruquiers* of the rue de Tronchet. The waterfall or *chignon*, mistakenly attributed to the artistic genius of the fair-haired empress of the French, was first worn at a grand reception given at Buckingham palace, the occasion being the return of the prince of Wales to his ancestral halls from his sojourn in America. The dignified and titled dames of the British aristocracy on that night essayed the attempt to eclipse the acknowledged leader of the fashions in Europe, and they succeeded so well that, but a very short time after, this new and novel mode of dressing the hair was adopted at the court of Eugenie, with the proverbial enthusiasm and abandon of the French. The ingenious inventor, who gave birth to this method of irrigating the hair, probably never in his wildest visions had dreamt of such universal popularity for his *coiffure de Niagara*, as it was styled.

But the period of waterfalls has gone by, never to return it is hoped; and instead of those disgusting and clumsy artificial bags, which have marded such a field for criticism and criticism, we are to have a modification of the Pompadour style, with enclining puffs and Greecian braids, trimmed with white roses, oak leaves, and clusters of moss. There is great rivalry among the leading hair-dressers as to style, and one well known artist in hair, after great and one carried research, has developed an idea of his own in which he has given the name of *Impératrice de Russie*. In place of the heavy and cumbersome waterfalls, there are three braids of three ply each, entwined at the back of the head, surmounted by an aureola such as is seen around the heads of the Madonnas of the old masters. The front of the hair is combed back in the Pompadour style, and what is known as "spit-curls" pendant in the region of the auricular organs. The effect is very pleasing, and when glistening with gold or diamond powder, under the refulgence of a chandelier at a ball or dinner party, presents a brilliant appearance.

A RAILROAD DUEL.—Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in Paris. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. Le Grampre and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims; and, in order that the heat of angry passions should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor (of the two, if the other was killed, or, at all events, on the wounded by the two men, if not actually expatriated. The duellists were to do their fighting in the air. For days the balloons were constructed exactly alike. On the day noted, Le Grampre and his second entered one of the balloons, Le Pique and his second the other. The immense balloons were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's cars, and as pistols were to bring them down by the escape of gas, each aeronaut took a sight hardly served the purpose of a signal, the ropes that held the balloons ascended, the balloons at about the wind was moderate, and keep yards apart. When returned the cars were cut, and their original distance of eight surface of the earth, a signal was given. M. Le Pique about a half a mile above the preconcerted signal for him fired, but missed. M. Le Grampre fired, and sent a ball through M. Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed; the car descended with fearful rapidity, and M. Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Grampre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial career successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

GAS EXCHANGE.—A house of refuge for cats. It still extant in Florence. In the side of the church of San is a cloister situated on the side of the church of San Lorenzo. When tired of one incumbrance, instead of killing it, you send it to eating quadrupeds, wish to get rid of one incumbrance, that interesting animal, the cat, you have only to go to where you want a complete assortments of tabbies, tortoise-shells, blacks, whites, greys, and every other color of cats. There will be seen old cats, used to the race, and cats just budding into young, middle-aged cats, as the common species, in short, every Angoras, as well variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

Salaries are attached to offices; and the incumbents of offices are attached to salaries.

The Negroes of Dahomey.

The French paper publishes a letter written from Dahomey by a missionary engaged in his evangelical mission.

As we have no doubt that political, friendly, confidential relations may soon have to be established with that enlightened power, as much entitled to it as San Domingo, we will, for the benefit of our readers, place before their eyes this interesting paper.

The negroes, here is not quite as savage as on or near the sea coast. Before the white man, chiefly before the missionary, he is as timid and gentle as a lamb. His doubtful devotion, most generally [illegible] his master to be constantly on his guard. I say "his master," because, here, they are always slaves to each other. Peter has Paul for his slave—Paul has John—John has anthony. But Peter, who [illegible] his own slave Paul, has perhaps a hundred more, is himself the slave of the "Cabessary," the country ruler.

Those savages are generally of large stature and elegantly built up to the neck—but when you reach the head, they look like monsters.

Thick lips, large mouth, flat nose, woolly head and no beard. They shave their heads in every possible and fantastic style. They all bear on the face a number of marks or incisions made by a sharp instrument, some as many as twenty-five.

Here, the female is an abominable creature, without modesty, without shame, and as [illegible] as a tiger. They are seen, every hour of the day [illegible] in mouth, running from dance to dance and [illegible] in every imaginable debauch and crime.

There may be hopes of reclaiming the man, but nothing is to be hoped from these women.

The black, when he has to work, becomes so disheartened that he can hardly stir.

The 'Ratan' is just as much needed by them as food is by the whites. They work little, but [illegible] little. The country produces without any labor all they require for support—wild fruits and nutricious roots.

The white man, on the coast of Africa, can only travel in hammock or be carried by the blacks. His trip is somewhat long, you require a very large number.

When I went to Godome, Eatonn and Fort Nassau there were eighteen to carry me. They sing, they dance and keep up the most diabolical noi[illegible]

Sometimes it happens that the whi[illegible] is not pleased with his people. Then he rises, seizes his rattan, and administers each one a sound beatit[illegible]. They cry, they weep, they beg. One would believe they have been nearly killed—but, be easy. When he is done, they take him up very gently, lay him back in his hammock, and start at full speed, singing, dancing and laughing more than before.

Thirty blacks will allow themselves to be whipped by one white, as school boys by the school master, although one black is four times stronger than any white. One white, with a ratan will run off easily one hundred blacks. Yet, what would there be required of the negro to assert himself on the white? Very little—only drop down the hammock and run off. They would be sure that he never would leave that spot and would become a prey to the wild beasts of the desert. But, on the contrary, they would give all their life to preserve him.

Family ties, or organization, are utterly unknown. Every man has as many wives or women as he can buy and keep. Every man can do with his women as he pleases, sell them, swap them, dispose of them any way. Every woman is bound to support her own offspring, and when that offspring has grown up and is of [illegible] marked the common father of the whole crowd takes it to the coast, where, for a few "cauris," (shells,) he transfers the whole family, mother and all, to the slave dealer.

It is but just to add, that sometimes the mothers seize upon the joint stock husband and roll him themselves."

This is the condition of the African in his native State. As he has been on earth as long as the white, will the friends of equality tell us why he has remained to this day what he was three thousand years ago?