The Nashville Daily Union.

"OUR FEDERAL UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED."—Jackson.

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VOL I. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1862. NO 140

Davidson County Directory.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

JOHN HUGH SMITH, *Mayor.*
WILLIAM SHANE, *Recorder.*
JOHN CHUMBLEY, *Marshal.*

Deputy Marshals—W. H. Wilkinson, A. C. Tucker, and James A. Steele.
Clerks of the Market—John Chumbley, ex-officio, first; Jos. L. Ryan, second; and John Reddick, third.
Tax Assessor—William Driver.
Revenue Collector—A. B. Shankland.
Water Tax Collector—E. B. Garrett.
Treasurer—R. Demry.
Wharf Master—Thomas Leake.
Superintendent of the Workhouse—J. Q. Dodd.
Superintendent of the Water Works—James Bryant.
Chief of the Fire Department—John M. Bunkley.
Sexton of the Cemetery—T. H. McBride.
Street Overseer—J. L. Stewart.
City Attorney—John McNairy Smith.

CITY COUNCIL.

Board of Aldermen—M. M. Brien, President; J. E. Newman, G. A. J. Mayfield, H. G. Stovel, Wm. S Cheatham, J. C Smith, M. G. L. Claiborne, and Jas. Robb.

Common Council—W. P. Jones, President; William Roberts, T. J. Yarbrough, Wm. Driver, Wm. Stewart, Louis Hough, W. Mullins, James Turner, G. M. Southgate, A. J. Cole, Jas. Davis, Andrew Anderson, J. R. Knowles, and John Crosby.

STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Finance—Knowles, Stovel and Cole.
Water Works—Anderson, Smith and Claiborne.
Streets—Yarbrough, Turner, Southgate, Davis, Brien, Mayfield, Cheatham and Claiborne.
Wharf—Newman, Stewart and Turner.
Hospital—Jones, Mayfield and Sloan.
Schools—Cheatham, Mayfield and Knowles.
Fire Department—Crosby, Driver and Newman.
Gas—Driver, Cheatham and Davis.
Cemetery—Smith, Stewart and Newman.
Market House—Roberts, Stewart and Turner.
Sewers—Hough, Claiborne and Davis.
Police—Cheatham, Brien and Anderson.
Springs—Hough, Claiborne and Brien.
Workhouse—Cheatham, Mayfield and Knowles.
Improvements and Expenditures—Cole, Stovel, and Crosby.
Public Property—Brien, Cheatham and Turner.
Poor House—Mayfield, Jones and Roberts.

☞ The Board of Aldermen meets the Tuesdays next preceding the second and fourth Thursdays in each month, and the Common Council the second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

NIGHT POLICE

Captain—John Baugh.
First Lieutenant—Wm. Yarbrough.
Second Lieutenant—John H. Davis.
Policemen—Wm. Jackson, John Cavender, Nich Davis, Joel Phillips, Wm. Baker, John Cottrell, William Mayo, John Eagles, J. W. Wright, John Puckett, Robert Scott, W. C. Francis, Thomas Francis, Andrew Joyce, David Yates, and Charles Bullitt.

☞ The Police Court is opened every morning at nine o'clock.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—James M. Hinton. *Deputies*—Thomas Robson and J. K. Buchanan.
Register—Phineas Garrett.
Trustee—W. Jasper Taylor.
Coroner—N. H. Belcher.
Ranger—John Corbitt.
Revenue Collector—J. G. Briley.
Railroad Tax Collector—W. D. Robertson.
Constables for the Nashville District—John D. Gower and J. E. Newman.

COUNTY COURT.

Judge—Hon. James Whitworth.
Clerk—P. Lindsley Nichol.

☞ The Judge's Court meets the first Monday in each month, and the Quarterly Court, composed of the Magistrates of the County, is held the first Monday in January, April, July and October.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge—Hon. Nathaniel Baxter.
Clerk—David C. Love.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in March and September.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Judge—Hon. William K. Turner.
Clerk—Charles E. Diggons.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in April, August and December.

CHANCERY COURT.

Chancellor—Hon. Samuel D. Frierson.
Clerk and Master—J. E. Gleaves.

☞ The Court meets the first Monday in May and November.

I. O. O. F.

John F. Hine, Grand Secretary, should be addressed at *Nashville, Tenn.*

Tennessee Lodge, No. 1—Meets every Tuesday Evening, at their Hall, on the corner of Union and Summer streets. The officers for the present term, are: O. S. Leaseur, N. G.; J. E. Mills, V. G.; J. L. Weakley, Secretary; L. K. Spain, Treasurer.

Trabue Lodge, No. 10—Meets at the same place every Monday Evening. The officers are: G. A. Campbell, N. G.; Henry Apple, V. G.; J. L. Park, Secretary; B. F. Brown, Treasurer.

Seeley Lodge, No. 90—Meets at their Hall, on South Cherry street, every Friday Evening. The officers are: O. C. Covert, N. G.; Frank Harman, V. G.; James Wyatt, Secretary; W. M. Mallory, Treasurer.

Aurora Lodge, No. 105, (German)—Meets at the Hall, corner of Union and Summer streets, every Thursday Evening. The officers are: Charles Roth, N. G.; P. Friedman, V. G.; —— Bitterlich, Secretary; Geo. Seiferle, Treasurer.

Ridgely Encampment, No. 1—Meets at the above Hall on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The officers are: J. E. Mills, C.P.; T. H. McBride, H.P.; G. F. Fuller, S.W.; Peter Harris, Jr., J.W.; John F. Hide, Scribe; B. R. Cutter, Treasurer.

Olive Branch Encampment, No. 4—Meets at the above Hall on the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month. The officers are: Jas. T. Bell, C.P.; Henry Apple, H.P.; L. Moker, S.W.; H. Friedman, J.W.; Charles Kircher, Scribe; J. N. Ward, Treasurer.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Louisville & Nashville R.R. Train leaves at 7.45, A.M.
" " " " arr. at 5.30, P.M.
Nashville & Decatur R.R. Train leaves at 6.00, A.M.
" " " " arr. at 7.00, P.M.
Nash. & Chattanooga R.R. Train leaves at 10.00, A.M.
" " " at 3.25, P.M.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

OFFICE: No. 51, CHERRY STREET.

Persons wishing to send Freight and Packages by the Morning Trains of the LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE, and NASHVILLE AND DECATUR RAILROADS, must have the same at the Office by 6 o'clock the evening previous.

DAVIDSON COUNTY DIRECTORY—*Continued.*

MILITARY QUARTERS AND OFFICERS.

Post—Headquarters on High street. Gen. Negley, commanding.
District—Headquarters on Summer street. (Dr. Ford's residence.) W. B. Sidell, Maj. 15th U. S. Infantry, A. A. A. G.
Provost Marshal—Headquarters at the Capitol. A. C. Gilem, Col. 1st Tenn. Infantry.
Chief Assistant Quartermaster—Headquarters on Cherry street; No. 10, (Judge Catron's residence.) Capt. J. D. Bingham.
Assistant Quartermaster—No. — Cherry street. Capt. R. Stevenson.
Assistant Quartermaster—Vine street, near Mrs. Polk's residence. Capt. R. N. Lamb.
Assistant Quartermaster—No. 27, Market street.—Capt. J. M. Hale.
Chief Commissary—Headquarters, No. 10, Vine st. Capt. B. Mayberry.
Commissary of Subsistence—Cherry street. Capt. S. Little.
Acting Commissary of Subsistence—Corner of Broad and College streets. Lieut. Charles Allen.
Medical Director—Summer street. (Dr. Ford's old residence.) Surgeon, L. Swift.
Medical Purveyor's Office—Church street, Masonic Building. J. R. Pierce, Surgeon, 8th Kentucky Infantry, Acting Medical Purveyor.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Northern Mail, via Louisville,	arrives Daily,	5.50 P.M.
" " "	leaves "	7.45 A.M.
Columbia, via T. & A. R.R.	arrives "	6.30 P.M.
" " "	leaves "	6.00 A.M.
Shelbyville, via N. & C. R.R,	arrives "	3.30 P.M.
" " "	leaves "	10.00 A.M.
Lebanon, " " "	arrives "	12.00 M.
" " "	leaves "	2.00 P.M.

Memphis Mail, leaves Daily, via Louisville and Cairo.

POST-OFFICES OPEN BEYOND LEBANON ARE—

Liberty,	Alexandria;
Gordonsville,	Smithville,
Watertown,	Jenning's Fork.

POST OFFICES ON LINE OF N. & C. R.R.—

Murfreesboro,	Fosterville,
Jordan's Valley, or	Shelbyville,
Christiana.	Palmetto.

B. B. CONNOR & BRO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NO. 5 COLLEGE STREET.

New Stock just received and for sale low to close out Consignments.

200 Bbls. Salt, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
100 boxes SALT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
50 Coils ROPE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
40 bbls. Coal Oil, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
10 half bbls. Coal Oil, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
150 dozen BROOMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
50 boxes SOAP, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
50 boxes STARCH, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
12 chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
12 half chests TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
12 cadies TEA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
10 boxes Yeast POWDERS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
20 casks SODA, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
100 gross MATCHES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
25 boxes Star CANDLES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
25 boxes COFFEE, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & CO.
14 bbls. VINEGAR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
10 kits SALMON, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
24 kits MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
5 kits HERRING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
2 kits SHAD, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
19 bbls. TROUT, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
10 bbls. MACKEREL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
4 bbls. CIDER, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
16 boxes Dried HERING, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
16 boxes Dried Scaled, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
80 kegs NAILS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
50 bbls Crushed Sugar, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
125 bags MEAL, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
500 bbls FLOUR, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO
20 casks HAMS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
20 casks SIDES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
200 bbls fine POTATOES, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
20 boxes fresh Garden SEED, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
8 bbls Onion SETS, for sale by ap 8 CONNOR & BRO.
10 Herces Canvassed HAMS, with a large lot of all sorts of Goods, which we will close out low, at our old stand, No. 5 College street.
ap 8 B. B. CONNOR & BRO.

DR. COLEMAN'S PRIVATE DISPENSARY.

THE attention of citizens, strangers, and officers visiting Nashville, requiring medical aid, is respectfully called to this office, No. 21 Deaderick street, second door, between Cherry and the Square.

Dr. COLEMAN is an old practitioner of medicine; his almost unlimited experience and flattering success for many years past, in the treatment of SECRET DISEASES, has induced him to devote his undivided attention to all diseases of this nature. Many cases of the most inveterate character have promptly yielded to his improved method of treatment.

Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Hereditary Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet and all diseases of the genito and urinary organs, meet with no resistance to his remedies.

A female irregularities and functional inderangements of the Womb, and the disease arising from flestation and ill managed parturition.

Every case of Rectocilis Rupturis, and of Piles, and Prolapsus of the Rectum, and most cases of Fistula, can be cured by a process nearly painless. If either of the latter cases is undertaken by Dr. Coleman, a cure is impliedly surrounded, as a careful examination always presents the necessary indications of success or failure by his improved method of operating.

Persons of either sex applying in person or by letter (describing case) on the first symptoms of any acute specific disease, can be cured, in most cases, by the abortive method, in forty eight hours.

Secret confidence, prompt attention, and moderate charges, will govern him with his patrons.

☞ No mercury used in the treatment of SECRET diseases, as he believes (in most cases) it produces a worse disease than that it is given to cure.

Office hours from eight in the morning till nine in the evening. jul 16, '62-1y

SAINT CECILIA'S FEMALE ACADEMY,

MOUNT VERNON,
NASHVILLE, TENN.,

Will be opened for the reception of Pupils on Monday, Sept. 8th, 1862.

THE SISTERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC, well known in this and adjoining States as experienced and competent directors of Female Education, respectfully inform the citizens of Nashville, and the public in general, that a spacious building, recently erected, enables them to receive a large number of pupils.

The Academy is about a mile from the city, and is situated in one of the most beautiful and healthy locations in its vicinity.

The ladies of this Institution, being especially devoted to the Education of the young of their own sex, will leave nothing undone to impart to the pupils confided to their care a thorough Education in the highest sense of the word.

The religion professed by the ladies of the Institution is the Catholic, and they will impart special religious instruction to pupils professing that faith.

Pupils of every religious denomination will be admitted, and no undue influence will be used to bias the religious principles of the young ladies; nor will any of them be permitted to embrace the Catholic faith without the verbal or written consent of parents or guardians. Uniformity and good order, however, require the attendance of all at morning and evening prayers, and at the religious exercises on Sunday.

The course of study is divided into four departments, each department having its own distinct course of studies assigned it.

The Academic Year will consist of two Sessions—the first commencing on the first Monday of September, the second on the first Monday of February. The Academic Year will close with a public distribution of premiums and honors about the 20th of June of each year.

TERMS PER SESSION.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For Board and Tuition, $65, $70, $75, and $80, according to the department of the pupils.

EXTRA CHARGES.

Latin and Modern Languages, each	$12.00
Music on Piano	25.00
Use of Instrument	5.00
Music on Guitar, Instrument furnished by pupil	20.00
Music on Harp	25.00
Vocal Music	10.00
Sketching and Painting in Water Colors	12.00
Painting, in Oil, and materials	25.00
Embroidery	10.00
Bed and Bedding	10.00
Washing	10.00

Dancing, at Professor's charges.
Stationery and use of Books, $2, $3, $4, and $5, according to the Department.
Medicines and Medical attendance will form extra charges.
Board, Washing, &c., during vacation, $25.00.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

No deduction will be made for absence or withdrawal, unless occasioned by illness or dismissal.

Pupils will be charged from the date on which they enter.

Boarders must be provided with six changes of clothing suitable for the season, six table-napkins, napkin-ring, glass tumbler, silver table and tea spoon, knife and fork, and all necessary articles for the toilet.

THE UNIFORM is—Maroine blue dress for winter, blue gingham for summer; dresses for every day, goods of a dark color; three colored under-skirts; two sun-bonnets. Hats, the style of the season.

The Academy will not incur the expense of furnishing articles of clothing or pocket-money.

Pupils will not be allowed to spend pocket money at their own discretion. Such moneys must be deposited with the Superior of the Academy.

To prevent improper correspondence, all letters received and sent are subject to the perusal of the Superior, though in no case is such correspondence prohibited as regards parents or guardians.

Pupils, whose parents or guardians reside in Nashville or vicinity, will visit their homes but three times during the scholastic year.

To prevent loss of time and interruption of the exercises of the School, visitors will be received only on Saturdays, from 9 to 12, A.M., and from 3 to 6, P.M. Parents or guardians wishing to place their children or wards in the Institution, will be received on any day except Sunday.

For further particulars application may be made to the Mother Superior of the Academy, or to the Rt. Rev. JAMES WHELAN.

All business letters to be addressed to the Mother Superior, St. Cecilia's Academy, Mount Vernon, near Nashville, Tenn. aug30-1m

HUGHES' PREMIUM ART GALLERY,

Cor. College and Union Sts.

THIS GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., where Pictures of the most eminent men may be seen.

Photographs, Ambrotypes,

MELAINOTYPES, LETTERTYPES, VIGNETTES, and CARTES DE VISITE, are made in the highest style of perfection.

☞ The public are respectfully invited to visit our Gallery, where all pictures made are warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge will be made. aug22-1y

WANTED,

TEN OR FIFTEEN ABLE BODIED men, who are willing to serve their country, to join an old organized and well drilled Battery of Mounted Artillery, which has already done good service in the field.

For particulars, apply to Col. MILLER'S Head quarters, or in Camp on the Harding ville Pike, near the Penitentiary. CAPT. A. K. BUSH, aug10-tf Commanding 4th Ind. Battery.

500 Horses Wanted!

FOR CAVALRY SERVICE.

FIVE HUNDRED GOOD HORSES, BETWEEN four and eight years old, and between fifteen and sixteen hands high, are wanted immediately for CAVALRY SERVICE, for which reasonable prices will be paid.

Apply to CAPT. R. N. LAMB, on Vine Street, below Mrs. Polk's residence. aug16-tf

Justices' Court.

HANNAH CALLAHAN, PL'F.,
vs.
C. D. ELLIOTT, DEF'T.

In a suit before G. M. Southgate, a Justice of the Peace for Davidson County, Tennessee.

The plaintiff, Hannah Callahan, in the action having obtained an Attachment against the defendant, C. D. Elliott, and issued to a Constable of said County, and returned by him, levied on property belonging to the defendant; and on motion of plaintiff, it appearing to the satisfaction of said Justice, that the defendant is a non resident of the State of Tennessee. It is ordered that publication be made for four successive weeks in a newspaper published in the city of Nashville called the "Union," warning the defendant to appear before said Justice on the 11th day of October, 1862, and plead, answer, or demur to said attachment, otherwise the cause will be set for hearing ex parte on that day.

G. M. SOUTHGATE, J. P.

Sept. 6th, 1862-4tw. pra. for $5.00

Recruits Wanted!

FIFTEEN RECRUITS ARE WANTED FOR Battery "A," First Tennessee Artillery, who will receive the regular BOUNTY, Rations, and Clothing. In addition, THREE DOLLARS, paid as soon as they enlist, by recruiting officer. aug9-tf

Office next door below the City Hotel.

Nashville Union.

TERMS:

DAILY UNION, per annum	$6.00
" " " week	20
TRI-WEEKLY UNION, per annum	$5.00
WEEKLY UNION, per annum	$2.00

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 21, 1862.

How I First Met my Wife.

A SHORT LOVE STORY.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin—May Stevens that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this: that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh very hartily, but would always refused to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter, if for no other reason than it worried me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I see no reason why sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth one evening, when we three, Morgan, May, and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled, for a talk. There was no use mincing matters, was my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly in with:

'Mr. Morgan'—I usually call him Charley, but I was desirous of showing that I was really in interest—'Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?'

This, I was sure, was a simple question; and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the old plan, and laughed as though the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few moments brought them both to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more earnestly than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and I that brings the laugh; to us it is a droll remembrance, but perhaps in telling it there would be nothing to amuse any one."

This explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and with a smile I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you, for so long have you excited my curiosity, that 'even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, cousin Jane shall have that story, May; I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with:

'No, Charley, that is really too bad! You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself'—and then after a pause she said—'when we are alone.'

'You shall do no such thing, Madame May,' was Charley's laughing response: 'you shall do no such thing. This time I shall have my way, and cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied.'

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that in some way Charley was to come off victor: so I, merely saying that I would be back in a few minutes, stepped out of the room and walked about the garden until I felt sure the point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds, and languing the old laugh as usual. As I entered Charley drew up the rocking chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

'Now, cousin Jane, I shall tell you the story about how I first met my wife:

'It is just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for a month from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality, the solid, old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, whithin a couple of days after my arrival, I was put in possession of it and made to feel that it all belonged to me to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken of with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood, I do not mean Horace's twin sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess they were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment—they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls I had ever seen; and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident—for so I suppose I must call it—though really seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished by the young ladies upon a once schoolmate of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Nettie and Carrie; but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion, I formed at last an imaginary May Stevens; and do what I would, the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the two sisters' continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had I not heard, one morning as I entered the breakfast room the startling words from Nettie:

'And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad!'

Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at the moment, I cannot say: but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words, I knew that the hitherto only a heard-of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century: and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion, of nearly two weeks' duration, for Carrie and Nettie was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Carrie and Nettie; but the new goddess was certainly worth a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsel of wardrobe should be offered at the shrine of May Stevens.

'I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of a business neglected, and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down at Hyatt's again, to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that day to create a grand *ensemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at the first glance strike the beholder with silent admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost," was nothing to it. It was early in the morning when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and re-dressed, compared and rejected and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset. Having got safely through the great object of my visit I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's instead of remaining over till morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments and away I went. Whizzing and puffling over an uninteresting road is provocation of sleep. So I found it when the shades of evening fell; for to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dozen, in which May Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue satin, appeared on a purple cloud, and admiringly inquired who my tailor was? Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded or whether it was not myself that had torn a portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumtions were wrong. It was our train—226—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it still worse, I was eight miles from my destination, though as it afterwards appeared, not a mile from the next village where, I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper, and beds could be had.

I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and with some twenty more of the male gender, I must be content with chairs while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moolight, and verging on to ten o'clock. By Jove, I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges for its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning at my expense, set forth. Eight miles is a trifle, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight I went up the lane that led to the house. They were early folks at the farm—early to bed and early up. I walked round the house trying each entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence; my bedroom window looked out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened, I would awaken Horace, who was my room-mate and bed-fellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand on the window, which yielded, and I stood in my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a heavy sleep. I would not, therefore, awaken him, but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious. What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hills and scattered the gray mists of the morning. My bedfellow was breathing heavily, but it was broad daylight and there was no more sleep in me, so I was determined Horace should wake up and hear the story of the railroad breakdown. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bedfellow, who had laid with his back toward me, sprang to a sitting position. There are such surprises as are without a terror, which actually deprive us of our speech until the brain had time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open-mouthed and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and bedfellow, as we sat upright and started. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman not more than seventeen, with great, dark, hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls tucked away under the neatest little nightcap that ever was. She had gathered the bedclothes with a spasmodic jerk, right under her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in such a case, but if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with:

'How came you here?'

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction, spoke:

'Are you Charles Morgan?'

'Well, then, Mr. Morgan,' said the figure, by this time calm, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, 'I am May Stevens, and I was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's, a few miles off, before I got here, and was not to return till to-day. That is how I was put in this room.'

So here I was sitting *vis a vis* to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she—she by this time was cool as the 31st of December, and sat looking me right in the eyes as I made some rambling explanation of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelavent matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said:

'What's to be done?'

'Let me jump out of the window as I came in,' said I, in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated. She relieved me instantly with:

'No, that will not do, there are people moving about, and you will be seen.'

It was now my turn to stammer out:

'What's to be done?' For I saw that the little hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

'You must lie still here while I get up. When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity,' was her response, delivered in a quiet, business-like manner.

And so I did. Under May Stevens' command I buried my intruding head in the bed-clothes and kept it well covered till I heard the retreating footsteps on the stairs, which was but a few moments, though it seemed an age; then, with a desperate bound, I sprang from the bed and turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartments more stealthily than I did.

That morning we met. May Stevens and I at the breakfast table—in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astonished every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we never fail to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now, Cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

A COWARD GETS HIS DESERTS.—A young man employed in the transportation office of the Erie Railroad Company, at Dunkirk, resigned an excellent position for fear of being drafted, and started for Canada. The authorities refused him permission to go, and he is now out of employment, the company refusing, through their agent, to take him back.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

We are informed by Colonel Carrington that the military commander will take immediate steps to stop the nuisance of officers and soldiers loafing in the city, and that no officers and soldiers will hereafter be mustered into the service who are absent from the camps, except on duty, when the corps of army officers visit the camps to muster, but will at once be reported to the Governor for dismissal.—*Indiana Journal.*

I will say, and perhaps I may be sent to Fort Warren for it,—("Go on," said the Mayor, "I will protect you,")—that nothing has equalled the energy of the rebels, except the weakness with which we have opposed them.—*Senator Hale on the War.*

Baltimore Letter.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE SAVED BY THE BIBLE.

I had a very interesting interview to-day with Captain Eli Dougharty of company K, 93rd Pennsylvania Volunteers. This regiment was raised in Lebanon, Pa., of which place Capt. D. is a native. On leaving home, Capt. Dougharty was asked by a young lady, his esteemed friend, what she should give him as a token of remembrance. He promptly said "Anything that is dearest to you." She then gave him a beautifully bound Bible, containing the Old and New Testament, saying: "This is dearer to me than all else in life." The sacred memento was accepted with a promise that it should not be neglected. In a few days the 93rd was off for the dangerous and uncertain scenes of war. It reached Washington city, and was there united with Gen. McClellan's army. Whilst thus detained at Arlington, visiting the city one day Capt. D. purchased a beautiful gold watch, intending to make it a present to his favorite sister. The army, however, was soon ordered to the Peninsula, and he had no opportunity of sending the watch home.

On the thirty-first day of May occurred the famous battle of Fair Oaks. The regiment above named was in this engagement, fighting hard from noon until near 6 o'clock in the afternoon. When the contest was nearly over, and the enemy was retiring, Captain D. still encouraging his company to act as heroic soldiers, he was stunned by what seemed a heavy pressure upon his breast. Looking to see what had happened he found a bullet had penetrated his coat near the heart. Further examination proved that the rebel death messenger had passed through the gold watch shattering it, removing every wheel, cutting away part of the case, sinking also deep into the bible. It entered toward the top and about an inch from the margin, going in at Genesis, cutting its way through the Old and nearly through the New Testament, then glancing outward, entering the Captain's breast just above the heart, burying itself under the skin, causing a painful, but not serious, wound. The ball—a Minnie—had separated into four parts, caused, it is presumed, by striking the watch, driving some of the small steel machinery through into his lungs; from the effects of which he still suffers considerable pain. The Bible was in an inside pocket of Captain D.'s vest, and the watch rested upon it. The leaves of the book were cut entirely through, though the ball glanced out when it had reached the 24th chapter of St. Luke, 30th and 31st verses, which read as follows: "And it came to pass as He sat at meat with them, He took bread and blessed it and break and gave it to them." "And their eyes were opened and they knew Him, and He vanished out of their sight."

The leaves were also broken by the pressure through to Titus, fourth chapter, first verse, which reads: "I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing in his kingdom." On a blank leaf of this priceless gift, was written by the giver in pencilling these expressive lines:

"When the world is deeply sleeping,
And the gentle dews are weeping,
Forget me not.

(From the Tribune.)

General Ruggles.

We do not fully credit the reports from Baton Rouge, given in our last, of the rebel General Ruggles, in the late battle for the capital of Louisiana, but it may be true. At all events, some account of him will not be uninteresting.

Daniel Ruggles is a recreant son of Massachusetts, now nearly fifty years old. He graduated from West Point, we think, in 1835, and immediately received a commission in the army. We first met him on his way to join his regiment—a modest, quiet, New Englander, of moderate abilities and limited aspirations. He married, some year later, into one of the "first families" of Virginia—one possessing broad domain, an abundance of slaves, and the reputation of wealth. That marriage caused his ruin. He was guileless and plastic, and easily duped into treason by the scheming and specious villains who have for years plotted the ruin of their country. In the hands of such men as Jeff Davis, Floyd, Slidell & Co., a man like Ruggles, married into a high Virginian family, was a bird in the net of the fowler. Yet he must have had bitter hours since his treason if he ever read the rebel journals, and noted—as he could not fail to note—the fiendish malignity of their libels on his native State, the North, and the detested "Yankees."

We last saw Ruggles at Camp Floyd, Utah, in July, 1858. He was then Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Infantry (regulars) and in command of that fine regiment. He was a thorough disciplinarian, and took great pride in the precision and rapidity of its movements on parade. An amiable and kind-hearted man, he was devoted to his country and her flag, and we little dreamed then that he would ever be a traitor, whose death we could announce, if not without pain, at least without unmingled regret.

ARMED HOSTILE INHABITANTS.—After the battle at Baton Rouge, a number of the rebel inhabitants of the town, who had received the distinguished consideration of our officers, and whose complaints against our soldiers were habitually acted upon without any hearing of the other side, were found among the killed of the enemy. Since that the disarming of the citizens of the town has been ordered. The same has been ordered at New Orleans, where the possession of arms by a hostile population, whose able-bodied men far outnumbered our army, has been a standing terror to the Union men, and an object of constant interest to our soldiers. It is singular that these natural primary precautions should have been so long neglected; but we suppose it was for fear of exasperating the rebels.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*