

A PATNETIC TALE.

Austin, I am domiciled once more under your roof—I have my appointed chair at your hospitable board—and I walk at eventide in the shade of the ancestral trees that enshadow your mansion. Your Laura, matroned in her beauty, hails me every morning with her benignant smiles; and your two fair children daily disport in innocent gaiety around my knees. You ask me what has become of that sister of whom I used to speak so often, when we were sojourners in the American wilderness—her whom I was wont to regard as the only star that beckoned me back to my native country. The subject is a sad one; but to you, faithfullest of friends, I can refuse nothing. Pardon me, if you find my pen dwell too long on a few simple incidents. Some allowance may surely be made for the prolixity of chastened grief.

Alice was my only sister—the sole survivor of all my kindred; and it was therefore no marvel that I felt deeply distressed when intelligence of her illness reached me in a distant land. Nearly ten years had elapsed since our separation. She was then a fair-haired, bright-eyed child, in her seventh year—I, a headless, and perhaps somewhat headstrong youth, fifteen years her senior—and feverishly eager to change my quiet home for the tented field. I soon forgot, amid the turmoil of war, the solemn farewell of our widowed mother; but I never lost remembrance of the tearful eyes and last gentle embrace of the darling of our household hearth.

Five years afterwards my brother followed me to the army. You may remember, Austin, that it was soon after we had driven the French beyond the Elbro, that he joined our banner—as brave and generous-hearted a youth as Britain ever sent forth to fight her battles. Before the expiration of a month, you saw him stricken down lifeless at my side. Green, forever green be the Navarrae valley in which his bones moulder! A brother's hand wiped the last drops of agony from his blood-dewed brow—a brother's glance alone could now discover his stoneless grave.

The Spanish war terminated triumphantly for our country. Thin as reeds, and dusky as Moors, from five years' exposure to a burning sun—honored, too, with some memorials to our services; we looked forward, Austin, with pride and joy to the day that should restore us to our kindred. In the very midst of these anticipations—at the very moment when we heard the shouts of thousands of our home-returning soldiers, sweeping over the blue wave of Granada, the vision of peace departed. Our regiment was ordered to America; and at such a juncture we could not with honour forsake its standard.

We saw blood shed in the west—as the shores of the Potomac and Mississippi testified;—and there we buried many of the bravest of our band—men who had survived no less than five victorious campaigns against the chivalry of France, and who deserved a prouder fate than to be struck down in the wilderness by Yankee bullets. Dreams of home again took possession of us when that war ended; but for me they were as short-lived as before. While their corps sailed homewards, the vessel in which mine had embarked, but to which you, Austin, fortunately no longer belonged, stood away for the waters of St. Lawrence; and for three years I was condemned to vegetate in a remote fortress in the forests of Canada. There I received intelligence that I was motherless—that Alice, just rising into womanly beauty, and despoiled of her little patrimony by legal chicanery, stood alone in the wide world—and, saddest of all, that merciless consumption—the disease that had bent down the parent stem—threatened also to lop away the tender scion that had flourished its blade. I could bear expatriation no longer. In less than a month after the receipt of this information, I was on my way across the Atlantic to give her succor.

Alice had dated her last letter from the Isle of Wight, whither she had been carried, after her mother's death, by an amiable lady, who, commiserating her forlorn situation, and won upon by her many rare and endearing qualities had generously resolved, that a creature so formed to be loved should not be left to die, without an effort being made to save her. Need I say, therefore, that to my homeward-turned eyes the white headlands of that island were objects of intense interest, or that I availed myself of the opportunity to debar? I questioned much whether the certainty of irremediable woe is so harassing to the heart, as the apprehension of impending evil—that "hope that keeps alive despair." I entertained a presentiment that I should find Alice could scarcely give attention to the inquiries necessary to acquaint me with the place of her residence. I found it vacant, and there was a temporary relief even in that vacancy. Unaware of my movements, and sanguine that a change of scene would contribute to her restoration to health, her protectress had resolved on trying the effect of the air of France. They had been gone barely a fortnight, and I determined to follow them without delay. I had business of some consequence, regarding our small patrimony, to transact in England; but I was contented that it should remain undone till I had indulged the bent of fraternal affection, and tried, whether a broth-

er's presence could not re-invigorate my poor Alice's sinking frame. Arraches, a small town in the south-western corner of Normandy, was the place where they intended to reside. The most expeditious way for me to reach it was by one of the packets plying between Southampton and Jersey, and from that island run across in a French market-boat to Granville. In accordance with this plan, I boarded the first vessel that passed through the Solent for St. Helier; and ere the sun went down beyond the waves we were plunging, the English shore was barely visible on the northern horizon.

Our voyage was tedious, and it was the morning of the third day before we came in sight of Jersey, and doubled the perilous Corbiere. The wind blew still from the south-east, and we made the bay of St. Aubin with some difficulty. On landing at St. Helier, I made immediate inquiry for a vessel to carry me to Granville; but though several barks belonging to that port lay moored in the harbour, and groups of Norman market-girls, with their plaited petticoats and picturesque coifs, were lingering on the quay anxious to depart, none of the skippers would undertake to put to sea until the wind should chop about into a favourable quarter. Convinced, by their representations, that delay was absolutely necessary, I tried to curb my impatience; and, to beguile the interval, set off on a ramble to the eastern side of the island.

It was in the middle of September. The harvest had been some time reaped, and the orchards, for which Jersey is so famed, resounded with the jocund laugh of the young villagers, employed in gathering the abundant produce. I wandered as far as Mount Orgueil, and from the ramparts of that ancient fortress, spent an hour in gazing on the French coast, which is visible almost from Capede la Hogue to Mount St. Michel. The rock-strewn channel that intervenes, was covered with breakers, and I saw that the French boatmen had sound reasons for declining to put to sea in such adverse weather. I thought of Alice—my dying Alice—and wished for the wings of a bird to bear me like an arrow across the foamy strait.

Near Mount Orgueil—half buried among leaves and blossoms—is a humble village church—the church of Granville. Groves of richly foliaged trees enshower it, and in the summer the smiling parsonage is literally covered with the fragrant parasitical plants that climb its walls, and wreath round even its highest lattices. I paused at the white gate that opens into the small burying-ground, and gazed listlessly at the headstones that crowded it. The vicissitudes of my life passed in brief review before me. Here after a combat of fifteen years with the world, I stood a solitary man. My whole youth had been spent in exile—my knowledge of happiness was limited to the suavity of a barrack-room and the tinnol of a camp. The friends of my younger years—saving you, Austin—had departed. Some had fallen in battle by my side—some the yellow plague had smitten in our canvass-houses—some had pined and died in captivity—and a few, a very few, had forgotten me in the sunshine of our paternal hearth. I had gained some distinction in my profession, but who was left to take pride in my honors? No one, save Alice, and she too was on the eve of being called away. My heart grew sad even unto death.

I was roused from my morbidizing mood by the sound of wheels, and a small travelling car drove up to the gate at which I was stationed. It was occupied by two females—one a grave benevolent-looking matron—the other, one of those syrrhpid visions of feminine beauty, that linger on earth but for a brief season, and then pass away for ever into the grave. She was pale—very pale—but it was the paleness of perfect loveliness—that purity of complexion, which belongs not to earth but to heaven. The young eloquent blood was visible in every vein that traversed her polished forehead; and there was a gentle fire in her dark blue eyes and a smile of innocent meekness on her lips, that might have become a seraph.

The car was attended by a coarse-looking hind, and politeness required me to assist the ladies to alight—for such I perceived to be their intention. They frankly accepted of my services, and I soon learned that their object was to visit a grave in cemetery. I further took upon me to find it out. The task was not a difficult one, and the elder lady knelt down upon the green tumulus in silent prayer. I gathered that it was the grave of a daughter who had been torn from a wide circle of friends, at the very moment when fortune shed its best blessings around her. The pale girl wept when she saw her companion weep—wept, it may be, at the certainty of her own approaching fate. "If I die in the strange country we are going to," I heard her murmur, as I led them back to the vehicle, "let me be buried in a quiet spot; and my brother—when he returns—" Her voice grew tremulous and indistinct. I repeated them in their car, and they drove away.

For many succeeding hours the features of that pale girl haunted me like an apparition. I saw her darkly fringed lustrous eyes perpetually fixed on me—my ear recognised in every gentle sound the melody of her plaintive voice. Even in the watchfulness of the night, she fitted like a beautiful vision around my couch. I was glad when the morning came—doubly glad, for it relieved me from uneasy dreams, and brought the master of a Granville boat, who announced that the wind was fair, and that he intended to put sea. I hastened down to the quay, and there, to my surprise, found the two strangers who had occupied so prominent a place in my midnight cogitations, preparing to embark in the same vessel. The younger one looked even more pale and drooping than when I had seen her on the previous evening. They had been roused at what was for an invalid an unreasonable hour; and the morning breeze, as it swept in gusty puffs over the fortified height commanding the harbour, seemed to pierce through her delicate frame, though closely enveloped in her fur-lined mantle. I saluted them on the faith of our former introduction, and they gratefully accepted of my assistance in embarking.

She was eloquent, too, and many of her remarks indicated the perfection of feminine intelligence. "If I am doomed never to see Alice more," thought I, "here I have found her image." [A dreadful storm arose, in which the vessel was nearly lost.] The invalid suffered much, for the deck was momentarily washed by the billows from stem to stern. I saw her strength was waning rapidly, and entreated her to go below, and seek shelter beside her friend. She shook her head in token of dissent. "I shall suffocate there," was her answer; "and since I am to die under any circumstances, let my last breath be the pure air of heaven."

"I am grateful for your anxiety to quiet my apprehensions," said she, "but, in reality, I am not afraid of the sea, whatever may be the construction you put on my deportment. What does it signify since, God wills it that I am speedily to die, whether I perish in the waves, or by the sure progress of disease? It is here—she laid her hand on her heart—that I feel the monitor of death. What a strange fate is mine—an orphan girl—indebted to strangers for the kind offices that are so grateful to the sickly and the dying—and destined, perhaps, to close my eyes on a rock amidst these turbulent waves!"

"An orphan," said I, and I took her hand, and looking steadily on her face—how deeply—how very deeply, these words affect me! I too am an orphan, but I am a man, and can struggle bravely through the world, though I have no paternal hearth. But I have a sister—young, fair, and desolate as myself—one who at this very moment is perhaps gasping her last in the same insidious disease that makes you tremble, unconscious that her wondering brother is almost at her side."

"Happy girl," she rejoined, "how amply will she be blessed if she only lives to bid you in death on your breast! My brother is far, far distant—a thousand leagues beyond these foaming billows. He is joyous in his tent by the rushing waters of Niagara—and joyous may his brave heart be, long after that of his poor Alice is stilled for ever."

"Alice!" I ejaculated—emotion stilled my words—"Powers of Mercy! is it possible? Tell me, gentle one, or I shall die—tell me that brother's name."

"Talbot Bland!" she replied, and with, as I exclaimed, "Alice, dear Alice, Talbot Bland holds you to his heart!"

The joyful surprise was too much for her attenuated frame. She lay powerless in my arms, and a faint pulsation alone told that she was alive. At intervals she opened her mild eyes, and gazed tenderly on my face; but when she tried to speak, her words died away in sighs. I saw, when it was too late to rectify my error, that my abrupt communication had had a fatal influence on her strength. How dear—how unutterably dear did I hold her at that moment! How gladly would I have bartered the rank and honors that years of perilous service had won to have insured her life—nay, to have merely placed her on a comfortable couch, where her spirit might calmly pass away!

At the twilight we ran under the lee of Chaussy, and anchored in a little inlet. Alice was numbed in every joint by the spray that had drenched her, and her articulation continued to be confined to indistinct murmurs; but her looks expressed the depth of sisterly affection. I carried her ashore, through the surf, to the hotel in which we had been taught to look for shelter; but my heart sank in despair when I saw the miserable accommodation it afforded. It was a rude hut, formed of planks; and almost destitute of furniture; for the family that inhabited it only made it their abode during the summer half of the year, and were contented with the simplest conveniences. They were hospitable, however—as all French peasants are—and readily gave us the shelter we solicited. "Situated as we had lately been, I felt thankful to see my dying Alice laid upon a pallet—no matter how humble."

Until this was done, I made no disclosure of our consanguinity to her kind protectress, who had been brought ashore by Vidal and his sailors. Her congratulations I pass over. She subsequently found that I was not ungrateful. It is of Alice I would speak.

We had some sea stores on board the vessel, and part of them, together with dry clothes for Alice, were landed. I dipped a rusk in wine, and put it to my sister's lips. It partially revived her, and I had at length the satisfaction of seeing her drop into a quiet sleep. Her friend lay down beside her; and the crew of Le Courier, and the help-burner's family, gathered round the fire of

dried fuel which had been kindled at my request, and endeavoured to beguile the hours with legends of the dangerous gulf in which we were isolated. I caught, occasionally, a few sentences of these wild tales; but what mattered it to me that the Livre Noir of Contances told of a Seigneur de Hamby having slain a huge serpent in Jersey—or that the motto of the statesman of Mount St. Michel recorded a thousand and one tales of crime and death? I sat by my sister's couch, listening to her gentle breathings, and watching the flight of the imperceptible spirit that already hovered on her lips.

An hour before day-break Alice became restless, and her respiration irregular and obstructed. The fire had died away, and a dim lamp, brought from the shallop, alone lighted the cabin. All my fellow voyagers were asleep, stretched on the bare earth; and though I saw that the finger of death was already pointed at my sister, I felt it useless to disturb them. They could give no relief. She was passing into eternity, and I cared not that they should see my tears. Nevertheless, I longed early for the light of the morning; and, for a moment went to the threshold to look for its first beam. The storm had passed away, and the sun was just raising his broad disc above the Norman hills. I heard a deep sigh proceed from the cabin, and hastened back to my sister's side. Her hand returned my pressure—the lids of her eyes were half unclosed; but the spirit of life lighted no longer the orbs they shaded. I pressed my lips to hers, but they were cold and breathless.

Austin, her story is told. From the sheltered rock on which she died, I carried her remains to St. Helier's; and, in compliance with the wish I had heard her express when I knew not the deep interest I had in her existence—she was buried at Granville. Soft lie the turf on her virgin breast!

The Soldiers at Harper's Ferry.

We take the following from the Harper's Ferry correspondence of the Charleston Courier:

The number of troops at this point is probably not far from—thousand. Eleven hundred and sixty of these are Alabamians, fifteen hundred are Mississippians, five hundred are Kentuckians, and the balance is made up of Virginians, sprinkled with more or less from every State South of Mason and Dixon's Line. A considerable number, by the way, are Indians from North Carolina, vigorous, hearty looking red-men, but in what force they are here I am unable to say; also a goodly share of Baltimore boys, who have straggled hither by twos and threes, on foot and in the cars, impelled by a desire to escape prosecution for participating in the riot of April 19th, and to take their place in the approaching contest. These, however, to speak a "color" by themselves, and if they fight as well as they talk, will do an immense amount of work. Their distinguishing feature is generally an abbreviated crop of hair, which, to use their favorite expression, has been filed "down," a nose which bears the mark of contact with that indelible substance yeelpet a "brickbat," before which the graceful proportions of that organ have ignominiously retreated, and a style of conversation so miscellaneous and emphatic, that it would require a thorough revision of Webster's unbridged to embrace its numerous improvements on the Anglo-Saxon. Their most eloquent topic is "canons," and upon this theme they pour forth such a cascade of spluttering expletives as would make Parson Brownlow groan from sheer inability at a successful imitation. You will recognize this interesting species under the euphonic name of "Pings."

The Alabamians are by this time safely ensconced in camp among the mountains on the Maryland side. The locality is one which will first bring them in contact with an approaching enemy, and being a post of honor, they made the request that they should be permitted to occupy it as soon as they arrived. The corps embraces some of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Alabama—lawyers, doctors, professors, editors, printers, merchants and planters, together with a strong infusion of the hardy bone and sinew of the country districts. The Mississippians are of much the same character. The Kentuckians are a class by themselves. They are generally a large, well-formed robust set of men, splendid marksmen, independent of the air; and in their careless, yet not ungraceful movements, one may almost carry his thoughts back into the past and imagine our fore-fathers of the forest borders around him. When they first arrived, being without arms, it was proposed to give them muskets, but these were refused under any circumstances. The boys said they didn't know how to shoot "soger" tools, and if they couldn't have rifles they "would rather throw rocks." Considering the length of time they have now been here, their regiment is probably the worst drilled at Harper's Ferry. But the fault is entirely their own. They can't be persuaded to learn, and as for attempting to force one of them into anything like systematic discipline, you might as well endeavor to put a hurricane in harness. A military gentleman who visited their encampment in the mountains, remarked to a little group that he regretted they were not better drilled. "What's the good of that?" said one of the men. "We come here to be made in any whar, and when we see a good shot, you may bet your life

stranger, we're goin to shoot." See here," continued the beef-eater, "her's our drill," and taking his bowie knife from his belt he fixed it in a tree with the edge of the blade outward. Then marching off a distance of sixty or seventy yards, aimed his rifle and split a bullet upon the blade. "You see stranger, if we ain't much on soger, we are powerful good at drawin a bead."

Col. Jackson, the commandant, is still busy erecting batteries. He evidently believes as much in the shovel and pick as weapons of war, as he does in the rifle and musket. Every morning a company of fifty or sixty darkies, whistling "dixie's land," file across the bridge over the Potomac, on their way into the mountains, where they are throwing up earth works; but the point of their destination and the character of their work is known only to those who have the superintendence of affairs. No one can pass either of the bridges without a permit from headquarters, and, consequently, every movement on the two sides of the river is kept secret.

The manufacture of Mimic rifles is still actively going on. One or two hundred are daily turned out. Large numbers of balls and ball cartridges are also being made. Of powder, I am informed there is an abundance. Strange as it may sound, a quantity was recently brought here from here from the neighborhood of Baltimore by a couple of Irishmen, who drove it across the country in a four horse team. To conceal it from view, the load was covered with iron ore, and whenever a strange sail hovered in sight the two Paddies suddenly appeared to be on the jolliest kind of a drunk, and so remained until the danger was passed, when they pushed forward with all speed.

Louisiana has Done Her Duty.

So thinks the New Orleans Delta, and so do we, and we said so long ago. Our State is one of the most important in the eyes of the enemy, and they are right; knowing this they will exert all their power in blinding us, as to the actual step they propose taking. They make us believe that they are endeavoring to do something, somewhere else, and do not for a moment think of Louisiana; oh, no! It is Pickens, Harper's Ferry or some other point, that they are after. This is very pretty talk, but what about the two small war vessels which were endeavoring to effect a landing in Lake Borgne, a few miles below the city of New Orleans—Chance blew them there we presume. Look out! The Governor has acted a sensible part. Here's the Delta's talk:

Governor Moore, we learn, has been compelled, by a sense of duty and a proper regard for the security of our State, to refuse permission to volunteer companies to leave the State to engage in hostilities in distant parts of the Confederacy. The requisitions of the Government have been fully and promptly met. The troops sent have not only exceeded the drafts, but have been fully equipped by the State and people. In addition to these, a number of independent battalions and companies have obtained the permission of the Confederate authorities to enter the army of the Government, and are now in the field. The contest has been to prevent too large a force from leaving the State; and in this the Governor has acted wisely, though not always successfully, the military aid of our young men defying all restraint.

At present the State has over twelve thousand men in the field, fully equipped and in a high state of discipline. This is a larger force than the United States Government had at the commencement of this war; and considering our population, and the large demand upon our military resources for home defense, is as large a force as the State ought to put in the field. The remainder of our whole male population, should in the meantime be fully organized for defense and for operations in the vicinity. If every other of the Confederate States has been as active, zealous and efficient in the cause as Louisiana, President Davis ought to have a force at his command capable not only of repelling the enemy from Virginia, but of driving him beyond the Maryland line. Nor have we any reason to doubt that our sister States have been behind Louisiana. Mississippi and Alabama we know have not been; and South Carolina is never behind any State in any duty of honor, patriotism and devotion.

Our President to be Assassinated.

A special correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, writing from Washington on the 1st, communicates the following: While standing in Willard's Hotel last night, a small party of men gathered near me, and engaged in earnest conversation. I heard one of them say to another; "Jeff Davis, the rebel leader, is soon to be cared for." I have just seen with my own eyes the gentleman who has sworn to take his life at any cost; and he will do it. His plan is to get a letter of introduction from some leading Secessionist here to President Davis, then to visit him at his rooms in your city, and ask for a private friendly interview; and then, under the guise of friendship, to plunge a dagger to his heart, regardless of the consequences. That there is a plan on foot here for the murder of the Southern President, I have not the shadow of a doubt.

Col. Ellsworth Engaged to be Married.

The New York Herald says: Col. Ellsworth has been engaged for the last two years to Miss Carrie Spafford, a young lady of seventeen, daughter of Charles F. Spafford, a resident of Rockport Ill. Miss Spafford was recently a student in the Carroll Institute, Brooklyn. The Marriage would probably have taken place ere this but for the breaking out of the war. Col. Ellsworth was twenty-seven years of age.

The man Lambert reported to have been hung at Manassas Junction as a spy, has, it is said, been released. It seems that he is innocent.

Extensive Seizure of Counterfeit Money.—New Orleans Banks Represented.—An extensive seizure of counterfeit money was effected in St. Louis on the 7th. Among the bills were ones and tens of the Citizens' Bank of New Orleans, and fifties of the Southern Bank of New Orleans.

Private Letter from Richmond.

We make the following extract from a letter received from Mr. Geo. W. Markham:

Richmond, Va. June 8, 1861. Dear Uncle—We arrived here on last evening all right, in fine spirits and good health. Richmond is a beautiful city, containing about sixty thousand inhabitants. There are twelve thousand volunteers here at present, and about three thousand arriving every day, though they send them away as fast as they are wanted at other places. I do not know whether we will be permanently stationed here or not.

There has been but little fighting done yet. A great many telegraph dispatches are false. I know as we are where they all start from, though there has been a few skirmishes. I think when they hear that the Grays are here that they will weaken, disband, and go. Give my love to my friends.

A War of Two.—The New York Tribune comments, with characteristic flippancy and bluster, on the attitude England has taken on the question of privateering. After threatening terrible things if that weak power does not change its position and correct the fatal blunder it has fallen into, the boaster says:

It will be well for all parties if no worse comes of it, for a war between this country and England, which might readily grow out of it, and which we are in a condition to accept—for a war or two, more or less, would make very little difference to us now.

This is the richest piece of vapouring we have enjoyed for a long time. But the Tribune is right. The government under which that infamous sheet flourishes would, indeed, suffer little more from a half dozen wars than from the one it is now carrying on. If this war lasts long enough, the Yankee nation will be destroyed, and if the world were in arms against the mad people, it could do no more. It is strictly true, that a war or two, more or less, would make very little difference to the Lincolnites.—Charleston Courier.

To the Ladies.

Will not the fair ladies of our city encourage us in the cause we are advocating, by favoring the office of the Shreveport Daily News, with the presentation of a flag of our own Government, to genee the front of our building. How it would show to advantage, ladies! Floating in the breeze from the window of our sanctum. Wouldn't we blow about it though? Only think of the pleonk of this personage, if such a thing could be. Ladies, you would not be the lower and besides, only reflect on the subject. There are three newspaper establishments here, and not one has floating in the air over the building occupied, or elsewhere, the colors of their country.—'tis shameful. We want something of the kind, but really cannot get it for a very important reason, which we shall keep secret. But as the young lady said, if you won't do this for me, I shall try to take up a collection, from among the good people, that's what! No effort, ladies.

Hard to Please.

We complained the other day in the presence of a citizen of this city, of the intense warm weather—he wheeled round immediately on his heels, and swore it was not hot enough for him; another remarked that it just suited him, and a third agreed with us. We can account for folks not feeling the effects of warm weather, who indulge in frequent smiles during the day, but for a person confined to a room nearly the whole day and night, as we are, it tells awfully; it would appear to drive away all energy; makes us dull and careless about everything; but in spite of this, the good people of our city seem contented. The making of soldier coats is all the rage.

A Naval Brigade in Hampton Roads.

The "Naval Brigade," under the command of Col. Washington A. Bartlett (of the late United States navy) has arrived at Fortress Monroe from New York. The command numbers about 750, but recruits are to be added until it reaches 1,250. It will then be divided into two equal parts, one of which will be armed with Sharpe's rifles and the other rifled cannon. The Brigade has 500 stand of Sharpe's rifles, 60,000 rounds of cartridges, 250 sabres, 250 Savage's pistols and several of James' rifled cannon. Quite nine-tenths of the of the force are seafaring men, who have enlisted for the war, and who are looking forward to active service and lots of prize money. Their uniform consists of a blue flannel blouse, blue pants and shirt, black hat and plume. The Brigade is to have a very fast-sailing steam war vessel, and perhaps two others. The men are drilled for land and sea service, and will be equally ready to chase privateers, co-operate with the land forces, and make attacks upon any weak part of the enemy's coast.—Baltimore Sun.

Important to Correspondents.

There being considerable doubt in the minds of our Southern friends as to whether or not letters sent outside of the Confederate States, will reach the place of destination by placing the U. S. stamps upon letters to be forwarded, besides preparing for the same at the rates established by our government, we append the following, which appeared in the Louisville Courier of 10th instant:

Postmaster Speed notified one of our prominent merchants, Saturday, that hereafter all letters to parties here from any of the Confederate States will be forwarded to the dead-letter office at Washington. This, we understand, includes letters prepaid with U. S. stamps. We trust there is some mistake in this; but, if it is true, the people of Louisville and the public generally should have been notified.

According to the above it is not advisable to send letters outside of the Confederate States, with the expectation of their reaching the parties to whom they are addressed.

How the Kentuckians Handle Rifle.

An Intelligent correspondent who lately left Baltimore for Harper's Ferry and other points in Virginia; gives the following account of observations in a private letter:

I believe there is now at least—troops in arms on the soil of Virginia. They are a very muscular and determined looking set of men, and every man is a terrible marksman. I saw a company engaged to fight exhibited by any people. At Harper's Ferry, a Kentuckian challenged a Virginian to shoot with the rifle. The distance was a hundred and fifty yards. Old Kentucky covered his six bullet holes with a half a dollar, and Old Virginia was obliged to get a small tin cup to cover his; but he claimed the victory, on the ground that his bullets were twice the size of his adversary's. Twenty-eight men shot on the same day, at three hundred yards, at a log the size of a post, and twenty-two bullets pierced it.—These shots were all off-hand. There is a company here who practice firing at double quick time—as those who fire standing. They are terrible fellows, and they seem to have a most insatiable desire for a fight.

Hon. Wm. A. Forward, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Florida, has enlisted as a private in the ranks of a company recently organized in Putnam county.

The New York and Virginia Masons.—The Grand Lodge of New York have adopted resolutions declaring that "the divorce of non-intercourse recently promulgated by the Grand Lodge of Virginia as against this Grand Lodge should not and does not constitute the Masons hailing from this jurisdiction now or hereafter to be on the roll of Virginia or else, where, from the performance of those high and holy Masonic duties towards Masons owing allegiance to the Grand Lodge of Virginia, which are imperatively cast upon them by their vows made in the craft; the laws of God and the dictates of humanity." A sharp discussion took place on the resolutions.

Wanted.—Good canvassers in all of the neighboring Parishes, and counties. Young men, old men, or women can make a good living by doing it. Address immediately for terms, etc., the editor of the Shreveport Daily News.

Letter of C. M. Clay to the London Times.—Cassius M. Clay (now in European one of Lincoln's Ministers) writes to the London Times on the American struggle, briefly but decisively. He says the rebel States can be subdued; it is not proposed to subjugate them, but simply to put down the rebellion. England's interest is to stand by the Union. He inquires if England can afford to offend the United States? He concludes by saying England is a natural ally of the United States.—C. S. Paper.

A Thinking Club.—During the reign of terror under old John Adam's administration, when it was made treason for any man to open his mouth to discuss the acts of the administration, and the gag law was applied to men, about fifty democrats of Easton formed a thinking club.—They met once a week, thought what they pleased and adjourned.

A Naval Brigade in Hampton Roads.—The "Naval Brigade," under the command of Col. Washington A. Bartlett (of the late United States navy) has arrived at Fortress Monroe from New York. The command numbers about 750, but recruits are to be added until it reaches 1,250. It will then be divided into two equal parts, one of which will be armed with Sharpe's rifles and the other rifled cannon.