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Liberty Tribune

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MARKETS AND GENERAL NEWS.

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VOLUME XVII.

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI, FEB. 5, 1864.

NUMBER 37

S. HEARDWICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MO.
Office on the west side of the Public Square, up stairs, over the store room occupied by White & Adams, Liberty, April 1, 1859-471f

D. C. ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MO.
Will practice his profession, and make Collections in all the counties of the 5th Judicial Circuit, viz: Clay, Ray, Carroll, Caldwell, and Clinton. (marsly 1-3)

DR. JOHN W. RINGO,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES
to the citizens of Liberty and vicinity.
OFFICE—on the North side of the Public Square. (oct5-12)

DR. J. T. MARSH,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Liberty and vicinity.
OFFICE—back of Jas. G. Adkins' Drug Store. (May 1-15)

N. D. TARR,
Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
Special Apparatus Springs, Fancy Goods,
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired to order.
MATERIAL FOR THE TRADE.
LIBERTY, MO.
January 21, 1862, 37-47.

CHARLES W. DAYENPORT,
FIRE, MARINE, AND LIFE INSURANCE
AND
WAR CLAIM AGENCY.
Cor. Third & Francis Streets, St. Joseph, Mo.
Home Ins. Co. N. Y., Cash Assets over \$2,000,000.
Aetna Ins. Co. N. Y., " " " " 300,000.
Fire Ins. Co. N. Y., " " " " 300,000.
Equitable Life Ins. Co., New York.
Knickerbocker Life Ins. Co., New York.
August 25th, 1863-15-17.

NEW SADDLE & HARNESS SHOP.
THE undersigned notifies the public that he has opened in the city of Liberty a NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP, where he will manufacture the business in all its branches, and hopes by close attention to business, good material, and reasonable prices, to receive a share of public patronage. He is a practical saddler, and has a large stock of goods on hand. W. T. OSBORNE.
May 1, 1863-49-17.

YOUNG AMERICAN HOUSE,
OSBORNE, MO.
THIS well-known establishment is refitted, and under the sole control of the undersigned, who is determined to make it one of the first hotels in Clay County.
The table will be furnished with all the luxuries of the season.
Charges to Suit the Times.
Families can make arrangements with the Proprietor, on reasonable terms.
T. B. HARBER.
August 14th, '63, 12-17.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
**WAGON MAKING, BLACKSMITHING,
PLOUGH STOCKING, &c.**
I HAVE rented the interest of Mr. Shab in the large Wagon and Blacksmith shop in this city, and will conduct both departments of the business in a new and improved manner. I am now employed, and as a WAGON MAKER I claim to be equal to the best as my work will attest. I return my thanks to the people of Clay County for past patronage, and as a guarantee of the same.
My terms are CASH.
JOS. L. EVANS.
Liberty, April 25, 1862-401f

J. J. ARMSTRONG,
LIBERTY FOUNDRY.
HAVING established a FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP in Liberty, Clay County, Mo., and well equipped with all kinds of machinery, I am prepared to do all kinds of foundry work, such as casting, sawing and grinding, and all kinds of agricultural implements, iron pipes, stoves, &c., and will keep on hand Fire Irons, Wagon Boxes, Sugar Kettles, Traps, Ties, the Bank, Veneers, Corn Shellers, and Farm Bolters.
Orders solicited and promptly executed.
Liberty, April 20, 1860-491f.

CONFECTIONERY,
BAKERY AND VARIETY
ESTABLISHMENT.
THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Breads, Sponge, Pound, Yellow Sweet Cakes and Jumbles, Soft-shell Almonds, Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Pecan Nuts, and all kinds of Confectionery, and is prepared to make all kinds of Cakes, Candy Toys, Candy Hearts, Common and Regalia Cakes.
Tobacco, Casing, Cinnamon, Crackers, Cheese, common and fancy Pipes, Oysters, Sardines, Dr. Houghton's Stomach Bitters, &c. Also, Fresh Lager Beer and Lemonade always on hand.
He will also make and Ornament Cakes for parties, for weddings or parties, on short notice, and on liberal terms.
CHRISTIAN KOHLMEYER.
March 21, 1862-497f.

JOHN C. DUNN
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and customers that he still continues to cut and make in the best style, COATS, PANTS, VESTS, &c. He employs the best of workmen, and keeps on hand all the latest and most fashionable styles. The latest and most approved work. He always is observed in the manufacture of garments, and the public will find his charges particularly attention paid to CUTTING.
NOTICE.
THE undersigned NOTARY PUBLIC is duly authorized to take depositions, relinquishments, the proof of acknowledgments of deeds, mortgages, powers of attorney, affidavits, make marriages and process, and administer oaths and affirmations. He may be found during business hours either at his office in the office of the county clerk—or at the Bank on the North East corner of the square.
THOMAS SUBLETTE, N. P.
Liberty, February 14, 1862-69.

LAURA GREENE.
BY MRS. ELLEN FINLEY.
Two girls stood before the window in the parlor of the Young Ladies' Home Boarding School, gazing down the long, shady avenue and chatting gaily with each other.

"I declare," cried Belle Passmore, "do look at our assistant teacher coming up the walk. Isn't it a shame she dresses so shabbily? If I were a poor country girl, and had the wages she has, I would dress decent, at least. I hate to see people tight and mean."
The speaker was a gay, brilliant looking girl, richly dressed; and, as she stood with her hands clasped upon the window-sill, her short upper lip, was wreathed with a haughty sneer, and her eyes flashed the haughty disdain she spoke. Her companion was a pale, intellectual looking girl, with brown, thoughtful eyes, and although her dress and manners indicated that she was a child of wealth, her appearance was modest and retiring. She started as from a deep reverie as she replied: "She is very plain in her dress. I wonder myself at it. But what a thorough scholar she is, and she is so attentive and loyal, in her manner that I really love her."
"Humph!" was the response of Belle, as she cast another scornful glance at the teacher, who stopped a few moments to speak with a scholar she had met.

"Do let me have a peep at your rustic teacher!" exclaimed Edgar Rosetor, a tall, dark complexioned gentleman, who had been lounging in the room reading the morning paper.
He rose, and, stepping forward, placed an arm around each of the slender waists. Half way down the walk stood Laura Green, talking to a young girl, who stood with down cast eyes, slowly plucking the leaves from a rose she held in her hand. She was arrayed in a mustin dress, which, though out of date, fitted her figure, which was of good proportions, quite neatly. Her hands were encased in a pair of cotton gloves, and her hat was trimmed with a faded blue ribbon, which looked as though it had seen service for at least two summers before.

Edgar Rosetor gazed for a few moments at the tableau before him, and then as he glanced at the scornful face of Belle, he laughed outright; and, turning upon his heel, walked away, and, seating himself upon the piano stool, commenced a lively waltz.
There was a brilliant party given the following evening at the house of Mr. Bayard, and the whole school was invited. A happy throng was moving about the brilliantly lighted parlors. Among them was Edgar Rosetor, his cousin Marian Grey, and her friend, Belle Passmore. Rosetor was the son of a very wealthy Philadelphia lawyer, who was on a short visit to his cousin Marian, and Belle Passmore was making the utmost exertions to captivate the heart of the handsome visitor.

"There's Laura Greene here, as I live, with that rusty black silk on. She has worn that very dress to every place of amusement since I knew her. I would stay at home if I was in her place, or have a change of dress once in a while. The words sounded harshly in Rosetor's ears, for she disliked, above all things, those meddlesome criticisms so often practiced among the gentler sex; so he passed on in silence. Soon after a master hand struck the notes of a piano in the adjoining parlor, and several difficult pieces were dashed off and brilliantly performed. Then a rich, heavy voice accompanied the notes of the piano.

"Who is that brilliant musician?" inquired Rosetor, who had stood like one entranced.
"Laura Greene," answered Marian, "I told you she was a perfect scholar and very much accomplished."
"Indeed!" was the response. "There is something remarkable in her history, I will warrant, he added, musingly.
An hour afterward Rosetor and Marian were standing alone in the conservatory examining the plants, when voices sounding near them, they turned and stood almost face to face with Laura Greene and Mrs. Bayard. Marian shook her teacher's hand, and, turning, introduced her to her cousin.

Rosetor pressed her hand warmly, expressing his pleasure in making her acquaintance, and the face which was raised grew pale for a moment as she looked into the deep, dark eyes which looked so searchingly at her shrinking figure. It was only for a moment, then she became calm, self-possessed, dignified as she ever was. Mrs. Bayard was summoned to the other room, and soon a gentleman came along and engaged Marian's attention to the other side of the room, leaving Rosetor and the teacher alone.

"How have you enjoyed this evening?" inquired Rosetor, trying to study the face before him.
"Very well, for one of my sober tastes," she replied. "Time has ever been so important to me that I seldom find time for recreation."
She turned and pressed her face to the flowers as though she would turn the conversation. Rosetor looked long and earnest at the face before him. It was not a common one. There was intellect of the first order there, and she seemed pure and chaste as the Virgin Mary. There was a rigidity about the face, a compression about the lips, and a sadness in the eye which seemed to express that life had been real and earnest with her; and, though the promises were sweet, the burden was sometimes grievous to be borne. He knew not why it was, but his whole heart went out to her, and he longed to take her by the hand and listen to the story of her life. There had been a long pause when Lau-

ra Greene looked up and caught the thoughtful gaze of her companion. She colored deeply. Rosetor started and offered her his arm for a promenade, which she modestly accepted. The conversation became general concerning the different branches of scientific studies, and Rosetor the young collegian, was completely astonished and put to shame by the superior knowledge of the rustic teacher.

About a week after Edgar Rosetor was riding along a smooth, quiet road on his way to a village about ten miles distant to see a man upon some important business, when a loud clap of thunder aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. He looked up and was surprised at the dark, threatening clouds above his head. He spurred on his horse, but before he had ridden for the rain began to fall in great liden drops. On he flew, when a welcome sight met his view. Just before him was a small, red farm house almost covered with flowers, and climbing shrubbery. It happened that the big barn doors were open, and he cantered his horse in upon the floor. A tall, sickly looking youth was putting up grain a few yards before him.

"I beg your pardon," said Rosetor, bowing and shaking the rain from his coat, "for intruding, but the shower is so severe, I thought I would seek shelter at the first opportunity."
"It is no intrusion," replied the youth. "I am glad to accommodate you. Let me put your horse in the stable, and you had better go in where there is a fire and dry your clothes."
It was a large, old fashioned kitchen which they entered, and a brisk fire was burning in an ample fire-place. The occupant of the room was an elderly lady, who sat knitting in the corner, arrayed in a blue and white calico, and a black lace cap. She seemed much gratified with the presence of the stranger, and seemed to view with her son in offering their hospitality.

Rosetor was soon seated before the fire engaged in a lively conversation with the old lady; who, being a little childish, was extremely communicative. She told him all about her early marriage, of the loss of her property, and the hard struggle they had to keep the little place which was her father's. And then, when the last debt was paid, her good husband had sickened and died, leaving her alone with a family of children. They were all married except the two youngest, her son, who always liked to remain at home, for he was subject to very bad fits, which there seemed to be no help for; and a daughter, who was a teacher.

"Poor Laura! I am so anxious about her I cannot sleep, to think of the hard lot in life she has always had. You see, after my husband died, the heirs had to be paid off, all but Laura and George, who were not of age, and that put me in debt, so I thought I should have to sell my place. But Laura, who was a proud girl, said I never should do it, she would help me pay for it. She was determined to have an education, so she went away from home and worked in the mill, and studied nights and every moment she could get, reciting to a friend of hers, and struggling on till she got to assistant teacher at Miss Larkwood's Seminary, and has a large salary; so she has helped us out of debt."

Rosetor listened with polite deference to the recital, but during the last of it his eyes had opened with astonishment.
"Is Laura Greene your daughter?" he asked.
"She is. Have you ever seen her?" inquired Mrs. Greene.
"Yes, madame, I have been visiting a cousin who attends school there, and met Miss Laura Greene at an evening party. She is one whom you need feel proud of, for she is truly a noble girl, and a heroine."
The shower was now over, and Rosetor felt that he must pursue his journey. At the village he learned that Mrs. Greene's children, except George, the invalid, and Laura, were rich, proud, and selfish, and had exacted every cent of their inheritance from their father's small estate, leaving their widowed mother a beggar, but for the exertions of her noble daughter, who had sacrificed every selfish gratification, and had become a very martyr to save an aged mother and invalid brother from the almshouse.

The following day Rosetor returned to the school, but he did not for many days have an opportunity of speaking to Miss Laura Greene. So, one evening, on passing through the hall to her room he slipping a sealed letter in her hand. For a moment she grew pale, but she passed on to her room, and after locking the door, broke the seal, and read:
"Miss Greene—I have learned your history, and from its constant study have learned to love you, not with a boyish fancy, but with a holier emotion, which emanates from a knowledge that its object is a true and noble woman. I am a stranger to you, but can give you testimonies of my character which I think will prove satisfactory. If my attentions would be agreeable to you, will you acknowledge it by accompanying me to the concert this evening? If so, meet me in the hall when the clock is striking seven."
"Truly yours,
E. ROSETOR."

Laura Greene threw herself in her chair, and burying her face in her hands, remained nearly an hour. Who but God shall know the emotions struggling in her breast! Surely the promises are true, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to you."
Half an hour after, a trembling, almost fainting figure stole softly down stairs. Edgar Rosetor was leaning on the banister. He turned—their eyes met, he held out his hand, Laura placed hers in it, and

he drew the almost fainting girl to his bosom and kissed her. Thus were they betrothed, and in one short year they were married.

LOST PEARLS.
"I have lost my pearls!" sighed a ball-room belle, as she turned from the festive hall.
"The beautiful pearls that became me well—
Did any one see them fall?
The paltry bloom of this rose, behold!
Still leaps in my hair's dark shade—
Ah! why were the gems in their splendid loss,
While the flower was left to fade!"
"I have lost my pearls!" cried a mother young,
"Where has she stopped for the grassy bed,
The wren that stole the hilly sprang,
From the dust of her infant dead;
The hue of life in those lips, behold!
Of life in these features worn—
Ah! why were the babes in their beauty lost,
While the mother has life to mourn!"
"I have lost my pearls!" sighed a sinner wan,
"As he lay on his couch of pain,
The daylight fades, and the night comes on,
And my life has been in vain;
The bell that my heart has grown may know
No peace from Heaven, I wish—
Ah! why were the jewels of virtue sold,
For a gain so small as this!"
"Lost pearls!" "Lost pearls!" 'Tis the helpless cry
Of this world of human hearts,
When the sinners fall, when the darlings die,
When the bells from her jewels part;
Still e'er the same unconscious wail,
To the listening Heaven whirled—
At night—at noon—at early dawn,
"I have lost my pearls! I have lost my pearls!"

Immediate Profits.
We are very apt to look to immediate profits. This is necessary in many cases. But the farmer has also, and that from absolute necessity, to look to the ultimate well-being of his farm. His soil may be rich; but every crop exhausts it; and as the strength goes, so goes the capacity to resist the drouth, which the farmer finds more or less detrimental every year. He must have an eye to the future good of his land; and he can do that only by so managing as to secure a good share of the product of his soil in manure. It has long been known that the best of manures is the product of the farm itself. This replaces what came from it. The only improvement that can be made, is that which the farm lacks. But as a thoroughly rich and well balanced soil lacks none of the necessary ingredients, the manure of the farm, as has been known from time immemorial, is sufficient. A rich soil, then, needs little or no foreign manure; it will sustain itself. This the country has demonstrated in innumerable cases. It is known that clover roots, already in the ground, are an excellent manure; so are the excrements of cattle dropped upon the soil; so are the wood-ashes made on the place; so is the straw; and so are the green crops plowed in. The farmer needs little else. Lime may be wanting in the soil, in which case its application will be beneficial; but not much where the soil is naturally rich, as lime then is understood to be one of its ingredients, or at least its effect is there. Immediate profits may exhaust the soil; whereas, with rotation of crops, and proper management in general, immediate profits and future benefit may both be secured.—
Valley Farmer.

SUPREME COURT AT ST. JOSEPH.—The State of Missouri is now divided into two Supreme Court Districts. For one district the Court is held in St. Louis, and for the other at Jefferson City. Before the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and whilst North Missouri contained no city of any importance, perhaps no better arrangement could have been made. North Missouri has now, however, become the most wealthy and populous portion of the State, and St. Joseph has risen to an importance second only to St. Louis. There is no longer any reason why a new Supreme Court District should not be made to accommodate this portion of Missouri. It is evident that St. Joseph would be the most suitable point for holding this Court. Our law libraries are now so extensive as to furnish abundant means to investigate the most important cases; and our hotel accommodations are unsurpassed outside of St. Louis. Almost every Attorney in North Missouri, by the ordinary mode of travel, or by way of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, could reach St. Joseph in one or two days from the time of leaving his home. If this district was formed clients in this portion of the State, would no longer be subject to the additional expense of employing foreign Attorneys to attend to their cases in this Court. The people of North Missouri have for several years been claiming a new Supreme Court District, and our present Legislature should now see that we have justice in this respect.—
St. Joseph Herald.

We agree with the Herald as to the importance and justice to Upper Missouri of a new Supreme Court District, and we hope our Legislature will take prompt action in the premises. It is high time this end of the State was receiving some attention in the way of State legislation.

Advice to those who desire military fame—with all your getting, get under Stanton.
An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knees, and was operating upon the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental leg, with his venomous little teeth. "Blazes! what are you biting me for?" "Well who began this ere war?"

Gold by the Shovelful.
A tradition has been current for years, that some lost emigrants, in 1845, while wandering through the country drained by the Malheur, discovered mines where gold could be raked up by the shovelful. At that time, the discoverers were ignorant of the characteristics of gold in its native state, and accordingly they passed on, regarding the metal as worthless. A few years later, some of these men were attracted to California, and on visiting the mines there, almost the first remark was, that they knew where bushes of that stuff was to be had. Since that date scarce a year has passed that did not witness the departure of companies of men who were sent out for the purpose of discovering the country described by the immigrants. These exploring parties have uniformly proved failures owing, in a great measure, to the hostility of the Indians, who have resolutely refused to allow the white man to prospect their country. At last, however, a party more fortunate than the rest, have succeeded in finding the long lost gold fields, and if reports are to be believed, the story of its richness has not been exaggerated by the original discoverers.—
Dallas (Oregon) Mountaineer.

FROM OREGON AND THE BOISE AND BANNOCK MINES.—From a private letter dated Salem, Oregon, Dec. 13th, we take the following extract:
"Business has been very good this fall; money is plentier than I ever knew it to be. The mines (Boise, Bannock, &c.) are paying rich—a great deal better than California in its palmy days. We receive between three and four millions of dollars of the pure stuff every month. This is remarkable, when it is recollected that there are not at work over 2,500 miners. I doubt whether there are as good mines in the world as those I have named. There is plenty of gold and silver in quartz there, but it will take machinery and capital to bring it out. There are fine quartz leads in this valley which promise favorable."
The Walls Walls (W. T.) Statesman, of Nov. 7th, gives an account of the return of Dr. Toby, a member of the Legislature, from the Kootenay mines, located in the British Possessions, some 250 miles northeast of Colville. He says they are very rich. It would seem that there is plenty of gold from Boise to the northern portion of the British possessions.

From Colorado.
We clip the following item of mining news from the Denver Commonwealth of the 6th inst. A few days ago we had the pleasure of examining one of the best paying claims in the mountains—the Bob-tail. Mr. Sensitiveifer is now taking out all between wall rocks which pay from \$300 to \$500 a cord. This is one of those claims that never would have been developed without capital; the owner having to sink a shaft to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet before he got paying ore. We mention this, lest strangers at a distance might come here under the impression that with a few hundred, or perhaps couple of thousand dollars, they would be sure to realize fortunes. This is not the rule, but the exception.
Briggs Bro's mill-runs do not seem to be affected by the holidays or the cold weather. Last week they run through 10 cords—80 tons—and obtained \$3,500 in gold. To that add \$1,750 and you get the result in greenbacks, \$5,250. Good enough.—
Mr. Briggs informs us that his crevice is widening and his ore improving. Oh that we had a thousand such men to lift Colorado out on the ice and push her at once beyond the reach of competition.—
Denver paper.

Important Arrests—A Den of House Robbers Broken up.
For some time past numerous petty depredations have been committed on many of our citizens; but although suspicion rested on two or three families no certain clue could be obtained, by which to identify the robbers until Monday last. On that day a girl called on Mrs. M. Shindler, offering to hire with her; she kept Mrs. S. in conversation some time; and as she left, she was joined by another girl from behind the house.

Mrs. V. Ruff, a neighbor to Mrs. S., had some clothes hanging on a line in Mrs. S.'s yard. Just as the girls left, she noticed that her clothes were gone, and went to Mrs. S. to inquire about them. They immediately suspected the two girls, and watched them. They were tracked to the residence of Americus Patterson, who with his family have long been suspected. Information was at once sent Capt. Woods, who forthwith instructed a search of Patterson's premises; and the result was the discovery of an amount of goods sufficient to set up a New York variety-store.

Clothing, of every description, muslin, calicoes, delaines, shoes, jewelry, &c., &c., were found in the house, under the hen-coops, in the cellar, and secreted in every available crevice.
Patterson and his family were all arrested, and had a hearing before Justice Herriot, on Tuesday and Wednesday, who bound Patterson, his wife, and two daughters, in the sum of \$500 each, for trial at the next Circuit Court; and, in default of bail, they were sent to prison.
The following persons appeared and identified property which had been taken from them: E. W. Kailey, S. J. Winzer, J. N. Barnes, John Woods, T. Metter, Miss Holley, Mrs. Ruff, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Kuff, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. Sagner and Mrs. Westerfield.

The keys of Col. Doniphan's house, were also found on Patterson's premises. A young son of Patterson's, in his evidence, stated that Col. D.'s house was robbed by his sisters, and a man from Kansas, by the name of Hamilton, who is married to one of the girls. Hamilton is a member of the Kansas 5th.
Patterson is an old Kansas convict.—
Marshal Bowman, in searching the house, found a pardon granted by Governor Robinson, dated Dec. 25th, 1861.—
Weston Sentinel.

GLEANINGS FROM A PAPER PUBLISHED 141 YEARS AGO.—We are indebted to Dr. Bullimore for a late copy of the Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford, England, Mercury, volume 168—No. 8799. It contains gleanings from its columns, which appeared in 1723, one hundred and forty years ago! We extract the two following items, which appeared in a diary of the Mercury of that date, which are of historical interest:
February 23.—Last night, between 8 and 9 o'clock, the Princess of Wales was safely brought to bed of a Princess. His Majesty (George I.) sent one of the Lords of his Bedchamber to Leicester House with a compliment to the Royal Highnesses.
February 26.—Yesterday, about noon, dy'd Sir Christopher Wren, aged 91. He was formerly Surveyor General of the King's Works. He built St. Paul's church (cathedral) and all the rest of the churches since the great conflagration in the city of London. His remains were laid in the great vault under the dome of St. Paul's.

The above obituary notice tells who Sir Christopher Wren was in brief. The Prince of Wales, consort of the Princess referred to in the first paragraph, afterwards George II., married Wilhelmina Carolina, daughter of John Frederic Margrave of Brandenburg Anspach.—
St. Joe. News.

A GREAT WATERFALL.—A detachment of troops recently scouting in the valley of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia, discovered a waterfall which, it is said, is entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake river pours over a sheer precipice one hundred and ninety-eight feet high, thirty-eight feet higher than Niagara. Snake river is full as large as Niagara, and the cascade is one solid sheet of body.
The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shosone or Salmon Falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery.

Gov. Doty, of Utah, has been sent for by the President, and is expected at Washington. It is believed that a movement will be made to admit Utah as a State at this session, and Gov. Doty, who is one of the ablest Territorial Governors, is said to have been sent for to consult as to the status of affairs among the Mormons. Gov. Doty was formerly a resident and Governor of Wisconsin.
The largest stock owner in the United States is said to be a California farmer, who has some 60,000 head of cattle. He has recently lost some 7,000 head, on account of the scarcity of fodder.

The names of Bishops Bayley, Timon and McClusky, have been sent to Rome for the consecration to the Archbishopric, made vacant by the death of Archbishop Hughes.
Why are we apt to think that young ladies in love are good arithmeticians? Because we find them ready to sigh for (cypher) something.

SPOILS FROM THE SOUTH.—Numerous works of art of great interest and value, which have not paid duty at the Custom House or been known to belong to any of our local collections, are constantly turning up at our picture sales. Others are to be found in the hands of the regular picture dealers, or are offered to collectors by private individuals. When questions are put as to their ownership, there is some hesitation about answering them.

Now there is no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion as to the reason for this mystery. It is well known to those who have visited the South that in New Orleans and its neighborhood there were few families of any consideration that had not collections more or less valuable, of paintings and statuary, picked up during their trips to Europe. Many of these acquisitions are to be recognized amongst the works of art that have found their way into our auction rooms. They are the *opima spolia*, not of the brave conquerors of rebel soil, but of the vulturine—for the most part Massachusetts Yankees—who follow in the train of our armies. These fellows pilfer everything they can lay their hands upon, and works of art are especial objects of their covetousness, from the large prices which they bring in New York. We have heard of one man—not a New Englander, however—who went to New Orleans almost without a shirt to his back, and who since his return has been enabled to purchase a handsome house up town with the proceeds of his picture stealing.—
N. Y. Herald.

A Dutchman's heart-rending soliloquy is described thus: "She lofes Shon Kickle's petter as I, because he has cot coople tollars more as I has."
"Gentlemen," said a California orator who was speaking of a ramosed Sececher, "gentlemen, he wrapped himself up in the concealment of an alias, and fled into the shadows of an unknown exile; in other words, gentlemen, he changed his name and went to Texas."

A good story is told of a member of the 34th Indiana. His Colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine Rebel rooster in his arms, halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens. "No, Colonel," was the reply, "I just saw this old fellow sitting on a fence, and I ordered him to crow for the Union, and he wouldn't do it, so I confiscated him for a Rebel."

A Nevada paper describes a new way of getting water recently adopted by a mining company on Reese river. It is nothing less than boring an artesian well horizontally instead of perpendicularly, and into a mountain side instead of the "bowels of the earth." In running a cut for the tunnel, they struck a large stream, and will doubtless, as things appear, find enough before going much further to supply a large population. It is thought that the water mine will pay much better than the silver mines.—
St. Jo. Herald.

General Dumont, member of Congress from Indiana, is the father of nineteen children, ten of whom came into the world in couples. He sits alongside of Bachelor Thaddeus Stevens.
The St. Louis Democrat repudiates the negro equality doctrine espoused by many of its party in various parts of the country. It characterizes the admission of the negro delegation to seats in a late Free State Convention at New Orleans as a "mistake," and "calculated to injure the cause," by "provoking prejudice."

The charter of the town of Paris, Ky., has been so amended as to require a permit from the council, before a person can erect a frame building within the limits of the town.
When Mr. Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was: "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which regulated it cannot be a bad one."

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I cannot leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." "She may be kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife—we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."
A schoolmaster in one of the neighboring towns while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. —, have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

A strictly orthodox old gentleman in Massachusetts returned home Sunday afternoon from church, and began to extol to his son the merits of the sermon. "I have heard, said he, 'one of the most delightful sermons ever preached before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven.'" "Well," said Frank, "I think you had better have dodged in for you will never get another such a chance!"