# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

$4 IN ADVANCE. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861. VOL. VI.—NO. 26.



BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL E. MAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

OFFICE IN "SENTINEL" BUILDING,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Dentistry.

DR. J. HERBOLD

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity that he is now prepared to do

VULCANITE OR RUBBER WORK

for artificial teeth in the best style, and at prices to suit the times.

All kinds of Dental operations attended to in a skillful manner.

Jacksonville, June 2d, 1861. 20tf

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.

B. F. DOWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal.

He has an agent at Washington, and expects to visit that city and the Atlantic this Summer and Fall, and any business will receive prompt attention. my25:19

W. G. T'VAULT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL attend to business in the several Courts in the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. Office on California St., opposite "Sentinel" Office,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

May 25th, '61. 19tfm

SEWALL TRUAX,

SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,

OFFICE, AT THE COUNTY BUILDINGS,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

ALL business pertaining to Land or Land Laws promptly attended to.

Jacksonville, May 11th, 1861. 17tf

REED & BERGEN,

Attorneys at Law,

JACKSONVILLE, OGN.,

Will attend to any business confided to them in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. 18.

CHAS. B. BROOKS, M. D.,

HAS LOCATED IN JACKSONVILLE, and offers his professional services to this community in the practice of *Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.*

Office on California street, next door to Neuber's Jewelry store.

Calls attended to at all hours of day or night.

G. W. GREER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE, JACKSONVILLE DRUG STORE,

Oregon.

L. H. DEWEY

HAS opened a shop opposite Anderson & Glenn's, on California street, in Dr. L. Gaming's drug store, for repairing

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Jacksonville, Dec. 22d, 1860. 49:1y

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. Ri

PICTURES

do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at Funk's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures. 11tf

D. WM. DOUTHITT,

Attorney and Counselor

AT LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

BY APPOINTMENT,

NOTARY PUBLIC

For Jackson County.

Dr. N. Caldwell Boatman

HAS permanently located in Jacksonville, and offers his professional services in the practice of

Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.

Office at his residence, on California street, in the house formerly occupied by A. M. Berry, next door to Judge Prim's.

Charges very reasonable. Calls attended to at all hours of the day or night.

C. P. SPRAGUE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

KERBYVILLE, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OGN.,

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care. April 13, 1861.-13tf

GREAT REDUCTION!

ON the First of January, '61, the prices of WHEELER & WILSON'S

Sewing Machines

were reduced *twenty per cent.*, on the Pacific coast. A few of these, the best and cheapest machines made, at San Francisco rates.

E. C. SESSIONS, Agent.

Jacksonville, Jan. 12. 52tf

DR. R. BERNHARD,

ALLOPATHIC

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAS located in Jacksonville for the practice of his profession, and will promptly attend calls at all hours of day and night in the the adjoining localities.

Dr. Bernhard it a graduate of the Paris Medical and Surgical College; has sustained his profession in London, also, and practiced in Yreka, Cal., for the past year. He was formerly engaged in the Hospital at Havana.

*Office on Oregon st. next door to Brentano's.*

☞ Dr. Bernhard has just received from Europe a complete Professional Library, of the highest standard ancient and modern authorities. April 27, '61. 13:1y



THE OREGON SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DENLINGER & HAND,

HENRY DENLINGER, WM. M. HAND,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The number of insertions should be marked on the margin of advertisements.


## Composed for the Fourth of July.

BY A LADY.

Our Union! our Union! the best on earth—we know;
O! who are the traitors? would strike the fatal blow,
To tear down a nation because they can't command,
Who *are* the *boasted* patriots—now where do they stand.
The Star Spangled Banner they've torn from the breeze,
In its place they've hoisted rattle snakes and trees.

Oregon! Oregon! our dear and happy home,
Peopled with brave men from every clime and zone,
Will heavely *turn-out* to defend this holy cause,
The glorious old banner from the highest pole do wave,
For Oregon is free, and the home of the brave,
Mid melody of music, and the cannon's boominglo roar.
Independence *day* we celebrate, and cheer from shore to shore,
Our mountains and our valleys echo back the glorious sound,
Here the patriotic spirit of Seventy-six is found.
We unfurl the old banner to the fresh mountain breeze,
And look down with contempt on the rebels, snakes and trees.

## Meeting of Americans in Paris.

*Galignai's Messenger* publishes an account of an important meeting recently held in Paris, near two hundred persons being present. Cassius M. Clay, Anson Burlingame, Wm. L. Dayton and others addressed the meeting. We make the following extracts from their patriotic speeches:

Elliot C. Cowdon, on being called on to preside, said:

"This large and distinguished assemblage, here in this great Capital, far from our native land, is a happy augury of the deep interest entertained by all in sustaining the Government in its determination to maintain the Constitution, the laws and the liberties of our common country. Our national Union—the result of the world's progress, was not formed for ourselves alone, but for the whole family of man. He, therefore, who, by word or deed, does aught toward destroying that Union, is not only a traitor to his country but an enemy to his race. The Carthaginian General brought his child to take an oath of ceaseless vengeance against the enemies of his country. He cures a higher, a holier duty—to declare our undying attachment to the great principles of liberty and justice upon which our Government was founded, and, if need be, in the spirit of our fathers, to pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, to uphold and defend them. It was a remark of the illustrious Washington (whose very grave is desecrated) that "the value of liberty was enhanced in our estimation by the difficulty of its attainment; and the worth of character appreciated by the trial of adversity." So will it ever be; and when this conflict is over, the Union will stand forth purged and purified, the wonder and admiration of the world. Nay, more, the great characters which the exigencies will call forth are destined to be recorded upon the pages of history as among the brightest heroes of the nineteenth century." * * * *

Cassius M. Clay said: * * "Yes, gentlemen, my country shall live. She sacrifices property in life and kindred to Justice. She suffers all things for the whole race—not forgetting the language of Lafayette and all the martyrs of '76, she draws her sword once more in "defense of the right and human nature." Yes, our Union, our Constitution and our liberties shall live. That is why I have said elsewhere, this rebellion shall go down. "Cotton is king?" No; "Grass is king;" for the United States produce more dollars' worth of Grass than of Cotton. Let the South send $400,000,000 worth of cotton to the nations—if she pays it all out for clothes and food and mules and cotton gins and farming utensils—what does it matter? She finds herself, at the end of the year, indebted in advance of her income. Her banks are exhausted of their coin to pay for food; her notes are not redeemed; her currency ceases to circulate; her stocks are nothing; her credit is gone. Does the *Times* understand me? Therefore, I say, we can conquer her. I am accused of threatening England. I am not in the habit of casting about me to see how I can make truth most palateable. Let those who stand in the way of truth look out. If England, after all she has said against slavery, shall draw her sword in its defense, then I say, great as she is, she shall "perish by the sword." For then not only France, but all the world shall cry, "Perfide Albion!" When she mingles the red crosses of the Union Jack with the piratical black flag of the Confederate States of America, will not just as certainly the tricolor and the stars and stripes float once more in fraternal folds?" * * * *

Wm. L. Dayton, American Minister at the Court of the Tuilleries, spoke as follows:

"You have come together on this occasion to give expression to your feelings of attachment and respect for the laws and Constitution of your country. It is a good time. Your friends there are now testing the question if you have a *country*, for a country without a Government is no country. It is a habitation without a name—a *locus in quo* for a miserable existence. The world cannot expect, and least of all can England expect, that we shall disgrace our Saxon lineage by permitting a Government which has accomplished so much for humanity within so brief a space, to go out without a struggle, and, if need be, such a struggle as the world has not seen. Our Union cost much; and it is worth all and more than it cost. This is no time or place for labored argument. It is enough to say—though that may assume the point in dispute—that the United States is no Confederation. It ceased to be such in 1787, when its present Constitution was formed. It is no compact between States, to be broken with cause or without cause, at the option of any; but it is a nation, treated with as such, recognized as such, by every civilized power on the face of the earth, and who ever heard of secession as applied to a nation? We know of rebellion and revolution, and we recognize them as right under certain circumstances. But what publicist, what writer upon international law, has ever told us when and where the right of secession begins and ends? The word, as applied to the existing state of things in our country is a delusion. The facts show it a wicked, causeless rebellion. Nothing more—nothing less. We are sometimes asked how this civil war will end. We cannot fix the times and seasons of its termination, but we think we can see the end. The relative strength of the two sections of the country foretells the future of the controversy. We have been told that "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong;" but this, in temporal matters, at least, is the exception, not the rule. The long delay and forbearance of the Government have led some minds to doubt its power, but this was not the quiet of weakness and timidity, but rather of conscious strength. This delay, too, was superinduced by the fact that the masses of the people, North and West, never believed that the men of the South would bring the matter to the dreadful issue of civil war. They could not realize the fact that any considerable portion of our people could willfully throw off their allegiance to the Federal Government, which they had only known, as we thought, by its blessings. But the cannon at Fort Sumter roused them, like the blast of a bugle. If they were slow to understand, slow to realize the truth of their position, they were quick to meet it. The instant, terrible uprising of at least twenty millions of people, as if by single impulse, was sublime. The history of the world, ancient or modern, has nothing more so. And I desire to say now, that from the days of the Revolution to the present hour, the country has never been stronger than at the present moment; never more able to meet any contingency which may arise from foreign or domestic war. The danger is, if this rebellion continues, that the whole country roused, as one man, by a common impulse, will become a military power, rather than an agricultural and commercial people. But in the meantime we ask, not in the spirit of defiance, but as a matter of right, that the outside world will leave us alone. We do not ignore the sympathy of men or of nations who think well of us or of our principles—and I thank God I have found such during my brief residence in Europe—but for those who distrust us, who doubt our powers of self-government, who look upon the present condition of things in the United States with an ill concealed joy (if there be such) I say again, leave us alone—hands off! Rebellion is not revolution, and secession, as a political principle, is something unknown. It is only to be made good by the strong arm of that power which avows it as a political right. It will be no matter of surprise, in view of my past professional life, that my attention should have been early called to such laws of France as may bear upon our rights. The commercial world has been much agitated by the threatened issue of letters of marque and reprisal by the so-called Confederate Government of the South. I have looked into the French laws as respects the status of these privateers; and if I understand them aright (and I desire to speak with great diffidence, and subject to correction, in reference to the laws of a foreign country), France will, I think, leave us alone in virtue of her own laws. These laws hold, I think—1. That a captain who takes command of a foreign privateer is guilty of a piratical act. 2. That the French citizen who shall enlist in a foreign service without the authority of the Emperor, loses all his rights as a French citizen. 3. That no prizes of a privateer can stay in a French port over twenty-four hours, unless detained by tempest. And that, as a consequence, 4. There can be no condemnation of prizes in a French port by Courts of Admiralty in our Southern States. If I am correct in these views of the laws of France, there will be little chance of trouble, and few points of conflict between the Government of France and our own. I sincerely hope that we may have trouble nowhere outside the limits of our own country.

A. Burlingame, American Minister to the Court of Vienna, next rose and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen; I respond to your call with all my heart, in the spirit of that patriotism which gleams in every eye and swells in every breast. I hold it fit that the children of the land of Washington should, in the land of Lafayette, renew their vows to the great principles for which these men struggled. And we accordingly do here and now renew them, and swear by the ever-living God that we will sustain that great Government which resulted from their blended efforts, and breathe the exultant hope that, like their holy memories, it will endure for ever. * * * * * * *

I accuse not the Saxon heart. [Dr. McClintock—"That is right."] My friend says that is right; yes, I know that the *heart* of old England is sound. But as an American, I cannot be indifferent to the language of a few of England's statesmen. I know, as my friend Mr. Clay, has said, that we have derived our language, literature and laws from her. No man lends lower than I to her majestic antecedents, but I must be permitted to regret the attitude in which she has been placed by those who assume to give expression to her sentiments. This I will say—ever mindful of the ties of consanguinity which others seem to have forgotten—that when a generous people has blotted from its memory the resentful recollections of two wars, it is neither kind or wise to rouse them again, with tenfold rancor. And this I will further say—that whoever is for or against us, we will in the language of our friend, Mr. Dayton, "settle our own affairs in our own way." We will put down rebellion on our own soil, and shall reserve a quick hand and a dauntless heart for whoever, or whatever cause, shall be found in complicity with the most causeless revolt that ever lifted its audacious hand against a noble Government and a generous civilization. I do not quarrel with men's opinions—I disdain to plead with those who are intentionally against us, but I would be glad to bring those whose good opinion, for my country's sake, I covet, into views touching our affairs identical with my own—those who have been and still are our friends—I have met such since I have been here—who have fallen into the fatal fallacy of Calhoun, and believe that our Government is a compact between States, and that as these did accede to it, they have therefore a right to recede from it. But in our theory of Government, Wales would have as much right to secede from England, and Normandy from France, as South Carolina and Alabama from the United States.

Ours is not a compact or league in that sense—all that went down with the Confederation—but it is a Government of the people, by the people, for the people and it so declared to be on the very frontlets of that instrument itself; there, glittering like a star, is the language: "We the people, do ordain and establish this Constitution," and again it is declared that this Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land. It is a Government thus established, a Government resting on the good will of the people—that will, flowing forth into practical Government through the forms of the organic law to which they have assented—a Government around which cluster so many memories, and which, to us, is the noblest that ever shed its blessings on mortal men.

ATTITUDE OF THE PEACEABLE SECESSIONISTS IN THIS STATE.—The following is the concluding portion of a vigorous editorial in a late number of the Shasta *Courier*:

Now what is the attitude of the leaders of this party in this State? Dare they avow their treason openly and bury the National Flag, and in its stead raise the Bear, Cactus or Rattlesnake? Not they. Like Mr. Burch and others, they veil their treason under the specious name of Anti-Coercion, Neutrality, etc., and deprecate that the loyal people of California should assist the Government in putting down the rebellion. Very patriotic, indeed! Examine their twisting, and turning, and shifting for the last four or five months, in the legislature and out of it. Botts—yes, *the* Mr. Botts of the defunct *Standard*, who aspired to be a "leader and not a follower of the multitude,"—this immaculate and "irrepressible" gentleman tried his hand at a pamphlet, justifying the right of secession, and dosed the State with its treasonable doctrine, but it would not do. Next we find Benjamin Franklin Washington, encouraging the timid and the wavering, and actually acknowledging the "Southern Confederacy." Then follows the address of the State Central committee presided over by Charles Lindley, and remarkable as this document was, it failed to create any enthusiasm among the masses. Failing in this, they try another dodge in order to decoy the people of California into treason, and it is the "test" that they have adopted to be used in their primary meetings, viz: "Are you in favor of peace and the Crittenden Compromise?" Nearly all men are in favor of peace, and this bait, adroitly thrown out to catch the unreflecting, is the richest piece of this political farce. Military men have always advocated the propriety of conquering a peace. The secessionists hold that the Government should disband all its troops, apologize to the rebels and surrender to them all the remaining forts, arsenals, &c. If this is not what the revolutionists of the Burch stripe mean, we are at a loss to guess. The attempt of King Canute to stop the tide with a pitchfork was just as sensible and sagacious as the generous offer of the Crittenden Compromise to the people of California to heal the national difficulties.

LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT AS A CAMPAIGNER.—In an article on the war, the New York *Atlas* remarks of Gen. Scott:

Do not some of us a little forget the character of the man who commands the United States armies? The Secessionists, and even some of the nations over the water, understand him better. One of the London journals, not many weeks ago, remarked that "Gen. Scott is proverbially a slow commander. He is always unpopular during his campaigns. It is only when the campaign is over, and he has won—as he always has done—that the wisdom of his action is understood, and he becomes popular." Higher praise could not well have been bestowed upon any commander, for the parallel is an exact one with that paid the Duke of Wellington. He was always a slow coach—an old fogy. He never seemed to be doing anything. But he always won. In the end he was always worshipped. At Torres Vedras, in the Peninsular war, Wellington could have cut the French army to pieces in a few hours with the loss of half his own. He waited, manoeuvred and secured advantages for a week, and he obtained a much more decisive victory, with a loss that scarcely figured in the bulletin. Scott could have taken Vera Cruz in three days, with the loss of three thousand men; he took it in three weeks and lost but a hundred or two.

Let one more point be fairly remembered. Winfield Scott has been in arms for more than half a century. During all that time, as youth, man and veteran, when in command of any description of force, he has never retreated one foot. Not that he is any braver than officers who have made nearly as many retreats as advances, but that he cannot be induced to move until he is certain of his ability to maintain his position. Not a move will be made in the present contest until he feels well assured that he can maintain, in men, munitions of war and lines of communication any advantages temporarily secured; and the last thing which should be urged upon him by the Government, or on the Government by the people, is precipitation without judgment. Neither the newspapers nor most of the people who talk most freely of the military position, can do more than show gross ignorance and presumption in the attempt at discussing what this or that plan of operations would effect. So far all goes well, and apparently as surely as slow. There is every reason to believe that the operations of the campaign will be continued to be carried on with faithfulness and judgment, and we cannot do a better thing than to express that confidence which we really have at heart, and wait patiently for that success which belongs to competent management in a good cause.

GENERAL SCOTT'S MODE OF LIFE.—A Washington correspondent gives the following sketch of General Scott's mode of life and his untiring industry and vigilance:

General Scott has left his house and taken up day and night quarters at his office. He is feeble in body, but very clear, comprehensive in mind. Visiting him at near midnight, he was sitting up in a plain, hard bed, in a very plain room, with but two candles on a center table near, and two of his aids near him in waiting. Dispatches arrive almost every hour, night and day, borne by videttes from every quarter of the district, and by the officers beyond the lines. He demands the fullest information from everybody, and, before the New York troops arrived, declared that he was prepared for an attack from 10,000 men from Virginia or Maryland, if they invaded the capital. His great anxiety, grief and doubt have been the disaffected citizens in the District of Columbia, scores of whom have left, but many of whom even now remain; but all are known and watched with a lynx-eyed vigilence. Indeed, there has been an extensive secession feeling here, and there are troops of the personal friends of Jefferson Davis and A. H. Stevens, who, as Southern men, have been much respected. No secession flag, however, floats here; and from the Heights of Georgetown to the Capital, nothing is seen but the stars and stripes, with loyality increasing every hour.

## Leonard Clark's Romantic Adventure and Deliverence.

[Correspondence Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer]

Occasionally, we hear of incidents in the conflict going on around us that reminds one of the adventurous deeds of the revolution. Of some such I have been hearing some outlines for a day or two past. They relate partially to the Union prisoner found in the jail at Phillippi, and released by the capture of that place last Monday. I learn that a man named Leonard Clark, who is well known, (and knows the country well) in the surrounding counties, tendered his services at Parkersburg as a scout to the Colonel of the Fourteenth Ohio Regiment, and was accepted. He is an athletic, muscular, determined young man, and would like nothing better than the perilous adventure upon which he entered. It appears that, accompanied by Myers, who is a young man, and a German from Clarksburg, he reached the neighborhood of Phillippi on the Saturday before the attack. They passed the outside pickets without observation, and were getting along very successfully in picking up little bits of useful information which they found lying about loose. But boldness getting the better of discretion, they approached too near the town, and suddenly came upon a party of dragoons. The odds were too great against them, and, being mounted, they wheeled their horses and endeavored to escape. The dragoons gave chase, firing at them as they ran. The balls whistled around their heads, several passed through Clark's hat, but doing no other damage. They dashed madly on, pursuers and pursued. One of the horsemen came close up to Clark and he wheeled and shot him dead with a revolver. Another came up and seized him by the left arm. He instantly shot off the hand at the wrist. But another and more appalling danger was upon them. In the madness of the chase they had not anticipated what might be a head, when they suddenly came upon a squad of pickets, who comprehending the scene leveled their guns and fired at the advancing fugitives. The balls passed harmlessly by the men, but Clark's horse after running about fifty yards reared up and fell dead. Clark immediately dashed into a thicket where the cavalry could not follow and for a time eluded his pursuers. Myers was taken, and carried to Phillippi and a council held at once to determine his fate. Two of his fellow townsmen who were present, Bob Johnson and George Larty, urged that he should be hung at once and without mercy, but Bill Cooper, another of his townsmen, succeeded in having it postponed until the following Monday morning at five o'clock. Myers was at once carcerated in the jail, and nothing saved him but the attack and flight of Monday morning, at a moment which left him but about half an hour intervening between him and the gallows.

A joyful sound indeed was the roar of the first gun on the heavy morning air to that man, who expected nothing but that in a few brief moments he would be launched into eternity, and dangle a stiffening corpse from the gallows tree. "Beautiful upon the mountains" were the feet of those who brought him deliverance from so horrible a fate! and what must have been his emotions of gratitude to his rescuers and an overruling Providence, on finding himself snatched from the jaws of death.

After the capture of Myers, Clarke makes took to make his escape by keeping the woods. The cavalry could not follow him, but the pickets and a party of infantry which was immediately sent after him, kept up a hot pursuit. He was known to them, and they strained every nerve to effect his capture. They scattered in all directions, and frequently had him surrounded, so that he was obliged to lie concealed for whole hours at a time. Several times when thus he concealed he crawled like an Indian for a great distance to elude observation. For about a day and a night the pursuit was kept up, and he suffered terribly from hunger and thirst. But life was at stake, and merciless foes around him. At length he succeeded in making good his escape, and arrived at Flemmington, where he was once more among friends, whose astonishment at his appearance—his hat gone, and his shoes worn to pieces, and his clothes tattered and torn—he relieved by relating to them the hardships and perils through which he had passed. His official report is now at head quarters here.

WHAT IS A RATION?—For the information of numerous inquirers, we give the following list of articles constituting a ration, from the army regulations:

20 oz. fresh and salt beef, or 12 oz. pork.
18 oz. soft bread or flour, 12 oz hard bread
2½ oz. beans, or 1 3-5 oz. rice.
1 5-6 oz. sugar.
1 oz. coffee ground.
½ gill vinegar.
¼ oz. candles.
⅝ oz. soap.
½ oz. salt.

This must answer for the subsistence of a soldier during the day; and properly husbanded, it is enough.

The rations of a company of seventy-seven men aggregate as follows:

96¼ lbs. fresh and salt beef, or 57¾ lbs. pork.
86⅔ lbs. soft bread or flour, or 57¾ lbs. hard bread.
11¼ lbs. beans, or 7¾ lbs. rice.
8¾ lbs. sugar.
4⅝ lbs. coffee, ground.
3¼ quarts vinegar.
3 peks potatoes.
1 3-16 lbs. candles.
3¾ lbs. soap.
1 quart salt.
2 pints soft soap.

Company rations are served daily, and each company has its own cooks, who can, with proper attention and care, supply the men well each meal, and have enough to spare. If they do not know now, they will soon learn, by saving scraps, making mixed dishes, etc., to make the rations go as far as possible.

THE Boston *Transcript* tells the following: "A most exciting scene transpired at the New Hampshire encampment, Saturday afternoon, while the firing at Arlington Heights was going on. The regiment was drawn up about the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Abbott, who read a chapter in the Bible, and then gave out a hymn. Each man drew a hymn book from his breast pocket, and the hymn was sung to the tune of 'The Red White and Blue,' the entire regiment joining in the chorus. In his prayer the chaplain alluded to the fight probably going on, and said, 'O Lord! grant that our men may have cool hands and steady eyes, and that their missiles may go straight to the mark!' A captain of one of the companies could not restrain his enthusiasm, and took off his cap and waved it over his head, those about him showing by their countenance that they would like to join him."

A writer called at his printer's and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his poem, when the typo earnestly replied, "I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter."

## Old Maids.

How ridiculous because a lady chooses, I say "chooses" to live without the matrimonial yoke, and prefers a life of celibacy, I say because she chooses this, must she become the butt of ridicule by the married ones of her own sex? who in fact envy her easy lot; for envy alone is at the bottom of this everlasting taunt "O'd Maidism."

The words of "Fanny Fern," in the ledger of a week or two ago, have stirred up the fountain of my otherwise "quiet spirit," and I must speak a word in behalf of my insulted sex. The warm weather seems to have put Fanny out of humor, for on being asked what she will have, she replies "nothing," unless you walk an "O'd Maid through the room to cool it." Sensible speech? In troth, I wish she could have her desire granted, and I might be the one to take a stroll through her boudoir. I am thinking the thermometer of her room would go up instead of down. Let Fanny go on with her abuse. Thank heaven "Old Maid's" are not friendless nor so cold hearted as she imagines them. Far from it. They are just as capable of loving and being beloved, as when in their sunny days of childhood they knew no care, and sorrow was a stranger. I respect a maiden lady for she devotes her life to usefullness, and as a general thing, can always be trusted. In making a confident of her, you have no fear of a betrayal, for she has no "Jimmy" to tell everything she knows too. Heaven bless the Old Maids, and when they have gone through with their long pilgrimage here, may they receive a crown laid up for the faithful.

Heed not dear friends, the sarcasms of writers who to free the columns of our weeklies, pour "taunts" on your defenceless heads. Go on as ever in your deeds of mercy and kindness, smoothing the pillow of your dying friend and bathing the sick brow of loved ones. Go on in your lone mission of love, and outlive the title your singleness has bestowed upon you, and let the world see that erroneous and coldness are not yours alone. In doing this Fanny will be obliged to seek elsewhere a refrigerator of less importance.

FROM the *Herald's* Washington correspondence, of the 15th ult., the following extracts are made:

Advices received here of the affair at Phillippi gives great credit to Colonel F. W. Lander, the gallant explorer, for the part he took in the surprise and capture of the rebels there. The official report shows that Colonel Lander, after making the entire reconnoissance in advance, placing artillery and driving the rebels from the barricaded bridge, crossing the town above, passed Colonel Kelly's command, was shot, rode into the enemy's column and captured the rebel who shot Colonel Kelly, Colonel Common's column, under command of Colonel Lander, pursued and demolished the enemy, killing twenty of them. This statement is due to Colonel Lander, as it has been represented in the press that his command did not meet the enemy, when in fact it was the first to open fire upon them.

"Who is General Pierce?" is a question frequently propounded. He was a notary public in a country town in Massachusetts until made a Brigadier General by Governor Andrew, at the earnest appeal—some say demand—of Senators Sumner and Wilson. He has been a very clever fancy military man, but knows nothing about directing a column of men in the face of an enemy's battery.

Lieutenant Slemmer has been promoted, and is now a Major in the United States Army. The City of Philadelphia has tendered its freedom to this gallant officer, and last Tuesday, 11th ult., honored him by a public reception in Independence Hall.

The Second Michigan Regiment arrived in Baltimore on Tuesday, the 11th ult. When the train containing the regiment was about leaving the suburbs of Baltimore, a "rough" threw a stone at the Orderly Sergeant of Company E, which struck the latter on the leg. The Sergeant raised his musket and shot the scoundrel promptly. Westerners are not the men to stand Baltimore insults.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.—A good thing is told of Father Quin, one of the Chaplains to the Rhode Island Regiment, now at Washington. Father Quin met at the house of a friend, a Southern gentleman who indulged in some severe expressions about the Northern troops. After listening awhile, Father Quin reminded the gentleman that he was attached to the Rhode Island Regiment, and asked if he included them in his censure; to which the Southerner replied, "that he did not see any reason to make exceptions."

Whereupon Father Quin very plainly said to the gentleman, "Then sir, I must tell you that you are a liar." Whereat the Southerner became wrathy, and told the Reverend Padre that if it were not for his coat he would give him a thrashing.

"Well, sir," said Father Quin, "If you don't like the cut of my coat, you can see me in my shirt sleeves, now or at any other time; and," continued he, rising to leave, "I shall go from here direct to the headquarters of my regiment, where I shall be ready to receive any message from you, personally or by the hand of a friend."

The matter soon got out, and the Colonel spoke to Father Quin about it, to which he answered:

"Well, Colonel, if I am a priest I am none the less a man."

Here the matter rests. The Southerner has not as yet sent his friend to look after the belligerent priest.

THE following description of a dance given by a sailor who had not been long on shore, is decidedly good, as expressing the movements, though not a little technical: "Have not had any fun with the land lubbers till last Thursday night at a dance. When I arrived at the cabin I found them under headway in a Spanish dance. Took my place in line with Spike Tucker—fell back and filled, then shot ahead two fathoms—hauled upon the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and came stern on another sail. Spoke her, and then wore round against the sun, and fell in with another sail on the same course, and when half way across to the other shore, dropped astern, fell back—could not fill, so let go anchor and hauled up for repairs."

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—A little child of Mr. J. Murray, on Tula River, was dangerously poisoned last week, by swallowing a number of percussion caps. Dr. Thompson was sent for and succeeded in neutralizing the deadly effect of the phosphorus and copper, by administering repeated doses of the whites of eggs. The doctor informs us that this simple remedy, if used in time, is a good antidote against nearly the whole range of poisons which a child would be likely to get hold of. We have ourselves seen a valuable dog recovered from the effect of a dose of strychnine, simply by administering the whites of four eggs.—*Visalia Delta.*

WHAT IT COST.—It cost just twenty thousand dollars to discover America, and for this small sum the Queen of Spain had to pledge her jewels. This was but three hundred and sixty-nine years ago. Then the English language had not been spoken a century. Printing had been but twenty-one years in use. Manufactures were also unknown; but four merchant ships belonged to London, and the people were opposed to trade. Columbus never saw the United States in their present limits, but he was at Cuba, five degrees from Florida. But eighty-five years ago, on the 7th of June, the American Colonies (with about the same number of inhabitants that England had when America was discovered) declared themselves independent. Within that eighty-five years we have founded a federative nationality recognized as the United States of America, and respected as one of the foremost nations of the earth. Under the Constitution we have not only prospered beyond precedent in the history of the world, but our influence has exerted a mighty power over all the civilized States of the earth. There is not a nation with which we have not a commercial and political relation. There is not a country in which our enterprise has not entered, nor an ocean on which our ships do not float. American genius is more or less impressed upon every people and clime, and mutual interest and sympathy bind us to mankind. Our example, our ideas, our discoveries, our inventions, our habits of life, our social, political and religious institutions, have all been impressed upon the old world, and no higher title than a citizen of this Federal Union is essential to command respect and consideration over the globe. Now, in the midst of this unexampled prosperity, the Union suddenly collapses. Her life, her truth, her hopes, and her humanity, are about to be sacrificed! For what and for whom? Why, for an Utopian abstraction, and by brethren of the same nation and blood. It cannot be denied that there is a thirst for blood among the politicians, that all the waters of the Mississippi cannot shake!

THE Southern Confederate press are beginning to warn the Government to beware how it ventures to hang captured traitors. They declare that "the South has thousands of hostages," upon whom it will retaliate such executions. They don't tell us how many of these "hostages" they calculate to offer up for each of the rebel officers or privates, who may be taken in arms and hang. As the "hostages" are about all citizens of the Confederate States, we don't see that our side would suffer any particular loss by the retaliation, even were it carried out.

PIOUS VANITY.—An English paper informs us that the largest Church in Europe is at St. Petersburgh. It was begun in 1771, and in 20 years 2,000 men had not completed the walls. It is of polished marble outside and in; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high, the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosty of all is a wooden box made to cover it from the weather.

A Harrisburgh, Penn., letter states that over one hundred fugitives from labor, from the neighborhood of Winchester, Virginia, arrived there on Wednesday and Thursday nights. They say that no attempt is made to arrest runaway slaves—and the mountains of Virginia are full. The last arrival were in a wretched plight, having been on the road ten days. They were supplied with provisions, and sent on their way toward Canada.

"THE Union must be preserved!" says Mrs. Partington, as Dr. Spooner recited to her the toast of General Jackson—"well it has been preserved so far, and now them Catalinas are for jarring the pot over that preserved them—heaven bless us! There's no love of country in 'em," continued she mournfully, "and there isn't enough of the spirit of 'seventy-six' left to fill a fluid lamp."

AN Eastern establishment that has been largely engaged in the manefacture of Balmoral skirts, is now employing all its hands in turning out a new pattern of "red white and blue." This skirt will doubtless meet with great favor among the ladies of the North, where the cry is, "Show your colors!"

A New York paper has a letter from an American in London who is likely to be well informed, from which the following extract is made: "I am sorry to say that Her Majesty the Queen is in a state of insanity, and very little hopes are entertained of her recovery. They talk of having her go to Germany.

"WHAT is the matter, Joe, you look so nervous."

"O, I have had to endure a trial to my feelings."

"What on earth was it?"

"Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on."

The Empire State is worthy of her escutcheon, "Excelsior." Sixty-two full regiments have been offered and enrolled, besides many odd companies. Over 50,000 men are enrolled in these regiments, and it will be perfectly easy to raise 50,000 more in the State.

"Madame" said a druggist the other day to a lady who was examining some cologne, "I assure you it is an excellent article; and if you will condescend to approximate the extreme extension of your proboscis to the anclosed orifice of the bottle, you will perceive the truth of my assertion."

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with the most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the most beautiful things of the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."

THE FIRST OATH.—"I will kiss you, Eve!" said the father of us all to our common mother.

"I don't care A-dam if you do!" she said.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party, like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beaux, and are in a quiver till they get one.

A CHEERFUL man will do more business, and do it better, than a melancholy one; besides diffusing happiness everywhere he goes.

IF you buy a crying baby by yielding to its wishes, the cunning little huckster will beset you continually for similar bargains.

THERE are no less than 1,000 Union prayer meetings in the United States, 800 in England, 400 in Ireland, 300 in Scotland and Wales.

THE newspapers are poking fun at the new tariff; some terms it the More-ill, and others the im-Morrill and the de-Morrill-izing-tariff.

Do your best and defy the devil to do his worst.

A royal soul may belong to a beggar, and a beggarly one to a king.