

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

\$4 IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

VOL. VI.—NO. 52.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
DENLINGER & HAND,
BREVETED PRINTERS.

Office over Clugage & Drum's Stables.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
(PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.)
One Copy, One Year, \$4 00
One Copy, Six Months, \$2 00
One Copy, Six Months, \$2 00

ADVERTISING RATES:

Our Square of Twelve Lines or Less: First insertion, \$3 00; and for each subsequent insertion, \$2 00.
Professional or Business Cards, Each Square, per annum, \$30 00; for Six Months, \$15 00; for Three Months, \$10 00.
A Liberal discount will be made to persons who advertise to the extent of four squares.
The number of insertions should be marked on the margin of advertisements.

Law of Newspapers.

The Courts have settled the following points in regard to subscriptions to newspapers:
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all that is due be paid.

Business Cards.

EVAN S. THOMPSON, M. D. L. S. THOMPSON, M. D.
BROOKS & THOMPSON,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS
AND
ACCOUCHERS,
Jacksonville, Oregon,
November 22, 1861.

G. W. GREER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE, JACKSONVILLE DRUG STORE,
Oregon.

SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

Is now prepared to receive patients in the Hospital, on the corner of Third St. at the back of the Union Hotel. To inform the public, when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for the subscription price.

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Phoenix, Jackson County, Ore.

WILL attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court.

PYLE & MALLORY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Hacburg, Douglas County, Ore.

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.

B. F. DOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will attend in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court of California, S. J. opposite "Sentinel" Office. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
May 23th, '61. 19:5m

C. P. SPRAGUE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Kennyville, Jackson County, Ore.

J. H. REED,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

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 23th, '61. 19:5m

SEWELL TRUAX,

SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,
OFFICE, AT THE COUNTY BUILDINGS,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

Insurance Agency,

JACKSONVILLE,
I'll promptly attend to business entrusted to me.
April 13, 1861-13:17

J. H. REED,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

W. G. T'VAULT,

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SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,
OFFICE, AT THE COUNTY BUILDINGS,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

P. H. LYNCH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic
LIQUORS,
WINE, SYRUPS & CORDIALS,
AT THE

EXPRESS SALOON,
Corner of California and Third Streets,
Next door to Beckman's Express.
All orders promptly filled.
357

CITY BREWERY!

(On the Hill)
Jacksonville, Oregon.

THE Proprietors, having taken possession of the City Brewery, lately controlled by Mr. Fitz, are prepared to furnish Lager Beer to people of this vicinity by the keg, bottle or on draught.
An experience of many years in brewing

Lager Beer
Gives them an advantage over all competitors, and warrants them in producing A BETTER ARTICLE THAN CAN BE FOUND ELSEWHERE in Southern Oregon.

See the sure to suit your orders to the CITY BREWERY, if you wish the BEST BEER. **KREITZER & MATTHEW.**
Jacksonville, Sept. 16, 1861. 358

PAINT SHOP.

GROW & CRANE,
HAYING removed to the SHOP formerly occupied by J. K. Ashley, on the corner of Fourth and Centre, are prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING,
AND PAPER HANGING.

EXPEDITIOUSLY,
IN THE BEST STYLE, AND
MOST REASONABLE.
ORANGE JACOBS,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
361f.

ARKANSAS
Livery Stable

Oregon Street, Jacksonville.

HORSES to Let or Hire,
By the day or week, at moderate prices.

GEORGE H. C. TAYLOR,
JACKSONVILLE, Nov. 16, 1861. 44

JOHN BAKER,
BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
Next Door to El Dorado Saloon,
On California Street.

MR. BAKER takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of
Bootmaking, Shoemaking,
AND REPAIRING.
FINE DRESS BOOTS,
AND
Miners' and Farmers' Boots,
Manufactured in a manner to warrant satisfaction, at reasonable prices.

SEWING MACHINE
MATTRESSES, BEIDDING, TENTS, AND
FLOUR SACKS.
ON hand and made to order at short notice.
House-fitting and Paper hanging done in a manner to insure satisfaction.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
Payments must be made in cash or trade.
A. C. ALBERTS,
California Street, above Oregon.
JACKSONVILLE, Sept. 21, 1861. 362f.

El Dorado Saloon!
Corner of California and Oregon Sts.,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
WM. BURKE, Proprietor.

The most choice brands of
Brandy, Whisky, Cordial,
WINE, CIGARS, ETC.
For sale in any desired quantity.

PETER BRITT,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

Barber Shop,
Opposite the Post Office.

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing Cutting and Hair Dyeing.

Also a genuine article of Fish's Hair Restorative, and Crispin's's Eucalypti Hair Dressing, for sale.

Bibles and Testaments.

A SUPPLY of Bibles and Testaments, in various styles, recently received and for sale at cost and charges, at the depot of the Jackson County Bible Society in Jacksonville. **Wm. HOFFMAN, Depository.**
Jan. 11, 1862.

THE DEATH OF LYON.

BY R. T. GARDNER.

The brave '91 historic page adorn,
We sigh where'er they fall;
Our nation's loss with tears we mourn,
When we his name recall.

He perished, bravely and brave,
In hottest of the fight,
And life to country nobly gave,
And to defence of right!

He led his men through death and blood,
He saw their footsteps lag—
"On, on!" he cried, "ye brave and good,
Defend your holy flag!"

"Now, gallants, charge them once again,
I'll lead you on!" he cried;
But no! the fatal mistake came,
And speaking thus, he died.

Onward they dashed, and fiercely sprang
Upon the dardart foe—
Avenge his death, and heavens rang
With shriek and groan of woe!

Our flag was there redeemed, and bright
Shall its long future be—
Proud be longers of human right,
And emblem of the free.

His deeds shall live through coming time,
His name shall never die,
And radiant haloes ever shine
Around his history.

YACKVILLE, Aug. 28th 1861.

A Traveling Certificate.

About fifty years since, upon the bench of the Common Pleas Court, in the western part of Vermont, sat a huge, giant man, of the name of Olin, as presiding Judge. He was an unlettered, though, by no means, an ignorant man. He had great good sense; was a keen, shrewd observer, and, withal, was possessed of a ready wit, and enjoyed a joke as well as any person in the court-room, no matter at whose expense. It happened one day that a poor fellow, named Tom Anderson, who had been indicted for the crime of horse-stealing, was brought up for trial. The Judge, knowing Tom well, and Tom knew the Judge, and feared him, too. The cross-examination of witnesses elicited nothing in favor of the prisoner, and the jury, with great unanimity, and a most appalling outcry, pronounced Tom guilty, in manner and form, etc.

It remained for Judge O. to pronounce the sentence of the law. The criminal defendant was required to rise in his place, and listen to his doom. The Judge commenced with stating the charges against the prisoner, and the discharge of the most disgraceful part of his official duty; and went on to remark that it became doubly painful to him to pronounce a sentence of condemnation upon the youth now before him, whose parents he had known for many years, as most worthy people; he could well imagine the grief with which they would soon learn their son's ignominious fate. "Brother," added the worthy, sympathetic magistrate, "it is painful to see a young man, addressing the prisoner, of the ability and genius I know you possess, so wicked, so perverse, so lost to shame, as willfully to violate the laws of God and man, and bring yourself to this disgraceful public punishment. Still, you know Anderson, as well as any man, young or old, in this house; that with me there is no choice. I must do my duty, regardless of consequences. Were you my own son, I should be compelled, by the oath I have taken, by the obligations I owe to the State, to society, to good government, to all, to pass a just sentence upon you. As the instrument of the law, then, and as I said before, with the deepest regret, I am forced to condemn you to hard labor in the penitentiary in this State, for the term of fourteen years." The spectators of this scene remained in breathless silence, while the judge paused for a moment, drew a handkerchief from his pocket and stammered the tears, which had already begun to fill his eyes. He then proceeded: "Thomas, I know very well that this sentence to you along and perhaps cruel punishment. It may be a long sentence for you, but it is not intended to be cruel. On the contrary, it is intended for your own good. Because, if your conduct in prison shall be such as to warrant the interference of the pardoning power of the State will undoubtedly restore you to liberty, long before the term of time for which you have been convicted. You are yet young, and will have the opportunity to learn a trade, by which when you are released, you can earn an honest livelihood. Let me, therefore, beseech you, for your own sake, and for the sake of your respected parents, whose hearts bleed for you, to avail yourself of this last opportunity to reform your life. You will be removed from the temptations of the world, by which hitherto you have been surrounded. You will be sober and industrious, free from viciousity; but let me hope that these virtues, industry and sobriety, may become habitual in your case. Let me, in conclusion, beg of you to conduct yourself, while in prison, so as to merit and receive from the warden, when you leave him, a certificate of good behavior."

Poor Tom looked up, for the first time, and smiling most benevolently through his tears, replied: "It would be a beautiful certificate to travel with wouldn't it Judge?"

Among the Sunday school children of a certain church was a poor little fellow. He couldn't tell the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged, when next he came to school, to bring it. The next time he appeared, he was asked if he brought the number. "No sir," said he, "it is nailed on the door so tight that I couldn't get it off.

A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.—The following extract is taken from a letter written by a lady, formerly of Massachusetts, now residing in Hoosierburg, in the centre of Iowa, to a friend in this city:

"You must know that though we live in the central counties of one of the most loyal States in the Union, we are in the midst of secessionism. It makes my heart ache to write it, but so it is. The early settlers of this county were originally from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Tennessee, and Kentucky, emigrating first to Indiana, and thence working westward to Iowa. And they have brought with them all those traits by which we recognize the low whites of the South. They do not hesitate to say openly and with oaths that would make your hair stand straight, that they hope the South will conquer and send its troops North and make Slaves of the Yankees and Abolitionists. If they dared, if the Union falling in the surrounding counties was not too strong, they would not hesitate to hang every patriot, man and woman, amongst us. How dreadful is such a state of things. How fearful to hear women say, as they did, when one little company marched out of town on its way to Missouri, they 'hoped every man amongst them would have a bullet lodged in their heart.' It is very hard to be a Christian amongst such people! I assure you it is. It's hard to keep down the angry cries that will at such times swell within one's bosom. I thank heaven they have never talked so in my presence. I have said again and again that no secessionist should breathe a word of his treason in my house. It's a humble one, but it shall never harbor a traitor, never, never. Were it my dearest friend or neighbor, I would put him out, at the first dabbling word. It is little that I can do for my country, besides giving it my prayers, but that little shall be done thoroughly.

"The war need not trouble you much," said a lady to me the other day, "your boys are all too young to go into the army, while mine are all stout, abominable men."

"No, indeed," said I, with tears in my eyes. "My great trouble, that though the mother of four sons, I have not one old enough yet to fight for his country."

"But would you let them go?"
"Would I let them stay?"
"Then you believe in war?"
"No, I don't; not as a general thing. Were this a war for the liberation of a foreign land, or the acquisition of more territory, I would be down upon it; but it's a war, holy as the Revolution, a war for the defense of our country and our Constitution, and I would be proud to have my boys, even as common soldiers, engaged in it."

"But how would you feel to have them sent home to you dead?"

"If their wounds were anywhere but in their heads or hearts, I should be happier and prouder than when I first clasped them to my bosom. Every blood stain which they bore would be a glory-spot to me."

"And you as lief they'd be killed as not?"
"No, indeed," said I firmly. "I love my boys as truly as you do yours, but somebody's sons must die on the battle field, and why not mine? Somebody must sacrifice, and fearfully, too. Some heart's dearest idols must be torn from them before this war is closed. Shall not I, who was born under the stars and stripes, be willing to do something, to lose something?"

NEW ORLEANS.—There are at present in the city of New Orleans some 5,000 soldiers, all very well armed, but poorly clothed. An old soldier, recently landed, compelled me physically able to bear arms to belong to some military organization—and recruits, varying from the ages of 15 to 70 years, are received by the various recruiting offices there. Strong reinforcements, consisting of the city, are being made, and between the city and Memphis, several cannon, of the heaviest calibre, obtained recently from England, are located at various points. The most important positions of the city are strongly fortified with rifled cannon.

New Orleans has no fortifications or defenses in her rear, and the swamps back of it are impassable, excepting by the shell road and the railroads. Vessels of all character, drawing not over 11 feet of water, can ascend Lake Ponchartrain within six miles of the city. 10,000 resolute, determined men could start from the deep waters of Lake Borgne and reach, yes, reach, the landing at the city in 15 hours. There is not an armed vessel of any importance upon the lake, and the land for more than 25 miles around is a low swamp, easily and effectually swept by the guns of a dozen fleet. I am also assured that there could be but one point of opposition upon this route, and that is the fort at the main passage between the two lakes, Borgne and Ponchartrain. It is, however, sadly out of repair, and mounts but 10 or 12 small guns, and is garri-soned with but two companies of militia-men from Mississippi. If the National Government could once obtain possession of New Orleans, they could hold it against the combined power of the rebels; they could without the least trouble, reduce the forts of the Mississippi, and effectually hold in check many of the States in rebellion. The common point touched upon by the citizens as to the results of the war, is the fear of an attack upon this city by way of Lake Ponchartrain, and they themselves have said it could be successfully made, and the place reduced.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad; he reduced back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles fill much to say about it—while what is good goes, at best, like sunshine quietly through the world.

CRITICISMS.—John J. Crittenden is a private in the ranks of the Union army in Kentucky. This simple announcement contains all that imagination can compass of dignity, of heroism, and of patriotism. The people know who John J. Crittenden is. His devotion to his country has been sneered at by some, revered by others; but no loyal heart can contemplate his venerable form in the ranks as a soldier without exclaiming: "Here, indeed, is a lover of the Union."

When we think what Mr. Crittenden has been, we need no words to express the grandeur of what he is; but there is a lesson in his position—such a lesson as Douglas taught by his great career—that peace men in peace are apt to make the best war men in war. It is a lesson of which many men who have assumed Mr. Crittenden stand in need, and would do well to imitate. He and his fellow patriots—Holt, Guthrie, and others—have saved Kentucky to the Union, that she might, when the time came, fight for the Union. They have not, it is true, made as much noise as many who have misinterpreted their motives, and endeavored to create an opinion against them in the North.

But Crittenden is in the field as a private. He lives as a soldier. He shoulders his musket. He sleeps on the ground, and old as he is, endures all the hardships and dangers to which he has invited other men.

He desires Kentuckians to fight. He therefore prepares to fight by their side, asking no higher rank, no greater pay, no less danger, than the humblest of his fellow citizens. He cannot live long, for he is old—in devotion to his country, as well as in years; but he cheerfully gives the remnant of his life to the Republic which has honored his younger days, and has received his best effort.

Does not that venerable, gray-haired figure, standing in the ranks as a private—this Excelsior shouldering a musket with his friends and neighbors—this peer and compeer of Clay and Webster, connecting in the deplorable twilight of his declining years the present with the past, the past with the future, the glories of the best days that have been with the dangers of this hour and the toils of what may be yet. Does he not, standing in this sublime attitude, unite us with republics that we have not, perhaps will not, unite for the sake of our country? Who can gaze upon that "old man eloquent" of Kentucky, facing the foe of the Union, without feeling how mean, how wicked it is for any man or set of men, to attempt to nigre partisan issues into a strife for a nation's existence? Who can behold him without cursing alike the extremists of North and South who have precipitated the struggle upon us? Let the present contemplate him, as all the future will as a monument and an example of the patriotic unity which will accept in this war only one object, one duty—the preservation of the Union under the Constitution.—*Chicago Times.*

SHIELDS AND HIS GUNS.—For more than twenty years the officers of the Ordnance and Engineering Departments of the United States Army have been advocating the introduction of very heavy guns into our sea-coast fortifications; and Commodore Dahlgren, of the Ordnance Department of the Navy, has been laboring to arm our ships of war with his "large shell gun." The action at Fort Hatteras has demonstrated very conclusively the wisdom of both of these innovations. It was by means of the shell guns on board the naval vessels that the fort was reduced, while there is no doubt, that if the place had been armed with Rodman's 15 inch guns, or even 10 inch columbiads, the ships would either have been driven away or very quickly blown to pieces. But as the facts had mounted only 32 pounders, the vessels were enabled to lie out of the range of these, and to pour their shells into the fort in such a storm as to drive the garrison into the magazine. From Engineer Thompson's report, it seems that some 10 inch columbiads were on their way to the fort, and one had actually arrived, though unfortunately it was not mounted. It is quite possible that if that one gun had been ready for service, the action might have resulted in the sinking of a portion of our ships and the withdrawal of the remainder.

When shells were thrown from mortars at an angle of 45 degrees, the hitting of a ship one or two miles off was a feat of rare accomplishment; but with one of the great columbiads, which send their shells at point blank or at moderate elevation, a ship can be hit at almost every shot; and a shell exploding in the side of a wooden ship is so terribly destructive that but very few shots are required to send the largest man-of-war to the bottom.

Even before the great revolution in naval warfare, effected by the introduction of shell guns, the attacks on land fortifications by ships were seldom successful; but to send wooden vessels against forts armed with these guns would be simple madness.

The money which has been expended by the nation to enable our ordnance and engineering officers to make their investigations, has resulted in giving us knowledge of immeasurable value in this crisis; it has been as profitably laid out as any portion of the national expenditure.

THE BEING HOLE SHARP SHOOTERS.—They have it is said, a rifle company in Vermont, whose captain takes them out once a week, to practice; he draws them up in single file, and sets a elder barrel rolling down the hill; the men commence shooting from right to left at the bung-hole as it comes up. After the shooting is over, the captain examines the barrel, and if he finds a shot that did not enter the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. None have been expelled for the last eight years.

EDMUND GREAT BLENDERS.—We give below an article from the columns of the Religious Herald, a Baptist paper, of Richmond, Va. It shows so much more coolness of judgment and candor of mind than we are in the habit of finding in our Southern exchanges, that we deem it worthy of special notice. It says the South has made at least eight great blunders, and enumerates them as follows:

1. In firing upon Fort Sumpter.
2. In believing there would be a divided North, and an apathetic Federal Government.
3. In believing that they would have the hearty sympathies of Europe.
4. In believing that the bonds of their Confederacy would readily be taken in Europe.
5. In believing that the military power of the North would be directed in a crusade against slavery, rather than employed, for the overthrow of treason, and the establishment of the Union and the Constitution.
6. In believing that Northern courage and physique were no match for Southern; or that in battle one Southerner equalled five Yankees.
7. In believing that the flag of the Cotton Oligarchy would wave above the Capitol at Washington, and the roll of slaves be called on Bunker Hill.
8. In believing that the fancied omnipotence of Cotton would dominate the commerce of the world.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—On Saturday, says the Chicago Journal, a man in the last stages of intoxication was brought into the Police Court, examined and fined, for being drunk and disorderly. The poor fellow had only an old German flute, and when asked would he leave it as a pledge for his fine, he replied that it was an old and excellent instrument, and under no circumstances would he part with it. Forgetful of the dignity of the Court, he laid it to his lips, and blew a few sweet notes, at once attracting and fixing the attention of the Court and spectators. He perceived his advantage and played a plaintive air, which imbedded the mind of the Court with pity. He changed it to a patriotic measure, and the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle" excited the Court to a fraternal feeling. Now or never was his time. "Dixie" rolled out in rapid cadences. Every one was taken by storm. The police dared to sit measure; the spectators wagged their heads; and the Court, like Alexander, smiled in its delight. The fine was stricken from the docket, and the poor fellow left with his flute under his arm, a wiser and better man.

THE NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.—A Southern correspondent of a New York paper speaks thus of the condition and feeling of the slaves in the seceded States: "The negroes seem to relish the present condition of affairs very much. The military excitement possesses great charms for them. They wear yellow stripes to their pants as a sort of uniform, and fancy themselves thorough-paced soldiers. Those who remain on the plantations are delighted, because their labor is not so irksome and continuous as it used to be, and the rigor of the overseer has been relaxed. Those employed on the fortifications do their work cheerfully, incited to it by the raw-lead-and-bone stories about the terrible Yankee abolitionists, which they think something worse than cholera or yellow fever. They are told that the war is to defend them from being sold into Cuba. The negroes in the cities, towns and border States know better than to give credence to such stories; but not so the field hands in the cotton States. There are no apprehensions of a servile insurrection; but there is a thoughtful bestowal on the subject. The only danger is from the mass of negroes that have been sent from the border States into the interior of the Gulf States. These are generally hard cases, and calculated to spread mutiny and dissatisfaction among their more ignorant and innocent fellow victims. Still it will take some time for their influence to be manifested. The negroes from the northern border of Tennessee are being daily sent South.

LOST BY CONFESSION OF SLAVES.—The greatest losses by this method of treating the slaves of rebels, in the commencement of the policy, will be to the inhabitants of that rebel of treason, South Carolina. The country of Beaufort alone possesses not less than \$15,000,000 worth of slave property, at the average rate of \$100 each. Most of these will, of course, escape into the Federal camps and forts, and be employed in the labor of strengthening our defensive works. If a footing be obtained in Charleston and Savannah, twice as many more will be forever lost to their owners. The effect of these wholesale losses cannot fail to be most salutary upon the mass of disloyal slaveholders, who will very soon begin to come over to the Union cause when they find the existence of their favorite institution threatened.—*Shepton Independent.*

JONAS SHIELDS.—A New York Paper tells the following disparaging anecdote of Jonas Shields, the rebel minister, now incarcerated at Fort Lafayette: Shields is remembered in his youth by many old gentlemen in this city. He was the son of a tall chandler, a percentage of which he had the weakness to be ashamed, and which was a source then, and probably is now, of continual mortification. It is related of him that on one occasion in conversation with a lady, noted and dreaded for her wit, he expressed a desire for foreign travel. "Ah!" said the lady, "I have no doubt you would find yourself very much at home in Greece." Shields withdrew precipitately from the encounter. "That young man," said his persecutor, as he retreated, "needs to be dipped over again, for he has not been well educated."

THE HANGING PROPERTY OF THE REBELS.—Col. A. M. Wood, of the Fourteenth New York Regiment, now a prisoner at Richmond, gives, in a private letter, a thrilling account of the drawing for the prisoners at Richmond, who are to stand as a + off against the condemned pirates at New York and Philadelphia. He had been at large on his parole until the 10th of November, when he was summoned to General Winder's quarters. On asking on what business he was wanted, Gen. Winder answered that he had a very unpleasant duty to perform, in fact, the most unpleasant of his life, and handed to Col. Wood a paper, which proved to be Benjamin's order to Winder to draw lots among Federal prisoners for a victim. The Colonel was escorted from the office to the prison, where he found all his fellow officers, 75 in number, drawn up to await the sad issue. The names of the officers, on separate slips of paper, having been put into a tin box, Gen. Winder requested the Hon. A. E. Fy to draw from the box one name who should be held in place of Smith, sentenced at Philadelphia. Mr. Fy, with evident emotion, drew the fatal slip, and, amid a death-like stillness, announced the name of Col. Corcoran. Thirteen other officers, including Col. Wood himself, were sent to the common jail at Richmond on the following day. Col. Wood says of the position of himself and his fellow patriots: "You may rest assured that our fate depends upon that of the privates. I trust that you will do all you can, consistent with your duty to the Government, to relieve those officers who went forth to fight the battles of their country from a position of peril and distress."

ROMANCE OF A FOUNDLING.—Twenty seven years ago an aristocratic English couple, traveling in Germany, found it convenient to temporarily leave an infant of theirs on the steps of the Foundling Hospital, at Brussels—having previously caused a particular flower to be tattooed on its arm, that it might be idly identified at the proper time. The managers of the hospital gave it into the keeping of a young countrywoman, by whom it was brought up to womanhood. The foundling then went into service as a cook, and remained a servant for some time. And now comes the provoking denunciation of the story. A few weeks ago, a wealthy English gentleman applied at the Brussels Hospital for information of the foundling, who turns out to be a great heiress, at last. A search for her was instituted, and she was found in one of the vilest haunts of crime in Brussels, the companion of knaves and scoundrels.

TO THE POINT.—Speaking of the evident determination of Congress to confiscate the slaves of rebels taken in arms against the Government, the Stockton Independent says: "We believe that Congress and the Administration have adopted a sound military policy; and just as sound in statesmanship. There is no good cause why we should continue to fight such doughty and malignant enemies with boxing-gloves, whilst they are dealing us tremendous blows with elbows, springs and steel knuckles. We must also put on the springs and the knuckles and hit them where they are most tender. To permit a rebel to hold his slaves when it is in the power of the Government to take them away, is about as wise in a military sense as to send him back the powder, gun, provisions and money we may lose the good fortune to capture from him in battle."

TO THE DOWNHEARTED.—Says an exchange: Come, now, be cheerful; if you cannot pay your debts immediately, do the best you can, and pay them as you are able. "Gey killed a cat." If you have not fifty cents to luxuriate upon the delicacies of the season, appropriate half of the amount for something more substantial and wholesome; kiss your wife, if you have one; if you have not, kiss some pretty girl and marry her immediately—acts of desperation frequently result happily and beneficially in their efforts. If you have any children romp with them; if you have not, romp with your wife's. Look upon the bright side of everything—put on a cheerful countenance—keep your mind in the right train, and if you find that your native town does not support you, pack up and volunteer for the war. At all events, be cheerful.

FRANCE MES IS TRUSTWORTHY.—Some of our citizens of the "seceded" persuasion are in trouble and grievously afflicted—consternation is visible on their countenances. They were, it seems, foolish enough to disregard the Act of Congress and the President's proclamation, prohibiting intercourse with the rebellious States—so they entrusted quite a mail to a certain Dan Showalter, for conveyance overland to the dominions of J. F. Said Showalter having been arrested, and placed in incarceration, the letters fell into the hands of the Philistines, i. e. the U. S. Marshal, who consequently pay our town a visit, "on official business," shortly. If people won't obey the