

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

VOL. VII—NO. 6.

#4 IN ADVANCE.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DESINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r.
Office over Clungey & Drum's Stables.

Subscription—One year, in advance, Four Dollars; otherwise, Five Dollars. Six months, Two Dollars and Fifty cents. No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements—One square (12 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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By application to Postmasters and Mail Carriers, you can learn that the OREGON SENTINEL has by far a larger circulation in the counties of Jackson, Josephine and Douglas, Oregon, and Del Norte, California, than any other paper. This fact should commend the SENTINEL to you as a superior medium for advertising.

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AND

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Jacksonville, Oregon.

November 24, 1861.

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

Oct. 26-31

JAMES M. PYLE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Roseburg, Douglas County, 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.

October 26-31

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.

July 25-19

C. P. SPRAGUE,

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KERRYVILLE, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OGN.

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care.

April 12, 1861-13th

W. G. T'VAULT,

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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. 19-5m

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Jacksonville, Oregon.

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PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

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Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. If called on at any time, he will be glad to call at any of the latest improvements. If called on at any time, he will be glad to call at any of the latest improvements.

Barber Shop,

near of "New State Saloon," on Third St.

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

Also, a genuine article of Fish's Hair Restorative, and Cuticle's Excelsior Hair Dye for sale.

SEWALL TRAX,

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OFFICE, AT THE COUNTY BUILDING,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

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

Jacksonville, May 11th, 1861. 17-11

Picking Hops.

On the hills of old Otego,
By her brightly gleaming lake,
Where the sound of horn and hunter
Sylvan echoes love to wake,
Where the leaves of twining verdure
Climber to the sapling's tops,
I sat beside sweet Minnie Wilder,
In the great field picking hops.

Then the clusters green and golden
Binding in her sunny hair,
Half afraid yet very earnest,
I looking in her face so fair!
Speaking low, while Squire Von Lager
Talked of past and coming crops,
Said I, "Minnie, should a soldier
Stay at home here picking hops?"

"While the country, torn and tender,
Calls for men like me to fight,
And the voice of patriots pleading
Asks for hands to guard the right;
While from hearts of heroes slaughtered
Still the life-blood slowly drops,
Can I—shall I stay beside you,
Minnie, darling, picking hops?"

Very pale the cheek was growing,
And the hand I held was cold;
But the eye was bright and glowing,
While my troubled thought was told;
Yet her voice was clear and steady
Without sighs, or tears, or stops,
When she answered speaking quickly,
"Is women's work, this picking hops?"

"Men should be where duty calls them,
Women stay at home and pray
For the gallant absent soldier,
Proud to know he would not stay."
"Bravely spoken, darling Minnie!"
Then I kissed her golden locks,
Breathed anew a soldier's promise,
As we sat there picking hops.

Now I go away to-morrow,
And I'll dare to do or die,
Win a leader's straps and sword, love,
Or 'mid fallen heroes lie,
Then when all of earth is fading,
And the fluttering life-pulse stops,
Still 'mid thoughts of home and heaven,
I'll remember picking hops.

Winter Traveling—A Trip from Salmon River, as Narrated by T. S. Jeffries.

The following sketch is from the pen of the late I. E. Jagger.

Left Florence City, Dec. 20th, 1861; arrived at Slate Creek, Dec. 21st—distance 25 miles. Laid by three days. Were there joined by Dr. Gay. Left Slate Creek, Dec. 24th; snow two inches deep; crossed Caninus Prairie and arrived at the tent, at the forks of the trail, at midnight—distance 40 miles; started on the morning of the 26th, and got to Crater's saw mill the following night, distance 20 miles; thence to Lewiston, distance 20 miles; snow six inches deep; stopped at Lewiston two days; were there joined by Chas. Wilson and Richard Bolton, from Salmon; while there, a robbery, and possibly a murder occurred, as follows: Three Germans (names forgotten) had erected a shake house with canvas door and windows. One of the Germans, unknown to the others, had in his possession about \$500 in coin. On the night named, two men came in masked, with a canalic it, revolvers cocked, and demanded their money. One of the men jumped out of the bed, when one of the robbers commenced shooting, and shot the German three times—once in the head, once in the stomach and once in the hip. In the meantime one of the other Germans, seeing that no quarters were to be given, clinched one of the robbers, and threw him down, whereupon the other robber shot at him, but in the scuffle shot his accomplice through mistake. The third German, a little tailor, from Walla Walla, (the one with the money,) crawled out and run away, leaving his money in the bed, which the robbers took and left. The next morning the robbers were tracked by blood to the bank of Charwater and from thence all traces of them were lost. The citizens of Lewiston offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the robbers.

To continue our journey, we left Lewiston on the morning of the 29th, in company with I. E. Jagger, who brought the express to Walla Walla. Found the ferry boat on Snake river gone—caused by some drunken Indians trying to go across in the night. They not knowing how to manage the boat, it broke away, and drifted down the river, leaving us to swim our horses, which was done without an accident. We did not arrive at Turner's till 10 p. m.—distance 25 miles. Snow on the divide one foot in depth. Left on the following morning in a big snow storm, and arrived at Stubb's on the Touchet, at 8 p. m., still snowing. Started the following morning—snow one foot deep. Arrived at Walla Walla, Dec. 31st at 5 p. m.

Spent New Year's in sleigh riding, and loafing about the lively town. In the evening all hands went to the theater to see Miss Sue Robinson and the Robinson family in general, perform the play of "Perfection."

After waiting for the stage, which was held time, owing to Miller's portion of the line being not up to time, we managed to get away on Blackmore's stage, on Saturday morning, Jan. 4th 1862. We went on our way rejoicing, for we all wanted to get down to the land of big red apples—some pretended to say to wet our wigs. We were here joined by John James, Tanny & Co.'s express messenger, W. A. Moody, Mr. Niles and H. Wellington.

Arrived at the Umatilla House, at 6 o'clock—distance 40 miles; snow fifteen inches deep. Left on the following morning and arrived at Wells Springs, at 5 o'clock. Expected to find at this station Miller's stage, which should, according to schedule, have been there nearly

a week previous, and found that the passengers who had been brought down on the previous trip of the stage had to walk to the next station, and were there waiting still for Miller. Two of the passengers in the transit from their feet, and we should not be surprised if they made Miller smart for it.

For the benefit of the traveling public, we will give a description of Wells Spring station, where passengers are expected to stop for a night. It is a building 50 by 30 feet, without a floor, save the mother earth. In the building we found two stoves, without pipe connected to them. Here we only were able to get a cup of coffee, one of the party had about a pound of crackers, which he divided among nine men, who had nothing to eat since daylight in the morning. There was but an armful of wood to be had about the premises, which we bought, paying two dollars for it. After it was burned up, agreeable to Blackmore's orders, "if Miller is not at Wells Springs, go on till you meet him," we left Wells Springs at 12 o'clock, a. m. It was so dark we were unable to keep the road without some one going ahead with a lantern to pilot the way. It was 15 miles to Willow Creek station, so we took turns until the little horses of Miller's were unable to haul us. All footed it, helping the stage up the hills, which by the way, are not a few. We arrived at Willow Creek at daylight, and we found passengers of previous trip down. Got a tip-top breakfast. Left at eight o'clock, a. m., and arrived at John Day's river at dark—distance, 25 miles, hungry and tired. Here we found a house; went in, inquired for food for ourselves and fodder for the horses. We were told that we could have nothing, as they had no provisions. And an Irishman, whom we supposed was the landlord, by the air he put on, said we had better camp down the river, in a lot of willows as he could not entertain us. We told him we were cold, had no axe, and were going to stop right where we were; and more, if there was anything to eat in the house we wanted it, would pay well for everything, &c. Whereupon he brought out three biscuits for nine hungry men. We said we would take an inventory of the kitchen, where we found cornmeal, bacon, beans, liquor, &c., which we helped ourselves to, and some went to work cutting wood, others cooking, and in the course of an hour had supper for all. Next morning we expected to start at daylight, but to our disappointment, Mr. Scott, the owner of the ferry, gave word to his man not to cross the boat, on account of drift ice, which in reality, need not have stopped the ferry boat, as on the arrival of Miller's stage, two days after, the boat was crossed, the ice even worse than when we arrived. As there was no food for the horses, we reluctantly let the stage driver, John Stephens, help himself to the driver, John Stephens, for the willingness to put us through to the Dalles, although he had driven night and day. After waiting two days, we were setting around a poor fire, when one rushed in and said Miller's stage was coming down the hill, on the other side of the river.

We all gave three cheers. Saw it drive on the boat, and soon was on this side, when to our disappointment we were told that they were bound for Walla Walla, with passengers bound through. James, Tracy & Co.'s messenger, sent eight miles up the river for four horses, we having got a wagon already borrowed, to take the express treasure and passengers, which fortunately came, and the day following we expected to get away early, but a snow storm came up in the evening previous, after which a big wind drifted the road so full of snow that we were unable to go a hundred yards. So back again we started for the house which had kept us for four days already.

To return a little in our story, the next day after our arrival we found the airy Irishman was not the real landlord, but an old man, who loves whiskey and hates snakes, was the man, and a cross old fellow he was, but we were so many, and he naturally weakened when he saw us call a meeting and take things into our hands. We found provision not so bountiful in the house as so many men would require, provided we should have to remain here any length of time, so we took a look in the barn, and found lots of provisions of different kinds, the property of C. Jacobs, of Walla Walla, which we were right glad to find, and when the landlord said we must not take any of them, with one accord all said "they knew Jacobs," and on that ground took what they wanted, keeping a strict account of the same, wherein we might pay for what we used. Owing to the probability of our remaining weeks, perhaps, at this place, and as there was a disposition on the part of some to grumble when work was to be done, all were called to order. On motion, I. E. Jagger was elected President, and John James, Secretary. On motion, the following occupations were written on strips of paper and placed in a hat, and each drawing his position as follows: W. A. Moody, Eugene City, commissary; Dr. J. A. Gay, Eugene City, woodman No. 1; T. J. Jeffries, Bethel, Polk county, woodman No. 2; R. Bolton, Sallor Diggins, California, cook No. 1; F. M. Allpin, Umatilla, Oregon, cook No. 2; John James, Walla Walla, dishwasher No. 1; C. Wilson, dishwasher No. 2; H. Wellington, California, water-tender; I. E. Jagger, steward, stoker and slush lamp man.

All agreed to fill their stations, and so it was proved by demonstration. Finding no way to get to the Des Chutes, on Sunday morning, 12th instant, Messrs. Moody, Gay, Allpin and Davis started on foot through the snow, wherein a team might be sent to us to take the express treasure, and our luggage.

The War and the Negroes—President Lincoln's Position.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says the following statement of the President's opinions may be accepted as true beyond the possibility of contradiction:

The President is resolutely determined to veto any scheme whatever, involving the emancipation of negroes, in such a manner that they are turned loose upon the Southern States on an equality with the white occupying of the soil. He, on Saturday evening, uttered the following words: "Emancipation would be equivalent to a John Brown raid, on a gigantic scale. Our position is surrounded with a sufficient number of dangers already. Abolition would throw against us, irrevocably, the four States, of Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland, which it is costing the nation such efforts to regain. We have our hands full as it is, and if there is to be any such suicidal legislation, we might as well cut loose at once, and begin taking up the arteries to prevent our bleeding to death." My informant has given me these words that fell from the President's lips, as nearly as he could remember them, and thinks they are exactly what he said. He spoke forcibly and energetically, deprecating as worse than useless, from whatever point of view it might be regarded, the fanatical disturbance which the ultras of Congress are endeavoring to create.

The most farsighted statesmen of the Cabinet, the Senate and the House are persuaded that the armies of the loyal States are no more likely to return to their frozen homes, after experiencing the delights of the charming climate of the fruitful and sunny South, than the Goths and Vandals of centuries bygone were to withdraw from the Italian paradise they had occupied, into the wilderness from whence their horrids poured forth to overrun the world. The Government of the United States will never be strong enough to induce the six hundred thousand troops about entering the rebel States, to abandon the region their arms shall have conquered. Therefore emancipating negroes would not be turning them loose against the present rebel population of the South; but against the Northern invaders of the Southern soil that are to be its future occupiers, who will never consent to reside north of the Potomac again, and who will permit no competition, by an inferior race, with their future laborers.

According to the best information that Government can obtain, the vast majority of the non-slaveholders of the South are either already loyal or disposed to return to their allegiance to the United States. Radical demagogues had persuaded them that the intention of the north, if successful, was to liberate the slave, whom they simply excrete, because they are their unnatural rivals; treated better than they are themselves; and living on the fat of the land, at their expense. "Poor white trash," is a common expression among the well-to-do black laborers of plantations, with reference to the non-slaveholders who vainly strive to eke out the existence which, for them, is made comparatively comfortable. Rather than witness the emancipation of four millions of black barbarians, who are their natural enemies, and whom they hate equally with their owners, the non-slaveholders would fight to the death; but, as they have begun to become aware that neither our armies, nor the Administration, have any intention to raise them to the dignity of equals with the whites, they are beginning to see the folly and uselessness of the war. This is proved by the practical suppression of the right of suffrage by the rebel Government. Jefferson Davis and his associates tremble at the thought of submitting their future destinies to a popular vote. They know better than others that the mild and judicious policy of President Lincoln has nearly destroyed their own prestige, and that the pulse of the South yearns for peace. Our armies who will occupy the South and remain there, and the non-slaveholders of the Southern States, are natural allies. The common end both will, hereafter, have in view, will be the unfeigned possession of the soil by white men, and the emancipation of the latter from the cruelty of negro influence. This influence, bad as it may be while the blacks are slaves, would be tenfold worse if they were free, and there for emancipation and a reunion of the States are wholly incompatible.

In view of these circumstances, President Lincoln favors the plan of colonization. Believing in the theory of a natural fitness of races for a particular zone; thoroughly aware that the majority of the inhabitants of the border States, from the earliest days of the career of Henry Clay, up to the present hour, have been in favor of the total occupation of the soil of these States by whites, and the removal of blacks; a disciple of the school of Jefferson and Madison, which desired to make of Central America a region which inhabited by negroes, would supply the whole world with cotton and sugar—the India of the United States; and convinced that the country is abundantly able to pay the value of the slaves colonized out of the confiscated property of pertinacious rebels, Mr. Lincoln has presented the colonization scheme favorably in his message, and it will be sustained by him to the fullest extent of his power.

The Cap of Liberty on the half dollar, means this: After the death of Julius Caesar, the conspirators marched out with a cap as the emblem of liberty, carried on a spear—the cap without the head indicated the tyrant had lost his power. For that fact and for this reason it has ever since been an emblem of liberty.

Representative Men.

The American people may congratulate themselves upon an Administration composed of the representative men of the country. Spring from a hardy stock of backwoods yeomanry—neither rich nor poor—the President himself is, in the strictest sense, one of the common people. Amongst this class his whole life has been spent; they are master of his sympathies; their welfare is the object of his highest ambition; to him the aristocratic elements of society appeal in vain for favor or exclusive privileges. The political and social theories of Mr. Lincoln and the highly school of the Hammond, Bletts, and Pickens, are as widely separated as the poles. With the latter, Democracy is an idea by which the few are to govern and oppress the many; with the President and his class, the word has lost none of its primitive significance—the people are regarded as the masters of the aristocrats, and their welfare, education and advance to the highest position of honor and respect, are the first objects of Government. In these views the President is sustained by his entire Cabinet, which is also composed, without exception, we believe, of men who sprung from the "mud-sills" of society, and who, of course, fraternize with free labor.

Something over half a century ago, a youth of adventurous, self-reliant nature, stepped ashore at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, from a lumber raft which had floated him south on the Susquehanna from New York State. He was destitute of trunk or baggage, and a few shillings in money was all that lined his pockets. He had none of those advantages which education imparts to the youthful adventurer. He had nothing but indomitable will, and the enterprise with which few institutions invests human effort. He applied for employment in a printing office, and obtained it. From the lowly position of roller-boy and paper carrier, he worked himself up by regular gradations to the editorial room and proprietor's press. He soon excelled in the highest sphere of his business, and wary politicians were anxious to consult with our whiling printer boy on the gravest affairs of the nation. From the editorial room he entered a bank as its leading financier. His thorough business education obtained in the practical school of experience, soon made him a leading financial manager for many banking institutions. His skill in a crisis saved all these from ruin, and at once the printer boy was at the head of the financiers of the state of Pennsylvania. He became rich—beyond the wildest dreams of avarice—"almost without an effort." He enriched his friends as well. That he was always strictly scrupulous is not to have been expected of one so balled and jostled in the hard uneven road he trod from lowly life to the goal of his ambition. At the age of sixty our printer boy finds himself not only a millionaire but occupying a seat in the Senate of the United States, among the magnates of the earth. At the age of sixty six he is Secretary of War, still displaying an energy and administrative power which no mere aristocratic theorist, however accomplished, could master. This is a brief sketch of General Simon Cameron, who stands with Seward and Chase as one of the foremost men of the age.

Forty years ago, William H. Seward earned his bread by teaching school among the plantations of South Carolina, and thus early in life, no doubt satisfied himself of the social and political evil of negro slavery, and the noble virtues of Free labor. He is now giving experience in a lesson it is likely to remember for centuries. Forty-five years ago, a youth of twenty-one approached the then small town of St. Louis, from the northern shore of the Mississippi; his only property a horse, saddle and bridle, his only accomplishments such an education as he could acquire in an "old field" school, and the rudiments of the law. But inside of his jacket beat an honest heart and firm purpose. He labored at his profession, grew rich as the city expanded, held slaves, but freed them as soon as he found by experience that the labor of freemen, was superior to that of slaves. He was honored with a seat in Congress; held a potent voice among the commercial and industrial classes of the Great West; and, even before he filled his present seat in the Cabinet, as Attorney General of the United States, the name of Edward Bates was a power in the land, at the mention of which Freedom and Free Labor caught new inspiration.

These are the representative men of this age and country. Their ideas are responded to by twenty-four millions of freemen. Their antipodes are the traitor aristocrats—the Davises, Hammonds, Bletts, Beauregards, Paucy, Benjamins, Gwins, Siddells and Masons, who do not feel with or for the people; who believe in aristocracy as an institution fit to be ingrained into our society and politics, and who, to accomplish the details of their infamous theory, have thrown the country into civil war.—Stockton Independent.

COL. BAKER'S ELOQUENCE.—The following gem is from one of his speeches:

"Right and duty are always majestic ideas. They march as an inviolable guard in the van of all true progress. They animate the loftiest spirits in the public assemblies; they nerve the arm of the warrior; they kindle the soul of the statesman, and the imagination of the poet; they sweeten every reward, they console every defeat. They are of themselves an indissoluble chain which binds feeble, erring humanity to the throne of God."

Mother—a pleasant song—a sweet vision of childhood.

Foreign Sympathy.

With the single solitary exception of Russia, we have received little or no sympathy from any nation in Europe, so far during the present rebellion. The nation from which we had a right to expect moral support, at least, has been our worst enemy. To procure the release of Mason and Pickens, Lord Palmerston did not hesitate to repudiate the course which Great Britain has for centuries pursued towards neutrals. It was, however, essentially a barren triumph. They have Mason and Pickens, we presume, will give them an ovation as soon as they set foot on British soil, but to get them they have been forced to surrender pretensions which, less than a century ago, forced Europe into arms.

But, though the speck of war which grew out of the seizure of the rebel emissaries has disappeared from the horizon, the late news from Europe does not look as promising as might be desired. We read in the English papers that Great Britain now wants guarantees for the future, and the *Moniteur* declares that the sealing of the port of Charleston has excited the indignation of Europe. The truth is, it is folly to expect sympathy or support from any of the monarchical Governments of the old world. Our institutions are not only diametrically opposite, but positively antagonistic. The United States are and have been a standing menace to the thrones of hereditary despots, in this way: There is not a nation in Europe which has not a large representation in America. They came here on the invitation of our liberal laws, have been admitted to citizenship, and have done well. This is the tone of emigrant correspondence flowing through every channel, and tends in no small degree to keep alive revolutionary elements. It furnishes Mazzini, Kossoth and the other restless spirits with arguments that cannot be answered. It is an appeal to Democracy everywhere to shake off the yoke of their rulers, and enter at once upon the enjoyment of peace and prosperity—the handiwork of Republican institutions.

It is for these reasons that there is not a government in the Old World, save that of Switzerland—and possibly Russia, for she is to a certain extent isolated in Europe, and being at heart but semi-civilized, can have little to dread from us—which would not rejoice in the downfall of the power of the United States. It would do more to strengthen the thrones of the present rulers, than millions of conquests, for when their subjects became native and discontented, their organs and mouth pieces would inquire, "What do you propose to do? Establish a democratic form of government? The Americans tried that experiment, and after eighty years of continual turmoil, burst up, and constitute no nation at all now. Do you, without experience, expect to do better than a people which, for nearly a century, had been educating themselves up to the form of government you now propose to erect for yourselves, but were forced to give it up because it was visionary, unreal and useless? Rest content. The institutions under which you live are the wisest ever formed by man. There is no happiness, collectively, except the "divine right," as the foundation of the national superstructure.

And it is an argument which, it must be admitted, would carry with it a great deal of weight. To engage in revolution, except to change one ruler for another, would be absurd; for, with the downfall of the United States, our government would receive a blow from which it would never recover until the millennium arrived. Under such circumstances it is not difficult to understand the carrying spirit which has been exhibited all around. Aristocracy has no love for Democracy. There is a perpetual war between the two. If the former should triumph in this struggle, kings, lords and nobles would "rule the roost," to the end of the chapter, no matter how far distant that interesting period may be. There is no use shutting our eyes to these facts. They exist, and must be confronted. We do not think that any of them would dare to interfere directly with our affairs, for we have the sympathy of the masses; but everything that can be done covertly to injure us will find ready instruments.—Alta Californian.

GOOD FOR JESSE.—The Cincinnati papers tell us of the following good one, by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, on her recent visit to the Capital to ferret out the origin of the hostility which had manifested itself towards her husband. At one of these interviews with the President, Mr. Blair, son, father of the Postmaster General, and Frank P. Blair, were present. After some preliminary conversation, Mr. Blair turned to Mrs. Fremont and commenced the dialogue which follows:

BLAIR.—Mrs. Fremont, allow me to say to you, that in my judgment, Madame, your proper place is at the head of your husband's household at St. Louis, and this interfering with the affairs of the State is, to say the least of it, very bad taste on your part. And, in conclusion, I wish you to understand that here is where we make men and unmake them."

JESSE.—Mr. Blair, permit me to say to you, that I have seen some men of your making, and if they are the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business."

SOUND REASONING.—In a recent case of assault the defendant pleaded guilty. Said he: "I think I must be guilty, because the plaintiff and I were the only persons in the room, and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled over the table. You'd better call it guilty."

How Gen. Halleck Comes Down on the Secesh Residents of St. Louis.

The assessment of \$10,000 on the Secessionists at St. Louis for the benefit of Union refugees from the interior of Missouri, is now being collected. The following is the form of the notice served on the assessed parties.

Office of the Provost Marshal General of the Department of the Missouri, St. Louis, Mo., —, 1862.

You are hereby notified that, pursuant to General Orders No. 24, from the head quarters of the Department of Missouri, directing a levy upon the friends of the enemy for charitable purposes, you have been assessed the sum of — hundred dollars, as your contribution in aid of the suffering families driven by the rebels from Southwestern Missouri.

You will, therefore, pay the amount so assessed, or its equivalent in clothing, provisions, or quarters, to me within five days after the service of this notice upon you; or, in default thereof, execution will be issued against your property for sufficient to satisfy the assessment, cost, and 25 per cent. penalty in addition. Should you elect to pay your assessment in clothing, provisions, or quarters, you will give notice of such intention to this office, accompanying the same with an inventory and description of the articles, or of the situation and value of the quarters tendered, which will be accepted, subjected to an appraisal by me.

BARNUM is always ready with a good story. His latest is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, Jr., who has been very active in fitting out regiments for the war. Mr. Howe has spent thousands of dollars in this way and taken so great an interest in military affairs that he has had but little time to attend to anything else. One day a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman with a subscription list. He desired Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church. "A new church?" replied Howe, "ah, a new church, I don't think I can give anything because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can think of nothing else." The deacon looked dejected. Mr. Howe seemed firm and determined not to give a red. At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called. "The church of St. Peter, sir," was the reply. "Ah, the church of St. Peter," replied Howe, "well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to *sublime*."

LAUGHING AND SCOLDING.—If laughter begets fat, it is no less true that scolding is the parent of meanness. Who ever saw a plump ferretant? The virago is scraggy—scragginess is the badge of her tribe. It would seem that the attrition of a force exacting temper gives sharpness to the human frame as invariably as a grindstone puts a wire edge on a broad-axe. Artists understand this fact and govern themselves accordingly. They invariably represent ladies supposed to be given to "the rampage" as remarkable high in bone, Schwens are thus depicted in comic valentines, and all the illustrations of "Curtain lectures" have represented the "rib" of Mr. Caudle without a particle of fat. Lovers, referring to female fishbrands, says flatly to their faces, that their noses are sharp. We have a dim idea that he mentions some exceptional case of ladies with umbones, who are given to snubbing their husbands; but these form a mid variety, and only a small proportion of the genius scold.

A CHERRING VIEW OF THE FLOODS.—The *Petaluma Journal* of Saturday says: "Those heavy rains can do us no harm, but they prove that they are just what the country has needed for a long time. It is a theory of a scientific writer, whose name we cannot at this time recall, that for the want of just such rains as we have lately had, the earth each year becomes less and less moist, and vegetation of course so much the sooner dries up. Rains like the present, that completely saturate the ground, help to keep it moist and in good working order for years. Although the surface may become dry, yet hidden wells like burning springs, send through the earth the moisture for the roots that invigorates and keeps green and growing the leaf above. In all this there is much of truth. Fail not then to anticipate the demands which will be made on all of you who are agriculturists, to take to market next fall liberal supplies of the productions of your land."

Old Abe is reported as saying that he was glad he had but four years to stay in Washington. "When I left Springfield," remarked the President, "I was reputed an honest man, but I hardly know here what my friends call me. I am beset by hundreds of men anxious for place, and in the hurry of the moment I sometimes give encouragement to people, who in consequence charge me with want of truth; if they do not receive the office for which they apply. It is much easier to maintain a fair reputation in Springfield than Washington."

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