

# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

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## THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DENLINGER, Prop'r and Print'r.  
Office over Clugage & Drum's Stables.

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**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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Jacksonville, Oregon.

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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS  
AND  
ACCOUCHERS,  
Jacksonville, Oregon.  
November 22, 1861. 42

**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, 61.

**RYE & MALLORY,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Roseburg, Douglas County, Oreg.

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, 61.

**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. 17-25-19

**C. P. SPRAGUE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
KREBYVILLE, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREG.

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care. April 13, 1861—1317

**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. 19:5m

**PETER BRITT,**  
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Jacksonville, Oregon.  
Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. If you do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at Frank's Clear Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures. 1117

**DAN'S Barber Shop,**  
Rear of "New State Saloon" on Third St.  
SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing Cur-ling and Hair Dyeing.  
Also, a genuine article of Fiel's Hair Restorative, and Cristadoro's Resplendent Hair Dye for sale. Jacksonville, Jan. 26, '61

**L. H. DEWEY**  
HAS opened a shop opposite Anderson & Glenn's, on California street, in Dr. L. Ganung's drug store, for repairing  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.  
All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jacksonville, Dec. 22d, 1860. 49:17

**PAUK-SADDLES** constantly on hand at my Harness and Saddlery establishment, HENRY JUDGE.

**JOB PRINTING** of all descriptions neatly executed at the SENTINEL OFFICE.

## The Parting Hour.

The San Francisco Call says the following excellent poem was written by the late Edward Pollock, the gifted California poet, on the 6th of January, 1857, and has never been published before. It was given by the poet to a friend who was about to depart on a steamer for Oregon, Pollock saying: "Take this. You may perhaps, read and appreciate the sentiment long after I have ceased to be among the living."

"There's something in the parting hour  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part:  
But this I've seen—and many a pang  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier  
Than those he leaves behind.  
No matter what the journey,  
Adventurous, dangerous, far,  
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,  
To solitude or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dreads,  
In all of human kind,  
And they who go are happier  
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home  
With doubts and with tears,  
But does not hope her rainbow shadow  
Across her cloudy fair:  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
With comfort can she find  
But this—the gone is happier  
Than one she leaves behind!

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?  
An old and valued friend?  
Be sure your term of sweet converse  
At length will have an end!  
And when you part—as part you will—  
O, take it not unkind  
If he who goes is happier  
Than you he leaves behind!

God will it so—and so it is:  
The pilgrims on their way,  
The worn and weak, more cheerful are  
Than all the rest who stay.  
And when, at last, poor Man subdued,  
Lies down to death resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind!"

## Choose Between Loyalty and Treason.

This following is an extract from the speech of Daniel S. Dickinson, the old Democratic war-horse, delivered at Cooper Institute, New York:

"You who aid this rebellion in any form, or in any manner, direct or indirect, remote or immediate, are as guilty as he who is in arms against the Government. You are the peace men in a loyal State, and are encouraging one of the most wicked, one of the most causeless, most damnable rebellions that ever existed among men. Apologizing for it when you have seen your soldiers march forward to the defense of the National Capital, you have seen them buried in bloody graves; you have seen them murdered and stricken down, and still you would apologize for them, and you are opposed to the war. Yes, I am opposed to the war; so much opposed to it that I would bring out, if it were possible, the red artillery of Heaven to crush this rebellion. You are a mother whose son went a few days since and was slain upon the battlefield. Peace men, look upon her while the blood of her son is dripping from her fingers. Why was her son slain? Because you were encouraging on treason and rebellion. And but yesterday a young bride was called upon to weave with widow's weeds the bridal wreath, and you were the cause of that, and why? Because you were holding out aid and encouragement to this accursed rebellion; your hands are stained with the blood of her husband. Look at that little group of children surrounding a widowed mother. At these she looks; at these she trembles; and the little children fall back aghast, lest the murderers of the husband shall be the murderers of the children also. Raise your bloody hands to heaven, if you can, and aid on this rebellion further, you infamous wretch.

There is a great and impassable gulf as wide and as deep between fidelity and treason, as that which separated the rich man from Lazarus, and the time will soon come when there will be no passing through from one side to the other. You gentlemen who are quivering in your shoes, whoever you are—your peace men—fly from the Sodom and Gomorrah of treason when you have a choice. The storm of popular indignation is a good deal nearer than you imagine, and the fire and brimstone that will descend upon you is not far in the distance. Then up with you—don't stand there faltering. The day of peace propositions is over—it is treason now; you are marked out as an object of scorn; you can no longer be in favor of the Union, with a dagger in your hand, aimed at its vitals; you can no longer be in favor of prosecuting the war and throwing querulous objections in the face of the Administration, beset with every difficulty. If you mean to aid it along, come on with you and shoulder your muskets; if you do not, shoulder your musket and go into the opposition ranks. Start off—we will give you a good ride, and play you out with the Rogue's March. But none of your being upon both sides—not in favor of your country and against it—in favor of the Union and against it—in favor of prosecuting the war and against the Administration, with every embarrassment you can bring around it. No, the great hall is opened; choose your partners and take your position on the floor, and we will see whether you can keep step to the music of the Union or not.

## The Storming of Fort Donelson.

The N. Y. World's army correspondent at Fort Donelson gives the following graphic description of the storming of that fort:

"The task of accomplishing the delicate and dangerous enterprise of taking Fort Donelson by storm, was accorded to Gen. Smith. Gen. McClernand had tried it thrice and failed, not for want of pluck or men, but the position of the enemy was better defended and less easily approached, although more easily seen. The task fell into able hands. Some imputations have before now been thrown upon General Smith's loyalty by malicious rivals, but yesterday did the general not only indicate his loyalty, but his ability and skill to wield an army of soldiers—to wield them easily and to wield them well. His division was divided for the attack into two brigades: one under Col. Cook, including the 7th Illinois, 12th Iowa, 13th Missouri, 50th Illinois, and 52d Indiana; the other under Col. Lauman, with the 2d, 7th and 14th Iowa, 25th Indiana and 13th Missouri.

Col. Cook took the right of the attack, menacing the centre of the enemy's position. Opposed to them were six Tennessee regiments, commanded by Col. Sags, Baily, Head, Quarles, Brown and Coombs, with the 2d Kentucky Regiment. Col. Cook took his men straight up the side of the hill at the highest portion of the fortifications and the farthest removed from the river. The regiments went up the sides of the hill, and then encountered the barricade of filled timber and brushwood. The enemy's infantry kept a rain of fire upon them. A 34-pound gun, in battery poured down grape and shell upon them, not, however, with very fatal effect. The men stood it without flinching, the lines remaining unbroken. In accordance with the plan of attack, it was decided that the brigade of Col. Cook should engage the enemy on the right, while Lauman's brigade should make the entire into the works further on the left. He kept up an incessant fire of infantry, engaging the Tennesseans, who were safely ensconced behind the earthworks. On the right, however, lay an open space, up which climbed the brigade of Lauman. The 2d Iowa led the charge, followed by the rest in their order. The slight was sublime. Onward they sped, heedless of the bullets and balls of the enemy above. The hill was so steep, the timber cleared, that the rebels had left a gap in their line of rifle pits on the crest of hill. Through this gap they were bound to go. Right up they went, slanting up so steeply, that the line of muskets cutting advancing regularly forward, the white line of smoke from the top of the works opposed by a line from our troops.

They reach the top! Numbers fall. The suspense is breathless! See, they climb over the works! They fall—they are hat! Another group, and still another and another, close up the gap! All is covered with smoke! The judgment is made—the troops swarm up the hill-side, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun. The firing slackens. What is more wonderful is, that Capt. Stone's battery of rifled 10-pounders, close behind the brigade, is tugging up the hill, the horses plunging and riders whipping. Upward they go, where never vehicle went before, up the precipitous and clogged sides of the hill. No sooner on the crest than the guns are unlimbered, the men at their posts. Percussion shells and canister are shot apudly from the Parrot guns at the flying enemy. The day is gained—a position is taken—the troops surround the guns, and the enemy has deserted his post. The 34-pounder which had caused so much havoc is silenced by Col. Cook's Brigade, and the rebels fly to the main fort in alarm. The day is gained! The foe is routing! Cheers upon cheers rent the air, and in a few minutes all is hushed.

In the midst of all this warm work there rode the white haired Gen. Smith, his snowy mustaches standing out like bristles, his hand waving majestically, his bearing erect and proud—undaunted by the deadly hail, and unmoved at the brilliant success. Sure of his point, his batteries placed, the enemy's guns are turned upon them, and he ordered his reserve into line with all the coolness of a Hamhal. An offer comes to him of more troops. "Thank you gentlemen; I think we have already more than enough," calmly replies the General, and in fifteen minutes the lines was disposed of for the night. The loss to our forces was small compared to the amount of firing. Our loss in the storming of the works will not exceed 200 killed and wounded. That of the enemy must have been at least three hundred, notwithstanding that they were outbreathed behind breast works.

What followed may be told in a few words. The enemy seeing that we had gained one of his strongest positions, successfully repulsed him in his most daring attempts to raise the siege, took advantage of the darkness, called a council of war, in which it was determined to surrender. With all the haste possible some 7,000 troops were dispatched up the river by night. The rebel Gens. Floyd and Pillow made their escape. The fort, with all its contents, fell into our hands. More than 12,000 prisoners, two Brigadier-Gens. Buckner and H. K. Johnson, with 20 colonels and other officers in proportion; 65 cannon, 48 field and 17 siege, \$1,500,000 in stores, provisions and equipments—a glorious result, purchased at a comparatively small loss."

An editor says when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was politely requested by the jailor "to give the prison a pull."

## Almost Cut to Pieces.

Fort Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 17, 1862.

My Dear Father—Sad, lonely, and down-hearted, I attempt to write you a few lines, to let you know that I am unhurt. We have had a most bloody fight; there must have been five thousand to seven thousand men killed and wounded on both sides. But the enemy surrendered on Saturday evening, we having taken thirteen thousand prisoners. But, dear father, the hardest part of the story is, that out of eighty-five men in my company, only seven came out—the most wholesale slaughter that was ever heard of.

My company was the color company, at which the rebels took particular aim; as fast as one man who carried it would be shot another would take his place, but the flag was brought through. Only one hundred and sixteen men remain in the 11th Regiment uninjured.

Do not wonder, dear father, that I am down-hearted. My boys all loved me, and need I say that, in looking at the poor remnant of my company—the men that I have taken so much pains to drill; the men that I thought so much of, now nearly all in their graves—I feel melancholy. But do not complain; God spared my life, and for what, the future must tell. I will write you soon again.

The Eleventh Regiment will, I think, (what is remaining), be left to guard the prisoners at Cairo or Alton, whilst they recruit. Whether I shall attempt to raise another company, I do not know at present. Good-bye. Let the folks at home know I am safe. Yours, affectionately,  
L. D. WADDELL, Capt. Comp. E.  
Eleventh Reg. Ill. Vol.  
(What is left of it.)  
Wm. C. H. Wadwell, Esq., N. Y.

**COST NOT COUNTED.**—That excellent paper, the Red Hussar Independent, in commenting upon the effects of the recent glorious Federal victories, thus closes an article:

One by one, their strongholds have fallen, and the Union hosts are in the heart of Secession. But what a change in the tone of the rebel journals! Despair is written over their doors and breathed in their columns, and the natural result of despair is recklessness, and they foolishly talk of fighting until the last man expires, and, says one journal: "If this country (Southern Confederacy) is to escape the miseries of a protracted war which may render the Confederacy a hell on earth, this war should be made one of extermination." They have on several occasions raised the black flag, but the white has each time soon after followed it. The leaders of the rebellion vainly flatter themselves that the South cannot be conquered—just as if Southern men were an exception to all general rules; just as if they were not sensible beings, and governed by the same circumstances as any other people. When they find their cause is gone, like any other people of common sense, they will gracefully submit to the Government they vainly thought to overthrow, notwithstanding the insane ravings of their leaders who see visions of the halber looming up but a little way in the distance. Their papers tell us that already "traitors and Tories" (Union men) fill their streets and invite the invader to their rivers and coasts. These same "traitors and Tories" (Union men) will increase and accumulate, and make themselves known as fast as the oppressive and grinding unwarlike which keeps them down is broken, by the presence of Federal troops. The idea that rebels cannot be conquered, and that the Federal Government can never again extend its authority over Southern soil, is all a fancy. The people of the North and South will know each other better after the close of the war; they will respect each other more, for the South will learn that the true chivalrous spirit is not confined to the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line, and that the great North is not composed of a race of flunkys, but rather of a people as chivalrous and brave as any on the face of the earth.

**THE DARK DAY AT RICHMOND.**—If the solemn face of the inauguration at Richmond, which desecrated the birthday of Washington, had been suddenly arrested by the appearance of a National army, we doubt whether the dismay and grief of the chief participants would have been greater than they really were, on the occasion, by the bursting of the storm in another quarter. It seems altogether probable that at the very hour appointed for the ceremony, the President elected was apprised by telegraph of the occupation of the Capital Tennessee by Gen. Buell's forces, and the disbanding of the rebel troops throughout that department of the so-called Confederacy. His game for a permanent government was up before it was fairly entered upon. His control, his power and all but the empty shadow of authority, were struck down the day before they were to throw off their provisional character. Even the Richmond press could not be kept longer in submission, for this single day, if only for the edict of the thing. The sublimity of the bursting storm was lost upon the scene, because of the indecorous taunts of the Richmond Whig the whole pageant of the morrow was to be a "bitter mockery and a miserable compensation for the ruin of a free people." "An old man with a young wife—a child with a babe," (adds that disinterested and disenchanted journal) "are partial illustrations of the deplorable folly." The funeral baked meats coldly furnished forth the marriage feast, and after this mockery came the impious proclamation of fasting and prayer!

**THE YOUNG MAN'S CAPITAL.**—It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish, to commence business themselves, yet there is a moral capital which they can have that will weigh as much as money with those people whose opinion is worth having. And does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity; to which they may add decision, firmness, courage and perseverance. With these qualities, there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man almost as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ask it; and in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him, having equal talents, and larger pecuniary means; ere long our trusted friend stands foremost, the honored, trusted and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the thing after all!

**AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.**—To accomplish this seeming incredible act requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in vinegar, and in process of time, it shall will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthwise without breaking; then insert it into the neck of a bottle, and on pouring water upon it, it will assume its former figure and hardness. This is really a curiosity, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished.

Thereafter is the father of words.

## A KENTUCKIAN SPEECH.

The Hon. Mr. Wadsworth, of Kentucky, in a late speech in the House of Representatives at Washington, said:

"Let the friends of the Union gather round its standard, and do what it becomes brave and patient men to do; let them do so; and will teach the leaders of this rebellion a bloody lesson. Overthrown in battle, they shall wander, melancholy and degraded, exiles in a foreign land, or they shall deliver up their accursed lives to the judgment of the courts of the country. It can be done, and it shall be done; the fortune of the republic, and the bravery of her sons, and the wisdom of her Government will do it. There are freemen enough in the West, who are determined to preserve this Union, to do it; and they will do it. The States of the Mississippi cannot part. God, when he formed this country in geological seas, decreed its perpetual amity and union."

Six things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except a blessing from above.

Some weeks ago a chup was indiscreet enough to advertise for a better half. A pleasing young lady of Mansfield, Ohio, thinks she will "sute" him, and gives the following remarkable description of her personal charms: "I am twenty-one years old, good natured, have a tolerable good education, am a milliner by trade, lite hair, lite blue eyes, Tawel, well proportioned, and of a respectable family."

**RATHER LOW NECKED.**—The following outside touch is related by Mrs. Pizzini, in a letter from Bath, in 1818, when the fashion of ladies' dresses exposed "a considerable" of the neck. She writes: "A genteel young clergyman in our upper crescent, told his mamma, about ten days ago, that he had lost his heart to pretty Miss Firdaux, and that he must absolutely marry her or die. The mother gravely replied, 'My dear, you have not been acquainted with the lady above a fortnight; let me recommend you are more of her.' 'More of her?' exclaimed the lad, 'why I've seen down to the fifth rib on each side already.' 'The letter writer adds a joke of her own, that our belles outstrip those of any other nation.

**HAPPINESS.**—Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth hearing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. For when I know it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true happiness is to take the drops as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must lead to be happy when he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he signs for.

**CONSIDERED DISREPECTFUL.**—To call a man a secessionist in the State of New York is considered rather a heinous offense. The New York Post has recently been mulcted to the tune of \$1,000 for calling one David Smith a secessionist. To hold sympathy with secession there disqualifies a man from holding a position in decent society—such is the judgment of the court. They are considered in a worse light than the old Tories of the Revolution. It is a stigma that is unendurable—something they do not desire to transmit to their children, to be reproached with in after years.

**LOGICAL BUT PROFANE.**—That queer duck, Major General Holmes, of the Marlboro Gazette says: "Secession papers, of which, thank God, there are in this State but few, are of late harping about the reorganization of the Democratic party. They are the popular that sing 'Peace! Peace!'—Our distracted country rent with war!—'Bloody war!'—'Lincoln and his minions!'—Subjugation of the South." Why, don't the d—n fools know that no war was made by the North, and although South Carolina seceded in December '60, and fired on the Star of the West, Government took no notice of it until the bombardment of Sumter, months afterwards?

**A COCKNEY AT SEA.**—"Is my Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a Cockney on board a steamer lying to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight overhead now," said the Cockney. "Oh, yeh," replied the Captain, "but we are not going that way."

**A GOOD HINT.**—Send your child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherd.

There seems to be a fatality about the office of the Vice President of the United States. Aaron Burr, the third Vice President, was a rank traitor and conspirator; John C. Calhoun, the sixth Vice President, was another virulent conspirator against our national life; John Tyler, ninth Vice President, and, by an accident, President, was a zealous rebel; and John J. Breckinridge, thirteenth Vice President, dares not show himself in Washington.

## A CONSIDERATE LETTER TO THE REBELS.

The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, of the 19th, contains the following touching letter to the enemy:

My Dear Reb: I now take my pen in hand for the purpose of holding communication with you through the silent medium of pen and paper. I have just learned that the lines are now open as far as Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, and I avail myself with alacrity of the opportunity now presented of resuming our correspondence. Your many friends in this section would like to be informed on various topics—for instance:

How are you, say how?  
How does "dying in the last ditch" agree with your general health?  
How is the "constitution" down your way.  
How is "King Kottling"?  
When will Buckner take his Christmas dinner in Louisville?  
Is Floyd still "rifling" cannon and other small arms?  
How is Pillow's "last ditch," and when will he gratify his numerous friends by "dying in the same"?  
How is the "Southern Heart"?  
Are you still able to whip fire to one?  
Did the recognition of the S. Confed. by England and France benefit you much?  
Where is the "Provisional Government of Kentucky," and what's it kept in?  
Where is the Louisville-Nashville-Bowling Green Courier now published? Say!  
And lastly, what do you think of yourselves, say how?  
Yours, in a hurr,  
A LINCOLN MAN.

United States, Feb. 18, 1862.

"What a censorious liar!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she read in a certain paper an account of a new counterfeiter which was said to contain three women and a bust of Washington on each end. "What?" said she. "Gen. Washington on a bust? 'tis not so!" and the old lady lifted her specks and declared she had known the old gentleman for the last thirty years, and never heard of his being on a bust—much less with three women.

In China they bake ice! An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice unmelts, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents.

Not every man who dives into the sea of matrimony brings up a pearl.  
Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract with his mark.  
POLITE CANDIDATE.—Madam, is your husband about?  
Lady.—Yes, sir. He has gone to haul away a dead dog, and will be back directly.  
Candidate.—Sheep killing dog, I reckon, madam?  
Pierced-spoken Urein.—No, sir—just barked himself to death at candidates—so pup said.

**GOOD FOR HOLMES.**—The Virginia Delta says: "The Marysville Express hopes to see all Democrats fighting together under one banner, next election. If he calls his stripe Democrats, the others will fuse with them about the time the apostle Paul and old Gen. play poker together at two bits ante."

As a good reason for discontinuing a paper, a Western printer thus goeth it: "We strike the names of two of our subscribers from our books this week, who have recently been hung in Texas. We do this because we are not advised as yet of their present locality." Very good reason to be sure.

Don't let your children learn good and bad things indiscriminately. To be sure the bad might be eradicated in after years, but it is easier to sow clean seed than to cleanse dirty wheat.  
Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.—Wreck  
If you have no sister of your own, we would advise you to love somebody else's.  
"That's a fine strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert, the other replying, "That's so," said a countryman, who sat near, "but if he strains much more he'll burst!"

**A MILLION IN GOLD.**—The weight of \$1,000,000 United States coined gold, is 53,750 Troy ounces. This makes 4,470 pounds 2 ounces, or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2,000 pounds to the ton.  
"An honest man is the noblest work of the Lord!" enthusiastically exclaimed a hardshell Baptist, and then, after a pause, added— "but the Lord hasn't had a job for fifty years."

Mr. Jenkins is about to get married. He says, that to live single is not only singular, but "agit natar, law, gospel, common sense, and, and—fun generally." Jenkins is about right.  
It is reported that at a prayer meeting on the Potomac recently an old negro spoke, and referring to the war, said: "Mass, I haint got no religion, but I tawk de Lord for dis mighty big fus."

This jug is like the human heart. No mortal can ever look into its recesses, and you can judge only of its purity by what comes from it.