

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in Advance.

Select Poetry.

The following lines were handed us by the wife of a volunteer officer, now in service in front of the enemy on the Potomac, who selected it from a number of papers found in a house deserted by its rebel owner. It has a sentiment of peculiar sweetness. SIGH NOT.

TRAVEL WITH THE LINES.

We have been requested to state that in consequence of the abuses which have crept into the system of issuing passes, the commanding general of this department has determined to be more rigid in the issuing of permits, and has issued instructions to the sentinels to be more particular in the examination of permits presented by travelers.

LETTER FROM CAMP CROSSMAN.

CAMP CROSSMAN, Oct. 14, 1861. My dear Mother—Perhaps some of our Clearfield friends would like to hear something about Camp Crossman, near Huntington, and how the Clearfield boys are enjoying themselves by this time. Camp Crossman is situated about three miles from the town of Huntington, and is a very beautiful location, and in the midst of a rich and well-cultivated part of the country.

A Frightful Scene.

The London papers contain accounts of an exhibition at Cremorne, on Monday evening the 12th ultimo. A female Blondin had been engaged to cross the Thames on a tight rope from the garden. It is said that the actual span of the river at this point is two thousand feet wide, while the height of the rope from the water varied from fifty to one hundred feet.

Rich and Rare.

The following is too good to be lost in these grave times. The editor of the Observer came to the conclusion that the editor of the Fayette County Democrat ought to be hung, and thereupon he recommended that the treatment be adopted in the Democrat's case; upon which the editor remarks as follows:

Religious Miscellany.

VANITY OF LIFE.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet the grief of parents on a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them, when I see a rival wite placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world by their contests, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the dates of tombs of some that died but yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Varieties.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife. Wanted—a life-long that will float on a sea of troubles. We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern.—The N. Y. Times has an interesting letter from one of the passengers of the Great Eastern from which we gather the following facts: First, the Great Eastern was sent to sea, literally 'prepared for nothing.' Second, the storm was not a furious one, and it is in record that the Persia and another ocean steamer which were exposed to it reached this country without damage or delay.