

Clearfield Republican

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Select Poetry.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY GEORGE T. VOOR.

O, time is sweet when roses meet,
With spring's sweet health around them,
And smile the cost, when hours are lost,
If there we have found them.
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But might can be so sweet to see
As old friends meet together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And you ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or, knowing, did not heed it;
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet naught can be so sweet to see
As old friends meet together.

The few long known whom years have shown,
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather,
O, how may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together.

[S. H. Patriot.]

Beautiful Tribute from a Father to a Son.

George D. Prentice, the able and accomplished editor of the Louisville Journal, the poet and Union patriot, thus mentions the late domestic affliction which he has sustained. The article is worthy of the warm and generous heart of Mr. Prentice and of the finer feelings of the soul. What a comment in this notice upon the sad and terrible contest in which our country is engaged—how it sunders families and the dearest domestic ties. The Journal says:

"On Monday last at Augusta, Ky., of wounds received in the conflict at that place on the preceding Saturday. He perished in the cause of the rebellion. It is not in the columns of a newspaper, it is only in the family circle or in the hush of solitude, that the emotions of a parent over such an event should have utterance. The tears of weeping eyes and the striking drops of bleeding hearts are not for the public gaze. The dearest agonies should be content to fold their somber wings in the soul. Consolation could not come from the world's sympathy; it can be looked for only from God and his angel team. Nay, they are griefs that time itself has no power to allay or soothe, griefs that like running streams are deepening their channels forever.

"Mr. Courland Prentice was no common young man. He was remarkable in his powers and in his temperament. A model of manly beauty, he had extraordinary intellectual energy, a strong thirst for strange and curious knowledge, and a deep passion for all that is sublime and beautiful in poetry and nature. He was generous, manly, high-hearted, and of a courage that no mortal peril, come in what form it might, could daunt. He excelled in looking destruction face to face in all its ways. He loved wild and dangerous adventures for the very danger's sake. His eagle spirit lived among the mountain crags and shouted back to the shouts of the storm. Although kind, unselfish and humane, he was impetuous, passionate and of unconquerable prejudices. He was not unaffectionately unjust in his judgments, and he permitted nothing to stand between him and the execution of his purposes.

"This young man, if he had always directed his energies judiciously, could have made himself a distinguished ornament in any profession of life. He might have been an able and honored statesman in the service of the Republic. But an intense Southern sympathy, in spite of the arguments, the remonstrances, and the entreaties of those who dearly loved him, made him an active rebel against his country. And, after a brief five weeks' service in the rebel ranks, he fell, soon to breathe out his fiery life, receiving, meanwhile, far away from his family, the kindly ministrations of those against whose cause his strong right arm had been raised. Oh, if he had fallen in his country's service, fallen with his burning eyes fixed in love and devotion upon the flag that for more than three-fourths of a century has been a star of worship to his ancestors, his early death though still terrible, might have been borne by a father's heart, but, alas, the reflection that he fell in armed rebellion against that glorious old banner, now the emblem of the greatest and holiest cause the world ever knew, is full of desolation and almost despair.

"And, yet we shall love to think of Courland Prentice, that brave and noble, though misguided, youth, during the little remnant of our lives. Our love for him, undimmed by tears and grief, is and will remain an amaranthine flower upon the grave of our buried years.

GOOD GROUND FOR EXEMPTION.—A scene in Surgeon Hall's office.

"Doctor, if the foot won't answer, I have another all-sufficient reason—one that you cannot refuse me exemption for."
"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Why, the fact is, doctor, I have not got good sense—I am an idiot," sobberly replied the applicant.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "what proof have you of that? What evidence can you bring?"

"Prof conclusive," said the applicant.

"Why, sir, I voted for Abe Lincoln; and if that isn't proof of a man's being a d—d idiot, I don't know how idiotcy can be proven."—*Vanada Democrat.*

Emancipation in the Border States.

ADDRESS OF HOW. THOS. A. NELSON TO THE PEOPLE OF EAST TENNESSEE ON THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

In all the speeches which I made to you in the spring and summer of 1861, as well as in a printed address to the people of the State, on or about the 30th of May, 1861, I declared, in substance, that if I had believed it was the object of the North to subjugate the South and to emancipate our slaves, in violation of the Constitution, I would have gone as far as the farthest in advocating resistance to the utmost extent. My attention has just been called to a proclamation issued by the President of the United States on the 23d of September, 1862, in which he declares that "on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

I need scarcely remind you that one of the evils which I most dreaded and predicted as the result of the efforts which were made to dissolve the Union was that, in the progress of the war, they might open the way for servile insurrection and the overthrow of the institution of slavery. My opinions as to the constitutionality and impolicy of secession remain unchanged; but my last speech in Congress, and on various other public occasions, I have vindicated and maintained, and still maintain, the right of revolution. On no occasion, however, did I ever assert the doctrine that a violation of the Constitution by one party would authorize or justify similar or other violations by the opposing party.

The paramount causes which have controlled or influenced my conduct and opinions were love for the Union and an unshaken confidence that we had the best Constitution and Government in the world. But of all the acts of despotism of which the civil war in which we are now engaged has been the prolific source, there is not one which, in the slightest degree, equals the atrocity and barbarism of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. At one blow it deprives all the citizens of the slave States, without distinction, of the right to hold slaves—a right guaranteed by the very Constitution he pretends to uphold. It is true, he makes an intimation that he will recommend to Congress to provide just compensation to Union masters in the slave States; but what right has he or the Government of the United States to deprive them of this property without their consent? And what assurance have they that his vague and general intimation will be applied to them, or that an Abolition Congress, reeking with the blood of the South, and jubilant in the possession of usurped power, will adopt his recommendation?

We are in the midst of a sea of difficulties. Many acts have been done in the South to which we were bitterly opposed as people, and which we, who have adhered to the Union, in spite of perils and dangers, could not justify or palliate. But the Union men of East Tennessee are not now, and never have been, committed to the doctrines of incendiarism and murder to which Mr. Lincoln's proclamation leads. What, then, is the path of duty in the trying circumstances which surround us? Is it to belie all our past professions and to sustain Mr. Lincoln's administration, right or wrong? Is it to justify a man whom we had no agency in elevating to power, not only in abandoning the Constitution of the United States, but in repudiating the Chicago platform, his inaugural address and messages to Congress, in which the absolute right to slavery in the States where it exists was distinctly and unequivocally conceded? Or is it, in view of his many violations of the Constitution, and this growing act of usurpation, to join that side which at present affords the only earthly hope of successful resistance?

I am aware, my countrymen, that you will find difficulties in bringing your minds to the same conclusion at which my own has arrived. Many wanton and unauthorized acts of cruelty and oppression have been perpetrated among you, which, instead of changing your opinions, have only been calculated to aggravate and intensify a heroic principle of endurance. Many of the acts have been committed in remote places, without the approbation of the authorities at Richmond or of those who have held the supreme command in East Tennessee, and under such circumstances that you have felt it dangerous to complain. Gradually and slowly these outrages have at last become known, and in the very recent proclamation issued by Major General Jones, you have the assurance that your complaints will be heard, and the most energetic measures adopted to remedy the evils to which you have been subjected.

Let not, then, a sense of private and present wrongs blind you against the enormities already perpetrated, and still more seriously contemplated, by Mr. Lincoln's administration. If a majority of the Republican party have been sincere in their professions of a determination to respect the right of slavery in the States, and if the right of freedom is not utterly extinguished in the North, may we not hope that a spirit of resistance will be aroused in that section which, combined with the efforts of the South, will hurl Mr. Lincoln from power, and even yet restore peace and harmony to our distracted and divided country? But if, through fear, or any other cause, Mr. Lincoln's

infamous proclamation is sustained, then we have no Union to hope for, no Constitution to struggle for, no magnificent and unbroken heritage to maintain, no peace to expect, save such as, with the blessing of Providence, we may conquer. The armies which have been sent near you to tantalize you with hope have been withdrawn, and, with cool audacity, Mr. Lincoln virtually tells you that you have no rights. No alternative remains but to choose the destiny which an arrogant and unprincipled administration forces upon us.

It is almost unnecessary to declare to you that I adhered to the Union amidst good report and evil report, suffering and danger, while it was in my power to support it, and that, when my efforts were paralyzed and my voice silenced by causes beyond my control, I have cherished the hope that all might yet be well; but "the last link is broken" that bound me to a government for which my ancestors fought—and, whatever may be the course of others, I shall feel it my duty to encourage the most persevering and determined resistance against the tyrants and usurpers of the Federal administration, who have blasted our hopes and are cruelly seeking to destroy the last vestige of freedom among us.

If you would save yourselves from a species of carnage unexampled in the history of North America, but equivocally invited in Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, let every man who is able to fight buckle on his armor, and, without awaiting the slow and tedious process of conscription, at once volunteer in the struggle against him. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and it cannot, in the nature of things, be possible that a just God will prosper the efforts of a man or a government which has hypocritically pretended to wage war in behalf of the Constitution, but now throws off the mask and sets it utterly at defiance.

No depot in Europe would dare exercise the powers which Mr. Lincoln in less than two brief years, has boldly usurped. He has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* in regard to all persons who have been or may be imprisoned by military authority and thus destroyed the right essential to the liberty of the citizen, a right which the mailed barons of England wrested by force from King John, and inserted in the great charter of British freedom; a right which it caused centuries of contest to engrave upon the British constitution; a right for which our fathers sternly struggled, and which is incorporated in every American constitution.

He has called armies into the field without authority, according to his own acknowledgment, and has become a military dictator. He now claims the prerogative to abolish slavery without our consent; and, if he can thus take our negroes, why may he not take our lands, and everything else we possess, and reduce us to a state of vassalage to which no parallel can be found, save in the history of the middle ages.

THOMAS A. R. NELSON.
Knoxville, Oct. 8, 1862.

A HORRIBLE PARTNER.—The *Continental Monthly* for October, in an article on "London Fogs and London Poor," has the following on the heart situation of the poor and afflicted in the great Babel of the British Kingdom. It is strange that such hellish neglect should occur right under the noses of the "guardians of civilization," while they snuff up far less crimes, to cant and whine over, three thousand miles away from the loathsome scene we now refer to:

"In the streets of London I have seen women and children contending for the possession of a bone dangling from the slash of the kennel. I have seen boys fight and bruise each other for a crust of bread dropped upon the pavement, and covered with wet mud, or even unsightly filth. I have entered the abode of this desperate poverty, led thither by children, who clamored at my side for alms, and found such misery as I am incompetent to express in words. I have seen the living, unable to rise from sickness, in the same bed with the dying and the dead. I have known an instance where a living man, in strong health, bating the exhausting effects of privation and sorrow, has been compelled to seek repose in the straw beside the body of his dead wife, his children occupying the floor, and there being in the room neither chair upon which he could rest himself nor table upon which he could stretch himself for rest. I have seen an infant crawl for nourishment to its dead mother's breast, and there was not in all the house the value of a cent to buy it food. I have seen a wife, in following her husband's body to the grave, drop in the road and die before medical assistance could be procured. A post mortem examination proved that she died from hunger."

ADVANTAGES OF A WOODEN LEG.—A wooden legged amateur happened to be with a skirmishing party lately, when a shell burst near him, smashing his artificial limb to bits, and sending a piece of iron through the calf of a soldier near him. The soldier "grinned and bore it" like a man, while the amateur was loud and emphatic in his lamentations. Being rebuked by the wounded soldier, he replied, "O, yes; it's all well enough for you to bear it; your leg did not cost any thing and will heal up; but I paid \$200 cash for mine."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed you are not, John; for you know you have never hugged me. You are more sheep than bear."

Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically, says—"An angel without money is not thought as much of nowadays as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

The Confederates in Chambersburg.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Hon. A. K. McClure, of Chambersburg, Pa., has written a detailed account of the visit of the Confederates to that place. It appears they came to Mr. McClure's residence, and he thus tells what took place:

About one o'clock half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate script. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright open wood fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be disturbed by their men—I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible.

Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed to be forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on political, the war, the different battles, the merits of Generals in both armies, &c. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburg. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen anything more keenly relished. They said they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and then they had paid from \$6 to \$10 per pound for it. When they were through, they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates, who were prostrated by exposure, to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as swine to me, and they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They then asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more.

In the meantime a subordinate officer had begged of me a little bread for himself and a few men, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others in turn, until nearly a hundred had been supplied with something to eat or drink. All, however, politely asked permission to enter the house, and behaved with entire propriety. They did not make a single rude or profane remark, even before the servants. In the meantime the officers, who had first entered the house, had filled their pipes from the box of Killickinick on the mantle—after being assured that smoking was not offensive—and we had another hour of a free talk on matters generally. When told that I was a decided republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's emancipation proclamation, they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety. They admitted it to be the most serious danger that has yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it could not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it.

Another letter states that Mr. A. Smith, the cashier of the Chambersburg Bank, was in the bank about 6 o'clock in the evening, attending to some business connected with the institution, and in company with two of the bank clerks.

Shortly afterwards an officer of very fine appearance and splendidly dressed, came up and asked him if he was connected with the bank. He stated he was the cashier. He was then asked if the gentleman with him were also connected with the institution, (alluding to the two clerks.) He replied in the affirmative. The officer, whose manner throughout was very polite and considerate, stated that it would be necessary for him to examine the bank, and immediately stationed guards around it.

On entering the institution, accompanied by a guard and the cashier and clerks, he asked if any valuables were deposited there. Mr. Smith said there had been, but hearing the rebels were in the neighborhood, they had been all removed from town. The officer then asked Mr. Smith if he knew who he was; on being replied to in the negative, he said, "I am Colonel Butler, of South Carolina. I am instructed to make an examination of the bank, and report to Gen. Stuart my success." The guard placed over the bank were all South Carolina troops, belonging to the Hampton Legion. They were all well dressed, and generally speaking, fine looking men.

Shortly afterwards Col. Butler said, "I understood before coming that the money had all been removed, but I hear there are some government securities still in the bank." He then asked for the keys, which were reluctantly delivered and the examination proceeded with. Mr. Smith informed him there were no government securities, and the examination made of a very slight character. All the doors were opened and Col. Butler merely looked in, without making a very minute search.

In one portion of the bank about two hundred dollars in specie was discovered, which Colonel Butler passed by, remarking that he would not disturb it, and that he had more than that in his possession at the time.

During the conversation that ensued, and throughout which the rebel colonel was very affable and polite, he asked Mr. Smith if he was married. Mr. Smith said he was, and intimated that his family was close at hand. Col. Butler told him that his family should not be harmed, and desired him to quiet the fears of any citizens he met with, and desired him to report any misconduct of the troops under his

command. After some further conversation the colonel left the bank.

Victor Hugo on the Liberty of the Press.

A Splendid Appeal for the Liberty of the Press from an European Democrat—The Abolitionists of the United States Indirectly Rebuked for their Censorship of it.

Victor Hugo, at a complimentary dinner given to him at Brussels on the 22d Sept., made a speech, of which the following is an extract: "What do you all—writers, journalists, publishers, printers, publicists, thinkers—represent? All the energy of intelligence, all the forms of publicity, you are mind—legion—you are the new organ of a new society—you are the press—the press of all nations—to a free press—to the press of all nations—to a free press. Gentlemen, the press is the light of the social world, and wherever there is light there is something of Providence. Thought is something more than a right—it is the very breath of man. He who fetters thought strikes at man himself. To speak, to write, to print, to publish, are in point of right identical things. They are circles constantly enlarging themselves from intelligence into action. They are the sounding waves of thought. Of all these circles—the widest is the press. The diameter of the press is the diameter of civilization itself. When the free press is checked we may say that the nutrition of the human family is withheld.

Gentlemen, the mission of our time is to change the old base of society to greater order and to substitute everywhere realities for fictions. During this transition of social bases, which is the colossal work of our time, nothing can resist the press, applying its power of traction to catholicism, to militarism, to absolutism, to the dense blocks of facts and ideas. The press is force. Why? Because it is intelligence. It is the living clarion; it sounds the reveille of nations, it loudly announces the advent of justice; it holds no account of night, except to salute the dawn. It becomes day, and warns the cure. Sometimes, however, strange occurrences! It is that gets warnings. This is like the owl reprimanding the crow of the cook. Yes, in certain countries, the press is oppressed. Is it a slave? No—an enslaved press is an impossible junction of words. Besides there are two modes of being enslaved—that of Spartacus and that of Epistemon. The one breaks his chains, the other shows his soul. When the fettered writer cannot have recourse to the first method, the second remains for him. No, let despotism do what they will, I call all those free men who bear me to witness, and you, M. Pelletan, have recently said so in admirable language, and, moreover, you and many others have proved it by generous example, there is no slavery for the mind. Gentlemen, in the age in which we live, there is no salvation without liberty of the press, but on the contrary, misdirection, shipwreck, disaster everywhere.

Gentlemen, who are the auxiliaries of the patriot? The press. I know it. The press is hated, and this is a great reason for loving it. Every indignity, every persecution, every fanaticism, denunciations, insults and wounds it as far as they can.

Courage to thought, courage to science, courage to philosophy, courage to the press, courage to all our writers! The hour is drawing nigh when men, delivered at last from the dismal tunnel of six thousand years, will suddenly burst forth in all its dazzling brightness. Gentlemen, one word more: an I let me make it, with your kind indulgence, a personal one.—To be in your mind is a happiness. I thank God who has given me in my hard life his charming moment. To-morrow I shall enter into the shade; but I have seen you, I have spoken to you, I have loved you, I have shaken your hands.—All this I carry with me into my solitude. You, my friends of France, and you, my other friends, who are here, will feel it quite natural that I should address my last words to you. Eleven years ago you saw almost a young man depart; now you find an old man. The hair is changed, but not the heart. I thank you for having remembered me absent. I thank you for having come here. Accept—and you also, younger men, whose names were dear to me at a distance, and whom I now see for the first time—accept my deep feelings of emotion. It seems as though among you I breathe something of my native air; as though each of you brings me a little of France; as though from all who are grouped around me there shone something charming and soft, like light which resembles the smile of one's country. I drink to the press, to its power, to its glory, to its efficiency, to its liberty in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain, in England, in America, and to its emancipation elsewhere.

DEATH OF A NOBLE SPECULATOR.—The death of Baron John B. Steinberger at St. Louis calls to mind his former career in this part of the country, where he must be remembered as one of the boldest operators and most hospitable of men. At one time he joined Nicholas Biddle in a cotton speculation in which they cleared \$3,000,000. Afterwards he attempted to buy up all the beef in the country and monopolize the market, but was defeated by the New York and Philadelphia dealers, and he was ruined. He then went to California, and after experiencing the fortunes of a large speculator he became reduced, and went to St. Louis at the time Fremont arrived, being sent by a party of beef contractors at \$200 per month. In a short time he was abandoned, and he died in extreme indigence. At one time he owned a large interest in Biddle's Bank, and could check for \$100,000 at a time. He was a man of noble character, stately mien, and elegant bearing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Secrets of Fort Lafayette.

After a confinement of four weeks in Fort Lafayette, Colonel Beldge is liberated, and receives from Judge Advocate Turner a certificate that "he was arrested upon an unfounded charge; that his imprisonment was consequently unlawful, and, upon investigation, he is discharged honorably and without stain upon his character." This is another of those acts of the War Department which have foully dishonored the loyal cause.

Col. Beldge, a Prussian by birth, for seven years a pupil in a military school in his native land, and for eleven years an officer in the Prussian army, resigned his commission to make America his home, offered his services as an aid to the rebellion broke out, raised the 66th New York regiment from his German countrymen with rapidity seldom equaled, and so distinguished himself in Western Virginia, particularly at the battle of Cross Keys, where he acted as Brigadier General, that his name was sent into the Senate for confirmation to that position, and only failed because, with hundreds of others, it was not reached at the hour of final adjournment. Having undergone a year's hard service, he was granted twenty days furlough, and was sent north to recruit a German brigade, of which he was to have command. He had not been in New York three days before he was summarily arrested for no reason of which he had even the remotest knowledge or suspicion, was conveyed to Fort Lafayette, and, notwithstanding the efforts of his wife, of General Siegel and others at Washington, in his behalf, was kept there four weeks, finally to be "discharged honorably and without stain upon his character."

It now appears that the charge which caused his arrest was horse stealing, secret information having been lodged by a personal enemy that he had surreptitiously taken two Government horses with him on his return North. Had Colonel Beldge been apprised of the accusation, he could forthwith have produced from his pocket a regular official pass for himself and those two identical horses, and could also have referred to the Quartermaster, whose registry would have shown at once that the horses had been lawfully purchased with regulations, had been bought by Col. Beldge and paid for,—that he was kept in ignorance of the charge until Judge Advocate Turner, being present in Fort Lafayette, in order to discharge the absurdly arrested substitute agents, took occasion to inform him that there was no good reason for his arrest, and that he was at liberty to return to duty. Colonel Beldge, of course, did not know until he had taken care to extract from the Judge the explicit certificate whose words we have given above.

Now, what are we to think of the official management of a department that visits such treatment upon the gallant defenders of the Government—as quick to imprison at the instigation of any malignant wretch, so merciless in withholding the nature of the charge, so tardy in rectifying the wrong? Without qualification or limitation, it is infamous. The War Department in this matter has committed an outrage upon a chivalrous foreign soldier for which every American has reason to hang his head in shame.—*New York World.*

TRUTH SET ON EDGE.—All acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth-pastes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in order, vinegar, lemon juice, or tartaric acid, is a reward to the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger nail, as if it were chalk. Most people have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the teeth that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg that has been softened in milk may become hard again by being put in the water.—When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the closer it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences will be manifested.—*Scientific American.*

DRAWN MEN TO FURNISH THEIR OWN BLANKETS.—An order has been issued by Eli Sibley, Secretary of the Commonwealth, calling attention to extracts from the general order No. 124, which state that as the supply of blankets are exhausted in the market for military use, all drafted citizens are advised to bring to the rendezvous a regulation blanket, eighty-four by sixty-six inches, and weighing five pounds, and further states that as the clothing, blankets and shoes issued by the government are charged at average cost, and no soldier who furnishes his own is obliged to draw from the United States, it is his interest to supply himself.

A young lady in one of our "rural districts" was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave he remarked: "I guess I'll come and see you next Sunday night." "Well, Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a lover." Bill didn't go either way.

An old farmer, "one of the roughs" in Connecticut, during a discussion of the merits of a young theologian they were thinking of setting over a Congregational society, said that for his part he was "tired breaking steers."

The 6th of Major McKinstry's regiment, in St. Louis, reached it's twentieth day last Saturday.