



A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Temperance, Literature, Science, The Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, The Markets, Education, Amusement, General Intelligence &c.,

"WE STAND UPON THE IMMUTABLE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE—NO EARTHLY POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."

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## THE CENTRE DEMOCRAT,

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When Advertisements are inserted without a special bargain, the following rates will be charged, in all cases:

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Col. Column	15 00
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**JOB PRINTING.**

We are prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing, neatly, and at reasonable prices.

## Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the axe, fling by the spade;  
Leave in its track the tilling plow;  
The rifle and the bayonet blade,  
For arms like yours are fitter now;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task and, and learn to wield  
The leathern man's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away!  
To where the blood stream blots the green.  
Strike to defend the gentlest way  
That time in all its course has seen.  
See, from a thousand covert,—see  
Spring the armed foot, and learn to track;  
They rush to smite her down, and we  
Must beat the hounded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oak ye cleave,  
And moved as soon to fear and fight,  
Men of the glads and forest leave  
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.  
His arms that wield the axe must pour  
An iron tempest on her defence;  
The serried ranks shall reel before  
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm  
By grassy steep or highland cairn,  
Come, for the land ye love to form  
A bulwark that no foe can break;  
Stand, like your own grey cliffs that meek  
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;  
The blast as soon shall move the rock  
As rushing squalls bear ye hence.

And ye who roam the mountain deep,  
Swift rivers, rising far away,  
Come from the depth of her green lea;  
As mighty in your march as they;  
As terrible as when the rain  
Strikes r that broad and goodly land,  
Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That might and right move hand in hand,  
And glorious meet their triumph here.

Few, few were they whose swords, of old,  
But we are many, we who hold  
Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
The grim resolve to guard it well,  
Strike r that broad and goodly land,  
Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That might and right move hand in hand,  
And glorious meet their triumph here.

From the *Holidays Register*.

## A Remarkable Willow Basket.

BY NO MATTER WHO.

In the fall of the year 1855, the writer of this sketch was appointed an Agent for Ohio and Preston College, situated in Blacksburg, Montgomery Co., Va. An agent may be an eloquent preacher, a scientific lecturer, a peerless gentleman; but if he does not get the money, he is not the man. Knowing this, we started out with the determination that we would raise the "wind."

When the ready cash could not be had, we resolved to take anything that could be converted into cash. Among numerous other articles—ranging from half-fledged chickens to superannuated slaves and horses—a little willow basket was given, for which we allowed on the subscription book, fifty cents; certainly its full value.

The donor was a maiden lady, a daughter of a wealthy Virginia farmer, weighing three hundred and eight lbs. averdupois!

Capacious however she was in body, she was no less in spirit—for although in independent circumstances, she employed her time in making willow baskets, for the benefit of the poor in the neighborhood. In the evening of the day on which we received the basket, we delivered a lecture on education in the town of S—, after which we put the basket at auction, determining to sell to the "highest bidder." We had scarcely donned the auctioneer, when we received a ten dollar bid for the basket. "I think I—to myself"—good for the basket! and on we went in the incoherent language of the gentleman of the "block," until at length we knocked it off to a wealthy lady in the audience for fifty dollars! We at once handed the lady her basket. After examining it for a few minutes, she put the money in it and returned it to us, for which we, of course, made our most complaisant bow.

As by the gift of the lady, the basket, was our own once more, and, being encouraged by our previous success, we determined to try our hand a little further at auctioneering. So we put up the basket again. The bidding commenced, the audience waxed enthusiastic, and in a few minutes we knocked it off again to a gentleman sitting near us, for fifty dollars. He also put the money in the basket,

and returned it to us. And thus we continued to sell the basket—the bids ranging from five to fifty dollars—until within forty-five minutes we sold the basket for six hundred and fifty dollars; and left the house with the money in our pocket, and the basket on our arm.

A few days after this, we went to W—, a wealthy town in the western part of the State, to present the claims of the College.

We found, however, on entering the town, that the report of the "basket agent" had preceded us. A friend of ours informed us that a Col. F. residing a short distance in the country, had publicly boasted that he "would have some sport with that agent, if he came to town, and that he would have his basket for less than twenty dollars.

Col. F. having by marriage recently come into possession of a valuable plantation, and a large force of "contrabands," was very fond of making a parade of his wealth upon all occasions, to the no little annoyance of the community. We were assured that the Colonel would be at the lecture in the evening.

When we went to the town hall, we found it literally "jammed." After talking awhile upon the subject of education as connected with the prosperity of the land, and presenting the claims of the college, we put up our basket at auction once more.

We had scarcely commenced to cry it off, when some one with a squeaking voice from the back part of the hall, called out to us: "Ho! stranger, bring your basket back here; we must examine it; we don't want to buy a pig in a poke."

From the description given, we readily concluded that it must be the veritable Colonel. So we at once made our way to him, and on handing him the basket remarked: "This is not a very ornate article, but it has this redeeming quality, it is a home-manufactured basket; none of your 'northern' imported truck.

This was a happy hit, for even then the Old Dominion was down on "Yankee notions." The Colonel took the basket, and after examining it for a few moments, handed it back saying: "Well, sir, I see nothing remarkable about that basket; but it certainly has quite a history, and I should like to have it, and if we can come to terms will buy it, but I want you to understand distinctly, that I make no child's bargain, if I buy it I intend to keep it."

Very well if these are the terms on which you propose to trade, we must tell you what we think the basket is worth.

"What is your figure?"

"One thousand dollars, sir;" for we suppose that if the Colonel wanted to make a display of his money, he would at least give up this sum, but looking quizzically at us, he replied:

"A little to sleep stranger."

Well, now we have said what we would like, let us hear what you will give.

"I'll give you ten dollars in gold for your basket."

Generous! magnanimous!! we replied, and stepping out into the aisle, related an anecdote, which was peculiarly adapted to his case.

When he had finished, we looked at the Colonel and found him blushing all over his face, he looked as though he had "ought a Tartar." The audience was in ecstasies over the Colonel's discomfiture. Judge T. sitting by him said, "Come Colonel you're in for it now; give this gentleman a thousand dollars for his basket, or he'll give you the benefit of another anecdote." Certainly, we remarked, we have another in point, and commenced to relate it—

"Stop; stop;"—cried the Colonel, and handing us a hundred dollar bill said—"here take this and keep your basket, and say no more about it."

We took the bill from the Colonel, and thanking him politely, returned to the platform, where we found such ready sale for our basket, that in less than an hour we sold it for seven hundred and fifty dollars!

On a subsequent occasion, we sold it for four hundred and ten dollars, making in all eighteen hundred and fifteen dollars, the net proceeds of our Willow Basket.

The time having arrived for us to leave the "sacred soil," we donated the basket to a lady friend of ours, and returned to our northern home, having at least earned the sobriquet of the "Basket Agent."

Holidaysburg, Pa., Oct. 16th, 1861.

When the old lady had fallen into the well, and was rescued from drowning with some difficulty, she declared that "had it not been for Providence, and another man, she never could have got out alive." The theory of the old woman's assertion seems to have operated in one of the churches in Logansport, where, on the National Fast-day, in the presence of a large congregation, a gentleman of reputed creditable attainments, both literary and moral, thus prayed: "O Lord, had the East done as well as the Hoosier State in furnishing men to put down this rebellion, we would not be under the necessity of calling on Thee."

Tax amount of Grain, including grain reduced to flour, shipped from Chicago during the month of September, amounts to 8,450,000 bushels. This is the largest quantity of grain ever shipped from Chicago in any single month, the excess being about 2,000,000 bushel.

## Sketch of the Life of the Late Colonel Baker.

The Hon. E. D. Baker, who was killed on Monday, the 21st ult., in the engagement near Leesburg, Va., was a United States Senator from Oregon, and took his seat for the first time at the extra session on the 4th of March. He was the Colonel of the California regiment recruited in Philadelphia, and commander of the brigade mostly made up of Philadelphia regiments. The *Inquirer*, of that city, has the following sketch of his life:

"He is an old Philadelphian, and of Quaker lineage. His ancestors were English Friends. Col. Baker was born in England, but was brought to Philadelphia when an infant, where he, with a young brother, were left orphans soon after their arrival.

This calamity left them no resource but to work their way through the world with their own hands. For a while young Baker, the present Senator, worked as a hand-loom weaver in a small manufacturing establishment near Thirteenth and south streets, where the loom upon which he labored is still standing. It is likely, now, to become an object of interest. Before he reached manhood, he paid some attention to the study of the law, and left Philadelphia for the Great West.—His purse being light, he and his young brother crossed the Alleghenies, and went through Ohio and Indiana, all the way on foot, until they reached the Wabash river, which they descended in a canoe, and at last found themselves on the broad prairies of Illinois. In this State Col. Baker took up the study of the law in the regular way, and soon made for himself a name, even at the bar of Springfield, where he met—sometimes as colleagues and sometimes as adversaries—both the deceased Douglas and President Lincoln.

Being of active mind, he took part in the politics of Illinois, but as he was a whig, and in a strongly Democratic State, he did not appear in public life until 1845, when he was elected to Congress. Shortly after this, the Mexican war having occurred, he raised a regiment in his State, and went out to reinforce Gen. Taylor. Returning home as a bearer of dispatches, after several months' service on the Rio Grande, he resumed his seat in Congress, but almost immediately resigned and rejoined his regiment. He participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, and in the bloody struggle at Cerro Gordo, and after Gen. Shields received his apparently mortal wound at the latter battle, Col. Baker took command of the brigade.

After the war was over, Col. Baker was again elected to Congress from Illinois, where he served with distinction during the sessions of 1849 and 1850. His adventurous spirit soon led him to a new field. In pursuance of a contract with the Panama railroad company, he raised, equipped and led to the Isthmus four hundred men, with whom he surveyed and cleared much of the track of that important highway. Here, in common with many of his laborers, he was seized with the deadly Panama fever, and nearly lost his life.

He returned to Illinois, with both health and fortune very much impaired, and in 1852 went with his family to California. In San Francisco Col. Baker took a firm rank in his profession of the law, and acquired a most lucrative practice. His fame as a lawyer and orator penetrated every part of that remarkable State. But he was famous also as an orator, and his panegyric of Broderick, over the body of the murdered Senator, is said to have been one of the grandest exhibitions of fervid eloquence ever seen or heard on this continent.

But little more than a year ago, the spirit of progress being still in full vigor in his breast, Col. Baker removed to Oregon. His character and fame had preceded him, and almost immediately after his arrival he was elected to the Senate of the United States for six years.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he raised a regiment called the California regiment, mostly enlisted in this city. Subsequently he added another battalion to it, also of Philadelphians. Not satisfied with this, he undertook the organization a brigade, which he successfully accomplished out of several Philadelphia regiments. It was at the head of one of these that he lost his life."

## General Lane.

Gen. Lane, of Kansas, is not a doctor of laws, but if he had been, he could not have defied with more exactness than he did, in a late stump speech at Leavenworth, what the duty is of military officers under existing laws, executive instructions, and the resolutions of Congress: "We march to crush out treason and let slavery take care of itself." The nation has not yet determined upon a general emancipation, as a means of quelling the rebellion, but it has determined that the army shall not turn slave catchers for the benefit of traitors. If the slaves of such escape into our lines, they are not to be given up, and if the progress of our armies abolishes slavery, that is a consequence which traitors have brought upon their own heads.

A confederate letter writer in Missouri says that the German troops are "very attractive in their appearance." No doubt, when attacked they will be found terribly repulsive.

## More History.

When the development of this rebellion appeared in the secession of South Carolina, the announcement was boldly made, that it was an effort to vindicate the rights of the people of the South with regard to the extension of Slavery, the increase of its political power, and the protection of its domestic influence. On the pretence first that these rights had been threatened, the south prepared to resist aggression, and when the leaders in the rebellion had succeeded in fortifying their harbors and frontiers, they openly proclaimed their purpose so to destroy the American Union, that the institution of slavery might be increased in numerical strength and political power. In these declarations, the advocates of secession were in earnest—Alexander H. Stephens openly proclaimed the doctrine of universal slavery for every description of labor, and made the system of human bondage the basis on which the south intended to rear its fabric of government. These are facts which already constitute part of the history of this rebellion—facts incorporated into the confederate constitution—facts stamped upon their legislation, and facts which have prevented the powers of Europe thus far from recognizing the Confederate States of America, so called by the rebels, as an independent sovereign power among the nations of the world. If the basis of government fixed by the rebels had been any other than that of Slavery, England and France would have long since recognized J. F. Davis & Co., as legitimate rulers. It is the fear of stultification that prevents these powers from recognizing, and even this motive may not much longer deter them from such a proceeding, if the federal powers of this government do not soon move in a manner to prove that they are competent to cope with insurrection, able to crush out rebellion, and prepared at all hazards to meet and defeat the armed traitors of the south. Public sentiment cannot be forever restrained on this subject. The loyal states, after having almost spontaneously poured out their wealth in men and treasure in money in response to the government have a right to demand that a blow be struck regardless whether it be in the emancipation of every slave in the south, or the confiscation of every rebel city and village, so that the American Union is rescued and restored, the land delivered from rebellion, the laws once more respected, and the federal authority again recognized.

In the face of these historical facts, it is passing strange that there are those in the loyal states who still demand that in the effort to crush rebellion, no stroke must be struck at slavery. When the slave power declares it to be its purpose to break up the Union, to destroy the federal authority and desolate the land, others who give the federal government a sort of negative support, claim that those who are risking life and fortune to restore the majesty of that power must refrain from all interference with slavery—must not attempt the emancipation of a single slave, and in all particulars, must respect the local and general rights of every slave holder, whether he is found with arms in his hands, or is secretly abetting the efforts of those who are openly engaged in treason. Such a policy in this struggle cannot be productive of success. If the hope is entertained that the institution of slavery is to be saved and maintained in the social vigor and political power is possessed before the time the rebels be forced to obedience and respect, then are our armies a useless organization and burden to the government, and all our efforts to preserve the Union must eventually become failures. Only one of the two can survive this struggle. Slavery must be rebuked—its development retarded and its spread prevented, if we ever have hope to secure the future peace and prosperity of the American Union. The institution has driven itself as an element of destruction in our government. Its influence has introduced corruption into our system—its prestige has arrogated to itself a power superior to the constitution and laws of the land, and the issue must sooner or later be presented to the people, Shall the Union be restored—or shall slavery be maintained and perpetuated in the land.—*Telegraph*.

## A Pretty Good Story.

A tolerably good story is told us of a couple of raftsmen, based upon an occurrence during the late big flood and storm, in which so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky-rigging. A raft was caught in a dangerous place just as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and wallowing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over it in great fury; and expecting instant destruction, the raftsmen dropped on their knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that your doin', Mike," said he; "get down on your knees now, for there isn't a moment between us and purgatory!" "Be sisy, Pat," said the other, as he continued to push the water with his pole; "be sisy now; what's the use of praying when a feller can touch bottom with a pole!"

## Drawing Rations.

Not long ago a farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it for some time, but when the last half of his fine kidney 'began to disappear, he began to think that kind of thing had gone far enough and determined to stop it.

Next morning he made a visit to camp, amused himself by going around to see if the soldiers were well provided with good and wholesome food. He had not proceeded far when he found a boy, just serving up a dish of fine "kidneys" which looked marvelously like those which the "guide wife" brought to his own table.

Halting, the following conversation took place.

"Have fine potatoes here, I see."

"Where do you get them?"

"Draw them."

"Does the government furnish potatoes in your rations?"

"Nary potatoe."

"I thought you said you drew them."

"Did we—just do that thing!"

"But how, if they are not included in your rations?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Won't you take some with us?" said he as he seated himself at the table.

"Thank you! But you will oblige me by telling me how you draw them as they are not furnished by the commissary?"

Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops mostly! Sometimes with a hoe if one is in the field."

"Hum! yes! I understand. Well, see here, if you don't draw any more of mine I will bring you a basket every day and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger was given for the farmer. The covenant was entered into and no one but the owner drew potatoes from that field afterward.

## The Union Army Encamped near the Birthplace of Lincoln.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Nolin, Kentucky, under date of October 24, says:

"It is a somewhat singular fact that 'Lincoln's invading army' in Kentucky is now encamped within a few miles of Lincoln's birthplace. President Lincoln was born near the Rolling Fork of Salt River, and was but a short distance from the village of Hodgenville. His old home was originally in Hardin county, (in which the present 'Camp Nevin' is situated,) but the county has since been divided, and portion which contains the old homestead of the President now constitutes the new county of Laure. The place where the now famous cabin boy was born is still pointed out by the inhabitants, and there are several men who remember 'little Abe Lincoln,' as an old-time play fellow. Differing widely as they do, and some of them being ardent secessionists, it is worthy of note that they all profess unbounded confidence in the man. 'He was a poor boy,' they say, 'but a might clever, whole-souled little fellow whom you could trust with anything.' Mr. Lincoln personally they have full faith in, but they dislike the men he's got around him in his Cabinet."

"Singularly enough, while the present President was born in this county, the late one practiced law here. With that shrewd eye for the main chance for which Mr. Buchanan has always been distinguished, he once resolved to enter upon the mysteries of the 'land practice' in the then new county of Western Kentucky. Combining attention to other people's claims with speculations on his own account, the Old Functionary thought to make a good thing of it, but he happened to be beaten in two or three cases by parties for whose abilities he had conceived a profound contempt, based upon their rough exteriors, and the embryo President speedily migrated Eastward again, declining, in grand disgust, that 'every horse-chief and jail-bird in the Western knew more about land-law than he did.'"

## General Fremont.

The case of General Fremont, concerning whose removal from command in Missouri on great a discussion is in progress a week or two since, is still undetermined. At one time it was announced very positively that he was certainly to be superseded, and that orders to that effect had actually been issued from the War Department. This assertion now seems to have been premature, if not entirely unfounded; and Fremont continues to discharge the duties of his command without interference. We do not know much of the merits of the case presented by the opponents of General Fremont, but there is reason to believe that their enmity is made to rest upon the decided policy adopted by him with reference to the property of rebels arrayed against the Government. Charges of extravagant contracts and a disregard to the public interests have been brought against him, which may or not be well founded; we do not pretend to decide. But we still think the great offense which was given to the "conservatives," or upholders of slavery in the Northern States, by Fremont's proclamation of freedom to the slaves of all who might be taken in arms against the Government, has inspired the relentless warfare that has been waged upon him. We do not think a military commander ought to suffer degradation because he avails himself of his most powerful weapon against the traitors. We believe that the loyal people of this country have higher and nobler aims than expending their blood and treasure without that slavery may be preserved while the rebellion is being subdued. That poor old imbecile, General Patterson, has given us an example of the effect of such a suicidal policy. The sole fruits of his campaign, conducted at a cost of not less than ten millions of dollars, were summed up in the return of a dozen escaped negroes to their rebel masters. Fremont boldly cut loose from this puerile and disgraceful business, and is now booted at by the pro-slavery interests on every side. The Government and people will in time discover that the rebels will never abandon their cause while they are permitted to retain this terrible weapon in their possession. It must be wrested from them, and turned squarely against them before they will accept and acknowledge the authority of the Stars and Stripes—the emblem of a restored and undivided nation.—*National Intelligencer*.

General Fremont, who was an honor to his cloth, was the Quaker volunteer who participated in a recent Virginia skirmish. Coming to pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked, "Friend, it's unfortunate, but these stands just where I am going to shoot!" and blazed away. It is needless to say that "Snooze" came down.

In our army among the officers of rank, are three Prussian barons, a Russian and an English prince, a German revolutionist and two of the family of Louis Philippe.

Good faith is the richest exchequer of Governments, for the more it is drawn upon, the framer it is and its resources increase with its payments.

Prentice says, "It seems absurd to swear a bitter secessionist not to be guilty of disloyalty. You might as well swear a mad dog not to bite."

It is a pleasant and profitable habit to store up agreeable images of the past, with a view to present and future improvement as well as enjoyment.

The Federal forces took exactly the same number of cannon at Hatteras, that the rebels captured at Bull Run.

Food eaten with a keen appetite does you good, and is easily digested; but food that is loathed is not beneficial.

We rather think that the most reluctant slave to rice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

The King of Portugal has issued a decree prohibiting his subjects from fitting out vessels for privateers.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to present, and our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

One hundred and fifty fat cattle are slaughtered every day at Washington, to supply the army with fresh beef.

What a man learns is of importance; but what he can do, and what he will do are more significant things.

When a pick pocket pulls at your watch tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt-water gives us fresh fish, and hot words produce coolness.

An old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

The good deeds that most sons prefer that their fathers should leave behind them, are real estate deeds.

Why is Virginia sure to come right? Because she keeps Wheeling for the Union.

Two ways of letting the cotton out. Either by letting it out *in bale*, or by bagging it.

Many people take offence at everything, whose consciences take offence at nothing.

Those persons who are continually talking behind people's backs are usually great liars.

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

What would the world be like without women? A shift-less concern.

If you employ your money in doing good, you put it out at the best interest.

Songs without words—Those of that blessed baby.

Floyd's last exploit—He ran away—by Gauley!

Where Treason's last fight will come off—in a roped ring.

The wearing of corsets by the ladies is a mere matter of form.

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## THE SECESSIONISTS IN KENTUCKY ARE FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF THEIR SOUNDRELL ASSOCIATES IN MISSOURI IN PLUNDERING UNION MEN.

A gentleman of Harboursville, writing to a friend in Lexington, Ky., says:

"The infernal rebels have destroyed every thing we had in the world. They have even taken every stick of clothing except what I have on my back. They steal everything they can get their hands upon, even to bed clothing, ladies' clothing and ladies' jewelry. Their depredations put to shame the most heathen nation and the most savage made of warfare. I have not time to tell you of the various enormities they have perpetrated, but the worst that you can conceive would not do them justice.

On the night of the 7th inst., a company or squad of cavalry from Backner's band visited the house of Dr. Walton, Senator from Hart, and broke open his house, closets and trunks, stealing sundry articles of bedding and groceries; also a box belonging to Col. G. T. Wood; they also entered the house of David Maxey and pillaged beds and bedding, and horses and mules, and hung up a negro man, to compel him to tell where Mr. Maxey and Mr. Pointer, his son-in-law were. They also stole Mr. Pointer's horse and saddle. This squad was commanded by Monroe Adair, formerly of Greensburg."

The Administration has adopted a new policy which an exchange of prisoners can be effected, if the rebels choose. It cannot, of course, recognize them in