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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:
Thursday Morning, September 25, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

LITTLE MINNIE'S WISH.

I wish this war was ended,
And father was at home,
Then mother would not cry so much—
Oh! why don't father come?
I'm sure my mother loves me,
But why, I cannot tell,
She makes no more clothes for me,
But sews on clothes to sell.
I asked her once about it,
But mother could not speak—
She only pressed me to her breast,
While tears fell on my cheek.
I'm sure there's something very bad
Has happened for I know
My mother did not do this way
About twelve months ago.
I am too young to reason much,
But think it very strange,
That just because dear father's gone
That everything should change.
For since he went away, the man
That used to bring us bread,
Has ceased to come along this way—
I'm thinking he is dead.
I see the milk man still goes by,
But why, I cannot tell,
He will not stop at our house,
Not even ring his bell;
The butcher, too, that used to be
So kind, polite and clean,
Will not bring me a bit of meat,
I think he is right mean.
I told my ma to change them all,
And try some other men;
She sighed, and then came down her cheek
Big tears, like drops of rain.
Ma used to have nice furniture—
But why, I cannot say,
She let a man that had a car,
Had nearly all away.
I wish this war was ended,
And father was at home!
Then ma, I'm sure would smile again—
Oh! when will father come?

Miscellaneous.

The Battle of Antietam Valley.

Among the Blue Mountains, Md., Sept. 18, 1862.
Yesterday a great battle was fought in the Antietam valley, between the national army under General McClellan and the whole rebel army (the divisions of the two Hills, Jackson's, Longstreet's and McLaws' divisions) under General Lee.
Our left rested on the western slope of Elk Ridge Mountain, and our right was at a point, about three miles north of Sharpsburg, the line of battle stretching across the valley between these points. The rebels were massed in and around Sharpsburg.
Gen. Hooker, who commanded our right, opened the battle at daylight. His attack was most impetuous, and, though the rebels fought with great obstinacy, they were driven by noon about a mile and a half from their first position. Gen. Hooker was wounded in the foot, and Gen. Ricketts assumed command of the corps.
Soon after Gen. Hooker's advance began, our batteries on the various eminences became engaged with numerous rebel batteries on the hills about Sharpsburg, and a magnificent artillery fight ensued, greatly to our advantage. Thus the battle passed down the line, and about noon our left, under General Burnside, became hotly engaged there.
The battle raged furiously at every point, and the rebels were driven over three of the small spurs of the mountain, though they still kept their order.
About midnight our centre was advanced equal to the distance gained by the two wings, and both forces lay on their arms ready, apparently, to renew the combat at dawn.
* * * * *
A glorious victory for the Union arms closes the history of the terrible contest which has been waged with frenzy on both sides during two days past. The battle field is in the Poolstown Valley, near Sharpsburg, and four miles from Boonsboro. On either side rise gradual slopes of the mountain. The vale between these heights is one of the loveliest of the God of nature ever gave as the home of His creature, man.
The rebels, acknowledging a defeat on Sunday by their rapid departure from the field, a natural stronghold four miles eastward of this town, started in hot haste from their position in Poolstown Valley. Our cavalry rapidly pursued their rear guard through the streets of Boonsboro, throwing them into confusion, and taking many prisoners. At daylight on the morning of yesterday the heaviest fighting of the war commenced towards our left, near Cloydstown, and continued without intermission the entire day, resulting at its close in our holding the field fought on, with an immense number of prisoners and the wounded of the enemy in our hands.
Our loss yesterday was trifling as compared with that of the rebels, who were slaughtered in heaps by the fire of our artillery. Like shafts before the wind the rebels flew before the well-directed and steady advance of the Union lines, leaving their dead unburied and the wounded uncared for in their hasty departure. This town is to-day a great hospital for rebel wounded, the victims of the fight of yesterday with our left wing. The turning of the right of the enemy to a certain extent, and the advance of our left, shortened the gap by which the rebels hoped to make their escape, and night closed upon the scene of battle with a victory for our troops, and a promise for the morrow the most desperate combat of modern times, by the side of which even

the hardest and stoutest contest of the war becomes insignificant.
Murky clouds overshadowed the sky at morning's dawn, giving indications of a heavy fall of rain. This, if it had come, would have delayed the carnage which has marked this day's work. But nothing but a thin misty rain occurred, and this in no measure interfered with the prosecution of the day's work of slaughter.
At daylight the fight was renewed on the left wing, the rebels opening with artillery from an eminence on our troops in a ravine below. Our artillery responded, silencing in a measure the enemy's batteries. Our infantry then steadily advanced, under the cover of the fire from the artillery then supporting the column in the rear. From position to position were the rebels driven in this manner. In the centre equal success attended our advances against the rebel lines. Several magnificent *bona fide* bayonet charges were made by this portion of the Union army, all of which were successful. On the right of our lines from nine o'clock this morning a determined contest was waged, at one time with varying success.
When nightfall came on, success had been glorious on all portions of the line, our troops driving the rebels at every onslaught upon them to a new position.
Your correspondent reached the scene about five o'clock. Then the firing was not half so incessant as it had been during the day, but was more rapid and deafening than any I have heard heretofore in the war, exceeding Malvern Hill and Gaines' Mill by far. In the middle of this day I am told that the cannonading equalled the roar of Heaven's high artillery. The position from which I saw the fight, at a point near Gen. McClellan's headquarters, where the signal corps were working, was a magnificent one for observation of the entire field of fight. Not being acquainted with the disposition of our own and the rebel forces, I cannot enter into details of this the greatest battle of modern times, but hope to do so at no remote hour. I could discern from my place of observation the steady advance of our infantry against the enemy, and see the loud-mouthed ordinance of the rebels belch forth their missiles of death into their ranks. I could see the steadiness of our troops under the most galling and rapid fire of the enemy, as they marched forward to join new ground from the enemy. To say that our men fought well hardly expresses a moiety of the valor displayed on this memorable, never to be forgotten day.
The rebels resisted our first attacks with their accustomed valor, stubbornness and desperation, and only yielded ground when it was literally covered with dead and maimed. The artillery on both sides was splendidly worked, and did terrible execution.
The bulk of the fighting has been done with artillery at close range to-day, and with terrible effect on the rebels. Some brilliant infantry maneuvers have been executed on the field by our troops during the day.
A supporting column has been at hand on our lines during the entire action. This foresight of our great General more than once saved the fortunes of the day from going with the rebels when they attacked apparently vulnerable points in superior force. At one time a portion of our right wavered under a pushing charge of the enemy. Cover was gained near a fence, and the men ordered to fall on their faces. The enemy's fire passed generally harmlessly over the heads of our troops, when they arose and poured a destructive volley into their opponents, throwing them into such confusion that the aftercharge of the supporting column under General Cox effectually finished the work of destruction.
The sounds of war have ceased long since in the earlier part of the night. The field whereon was fought this most eventful fight, as far as I have examined it, presents a ghastly appearance, viewed by the glare of the flickering lights of the sextons of the battlefield, who are already at their dreadful, yet humane work. Locked in the embrace of cold, cold death, alike lay the bodies of thousands of Unionists and rebels, foes no longer disputing the fruits of years and months of husband men's labor and his happy homestead.
He has fought his last battle, he sleeps his last sleep. No sound can awake him to glory again.
It is certain that the enemy will give us fight again in the morning, as they cannot cross the river under our close pursuit. Would that they would surrender and save further effusion of human blood.
To-day it has poured rain. The rebels appear to gain desperation and stubbornness with every recurring disaster. If they fight to-morrow it will be with increased desperation and stubbornness. This evening they retreated rapidly through Sharpsburg, our forces shelling them as they went.
Just as the shades of evening quickly gather, large fires are seen in that direction, lighting the surrounding country with a lurid glare. The shells of our artillery have doubtless kindled flames in dwellings and barns, destroying the fruits of years and months of husband men's labor and his happy homestead. I would that I could go, even at this late hour of the night, exhausted as I am by the fatigue of the saddle during five days' ride of over two hundred miles, into the details of a struggle, which the children of my children will read with interest—details that will be transmitted from sire to son for many generations. Such as I am possessed of now are fragmentary and in some cases contradictory, and would confuse rather than enlighten. In the morning

I will lie again to the scenes and endeavor to glean a connected account from the mass of exciting rumors and statements so prevailing in the confusion of the night.
As to the fruits of the victory, they are bloody indeed—in fact purchased by sufferings such as are all stoutly contested battles. I have heard an officer remark, that this is the only honest battle we have fought—meaning, I suppose, that all of our officers tried to whip the rebels.
The conduct of the new troops has been admirable, entitling them to the places that they have been assigned, alongside of the veteran regiments. They have been, as a general rule, remarked to-day, "baptized in blood." The ordeal through which they have passed, has been a fiery one, that would have blanched the cheeks of veterans of other fields; and yet their valor and prowess have stood the test, and they vindicate and confirm the confidence our government has ever had in her citizen soldiery.
An immense number of prisoners have fallen into our hands, how many it is impossible to say. I met them all along the road, and conversed with them as they lay in the hospital. They acknowledge a crushing, overwhelming defeat. I do not think six thousand is too high an estimate for the number taken in the fights since Sunday. In some cases whole regiments fell into our hands.
The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is frightful. Our artillery gave them enfilading fires, literally sweeping their advancing columns, while our infantry charges and fire caused sad havoc.
Our loss is quite severe, especially in officers. General and field officers especially fell victims to the rebel fire, which at times, in the earlier part of the day, was very animated and well directed. Indeed, at one time it seemed as if the rebels, in a desperate onslaught, would break our line and throw us into confusion. Thanks to generalship and strong supports, this was not allowed to be so.
Our loss in yesterday and to-day's fights will reach, probably, ten thousand, mostly wounded—the killed not in the usual proportion.
The Objectionable English.
Many respectable writers, yielding to a fondness of novelty put words to quite other uses than legitimately belong to them; and there is a strong tendency to laxity in the choice of language very annoying to all who love exactness in English style. *Chambers' Journal* gives a number of specimens of a careless use of words:
Aggravate, in the sense of irritate—"He aggravated me so much that at last I struck him. The least reflection on the etymology as the word is sufficient to show how erroneously it is here used. A gentleman might say:—'His conduct toward me was very insolent; the offence was aggravated by my having never shown him anything but kindness.' It is probably from its use in such a legitimate connection of ideas, that it has at length come, in loose, common speech, to represent the words insult and irritate."
Some.—"It took the counsel some two hours to cross-examine the witness."—"The proper word to be used is 'albeit.' It is remarkable that Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Addison and Prior use the word 'some' in this objectionable way."
Progress as a verb—"We are progressing favorably." This is a barbarism recently introduced from America. While such words as proceed and advance exist it seems a pity to adopt a new one out of its old, accustomed sense. Here, too, however, there is not wanting a certain classic sanction, for the word is used as a verb by Milton.
Antiquarian as a noun. Antiquarian being the adjective, it is surely best that we use antiquary as the noun, seeing that it is at our service. The language, being varied, is enriched.
Talented. "Talents," in the sense of mental abilities, is itself a scarcely legitimate term, being only adopted figuratively from the word in the scriptural parable. When used as above it becomes unbearable. Our language, as it happens, exhibits a poverty of words for mental ability, yet "gifted" would be preferable to "talented."
You would wish me to invite you; but I am not going to.—"Mark caught the words he was not intended to." The sentences give examples of an elision which has become very common in the familiar language of the middle classes, and is even creeping into print.—Let it be condemned and avoided.
Directly, in the sense of when or as soon as—"Directly the pot is boiling, take it off the fire." The word is here manifestly used in wrong relation.
As well, in the sense of also. "He was very angry, and I was hot as well." This is another growing grammatical evil much to be deprecated.
The question lays in a nutshell. This sentence occurred a few days ago in a daily journal of very high repute. It is an example of a mistake very general in conversation amongst the middle classes of the English people (it is unknown in Scotland)—the active verb *lays* substituted for the neuter verb *lies*—and which most frequently occurs in the pretense, as—"I laid down in bed; for 'I lay down,' &c.; or, 'I had scarcely laid down in bed,' for 'I had scarcely lain down' &c. Left for departed. Thomas left this morning at six. In using the word "left," the mention of the place departed from is strictly unnecessary.
In this connection. "In this connection, we may also advert to the present age." Meaning, in connection with this fact, or proposition, or group of ideas. This is a piece of corrupt phraseology, which seems to have taken its rise in the American pulpit, but is now spreading in England.
Those sort of things. The proper expression to use would be, that sort of things, or things of that kind.
John, whom she said was looking another way. This is an example of a direct breach of

grammar not unfrequently seen in books. The relative pronoun (who), to govern the verb "was looking;" the words "she said" being parenthetical.
Party, for person. "I asked Thomas if he had long known that party, referring to a gentleman formerly seen in Thomas's company." This vulgarism seems to have taken its rise in the counting houses and exchange, where, being first used legitimately with regard to individuals in a bargain, it has at length come to us employed as a general term for an individual or person. It ought to be sternly repressed.
To these specimens of improper English may be added a specimen of improper Scotch. The word "canny" is constantly used in England as a Scotch word, appropriate to a low prudence or roguish sagacity, which Southern people are pleased to attribute to their Northern kinsfolk. Now, if Englishmen feel themselves entitled to use terms of obloquy regarding the morals of their neighbors, let them do it in correct language. The word "canny" in reality, means gentle, innocent, propitious, and has no connection whatever with either cunning or prudence.
"The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers."
THE HUMOR OF THE WAR.
Mr. Newell, whom it is no breach of faith to name as the writer of the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers," has struck an original vein of humor, and works it with decided effect. The war has given birth to no more amusing book than this.
Under date of Washington, April, 1861, "Orpheus" gives his opinion of the Rebels in this—
"COMPREHENSIVE ESTIMATE."
The chivalrous South, my boy, has taken Fort Sumter, and only wants to be "let alone." Some things of a Southern sort I like, my boy; Southdown mutton is fit for the gods and Southside particular is liquid sunshine for the heart; but the whole country is growing tired of new South walls before this, and my present comprehensive estimate of all there is of D.X.e may be summed up in twelve straight lines, under the general heading of
RECRUITING.
"Nath a narged palmetto a sathornor sat, A twisting the bent of his Panama hat, And trying to lighten his mind of a load, By humming the words of the following ode:
Oh! for a nigger, and oh! for a whip!
Oh! for a cockpit, and oh! for a nip;
Oh! for a slot at Greeley and Reecer!
Oh! for a crack at a Yankee school teacher.
Oh! for a captain, and oh! for a ship,
Oh! for a cargo of cigars each trip,
And so he kept on for all that he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he'd got.
These "twelve straight lines" are worthy of Hood.
Here is a fair hit at the way in which the recruiting service was conducted in the early stages of the war—
RECRUITING.
The Calcium Light regiment was recruited at great expense in New York, and went into camp on Riker's Island, until Secretary Cameron ordered his colonel to bring him on immediately for the defence of Washington.—The regiment has three officers, and will elect the other as soon as his voice is strong enough. He says that he is a regiment of 1,000 men; he says that 1,000 is simply the figure 1 and three eighths, and that he represents the 1, and his three officers the three eighths.
I believe him, my boy!
William Brown, of Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, asked his colonel last week for leave to go to New-York on recruiting service, and got it. He came back to-day, and says the colonel to him:
"Where's your recruits?"
William smiled sweetly, and remarked that he didn't see it.
"Why, you went to New-York on recruiting service, didn't you?" exclaimed the colonel.
"Yes," says William, "I went to recruit my health."
The colonel immediately administered the oath to him. The oath, my boy, tastes well with lemon in it.
A DEFERENCE TO GREAT BRITAIN.
The General of the Mackerel Brigade is no friend to England. He is reported to have made this strong speech:—
"We have borne with Great Britain a great while, my boy; but it is now time for us to take Canada, and wipe every vestige of British tyranny from the face of the globe.—The American eagle, my boy, flaps his dark wings over the red head of battle, and as his scarlet eyes rest for a moment on the English custom house, he softly whispers—he simply remarked—he merely ejaculates—Gore!
"Americans! fellow-citizens! foreigners! and people of Boston! shall we longer allow the bloated British aristocracy to blith us with base abolition proclivities, while Mr. Seward is capable of holding a pen?
"Hail, blood and thunder! welcome, gentle Gore, Let the bond bewage shatter every shore! High to the zenith let our eagle fly, Ten thousand battles blazing in his eye? Nail our proud standard to the Northern Pole, Plant patent-copyrights in each foreign hole! Shout havoc, murder, victory and spoils, Till all creation cringes in our toils! Then, when the world to our best is bent, And takes the Herald for its punishment, We'll pin our banner to a comet's tail, And shake the heavens with a big "ALL HAIL!"
"That's the spirit of America, my boy, to ken with a nutmeg on top and a hollow straw. Very good for invalids."
The following are amusing bits:—
A MODEL PROCLAMATION.
Finding himself master of the situation, Captain William Brown called the solitary chivalry to him and issued the following proclamation:—
"Citizens of Accomac! I come among you not as an incendiary and assassin, but to heal wounds and be your long-lost father. Several of the happiest months of my life were not spent in Accomac, and your affecting hospitality will make me more than jealously-watchful of liberties and the pursuit of happiness. (See the constitution.)"

"Citizen of Accomac! These brave men of whom I am a spectator are not your enemies; they are your brothers, and desire to embrace you in fraternal bonds. They wish to be considered your guests, and respectfully invite you to observe their banner of our common forefathers. In proof whereof I establish the following orders:—
"I. If any niggers come within the lines of the United States Army to give information, whatsoever, of the movements of the enemy, the aforesaid shall have his head knocked off, and be returned to his lawful owner, according to the groceries and provisions of the fugitive slave act. (See the constitution.)
"II. If any chickens or defenceless object belonging to the South be brought within the lines of the United States Army, by any nigger, his heirs, administrators and assigns, the aforesaid shall have his tail cut off, and be sent back to his rightful owner at the expenses of the Treasury Department.
"III. Any soldier found guilty of shooting the Southern Confederacy, or bothering him in any manner whatsoever, the same shall be deemed guilty of disorderly conduct, and be pronounced an accursed abolitionist.
"WILLIAM BROWN, Esquire, "Captain Conic Section, Mackerel Brigade, commanding Accomac."
DIGGING OUT REGIMENTS FROM THE MUD.
The mud at present inclosing the Mackerel Brigade is unpleasant to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. "As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights," continued Captain Bob Shorty, "with the veterans of the Mackerel Brigade waiting about in it up to their chins, you are forcibly reminded of a limitless plum-pudding, well stocked with animated raisins."
"My friend," says I, "the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakespeare's happier efforts. But tell me, my Plades, has the dredging for those missing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?"
Captain Bob Shorty, shook the mire from his ears and then says he:—
"Two brigades were excavated this morning, and are at present building a raft to go down to Washington after some soap. Let us not utter complaints against the mud," continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, "for it has served to develop the genius of New-England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the moment those wooden nutmeg chaps got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and are now making their eternal fortunes by peddling it out for patent cement."
THE GENERAL OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE ON McCLELLAN.
It pleases me greatly to announce, my boy, that the General of the Mackerel Brigade believes in McClellan, and gorgeously defends him against the attacks of that portion of the depraved press which has no friends dying of old age in the Army of the Potomac.
"Thunder!" says he to Capt. Bob Shorty, stirring the oath in his tumbler with a tooth brush, "the way little Mac is devoting himself to the military squelching of this here natural rebellion is actually outraging his physical nature. He reviews his staff twice a day, goes over the river every five minutes, studies international law six hours before dinner, takes soundings of the mud every time the dew falls, and takes so little sleep that there's two inches of dust on one of his eye-balls. Would you believe it," says the General, placing a tumbler over his nose to keep off a fly, "his devotion is such that his hair is turning gray and will probably dye!"
Captain Bob Shorty whistled. I do not mean to say that he intended to be musically satirical, my boy, but if I should hear such a canary bird remark after I'd told a story, somebody would go home with his eyes done up in rainbows.
A TAKE OFF.
* * * * *
"Read that ere Napoleonic dockment," says William, handing me a scroll. It was as follows:—
"Edrick—Having noticed that the press of the United States of America is making a ass of itself, by giving information to the enemy concerning the best methods of carrying on the strategy of war, I do hereby assume control of all special correspondents, forbidding them to transact anything but private business; neither they, nor their wives, nor children, to the third and fourth generation.
"I. It is ordered that all advice from editors to the War Department, to the General Commanding, or the generals commanding the armies in the field, be absolutely forbidden; as such advice is calculated to make the United States of America a idiot.
"II. Any newspaper publishing any news whatever, however obtained, shall be excluded from all railroads and steamboats, in order that country journals, which receive the same news during the following year, may not be injured by circulation.
"III. This control of special correspondents does not include the correspondent of the London Times, who wouldn't be believed if he published all the news of the next Christia era.—By order of WILLIAM BROWN, Esquire, "Captain Conic Section Brigade."
A WARRIOR'S SPEECH.
On reaching Accomac, my boy, we found Captain William Brown at the head of the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade, dressed principally in a large sword and brass buttons, and taking the altitude of the sun with a glass instrument operating by means of a bottle.
"Ah!" says William, "you are just in time to hear my speech to the sons of Mars, previous to the capture of Manassas by the United States of America."
Hereupon William mounted a demijohn laid lengthwise, and says he:—
"Fellow-Anacondas! Having been informed by a gentleman who has spent two weeks at Manassas, that the Southern Confederacy has gone South for its health, I have concluded

ed that it is time to be offensive. The great Anaconda, having eluded Barnum, is about to move on the enemy's rear:—
"Rear aloft your peaks, ye mountings,
Rear aloft your waves, O sea!
Rear your sparkling crests, ye fountains,
For my love's sake come back to me."
The day of inaction is past, and now the United States of America is about to swoop down like an exasperated eagle on the chicken left by the hawk. Are you ready, my sagacious reptiles, to spill a drop or so for your soaking country? Are you ready to rise up as one man?
"The tone is red,
Sugar is sweet, and
Bully for you."
"Ages to come will look down on this day and say: 'They died young.' The Present will reply: 'I don't see it; but the present is just the last thing for us to think about.—Richmond is before us, and there let it remain. We shall take it in a few years:
"It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, O pride of me heart?" which is poetry. I hereby divide this here splendid army into one *corps damme*, and take command of it."
At the conclusion of this thrilling oration, my boy, the *corps damme* formed itself into a hollow square, in the centre of which appeared a mail-cad ambulance.
THE CAPTURE OF MANASSAS.
Onward moved the magnificent pageant toward the plains of Manassas, the Anatomical Cavalry being in advance and the Mackerel Brigade following closely after.
Arriving on the noted battle field, we found nothing but a scene of desolation; the Rebels gone; the masked batteries gone; and nothing left but a solitary daughter of the sunny South, who cursed us for invading the peaceful homes of Virginia, and then tried to sell us stale milk at six shillings a quart.
When Captain William Brown surveyed this spectacle, my boy, his brows knit with portentous anger, and says he:
"So much for wasting so much time. Ah!" says William, clutching convulsively at his cauteen, "we have met the enemy, and they are hours—ah—ah—ah."
IRRITATING THE SOUTH.
Like four-and-twenty thunder-storms, the howlers roared together, and had not the Orange county veterans forgotten to put in any balls, there is reason to believe that some windows would have been broken. Another discharge, however, was more successful, as it knocked the top off the chimney.
The Southern Confederacy appeared at the window again, and says he:
"If you fellows don't quit that racket down there you'll irritate me pretty soon."
* * * * *
"Mr. Davis," says Samyule to the Confederacy at the window, "if we do not irritate you, will you consent to be reconstructed?"
"Reconstructed?" says the Confederacy, thoughtfully; "reconstructed! Ah!" says he, "you mean, will I consent to be born again?"
"Yes," says Samyule, metaphysically; "will you consent to be borne again, as we have borne with you heretofore?"
The Confederacy thought awhile, and then says he:
"Consider me reconstructed."
As that was all the constitution asked, of course there was no more to be done, and the Orange County Howitzers returned to their original position in the mire—the English gentleman remarking that the appearance and discipline of our troops were satisfactory to Albion.
Fighting, according to the constitution, my boy, is such an admirable way of preventing carnage that some doctor ought to make out a patent for it as a cheap medicine."
A dog at Hertford England, lately picked a ten pound note from the mud, and after drying it by the stove, put it into his master's hand. This is very well for Hertford; but we know a dog that is accustomed to go every day to get a pennyworth of meat, which is scored against him, and one day seeing the butcher make two marks instead of one, he did not seem to notice it, but watching his opportunity, seized a double amount, and ran home with it in a great state of glee.
Passably intelligent; but there is a Newfoundland dog in Bloomington that knows a trick worth two of that. His master recently gave him a basket, and said: "Carlos, take that basket and go to market." The dog trotted off and seized a paint brush, and commenced illustrating the basket with beautiful stripes. "What are you doing, Carlos, to the basket?" yelled the dog owner. "I'm going to mark it," quietly replied Carlos.
"Biddy," said a lady, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned, with the information that Mrs. Jones was just seventy-two years, seven months and two days old.
The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes placing a line of women thirty steps apart, and communicating the news to the first of them as a secret.
The latest news from the West is that the rebels had blockaded the Ohio river at Hamilton, nine miles below Risig Sun, Indiana, stopping the passage of boats from Louisville. At Mansfield Colonel Wilder was still holding out gallantly against the rebels. He had been reinforced, as had the enemy also, it was said, by Generals Folk and Buckner. Their force is estimated at twenty-five thousand.—General Duell was reported at Dripping Springs on Monday morning; and it was said on Tuesday that he had got up to the fight and was then engaged.
An army should always be ready for marching orders by keeping itself in marching order.