

# Buffalo

BY S. J. ROW.

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## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O! it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart.  
He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God,  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.  
Oh, he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is almost lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.  
Workmen of God! O lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.  
O, best is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is in the field when He  
Is most invisible!

## THE GRIM SERGEANT.

The Malakoff was taken! After weary months of strife and bloodshed, the great keystone to Sebastopol was in the hands of the French. Bravely had the sons of Gaul won their prize; and heaps of slain lying within that mammoth earthwork attested how dearly it had been bought. Few were the survivors of the volunteers who had carried the place by a coup-de-main, and these were lying that night writhing in the sleep of exhaustion, undisturbed, at first, by the loud explosions which were heard proceeding from the town. But even these tired men awoke shortly afterwards, when the startling news spread as fire through the camp that the Russians were retreating to the north shore, leaving the part they had so long and so ably defended in flames and ruin. Forgetful of their fatigue, even the remnants of the storming parties united in hands, and glided into the town to plunder what they could, undeterred by the frequent explosions and fast spreading fires. First and foremost among the marauders were twelve men of the 4th regiment, headed by one known to his comrades by the name of "the Grim Sergeant." Philippe Charente was one of the bravest men in the army. Gifted with prodigious strength and dauntless courage nature had given him a physiognomy which had procured for him the above mentioned sobriquet; and, being taciturn, rumor had further invested him with a character for great ferocity. Now, the truth was, that a more gentle-hearted creature than Charente did not exist. But men often pride themselves upon possessing qualities which are really foreign to their natures. So the sergeant was pleased when he was joked about his malevolent disposition, and smiled grimly. One good turn his dark reputation certainly did for him—for he was held in such awe by his comrades that he led a peaceful life, no one caring to stir up the wrath of the supposed man-tiger. Philippe had done good work in the Crimea, and escaped the sickness which cut off so many brave fellows. He had led one of the storming parties into the Malakoff, and came out of the dread struggle without a wound, though his companions fell around him, mown down by the fire of the enemy, like grass by the scythe of the mower. He was one of the first to awake at the news of the retreat, and, possessing the confidence of his comrades, he soon collected a few daring spirits whom he led into Sebastopol. Onward went that little band through streets of burning houses, over heaps of the slain, broken gun carriages, carcasses of horses, wrecks of every kind. Their numbers gradually lessened—some crushed by falling ruins, others perishing by the onsets of straggling Russians. Still undaunted, still animated by the hope of plunder, the survivors advanced through flames and blood to reap a harvest from the departed foe. At last they reached the side of the harbor, and entered a magnificent house, which was not yet in flames, and seemed in a less dismantled condition than the generality of the riddled buildings around. Nor were the hopes excited by its external appearance disappointed. The large bow window of this noble room opened upon a terrace, which overhung the water, and commanded a fine view of the harbor and north shore. Charente attracted by the sound of an explosion, stepped out upon the terrace for an instant, and gazed upon the scene before him. Where to the right, the Russians were fast destroying the floating bridge, over which they had made their masterly retreat; and the whole water swarmed with vessels of every degree, from the hastily constructed raft to the fairy-like steamers, which were busily employed in conveying goods and provisions to the north shore. His attention was suddenly called to the interior of the room by a loud shout from his comrades, and the agonized scream of a female voice, when turning round, he saw that the soldiers, in breaking down a large mirror, had brought to view a closet which it had concealed, and from which they were dragging forth a young girl about fourteen, who with uplifted hands and heart-rending accents craved for mercy from the rude captors. But the encounters which they had with the Russians that morning, and the losses they had sustained had exasperated the French, and one ruffian pointed a pistol at the poor child's head, whilst another raised his sword to cut her down. In an instant the "Grim Sergeant" was in the midst of the group; he struck the pistol so that it exploded harmlessly in the air, he dashed away the menacing weapon, and seizing the victim in his arms, he gazed around upon his astonished comrades, and shouted: "She shall not have the death of a soldier, with a sword and gun; she shall be drowned like a cat, in a bath of Russian water." Then throwing off his sword, he leaped upon the terrace and plunged into the water beneath. For a moment the soldiers stood transfixed, they rushed to the window to watch the Sergeant's proceedings; but another marauding party entering the house at this time, they were fearful of losing the spoil, and returned to the work of plunder, loading themselves with every article that they could carry off. In the meantime the Sergeant, supporting the young girl's head, was striking out bravely for north shore. The water was intensely

cold, for the weather had changed before, and a bitter north wind blew right into the face of the swimmer. The perils of the passage were great, for, ever and anon, the shot and shell from the English, who were trying to destroy the Russian fleet, struck the water around him; and heavily dressed and encumbered as he was, the distance of some eight hundred yards seemed very indeed. Still he went manfully on, each stroke more feeble, until he reached the water. Emerging from the water at an insignificant pier, the tough soldier placed his young charge gently on the ground, then shaking the water from his hair, he made a very low bow and said: "Mademoiselle, vous êtes sages."  
"Tell me your name and address, my preserver," asked she, with tears streaming down her face.  
"Philippe Charente of the 4th regiment," answered he; "my home is in the Rue des Piporits, Boulogne. But I must not stay," he added pointing to a group of Russians who were approaching; so, with another low bow he sprang into the water, and struck boldly back for the southern side of the harbor.  
That day at noon the "Grim Sergeant" stalked into the camp, looking taller, darker, more grim, and more manly. His clothes and hair still bore marks of his watery adventure; but when his comrades joked, and wanted to hear what he had done with the young captive, he looked so awfully fierce, and smiled so diabolically, that ere nightfall it was given out and currently believed in the regiment, that Charente had outdone himself by some process of slow drowning, whereby his reputation for ferocity was much enhanced, and never a word said to him.  
Four years passed, and the graves which marked that scene of struggle and bloodshed were veiled by the kindly grass; the invaders had left the Crimea, the Russians again occupied Sebastopol, and the storm of war dispersed on the shore of the Euxine, to gather again, first on the plains of India, and then upon the sunny land of Italy. Again the French army went forth to battle and to victory. Again did our friend, the "Grim Sergeant," display his prowess in the foremost ranks, and earned on the day of Magenta, the much prized decoration of the cross of the Legion of Honor. But the good fortune which bore Charente scatheless through the storming of the Malakoff and the field of Magenta, forsook him in the bloody battle of Solferino. He had rushed into the midst of the enemy and seized some Austrian colors, when the foe closed around him, and wounded, and bleeding, he was taken prisoner. This would have been a short duration, and his wounds soon healed; but his right hand had lost the thumb and two fingers, which quite incapacitated him for military purposes, so that when he returned to his native country he was at once discharged, and retired with a small pension, to Boulogne. He soon after married, and did not preserve, in private life, the character for ferocity which he so much prized, for his home was one of the happiest in the world. One evening, about three months after his return, he was startled by the appearance of a gentleman, who came to summon him before the mayor. On entering his presence, the officer inquired abruptly: "Are you Philippe Charente, late of the 4th regiment?"  
"I am that person, monsieur."  
"Your presence is required in Paris; you must start to-night; a Russian family of distinction desire to see you—you will find them at the Hotel, Rue de Rivoli."  
"Alas! monsieur, I am poor, I have no clothes fit to appear in before people of rank, nor means to take me to Paris."  
"All will be provided for you. I have received two hundred francs to enable you to obey the summons at once," and the mayor handed him ten gold pieces.  
The worthy sergeant bowed, and left the house in a state of dire perplexity. He went to a clothier's and fitted himself with a holiday suit, then returning home he bewildered his wife with the news, packed his knapsack, and left that night for Paris.  
He puzzled himself, during his long journey, in trying to make out what could be the meaning of the strange summons to the metropolis, and what a Russian family of distinction could want with a poor soldier like himself. The many acts of kindness of his life were always done in an underhand sort of way—secretly confessed to himself; and his adventure at Sebastopol had long faded from his memory. It was in vain that he twisted his moustache, and stared diligently at the lamp in the carriage; no light dawned upon his mind, and he reached Paris still enveloped in the mists of unsolved mystery.  
Leaving the station, he shouldered his knapsack, and carrying in his hand the card received from the Mayor of Boulogne had written the address of the Russian nobleman, he plodded steadily on to the Rue de Rivoli. He walked into the grand entrance of the hotel with a much more faltering step than he would have shown on marching up to an enemy, and presented his card to the smart *garçon* who met him. He was evidently an expected guest; for, on glancing at the card, the man said: "Philippe Charente?"  
"The same, monsieur," answered the sergeant.  
"Follow me, my brave fellow," said the kindly waiter. "His excellency is at breakfast; but he told me to usher you into his presence directly as you arrived."  
Charente, more perplexed than ever, followed the man up the great staircase, and entered a large suite of rooms. They passed through a magnificent saloon, in which were several servants in rich liveries; then opening a door to the right, the *garçon* said, in a loud voice: "Philippe Charente is arrived, your highness."  
Before Philippe had time to observe anything in the room which he entered, an exclamation of delight rang in his ears, his hands were clasped by small, white, jeweled fingers, a face of great beauty was looking up to him, and a deeply moved voice said: "My brave preserver!"  
A tall, military looking man, whose breast was covered with orders, now advanced to the bewildered soldier, and shook him warmly by the hand.  
"God bless you my fine fellow!" said he; "but for your generous kindness I should have been childless."  
The good sergeant, perplexed beyond degree, looking from one to the other with such a mystified expression of countenance, that the young lady fairly laughed, and said: "Why, Philippe, have you forgotten the Aus-

sian girl at Sebastopol, whom you rescued from her savage comrades?"  
And now, at last, light broke in upon the poor man's darkened brain. The whole scene of that long forgotten day flashed before him. But was it possible that the graceful and beautiful lady who was still holding his hand, had been the pale child whom he had saved?  
"Is mademoiselle indeed the person whom I was found in the recess of that large house in Sebastopol?"  
"The very same," said she, smiling. "I have never forgotten you, and you would have heard from me before; but my father was unable to leave Russia until about a month ago, and I had set my heart upon finding you out, that he might thank you himself for the care you took of his only child, and that you might learn that Russians are not ungrateful."  
"But how was it," asked the still unsatisfied sergeant, "that mademoiselle was left alone to the horrors of a deserted city?"  
"Ah! that was horrible indeed," said she, a cloud passing over her usually joyous face. Then, turning to her father, she left him to tell Philippe how, being himself engaged in ordering the retreat, he had entrusted his daughter to the care of his servants, with directions to take her across the harbor at once in his own barge; but that, a loud explosion taking place near the house, they had lost all presence of mind, and rushed tumultuously to the boat, leaving her behind. "I could scarcely believe it at first," resumed the young lady, with a slight shudder at the recollection; but when the loneliness and danger of my position became too apparent, I determined to try and find my way across alone. At this instant your party entered the house, and I had only time to hide myself in that recess when you all poured into the drawing room. The sequel you know as well as I do, but not the intense gratitude I feel, and which can never cease to be a part of my life."  
Charente was petted and feted for some days, and introduced to all the friends and relations of the lady, who loaded him with attentions and presents. The Russian nobleman settled a pension of six hundred francs a year upon him, and as they parted, the grateful girl took a handsome ring from her finger, tied it round Charente's neck, and said: "There! you must not forget me again; that *souvenir* will remind your wife of your good deeds, and yourself of a Russian's gratitude."  
**HAVELOCKS.**  
This article of soldier's clothing is named after Gen. Havelock, from the circumstance that he introduced it into the English Army in India. When made of suitable materials, it is a protection to the head and neck against heat, cold, and rain. It can be furnished at so low a price that every one can be provided; it is of so little bulk that it can be carried in the pocket, when not wanted on the head, and when required can be adjusted upon the fatigue cap in less than a minute. As soon as it becomes known it will be universally adopted by soldiers, and we do not wish to extend it to all classes of people, particularly farm laborers. The women, too, will adopt them to wear around the garden and about the house, and as a duster over bonnets. All commanders of regiments going South should see that every man is provided with a Havelock, and that they are worn upon all necessary occasions. Havelocks can be furnished in large quantities, by the aid of the sewing-machine, made of good twisted cotton, which will be almost impervious to rain, at 12½ cents each; made of stout white linen, at 25 cents each; and of good white flannel, for 30 cents each. For wet weather they may be made of water-proof articles, and for winter of gray flannel or thicker cloth, as they probably will be by the Seamless Garment company. To enable any family to get up these valuable protectors of the head and neck for home use, for those going from home to serve their country in the tented field, instead of the hayfield, we give the following dimensions and description:  
There is a crown-piece five inches across. The head-piece is three and a half inches wide at each end, and five inches in the center, stitched to the crown, with the end stitched together in front, with a visor two inches deep in the center and eleven inches in extreme length, where it is stitched to the head-piece. Then a cape six and a half inches deep, cut circular is stitched to the back of the head-piece extending from one point to the other of the visor. Over this seam, inside, is stitched a cape casting for a double draw-string to pucker it, to suit different sized heads. The visor is made double, and open inside, so that the leather visor of a common fatigue cap may be inserted, as the Havelock is thrown over it, which can be done while on the march almost instantly. The inner edge of the under part of the visor is hemmed, and the front edge stitched, and the outer edge of the cape hemmed. The whole work can be done by the sewing-machine, and the pieces cut by patterns of machinery, so that the articles can be furnished with immense rapidity.  
A presiding elder, who was holding a meeting without assistance, was overjoyed on a Sabbath morning, to see brother King, who is a good preacher, ride up and at once insisted that he should preach the morning sermon. "No," said brother K., "the people came here to hear you, and would not be satisfied with any sermon I could preach; but if you notify them of the fact I will preach to-night." I will answer the elder, and in order to do so more effectively, I will preach from the text. "He that cometh after me, is greater than I." (Do says brother K., and for my text to-night, I will take the passage, "All that came before me were thieves and robbers.")  
To KEEP BUTTER SWEET.—D. Edson Smith, contributes to the *American Agriculturist* the following directions for preserving the butter in good condition for any length of time. In May or June when butter is plenty, work it thoroughly two or three times, and add at the last working nearly one grain of saltpeter and a spoonful of pulverized loaf sugar to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in stone jars to within two inches of the top, and fill the remaining space with strong brine. Cover the jars tightly, and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will keep unharmed for a long time.  
An interesting company of about 50 boys and girls, selected from more than 400 children at Juvenile Asylum, New York, were sent out to Western homes last week, under the care of Mr. Allen, the indenturing Agent.

## WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

BY ELIAB BURRITT.  
I see it! You would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now and tell you the whole story. I was transfused from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friend, it is even so. I stood and looked for hours on those thoughtful iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a ball of cotton and twirled it, in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of the most volupitous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts—there was no attribute of dignity in them, and I admired them nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their being and destiny in finer power; so I went away and left them spinning—cotton.  
One day I was turning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any engine going in modern times, when a most unearthly scream pierced my ears. I stepped to the door and there it was—the great iron horse. Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great dragon we read of in the Scriptures, harnessed to half a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying with surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexapod move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the arm of human beings gliding with the velocity of wind over the iron tracks, and droves of cattle traveling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards the city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy, bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! It divorced the intervening distance, and wedded the cities together! But for its furnace, heat and sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of horse power. And I went back to my forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.  
Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of old bellows. So, without more ado, I stepped in, and, in a corner of a room, saw the chief d'œuvre of all machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it is simple as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer and stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.  
"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a careless turban of brown paper on his head.  
"A printing press?" queried musingly to myself, I stepped to the press. What do you print?" I asked.  
"Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully; "why, we print thoughts."  
"Print thoughts?" I repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration—he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another spot on his forehead, from the reflection of his left hand to quicken my apprehension of his meaning.  
"Why, yes," he reiterated in a tone of forced confidence, as if pressing an idea which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeited, for aught he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts to be sure."  
"But, my boy," I asked in an honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them?"  
"Thoughts are what comes out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them indeed! Why, minds aren't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the thoughts that ever thought and all the thoughts that minds ever made would not make a ball of twine, and minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Dupont, the sexton, says a man weighs as much when his mind has gone out of him, as he did before. No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh on ounce Troy."  
Then how do you print thoughts? If minds are thin as air, and thoughts are thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade or color, and are like winds, are anywhere in a moment, sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth, how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"  
Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing the ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the paper, he replied: "Thoughts work and walk in things that make tracks, and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"  
The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown puff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on:  
"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the case, with his eye fixed admiringly upon us. "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these ere letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of human man; and we can print it to, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blackened around with a coverlet of the thoughts, as much like the pattern as two pins."  
Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at me with evident astonishment.  
"Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if minds were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached them a helping hand. "Why, the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which 'nd have been dead as stone if it hadn't been for boys like me, who run the ink-rollers. Immortality, indeed! Why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing

into the profane sublime, "people's mind's wouldn't be immortal if it wasn't for printers—at any rate in this ere planetary burying ground. We are the chaps that manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman gracefully on the shoulder.  
The latter took it as it dubbed a knight of the legion of honor; for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in an apocalypse. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds such as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man and we will insure his life. We will keep him alive forever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these bits of pewter. He shant die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that come to live here as long as the world stands."  
"Ezekiel," I asked in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"  
"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind."  
"Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman. And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought tracks" ever since.  
**FLAX vs COTTON.**  
From the New York Evening Post of May 16.  
The cotton States have founded all their political and commercial operations upon one idea, that cotton is King, and that it rules the world. In particular have they imagined that France and Great Britain could not do without it, and that this necessity would compel them, sooner or later, to recognize the Southern Confederacy. They have looked at the idea of any hostile competition in the production of this article elsewhere in sufficient quantity and of adequate quality to supersede their own. But we imagine they are about to be undeceived, and that, too, in a most unexpected manner.  
We have seen at the Chamber of Commerce the most beautiful specimens of flax cotton we have ever examined, which is actually the product of our North-western States, and where it grows in boundless extent, indigenous, cheap, and to be had almost for the taking. We have seen it after the first process, one of a few minutes' time; after the second, when it was carded; in the third, after it was spun; and in the fourth, when it assumed the form of cloth of the most beautiful texture, woven into the fabrics now usually manufactured of the Southern cotton. After the third process, it cannot be distinguished in its appearance from the finest cotton.  
It has long been suspected that there were other vegetable fibers which might be made as valuable as those of the cotton plant, and many are in use in various parts of the world—such as the vegetable silk or *arvore de paina* of South America, resembling cotton wool, but not having roughness enough in the fibre to permit its being woven; the palm or vegetable silk of Owhyhee; the sunnee of India, or brown hemp; the jettee from Madras; the borassus fibre from Bengal, now a rival of flax and hemp, but limited in its use because it will not stand being wet; various kinds of hemp and flax fibers—those of Manila, the aloce, cork, pineapple, China grass, Para grass, bast, &c.  
All these have their uses and their value, but the woolly covering of the seeds of the gossypium, or cotton plant, has supplanted them all in quantity, quality, and general adaptability to the wants and comforts of the human race.  
None of the fibers of the other vegetable substances above mentioned, with the exception of flax, have ever been turned so easily and cheaply to use. This, which the botanists call *linum usitatissimum*, has been the chief competitor of cotton; but its preparation and manufacture are effected by a process so tedious and onerous that very great efforts have been made to shorten and simplify it.  
As long ago as 1828 a patent was granted by act of Parliament to a Mr. Lee for a method of separating the fibre in two or three hours. In 1852-'53 a Mr. Schenck invented a method for preparing the fibre in sixty hours, and the Chevalier Glaussen introduced, still later, a process by which the fibre, soaked in a solution of the carbonate of soda, and afterwards dipped up into minutest divisions, and in the form of flax cotton, and when manufactured proved to have a stronger and finer texture than the best cotton. For some reason unknown, the discovery was not proceeded with; cotton still remained king; but we believe its downfall is at hand.  
On our great western prairies, and in a large part of Western Canada, there is a species of wild flax, unknown to botanists formerly, which is indigenous, perennial, herbaceous, and inexhaustible in quantity. It was put to no use by the early settlers, except to make straw of it for litter. Recently, the seed has been considerably collected for the manufacture of oil, but still later, its fibre has been found to be very valuable, and now it has assumed a momentous importance through the means of a very simple invention. The stalks are placed in a cylinder, and subjected to an enormous pressure of high steam—250 pounds to the inch. In less than six minutes the contents are blown out or exploded, and the flax comes forth with the fibre divided up, and husk or covering shattered into infinitesimal particles. It then resembles Codilla, or tow. It next passed through cylinders armed with teeth, which hackle it and smooth out the fibres. It is then washed with nitric acid, and comes out as white as snow. It is then carded, drawn out into yarn, and is spun into thread precisely like cotton, and is ready for the loom. Thus the old, tedious, and unhealthy process of water-rotting is done away with, and so is that of bleaching, to perfect which chemistry has expended millions, and large fields of lawn have been indispensable.  
This article, when ready for spinning, can be afforded at a uniform price of six cents per pound, and enough of it can be gathered wild, though it would be much improved by culture, from our own prairies, to clothe the world with a fabric of the finest and most durable quality. The experiments already made, and the mills already constructed to manufacture it, have furnished the most conclusive evidence of the truth of this magnificent discovery.  
Samples of the article, in all its processes, have been forwarded to Manchester, and parties are ready to furnish as many bales of it as all the mills in England may demand.  
A Yankee in Iowa has just taught a duck to swim in hot water with such success that it lays boiled eggs.

## THE JOURNAL.

**SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS.**  
MAY 27.—Jackson, the murderer of Ellsworth, had made great preparations for a conflict. He had in his possession a volcanic rifle—capable of 32 discharges without reloading—Colts revolving rifles, double barreled guns, revolvers, and a small howitzer. He had persistently boasted of his individual power to hold his home against any attack.  
Two of the enemy's picket guards were captured some miles beyond Arlington Heights and brought to Washington. One of them confirms the report that on Saturday afternoon about 700 rebels were several miles only from Arlington, but prudently retired farther back when they discovered the hurrying of the troops thitherward from Washington.  
A car was seized four miles beyond Alexandria, on the line of the railroad by Zouaves, containing butter, cheese, flour, eggs, etc. Eighteen men of the rebel army, in citizen's dress, were in charge. The goods and men were brought to Alexandria, where they await the orders of the government.  
A man was seized several miles from Washington, with a secession flag, by several Zouaves, which they made him carry on a pole to the Marshall House. There he was brutally assassinated, and there trampled the flag in the dust, and then lie down on it.  
From Alexandria all along the Georgetown aqueduct breastworks have been thrown up in 24 hours—every soldier, even in the N. Y. 7th, working constantly and effectually. These defenses are being strengthened.  
At Alexandria one spy was captured to-day, and three yesterday; and 250 concealed pistols, 500 rounds ammunition, and a large quantity of military clothing, were seized in suspected houses.  
The Zouaves took in custody a rebel, with about \$250 on his person, together with pistols and papers. He was deprived of the effects and released on parole.  
MAY 28.—The rebels are evidently preparing for action. Reports received at Washington state that they are throwing up entrenchments at the Manassas Gap Junction, and the secessionists at Alexandria are loudly boasting that they will soon be relieved by the advance of rebel troops from Richmond. The government, however, is prepared at points to check any forward movements of the enemy.  
It is stated, that some mysterious movements have been going on at the rebel camp at Harper's Ferry. Only two companies have been on parade for some days. The ferryman was warned to pass nothing but the mail. The camp is guarded with great care, neither friend nor foe being permitted to visit it. All this may be only a mark to cover a retreat, as the camp is on a horse-shoe shaped piece of ground, from which retreat might easily be cut off.  
The United States forces from the Indian country west of Kansas, comprising six companies of cavalry and five of infantry, under Lieut. Col. Emery, are near Leavenworth, Kansas, with all means of transportation and plenty of subsistence. On the Texan frontier they made a rapid retrograde march, and captured twenty-five Texans who had been dogging the troops for some time. They were held prisoners one day and discharged.  
The President has accepted three regiments from Kansas, including one of cavalry from the Leavenworth arsenal. A large detachment of the former, (and the main body, if necessary,) will be deployed along the Hannibal and St. Joseph railway, to protect passengers and freight from capture or injury. There has been no little apprehension of trouble from secessionists, but this will guaranty protection to persons and property.  
It is reported that 500 cavalry and 500 secessionist infantry, with a dozen wagon loads of arms, which were to be reinforced by 1,000, arrived at Webster, and intended to attack Wheeling. Some 5000 Ohio and Wheeling troops took possession of the Wheeling branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and started to Grafton, (Parkersburg junction), where the secession forces were encamped.  
On Saturday night a body of Union men, took possession of the railroad depot and telegraph office at Mountsville, as Major Barry the agent was strongly enlisted in the secession business.  
The rebels at Point of Rocks have succeeded in throwing "Ballman's Rock," on the railroad track, by blasting. The rock weighs about 70 tons.  
On Sunday the secessionists burned two of the railroad bridges between Farmington and Mannington, on the Baltimore road.  
MAY 29.—Two citizens of Alexandria, who on their word of honor declared that they were loyal to the United States, were several days since granted passes to that city at pleasure. To day they went beyond the outside guards into some bushes and fired on the U. S. Artillery. They were immediately pursued and shot. The passes referred to were found in their pockets.  
A gentleman from Norfolk by way of Richmond and Fredericksburg, estimates the Secession force now at Norfolk, Portsmouth and Gosport, at 20,000; at Richmond at least 15,000, and near Fredericksburg 10,000; large reinforcements having arrived, within a few days, from the South.  
Persons recently from Kentucky, say that the six Western counties are as hot with the Secession fever as South Carolina ever was, and that mob-law and terrorism sweep everything before them. The rest of the State is either quiescent or actively loyal.  
Several steamers, with about 1,000 troops aboard, went down the river; and their destination is supposed to be Acquia creek, where the rebels are known to have erected a battery.  
Eight armed rebel soldiers captured in Virginia, and the 35 cavalry taken at Alexandria, are at the Washington Navy Yard, awaiting the action of the military authorities.  
A force of 2,500 men, formed an entrenched camp near the mouth of James river to-day, ten miles from Monroe, across Hampton roads. This is an important strategic point.  
Lieut. Col. Heinzelman, who is now in command of three regiments under Gen. Mansfield, in Alexandria county, is the man who drove Cortina from Texas.  
About 100 fugitive slave came to Fortress Monroe this morning. They were provided with rations and set to work, their services being greatly needed.  
On Saturday night a week, Prof. Grant's calcium light was used at Fortress Monroe, and illuminated the most distant point reaches of Hampton roads.