The Compiler

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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TERMS.

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The Muse.

THE HOWLD SOJER BOY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

I.

Oh there's not a trade that's going,
Worth showing,
Or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For a howld sojer boy;
Where right or left we go,
Sure you know,
Friend or foe
Will have the hand or toe
From a howld sojer boy!
There's not a town we march thro',
But the ladies, looking arch thro'
The window-panes, will search thro'
The ranks to find their joy;
While up the street,
Each girl you meet,
With looks so sly,
Will cry
"My eye!
Oh, isn't he a darling, the howld sojer boy!"

II.

But when we get the route,
How they pout
And they shout
While to the right about
Goes the howld sojer boy.
Oh, 'tis then the ladies fair
In despair
Tear their hair,
But "the divil-a-one I care,"
Says the howld sojer boy!
For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
But chalk us up with joy:
We taste her tap,
We tear her cap—
"Oh that's the chap
For me!"
Says she;
"Oh, isn't he a darling, the howld sojer boy!"

III.

Then come along with me,
Gramachree,
And you'll see,
How happy you will be
With your howld sojer boy;
Faith! if you're up to fun
With me run;
'Twill be done
In the snapping of a gun."
Says the howld sojer boy;
"And 'tis then that, without scandal,
Myself will proudly dandle,
The little farthing candle
Of our mutual flame, my joy!
May his light shine
As bright as mine,
Till in the line
He'll blaze,
And raise
The glory of his corps, like a howld sojer boy!"

Miscellaneous.

An Awful Muddle.

The following is a melancholly illustration of the uncertainty of types. A young gentleman by the name of Conkey having been united in the holy bonds of wedlock, sent the marriage notice, with a couplet of his own composition, to a local paper for publication as follows:

"Married—On August 1, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, to Miss Euphemia Wiggins:
"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody:
"Time with its ravages imparts no bitter fusion to its acrasy."

Mr. Conkey looked with much anxiety for the issue of the paper, in order to see his name in print. The compositor into whose charge the notice was placed happened to be on a spree at the time, and made some wonderful blunders in setting it up—thus:—"Married—On April 1, at. Donkey, Esq., Eternally at Law, to Miss Ephemia Piggins—
"Jove is an onion of two heads that belts in softest melon:
"Time in its cabbages imparts no better feed to an extra dray."

How a Coat was Identified.

In the Justice's Court, in this city a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute and the evidence was direct and positive, for both parties were Irish, full of wit, readier to lose all they had than give up the coat.

The affair was carefully examined, and the court was in a quandary, not knowing who had the best right to the garment. However, a moment before the judge was about to sum up the evidence, Pat Power, one of the chimants, made the following proposition in order to settle the difficulty.

"Now, Tim O'Brien, ye say that coat belongs to yourself; I say it's me own. Now mind ye, Tim, the both av us will take the coat an look it all over: the one that finds his name on it is the owner."

"Done," said Tim. "An ye'll stick to the bargain?" asked he.

"Av coorse," as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and finally passed it back to Patrick, saying,

"An now let us see if you'll find the likes of yer blaggard name upon the garmint."

"Ye'll stick to the bargain?" said Pat, grasping the coat.

"Yes, on the honor of a man," was the reply.

"Then hould a bit," said Pat, as he drew out his pen knife and opened a corner in the collar of the coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming, as he held them in his hand,

"There, d'ye see that?"

"Av coorse I do, but what av it?" said Tim.

"A deal it has to do wid it; it's me name, to be sure—pea for Patrick and pea for Powers, be jabers."

He got the coat, and well he deserved it, too.

Hit or Miss!—In a town not far from the eastern border of this city, an attendant upon public Sabbath worship there, was accustomed to make responses so frequently, loudly, and oftentimes inappropriately, that the pastor of the parish at length suggested to him that it would be well to observe more caution in his outward manifestations of fervor. For a time he was more guarded in his exclamations, but one Sunday on hearing something from the pulpit of more than usual interest to him, he electrified the audience by shouting forth, "*Amen! Hit or Miss!*"

The New York Seventh Regiment.—Since the war broke out the New York Seventh Regiment has furnished four colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, two majors, twenty captains, seven adjutants and thirty-eight lieutenants.

☞The Western Maryland Railroad has been completed to Westminster, from which place two daily trains are running to Baltimore.

☞Most of the wheat crop in Georgia has been cut. The yield is represented as being larger than for many years previous.

Standing Guard.

A member of the Schuylkill regiment, in camp near Washington, writes thus of the incidents of standing sentinel:

The manner in which the sentinel receives the countersign is as follows: He permits a person to come to a distance of twelve or fifteen paces of his post, and then commands him to "halt," and asks, "who comes there?" The answer will generally be, "a friend." The sentinel commands, "advance, friend, and give the countersign."—The person advances, *and leaning over the* point of the bayonet of the sentry, gives the password, (the guard must always receive it at a "charge bayonet,") and proceeds on his way. The guards are all numbered from one upward. If anything is wanted, or wrong, the sentinel calls for the "sergeant of the guard," mentioning his number, which is passed from guard to guard until it reaches No. 1, where the sergeant of the day is stationed, who immediately repairs to the post designated.

During the night the orders are more strict than in the day time. If any one then attempts to pass the guard without the countersign, he calls for the sergeant; if the intruder, after being warned several times, won't come down to dots, you draw trigger on him, and of course kill him if you can.

Last Sunday night we were on the picket guard; our beat was about thirty yards long, on the borders of a graveyard. Near midnight it commenced to rain with a vengeance, and was so dark that the eye could not penetrate further than ten feet in advance. Strange sounds came from the woods and swamps around, while in the graveyard dark red phosphorescent lights would rise from the earth, and after illuminating for a while some gray tomb, sink again apparently in the ground. Separated from the camp by a hill, and surrounded by thick darkness, the rain strangely pattering as it fell, the mysterious situation was well calculated to remind one of wonderful stories often told, but seldom experienced, as well as to arouse superstitious fears. About every fifteen minutes the deep gloom would be broken by the voice of the guards crying, "No. 1, all well," "No. 2, all well," and so on, each sentinel taking it up until it had passed around the camp and came back to the place from whence it started. A few nights ago two of our company were doing night guard duty on the boilers of a wood, about one quarter mile from camp. One of them observed, some twenty yards from him, what was apparently a man standing *and silently gazing at him.* He demanded, "who came there," but received no answer. He called the attention of a sentinel near him to the matter, and together they marched with charged bayonets against the immovable and silent "what is it," and with true soldierly courage gallantly ran their bayonets in a small—cedar tree.

Don't Kiss Other Men's Wives.—The Lewiston (Maine) Journal gives the following account of an *affaire d'amour*, which occurred recently at that place, between a young man of Lewiston and a lady of Kendall's Mills. Both parties are married. The young man has a wife in Lewiston, and the lady a husband at Kendall's Mills. The man's wife made complaint on Monday that her husband was seen to kiss this woman, that she—herself was the rightful owner of all kisses that her husband had at his disposal, that this woman was aiming to withdraw the affections of her husband from her, who by all law and gospel had a right to claim them. The result was that both were arrested, and required to give $100 bonds for their appearance at court. The husband gave the required bonds; the woman being unable to obtain bonds, was committed to jail, but was subsequently released by a gentleman's offering bonds for her appearance who had never seen her before. It is due, says the Journal, to the parties to state that at the examination no charges of a serious character were maintained by the complainant.

A Soldier Story.—During the late Mexican war, the veteran General Riley, but since deceased, was ordered to lead the storming party at Cerro Gordo. During the war of 1812–14, Gen. Riley had been shot in the throat, and consequently had a peculiarly strange intonation. He was ordered to storm one of the batteries of Cerro Gordo, and when his command was mustered, was thus addressed by his second in command:

"General, I do not think we can take that work."

"*Think!* you are not paid for thinking."

"But, sir," said Col. B., "we can't take it."

"Can't take it—you have got to take it." The old General put his hand to his belt, and pulling out a paper: "Here, sir, ith General Scott's order in black and white to take the infernal thing." And they did take it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner; but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition. In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son to tell him what o'clock it was, and the young man was distressed and mortified to find that his watch had been stolen. "Never mind," said his father, smiling; "I took it myself, to show you how easily you could be robbed—here it is!" He put his hand in his fob to restore it; but lo, and behold, it was gone! Some thief, more adroit than himself, had appropriated the property.

☞"I advise you not to get married," said a middle aged man to one who was about to be married. "For if you want to be happy let the women alone; I was married about ten years, and saw but two happy days during that time—the one was when I got my wife, and the other when she died."

"Don't care for that," said the other, "I mean to have one happy day then, at any rate."

☞A cute fellow who was once asked what inference he could draw from the text of Job—"and the asses snuffed up the east wind." "Well," he replied, "the only inference I can draw, is this, that it would be a long time before they could get fat upon it."

Our devil says if anybody had asked him what inference he could draw from the text of Job—"And the asses snuffed up the east wind?" He could have answered—"None but asses would do it."

☞We once knew a lady who always dreaded to go to bed, because she could not talk while asleep.

☞A house in New York, on Monday, received a remittance of $1,500 from a debtor in Charleston.

The Battle at Great Bethel.

Southern Account.—The Richmond Dispatch of Thursday week has an interesting account of the battle at Great Bethel. After describing the opening of the engagement, the writer in the Dispatch says:

Finding that bombardment would not answer, the enemy, about 11 o'clock, tried to carry the position by assault, but met a terrible repulse at the hands of the infantry as he tried to scale the breast works. The men disregarded sometimes the defences erected for them, and, leaping on the embankment, stood and fired at the enemy, cutting them down as they came up. One company of the New York Seventh Regiment, under Captain Winthrop, attempted to take the redoubt on the left. The marsh they crossed was strewn with their bodies. Their captain, a fine looking man, reached the fence, and leaping on a log, waved his sword, crying, "Come on, boys; one charge, and the day is ours." The words were his last, for a Carolina rifle ended his life the next moment, and his men fled in terror back. At the redoubt on the right a company of about 300 New York Zouaves charged on one of our guns, but could not stand the fire of the infantry, and retreated precipitately.

During these charges the main body of the enemy, on the hill, were attempting to concentrate for a general assault, but the shell from the howitzer battery prevented them. As one regiment would give up the effort, another would be marched to the position, but with no better success, for a shell would scatter them like chaff. The men did not seem able to stand fire at all.

About one o'clock their guns were silenced, and a few moments after their infantry retreated precipitately down the road to Hampton. Our cavalry, numbering three companies, went in pursuit, and harrassed them down to the edge of Hampton. As they retreated many of the wounded fell along the road and died, and the whole road to Hampton was strewn with haversacks, overcoats, muskets, &c., which the men had thrown off in their retreat.

After the battle I visited the position they held. The houses behind which they had been hid had been burnt by our troops.—Around the yard were the dead bodies of the men who had been killed by our cannon, mangled in the most frightful manner by the shells. The uniforms on the bodies were very different, many of them are like those of the Virginia soldiery. A little further on we came to the point to which they had carried some of their wounded, who had since died. The gay looking uniforms of the New York Zouaves contrasted greatly with the paled, fixed faces of their dead owners. Going to the swamp through which they attempted to pass to assault our lines, presented another bloody scene.—Bodies dotted the black morass from one end to the other. I saw one boyish, delicate-looking fellow lying on the mud, with a bullet hole through his breast. His hand was pressed on the wound from which his life-blood had poured, and the other was clenched in the grass that grew near him. Lying on the ground was a Testament which had fallen from his pocket, dabbled with blood. On opening the cover I found the printed inscription, "Presented to the defenders of their country by the New York Bible Society." A U. S. flag was stamped on the title page.

Among the haversacks picked up along the route were many letters from the Northern States, asking if they liked the Southern farms, and if the Southern barbarians had been whipped out yet.

The force of the enemy brought against us was 4,000, according to the statement of the six prisoners we took. Ours was 1,100. Their loss in killed and wounded must be nearly 200. Our loss is one killed (Mr. Wyall, of N. C.) and three wounded. The fatal case was that of a North Carolinian who volunteered to fire one of the houses behind which they were stationed. He started from the breastwork to accomplish it, but was shot in the head. The wounded are Harry Shook, of Richmond, of Browns' Battery, shot in the wrist; John Werth, of Richmond of the same Battery, shot in the leg; and Lieut. Hudnail, of the same Battery, shot in the foot. None of the wounds are serious.

The Louisana regiment arrived about one hour after the fight was over. As there was force enough at old Point to send up to Bethel and surround us, we took up the line of march and came up to Yorktown, where we now are.

During the entire engagement Col. Magruder was in every part of the field, and displayed consummate generalship and courage, directing every movement in person, and exposing himself with a recklessness of danger which was seen and admired by all in camp.

Men and Provisions Plenty.—A gentleman, who came from Manassas Gap—not junction—on Saturday week gives some decisive information. He visited the camp at that point and says, in point of supply of provisions, it is filled like a Cincinnati pork house. Barrels of first class provisions are stored there by thousands, while eighteen hundred live cattle, driven over from Kentucky, arrived there when he left. Our informant says that the rebels have perfected ample arrangements in Kentucky for an uninterrupted supply of food and forage. Manassas Gap, he says, is fortified into immense strenght, and can be taken only by great bloodshed.—*Phila. North American, 10th.*

A Scoundrel.—Charges have been made before the Secretary of War that one of the heaviest contractors employed by the Quartermaster General at Philadelphia was recently employed in shipping saltpetre to the rebels. An investigation has been ordered, and will, we sincerely trust, be prompt and thorough. The public service cannot be too soon purged of such wretches. It is bad enough to be compelled to fight traitors at the South, but when the tools of such traitors at the North are suffered to plunder the treasury of the Government in addition to conspiring against its life, it is high time their career of infamy was arrested.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How Clergymen Came to Wear Black.—In the year 1524, Luther laid aside the monk's costume and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes; and consequently that color has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for chosing this color was, the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of black cloth—being at that time the court fashion and because Luther preferred it, his scholars thought it became them to wear the same color as their master. From that time black has been the color mostly worn by the clergy.

From the Fulton Republican.

"Oh, Johnny's Gone for a Soldier."

At the close of the extra session of the Legislature, a number of the members and officers of the House formed themselves into a Military company, elected the Speaker Captain, tendered their valuable services to the Governor, got their patriotic action recorded in the newspapers, went home and thought that was the least of it. But much to the surprise of these "galliant soger boys" the Governor has accepted the company and ordered them to report themselves at head-quarters and go into camp, on or before the 15th day of this month. Captain Davis promptly came on to Harrisburg and is now vigorously engaged in *advertising* for his company, and, we are glad to see, by our latest accounts, that *one* member had made his appearance and was searching with commendable alacrity for the captain in order to ascertain "who struck Billy Patterson." In the language of Artemus Ward, we think it would be "healthy to look onto that company," when under march, for "Dixie's Land." The sublime spectacle of the Spartans at Thermopylæ would be eclipsed, and, like Alexander of old, we should feel constrained to weep that there was not some other country that needed subduing and that could be reserved for the "prowess of their arms" alone. Stand back, boys—keep the women off the streets—by the right flank, right face—Forward—Music:

"Away down South in Hicks' land," &c.

Wants a Military Despotism.

The New York *Tribune*, of Thursday week, throws off the mask, and comes out for a military despotism. Here are its words:—

"Let us not be afraid of military despotism. Of all tyrannies that afflict mankind, that of the judiciary is the most insidious."

Never did an European ruler more daringly confess his resort to the military for success. The *Tribune* defies the constitution, mocks at the civil power, and very sarcastically notifies the people "*not to be afraid of military despotism.*" Why not? Why confide our property, life and liberty, to any despotism? Why trust to the military power, which tramples upon the laws of the country, and disregards all authority but its own? Create a despotism, and the liberty of the twenty-five millions of free whites of this country is lost in the mad attempt of these sham philanthropists to free four millions of negroes. Are we fighting to crush out our Republican form of government and establish the kind of rule the *Tribune desires?* Is this the reason why the Black Republicans in the last Congress refused to settle the difficulty by adopting the Crittenden proposition?—*Easton Sentinel.*

Practice vs. Precept.

Two weeks ago we published an order from Gen. Cameron, Secretary of War, to the Governors of the several States, requesting them to appoint no person a field officer in the volunteer service, "unless a graduate of the military academy at West Point, or known to possess military knowledge and experience;" yet in the face of this we have the annoucement from Washington that this same Cameron has appointed, in the regular service, B. Rush Petriken, Colonel; John P. Sanderson, Lieutenant Colonel; Geo. R. Smith, Major—three worthies who know as much about military science as a horse knows about preaching—three broken down political hacks, whose only claim to place is their service heretofore rendered in the Harrisburg Lobby. Never before, we believe, was the army of the United States made a place of reward for mere party friends and party services, certainly not by the promotion of civilians over military men grown gray in the service of the Government. And if it be attempted to justify so dangerous an innovation, on the plea of fidelity to friends, we have only to say it is a *cheap gratitude* which makes all its drafts for the payment of its obligations on the *public* Treasury.—*Easton Sentinel.*

Don't Trust Him.

A telegraphic despatch from Washington, dated Friday week, says that a rumor is prevalent there that Alex. Cummings, formerly of Philadelphia, and for many years a prominent member of the Harrisburg lobby, but now one of the publishers of the New York *World*, and an operator around the War Department, and one of the New York Safety Committee, has been appointed Brigadier General in the army, and is to be detailed to the post of Quartermaster General. This report is not believed. It has taken people all aback to think that Mr. C. should be even thought of, much more solicited to fill the most important post in the American army, next to that occupied by Gen. Scott, and one that requires a man of the greatest organizing and administrative ability, and of the most determined will and the highest integrity. There is a great feeling of indignation expressed by the New York capitalists now here, who fear the truth of the report.

Preparations for Hostilities with Great Britain.—A telegraphic despatch from Washington to the New York Herald, says, owing to the threatened and critical aspect of affairs between Great Britain and this country, growing out of the unhappy quarrel between the two sections, the government has determined to bring all the available naval vessels immediately into active service.—Additional orders have, it is said, just been despatched to various navy yards, instructing the commandants to employ all their force in fitting out and arming the vessels in ordinary, and to use their utmost efforts in expediting the work now in hand.

Private advices received here from distinguished Americans residing in London, state that in recent conversation with a high official of the British government, he informed him that it had been determined by the ministry to send a most formidable naval fleet in American waters; that accordingly there were fitting out at many yards a large number of the largest class war vessels, ostensibly, it was understood, for the Gulf, but really intended to operate along the Southern coast. He says it was becoming more manifest every day that the British ministry strongly sympathized with the Southern confederacy.

☞Mr. Lovejoy, member of Congress from Illinois, is accused of displaying a great deal of war patriotism and readiness to fight, until he was rejected for colonel of a regiment, when he concluded that his duty was in the civil service.

☞The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes that great, important and decisive blows are to be struck in Virginia before the middle of July. There will soon be a hundred thousand Federal troops in that State, including the forces there now.

From the Patriot & Union.

Political Parties and the War.

We hear a great deal said about the obliteration of party lines. As far as the support of the Government against rebellion is concerned there is but one party in the North. Go to the rank of the army, and in the large numbers of Democrats who have volunteered to fight the battles of their country in a war not of their own choosing, which they exhausted every lawful means to avert, witness their devotion to the Government and the Union. In the issue between Government and rebellion, Union and disunion, party distinctions are obliterated. The Democratic party has always recognized its obligations to support the Constitution, obey the laws and respect the constituted authorities. So conspicuous has been its devotion to the Union, and so ready its disposition to yield and concede unimportant points for the sake of averting the very calamities which have overtaken the country, that the sneering epithet of "Union-savers" was applied to it by its enemies—as if it was discreditable to be solicitous about the preservation of the Union. Respect for law is a conspicuous trait in the Democratic party. Its members had no part in the passage of acts to nullify the fugitive slave law—they never engaged in mobs to rescue fugitives by violence—they never raised their voices to discredit the decisions of the courts, or endeavor to bring the Supreme Court of the United States into public contempt. In short, the Democratic party has suffered ridicule because of its conservative, law-respecting, covenant abiding tendencies. It was both natural and proper that a party with such characteristics should spring to the support of the Government, in its efforts to crush rebellion, with unexampled unanimity, even though that Government was administered by the bitterest enemies, and obtained power upon principles abhorent to Democrats.

But while the Democratic party supports the Government, it does not follow that it approves of all the measures of this Administration, or that it has changed its political principles. On the contrary, Democrats are more than ever convinced of the evil tendencies of Republicanism since apprehension has been succeeded by painful demonstration. We no longer suppose the tendencies of the Republican party are destructive, but we know it. While rebels are in arms against the Government, we can fight for that Goverment, because it is the Government, because it is our duty to do so, and because it is the only hope for the preservation of the Union. But it is not our duty to approve of every outrageous usurpation of power, and every profligate expenditure of money, and every scandalous appointment to office, because these acts are committed in the name of the Union. We would be traveling rapidly on the high road to despotism if we fail to protest against them. Public liberty may be assailed by a faithless or a usurping Administration as well as by open enemies. The latter are the less dangerous, because we are prepared to meet them: the former most to be dreaded, because least guarded against.—We cannot endorse the act of the President in assuming power to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and thereby place the liberty of every citizen at his mercy, when it is clear that the Constitution gives him no such authority. Neither can we approve of the seizure of private telegraphic correspondence, in utter disregard of that clause of the Constitution which provides "that the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures *shall not be violated.*" As well might the President cause the mails to be opened and examined for the detection of treasonable correspondence, and establish a general system of espionage from which no man would be secure. Nor can we approve of making the army an asylum for corrupt and broken-down politicians, ignorant of the art of war, and skilled only in the strategy of plunder. Acts such as these are violative of the Constitution, abhorrent to every principle of integrity and justice, and richly deserving of severe public condemnation. They are extenuated on the plea of *necessity*—the tyrant's plea. Let us not be deceived. The liberties of a nation were never destroyed without NECESSITY was the specious excuse to justify the first beginnings of usurpation.

The unanimity of parties in support of the war has not removed the necessity for party organization, as many suppose. The Democratic party has a great work to perform in healing the serious wounds which a few months of Republican domination have inflicted upon the Constitution and the country. "No party" would be a very convenient escape for Republicanism from the retributions of the future; but the Democratic party cannot be spirited away by any such dextreous juggle. It existed and flourished long before the Republican party came into being, and it bids fair to exist and flourish when that party shall have become only a disagreeable recollection. Its principles are not of to-day, or adapted to a particular emergency or a specific issue, but fixed and permanent—applicable to every time and all circumstances. Before slavery became the absorbing question of the country, the Democratic party was great and powerful; and after this agitating topic is settled, it will again re-establish the true principles of government, and re-assume influence and favor. Let not the thought of its abandonment be entertained for a moment, either by friend or foe.

Determined to be Economical!—Mrs. President Lincoln was on a visit recently to New York, and did up a little shopping. The Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch says—she bought some elegant black lace shawls, at Stewart's Store, for $650, *cash*, and a real Camel's hair Cashmere at $1,000! The lady was heard to say, that she "was determined to be very economical," and here is an example of ecomomy, in the purchase of at least two shawls at $650 00, *cash*,—making $1,300 00, and another, at 1,000 00, making only twenty-three hundred dollars!

☞On Thursday night, the 30th, Mr. Selack, who is engaged in watching the bridges of the Northern Central Railway, known as Duncan's and Brillhart's, about four miles from town, had a lantern which he was carrying, shot from his hand. He was unable to discover any clue to the perpetrator of this outrage by which he made a narrow escape from death or serious injury.—*York Gazette.*

☞A hiss is either foolish or tremendous or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him blame himself and his Thalia; the hissing of a *cobra-de-capello* is sublime—it is the whisper of death.

One of the Bills!

The Governor, at a late day of the session of the Legislature, by request, sent in bills of supplies furnished the volunteers, amounting to $108,250. It is unnecessary, says the Lebanon *Advertiser*, to say what the character of the supplies were, suffice that they consisted of the most insufficient kind, and that the prices charged were outrageous. The uniforms were charged at $10, which any clothing house would be glad to furnish of good and substantial material at $4. Every other article of the same character, bad and high priced. Our purpose at present is only to give *one* of the bills, so that the tax payers may see how the Government is cheated, and also what care is taken by the government officials of the tax payers' interests. When such a bill is rendered, approved of and paid by the government officials we must believe that either the government officers are unfit for the positions they occupy, or that they are a party in the fraud. The bill alluded to is as follows:—

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,

To ALFRED SLADE & CO., DR.

1861.

April 20. For cash.

33 bales 64 twilled blue flannel.

9 pieces 294		6 pieces 291			
6 do. 284		6 do 270			
6 do 279		6 do 272			
6 do 277		6 do 266			
6 do 275		6 do 267			
6 do 275		6 do 297			
6 do 273		6 do 284			
6 do 271		6 do 280			
6 do 270		6 do 276			
6 do 275		6 do 272			
6 do 273		6 do 266			
6 do 271		6 do 272			
6 do 271		6 do 271			
6 do 268		6 do 246			
6 do 296		5 do 180		8,942 yards,	9¼
6 do 275					$8,345 96
5 cases Canton Flannel.					
Net 6,184, 883					
45, 892					
46, 888					
6,147, 889				3,544, 9¼	336 68
C. & t. 2,611,				932,9	83 88
					$8,766 52

This bill is a rather careful repetition of items, but that is only done to confuse.—Had it been stated in one line as might have been done, viz: 8,942 yards of blue twilled canton flannel, at 9¼ cents per yard, the fraud could have been detected at once. Well, so many yards of flannel, at so many cents per yard, and the result will be, as any school boy would tell us, $834,59. But the bill calls for $8,345 96. This is a trifling *mistake* of over $7,500. The blankets furnished were purchased from the importers by the contractors the same day they were delivered, at $1 70 per pair. The State was charged and paid $3 50 per pair. We subjoin the amounts of three bills as paid by the government, and also the cash price for which the same goods, of a much better quality, can be bought:

	Am't Paid.	Cash Price.
Uniforms and Pants,	$22,585 00	$8,991 00
Flannels,	8,766 52	4,292 40
Blankets,	19,912 20	10,758 10
Total,	$51,263 72	$24,041 50

These three bills afforded stealings for somebody of over $30,000. Is a committee of investigation necessary? Where is "Honest" John Covode?

Treason to Speak of Frauds!

The Germantown *Telegraph*, a journal of the Republican stripe, is attempting the herculean task of lifting the Curtin Administration from the slough into which it has fallen in consequence of the frauds and peculations perpetrated on our brave soldiers. Unable to refute the crushing mass of evidence brought forward to convict Governor Curtin and his satellites, of wholesale plunder of the troops entrusted to their care and keeping, he essays a novel mode of getting rid of the difficulty, by stigmatising all who expose their doings as being guilty of "sneaking treason." The *Telegraph* man is certainly deserving of a vote of thanks from the horde of speculators and peculators for the invention of this happy idea. Not exactly an invention of his own either. We believe the originator of this summary way of dealing with a troublesome press, is Napoleon the IIId, the despot of France. This titled gentleman adopts just such an expedient to crush out opposition whenever the public press pry too closely into State affairs, or is inclined to expose the evil doings and villainy of his agents.

During the last session of the State Legislature, a Republican member introduced this Frenchy idea into a resolution, making it a treasonable offence for any newspaper to publish anything reflecting on the State or National Administrations. But, thanks to a majority of the Legislature who were not inclined to adopt this "Napoleonic gag," it did not pass, which was certainly unfortunate for the editor of the *Telegraph*. Had this been done what lively cheating times the army cormorants might have had! No one, then, would have had the temerity to speak of those rotten blankets, shoes filled in with shavings, unsavoury and rotten pork, trowsers that fell to pieces in two days wear, uniforms that cost $17 00, which any honest dealer would have made for $5 00; all this could then have been "kept dark," no one being allowed to ventilate it without being liable to be hung for his pains. Every one of the thousands of soldiers that wrote so eloquently and so denunciatory of the villains that wronged them would have been tried for treason.—For it is well-known that the most scathing rebukes of these robbers, have come from the volunteers themselves, who, according to the views of the *Telegraph*, are all guilty of "sneaking treason." If this be treason—if the exposure of such frauds constitute such an offence, how soon will it be, O! *Telegraph*, before you, along with your brethren of the press, will have to submit to a censorship that will consign to the prison or the gallows any editor that dares expose a dishonest administration.—*Easton Sentinel.*

The Difference.—One of our town cotemporaries says:—"Gov. SPRAGUE's famous Rhode Island Regiment, *among the best equipped troops* that have yet appeared in Washington, arrived in Chambersburg this morning." Now the uniforms of the Rhode Island Regiment cost only $8, while the miserable apologies for uniforms furnished the Pennsylvania Volunteers cost $17! What does our neighbor say in extenuation for this sample of Republican management of our State military affairs?—*Valley Spirit.*

☞You cannot preserve happy domestic *pairs* (pears) in family jars.

☞The more *cheques* (checks) a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

"The Friends of England."

Cassius M. Clay, United States Minister to Russia, while in London on his way to St. Petersburg, addressed a letter to the London *Times on American affairs*, in which he endeavors to enlighten the English people concerning the nature of the conflict between our Government and rebellion. In most particulars he states the case clearly. "We do not propose to subjugate the revolted States," says he, "we propose simply to put down the rebel citizens. We go to the rescue of the loyal Unionists of all the States. We carry safety, and peace and liberty to the Union-loving people of the South, who will of themselves (the tyranny overthrown) send back their representatives to Congress." In all this Mr. Clay represents the prevailing designs and expectation of the North. But in answer to the inquiry, "Where should British honor place her in the contest?" he undertakes to speak not for the whole people but for the Republican party when he says:

"We overthrow that political element in America which has all through our history been the studied depouncer and real hater of the British nation, while we have been always from the beginning the friends of England. Because, though under different *forms of Government*, we had common sympathies, and a common interest."

This begging for English sympathy in behalf of our Government on the ground that the present Administration was elevated to power by the *friends of England*, is discreditable in an American Minister, whose position makes him the representative of the whole nation and not of a political party.

But appeals to British honor are worse than useless. England is governed by her interests, and her policy with reference to this country may be expected to conform thereto. Because the moral sentiment of the English people is against slavery it has been rashly inferred that her sympathies would be entirely on the side of our Government—and much surprise and disappointment is expressed because this expectation has not been realized. But England may always be trusted to follow her commercial interests wherever they may lead, whether to make war upon China for the purpose of drugging the Celestials with opium, or to procure supplies of slave-grown cotton by encouraging the rebellion of the Southern States. Her rulers lay aside philanthropy when it comes in conflict with interest. The whole history of England with relation to this country is an illustration of this truth. She forced 300,000 naked barbarians from Africa upon the Colonists in spite of their remonstrances, and this established slavery in America. After the abolition of slavery in the West India Islands she promoted the agitation of the question in the United States, and contributed men and money to keep this firebrand alive among us. Now after this agitation has culminated in open war, true to her selfish policy she turns the cold shoulder to our Government and leans affectionately towards the South, because she has a greater interest in cotton than in the maintenance of the government. And an American Minister implores her not to disown the "friends of England!"—*Patriot & Union.*

☞The following proclamation was issued on Saturday week by Governor Hicks:—

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Executive Chamber,
FREDERICK, June 7, 1861.

Whereas, some of the arms and accoutrements belonging to the State have been placed beyond the control of the constituted authorities, as is believed for disloyal purposes, by persons connected with some of the military companies of the city of Baltimore, in violation of their duties as soldiers and citizens; and whereas a very large number of the arms and accoutrements of the State still remain in hands of the members of the various military companies of said city, some of whom are known to be disloyal to their country; and whereas there are just grounds for apprehending that a portion of said arms and accoutrements are about to be carried beyond the limits of this State for hostile purposes, and others are about to be destroyed or concealed:

Now, therefore, I, Thomas Holliday Hicks, Governor of Maryland, by virtue of the powers vested in me by the law of the State, do hereby, by this my proclamation, warn and enjoin upon all citizens of Baltimore, loyal as well as disloyal, having in their hands and possession any arms and accoutrements belonging to this State, to surrender and deliver up the same to Colonel E. R. Petherbridge, who is fully authorized to reclaim and take possession of such arms and accoutrements, and to take all necessary steps in behalf of the State to secure from those to whom said arms and accoutrements have been confided a strict compliance with the conditions of their bonds for the preservation of such arms and accoutrements, and for their re-delivery to the State whenever thereto required by my order. Given under my hand.

THOMAS H. HICKS.

Manufacture of Heavy Ordnance for the Government.—The Boston Traveler states that the South Boston Iron Foundery now employs two hundred operatives in the manufacture of heavy ordnance and projectiles for the government. Some of the machinery is kept in motion the whole twenty-four hours, so urgent are the demands. The Traveler adds:

At this foundry are now making not only twelve and thirteen-inch shell for mortars, but shell for ten-inch Columbiads, and shot and shell for twelve and six-pounders, with canister and grape. From two to three hundred of shot and shell are made per day, and about twelve guns per week. Many persons suppose that mortars and heavy ordnance are cast hollow, ready, after finishing, for use. This is a mistake.—The gun is cast solid and then bored.

Important Action of an Insurance Company.—The Washington (D. C.) Insurance Company has notified holders of its policies that in consequence of recent heavy losses and the deranged condition of the times, they are obliged to withdraw all their policies, and have requested such holders to deliver over their insurance policies at once, and receive any amounts that may be due them from said company.

How to Cook a Beefsteak.—The following were the rules adopted by the celebrated "Beefsteak Club," started in England in 1734:—

"Pound well your meat until the fibers break;
Be sure that next you have, to broil the steak,
Good coal in plenty; nor a moment leave,
Lest turn it over this way and then that.
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat.
The platter now and then the juice receive,
Put on your butter, place it on your meat,
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve and eat."

☞The Mobile Tribune says:—"We must have a pet name for the Confederate States. Uncle Sam is turned over to the Yankees, as an inveterate old curmudgeon. Let us make *Cousin Sally* our watchword and rallying cry. The thought would be in harmony with the chivalrous gallantry that should mark the character of the sons of the South. Who would not fight for Cousin Sally?"

☞Says the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*: "A man in Berks county, Pa., has a rosebush in his garden which blossoms with red, white and blue roses. So says a reliable exchange. We can beat this, for Mr. Jones, of Cambridge, assures us that he has got a lilac bush that is budded with miniature American flags and patriotic breast-pins, and that a robin comes there every morning and sings Yankee Doodle on it."

☞When a woman gets a new dress or bonnet, you'll find that, for a fortnight afterwards, she will be more in the streets and other people's houses than at home.

☞Any merchant may make his house a *custom house* by attending to its duties.