

# The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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## THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.

BY WILLIAM B. FOWLE.

Restore the Fugitive! Ay, when  
The Son of God descends again  
And bids me never more to do  
As I would fain be done unto.

Restore the Fugitive! I will  
When God's own voice in man is still,  
And wrong is right by God's decree,  
And light and air no longer free.

Restore the Fugitive! No, ne'er  
While I've a home, a shelter, where  
The persecuted one may bide,  
Castle or grave, and side by side.

Restore the Fugitive! The law  
Is like the cords that Samson wore,  
And Nature, were each thread a chain,  
Would snap a thousand such in twain.

## THE LIFE-BATTLE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"So fight I," says Paul, "not as one that beareth the air. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." The literal translation is, *I strike under the eye, making it black and blue.* This is a boxing phrase indicative of the sharp, sternest efforts at self-mortification. As one who should say—I conquer my fleshly appetites by violent and reiterated blows, and bring them into subjection. I lead my body along as a conquered captive. It is a beaten antagonist. My wicked, lustful nature is thus vanquished, "lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Here is a tremendous warning to every one of us—a warning founded on our double danger—first from evil appetites of the body, and also from evil affections of the heart. Paul, the heroic apostle of Jesus, so felt his actual danger that he tells us that he brused and beat down his sensual passions, lest having saved others he might himself finally be lost. In the phrase before us he especially refers to the bodily appetites. "I keep the body under," i. e., I smite it under the eye! Paul—like other men of energetic make and ardent temperament—was very probably tried with strong temptations to excess of the passions, both physical and moral. He has not chosen to let us into all the secrets of his character. He knew nothing of the modern pseudo-science of phrenology; nor would he have been one whit the wiser if he had. He does not tell us how often "acquisitiveness" tempted him to pocket the "collections" sent up to the saints at Jerusalem; or how often he fell through the sore stress of his "destructiveness," his "ambitiveness," or his "combativeness." Such jargon he leaves for modern empirics in the mystic science of the mind.

But methinks I see the wrestling of a stern and furious struggle between the holier and the baser natures of one of God's heroes in that profound and plaintive seventh chapter of the epistle to his Roman brethren. I seem to see a stout soldier of the cross, with uplifted arm and swollen sinew, crying out—*I beat down my baser self. I give no quarter to my lusts. I strangle my appetites till they grow livid in the face. I vanquish my inner foes that God may make me stronger to vanquish his foes without me. Lest, having saved others, I, Paul, the converted blasphemer of Damascus, should only prove to be a pitiful wretch and cast away.*

For Paul claimed no immunities from danger through his position. That a man is a professed minister of the Lord Jesus is no assurance that he may not be cast into hell. He has "like passions" with his fellow-men. The same ravening lusts that have decimated the bar and the senate-house have left their blood prints on the pulpit stairs. Along the whole track of ministerial biography, there lie strewn, here and there, the bleaching bones of those unhappy victims who fell a prey to the spoiler. Paul, to be sure, never fell. To the last he kept his faith, and the integrity of a godly life. And the simple secret of this continence and the constancy I read in these brave words, "So fight I, not as one that beareth the air. I keep my body in subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

Shall we restrict the scope of this life-battle to sensual appetites alone? Paul did not; he extended it to all the wicked propensities of his mental and his moral nature. The war which every Christian has to make must be universal and unsparring on the whole brood of interior passions. The sudden insurrections of anger—the malicious whisperings of green-eyed envy—the acid tongue of censoriousness—the cluttings of greedy covetousness—the restless cravings of unsanctified ambition—the subtle sophistries of deceit—the uprisings of bigotry and spiritual pride—all these and every other like them in the great rebel army of the heart, must be met with the same indiscriminate war to

the knife. He who would keep his conscience clean, and his life holy, must wage this life battle without compromise and without quarter.

I. Let us offer a few concise rules for the conduct of this spiritual life-battle. Our first counsel is—*beware of the silent marches which the flesh will steal upon you.* We are fearfully and wonderfully made; the combination of body and spirit is such that each one reacts upon the other in a manner that is most direct and yet most mysterious. The encroachments of the "flesh" are astonishingly quiet and insidious. The cravings of healthy appetite may gradually lead to the excesses of gluttony. Put a knife to your throat. Tampering with so-called innocent stimulants has sent many a professor of religion to the grave of the inebriate. The cup of coffee led to the glass of wine; the wine to the brandy; and the brandy to perdition.

With all possibilities of self-indulgence come temptations. Luxury steals silent marches on Christians when prosperity brings within their reach a fine equipage, or high living, or splendid establishments. There is hardly a Christian who lives when worth ten thousand dollars a year as he lived when hard toil gave him only one thousand or one hundred. Men change their habits gradually; not suddenly. A man may be converted in a moment. Backsliding is the process of months or of years. By degrees tipping grows into intemperance; by degrees the social evening entertainment prolongs itself into the midnight frivolities of the rout, the ball-room, and the play-house; by degrees a church-member exchanges the prayer-meeting for the opera. Beware of the silent marches of the enemy.

II. If you find that the contact of certain persons and places is dangerous to your weaknesses, then avoid those persons and places, cost what it may. If you are temptible by a wine-cup, then keep out of convivial company. If you have tendencies to run mad with over-nirtrfulness, then stay away from those circles in which you are tempted to turn the Christian into the harlequin. It is not every young Christian who can be trusted even to walk through certain streets in our great cities. A "besetting sin" may lurk in that very street.

A man's besetting sin is the one that jumps with his inclinations. Does he love ease? Then he always interprets those Providences in his own favor that allow him to sit still, or to enjoy his hammock. Does he love flattery and *adlat*? Then he imagines that he is working for God, when he is only working for human applause. Here is a dangerous foe; all the more so from its wearing the guise of an honest friend. Look out for selfishness. It is the "old Adam" lurking behind every hedge. Like Southern slavery, it will only keep the peace on condition of having its own way. If not, then its stiletto is unsheathed in a moment. It is a polite and plausible, but a godless spirit. Keep no league with it. A Christian is never safe unless he is continually collaring every evil passion of his nature, and forcing it into unconditional subsidence.

III. Finally, put on the whole armor of God—the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, and the sword of the Spirit. Leave no spot exposed. Abat was wounded through the joints of his harness. In the heat of the conflict, look to Jesus the Captain of your salvation; and *never surrender.* Toward the sunset of the long bloody day of Waterloo, when the surviving remnant of the old Imperial Guard were summoned to lay down their arms, the seared veterans of fifty victories cried out, "The Old Guards can die; but they cannot surrender!"—*N. Y. Independent.*

If you give a jest, take one.

The beauty of behavior consists in the manner, not the matter, of your discourse.

Love your fellow-creature, though vicious. Hate vice in the friend you love the most.

Insult not another for his want of a talent you possess—he may have others which you want.

Make your company a rarity and people will have it. Men despise what they can easily have.

Value truth, however you come by it. Who would not pick up a jewel that lay on a dunghill?

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

If a favor is asked of you, grant it, if you can. If not, refuse it in such a manner as that one denial may be sufficient.

Wit without humanity degenerates into bitterness. Learning without prudence into pedantry.

He who knows the world, will not be too bashful. He who knows himself, will not be impudent.

## SOMETHING ABOUT "JESSIE."

There is one individual, however, in this camp whom neither rain nor mud, nor cold, nor heat, can suppress, and that is the irrepressible "Jessie." The other morning I waded out to Camp Lillie, in this ill-favored state of the weather, without expecting any news, but by way of escaping the dreary monotony of the town. It was such a day as Arabella Sophia would have chosen to recite dreamily upon the lounge before the cheerful fire, and pour over the dagger and pistol pages of the "most thrilling novel of the age;" or as Flora Augusta would have thought it terrible to go out in, and certain to give her death of cold.

But Jessie Benton Fremont is not made of such stuff. In fact, "Old Bullion" didn't allow such tender plants to grow up in his house. He believed in women having constitutions, and he made her a practical illustration of his doctrine.

If I had been looking for her, I should have gone to her quarters some distance up on the hill, expecting to find her comfortably housed for the day. But as I stopped before a fire in front of the General's tent, who should I see but the inevitable "Jessie" inside, seated at a table opposite her husband and in earnest consultation over the affairs of the "Western Department," while by her side sat her daughter, Miss Lillie E., a patient and attentive listener.

After a little, the business in hand having been disposed of, they both came out, and while the latter went into an adjoining tent to warm herself by a little army stove, the former came up to our fire, and entered into conversation with the company as freely and familiarly as if she knew every one of us. Pretty soon she espied Frank Leslie's artist sitting on a stump a little way up, with pencil and paper in hand, taking a sketch of the camp. Forthwith she posted up there and instituted an examination into his work, and gossiped with him as she peered over his shoulders, until another shower drove her into the tent where Miss F., had taken refuge, and where she invited us and proceeded to expatiate upon anything and everything her visitors had a mind to talk about, winding up with sending for some refreshments including a bottle of Missouri Catawba, a box of which somebody had presented her.

This incidental interview gave me an opportunity of forming a more reliable and definite impression concerning her, which at the risk of being thought a little Jenkinish, I shall endeavor to convey to the readers of the *Gazette*, to many of whom "Jessie" was an object of special interest during the campaign of '56, and in the changing fortunes of the day may turn out to be so again. As I remarked in my last, she strikes one as rather masculine in general appearance, but this first impression is very soon entirely dissipated in conversation with her. There is not a classical feature about her, and yet her face becomes interesting from the gentle, benevolent, and pleasing expression which it assumes in conversation.—When lighted up, it is full of sprightliness, vivacity, and intelligence. Her manner is soft, persuasive and insinuating, and her voice uncommonly musical. But her chief outward attraction is her eyes, and she knows how to use them, as most women do. I said in my last I thought they were grey, but in this I was mistaken. They are brown. Eyes so expressive of every emotion are rarely met with. They lend a warmth and fervor to, and adorn and illustrate, whatever she says. Indeed, the play of her eyes and features, the glow of her ruddy complexion, and the melody of her voice, give the same effect to her conversation that "variations" do to a piece of music; and all this despite her really being a "plain" looking woman when her countenance is in repose. She has great tact and self-possession, is ready, fluent, and unembarrassed in speech, and without the least sacrifice of dignity, is perfectly free from any sort of conventionality.—The extent of her knowledge upon political and governmental affairs entitles her to be considered a *Stateswoman* of no ordinary calibre. She would make a pretty formidable antagonist in a political discussion, and as a tenant of the White House could dispense politics and hospitalities, and preside at state dinners, to better advantage, I imagine, than any lady who has figured therein during our day.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

## WHO GENERAL HALLECK IS.

The inquiry is in everybody's mouth, who is General Halleck? who rumor says is to supersede Gen. McClellan in the command of the army of the Potomac.—The following account of him, which we find in an exchange paper, is the only information we can obtain:

General Henry Wager Halleck is one of the four Major Generals of the United States Army. He was born in New York, and entered the Military Academy as a West Point Cadet in 1835. He stood third in the class, and was brevetted Second Lieutenant of Engineers, July 1, 1839. He was Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy from July, 1839, to June, 1840.—In 1841 was the author of a military work on "Bitumen and its Uses," &c.—Appointed First Lieutenant in January, 1845.

In 1846 he wrote a work entitled the "Elements of Military Art and Sciences." In 1847 was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in affairs with the enemy on the 19th and 20th days of November, 1847, and for meritorious service in California. Was Secretary of State of the Province of California in the military governments of Generals Kearney, Mason and Riley, from 1847 to the end of 1849.

He was Chief of the Staff to Commodore Shubrick in naval and military operations on the Pacific coast in 1847 and 1848, and was a member of the Convention in 1849 to form, and of the Committee to draft, the Constitution of the State of California. In July, 1853, he was appointed Captain of Engineers, and resigned August 1, 1854. He now appears as a Major General, his commission bearing date August 19, 1861.

Never fish for praise—it is not worth the bait.

Men of many words are generally men of many puffs.

To offer advice to an angry man, is like blowing against a tempest.

If you treat your inferiors with familiarity, expect the same from them.

Let all your jokes be truly jokes. Jesting sometimes ends in sad earnest.

## THE LADIES' HORSE.

Col. Harris of the Ohio *Field Notes*, an acknowledged authority on the subject, writes as follows in regard to the best kind of horse for a lady, his management, etc.:

"The bridle of a lady's horse should be a single rein curb—never a snaffle to be pulled upon—requiring the strength of a thread only to guide and direct the animal, and drawn only when the horse is required to be stopped; at all other times to be kept slightly in hand or permitted to lie gently on the arched neck of the beautiful creature, permitting him to look abroad upon things and see the road that he is traveling; starting with a bound into a graceful canter at the leaning forward of the rider, without the use of the whip or other incentive."

We had supposed a double bridle was preferable that is, curb and snaffle, either of which could be used as occasion required. The majority of English ladies use such a bridle.

"The pace of a lady's horse should be long rather than short, that the rider may bend gracefully forward, and not be jerked backward at every step, in the most vulgar manner imaginable. A lady equestrian must never appear in a hurry; it is unbecoming and ungentle, and shows plebeian blood; and many instances are on record, showing that a horse knows a gentleman or a lady at sight as well as most of us."

An English lady of rank and wealth, now in Egypt, writes home as follows:

"I fear you may deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship when I tell you that two Arab horses which threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause, however, was not in my skill, but in the very remarkable predilection these intelligent animals feel toward the weaker sex. Let the wildest and fiercest Arabian be mounted by a woman, and you will see him suddenly grow mild and gentle as a lamb. I have had plenty of opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stable there is a beautiful gray Arab, which nobody but myself dare ride. He knows me, anticipates my wishes, and judiciously calculates the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience. It is curious to see how he manages to quicken his pace without shaking a leg and the different sort of steps he has invented to remedy contradictory purposes. Horses being as liable to forgetfulness as other organized beings my incomparable gray would allow his natural ambition to overcome his gallantry, and if another horse threatened to pass him, would start off with the speed of a whirlwind. Woe to me if, under such circumstances, I were to trust to the strength of my arm, or the power of the bridle! I knew the gallant charger better. Leaving my hand loose, and abandoning all thoughts of compulsion, I would take to persuasion—pat him on the neck, call him by his name, beg him to be quiet, and deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never did these gentle meaus fall. Instantly would he slacken his pace, prick up his ears as if fully comprehending his error, and come back to a soft amble, gentle neighing as if to crave pardon for his momentary offense."

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP CURTIN,

Nov. 3d, 1861.

DEAR MAC: Here, on a quiet Sunday eve, or what would be quiet if the company next to us were still. I am seated on a stool,—of my own making—before a table, which is better than some I have seen, on which is two boxes, one of which contains pipes and tobacco, the other, pens, ink, paper and other *et ceteras*.—Our *kit*—at present—consist of a satchel and knapsack for each of us, one blanket apiece, though three of us have the good fortune to possess two blankets, making nine in the tent. Our old coats and overcoats, our new overcoats, canteens and haversacks. On top of this pile six jolly boys and crowd them all into six feet by eight and you can imagine the close proximity into which we are thrown.

But perhaps you would like to hear how we pass the time. To go over the routine of every day—and it is as bad as printing for that—would seem to you very tiresome, for we have to get up at 6, a gun or cannon being fired at that time, hang out the blankets, sweep up, and wash and dress; then at 7 roll call and drill till 8, then the guard is sent to head-quarters; at 10½ drill till 12; then dinner, then from 2½ to 4 drill and at 4 dress parade which occupies till 5; then supper; and at 9 roll call and "lights out." We ought, by obeying Government orders, go to sleep at 9½, but we seldom do, though we never complain when 9 o'clock comes, for we are generally pretty tired by that time. I suppose sleeping accommodations come under the next head, but as they are simple they are easily disposed of. They consist of a blanket in which we roll after taking off our coat, pants and shoes, and a pine board, or floor. Though we have camped but two weeks there is not hardly any of us who would trade this fare for that which we have left. We are fast getting spoiled for a bed.

As for eating, the only thing we can complain of is that we hardly know what to do with the surplus, and stuff ourselves to prevent waste. And we get good food too, fresh bread, meat—fresh and salt, beef and pork,—crackers, coffee, beans, potatoes, sugar, vinegar, salt and pepper—you see I put in all the condiments.—If a person, situated as we are, should complain of that fare, he ought to be put in the guard-house and fed for a couple of months on bread and water. We have not only kept ourselves up on this fare, but we are growing fat very fast on it.—"Oh who wouldn't be a soldier!" Then we have a great deal of the time to ourselves in which we can do what we please, and at such time not one dares show a sober face for he is surrounded and compelled to laugh in spite of himself. We—the boys from C. A. B., C. R., M. M., C. G. B. S., and myself—are nicknamed the "Butties," and we go by that name almost exclusive of our other names. We are always together and always call each other "Butty" so if I mention the name hereafter in any of my letters you will know who I mean.

Our captain looks splendid in his new uniform and we all think you would have to look quite a while before you could find a better or a finer looking captain in the army; he possess the entire confidence of the whole company. I am glad to say that the Lieutenants are nearly as much thought of. The other officers I do not know so much about, for they do not express their feelings very freely about them. The men themselves are as good-natured as any family you ever heard of. We have not had a single disturbance in the company as yet and from present appearance I feel able to say there never will be. They help each other all the time; if one doesn't feel able to stand guard he will find plenty of volunteers to do duty for him; but woe to the man who takes advantage of that kindness and tries to shirk from duty and is found out. He will suffer in this company.

Camp Curtin is a dry place for those who have nothing to do, for they cannot watch others working, it being even tiresome. Sometimes during the day you cannot see more than two or three persons out besides the guard, then suddenly the streets are alive with them. Sometimes the streets are crowded and the cry "pickets" is raised; in less than five minutes from that time the streets are solitary, and so it goes from morning till night. But for all that we enjoy ourselves for we try to make each other feel comfortable. Then we all have our duties to go through with which takes a considerable part of our time, still we will "laugh and grow fat."

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It rained hard and blew hard yesterday and last night, and the wet came through the cloth of the tents a little though not enough to drop down on us, but we slept just as sound as though we were in the tightest house we ever yet slept in. To night promises to be pretty wet but I hope not for the sake of our boys on guard.

The Captain brought us good news this morning; he said we were only waiting for the return of Lieut. Roberts to draw our rifles and go to Washington. We may be well taken care of here but we had rather be at Washington than here for the reason that we will be at home and not solitary, as we are now.

The Governor—Curtis—has paid us a compliment for he has given us a written recommendation to our Colonel, and has given us—the third company in the regiment—Minnie Rifles with sabre bayonets, it being customary to give them to but two companies in a regiment. He has also said we were the finest looking company before we received our uniforms—i. e. in citizens' dress—that he had seen for a long time. One thing I know the knowledge of our belonging to the Potter County Company entitles us to respect anywhere in Camp Curtin. I say this, not in a boastful spirit, but to let the people we left behind us know what we are thought of out in the military world.

But the 9 o'clock gun was fired quite a while ago and I must close this letter hoping to head the next "Washington."

BUTTY.

MADAME TURCHIN.  
Rebert Brand, Esq., Mayor of Galena, in a report to a citizens meeting, touching his duties in connection with the wounded men of Company I, 19th regiment, at the late disaster on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, thus speaks of the noble conduct of Madame Turchin, the Colonel's wife, on that mournful occasion:

This report would be incorrect were I to omit the names of Col. Turchin and his heroic wife; to the Colonel, for his care and attention in providing for his soldiers, and the facilities he extended in the performance of my sad duties to the dead. But to hear the wounded men speak of the heroic conduct of the brave Mrs. Turchin, when the accident occurred—when the dead, dying, and mutilated, laid in one mass of ruin—when the bravest heart was appalled, and all was dismay, this brave woman was in the water rescuing the mangled and the wounded from a watery grave, and terring from her person every available piece of clothing as bandages for the wounded—proves beyond all question that she is not only the right woman in the right place, but a fit consort for the brave Turchin in leading the gallant sons of Illinois to battle. Such misfortunes bring forth heroic women, whose services may be frequently needed, if this fratricidal war shall continue in the bitter end.

HINDOO WOMEN.  
I once asked a native Hindoo what he thought a wife ought to know. Why said he in order to be a good wife, she must know two things. And what are they? First, she must know the way to the bazaar; and secondly, the way from the bazaar home again. Knowing this she knows sufficient for a good wife.

Now it is true that this man was of the lower caste, whose wives alone can go out, yet a similar answer in principle would be given by high caste men also, whose wives must never leave their homes. What do the native females of high caste do the whole day? They must not go out; they can see and hear nothing beyond the four walls; they cannot read; they have no books. How do they spend their time? Generally they form a little community, consisting of the wife, the mother, perhaps grandmother, the children, perhaps some widowed sisters.—They do the necessary cooking, cleaning, etc., and when that is done they chew betel leaf and areca nut, smoke their hookahs, relate the filthy stories of their gods and goddesses over and over again to each other, worship the house idol, not unfrequently have a quarrel, and when they have nothing else to do, they sleep, or what is next, and what none but a Hindoo male or female could do, sit down on their mats and think—of nothing. To a European this would be impossible, but particularly a female, it is an easy thing.—*Dr. Ullman.*

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