White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE INVASION OF FREDERICK.

Flag of the Free—my heart has bled,
To hear the daring, hostile tread
Of thy insulting foe—
I feel as if my woman hand
Could strike to earth the traitor band
With one avenging blow!

And Johnson 'mid the reverent crew,
Coursing his native city through,
With arrant boast and pride!
Affixing to his impious heel
The emblem of his country's weal—
For Rebels to deride!

Proclaiming, as he onward came,
"Deliverence in his leader's name"
The false and stealthy foe!
But true to thy allegiance stand—
Believe then not "My Maryland,"
They come to work thee woe!

Thou canst not yield to them thy trust,
Who trail thy banner in the dust—
And God and man defy!
The Stars and Stripes—the glorious Flag—
Cast like a vile, dishonored rag,
Beneath their feet to lie!

Oh! loyal hearts, 'twas hard to bear—
A meek submissive mien to wear,
While every pulse beat high—
As patriots and as men to act,
To drive the foeman from the track,
And every taunt defy!

But "Caddes" hail! the man of God—
While Rebel hordes the city trod,
He fearlessly dared to pray;
That victory on our banners rest,
That vile Rebellion be surpressed
And Treason pass away!

The prayer was heard—McClellan came—
A thousand blessings on his name!
The stern invaders flee!
He came our freedom to restore,
Our country's banner floats once more,
And Maryland is free!

The "conquering chieftain" advances now!
Twine laurels on his youthful brow!
The hero of the age,
May God sustain his valued life,
To quell the dark unholy strife,
That kindred sections wage!

Yet rear no idol made of clay—
We know how vain all earthly stay—
May God our helper be!
When mad ambition rules the hour,
And death strides on with fearful power,
No refuge but in thee!

Oh God restrain the bitter hate,
That makes our homes so desolate—
The carnage of the brave!
The furious waves of faction still,
And, Father, if it be thy will,
Our bleeding country save!

Select Tale.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

The following historical incident, though possessing all the interest of romance, is extracted from the "History of Illinois." The work is from the pen of Henry Brown, Esq., of Chicago:

The pioneer who dwells in the vicinity of Indian hunting ground, forming a barlier between savage and civilized men, learns to hate the Indian because he hears him spoken of always as an enemy. Having listened from his cradle to tales of savage violence, and perused with interest the naratives of aboriginal cunning and ferocity, and numbering also among the victims of some midnight massacre, his nearest and dearest relations, it is not to be wondered at that he should fear and detest the savage. While the war-whoop is sounding in his ear, the rifle is kept in readiness, and the cabin door secured with the return of evening.

Among those thus born and reared, one Thomas Higgins, of Kentucky, stands pre-eminent. During the war of 1812, he enlisted at the early age of nineteen in a company of rangers, and came to Illinois. One of the most extraordinary events during the war occured near Vandalia, in which Higgins participated. Men talk of Marathon and Thermopylæ and Waterloo, as if deeds of courage and danger were exhibited only there, without reflecting that a single ranger of Kentucky had eclipsed them all.

A little fort, or rather block house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlement from the Indians, Lieut. Jaurnay and twelve men were assigned as its garrison. Of the latter, Higgins was one.

The surrounding country was at that time a continued forest, and the little hamlet of Greenville a frontier town.

On the 30th of August, 1814, strong indications of savages being in the neighborhood were apparent, and at night a party of Indians were seen prowling about the fort.

On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieut. Jaurnay, with the whole force under his command, sallied forth in pursuit of them; they had not proceeded far before a large party of savages—seventy or eighty in number—rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, and one (Thomas Higgins) lingered behind to have "one pull more at the enemy."

The morning was sultry. The day had not yet dawned; a heavy dew had fallen during the night, and the air being still and humid, the smoke from their guns hung like a cloud over the awful scene.

By the aid of this cloud, the company of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgins' horse having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees; he rose, however, again. Higgins, supposing him to be mortally wounded, dismounted, and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon thereafter, his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make retreat, but resolved before doing so to avenge the death of some of his companions.

He sought, therefore a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body, was near. It was the only one in sight, and before he could reach it, the smoke partly arose and discovered to him a number of Indians approaching. One of them was in the act loading his gun. Higgins having taken deliberate aim, fired at the foremost savage, and he fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice, apparently from the grass, hailed him: "Tom, you won't leave me, will you?"

Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied: "No, I'll not leave you—come along."

"I can't come," said Burgess, "my leg is all smashed to pieces."

Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ankle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the latter taking fright, darted off in an instant, and left Higgins and his wounded friend behind.

"This is too bad," said Higgins; "but don't fear; you hop off on your three legs, and I'll stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass, and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so, and escaped.

The smoke which had hitherto concealed Higgins, now cleared away, and he resolved if possible to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was most expedient. It would, however, endanger his friend.

He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and, if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could seperate, and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.

He started, therefore, for a little run of water hard by, but found one of his limbs failing him—it having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious.

The largest Indian pressed close upon him, and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random; and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian first. He resolved therefore to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Higgins fell, but rose immediately, and ran. The foremost Indian, certain of his prey, now loaded again, and with the other two, pressed on. They overtook him—Higgins fell again, and as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again; and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or the other, each fell back.

At last, the largest Indian supposing Higgin's gun to be empty, from his fire having been thus reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the savage fell.

He had now four bullets in his body—an empty gun in his hand—two Indians, unharmed as yet, before him—and a whole tribe a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. Napoleon would have acknowledged himself defeated; Wellington, with all his obstinacy would have considered the case as doubtful—and Charles of Sweden have regarded it as one of peril. Not so with Higgins. He had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three; and having little to fear from the others, he began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter, but kept at a respectable distance when Higgins' rifle was loaded; but when they knew it was empty, "they were better soldiers."

A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or muscle. The wounds they made were not therefore deep, though numerous as his scars sufficiently testified.

At last one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, and laid bare his head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on; but Higgins, recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands; grasping at length one of their spears, the Indian, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up, who, taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke, the barrel only remaining in his hand.

The other Indian, who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into battle. His character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his fame forever.

Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off his blows with one hand, and brandished his rifle barrel with the other.

The Indian was as yet unharmed, and under existing circumstances, by far the most powerful man. Higgins' courage, however, was unexhausted, and inexhaustible. The savage at last began to retreat from the glare of his untamed eye to the spot where he dropped his rifle. Higgins knew if the Indian recovered it, that his own case was desperate; throwing therefore his rifle barrel aside, and drawing his hunting knife he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued; deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the rifle of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.

The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing, it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye of pity, and an arm to save. And that arm was a woman's!

The little garrison had withessed the whole combat. It consisted of six men and one woman who of herself a host—a Mrs. Pursley.

When she saw Higgins contending, single handed, with a whole tribe of Indians, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Pursley therefore snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and, declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help, mounted a horse, and sallied forth to his rescue. The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins fainted and fell before the Indians came up; and when the savage with whom he had been engaged, was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.

Higgins was insensible for several days, and his life was only preserved by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh; two, however, yet remained—one of which gave him a great deal of pain. Hearing afterward that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him he determined to go and see him. The physician (whose name is spared) asked him $50 for the operation. This, Higgins flatly refused, saying it was more than a half year's pension.

On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball discernable; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance he deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his thumbs into the gash, "he flirted it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent." The other ball yet remained; it gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave.

Higgins died in Fayette County, Illinois, a few years since. He was a most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once door keeper in the House of Representatives in Illinois.

The above account is taken principally from a newspaper. Its author is unknown. The facts, however, therein stated, are familiar to many, and were first communicated to me by one of the justices of the Supreme Court of this State. They have since been confirmed by others, and there is no doubt of their correctness."

General Polk at Perryville.

After the sun had gone down on the bloody field of Perryville, and the gloom of evening overhung the scene of carnage and death, even then, at intervals, bodies of the two armies would occasionally come in collision. Brig. General Clairborne's command, with which was Gen. Polk, just at nightfall came upon an Indiana regiment. Gen. Polk was some distance in advance of our troops, and suddenly found himself in the very midst of the Indianians, who were firing briskly on Claiborne's columns. Gen. Polk, seizing the Indiana Colonel by the shoulder, demanded why he was firing upon his friends. The Colonel said that he did not know that he was guilty of such a blunder, and asked, "who are you?"

"I'll show you who I am," said Polk, and then rising in the stirups, he gave the order to the Indianians—"cease firing!" Saying to the Colonel, "you shall hear from me, sir," he rode quietly away, and as soon as he was out of sight, with accelerated velocity, came dashing at headlong speed to the spot where Clairborne stood. Pointing to the Yankees, he exclaimed—"Let them have it boys, they are Yankees; I've been there."

General Polk said afterwards that he counted no less than fifteen balls as they penetrated his back while he rode away from the Indianians. On his arrival at this place General Polk had entirely recovered from his imaginary wounds; in fact he wears a charmed life. He has never been touched, neither at Belmont, Shiloh, Farmington nor Perryville, at each of which places he exposed himself to needless danger.—*Knoxville (Rebel) Register.*

By the provisions of the Southern tariff leaf tobacco is exempt from duty.

Miscellaneous.

HOW LONG.

BY ANDREW DOWNING.

How long will selfish powers seek
To make the hosts of Freedom panse,
Forbid the voice of Truth to speak,
And execute their cruel laws?

How long will outraged justice sleep,
While hellish deeds of wrong and shame—
Causing true manhood's soul to leap
With ire—are done in her great name?

How long will stern oppression grind
With iron heel, till she efface
Each noble attribute of mind
And soul, from a poor, abject race?

How long will Slavery—loathsome blot—
The direct curse of ev'ry age—
Have on these golden shores a spot
To claim as its own heritage?

How long! how long! oh God; how long
Will Darkness veil the Heaven-born Light,
And the foul myrmidons of Wrong
Defy the power of Truth and Right?

God grant the day may soon appear—
That blessed day of Liberty—
When not a soul of earth shall fear
To speak aloud, and say, "I'm Free!"

[From the N. Y. Times.]

THE GREAT VICTORY—FORTY YEARS' FIGHT.

Beginning of the Fight—The Missouri Compromise—Victories of Slavery—Demoralization of Politics—Corruption of the Democratic Party, and the Great Victory of Right in Missouri.

THE BEECHES, Nov., 1862.

I sing, *Io Triumphe!* Your New York Democrats think they have got a victory. There never was a more mistaken set of people since time began. They have won a petty skirmish, and lost a great battle their allies of half a century, who alone gave them any real power or consequence, have been defeated—on their chosen field. I do not mean the majority in Congress, (which will be unequivocally for the Administration, and overwhelmingly for the War,) but I mean the victory of Freedom in Missouri. Nor do I mean that emancipation will be accomplished in a day there. I mean, we have unmistakably and irreversibly the *commencement de la fin.*

No human power can turn back the great tide of opinion, which is now sweeping away the bulwarks of slavery. It will go on in various forms, and occasional ebbs, till the last vestige of domestic bondage is swept from America. I care nothing for the minor details of the battle. I was once as blind as John Van Buren seems to be—*if*, as I strongly suspect, his ventilations of the swell mob are not really a witty satire on the follies of his party. At any rate if he had intended his speeches for *Punch*, he could not have done them better.

But, to return. I was once blind enough to trust that the victories of the Democratic Pro-slavery Party really meant something and were to be sorrowed over by the friends of freedom. I was perplexed, but not in despair. Time has taught me better. Providence often gives temporary strength and success to false principles and corrupt parties, in order that they may the more certainly be swept by an honest public indignation and often makes men's selfish interests (as in Missouri) the instrument of a wide and permanent beneficence.

Let me tell you some facts (not perhaps remembered) about this Missouri business. Missouri was the first territory beyond the Mississippi, which applied to be a State; but unhappily had a few slaves, and its proposed Constitution permitted slavery. You will observe that up to this time no new slave State had been admitted, formed out of new Territory. Kentucky was a part of Virginia. Tennessee was a part of North Carolina. Louisana was settled Territory, coming in under the treaty with all its local usages. To say that the unsettled country of Missouri was a part of Louisiana, was a mere subterfuge. The real question was whether it was right or expedient to make new slave States out of new territory. The sagacious, honest friends of freedom in the North, like Rufus King, John W. Taylor, of Saratoga, Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, and others saw clearly that this was a great battle for human freedom; that if Missouri had a right to demand admission as a slave State, so had any new territory which we might hereafter acquire to the end of time.

And you now see into what prodigious proportions that question has loomed up; and through what blood and suffering we must wade to its solution! I need not cite particulars. The South had then in Congress two great advantages. The equal representation in the Senate gave them a veto power, and the Southern immigration to Illinois and Indiana, operating on their Senators gave them, in fact, a majority there. In the House, the majority was the other way; but the South had the advantage there. Henry Clay, then a young and ambitious man of commanding talents and powerful eloquence, was, *by his position* on the border line, made a *compromiser*. By his exertions, the majority in the Senate—some eight or ten members from the North—were, by the seduction of compromise and Mr. Clay, turned round and the celebrated Missouri Compromise was accomplished. Three of them men came from Connecticut, and were buried in effigy throughout the State; but the Democratic party, true to its interests did not forget them. They were afterwards brought forward into public places, and the three New York members found their way into the Custom-house, under the favor of an administration, then, as ever since, till now, wholly pro-slavery. Such was the manner of the Missouri Compromise, which was sowing to the wind, and reaping the whirlwind.

Let us proceed: The work was fairly completed in 1821-22. It was the beginning of the second great battle. The *first* was on the Constitution. The South won the first in getting a slave representation. They won the second by getting new slave States. But they did not win the second without a very effective qualification. The valuable territory of the United States was in the Northwest, and that Territory came in as free States. Hence the battle raged in a new quarter, but on the same principle. The South *immediately* commenced the design of *acquiring new Territory by purchase and conquest* in the South and West with a view of making new slave States. For a time they were unsuspected, till Florida, Texas, California, Arizona, all were admitted. It is true that they were disappointed in California, but that only made them more determined to acquire Cuba and Central America. All means were tried—purchase conquest filibustering. For forty years the war for the dominion of slavery was kept up incessantly although sometimes concealed from the public eye. in nearly the whole of it the disciplined band of slavery were victorious over the unorganized militia of freedom.

In this whole time the Democratic party, finding that the South was available to maintain its power, so long as the South was permitted to pursue its course of slavery extension, gradually fell into the arms of slavery, helpless and corrupt. If the genius and spirit of the Democratic party in the time of Jefferson be compared with what is called so now, human history cannot present a stronger contrast! Interpreted by Jefferson, Democracy was the representation of freedom and progress of the human mind. Now, what is it? Helplessly and stupidly attempting to sustain compromises with slavery a system hated, despised and repudiated by the civilization of the intelligent world; it is literally a servant of servants! Is it strange that since 1840, nearly the whole body of men, with free, liberal, enarged minds, have left it?

You can point to dozens of your men of genius and eminence in New York, who were Democrats, but compelled by by the laws of mind to leave a thing so foul and so enslaved. This work is going on, and, notwithstanding any temporary successes in local elections, it is not possible for any body of men long to sustain themselves against that overwhelming current of events which God and nature and man are pouring against human slavery.

I must hasten on. After forty years of constant, unyielding, determined warfare against this organized army of God, we have at last won a great victory on the very field where we lost our first battle! We have won it in Missouri. Kansas is free, and Missouri will be, and the border States will follow. I say this positively. The Missouri Republican will tell you nothing can be done just now. True, but look at the sign in the heavens. Hear the thunder, as it rolls, Missouri *has elected five emancipationists* to Congress, against four Democrats. It is the great sign of the day. I say again, *Io triumphe!*

A VETERAN OBSERVER.

Old Abe takes his Tod.

For occasional sallies of genuine original wit, give us a country grocery, winter evenings and rainy days, and the barrooms of country hotels. As an instance, take the following which occurred in a bar-room not long since. There was quite a collection, and our friend S., who is a Democrat, and friend M., who is a Republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a lull took place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—

"M., how many public men are there who are *really* temperance men?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied M.

"Well," said S., "I don't know of but *one* that I can speak positively of on *our* side, and that is Gen. Cass."

"Well,, said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln on our side, certain."

"Guess not," said S., incredulously.

"Guess yes," replied M., warmly.

"But you don't pretend to say that President Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"YES I DO," answered M., "and can maintain the statement."

"Well, now I tell you that Abraham Lincoln is as fond of his tod as any man living," replied S., earnestly, "and I can prove it to you."

"Well, I tell you that he isn't," replied M., who began to get excited; "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country.

"I contend," replied S., with provoking coolness, "that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his tod, that it is the LAST thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the FIRST when he wakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded locofoco lie! exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S., "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"*Todd by thunder!*" exclaimed M., jumping more than a foot from the floor; "boys let's adjourn to the other room."

Compliments.

It is very much to be wished for the benefit of bashful men, that society would come to some general agreement upon the subject of compliments. At present the whole social law upon the subject is in a state of confusion which is a mere pitfall for the unwary. There are some occasions when a compliment is very little less than an insult; and there are others when it is scarcely less insulting to omit the compliment; and the distinction in principle between the two sets of occasions is not very obvious. To compliment a lady on her dress is a rude familiarity. A panegyric upon her beauty is only tolerated if she belongs to the emaciated sisterhood of "fast girls," and is apt to be resented even then if there are any listeners to overhear it. But seat her at a piano-forte and everything is changed. Compliments cease to be rude on one side or repulsive on the other. The man who would stand at the piano-forte listening to a song, and omit at the end of it to ejaculate "Beautiful!" would be condemned by every right thinking mind as unworthy the name of a man and a Briton. Compliments on such occasions are not simply permissible, but they are exacted with rigor as an item of the ordinary tribute of civility which man owes to woman. You might as well let a lady stand for want of a chair while you are sitting down, as allow the music to languish for want of a plentiful supply of eulogy. And the young lady, who would blush and bridle if she was told she was pretty, submits with smiling impassibility to the most fulsome flattery on the subject of her singing. In fact, if the song did not close amid a chorus of admiration, every one would feel that there was an awkward silence.

People force conversation fitfully and uneasily, as if somebody had uttered a startling impropriety; the performer would be perfectly justifiable in flouncing from the piano-forte and passing the rest of the evening in the dumps. The idea appears to be that a public performance is incompatible with retiring modesty. It is a proclamation that the young lady is not satisfied to remain unnoticed in the throng, but wishes a special share of general attention to herself; and it naturally follows that she desires some assurance that her efforts have not been in vain. The world is too good natured to refuse compliments to any one who professedly caters for them; and, fortunately there are people who derive a positive pleasure from the act of flattering others. Their souls are a living well of butter, and a little of it escapes on every passer by. Probably they began the practice from calculation, to secure as many friends as possible at a cheap cost; but the habbit soon grows upon them, and clings to them long after the hope of getting along in the world has lost its power. They are very disagreeable people to meet in society, upon ordinary occasions, for they are always putting somebody out of countenance; but their real mission in the world is to attend at musical parties. They should be jammed in between the piano-forte and the wall, and left there. So placed, they are in position to perform services which, in their absence, it would be impossble to supply; for complimenting does not come by nature, and the master of the house who should try it it for the first time in ignorance of the difficulties of the attempt, and without proper preparation, is very liable to come to an unseemly halt in the very middle of his pretty speech.—*London Saturday Review.*

COMFORTING A WIFE.—A good thing came off some time since, when the Corn Exchange's last corps left Philadelphia for Harrisburgh. Among the men was one who had a young wife. While they were waiting for the order to march. the young wife was taking leave of her husband, in accents broken, and eyes that lay bedewed in tears, like violets in a summer shower. The man caressed her, but the tears still started; he told her of the patriotism and munificence of the Corn Exchange Association, yet the liquid crystals continued to fall; he told her of the country's danger, but her anguish remained unsoothed. At last he appeared weary of his endeavors, and tried another tack. "Sally," says he, "Sally, quit crying. You see what the Corn Exchange has done. They've paid you my bounty, fitted me out, and everything."

"Yes," the girl sobbed, "but—"

"But what?"

"But if you get killed, what then?"

"Why"—the man hesitated for a moment until a lucky thought struck him—"Why then the Corn Exchange will find you another husband!"

The ludicrousness of this idea changed the current of the girl's feelings, and a smile wreathed her pretty mouth and dimples in a manner that was pleasant to behold. The last tear rolled away, and as the word "forward" was given she gave the young recruit a last kiss, and departed in good cheer.

They have a drum in the Ohio Fifth regiment now on duty in Missouri, which is carried by a boy named Banks. His grandfather beat it in the old revolutionary time—his father carried it in the Mexican war, and it is thus a third time made available during one of our epochs.

It is reported that the rebel government is about to close most of the newspaper offices in the confederacy. It needs all the paper that can be had to make confederate scrip.

OUR DEAD HEROES.

Bring back our heroes from the fight,
And lay them 'neath our vales and hills,
Beside the sweetest singing rills—
They nobly died for truth and right.

Bring back our heroes—give them tears
As freely shed as summer rain,
They fought but cannot fight again.
Let memory hold them through all years.

Bring back the shapes of pale cold clay,
That went so full of love and life,
To bear our banners through the strife,
And win anew our freedom's day.

Bring back the flag they followed forth,
And let it lie on each true breast,
As soft as rose leaves taking rest,
In gardens of their native North.

Bring back no fear, for God hath set
Beyond all dread that they shall die,
Our stars and stripes, far up on high,
To live and float and triumph yet.

Song of the rebels when bombarded by our artillery—"Shells of Oh-shun."

It is stated that "the census embraces several millions of women.,, Who'd hate to be the census? asks Prentice.

Girls intending to be boystrous should take lessons! A female recruit in Rochester N. Y., was detected by trying to put her trousers on over her head!

Jeff. Davis is called the "Lion of the South," Some of these days. perhaps, our Generals will make him lie down with a "lam."

South Carolina asks for a Prince of the blood to rule over her. We guess the Prince of "Wails" would best suit her feelings and emotions at this time.

The Richmond Whig has learned from official sources that the expenditures of the Confederate Government from its inauguration to August 1, 1862, amount to $347,272,958 84. A fine chance for Mississippi Jeff. to repudiate!

Our Government has lately made nine Rear Admirals in the navy. A cotemporary suggests that if the Government would make about double that number of *rear* Generals, from those in our army, it would prove a "big thing."

The following is one of the many good things got off by Van Vleck, of the Kinderhook Rough Notes:

"He that steals our purse, steals postage stamps—They're ours, they're yours, and have been slaves to thousands, and when they get dirty will do nobody any good—but he that appropriates to himself our good name, takes two V's we would like to see him get the specie on."

Jeff. Davis has appointed Captain Robert Joselyn—the popular "Bod Joselyn" of poetical and Mexican fame—as his private Secretary. He is the author of the "Young Widow," "Girl with Calico Dress," and other Mississippi State Lyrics; he obtained his brevet of Captain in the battle-field of Mexico; is a defeated candidate for the United States Congress; is known as the "Prince of Good Fellows" among the jolly men.

Secession Conspiracy.

Yes, gentlemen, we have intended it for thirty years. Our Southern leaders determined to stop at nothing short of the overthrow of this Government. I have known it and been fighting it all the time. What did that fellow Wigfall, and what did Pryor admit in Washington just before they inaugurated this rebellion? They both avowed it as no secret, published it far and near, announced it to all the world, and gloried in it, that if the entire North, if the whole population of the loyal States should put their signatures to a blank piece of paper, allowing the South to fill it up over their names, and dictate the terms on which they would stay in the Union, they would not accept it, because they wanted to go out, have an Independent Government, and break up the rotten and corrupt old Government. So said Pryor, the man who demolished your man Potter out here. [Applause and laughter.] You remember he challenged Potter to fight a duel, supposing that Potter, was of course, a cold-blooded Yankee, who would craw-fish out of it. But to his utter astonishment Potter said: "With all my heart I accept your challenge, but being the challenged party I have a right to dictate the weapons, and we must take bowie knives in a close room." "But," said Pryor, "that is contrary to the laws of duelling, [laughter,] and it is contrary to the code of honor. I can't fight that way." He did'nt fight. [Laughter.]

Almost the last thing that happened to me before they crushed out my paper was a challenge to fight a duel from a Secessionist editor in the South, Lewis H. Pope, a specimen of humanity who weighed 95 pounds, a worse looking man than Aleck Stephens. He supposed that being a preacher and editor I would not fight, but he waked up the wrong passenger. [Applause.] I accepted his challenge, and wrote in the letter that being the challenged party, I had the right to dictate the weapons, time and place. It was then summer time and hot weather. I said: "I select that we fight, immediately after the first hard rain that comes, in a hog pen. The weapons shall be two large, four-pronged iron dung-forks, [continued laughter,] and whoever shall shovel the other out, should be regarded as having killed him in mortal combat."—[Vociferous laughter.] He replied that the terms were cruel, inhuman and contrary to the laws of duelling, and he backed out; and well he might, for he knows that I could have shovelled him out in less time no time. [Laughter.]—*Brownlow's Speech at Chicago.*