Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19, 1861. NUMBER 38.

Civilian & Telegraph.

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning

WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor.

OFFICE in Second Story of McKaigs Row, Baltimore Street.

TERMS—One copy, one year, $2—invariably in advance.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC this paper affords unrivaled advantages, as it is read by **1000 Families.** As it has a more extended circulation than any other journal published in the county, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers an object worthy of consideration by those wishing to advertise.

Terms of the Civilian & Telegraph.

TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance—$2.50 if not so paid, and $3.00 if no paid within the year.

Those who expect to receive the CIVILIAN & TELEGRAPH for $2.00 must pay invariably in advance.

☞ Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia vidence of intentional fraud.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, 50 cents for one insertion—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, ncluding subscription, $5.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three squares,	3 50	5 00	7 50	12 00	18 00
Four squares,	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Quarter col.,	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00

Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion—sucsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are ounted as a line in advertising.

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged $12 00.

Proceedings of meetings not of a general character, charged at 4 cents per line for each insertion.

Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, outside the city of Cumberland, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

INSOLVENT NOTICES, cash in advance.

PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ALL JOB WORK, cash.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement from a distance will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.
Clerk to County Comm'ners—WM. KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

Dr. GEO. B. FUNDENBERG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE and residence on the corner of Baltimore and George's Streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

K. H. BUTLER'S

Steam Chair and Cabinet Factory,

Centre Street, near the Lutheran Church.—Turning and Sawing of all descriptions done to order. Coffins and hearse furnished at short notice.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Books and Stationery, Periodicals,

Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in

Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,

South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,

Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,

Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

A. RUSSELL & SON,

Carriage Manufacturers,

Centre street, below Harrison stree,

Keep constantly on hand, *Carriages, Rockaways, Phetons, and Buggies,* of the latest style and finish, and all other kinds of VEHICLES, to suit city or country trade. Carriage Harness of every description. REPAIRING done at short notice.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Repairing of every description done with Neatness and Dispatch.

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street

July 19, 1860.

JOSIAH WITT,
MANUFACTURER
AND

Dealer in Lumber,

West side of Mechanic Street, near the Rail Road Viaduct,

Aug30 y. CUMBERLAND, MD.

WINDSOR PLASTER.

300 TONS superior Soft Windsor Plaster, just received and for sale by J. N. HARPER & CO.,

July 7, 1859.

PLASTER.

500 Tons Windsor Plaster
For sale by J. N. HARPER & Co.
Alexandria, ju 2—tf. King St. Dock

POTATOES.—1000 bushels Mercer Potatoes
150 tons Windsor Plaster
250 bbls. Apples, per Schr. Rockingham, for sale low from the vessel, by
J. N. HARPER & CO.
Alexandria, Va., March 28, 1861.

Religious Services.

Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and evening at 7½. Pastor—Rev. J. H. Symmes.

English Lutheran—Corner of Baltimore and Centre Streets. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell.

Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Barnhart.

Methodist Protestant—Bedford St. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. G. W. Burns.

Episcopalian—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8. Rev. Dr. Spear, Pastor.

Baptist—Bedford Street. No Pastor.

German Lutheran—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler.

St. Patrick's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 4. Pastor—Rev. Edward Brennan.

St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street.—Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 2½. Pastor—Father Seelos.

Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Pastor:—Rev. A. Laser.

Second German Lutheran Church—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and afternoon at 2½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Louis Biltz.

Attention Builders!

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venitian Blinds,

MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planing Machine, on Centre Street.

Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr John J. Bruce's Lumber Yard.

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,
TAYLOR & CO.,
Iron and Brass Founders,

George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD, Manufacturers of

Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.

March 17, 1859—y.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,

Paper Warehouse,

No. 21 South Charles St.,

A few doors below German-st,

BALTIMORE

Keep on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER.

Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—1y.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

A Good Watch, Clock, or Jewelry, etc?

YES!

WELL THEN GO TO

S. T. LITTLE'S.

HAVE been often deceived in buying an inferior article elsewhere?—If so, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Are you afraid it is no use?—Then once more I say, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Why go to S. T. LITTLE'S? If you will keep it a secret I will tell you. S. T. LITTLE is to be relied upon. All goods sold by him are just what he says they are. If it is soft solder plated Jewelry he will tell you. If the goods are filled he will tell you. If you want to buy a good Watch, you can rely upon his judgment as well as his word. If you want a good Clock, he has some of the very best make, especially those of Seth Thomas'. The beauty of his business is, he sells

CHEAP FOR CASH.

If you want your Watch or Clock put in good order, go to S. T. LITTLE, as he warrants all his work. His place of business is on the West Side of

BALTIMORE STREET,

BETWEEN THE

St. Nicholas Hotel & Revere House.

July 19-tf S. T. LITTLE.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

SILVER and PLATED WARE,

ON HAND AND WILL BE SOLD AS

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore St.

July 19, 1860.

RICHARDSON'S

IRISH LINENS,

Damasks, Diapers, &c.,

CONSUMERS of RICHARDSON'S LINENS, and those desirous of obtaining the Genuine GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm,

J. N. RICHARDSON, SONS & OWEN,

as a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods.

This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season and sealed with the name of RICHARDSON, by Irish Houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCHE & J. B. LOCKE, Ag'ts,
Sept 37, 860—1y. 34 Reade St., N. York.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

Abner Somerville vs. His Creditors. } ORDERED, this 20th day of Dec. 1860, that Abner Somerville give notice to his creditors, endorsers and sureties, that the second Monday of April next is fixed for the said Abner Somerville to appear in the Circuit Court for Allegany County, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors, endorsers and sureties may propose or allege against him; and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in the city of Cumberland, once a week for three successive months prior to the said second Monday of April next, as such notice.

Test:—H. RESLEY,
Dec. 20, 1860—3m.* Clerk.

Patent Lard Lamp.

THE subscriber is now manufacturing a Patent Lard Lamp, which he offers for sale. It will also burn any kind of dirty grease. Call and examine it. m19. JOHN JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 29,500 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that *Dr. S.* who is the only regular physician advertising, has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be moderate in his charges than he could justly be, where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored Plotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, driven into the system by mercury or copavia and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment in the first stages of the disease may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, *particularly strangers*, to be careful that they are not deceived by *false advertisements of boasting quacks* who make promises which could not be fulfilled even by the most experienced physicians. By neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILLITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and lmost fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequences of an alluring and pernicious practice alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillful physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it enviable.

☞ Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine securely packed from observation forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid *boasting impostors* whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and not to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.
No. 11, S. Frederick Street., Baltimore, Md.

☞ No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

Jan. 1st. 1861.—1y

Lehigh Gas Burning

Cooking Stoves!

THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the above stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving of fuel by the use of these Stoves

Sept. 15, 1859. JOHN JOHNSON.

Notice to Teachers.

THE undersigned, Examiners of Teachers for the Public Schools in Allegany County, will continue to hold meetings for the examination of Teachers, on the last FRIDAY of each month, at the Court House, in Cumberland, commencing at 9 o'clock, A.M., until further notice.

Cumberland, Jan. 8, 1861

JAMES SMITH,
THOMAS F. WHITE,
A. J. WEDDELL,

Jan. 10, 1861.—[A, B, F G] Examiners.

Have you seen the Prince of Wales?

If not, call at S. T. LITTLE'S JEWELRY Store and see his Photograph at the same time do not forget to examine his extensive stock as he has just returned from the Eastern and Northern factories with a full assortment in his line of business and is able to sell exceedily low for cash.

Sign of the big watch north side of Baltimore st near the railroad.

S. T. LITTLE,

N. B.— the American watches at factory prices, Nov. 6.

Almanacs! Almanacs!

ENGLISH and German Hagerstown Almanacs for 1861, just received and for sale by the dozen or gross at

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER'S
Under St. Nicholas Hotel, Balto St
Cumberland Nov 22

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,
WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

and dealers in

Paints, Glass & Oil.

No. 839 Balt. St.,

Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID on hand. ☞ Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61—y.

A GENERAL assortment of Queensware o every description, just received at
June 9. WM. R. BEALL & CO'S.

A FEW barrels left of Baker's Old Rye Whiskey. For sale by WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Poetical.

Laura, Laura, Don't Secede.

Kiss me, Laura, ere I go
Arm'd and drilled to meet the foe;
Gun in hand and on my back
A sixteen pounder—haversack.
I go; my country calls—adieu!
To both, my darling girl, be true;
And come success, come scathe and need,
Laura, Laura, don't secede.

When on the tented field, perhaps,
With rations short, and shorter naps,
We wheel, present, advance, retreat,
Thou'lt have, O, heavens! at thy feet
Some one persuadingly present
Himself and an establishment—
Laura, no such trifler heed!
Though he glitter, don't secede.

Cling unto thy mother, dear;
Let no "Home Guards" come anear,
Dancing gewgaws 'fore thy eyes,
Making light of household ties,
Prating of thy woman's rights,
Gallanting thee about o' nights—
Lest the rose should prove a weed
Basely crimsoned, don't secede.

Good-bye, Laura! no regrets
If from balls and bayonets,
From "broils and battles"—(*boils*, I mean;
For deadlier is the soup tureen,
When badly seasoned than the bore,
Of the loudest cannon that can roar;)
Safe delivered swiftly I
Back to ease and thee will fly—
United then in word and deed;
Laura, dear, we'll both secede.

Miscellaneous.

Kyd's Last Visit.

A Tradition of Eastern New York.

BY AMOS SHURTLEFF.

It was a mild October night, in the Autumn of 1699; the storm-clouds scudded across the sky, almost totally obscuring the light of the young moon, and the wind swept in eddying gusts through the forest gorges, and sobbed mournfully around the old manor house of the Coeymans, situated on a rocky shore of the Hudson, some ten miles below Albany. All was hushed in the mansion, and the night darkness brooded heavily over it, save when from a single window, a light gleamed dazzlingly, throwing a broad, glittering belt along the graveled garden-walk.—In the room whence shown this beacon-light, sat a lady in the prime of life, magnificently attired in the costume of that period.

The room itself was elegantly furnished, and the richly carved walnut and damask of finest texture bespoke the wealth and taste of the owner. Upon her lap lay an open volume bound in vellum, and heavily adorned with silver the leaves of which she turned listlessly, and as she glanced into the surrounding darkness a shadow swept across her brow, and she murmured to herself:

'No, he will not come to-night, some accident must have befallen him. I will'—but even as she spoke there came a sound of hasty steps along the walk, a man sprang lightly up the steps, and the knocker was applied with vigorous strokes to the oaken door; springing from her seat she obeyed the summons, removed the heavy bar, drew the bolt, threw open the door, and admitted the visitor Her warm greeting was responded to with a—

'Yes, yes, Margery, all in good time, but I've tired, tired you with waiting for me, haven't I?' and without pausing for a reply, he continued, as he laid his sword and pistols on the table "I would have been in better season, but the hounds were on my track, and I cared not to be overhauled of my precious cargo.' The speaker and the lady he addressed were singularly alike in form and feature. He was clothed in a tunic of red silk, with blue small clothes, and black morocco boots, with a broad, red fold of the same material falling nearly to the instep. His hair, that rivalled the raven's wing in blackness, clustered in luxuriant curls around his neck and shoulders, and his face was bronsed with the sun of southern climes and embellished by beard and moustache, wore a reckless expression, that was heightened by the changing light in the dark gleaming eye that had struck terror to many a beholder. For this was none other than the dreaded Rover, Robert Kyd; the lady his sister, the Madam Coeymans.

As he ceased speaking he folded his arms across his broad chest, and gazed moodily into the fire.

As his sister watched her countenance expressed the greatest emotion, and going to him and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she said as her eyes filled with tears.

'Robert, could our mother have foreseen the course her son would follow, how think you she would have felt?'

At the mention of his mother, a tear for a moment dimmed the dark eye of the rover; but dashing it aside as if ashamed of the weakness displayed, he answered with a slight laugh:

'Why, Margery, you believe the tale that my calumniators have forged that I am indeed a pirate, the terror of the seas; and yet there is many a coroneted head reposes in old England that has shared the profits of my voyages, and have now the bloodhounds on my track, and would gladly see me die a felon's death, and leave a felon's memory; but I would foil the villains yet. I have deposited the last of my wealth beneath the soil of the manor grounds. I have burned my vessel, determined to quit the sea forever, and become an honest man. Our noble Governor, the Earl of Bellamont, has promised me his protection if I am pressed too hotly; for the rest I trust to these,' and he touched his arms significantly. 'But no more of this subject at present, dear Margery, for I am very weary, and hungry, too;' and he threw himself wearily upon a couch, while his sister not caring to arouse any of the domestics, left the room, whence, she soon returned, bearing a silver tray on which were displayed many tempting viands which quickly disappeared before the attacks of the Rover, who, as he finished, held high a globe of rich old port, exclaiming as he did so, 'Here's forgetfulness to the past, and a bright future to us.' And quaffling off the contents, he arose saying, 'It is getting late, Margery, so I'll to bed and pleasant dreams,' and he glided out of the room.

The morning dawned clear, and as the suns first beams gilded the window of his room, Kyd sprang from his couch, and making a hasty toilet he descended to join his sister in the garden; and as they wandered along the paths, and beneath the giant oaks, that adorned the manor grounds, their memory went back to the merry old times in England, when they, light-hearted and innocent, passed the sunny days of childhood in joyous mirth.

Many days says the legend, did the Rover thus abide at Coeymans, in sweet communion with the memory of his childhood's home. And when at last he left, it was with many promises of a speedy return But, alas! for his plans of future happiness, he presented himself inadvertently in the streets of Boston, was seized, sent to England, tried and executed.

Centuries have passed, and all traces of the manor house of Coeymans have disappeared, but tradition still points out its site, and tells of an old stone house, and of a spectre in rustling silks and high-heeled shoes that glided through its lonely halls long after the Madame Coeyman went to her grave.

Tecumseh's Eloquence—His Speech in the War Council.

Tecumseh led, the warriors followed, one in the footsteps of the other. The Creeks in dense masses stood on each side of the path, but the Shawnees noticed no one; they marched to the pole in the center of the square and then turnrd to the left. At each angle of the square Tecumseh took from his pouch some tobacco and sumach and dropped on the ground, and his warriors performed the same ceremony. This they repeated three times as they marched around the square. They then approached the flag pole in the center, circled around it three times, and facing the north threw tobacco and sumach on a small fire, burning, as usual, near the base of the pole. On this they emptied their pouches.

They then marched in the same order to the Council, or king's house as it was termed in ancient times, and drew up before it. The Big Warrior and leading men were sitting there. This Shawnee chief sounded his war whoop—a most diabolical yell—and each of his followers responded. Tecumseh then presented the Big Warrior a wampum belt of five different colored strands, which the Creek Chief handed to his warriors and it passed down the line. The Shawnee's pipe was then produced; it was large, long, and profusely decorated with shell beads, a painted eagle, and porcupine quills. It was lighted from the fire in the center, and slowly passed from the big warrior along the line.

At this time not a word had been uttered; everything was as still as death, even the wind slept, and there was only the gentle fall of leaves. At length Tecumseh spoke; at first slowly and in sonorous tones, but he soon grew impassioned, and the words fell in avalanches from his lips, his eyes burnt with superior lustre, and his whole frame trembled with emotion; his voice resounded over the multitude, now sinking in low and musical whispers, now rising to his highest key, hurling out his words like a succession of thunderbolts. His countenance varied with his speech; its prevalent expression was a sneer of hatred and defiance, sometimes a murderous smile; for a brief interval a sentiment of profound sorrow pervaded it; and at the close a look of concentrated vengeance, such, I suppose, as dintinguishes the arch enemy of mankind.

I have heard many great orators, but I never saw one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the same command over the muscles of his face. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. Its effect upon that wild, superstitious, untutored and warlike assemblage may be conceived; not a word was said, but stern warriors, the "stoics of the wood," shook with emotion, and a thousand tomahawks were brandished in the air. Even the Big Warrior who had been true to the whites during the war, was, for the moment, visibly affected, and more than once I saw his huge hand clutch spasmodically the handle of his knife. All this was the effect of his delivery, for though the mother of Tecumseh was a Creek, and he was familiar with the language, he spoke in the Northern dialect, and was afterwards interpreted by an Indian linguist to the assembly.—His speech has been reported, but no one has or can do him justice. I think I can repeat the substance of what he said, and, indeed, his very words.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH.

In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements once our favorite hunting grounds. No war whoop was sounded, but there is blood on our knives. The pale-faces felt the blow, but knew not from whence it came.

Accursed be the race that has seized our warriors. Our fathers from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds.

The Muscogee was once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at your war-whoop, and the maidens of my tribe, on the distant lakes, sung the prowess of your warriors, and sighed for their embraces.

Now your very blood is white, your tomahawks have no edge, your bows and arrows were buried with your fathers. Oh! Muscogee, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery; once more strike for vengeance, once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. The tears drop from the weeping skies. Let the white race perish.

They seize your land, they corrupt your women; they trample on the ashes of your dead!

Back, whence they came, upon a trail of blood they must be driven.

Back! back, aye, into the great water whose accursed waves brought them to our shores!

Burn their dwellings. Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The red man owns the country, and the pale faces must never enjoy it!

War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave! Our country must give no rest to the white man's bones.

All the tribes of the North are dancing the war-dance. Two mighty warriors across the seas will send us arms.

Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets shall tarry with you. They will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white man approaches you the earth will swallow him up.

Soon you shall see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake.—*Claiborne's Life of Gen. Sam. Dale.*

Description of a Chinese Battle.

A Chinese battle is as good as a farce. Some of the little fights at Shanghai were very amusing. One day, when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into the line of fire I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second. Why they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of the creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for, but to see the dodging of the soldiers, then of the rebels, each trying to evade the other, was almost amusing. One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of the grave hillock, drop his matchlock over the top, and, without taking aim, blaze away. There is no ramrod required for the shot they use; the bullet or bar of iron is merely dropped in loose upon the powder.—There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie; one of the men was cut off by an imperial skirmisher, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge on him, as he ran round and round a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side. Here hunting is nothing to it. Redcap describes hosts of circles, and the Royalist was fast getting blown, when the gods took pity on his wind, for by some unlucky change the rebel tripped and fell. The soldier was at him in a moment, and to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of the matchlock to Redcap's head and fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go. It is difficult to say who was the most astounded when Mr. Redcap did precise the same The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singing of his long hair.

There were frequently, however, some very ugly wounds; and where surgery is at such a discount, the poor wounded must suffer most severely. The Chinese rarely if ever amputate. They use strong drawing-plaster to extract the ball.—The missionary hospitals at Canton and Shanghai, under the able charge of their indefatigable managers, Drs. Hobson and Lockhart, as also that under the good care of Dr. Parker, late Plenipotentiary for the United States to China, did great good. Indeed, it is impossible to tell what grand results may follow the labors of these gentlemen. The hospitals were often crowded with wounded soldiers chiefly being benefitted by their skill. There were frequent fights close to Dr. Lockhart's hospital, and men of both parties had been carried thither. Dr. Hobson received upwards of 1,000 Canton soldiers, and his reputation is far spread. Even the mandarins have deigned to notice his aid. True to their usual policy towards foreigners, they give the barbarian no credit; but his services were so great that they could not be passed over, so they selected a Chinese lad, who was a sort of medical pupil and paid assistant at the hospital, and dubbed him a mandarin of the sixth rank. A grant of land for a hospital would have done much more good.—*Twelve Years in China.*

Freedom of the Press.

The following is the opinion of that eminent jurist, Justice Story, on the freedom of the Press:

"That this amendment was intended to secure to every citizen an absolute right to speak or write or print whatever he might please, without any responsibility, public or private, therefor, is a supposition too wild to be indulged in by any rational man. This would be to allow to every citizen the right to destroy at his pleasure the reputation, the peace, the property, and even the personal safety, of every other citizen. A man might out of mere malice and revenge, accuse another of the most infamous crimes, might excite against him the indignation of all his fellow-citizens by the most atrocious calumnies; might disturb, nay overturn all his domestic peace and embitter his parental affections; might inflict the most distressing punishment upon the weak, the timid, and the innocent; might prejudice all a man's civil and political and private rights; *and might stir up sedition, rebellion and treason, even against the Government itself in the wantonness of his passions or the corruption of his heart.* Civil society could not go on under such circumstances. Men would then be obliged to resort to private vengeance to make up the deficiencies of the law, and assassinations and savage cruelties would be perpetrated with all the frequency belonging to barbarous communities. It is plain, then, that the language of this amendment imports no more than that every man has a right to speak, write and print his opinions upon any subject whatever, without any prior restraint, so always that he does not injure any other person in his rights, person, property, or reputation; and so always *that he does not thereby disturb the public peace or attempt to subvert the Government.*

The 'Peace' Party.

In the present position of the country, those who pretend to insist upon *peace* upon any other terms than the preservation of the entire Union, are *moral traitors* to their country, if not even actual participants in the open rebellion against it. Every one of the leaders of this *peace* party knows that in the present attitude of our Government and the Southern Confederacy, no terms can be made short of the delivering up of the forts and property which was forcibly seized by those who have orginated this civil war, —and instead of approaching towards peace, those who hold back their aid from the Government of the Union, are in fact protracting the war. There are no means, no authority at the command of the Government, had it ever so much the disposition, to make peace on any terms short of the reinstatement of the integrity of the Union. Congress at its last session, decided by *an almost unanimous vote*, as recently shown by us, how the war originated, and what they required before any peace could be made.—Mr. Crittenden's resolutsons embraces, in part, the views of Congress, and its instructions to the administrstion in regard to the war; Congress followed up this manifesto by voting *one hundred millions of dollars*, and 100,000 troops, more than the administration asked for, to carry out the purpose indicated in that manifesto. The several States, by their authorized Executives, have responded to the call for men, and have tendered to the Government *any number that may be required* to carry out the views and wishes expressed in the manifesto alluded to, and these men are now hastening to the scene of action. The capitalists of the country, *in three cities alone*, have, in a most unprecedented manner, without even the formality of the public advertisement being made for bids for a loan, subscribed *one hundred and fifty millions of dollars* for the use of the Government and are ready and willing and able to double, aye, treble and quadruple the amount if necessary, to enable the Government to carry out the principles involved in the manifesto contained in the Crittenden's resolutions, not one dollar of which would have been subscribed or paid in any other terms than that the administration shall use it to preserve the integrity of the Union in its entirety. The *people*, too, are thrusting upon the government agents, wherever books have been opened, their hard cash, released from its hiding places in stocking legs and leather purses, and *in* private institutions, all this time having confidence in the stability of the government and the safety of their investments; but all knowing that the safety and that security depended mainly upon the stability and unity of this country, and that the government will use the means placed at its disposal to carry out the almost *unanimous* wishes and demands of Congress at the time it furnished the means for so doing, and which requirements are ratified everywhere by the people, wherever they have had an opportunity for the expression of their sentiments. Under all these circumstances, the administration would be worse than the traitors at the South have proved themselves to be, if they were to back down from the standard the nation has erected in regard to the objects and the ends of the war; and those who, in the face of all the facts which we have recited, are found crying for peace upon any other terms than those indicated in the Crittenden resolutions, which is adopted as the *platform* if we may so speak, of every true man, North and West, East and South, of our country, is deliberately aiding and abetting treason.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A Clincher.

The peace men of Ohio nominated Hon. J. Scott Harrison for Lieut. Governor, but he promptly declined, and took occasion in his letter of declension to administer to them the following severe rebuke:—

POINT FARM, August 13, 1861.

DEAR SIR: The extreme illness of a member of my family has, for several weeks, so engaged my attention, as to leave me but little time for other engagements, and you will account for this tardy acknowledgement of your favor of the 8th instant.

'I had noticed in the city papers the proceedings of the Democratic Union Convention, lately assembled at Columbus, and was a little surprised to find that my name had been used in connection with the Lieutenant Governorship of the State. I deeply regretted that I had not been consulted in the matter, and now I desire to say, that I respectfully decline the nomination. I have no inclination to be a candidate for any office.

'If I ever cherished ambition for such distinction, I have been cured of it, and feel entirely reconciled to the quiet and retirement of private life. But it is, perhaps due myself to say that if this was not the case, and I felt entirely free to enter again the field of political conflict, I could not consent to be a party candidate for office, in the present condition of the country. Party spirit in my opinion, has done more than anything else to bring about the sad calamities which now so seriously effect us, and the poison which has induced this national paralysis would not prove an efficient remedy in the restoration of the patient. *The time has come when we shall forget party, throw off its trammels, and obligations, and stand up for the country, its Union, Constitution, and Laws.*"

'I was not, as you know a supporter of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency—neither do I approve of all the acts of his administration. But it seems to me that this is not the proper time to arraign the Administration for these errors of policy; and that *it is neither the part of wisdom nor patriotism to assail the Government when the enemy is thundering at the gates of the Capital.* Let us first settle the great question of—Country or no Country, Government or no Government Union or Disunion, and having accomplished this great work of duty and patriotism, we will have ample time to enquire into these alleged delinquencies of our rulers; and if we find them wanting in the Jeffersonian requirements for office, let them be condemned by a verdict of the people.

'I certainly owe to he Republicans, *as a party*, no debt of political obligation, and yet I do not hesitate to say that *the Administration has my warmest sympathies in its efforts to put down this rebellion, and I am in favor of doing this effectively and permanently—in peace if we can, in war if we must.*

'A distinguished member of Congress is reported to have said in his place in the House of Representatives, during the last session, that he was for 'peace—*peace before the Union.*' I too am for peace, but I am for the *Union before peace*, for I know without the Union we can have no peace.

'In repeating my determination to decline the nomination which, as the organ of the Convention, you so kindly tender to me, I beg to assure you of my proper application of this mark of respect and confidence on the part of the Convention.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't
J. SCOTT HARRISON.'

To Wm. A. Johnson Esq., Secretary of the State Central Committee.

Wit and Humor.

A Democratic Senator, who was passing along Madison avenue the day after the secession of South Carolina, met an old and well-known negro lumbering towards the White House. The old negro accosted him in his usual manner.

"Good morn', massa.'

"Good morning, Pete;' was the response; "where are you going in such haste?"

"Well, massa, I'ze gwine to de White House to get a Gov'ment 'pintment.'

'Indeed! what appointment?'

'I'ze gwine to git de 'pintment to *pick de stars out ob de flag ob de Union!*"

The Senator passed on.

A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault, in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull.

The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized the skull, cried in a hollow voice:

'Leave me my head