The Portage Sentinel.

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LITTLE THINGS.

'Make haste in, children; somebody is here that wants to see you.' And dame Barnes only stopped long enough to make sure that two little girls with their hands full of poppies and marigolds, came running at the call. Two minutes afterwards Jane Willis was standing beside her uncle, fondling one of his large white hands, and leaning her cheek against his coat.

But Clara was not up to time, and dame Barnes went to meet her with the sagacious hint—'Clara, child, its your rich uncle from the city, and he's going to take the best of you two girls away to live with him. Why don't you hurry?'

'Because I have stubbed my toe, Mrs. Barnes. Only see how it bleeds.' And it was not till after a free use of damp towels, and many soothing words, that Clara came shyly in to receive her uncle's kiss.

'You are a little behind the time,' he said, 'and time is precious. Now, tell me, which of you two girls loves your uncle well enough to go home with him, and be his own child for the rest of her life?'

'I do,' promptly responded Jane, and because his face was beyond her reach, she kissed his hand.

'And don't you, too, Clara?' asked uncle Willis, with a slight look of disappointment.

'I should like to go with Jane,' returned Clara, blushing; 'but I suppose you are not willing to take us both.'

'Why no, child, your aunt is a feeble woman and she cannot bear much additional care, but she has consented to take one of you and make a pet of her, if she will be good and docile. Mrs. Barnes, I believe I must trouble you to pack up Jenny's clothes. Business is urgent, and I must return to-day.'

'Is it Jane that you are going to take?' asked Mrs. Barnes in some surprise.

'Why yes, I suppose so. I don't seem to have much choice in the matter. She clings to me so closely that it is difficult to shake her off.'

'You'll have to go and live with grandmother Gray,' muttered Mrs. Barnes, half vexed with her undemonstrative favorite, while poor Clara wiped away the starting tears that came, not for her uncle, whom she had very seldom seen, but for Jane, with whom she had hitherto shared every experience of her checkered little life. She loved her sister from habit, and did not perceive that she was light and shallow, and that the little love she had was packed much sooner than her trunk, and ready to be transferred to new scenes and relations.

'Oh Jane,' sobbed Clara at the carriage door, 'I don't know when I shall see you again.'

'Never mind, you can write to us,' replied her uncle, 'and tell us how you like living at Grandmother Gray's.'

As for Jane, she looked proud and happy as she rode away, with her hand clasping that of her new friend. Mrs. Barnes indulged in some gratuitous vexation, for Uncle Willis, though a shrewd business man, was as shallow in his feelings as the niece he had adopted, and the little accident of the hurt toe had guided his choice aright.

After her sister left, Clara sat for a while in silence, looking through wet eyelashes at the sunshine on the floor; then she said, 'Mrs. Barnes, isn't Grandmother Gray a good woman?'

'Yes, child, and that's the worst of it. She's altogether too good for comfort.'

Clara pondered over this remark in her innocent little heart. She could not see how any one could love God or their friends too much 'for comfort,' and this was her childish definition of goodness. But she soon found Mrs. Gray did not receive the kingdom of Heaven in all respects like a little child. She was an upright woman of fifty, with hair, eyes and complexion in keeping with her name; not of a soft silver-gray, but of a steel-gray, cold and keen. She lived in a square brown house on the north side of a clump of spruces, whose stiff shadows never curved or wavered. Her figure was angular and so was her mind; all her ideas were bounded by straight lines, and the corners were marked, like those of the farm she held, with 'a stake and stones.' She was a widow, and fond of the title, and although Mr. Gray had been a man not likely to be missed, yet she spoke of him with an air of frigid melancholy, and clothed herself with her widowhood as with a garment. Finding Clara somewhat impulsive, she marked out for her a daily programme of duties from which she was never to vary, until the poor child thought every day she was dead and drawn and quartered. It was a violation of routine, no doubt, but little Clara was often spontaneous in her prayers, and, catching the spirit of the household she had entered, she was soon heard to breathe the petition, 'help me never to do as I have a mind to, any more.'

And yet the dear child was not unhappy. She conquered all harshness by her artless submission. She was like a spring, that if you stone it with stones, wells up and overflows them all with a sweet, gurgling ripple; she was like a vine, that, checked in its progress by a stiff, perpendicular fence, leans against it and clings to it and covers the whole repulsive surface with a drapery of tendrils and leaves and flowers. Like a flower, also, she always turned towards the sunshine, but where was she to find sunshine in that brown house on the shady side of the spruces?

It came in this wise. From the brown house the land sloped away toward the south, and at the foot of the hill, under a picturesque oak tree, was the tiniest and tidiest [illegible] dwelling, with only a single [illegible] Mrs. Grant. To her it was Clara's [illegible] to carry a little pail of milk, and [illegible] when the weather was fine, she was allowed to stop for half an hour, helping the widow to gather the large sweet apples that formed a great part of her simple fare. For Mrs. Grant was a widow, too, and loved Clara all the more readily that there were little graves beside the long one in a corner of the green church yard of the village. Somehow, the sun always seemed to shine at the foot of the hill, and the shade of the oak was pleasant in summer, while in autumn the turf was covered with more acorns than the child found time to gather. The house of Mrs. Grant was but a cottage, it was smaller and cheaper than that of Mrs. Gray; its only merits were its total absence of pretension, its little green plat so perfectly well kept, and the fair, faded face of which its lowly doorway was the rustic frame.

Mrs. Gray was a rigid Calvinist according to her narrow and prejudiced views, and have the [illegible] well, she impressed her ideas [illegible] She was fond of speaking of [illegible] and on the whole represented the narrow path as a very fearful thing, [illegible] than that which led downward to the bitter darkness. From her teachings Clara appealed to her new friend, and inquired one day, 'why is grandmother always talking about the *fear* of God? I should think she would love him too well to be afraid.'

'Why, you know, dear, the bible does say, 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.''

'Yes, but isn't it odd that so good a woman as grandmother hasn't got further than the beginning?

'We don't understand it, darling, but she knows better than we do.' And Mrs. Grant leaned her placid cheek against that of the child. It was a pleasant sight, those two gleaming heads, one white with age and the other with youth, and so nearly identical in expression as to show how strong is the sympathy of the second childhood with the first. But Mrs. Grant had been a child for sixty years, and her figure had been bent by kindly stooping to lead many little ones by the hand.

Time passed on, and the fair hair of the young head was touched with a golden brown, while the faded tresses grew perceptibly whiter, and from their gleam was borrowed every thread of silver that enlivened the web of Clara's sombre life. The child bloomed into girlhood, with no change in the simple routine of her daily duties, except that she now no longer went to the public school. She still alternated between shade and sunshine in the two homes yet open to her, when unexpectedly, in the genial warmth of the latter, a strange flower grew up and budded and was broken.

Mrs. Grant had a son who was a prosperous city merchant, and her grandson, Richard, had more than once come out to spend with her the sultry August days. This mattered very little when Clara was twelve and he sixteen, but when he came again four years later somehow the young people seemed to stand on a different footing. She was no longer his willing guide to the spot where the blackberries were largest and ripest, choosing her own road homeward, and returning after devious rambles, crowned with river-grapes like a Bacchante. So Richard hunted and botanized alone, but when he found a rare flower, or hooked a magnificent trout, it was but courtesy for him to leave it at the brown house behind the spruces. Then, too, he had brought books for perusal during the rainy days, and Clara read them with a new delight, for they opened to her the world of sentiment, a world of which she had hitherto vaguely dreamed. They were novels and poems, carefully selected by Richard's mother and lightly turned over by him in search of literary beauties, while Clara devoured them with indiscriminate eagerness, and soon had her list of pet authors which she defended with youthful enthusiasm. Richard was fond of badinage, and often drew her into playful discussions which amused him and vividly interested her. Young as he was, he had trodden his narrow, carpeted round, till it was threadbare, and he found a new pleasure in her fresh enjoyment of pursuits he had exhausted. A personal liking grew up between the two, which Richard watched and dissected through his gold-mounted opera-glass, while Clara hid her new emotions like a miniature in her bosom, and regarded them tremblingly and by stealth in the privacy of her moon-lighted room. Each party had an appropriate confidant, for Clara's was her pure white pillow, and Richard's his cigar.

But where were our two grandmothers all this time? The reader may be assured they were by no means forgetting their duty. But grandmother Grant was innocently dreaming of "the children," as old people will, in utter oblivion of family registers, long skirts and mustaches. And grandmother Gray, who was not quite as old, nor anywhere nearly as innocent, kept her gray eyes wide open and watched the young people over her spectacles, and reflected that Clara was pretty, and Richard was a well-behaved young man with money in prospect, and nobody could tell what might happen.

What did happen was this. Richard delayed as long as he possibly could, under pretext of shooting game and gathering nuts. He brought Clara beautiful collections of autumn leaves, and taught her how to press them and arrange them in rustic wreaths, to be framed and presented to his mother. His mother! Clara had her sweet, silent fancies on that subject, and at the thought how the high-bred city dame and the simple country maid were alike in their deep attachment to the same peerless boy, she blushed deeply and grew quieter than ever.

When at last the demand for his return was imperative, Richard persuaded his grandmother to give a little parting entertainment on his behalf to the few young persons he had happened to meet. Of course he bore the expense of the festival, and he had procured a supply a choice delicacies not often met with in the rural districts, for the purpose of impressing the guileless rustics with his liberality and wealth. They were there, and foreign dainties filled the mouths that were opened in surprise and admiration. But Clara although she had promised with a smile and a blush, was not present at the feast. Richard was disappointed, disgusted, saddened. It was a fine evening, and he had meant his delicious moonlight walk with her, the last he had designed to linger and talk of love beneath the stiff, unsympathizing stars, until Clara, dazzled by the display, and evening and softened by the consciousness that this interview was the last, should betray an emotion in which, perhaps, he might share. Such were indeed the unmanly thoughts of Clara's hero, (he is no hero of ours,) and he was fitly rewarded for getting up his sentimental tableau by the absence of the principal figure. He passed the evening [illegible] restless as a grave, the other gay. Neither had [illegible] to that healthful sensibility which *hears the rustling* Nature, between sunny laughter [illegible] battle field with tears.

[illegible] Clemens and some friends in the city who were neither frivolous nor thoughtless, and as the season advanced they left it for various summer retreats. Girls in the country are not always raking hay in short dresses and picturesque hats, nor are they daily engaged in gathering wild flowers which they arrange with a natural grace. Nevertheless, it did happen that the two sisters wandered away [illegible] afternoon in July, and returned la[illegible] kalmias that vied with their own [illegible] in delicate white and red. You [illegible] the old Bay State over without [illegible] anywhere with a prettier sight than those two bright girls and their blushing burden, all clustered and crowned together in rosy rivalry, till you could scarcely choose between pearly petal and pouting lip. At least so thought George Woodford, as he and his cousin drove past with long slender rods and mysterious baskets, suggestive of sandwiches and trout.

'Hello, Fred,' he exclaimed, suddenly checking his horse; 'One of these young ladies was Jane Willis.'

In another moment he was begging for recognition and a share of the flowers, and was shook hands with her young friends, and invited them to call at Mrs. Gray's, suppressing a touch of shame that did her no kind of credit. She need not have felt shame. The young men were delighted with the rustic freshness of everything they saw. They admired the cool kitchen with its nicely scoured floor, the rich treat of wild strawberries and veritable cream, and even the stiff yet respectful courtesies of Grandmother Gray. The good lady was a worshipper of thrift, and she regarded the outward manifestations of equipage and clothing with reverent approval.

Clara was a little reserved at first, for had she not had some painful experience? But she soon learned that neither of the young men had ever proposed to her sister, and that at least one of them had a strong preference for characters of a different type. Though only seventeen, Clara was matured by the events of the last autumn, and she had the great advantage of fitting surroundings; the pleasing picture was always appropriately framed. But years afterwards, George Woodford assured her that he never should have fully appreciated the strength and delicacy of her character, if he had not seen her in daily contrast with her sister. Jane little thought, indeed, that her shallow fopperies were but as foils to set off the more genuine graces of Clara. But so it was, and when two years later, the kalmias blushed amid the tresses of a bride, she acknowledged that the happiest results in her life had been achieved by the agency of very little things.

Berdan, Col. of the Sharp-Shooters.

The following anecdote is told of Colonel Berdan, who was always an expert shot. Many years ago he was talking with a friend in the bar-room of an inn at a town on the Kentucky side of the Ohio. In the room was also one of those bowie-knife bullies who infested the South and the West—a man who had made himself dreaded wherever he was known by his readiness to pick a quarrel, and his skill with the knife, the rifle, and the pistol. This man, stepping up to Mr. Berdan's friend, said he wanted to speak to him.

"Wait a moment," was the reply. And the interrupted conversation went on.

Soon the bully stepped up again, and laying his hand on the shoulder of his acquaintance, said, in a tone of half banter, half earnest:

"J——, when I tell you I want you, I expect you to come."

"Certainly, certainly; but Mr. Berdan was talking about his invention; and it was so interesting that—"

"Oh, d—n those Yankee inventions. And the scaly fellows who come to sell them."

The words were hardly well spoken, when the speaker was flying backward over a huge open stove behind him, being constrained thereto by a well-delivered blow between the eyes from Mr. Berdan's right arm. There was a tumult at once; the men threw themselves between the inventor and an immediate death. They informed him, however, that he would probably have to fight. Berdan replied that he was not a fighting man, but he should not brook an insult. He was challenged in due form, and accepted, naming as his weapons rifles at two hundred yards. The terms suited his opponent "exactly," but he wanted to wait a few days till he recovered the use of his eyes. Mr. B. was accommodating. But the blow was so well planted that recovery was rather slower than was expected; and meanwhile a long expected rifle match came off in the neighborhood, which was to decide the merits of two rival manufacturers—one of whom was the famous Wesson. Wesson had undertaken to produce a man who, with his rifle, could beat Dimmock, a great shot, whose remarkable feats had brought the rival gun into general favor. To make the story short, Wesson's champion proved to be Mr. Berdan, who, on three trials of ten or twelve shots each, at two hundred yards, not only beat Dimmock on every trial, but made the greatest rifle shooting on record in this country.—His name, of course, was, in that place, at once in everybody's mouth; but the hub of the whole affair was, that he soon received a message from his challenger that it was hardly worth while for him to wait the recovery of the damaged eye, and that he might consider the challenge as withdraw. And so ended the only duel and the only rifle match in which Colonel Berdan was engaged.

WHAT THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER SIGNIFIES.—The following description of the significance of the different parts of the American flag, will be interesting to many of our readers. It was written by a member of the committee appointed to design a flag for the young Republic, when the matter was before that body, and recently re-produced by A. B. Street, Esq., in a lecture on the battle of Saratoga:

The stars of the new flag represent the new States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter's banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed of in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equally among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag,—viz: the red flags of the army, and the white ones of the floating batteries.

The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denotes daring; and the white, purity.

☞ A Mobile paper speaks of a Northern man's being tarred and feathered in Alabama for lying. If an attempt were made to tar and feather all the liars in the Southern Confederacy, there wouldn't be enough geese and pine-trees to yield the necessary materials.

☞ Which is the most diffident corps in the army? The *corps de réserve.*

Dr. Hayes' Arctic Expedition.

Dr. S. J. Hayes, in a letter to Henry Grinnell of New York, gives a pretty full history of the Arctic expedition which he has just completed. Although he did not accomplish all he desired and expected, he reached a more northerly point than any previous expedition, and obtained much valuable scientific information, which will be embodied in a full history of his explorations. He is confident that with a strong steamer he could easily penetrate into the open polar sea, of the existence of which he has no doubt, and determine facts of the highest scientific importance. The ice prevented his penetrating with his vessel as far north as he intended, and he was obliged to make his winter quarters in a bight at the head of Hartstein Bay, which he named Port Foulke. His explorations during the winter were delayed by the loss of his dogs by disease, and Mr. Sonntag, the astronomer, was frozen to death while going southward with Hans' the Esquimaux of the Kane expedition, in search of Esquimaux from whom to purchase dogs. Later in the winter some Esquimaux came to his camp from whom he obtained dogs for his northern trip, of which he gives the following account:

"It was not till late in March that the ice formed around Cape Ohlsen, and the land being too mountainous for sledge traveling, I was not, until that time, able to set out northward. At that period I made a preliminary journey to Fog Harbor, and there established a provision depot. I availed myself of this opportunity to visit Rensselaer Harbor, Dr. Kane's winter quarters. No vestige of the Advance was discovered. She has probably drifted out to sea with the ice. During his journey the coldest temperatures of the cruise were recorded. On one day the thermometer sank to 66½ degrees, and on another to 68 degrees below zero. We camped at night on this, as well as on all subsequent journeys, in the snow hut of the Esquimaux. Active preparations had been making since January, for the spring campaign, and we were ready for the final start on the 4th of April. The chief equipment consisted of a metalic life boat, twenty feet in length, mounted upon runners, provisions for a boat's crew of six persons for five months, provisions for seven persons and fourteen dogs for six weeks, together with a careful allowance of fuel for the above named period. We started from the vessel on the above mentioned date, with our entire equipment, the boat and its cargo being drawn by the whole available ship's company and fourteen dogs. Mr. Radcliff with two men was left in charge of the vessel.

"Upon reaching Fog Harbor we made nearly a due north course, intending to reach the west coast and thence upon the land ice.—We soon encountered hummocked ice of extraordinary thickness, through which it was often necessary to break a passage with axes and shovels. It finally became evident from the slowness of our progress that the entire summer would be consumed in reaching the west land, even if the boat could be transported to it at all. Being well assured that nothing could be accomplished with the boat expedition, I sent the main party back on the 28th of April, and continued northward with three companions and two sledges. The ice grew worse as we advanced, and we were fourteen days in reaching the west coast, a distance in a direct line of only forty miles. From this fact you can form some estimate of the character of the ice over which we traveled. The severity of the labor broke down the dogs, and I was compelled to feed to them a double ration, thus consuming rapidly the provisions, and proportionally shortening my journey northward. Reaching the west coast at Cape Hayes we traveled along the land through Kennedy channel until the 18th of May, when our provisions being exhausted, we were compelled to turn our faces southward. The latitude attained upon that day was 81 deg. 35m., a degree of Northing which I believe not to have been exceeded or equalled by any explorer except Sir Edward Parry. The land was taken possession of in the name of the United States, with the usual forms, and the flag which was used upon the occasion has covered the most northern known land upon the globe.

"Although thus early in the season, the ice in Kennedy channel was everywhere much decayed, and unsafe, and in some places was entirely gone. In one extensive pool a flock of water fowl was discovered. I entertain no doubt that the ice of Kennedy channel was broken up and dissolved at a very early period of the summer. It was in this channel that Dr. Kane discovered an open sea at a period six weeks later, in the summer of 1854. Before reaching the vessel I lost all but seven of the remaining dogs, and the ice having broken up around Cape Ohlsen, further exploration to the northward was impossible during the present season. The six weeks subsequent to my return to Port Foulke were occupied in preparing the vessel for sea, in completing some unfinished surveys, in making magnetic and other observations, in collecting specimens of natural history, photographing the scenery, and objects of interest in the vicinity. The schooner had been much damaged by the ice encounters of the previous summer, and it was found impossible to restore her original strength. Being without a carpenter, a large share of the labor of repairs fell upon Mr. McCormick, the sailing master of the expedition, of whose ready ingenuity and practical skill I cannot too warmly express my acknowledgments. The ice broke up about the vessel on the 10th of July, and we put to sea on the 14th."

☞ A habit exists among the Esquimaux of placing on the graves of the dead, the hunting implements used by them while living, which are held sacred and never molested. An American officer states that on a recent voyage to the Arctic regions they were anxious to obtain as specimens some implements lying on the grave of an Esquimaux who had been a celebrated hunter. They would not take them, of course, without consent of the friends of the deceased, and failed in their endevors to purchase them. In this dilemma, however, they were informed that the Great Spirit would be propitiated by the substitution of some knives on the grave. Knives amounting amply to a quid pro quo were accordingly placed on the grave, and the hunting implements removed; but, singular to state, the natives, who considered it sacrilege to take the hunter's relics, appropriated the knives one by one, till all had disappeared.

LITERATURE FOR WAR TIMES.—Reviews and Magazines.

WHAT FLAG SHALL WAVE?

BY S. BRENDER SUFFIELD.

What flag shall wave when from on high
Dissolving clouds rent sunlight down,
And where its stars now dark the sky,
The stands of hate shall darkly frown?

What hand to rend that day shall dare,
When all may claim the nation's sign?
And not a gleam of glory there,
But each proud State may say, "'tis mine!"

'Tis mine, 'tis thine, 'tis theirs, 'Dejoure,
We have all trusted in its might;
And in the nation's darkest hours,
Our fathers bore it to the fight.

The memories of the past are there,
Past clinging to each silken fold;
The pious hope, the vow, the prayer,
From hearts now lips now cold and cold.

Our sires strong faith, their war-worn years;
Their dying groans, their conquering cry;
Their orphans' wail; their widows' tears;
Their martyr truth that ne'er shall die.

Their sacred blood, in wild alarm,
Would call the traitor hand to stay,
As once God's angel stayed the arm
Of Abraham, on the mountain top.

And vale to vale, and crag to crag,
The deep toned curse would echo far,
On him who rends the Union's flag,
Or from its azure tears one star.

Then, patriots, since our flag alone
Belongs to all our father's land,
Still let that one which o'er them shown,
Shine on their sons—a brother band.

Yes! let it shine! Its hues shall be
A bow of promise to our eyes;
O'er arching wide, from sea to sea,
The noblest land beneath the skies.

Providing for our Soldiers.

WHAT MASSACHUSETTS WOMEN DID IN THE REVOLUTION.

The following story of the Revolution was first published some years ago in the Greenfield (Mass.) *Gazette*, and is now copied from the "Book of the Locke," page 366. There is no doubt of its truthfulness. The heroine was Miss Eunice Locke, daughter of James Locke, Esq., Townsend, Mass., and subsequently the wife of Edward Richards. She died at Gill, Mass., in 1846, aged above 83.

Her example may do something to inspire the ladies of the present day with a similar spirit to provide all things needed for their brothers, husbands, and fathers—our brave soldiers—who on the tented field are now heroically battling for their country's flag and the rights of man. When the whole people of the North are so thoroughly in earnest and willing to make as great sacrifices as were our revolutionary fathers and mothers, then may we look with some hope for a speedy termination of this rebellious war.

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I was a few months short of 15 years old, notice came to Townsend, Mass., where my father used to live, that 15 soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one of those selected. He did not return till late at night, when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother who informed me that my brother John was to march the next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothing he must suffer for winter garments. There were at this time no stores, and no articles to be had but such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of mind and body into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantaloons.'

'Oh, if that was all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.' 'But,' said mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture." I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied, "poor child, there are no sheers within three miles and a half." "I have some small shears at the loom," said I. "But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time." "I am certain we can, mother."—"How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom." By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps toward the yard. I requested my sister to bring the wheel and cards, while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece."

The rest of the narrative we abridge. The wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized and dried; a loom was found a few doors off, the web "got in," and wove, the cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from commencement, without help from any modern improvement. The good old lady closed her account by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country, I was relieving my poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother. The garment finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."—*Boston Journal.*

An Earnest Speech by Gen Butler.

Gen. B. F. Butler addressed a war meeting in Roxbury, Friday evening, in furtherance of the enlistment for his brigade, making a spirited and effective speech. In the following passage he made several good points:—

"While we are fighting to re-establish for ourselves and the rebels, for our and their posterity, the good institutions we enjoy, what becomes our duty? In my judgment, unless this rebellion can be quelled, and that within a short period, we shall become involved in a war such as this world never yet has seen, not only with the South, but with those powers who, by lust of gain, will be induced to take part with it. Therefore it becomes every man here at the North with care to examine, with candor and determination to judge and act upon the state of facts this crisis presents; and I trust we may soon fight, not only on the banks of the Potomac or the shores of North Carolina, but even on the shores of and in South Carolina, lighted by smoking and rebellious cities. ("Good," and applause.) Whether again along the Roxbury Neck shall pass an army to drive out the invader of the soil of Boston,—that is the question we are to settle in this hour. Still greater sacrifices are called for, on our part, than have yet been made; because we cannot but see that the enemy still, in every conflict, outnumbered us. It is because they have been preparing for ten years for this very contest, while we were quietly minding our own busines here at home; so that in six months we have had to do that which they have been these long years in accomplishing; and we have to mourn our brothers or sons brought home dead or left in what the traitors would make a foreign field, because we—twenty millions of people against their eight—have not the force engaged that we ought to have, to meet these desperate rebel hosts. Why, we have sent to the field scarcely one in fifty; while they have contributed of their people one out of every ten, in their great struggle for the wrong. In the Revolutionary war, one quarter of the population was called, in some way, to the field, of Massachusetts. Let us not fail, in the light of that glorious example, to yield our tithe to this war, else are we 'degenerate sons of noble sires.'

"This war ought to be ended before the snow melts away in the spring. We must never have another summer campaign. We must prepare at once to finish it before our annual April Fast—finish it so our brothers can come home and do their summer's work. And never mind what it costs, either in blood or treasure. For, let me assure you, however large a debt you pile upon posterity, in any form, they can never credit us with the amount of good we shall do them. We are fighting our battles and theirs—for a long, long time; and we shall have demonstrated to the world, that in six months we can raise armies by the half million, navies by hundreds of ships, and in the same time money by millions,—and feed the world beside. (Great applause.)

"And when we have solved beyond all question, the great problem of political science, whether a government resting solely on these affections of the people is stronger and more efficient than any despotism has ever been conceived to be; when we have taught the world that lesson yet unlearned, that the great will of the people can be as firm, as direct, as united, as single in purpose, as efficient in action, as can be the will of any one-man power, the lesson we are teaching the world to-day; we shall hear no more of the weakness of a republican government, and that, which is sneered at to-day, in the old world, as an experiment, will be tested forever, and pronounced—as are the other works of God—good. [Applause.] Let us then have no doubt, no fear, for the future—there need be none; no hesitation for the present—there should be none; but the East answering the West in men, in arms—as we have answered to the West in money—and the West answering to the North—let us sweep down over the southern cities; not for the purpose of subjugation, but for the purpose of re-establishing the government of the United States. And if, in that march southward, it amounts to a subjugation, let those that sowed the wind only repent because they have reaped the whirlwind. [Applause.] Yes, while we did not commence and do not carry on this war with the purpose of subjugation, yet if it is necessary to re-district every State, and open a new land office in every capital, the government of the United States must be maintained, and its supremacy verified."

"List to the Mocking Bird."

A strong story is related by the Scott Legion "boys" at the expense of one of the captains attached to their regiment. The story in brief is this:

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment at ——, our officers, while passing near a handsome dwelling, were listeners to most beautiful music. The unknown vocalist sang in tones so soft, so tremulous and melodious that they strained their ears to drink in every note of the air. In the day time they went by squads past the dwelling, but saw no soul. Once they pursued a sylph-like figure to the very gate, but alas! she was not the lady sought for. And so they lived on, each night hearing the music repeated; and when it ceased, ambition and worldly interest went out with them, so that their dreams were filled with fancies of the unknown face. One night, when gathered together, the voice struck up again.

"By Jove!" said one, "this is agonizing, I can't stand it. She must be discovered!"

Eager voices took up the remark, and W. determined to reconnoiter the place. He crept on tip-toe toward the dwelling, leaped the garden pales, and finally, undiscovered, but very pallid and remorseful, gained the casement.

Softly raising his head, he peeped within. The room was full of the music—he seemed to grow blind for the moment.

Lo! prone upon the kitchen hearth sat the mysterious songstress—*an ebony hued negress scouring the tin kettles.*

W.'s limbs sank beneath him, when the discovered, looking up, shouted:

"Go way dar, you soger man, or I'll fly de fryin' pan at yer head. Don't stand dar peakin' at dis chile."

W. left instanter, and the boys who had followed close in the rear, escorted him back to his quarters with peals of laughter.

Gen. Beauregard at Issue with his Superiors.

We look upon the General Order of General Beauregard, upon the victory of General Evans, as one of the most significant documents which has appeared since the war began. It is not merely a congratulation and memorial of a victory, but it is an intentional eulogy upon a policy—a policy of attack; and a condemnation also of a policy—a policy of retreat and defence. This order, coupled with the introduction of his plan of an active aggressive campaign into Maryland, and the taking of Washington, which the President rejected, into his report of the battle of Manassas, are clear manifestations of a disapprobation of the defensive policy of the Confederate States. In this order, he says to the army: "Under the inspiration of a just cause, defending all we hold dear on earth, or worth living for, and with the merciful aid of the God of battles, we can and must drive our invaders from the soil of Virginia, despite their numbers and their long accumulated war equipage." That his army by this victory must "be assured of their ability to cope successfully with the foe arrayed against them in whatever force he may offer battle," and that "no odds must discourage or make them doubtful of victory." When it is remembered that General Evans was ordered to retreat should the enemy appear in force, and that instead of rebuke General Beauregard sends forth this order to the whole army, praising and approving of his attacking the enemy, there can be no doubt of his views and opinions. He does not shrink from "odds" on the Potomac. As thinks that his army "can and must drive our invaders from the soil of Virginia." If left to his discretion, would he not long ago have advanced on the enemy?

If President Davis hesitates to allow the report of the battle of Manassas to be printed, what will he do with this order? We fear that General Beauregard may soon have to follow the example of General Walker, of Georgia.—*Charleston Mercury.*

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