Western Reserve Chronicle.

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Poetry.

"The Situation."

There's a splendid country going to seed,
A people living in sorest need,
And animals running short of feed,
For want of means and labor;
There's a bogus Government made with skill,
By a leader who always lied with a will,
Some say in his grave he is Lying Still,
Our most cantankerous neighbor!

There are grass grown cities and useless ports,
A Cabinet awfully out of sorts,
A host of merchants troubled with "shorts,"
Whose credit is getting rotten;
There are empty ware-rooms, gloomy and wide,
Where rats and bats and cats reside,
In holes and corners they love to hide,
That ought to be crammed with cotton.

There's a bankrupt treasury, dead flat broke,
A monstrous scheme that must end in smoke,
Too funny for fact too sad for a joke,
Though the promises all were palmy;
There's a fetter on every pen and tongue,
A daily tissue of lies out flung,
A navy of pirates that ought to be hung,
And a half-starved, mutinous army.

Now let us look on the other hand,
Where bravely here in the Northern land,
A nation of patriots takes its stand,
For a Union none may sever;
However the traitorous South may rave,
We love the liberty WASHINGTON gave,
And the Star Spang'd Banner shall proudly wave
Above us forever and forever!

There's an army hundreds of thousands strong,
Ready to march on the dastard throng,
Who leave the Right and cleave to the Wrong,
When most their country needs them;
An army whose weapons are hardly toys—
Who can fight as easy as make a noise,
An army of regular "hunky boys,"
And General McCLELLAN leads them!

So hasten the day when we shall see
A nation reunited and free,
Shouting for Union and Liberty—
A whole and regenerate nation;
To grow and flourish again in peace,
When the knavish Rebels their mischief cease,
And the Union once more holds the lease,
Of a happier Situation!

For the Chronicle.

The Stranger's Grave.

BY MRS. C. A. POWERS.

Where the rolling Mississippi
Drags its sullen tide along,
Making music to the ocean,
Sweet as childhoods cradle song,
Where the nodding fern-leaves whisper
Love tales, to the sleeping wave,
There, 'mong tangled southern grasses,
Lies a stranger's lonely grave.

Not a shrub or flow'r is planted,
Not a stone to mark the spot,
But the wind's low, solemn voices,
Breath a sweet "*forget-me-not*,"
No kind friend is near, to water
With their tears, the fragrant grass,
Or with gentle hand to scatter,
Floral offerings as they pass.

But the holy sunlight falleth,
In rich, golden tinted streams,
Lighting up that lonely grave spot,
With its rosy colored beams;
Chasing all the gloom and sadness
From that consecrated nook,
Answering back in tones of gladness,
To the sigh of running brook.

Onward sweeps the mighty river,
In its passage to the sea,
Laughing gaily, as the Zephyrs
Toss the waves in careless glee,
Heeding not the solemn murmur,
Echoed from the voiceless shore,
Softly flow! nor wake the dreamer,
From his quiet slumbers, more.

All above is smiling brightly,
All around the fir trees wave,
Lonely vigils keeping nightly,
O'er the stranger's nameless grave,
And the birds proud notes are swelling,
Through the sunny woodland dell,
While a voice seems upward welling,
Sleep! sweetly; All is well.

In the Mississippi valley,
Watered by its many streams,
Shaded by its ferns and mosses,
Beau ideal of lovers dreams,
Where the balmy southern breezes,
Fling their kisses to the wave,
Sleeps my fair-haired younger brother,
In a stranger's *lonely grave*.

LORDSTOWN, OHIO

From the 19th Regiment.

CAMP JENKINS, NEAR LOUISVILLE, Thanksgiving Day, 1861.

Messrs. Editors:—Your many readers are undoubtedly anxious (as self interest naturally prompts you) to know the position and points of compass occupied by the Ohio boys, whose lot it may be to play as important a part in this wild drama as any others.

Five miles below Louisville, on the road to Bowling Green, you will find the encampment of the Nineteenth posted on a slight elevation of sandy land, that to-night overlooks the neighbor camp fires of the forty-first, fifty-first and twenty-fourth Ohio boys, seeming very much as though we were in Ohio. Opposite our camp on the east, at the distance of sixty rods, is Gen'l Nelson's Brigade, which arrived on Monday night. Since that time there have arrived not less than ten thousand troops, making, now quartered within five miles of Louisville, fifteen thousand. Regiments are passing daily, and within three weeks, I am confident that not less than sixty thousand will cook their rations in this neighborhood. The people of Louisville and vicinity, express the deepest respect in favor of Union troops by giving their money and help to the rescue of a noble State from the jaws of rebellion. They now see that a speedy response, while border States are throwing aid in their path, is indispensable to the preservation of loyal homes from a ruthless foe.

Two months since the city of Louisville was nearly covered with the ashes of secession, but a light breeze—just in time—from the North, blew through her streets, and men about to be gagged, were backed by authority from the hand of justice, and now no city either north or south represents a stronger Union sentiment.

As we passed through the streets of Louisville, we were halted by the citizens on the out skirts of the town. We stacked arms, and baskets of provisions, nice ham and bread were passed through the whole Regiment, and in fifteen minutes our boys were ready to sling knapsacks and resume a march of five miles, pitching tents about and after dark, all feeling well and attributing that state of feeling to the good citizens of Louisville.

The nearest rebel camp reported, is Buckner's, who is supposed to be well fortified at Bowling Green, a distance of 87 miles from us, with a force reported at thirty thousand.

I was told by reliable authority, a few days since, on the streets of this city, that the rebel Buckner, while this commonwealth was nearly balanced over the doctrine of neutrality, was entrusted with many of the State arms, and taking advantage of the opportunity presented, used the arms, with what men he could smuggle into the service, to fortify himself against the loyal portion of his own State. Many men under his charge, were basely cheated by his schemes, and now, finding his plot is to defend "secesh," are watching every opportunity to escape his lines, and take up arms on the other side.

The regiments composing Gen'l Nelson's Brigade are the 2nd Ohio, Col. Harris; 21st, Col. Norton; 33rd, Col. Sill; 59th, Col. Fyffe.

Our boys of the 19th are black and healthy, having as few in the hospital as any other Regiment, and thus far plenty of clothing, with rations equal, and ten rounds of cartridge to each man.

If the people at home knew the anxiety of a soldier to receive letters and papers from old Trumbull, they would write oftener and send more papers to the boys. Don't forget that they are as desirous of hearing from home, as you are from your boys.

Yours Respectfully,
C. SMITH.

Camp Correspondence.

We make the following extracts from a private letter from Private Wm. Hobbs, (to a friend) 6th Virginia Reg., under Col. Zeigler. Mr. Hobbs is from Mineral Ridge. He was among the first to enlist in the three months' service, and immediately after his term of enlistment had expired, re-enlisted for three years.

The letter is dated at Camp Pierpont, Ceredo, Va., Nov. 18, '61.

Often when at my post, in storm and rain, imagination carries me back to the fireside circle, and reminds me of the happy hours that I have spent there, and which I hope to see again. Soldiering is not quite so pleasant now as it was last summer; then it mattered not where we laid or slept, but we are a little more particular now winter is coming on, and he has already began to make himself felt in Ceredo; but we are well clothed and get plenty to eat, and, on the whole we are getting along first-rate. I suppose you have heard of the capture of Guyandotte by the rebels. It was last week on Sunday night that the rebels attacked our troops at Guyandotte, which is but 10 miles from here. This was their destination, but they heard that there was 1000 stand of arms there, and only 160 men, and there they went. They were 1200 strong, and all cavalry, and took our troops completely by surprise, some of them being in church at the time. They fought them as long as they could, but 160 men are no match for 1200, and a great many of them were taken prisoners before they could get their guns. The citizens of the town, who are secessionists, even fired upon our troops from the windows of their houses, and the poor fellows were surrounded on all sides by enemies. About 30 of them escaped, and the rest of them were killed or taken prisoners. Early next morning, 100 of us went up on a steamboat and set fire to the town, the citizens hung out flags of truce and Union flags, and thought to fool us that way, but that dodge would not take, and they had to suffer for firing on our troops the night before. The rebel cavalry left the town as soon as they saw us coming up the river, and carried their dead and wounded with them, and 400 Enfield rifles they had captured there. We only staid half an hour, but when we came away the town was all in one sheet of flame. We brought away 6 dead bodies, 2 of them secesh, that were left behind in the hurry to get away. One of them was a rebel captain who wanted me to join his company, up the Kanawha, last spring, but I knew a trick worth two of that. We have had a very busy time, this last week; several nights we have stood under arms, and about the time we get to sleep we are sure to get rallied. I don't know why they don't reinforce us, or at least keep our whole regiment stationed here. The rebels have threatened to attack us, and when they come it will be in force. We have been busy building a breastwork, this last week, and we can hold the place against 5 times our number. And if Jenkins' cavalry should attempt to take Ceredo, now, we will welcome them to their graves.

Feeding the Army.

The following figures show the amount of commissary stores which will be consumed in one month by the United States army when brought up to the standard authorized by Congress, viz: 500,000 men. It will be seen that the labors of the commissary department are anything but trivial, and that the cost of feeding an army is a somewhat serious item: 11,250,000 pounds of pork, or 18,750,000 pounds of fresh beef; 105,380 barrels of flour; 57,500 bushels of beans, or 1,500,000 pounds of rice; 1,500,000 pounds of coffee; 2,250,000 pounds of sugar; 150,000 gallons of vinegar; 225,000 pounds of candles; 600,000 pounds of soap; 9,384 bushels of salt, and 6,600,000 pounds of potatoes.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

BRACEVILLE, Nov. 29th, 1861.

REV. H. P. HENDERSON: *Dear Sir*:—The undersigned having been appointed a committee for that purpose; do most earnestly request of you a copy, for publication, of the sermon you preached on Thanksgiving day. Hoping you will cheerfully accede to our wishes, we remain,

Truly yours,
I. H. INGRAHAM,
M. L. OVIATT,
THOS. McKIBBIN, } Com.

BRACEVILLE, Dec. 3d, 1861.

MESSRS. I. H. INGRAHAM, M. L. OVIATT, AND THOS. McKIBBIN.

Your note requesting for publication the Sermon preached by me on Thanksgiving day, is before me. In reply, I would say that I cheerfully comply with your request, as far as I am able. The manuscript used on the occasion, was not written in full, consequently I shall be obliged to fill it out from memory. Perhaps some things said on that occasion are left out or overlooked, and some added that were not said, but the essential parts you have. I am not much in the habit of writing sermons for use before the congregation, much less for the press.

Yours respectfully,
H. P. HENDERSON.

THANKSGIVING SERMON PREACHED BY REV. MR. HENDERSON, AT BRACEVILLE, Nov. 28th, 1861.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—*Psalm* 107—8 *verse*.

This, together with the two preceding Psalms, was written as a tribute of thanksgiving and praise to God, for all his mercies and blessings to the Jewish nation.—Each of these Psalms, with an exhortation to give thanks and praise to God, giving his reason for so doing, "for he is good," and his mercy endureth forever. He then proceeds to prove the fact that God is good, and this he does by declaring his wonderful works to the children of men.

Who the author of this Psalm was, is unknown. It was written by one who undoubtedly was very well acquainted with the history of the Jews; and probably about the time of the re-building of the Temple in Jerusalem, shortly after their return from their Babylonish captivity.—The Psalmist begins his narrative with the beginning of the Jewish nation, and gives a graphic account of all the important events connected with their history, from Abraham down to their second settlement in the promised land, showing how kindly God had dealt with them notwithstanding their many revolts and deviations from the path of duty. And as he looks over their history and recounts the very many mercies and blessings of God to them, his soul overflows with gratitude, and from his full heart he exclaims, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

By proclamation of the Governor of Ohio, this day has been set apart to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God for his blessings and mercies to us. Ingratitude is a sin of the deepest dye; therefore we should carefully guard against it. To be the receivers of the constant blessings and mercies of God, all our life long, and never stop to thank him for them, betrays either a very thoughtless mind, or a heart terribly depraved. God is bountiful to us with his blessings, and all the return he asks at our hands is that we thankfully receive and properly use them. It is very important then that we be frequently employed in making acknowledgments to God for mercies and blessings received, and sincerely thank him for them, for he is good, and is worthy to receive the highest praise and honor that mortals can give.

We are very prone, in the enjoyment of our numerous blessings, to forget the hand that bestows them, hence the importance of having at least one day in the year set apart especially for the purpose of recounting the mercies of God to us, and returning suitable thanks for the same.

But some may be ready to ask, what have we to be thankful for this year? It is true that a dark cloud has hung over this nation for a year past, threatening it with distruction, and has looked to some, at times, very portentious, no doubt.

Nevertheless, we are not destroyed yet, and thank the Lord, there is no reasonable expectation that we shall be if we trust in God, and do right. The forminableness of that cloud is already beginning to pass away, and the golden rays of hope are beginning to dart athwart the dark sea of rebellion to thousands of hearts that might have been a little fearful in the start.

The year 1861 will ever be remembered in the history of this nation, in consequence of this unnatural yet terrible rebellion that has spread its dark form over one-third of our fair heritage; causing stagnation in many branches of business; depreciating the price of many commodities; inflaming the worst passions of the human heart; arraying brother against brother, and friend against friend, in deadly conflict; and already has some of the best blood of this nation been poured out like water to kindle the flames of patriotism in the hearts of millions of their countrymen, and to establish forever the freest and best government that time has ever seen.

This year will be memorable, also, because it has witnessed the gathering together of so vast an army as is now in the field; the largest perhaps the world ever saw, and God grant, may never have occasion to see again for like purposes.

And in this army are your fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, all deeply engraven in your hearts' best affections, and more especially so now that they are removed far from you, and are occupying posts of danger and enduring hardships and privations for our as well as their future welfare and prosperity. May God, in mercy, preserve their lives and healths, and cause them to return to their homes and friends in safety.

But notwithstanding there are many things among us and around us at this present time that we deplore and could wish were otherwise, yet are there not very many things for which to be thankful? And may we not say with the Psalmist—"If I should count them they are more in number than the sand."—*Psalm* 139, 18 *vr.*

1st. Let us look at the blessings we have individually enjoyed during the past year. Our lives have been spared and our healths have been continued unto us; no fearful epidemic has swept over our community; a general time of health has prevailed, so that we can say that the number of deaths, compared to our thickly populated country, has been small. Truly, God is good to us, let us therefore thank him for life and health.

2d. In the second place, we observe that our civil and religious liberties are continued unto us as a State, and (with few exceptions) as a nation.

And just here allow me to submit the following propositions: Do we fully and properly appreciate the blessings of religious liberty? And secondly, is not our unparalleled growth and prosperity as a nation attributable, to some extent, to this fact?

In this country, and under this government, every man can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, whether he be Christian or Pagan, Jew or Mahommedan. It is a fact worthy of remark, that the first settlement of this country was, to a very great extent, connected with an undying love for religious freedom. Men, who being refused the liberty of worshipping God in the form which their consciences dictated in their own land, resolutely severed the ties which bound them to a beloved, though oppressed, country, and traversing a vast ocean, entered a land inhabited by savages, encountering every peril, laid the foundation of a mighty Empire in the West. Choosing rather to suffer all the trials and hardships to be met with in the wilderness of America, with religious liberty, than to live under religious despotism at home.

3d. In the third place, should we not be thankful for, and highly prize our educational advantages? Our Free School system is not equalled by any other in the world, and truly may it be called one of the strong corner-stones on which rests the perpetuity of our glorious Republic. It has been clearly demonstrated by practical experience, for many years, that the strongest and most prosperous nations in the world, are where the masses are educated liberally. Our country is literally filled with educational facilities which are open to all, and if any are ignorant, the only reason to be assigned for it, is they are too indolent to learn. Look at the hundreds of thousands of District Schools scattered over our wide-spread country, besides our numerous Academies and Colleges. We may form some idea of the rapid growth of our country, and of her educational resources, by the statistics of a single State; take for instance, our own Ohio. It has been but a few years since the territory embraced within the limit of this State was an unbroken wilderness, occupied solely by the "red man of the forest." No longer ago than 1790, there were not three thousand white inhabitants in what is now Ohio. In 1850, just sixty years from that time, the population had increased to over two million. Although the early settlers had many difficulties and hardships to encounter in their new homes, nevertheless they did not overlook the duty of making provisions for the education of their children, and of laying permanently the foundation of our Free School enterprise. Among the first things done, was to build a log school house, which, in those days, was used for the triple purpose of school house, meeting house and town hall; here the children were educated, here fathers and mothers went to meeting to worship God, which they did with as much sincerity as we do now, perhaps, in our magnificent churches with cushioned seats and mammoth organs; and here, also, the people met and held their elections, town meetings, &c.

These were small beginnings, it is true, but they have resulted in great things, as the figures will shew. In 1850, Ohio had 12,279 District Schools, employing 13,092 teachers, at an annual expense of $632,121 72, for common school purposes alone, besides a long list of Academies, Colleges and private, or boarding schools, which altogether are imparting instruction to an army of children and youths, larger by many thousands than the army now in the United States service.

There are also 3,890 meeting houses in the State, sufficient to seat 1,447,652 persons. There is hardly a town but has from two to four churches, and some can even boast of a score or more, so that there is no lack of intellectual or moral instruction among us. Truly we can say with the Psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage."

Again, have we not abundant cause for thankfulness for the abundant harvest that our land has yielded to us this season, notwithstanding the drouth and the grasshopper ravage, which did seriously threaten our crops at one time, and may have done some damage in certain localities, but after all, we have come out much better than we expected. Taking the whole country together, I think it can be truthfully said that the husbandman has been most liberally rewarded for his toil, as much so this year as any for a number of years past, and it has been a long time since the foreign demand for our produce has been as great as it is at this time. It is said that England, Ireland, and France, will need one hundred and fifty millions of bushels of grain to supply their wants this year, and it is thought that we shall be able to furnish them with all they want and have enough left for home consumption and to feed our armies besides.

Again, is not the continuance of our government and political economy, (the freest and best in the world) a very great cause for thankfulness? was there ever a government, under which the people throve more rapidly, or enjoyed more privileges, or felt more secure, than ours? if there has been, I know *not* when, or where it was. And this government, is destined, by the blessing of God, to stand, the threatenings of the great Moloch slavery, to the contrary, notwithstanding. American Slavery, the bane of this nation, (or of any other, where it is tolerated,) has done more toward marring the peace and harmony of this government, than all the other questions that ever came up for adjudication. It is astonishing, indeed, how a free, intelligent and liberty loving people could have tolerated so long, right in their midst an institution so antagonistic to their best interests, and so opposed to the very principle of this government, as is our domestic slavery.

Respecting the present political troubles in which our beloved country is involved, it is proper that something be said, and perhaps there may be something connected with *it*, after all, for which we ought to be thankful. The great cry among many is, "O this is a terrible war"—"and it is going to involve this nation fearfully in debt, and it will be a long time before perfect confidence will be restored, if ever, and before all kinds of business resume their wonted activity." All of which may be true to a greater or less extent, yet after all, may not this causeless and unnatural rebellion prove a blessing instead of a curse, for God can bring good out that, that seems to us, to be only evil.

What, if God should over-rule, (as I think he will) this uprising of the children of the South against their mother, who has been quite too lenient toward them in days of yore, whom they now seek to destroy, that their God, slavery, may rule in her stead! What if God should be pleased to make this the very instrument in his hands to overthrow and utterly destroy the whole system of American Slavery forever! would not ten thousand times ten thousand hearts bow with willing submission to the mandate of Heaven, and rejoice also with unutterable joy? Slavery is now on its trial for life at the bar of a justly incensed people; the testimony against it is ample, and to the point, for its whole life has been little less than a constant repetition of the darkest crimes the world ever witnessed.

Millions of prayers have gone up to God from sincere hearts for the destruction of this terrible scourge, and we trust they have not been offered in vain, for God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and will in his own good time direct the means that shall accomplish the work.

If in the event of this war the shackles should fall from every bondman and bondwoman in America, black or white, and slavery should be doomed to an ignominious grave, with no hope of a resurrection, would you not feel like saying from your hearts, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men"? And tuning your harps anew, would sing.

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egyp't dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are *free*."

Another great blessing that may possibly result from this war, is a greater harmony of sentiment. Partyism and political strife have done much toward alienating the affections of men one from another, not only has this been seen about the time of an important election, but the feeling run so high and their prejudices became so strong that they did not subside even after the election was over, so that they who before were political opponents only, have now become personal enemies. A man must feel particularly mean, especially after his sober sense returns to him, who has allowed his political zeal to carry him so far from all decency as to cause him to swear and rave and fight, like a madman, a thing that has been witnessed thousands of times in our country. Party lines are beginning to fade already, and hundreds and thousands of our fellow citizens who had stood aloof from each other, are now standing together as brothers upon the same platform. If at the close of this war we should find ourselves with a greater unanimity of sentiment and feeling, would it not be a cause of sincere gratitude to God, who doeth all things well? At the close of the Revolutionary war, so great was the union among the people that the first President of these United States was elected without opposition. May it not be so again? Why not?

In conclusion, allow me to add one more reason, for thinking that this rebellion may prove beneficial to us in the end. I trust that it will have a tendency to make us more highly appreciate our political economy, and to be more strongly attached to the principles and doctrines of our free government, perhaps we were getting too indifferent to the great blessings of political and religious liberty, which, like the sunlight, have been constant and unvarying to us, ever since we have had a being. But thank God, the spirit of patriotism is not dead, nor yet dying; only perhaps, we might have become a little too lax in guarding against the encroachments of the enemies of our free government. But now, that the spirit of insubordination is menacing our country, and a formidable and wicked rebellion is endeavoring to overthrow, what do we behold? Hundreds of thousands of patriotic citizens rushing from every quarter to the scene of action. Men with brave hearts and determined spirits, ready to do or die for their country's weal. The army of Union loving men, now in the field, ready to do battle for their country's cause, has already exceeded five hundred thousand, and could be doubled in three months if occasion required. So that we may safely conclude that rebellion is doomed, for it must go down, though ten thousand fall upon the battle-field, yet rebellion *must* be crushed, and the *liberty* bequeathed to us by our noble ancestors, must be preserved.

Cavalry in the Field.

The War Department has stopped the raising of any new regiments of cavalry. There are now in the field from

	Regiments.	Men.
New York	6	6,100
Pennsylvania	7	7,000
Illinois	11	9,000
Ohio	6	6,000
[illegible]	1	1,200
Vermont	1	1,000
Massachusetts	1	[illegible]
Indiana	3	[illegible]
Wisconsin	[illegible]	[illegible]
Iowa	3	3,000
Michigan	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kentucky	[illegible]	1,000
Missouri	[illegible]	1,500
Regulars	5	5,000
Total	[illegible]	52,700

Pensacola and Vicinity.

While the reports of sharp fighting come to us from Pickens and Pensacola, the following information regarding those points will be of interest:

The entrance of the bay, between Santa Rosa Island on the east, and the mainland of the west, is about a mile wide, but within it expands into a capacious harbor, from four to ten miles in width, and entirely land-locked. Fort Pickens is on the extreme point of the long, narrow Santa Rosa, and various batteries and other works have been erected here.

On the mainland to the west are the rebel works and rebel encampments, which have been so often described. Opposite the lower part of the island is Fort McRae, and about a half a mile to the north, and immediately in front of the entrance, (the west shore making an abrupt turn to the east) stands Fort San Carlos de Barrancas. In rear of this fort is situated Gen. Braxton Bragg's main camp. Near the fort are the lighthouse, extensive barracks and the naval hospital. About a mile above the hospital is the navy yard, situated on Tartar Point, where the shore bends again to the north. The village of Warrenton lies immediately adjacent to the wall of the Navy yard.

The town of Pensacola, reported as evacuated, is eight miles in a northeasterly direction from the Navy yard, and why Gen. Braxton Bragg should have ordered its evacuation, if he had positively determined to breach Fort Pickens "on Monday," it is hard to see. It appears much more likely that Bragg anticipated the destruction of his forts and batteries by the very troops he was on the point of "forcing to surrender," and an immediate assault on Pensacola by the vessels of war which he had just "riddled with bullets."

Pensacola harbor is the best harbor on the Gulf of Mexico. It is completely landlocked, and has twenty-two feet of water on the bar at low tide. East Bay admits frigates of the largest class, and is entirely sheltered from all winds. The town of Pensacola, which is the principal seaport of West Florida, had, a year ago, a population of about 4,000; but a great part of these fled from the ruin and terror that had overtaken the city. The houses are generally old-fashioned Spanish structures. The Alabama and Florida Railroad, which connects the town with Montgomery, (Ala.) was completed shortly after secession. That part of the road then unbuilt was finished with great haste by Davis' orders, so that troops and munitions might be hurried forward for the capture of Fort Pickens. Although that is nine months ago, however, Pickens is as yet uncaptured—nor, we judge by the latest news, is it likely soon to be captured. The climate is exceedingly healthful, except for occasional and rare visitations of yellow fever. The creole element predominates in the resident population. In 1814, Gen. Jackson drove out the British, who had established themselves there by permission of the Spaniards, and assaulted and took the city and adjacent forts. Again in 1818, General Jackson, in consequence of Indian incursions on United States territory, took possession of Pensacola, and obliged Fort Barrancas, to which the Spanish Governor had retired, to capitulate. In 1821, the whole territory was ceded to the United States. We hope it will turn out that Col. Brown is no unworthy successor of Gen. Jackson.

Washington a Northern City.

Col. Forney writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press on the 22d:

In one of my letters more than a year ago, I predicted that Washington must become a Northern city. Anticipating the defeat of the Southern aristocracy, which, while lording over, had loaded down Washington with its want of progress and principle, I looked forward to the day when the daring, inventive, and original spirit of the free States would come here and intrench itself—would lead in society, mechanics, manufacture, arts and sciences.—These anticipations have been more than realized. The war, precipitated by the mad measures of the Southern traitors, after having been postponed by a Republican President, so far as he could offer conciliation, has already proved to be a great blessing to the District of Columbia.

A torrent of Northern enterprise and invention has poured into the city. Shops of every description are open along the avenue, and in the other business streets. As to society, Northern gentlemen and Northern ladies have supplanted those who have been the monarchs of the world of fashion. The capitalists of our great free cities are coming here, and, although not yet establishing themselves in great palaces, are undoubtedly preparing to do so.

A Deserved Compliment.

Great injustice, says the Oswego Times, has been done to the Secretary of the Navy. We must recollect that when he took it in charge, the Navy had become demoralized. But a few ships were in fighting condition. Most of our war vessels were rotting at the docks, and the balance were scattered in distant seas. Numbers of the best officers had resigned; others were tinctured with treason. In fact, there was but little left of the small but effective navy which had once been the pride of Americans. Upon Mr. Welles devolved the duty of reconstructing this arm of the service. Let the manner in which he has performed it be an answer to the sneers of his accusers. In the short time that he has had he has put afloat a formidable flotilla of "wooden walls well manned"—he has made the blockade as effective as is possible to render it—and he has commissioned the right sort of men to take command. He may have made some mistakes; no mortal man is wholly exempt from errors, but he must be judged by results. Future history will do honor to Secretary Welles. Few men could have accomplished so much in the same space of time; we do not see how any man could have done more. Let Secretary Welles have the credit that is his due. Let him be known as a patriot, whose only desire has been to serve his country, and who has bent all his energies in that direction, without fear or favor.

THE BLUNDERBUSS.

"TO SHOOT FOLLY."

THE EDITOR GOETH TO CHURCH.

Skinflint's Prayer.

Being at church, as usual, a few Sundays ago, I was politely offered a seat in the richly and softly cushioned pew of my wealthy neighbor, Skinflint.

Mr. S. is a leading member, and seemed very devout, as he always does on Sunday. With book in hand, he was repeating, with the rest of the congregation, that model prayer, commencing, "Our Father who art in Heaven. "When he read the passage, Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," an audible *Amen* escaped the lips of my pious neighbor, which directed my attention more closely to the meaning of the prayer.

Surely my neighbor was not thinking of its purport, when he breathed that "amen." where or when had he ever forgiven a "debtor" a single farthing, that he should set himself up as an example of clemency and ask to be forgiven only as he had been forgiving? Who was the victim he had ever forgiven a debt to whilst a penny could be wrung from him? Certainly such an occurrence was not known in the community where he lived; his claims must be paid, no matter at what sacrifice to the debtor. What cared he, whether wife or children went to bed supperless and got up breakfastless, *that* was not his business; his motto was, "I'll have my *own* what e'er it be," and he generally got it, for *that* was his business. But, I, after mature deliberation, concluded to put in a counter petition, and exclaimed loud enough to be heard half way across the church, "*God forbid.*" I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the congregation turning in their seats and staring directly at *me*.

It was not long, however, before the minister resumed his discourse. The congregation settled into their original position, and I was thinking how many prayers are made to be "heard of men." How often do men pray, when in reality, "they know not what they say" nor do. Now, for the benefit of my neighbor, and perhaps others, I will propose an amendment to that sublime petition. It is a mere addition of two words, viz: "Forgive us our debts, as we *ought to* forgive our debtors." I think this will relieve all such of a great amount of inconsistency, and will be such a prayer as they can from the very bottom of their hearts, respond amen to.

"Consistency is a jewel," even in religion, and I trust the "fathers" will see to it that my amendment is adopted.

The original model seems to have been prepared under the impression that all who prayed were those who "dealt justly, loved mercy" &c., &c., but in this age of progress and pecuniary piety, when many are religious because it will "pay," and religious only on Sunday, and not over scrupulous that Justice and Equity should always have their due influence in their every-day transactions, it is highly important that the proposed addition should be made.

It would act like oil on the troubled waters of neighbor's conscience.

It is true, it might not altogether harmonize his practice and his prayers, but it would obviate the incongruity that now exists.

WARREN, ———

How to Walk in Comfort—Something About Boots and their Evils.

From Dickens's All the year Round.

The bootmaker, ignorant of the relative use and importance of the foot, has steadily persisted for creatures, and at this day usually persists, in so shaping the shoe that the great toe is forced upon the other toes more or less out of its right line with the heel. Nine civilized people in ten, perhaps, have their great toes thus by a course of submission to miss-shapen boots and shoes so far turned inwards, that a line run down in the middle of them, from point to ball, if continued, would not fail anywhere in the heel at all but several inches away outside the body. The necessary consequence is, that the full strength of the natural lever for raising the body is destroyed; the effort has to be made at a disadvantage, and with pressure, the act of walking loses some of its grace and much of its ease; so that although the boot may be so well adjusted to the spoilt shape of the foot, as to cause no pain, an honest twenty or thirty mile walk is more than the hampered foot machinery has power to sustain.

For this reason, says Dr. Meyer, it is wrong to suppose that because a shoe is easy it is right, or that a caste of the foot, unless it be a healthy one, would make the best last for the shoe it is to wear. Allowance should be made for the gradual return of the great toe to its place, by leaving its place (to some extent at least) vacant for it, and permitting gentle pressure where the joint has been forced into undue projection. When a shoemaker now tells a customer that he treads very much on one side, he in fact compliments him by the information that he has a healthy and un subjugated foot, determined to tread straight. It is precisely because children's feet are only in the first stage of injury, and are more nearly as God made than as they are destined to be made by the shoemakers, that children especially come into trouble with the shoemakers, or with the parents and guardians who believe rather in shoes than in feet, for "treading on one side." A strong and healthy foot tramples a foolish shoe out as far as possible into the form it ought at first to have had.—Even the distorted foot, after the shoemaker has done his worst, will often tread over the leather of the inner side of the boot heel, because of a natural effort of the foot-heel to bring itself into some approach to the right line with the great toe.

In a properly made shoe, then, the great toe and the heel have their right relative places furnished for them. And since they are to be in a line together, it must follow that if a well made pair of boots be placed side by side so that their heels touch, their sides also will touch through the whole space in front of the instep from the place of the ball of the great toe to the very end of it. They will diverge only at the rounded ends, where the great toes round off into the little ones, along whose line, and nowhere else, any possible pointing of the shape of the boot sole can be got.

A Mule Story.

I heard a good story of two of our soldiers, at Paducah, yesterday which will pay for its space in repeating. When our troops first received their teams they were troubled to procure forage, so the mules were turned loose or tethered in the outskirts of the town. Occasionally a few would be missing, until Uncle Sam found himself minus some twenty-five or thirty. Those which strayed away were caught up by the rebel speculators and taken to Blandville, back to Columbus, where they had accumulated some fifty stolen and purchased animals, which were under five or six keepers. The two privates mentioned (members of the Fortieth Illinois Volunteers), hearing of the whereabouts of the stock, asked General Smith's permission to attempt their recapture, which, with some misgivings, was granted. The boys, dressed in the garb of Kentucky farmers, went and surveyed the field and fold, and set to work. They had whiskey with them—whiskey such as the Kentucky rebels like to get drunk on—good old Bourbon, and the first object was to get them as comfortably tight as possible, which was not long in being accomplished. Then the boys went to the mule yard, let down the bars and mounted two of the best, without saddle or bridle, and started for Paducah, the whole lot followed at a breakneck pace, and braying in the most diabolical chorus. The keepers were not long in discovering the trick, and gave chase as far as they deemed it prudent to our lines, but to no purpose; and in good season Saturday afternoon the boys made their appearance at Gen. Smith's headquarters to report, their faces beaming with a glow of satisfaction hard to describe. Their report was a condensation of Laconism:

Gen. Smith—'Well boys what luck?'
Soldier—'We got 'em, and more too.'
Gen. Smith—'How many did you get?'
Soldier—'Forty, I reckon; haint counted 'em.'
Gen. Smith—'But that is more than we have lost. You did not steal any, I hope.'
Soldier—'Steal! K-ristopher, steal! No, sirree, but didn't have time to put the bars up after we had got Uncle Sam's out, and the G—d d——d things would foller.'

Then the General drew on an elongated countenance, and as sternly as though he had been a judge and was sentencing a culprit to a life of imprisonment, lectured the soldier roundly for using profane language in the quarters and presence of a general officer. The soldier took the lecture uneasily, twirling his hat nervously the while, and when the General had subsided, apologized as follows:—

'You see, General we had to cuss the —d d——d things all day to git'em into camp and it's mighty hard to quit off all of a suddenly.'

Then the General's rigidity relaxed; a smile, or rather a laugh, came up from his heart, and tried to escape from the corners of his mouth; but discipline is discipline with an old army officer, and it would not do to allow such a breach of decorum to pass unnoticed; but in consideration of the recaptured twenty-five mules, "and more too," he did not inflict any severe castigation or put them under arrest, but thanking them for the services rendered, dismissed them with a caution to leave their profanity behind when they came again to headquarters, and the boys left, declaring, as they closed the door, that 'such a pious old cuss hadn't any business to be around amongst "sojurs."'

'JIS SO.—The Charleston Courier says: "Commodore Tatnall has set the men of the South an example which they should seek to imitate." which is, to "meet the enemy at the very threshold and drive him back or perish in the attempt." If Mr. Tatnall "perished in the attempt" to drive back Dupont's expedition, the news has not yet reached the North. Our accounts state that as soon as he saw the Wabash in Port Royal harbor he ran up the creek with his fleet, and has not shown himself since.

WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN.—The Providence Journal is responsible for this good one: "An eruption of Yankees is threatened at Beaufort. The first those South Carolinians will know the town will be laid out into corner lots, Seward street crossing Lincoln avenue and both bordering on Cameron square. There will be a newspaper, and a patent medicine store, and a steam ferry, and Henry Ward Beecher will be announced to give a lecture on the relations of freedom and slavery to civilization."

WHOLESALE DESERTION.—The Buffalo Commercial says that a gentleman who arrived from Toronto on Tuesday evening, where he had resided since May, states that of the thousand English soldiers recently stationed at that place, nearly six hundred have deserted. He relates instances where the men left in squads. Many were retaken, but the majority managed to escape.

Prentice says when he sees a young lady waving the war flag of the South, he concludes that she is anxious for an engagement with some good looking Union man.