

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II.

JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

Number 31.

Smoky Hill and Repub'n Union,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING AT
JUNCTION, DAVIS Co., KANSAS.

W. K. BARTLETT, - - S. M. STRICKLER,
Proprietors.

WM. S. BLAKELY, - - GEO. W. MARTIN,
Editors and Publishers.

OFFICE IN BRICK BUILDING, CORNER OF
SEVENTH & WASHINGTON STS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, \$2.00
Ten copies, one year, 15.00
* Payment required in all cases in advance.
All papers discontinued at the expiration of the
time for which payment is received.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, first insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, 50
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BOMBARDING A BALLOON.

The "professor" aroused me at three
o'clock, when I found the canvas straining
its bonds and emitting a hollow sound, as
of escaping gas. The basket was made fast
directly, the telescopes tossed into place;
the professor climbed to the side, holding
by the network, and I coiled up in a rope
at the bottom.

"Stand by your cables!" he said, and
the bags of ballast were at once cut away.
Twelve men took each a rope in hand and
paved out slowly, letting us glide gently
upward. The earth seemed to be falling
away and we poised motionless in the blue
ether. The trees sank downward, the hills
dropped noiselessly through space, and
directly the Chickahominy was visible be-
yond us, winding like a ribbon of silver
through the ridgy landscape.

Far and wide stretched the Federal
camps. We saw faces turned upwards
gazing at our ascent, and heard clearly, as
in a vacuum, the voices of soldiers. At
every second, the prospect widened, the belt
of horizon enlarged, remote farm-houses
came in view; the earth was like a per-
fectly flat surface, painted with blue woods,
and streaked with pictures of roads, fields,
fences, and streams. As we climbed higher
the river seemed directly beneath, the farms
on the opposite bank were plainly discerni-
ble, and Richmond lay only a little way off
entranced on its many hills, with the
James stretching white and sinuous from
its feet to the horizon. We could see the
streets, the suburbs, the bridges, the out-
laying roads, nay, the moving masses of
people. This capital sat white and colossal
on Shoccoe Hill, the dingy buildings of the
Tredegar works blackened the river side
above, the hovels of Rockets clustered at
the hither limits, and one by one we made
out familiar hotels, public edifices and vicin-
ities. The fortifications were revealed in
part only, for they took the hue of the
soil and blended with it; but many camps
were plainly discernible, and by means of
glasses we separated tent from tent and hut
from hut. The Confederates were seen
running to the cover of woods that we
might not discover their numbers, but we
knew the location of their camp fires by the
smoke that curled towards us.

"Guess I got 'em now, jest where I
want 'em," said Professor Lowe, with a
laugh; "jest keep still as you mind to, and
squit your eye through my glass, while I
make a sketch of the roads and the country."
Hold hard there and anchor
fast!" he screamed to the people below.
Then he fell impetuously to work, sweeping
the country with his hawk eye, and escap-
ing nothing that could contribute to the
completeness of his jotting.

We had been but a few minutes thus
poised, when close below, from the edge of
a timber stretch, puffed a volume of white
smoke. A second afterward the air quiv-
ered with the peal of a cannon. A third,
and we heard the splitting shriek of a shell
that passed a little to our left, but in exact
range and burst beyond us in the ploughed
field, leaving up the clay as it exploded.

"Ha!" said Lowe, "they have got us
fool. Haul in the cables—quick!" he
shouted in a fierce tone.
At the same instant the puff, the report
and the shriek were repeated; but this
time the shell burst to our right in mid-air
and scattered fragments around and below us.

"Another shot will do our business,"
said Lowe between his teeth; "it isn't a
mile and they have got the range."
Again the puff and the whizzing shock.
I closed my eyes and held my breath hard.
The explosion was so close, that the pieces
of shell seemed driven across my face, and
my ears quivered with the sound. I looked
at Lowe to see if he was struck. He had
sprung to his feet and touched the cordage
frantically.

"Are you palting in there, yo men?" he
bellowed, with a loud imprecation.
Puff! bang! whizz-z-z! splutter! crash!
Puff! bang! whizz-z-z! splutter! crash!
"My God!" said Lowe, kissing the
ground slowly and terribly, "they have
opened upon us from another battery!"
The scene seemed to dissolve. A cold
dew broke from my forehead. I grew
blind and deaf. I had fainted.

"Pitch some water in his face," said
somebody. "He ain't use to it. Hello
there, he's come to."
I staggered to my feet. There must have
been a thousand men about us. They were
looking curiously at the aeronaut and me.
The balloon lay flaming and struggling on
the clouds.

"Three cheers for the Union bal-loon!"
called a little fellow at my side.
"Hip, hip—hooroo! hooroo!"
"Tiger-r-r-yah! whoop!"

motion through the camps—officers gallop-
ing their horses, teamster whipping their
mules, regiments turning out, drums beaten
and batteries limbered up. I remarked,
last of all, the sight of the battery that
alarmed us, and by a strange sharpness of
sight and sense, believed that I saw the
gunners swabbing, ramming and aiming the
pieces.

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The balloons were prominent features of
the two terrible months ensuing, and during
the battles of Hanover, Seven Pines, and
the bloody sixty days' struggle before Rich-
mond, they were invariably aloft. Lowe
seldom made ascensions on windy days,
but in the dead June calm of that almost
tropical climate he had opportunities for
safe and frequent reconnaissances. Mr.
Phox, of the Popgun, one day transcended
his powers by publishing a minute descrip-
tion of the Federal position as seen from
this exalted point, and the commanding
general forbade the balloon to correspond-
ents thereafter. So we were obliged to
receive the news from the lips of the "pro-
fessor," and Phox, having no more imagi-
nation than Old Joe Willett, fell sadly
short in his reports. Some of us were not
so dismayed, and the correspondent of the
Howitzer, having a fertile fancy, professed
to have looked into the Gulf of Mexico, and
solved the mystery of the whereabouts of
Beauregard.—*St. James Magazine.*

A BATTLE BETWEEN ANTS.

"Walden," by the late Henry D. Thor-
au, contains, in the chapter entitled "Brute
Neighbors," the following account of an
ant fight:
"One day, when I went to my woodpile,
I observed two ants, the one red, the other
much larger, nearly half an inch long and
black, fiercely contending with each other.
Having once got hold, they never let go,
but struggled and rolled and wrestled on
the chips incessantly. Looking further, I
was surprised to find that the chips were
covered with such combatants, that it was
not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between
two races of ants, the red always pitted
against the black, and frequently two reds
to one black. The legions of these myr-
midons covered all the hills and vales in
my woodyard, and the ground was already
strewn with the dead and dying, both
red and black.

"On every side they were engaged in
deadly combat, yet without any noise that
I could hear, and human soldiers never
fought so resolutely. I watched a couple
that were fast locked in each other's em-
braces in a little sunny valley amid the
chips, now at noonday, preparing to fight
until the sun went down or life went out.
The smaller red champion had fastened
himself like a vice to his adversary's front,
and through all the tumbling on that field
never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one
of the black one's feelers near the root,
having caused the other to go by the board;
while the stronger black one dashed him
from side to side, and, as I saw on looking
nearer, had already divested him of several
of his members. They fought with more
pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither mani-
fested the least disposition to retreat. In
the meantime there came along a single red
ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently
fall of excitement, who either had dis-
patched his foe, or had not yet taken part
in the battle—probably the latter, for he
had lost none of his limbs. He saw the
unequal combat from afar—for the blacks
were nearly twice the size of the reds—he
drew near with rapid pace till he stood on
his guard within half an inch of the com-
batants; then, watching his opportunity,
he sprang upon the black warrior and com-
menced his operations near the root of the
right fore leg, leaving the foe to select
among his own members, and so there were
three united for life, as if a new kind of
attraction had been invented, which put all
other locks and cements to shame.

"I took up the chip on which the three
I have particularly described were strug-
gling, carried it into my house and placed
it under a tumbler on my window sill in
order to see the issue. Holding a micro-
scope to the first-mentioned red ant, I
saw that though he was assiduously gnaw-
ing at the near fore leg, having severed his
remaining feeler, his own breast was all
torn away, exposing what vitals he had
there to the jaws of the black warrior,
whose breastplate was apparently the thick
for him to pierce, and the dark caraboles
of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity
such as war only could excite. They strug-

gled half an hour longer under the tumbler,
and when I looked again the black soldier
had severed the heads of his foes from their
bodies, and the still living heads were
hanging on either side of him like ghastly
trophies at his saddle-bow, apparently so
firmly fastened as ever, and he was endea-
voring with feeble struggles, being without
feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg,
and I know not how many other wounds,
to divest himself of them, which at length,
after an half hour more, he accomplished.
I raised the glass and he went over the
window-sill in that crippled state. Whether
he finally survived that combat and spent
the remainder of his days in some Hotel
des Invalides, I do not know, but I thought
that his industry would not be worth much
thereafter. I never learned which party
were victorious, nor the cause of the war;
but I felt for the rest of that day as if I
had had my feelings excited and harrowed
by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and
carnage of a human battle before my door."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly
amid her hills as a child upon the breast of
its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood
like a statue at his post, and the philoso-
pher's lamp burned dimly in the recesses
of his chamber.
But a moral darkness involved the nation
in its unlighted shadows. Reason shed a
faint glimmering over the minds of men,
like the cold and insufficient light of a dis-
tant star. The immortality of man's spiri-
tual nature was unknown, his relation unto
heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny
obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of
etherial mould hovered about the land of
God's chosen people. They seemed like
two sister angels sent to earth on some
embassy of love. The one, of majestic
stature and well-formed limbs, which her
snowy drapery hardly concealed; in her
erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the
highest degree of strength and confidence.
Her right arm was extended in an impres-
sive gesture upward, where appeared to
have placed her darkest pavilion, while on
the left reclined her delicate companion, in
form and countenance the contrast of the
other, for she was drooping like a flower
when moistened with refreshing dews, and
her bright but troubled eyes scanned the
air with varying glances. Suddenly a
light, like the sun, flashed from the heavens,
and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting
songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and the stranger was
seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unas-
suming man, whose happiness seemed to
consist in acts of benevolence to the human
race. There were deep traces of sorrow
on his countenance, though no one knew
why he grieved, for he lived in the practice
of every virtue, and was loved by all the
good and wise. By and by it was rumored
that the stranger worked miracles; that the
blind saw, and the dumb spake, the dead
leaped, the ocean moderated its chafing
tide, and the very thunder articulated. He
is the son of God. Eury assailed him to
death. Slowly, and thickly girded, he
ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy
cross bent him to the earth. But Faith
leaned on his arm, and Hope dipped her
pinions in his blood and mounted to the
skies.

ABOUT 1400 Winnebagoes, from Wiscon-
sin, are encamped near St. Joseph, and
there are more coming. They are being
removed by Government to Dakota Terri-
tory, where each head of a family is to
have eighty acres of land, a house and
agricultural implements. These Indians
had a scalp dance on Saturday, for some
particulars relative to which we are indebted
to the *St. Joseph Herald* of Sunday;
"Yesterday was a great day with the
warriors of this tribe. There is a grizzly
bear in the city, kept in a building near
Devor's stable, between Third and Fourth
streets, on Sylvania. The warriors have
been playing with Mr. Cleveland for several
days for the privilege of visiting this
animal—the grizzly bear and the panther
being sacred animals with the Winnebagoes.
Yesterday he gave his consent, and forty
braves painted and dressed for the visit.
Red, black, coppers, green and yellow
prevailed alarmingly. They visited the
bear, danced around his bearship, grimaced
and yelled at the surly fellow, sprinkled
tobacco upon him, and played the deuce
generally.

"They returned to the camp and con-
tinued the bear dance. A bear's head was
brought from a box and passed from hand
to hand, each brave, when taking hold of
the head, grunting precisely like a bear. A
beer keg, with a buckskin head, was brought
out for a drum, each brave was armed with
a long whistle which was constantly used,
and such dancing and whooping, such yell-
ing and speech-making, we never saw and
heard before.

This closed, and the scalp dance com-
menced. The day before leaving Minneco-
ta they killed three Sioux Indians, and
they have their scalps on poles, and dance
around them frequently. They danced,
sang, yelled, whooped, made 'talks,' howled
grimaced, drummed, whistled, stamped and
granted till nine o'clock at night. The
Winnebagoes were visited yesterday by
over three thousand people."

THE STRIPES AND STARS.

[The rebels have a song which is said to
be a great favorite amongst them, and the
burden of which is "The flag that bears a
single star." The music is inspiring, but
the measure lame, and the sentiment so
atrocious, as to be unfitted for a Northern
ear. I have heard it sung here, and it
struck me that as, in the opinion of John
Wesley, "it is not fair that the devil should
have all the good tunes," it might prove a
good service to the sirens of our latitude,
to substitute something of the same rig,
that was more patriotic and less offensive
to our more national tastes. I have ac-
cordingly, without pretension to any share
of the divine gift, strung together, in a
somewhat mechanical way, a few stanzas.
When I say that they were intended as a
sort of antithesis to the rebel song, its gen-
eral drift will be sufficiently obvious. This
much by way of explanation. But here
they are:]

Brothers of free descent were we, and natives,
of the soil,
Knit soul to soul, in one great whole, fruit of our
Fathers' toil;
But when that bond of love was rent, the cry
rose near and far,
To arms! to arms! Long live the stripes! we
know no "single star."
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union
Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, that
knows no "single star."

So long as Southern arrogance forbore to touch
that flag,
Full many a taunt we meekly bore, and many
an illing;
But when on Spitzer's battlements the traitors
did it mar,
We flung abroad that Union Flag, that ne'er
shall lose a star.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union
Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, that
ne'er shall lose a star!

And first the gallant Keystone State, from every
mountain glen,
From hill and valley, lake and town, sent down
her stalwart men;
And all New England rose a-main, as blew the
trump of war,
And raised on high their Fathers' Flag that
knows no single star.
Hurrah, &c.,

From Saratoga's tree crowned heights, from
Moumouth's bloody plain,
The men of York and Jersey, too, both swelled
the muttering train,
As onward—onward—fierce it rushed, o'er all
opposing bars,
To punish those who dared insult our glorious
stripes and stars.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Union
Flag, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Union Flag, with
all its stripes and stars!

And next the hardy pioneers, the dauntless and
the brave,
From those domains by Freedom won, that never
knew a slave,
Their trusty rifles all in hand, with eye and port
like Mars,
Grasp once again with iron hand, the staff that
bears our stars.

And from the bison's prairie haunts, o'er Missis-
sippi's flood,
From Minnehaha's sparkling Falls, from Kansas
land of blood,
New England's youngest scion there have heard
the din of war,
And belted on their Father's brand, and reared
their Father's stars.

And farther still, where sunset seas bathe Cali-
fornia's shore,
And grim Sierras darkly frown its golden treas-
ures o'er;
Our Western Twins have heard the call, and
answered from afar,
We come! we come! Bear high the flag, that
knows no single star.
Missouri, too, her garments red, and little Dela-
ware,
With heart as big as when of old she bore a
lion's share,
Have burst the chain, which cramps the soul, and
all their noble man,
And wheeled in line, come weal or woe, beneath
the stripes and stars.

And "Maryland, our Maryland," though called
with "sife and drum,"
And "old line bogle" too, to fight against "the
Northern scum,"
Has thought of Camden's bloody field, of En-
fate's iron scum,
And lo! she stands, where erst she stood, be-
neath the stripes and stars.

Would we could say the same of thee, thou dark
and bloody ground,
Whose restless sages, false at heart, a way of
peace have found!
Shame on thee! No half faith would I Up-
give ye for the war,
And take your place as men once more, beneath
the stripes and stars.

From thy Medina glance we turn, with hearts of
cheer and pride,
To West Virginia, virgin rib, torn from false
mother's side,
Daughter of strife! Fair Freedom's child! Thy
mountains ring afar!
With echoing shouts for that blest Flag, that
conveys another star.

And shiver 'twill count, no Pleiad lost, of all that
shining host,
Though dim ellipses have veiled their fire, and
traitors loudly boast;
But one by one those wand'ring lights shall gem
our heavens, like Mars,
And all the Nations bless our stripes and coe-
net of stars!

A ROMANTIC STORY.

The Louisville Journal narrates the fol-
lowing romantic story:
A few weeks since a captain, accompa-
nied by a young soldier, apparently about
seventeen years of age, arrived in this city
in charge of some rebel prisoners. During
their stay in the city the young soldier
alluded to had occasion to visit headquar-
ters, and at once attracted the attention of
Col. Mandy as being exceedingly sprightly,
and possessed of more than ordinary intel-
ligence. Being in need of such a man in
barracks No. 1, the Colonel detailed him
for service in that institution. He soon
won the esteem of his superior officers, and
became a general favorite with all connect-
ed with the barracks.

A few days ago, however, the startling
secret was disclosed that the supposed
young man was a young lady, and the fact
was established beyond a doubt by a sol-
dier who was raised in the same town with
her and knew her parents. She "acknowl-
edged the corn," and begged to be retained
in the position to which she was assigned;
having been in the service ten months, she
desired to serve during the war. Her wish
was accordingly granted, and she is still at
her post.

We learned the facts above stated yester-
day, and took occasion to visit the bar-
racks, where we were introduced to "Frank
Martin," (her assumed name,) and gleaned
the following incidents connected with her
extraordinary career during the past ten
months:
"Frank" was born near Bristol, Penn-
sylvania, and her parents now reside in
Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, where she
was raised. They are highly respectable
people, and in very good circumstances.
She was sent to the convent in Wheeling,
Virginia, at twelve years of age where she
remained until the breaking out of the war,
having acquired a superior education and
all the accomplishments of modern usage.
She visited home after leaving the convent,
and after taking leave of her parents, pro-
ceeded to this city in July last, with the
design of enlisting in the 2d East Tennes-
see Cavalry, which she accomplished, and
accompanied the Army of the Cumberland
to Nashville.

She was in the thickest of the fight at
Murfreesboro, and was severely wounded in
the shoulder, but fought gallantly, and
waded Stone river into Murfreesboro on the
memorable Sunday in which our forces were
driven back. She had her wound dressed,
and her sex was disclosed, and Gen. Rose-
crans made acquainted with the fact. She
was accordingly mustered out of service,
notwithstanding her earnest entreaty to be
allowed to serve the cause she loved so well.
The General was very favorably impressed
with her daring bravery, and superintended
the arrangements for her safe transmission
to her parents. She left the Army of the
Cumberland, resolved to enlist in the first
regiment she met. When she arrived at
Bowling Green she found the 5th Michigan
there, and enlisted, since which time she
has been and is now connected with it.

She is represented as an excellent horse-
woman, and has been honored with the
position of regimental bugler in the regi-
ment. She has seen and endured all the
privations and hardships incident to the
life of a soldier, and gained an enviable
reputation as a scout, having made several
wonderful expeditions, which were attended
with signal success. Frank is only eighteen
years of age, quite small, and a beautiful
figure. She has auburn hair, which she
wears quite short, and large blue eyes,
beaming with brightness and intelligence.
Her complexion is naturally very fair,
though slightly bronzed at present from the
effects of exposure. She is exceedingly
pretty, and very amiable. Her conversa-
tion denotes more than ordinary accom-
plishment, and what is stranger than all,
she appears very refined in her manners,
giving no evidence whatever of the rude-
ness which might naturally be expected from
her late associates.

Frank informs us that she has discovered
a great many females in the army, and is
now intimately acquainted with a young
lady who is a Lieutenant in the army.
She has assisted in burying three female
soldiers at different times, whose sex was
unknown to any but herself.

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I held fast to the frying pan, and, turning
my head gradually around, I had a full
view of the fellow, within eight paces of
me, lying flat on his side, and with his
paws lifting up and playing with the legs of
one of our Spaniards, who had laid himself
down upon his belly and was fast asleep.
Our rifles were in the boat! The Governor
drew himself gradually down the bank, on
his hands and feet, ordering me not to
move. I was in hopes he would have taken
the old Mianle, but he preferred his own
weapon, and getting it to bear upon the
boat, he was obliged to wait some minutes
for it to rise its head, so as not to endan-
ger the poor Spaniard; at the crack of the
rifle, the animal gave a piercing screech
and leaped about fifteen feet straight into
the air and fell quite dead. The Spaniard
leaped nearly as far in a different direction;
and at the same instant, behind a little
bunch of bushes on the opposite side, and
not half the distance from the fire, and
right behind the Governor's back, where he
had been sitting, sprang the mate, which
darted into the thicket and disappeared.
We skinned this beautiful animal, which
was shot exactly between the eyes, and
after all had been withdrawn to the boat,
waited several hours in hopes that the other
one would show itself again; but waited in
vain and lost our game."

From the following special dispatch to
the St. Louis Republican, it is evident that
Gen. A. L. Lee, of Elwood, has greatly
distinguished himself in the recent engage-
ments near Vicksburg:
Gen. Osterhaus was slightly wounded at
the beginning of the fight, and his division
was then commanded by Gen. A. L. Lee.
As soon as the works were taken, Lee
proceeded to construct a floating bridge over
the Big Black, on which the corps of Mc-
Clermand and McPherson crossed early
next morning, and marched on Vicksburg.
Sherman's corps, having in the meantime
crossed on a ponton bridge five miles above
on the evening of the 18th, our army came
in sight of the works immediately in the
rear of Vicksburg, and distant from the
city about two miles.

On the 19th our general movement to-
ward the works began; Sherman on the
right, McPherson in the centre, and Mc-
Clermand on the left. At 2 p. m., a final
charge of McClermand's division was or-
dered. Gen. A. L. Lee, who was leading
the First Brigade of Osterhaus' division,
was wounded severely, but not dangerously.
He is now on his way North for treatment.
Our forces gained ground on that charge,
and held it, but not capturing any of the
rebel redoubts.

On the 26th the same style of operations
was followed along the whole line, our
forces creeping up slowly towards the
works, our sharpshooters, at many points,
getting so near as to prevent the enemy
from working his guns, and our artillery
being rapidly and closely advanced upon
the enemy's works.

The movement made by the Federal
forces in this fight have been the most
brilliant of the war. General Grant dis-
played the most consummate skill as an
officer. An officer on Lee's staff assures
us that nothing could prevent the occupa-
tion of Vicksburg on Sunday, and that, in
his opinion, the stars and stripes are float-
ing over that city. None of Lee's staff are
wounded.

Most people think the selection of suit-
able matter for a newspaper the easiest part
of the business. How great an error. It
is by all means the most difficult. To look
over and over hundreds of exchange papers
every week, from which to select enough
for one, especially when the question is not
what shall, but what shall not be selected,
is no easy task. If every person who reads
a newspaper could have edited it, we should
hear less complaints. Not unfrequently it
is the case, that an editor looks over all his
exchange papers for something interesting,
and can absolutely find nothing. Every
paper is dryer than a contribution box;
and yet something must be had—his paper
must come out with something in it, and he
does the best he can. To an editor who
has the least care about what he selects,
the writing that he has to do is the easiest
part of the labor. Every subscriber
thinks the paper printed for his own
benefit, and if there is nothing in it
that suits him, it must be stopped—it is
good for nothing. Just as many subscrib-
ers as an editor may have, so many tastes
he has to consult. One wants something
smart; another something sound. One
likes anecdotes fun and frolic, and the next
door neighbor wonders that a man of sense
will put such stuff in his paper. Something
spicy comes out and the editor is a black-
guard. Next comes something argumentative
and the editor is a dull fool. And so, be-
tween them all, you see, the poor fellow
gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-
nine out of a hundred these things do not
occur. They never reflect that what does
not please them may please the next man;
but they insist that if the paper does not
suit them, it is good for nothing.

The laboring classes, "the mudsills" of
the State of New York, have at this moment
over \$80,000,000 to their credit in the
savings banks—a larger sum than all
eldom could raise.

Frank informs us that she has discovered
a great many females in the army, and is
now intimately acquainted with a young
lady who is a Lieutenant in the army.
She has assisted in burying three female
soldiers at different times, whose sex was
unknown to any but herself.

She is represented as an excellent horse-
woman, and has been honored with the
position of regimental bugler in the regi-
ment. She has seen and endured all the
privations and hardships incident to the
life of a soldier, and gained an enviable
reputation as a scout, having made several
wonderful expeditions, which were attended
with signal success. Frank is only eighteen
years of age, quite small, and a beautiful
figure. She has auburn hair, which she
wears quite short, and large blue eyes,
beaming with brightness and intelligence.
Her complexion is naturally very fair,
though slightly bronzed at present from the
effects of exposure. She is exceedingly
pretty, and very amiable. Her conversa-
tion denotes more than ordinary accom-
plishment, and what is stranger than all,
she appears very refined in her manners,
giving no evidence whatever of the rude-
ness which might naturally be expected from
her late associates.

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