

# Gallipolis Journal.

JAMES HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"TRUTH AND JUSTICE"

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Number 1.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

From the New York Ledger.

We have heard of many cases of "popping" under very singular circumstances, the eccentric, the abrupt, the business-like, the silly, and a hundred other styles. Of the eccentric, we would cite the case of a well known merchant, who one day dining at a friend's house sat next to a lady who possessed rare charms of conversation. The merchant did not possess this faculty in a very rare degree, but he could do that which was next best, he could appreciate, and an appreciation which he endeavored to show by the following dialogue:

"Do you like toast, Miss B—?"  
"Yes!" responded the lady slightly surprised at the question.  
"Buttered toast?"  
"Yes."  
"Buttered on both sides?"  
"Yes."  
"That is strange, so do I let us get married?"

There cannot be much doubt that the lady was taken slightly aback, fact that did not prevent the merchant coming off about a month afterward, nor the accession of the lady to one of the finest establishments in the city.

As a specimen of the abrupt, we shall cite the case of a gentleman who had retired from business at the age of forty, and built himself a beautiful house, determined to enjoy life to the utmost. One day a friend was dining with him, and said half jokingly:

"You have everything here that the heart can desire, but a wife."  
The host was silent for a moment, and then said, musingly:

"That's true! I must think of it, and then relapsed into silence for a few minutes, at the end of which time he rose, begged to be excused for a short time, and left the room. He seized his hat and went instantly to a neighbor's, and was shown into the parlor with the information from the servant that neither his master nor his mistress was at home. He told the servant that he wanted neither, and requested that the house-keeper be sent to him. She came, and the gentleman addressed her:

"Sarah, I've known you many years, and I have just been told that I want a wife. You are the only woman I know that I should be willing to entrust my happiness with, and if you agree, we will be instantly married. What is your answer?"

Sarah knew the man that addressed her, and knew that his offer was serious and as well weighed as though considered for a year, and she answered him in the same spirit:

"I agree."  
"Will you be ready in an hour?"  
"I will."  
"I shall return for you at that time."

Which he did, the gentleman who had suggested the idea accompanying him to the clergyman's. Many years have passed since then and neither party has seen cause to regret the abrupt proposal and acceptance.

Of the business style, we can cite a case related to us which we know for a true one. A young man who had succeeded to the ill-kept and badly cultivated, though really valuable farm of a deceased uncle, saw at a glance that two things were absolutely necessary to enable him to succeed; the first being a wife, to take charge of the woman's department, and the second, a few thousand dollars to stock up with. He could not help thinking to himself that, possibly these two great aids to his happiness and prosperity might be found together, and yet without attempting to put his matrimonial and financial ideas into practice, he allowed them to haunt him continually.

With this upon his mind, our farmer started upon a horseback journey to a distant part of the country, and upon his return made an acquaintance on the road in the person of an old gentleman who was jogging the same way. The companions dined together at a wayside inn, and fraternized pleasantly, during which the young man opened his heart to the elder, telling him all his plans and aspirations. Toward evening they separated, when the old gentleman addressed the younger:

"I rather like you, my young friend, and your honest way of telling your story, and if you will come and see me I would be glad. I have three daughters, all as good girls as ever lived. Now, perhaps one of them may be the very one you are looking for; if so, I will do my best toward making the balance of the matter agreeable.— Ride over and see me to-morrow, take dinner and stay all the afternoon, which will give you a very fair chance to see them and judge."

The young man instantly agreed to the proposal, making only a condition that the young ladies should not be informed of the nature of his errand.— This was agreed to, and they separated.

The next day, at the time appointed, the young man dismounted at the door of the house of the newly made friend, and was heartily welcomed. The hour before dinner was consumed in looking over the farm, the young man admiring his keeping, and the old one in approving of the sensible and practical remarks of the younger,

when the meal was announced, and the three young ladies and their mother were introduced. They were all, as the old gentleman had said, fine girls, but the younger, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and laughing-faced, charmed the young farmer especially. The dinner over, they once more walked out for a chat.

"Well, how do you like my daughters?" was the old gentleman's first question.  
"They are all nice girls, very nice," said the young man thoughtfully.  
"And which of them do you like best?" was the next question.

"The youngest, Katie, she is charming, and if I am to be your son-in-law, you must give me Katie!"  
"That will never do, to take the youngest, and by all odds the prettiest," said the old gentleman seriously.  
"I must have her or none," was the response, spoken decidedly.  
"How much money did you say you wanted?"

"Five thousand dollars will put my farm in excellent order, and make it worth twenty thousand to-morrow. I must have five thousand dollars."  
"I'll give that sum with either of the elder girls," said the old man, positively; "but I will give but three thousand with Katie."

"Then I may as well go to my home. Five thousand I must have—I have set my mind upon it."  
"And I have just as strongly determined to do nothing but what I have said," was the old gentleman's reply; "so I suppose the matter is at an end. However, we will be good friends, and you must sometimes run over and see me."

This ended the conference, and they parted. The young man mounted his horse and rode down the lane towards the gate, but just as he was about opening the gate, stooping from his saddle, the laughing-faced Katie sprang through the shrubbery to save him the trouble, and looking half bashfully up into his face as she did so, said:

"Can't you accept my father's terms?"  
"Yes, by George, I will if you say so!" was the instantaneous response.  
"Then come over to-morrow morning, before ten o'clock, and tell him so," and the girl vanished like a fairy among the leaves.

The young man rode slowly home, but he was on hand next morning according to bidding, and married the fair Katie in two months after.

As a specimen of the absurd, we cannot do better than cite a case, that occurred within our own jurisdiction, in a country village of Massachusetts. There was a certain Zachariah Peabody, a stout, industrious, sober and bashful farm hand, a resident of that locality. Zack was celebrated, not for what he did say, but what he did not, his silence being a matter of marvel through all that chattering neighborhood. Zach, with all his taciturnity, was proof against the shafts of love, and one day was smitten with the wholesome charms of the only child of the widow Brown, a bright-eyed, good-looking girl, possessing the same traits of silence as Zack, though not so eminent a degree.

The first time that Zack showed his admiration for the fair Sally was by seizing upon a large basket of cow feed she was about to carry into the stables, and hurrying thither with it in a frightened way, much as though he was taking it from a burning house.— After that Zack seemed to be perpetually on the watch for opportunities to save the fair Sally from her heavier work. These delicate attentions could not fail to attract the attention of the widow Brown, who, really respecting the young man, invited him into the house to spend the evening, and from that time Zack was a fixity. He would sit in the chimney corner of the old-fashioned house, scarcely ever speaking, dividing his attention equally between the fire and feasting his eyes on Sally. For two years this quiet adoration went on, and the neighbors wondered why, as there was nothing to prevent it, they did not marry. It never has been known whether the idea arose out of Zack's own brain, or whether it was a hint from a friend, but at last he did find courage to pop the question. It was done in this way. The time was New Year Eve, and the fair Sally had been preparing a stout jug of mulled cider that she might have something to cheer Zack's heart with when he came in.— Zack came, he drank, and took his accustomed seat in the chimney corner, where he sat quietly as usual for a few minutes, and then without any previous symptoms, he rose up to his full height, six feet two inches, putting his head up the chimney so that little of him was seen above the waist, and delivered the following oration:

"If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would marry somebody."  
Zack, remained with his head up the chimney after this speech, silent as death, for some minutes, until at length he came forth from his place of refuge at the earnest solicitation of the widow Brown, with a face glowing like the sitting sun. The thing was done, however, and Zack and Sally were married in a few weeks after, and we are convinced that if either of them

could be induced to talk now, after a trial of a dozen years, they would say that they were entirely satisfied with that mode of popping the question.

Among the oddities of the mystery, the one over which we have personally wondered much, occurred in the city of Philadelphia, under our own knowledge.

A lady and gentleman who had been acquainted but one week, and who moved in the very first circles, were walking upon the street, the lady showing the lions of the city to the gentleman, who was a stranger in Philadelphia. In the course of their ramble they were stopped by a wedding party, who were alighting from their carriages at a church door. The lady proposed to go in and see the affair through. The gentleman consented, and together they stood till the ceremony was over. At this instant, the gentleman, taking the lady's hand in his, led her unresistingly to the altar, without a single word spoken, and presented her before the astonished minister with the request that they should be made one. In ten minutes the knot was tied and we have no reason to believe that either have in ten years they have been joined, seen cause to regret the suddenness of the idea.

To close this record we cannot do better than tell a tale of the pursuit of matrimony under disadvantages, though, at the same time, we must, to uphold our character for gallantry and admiration of the gentler sex, assure that portion of our readers that we shall not vouch for its verity.

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout, rosy and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon the charming Miss Lucy Poppleton; but alas! Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment, or, in other words, had not come to time; and one day his heart was lacerated by receiving an envelope of cards, announcing that the delightful Lucy was about to become Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks.

It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it and still loved the object of his early passion—at a distance. Mrs. Jimmerson Crooks revelled in the delights of matrimony, leading Fashion, her husband, and Peter—at a distance—by the nose, for five years, at the end of which time Mr. Jimmerson Crooks chose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. Jimmerson alone to mourn his departure.

Once more Peter's heart sprang up from dust and ashes, and looked forward to the time when the allotted period of mourning should be over, and he could pour forth the pent up agonies of five years, and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow.— One year thought Peter, is surely enough of time. I will give her one year. Month after month rolled away until the tenth came, and Peter determined to wait no longer. A sickish misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking. He sought the widow in her home, and with all the ardor of a peat up love, poured forth his tale. The widow heard him calmly until the very last word, and then with her delicately perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks by the whitest of hands, told Peter that he was, alas! just one week too late; that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Stickleback, who had so faithfully attended her dear Jimmerson in his last hours; and oh! why did her dear friend Peter not speak before.

A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments; a second time he was sent into the world to admire—at a distance.

Time sped on and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Stickleback might die; he certainly had an apoplectic look; and sure enough, Peter's perhaps turned out a certainty, and Dr. Theodosius Stickleback was, within the short period of two years, gathered to his fathers, and the fair widow Stickleback was once more a mourner. Peter had learned too bitterly the dangers of delay to suffer any such cause to stand this time before himself and success. He would not give the widow a year nor ten months—nay, not even six; but even at the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred; and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was popped.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson, why did you not come before? You know my esteem for you! You know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but, oh! how can I tell you—that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins! Poor dear, sweet Hawkins! he's your intimate friend, I know! I've heard him speak so highly of you! Oh! why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Dr. Theodosius Stickleback was transformed into Mrs. Captain Jonathan Hawkins; and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance.

Still Peter waited and hoped.— Something might turn up, he argued, and then he would not allow himself to be late; and something did turn up,

the something being nothing more or less than the redoubtable captain, who turned up missing, having fallen overboard from the steamboat, and sunk like a stone, owing, undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of this event, as Peter argued, must certainly act as a pressing force on the widow, though he would not give her any cause to recover and to be admitted, still, as yet, demanded that a little time should intervene. Accordingly, when upon the 10th day after the melancholy bereavement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his tale of love, he rather checked by the forelock the tapers on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson," she exclaimed, hiding her blushing face in her empyrean. "Why are you so unfortunate, and why am I? You know my esteem for you—but you are too late! I am already promised. You know Counselor Ketchum—my poor, dear, dead friend. He was with him, you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to me the awful intelligence. He was such a comforter, and—I promised to have him this day two months!"

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken-heartedness, but rushed from the house, and went on as before, admiring—at a distance.

It was months before Peter even offered to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking, in despondent mood, through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half-finished building just in front of him he saw, as he raised his eyes, a stout Milesian making gyrations in the air, from a height of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than half a ton—the two having slipped together, from a scaffolding at that height. He saw both Milesian and stone strike full upon the heads of two gentlemen passing, and the whole four were in an inextricable heap. Like all the other spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue, only to behold, between horror and joy the last gasps of Counselor Ketchum and the gentleman who was walking with him, and the perfect safety of the Milesian and stone.

This chance Peter would trust to no passing of time. Without an instant's delay more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack and then sped to the mansion of the widow Mrs. Counsellor Ketchum. In words of the most delicate and endearing nature, Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow and waited the result, and then between the sobs and tears, claimed her hand for the next step.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson," sobbed the widow, "how can you ask me such a thing? How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the awful news of my dear Ketchum's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but—but—I am already engaged!"

"Engaged!" shrieked Peter, "to whom?"  
"I promised," responded the widow between her sobs, "I promised a month ago—that if anything happened—I would marry Col. Snapper."

"You did!" shouted Peter, the whole appearance of his face changing in an instant, from that of a fend to a look of unbridled joy. "You did! And who are you engaged to after that?"  
"No one," sighed the widow.  
"Will you swear this to me?" said Peter.  
"I swear it," replied the widow, slowly.

"And you will marry me after Snapper is gone?"  
"I will," said the widow.  
"Do you swear it," asked Peter fiercely.  
"I swear it," said the widow earnestly.

"Then you are mine, charming Lucy, for the stone that ushered the Counselor into the next world also took the Colonel, I saw it with my own eyes." The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in a month.

Which finishes our speculations on "Popping the question."

"WHAT IS TO BE, WILL BE!"—I knew an old man who believed that "what was to be, would be." He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in the early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of the family had got out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends tantalized him, by saying there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die until his time had come, anyhow.

"Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun."

Most of the rebels are pledged to pay tenfold what they are worth, and when they die, says Prentice, there'll be the devil to pay.

## THE AMERICAN LIST OF DRAFT EXEMPTIONS.

ISSUED BY THE PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES, IN OBEEDIENCE TO AN ACT OF CONGRESS, PASSED MARCH 3, 1863.

PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1863.

CONVULSION No. 100.—Paragraph 89 of the Regulations for the government of the Bureau of the Provost-Marshal General of the United States, is amended to read as follows:

85. The following diseases and infirmities are those which disqualify for military service, and for which only drafted men are to be exempted as physically unfit for military service, viz:

1. Manifest imbecility.  
2. Insanity. This includes well established recent insanity with liability to a recurrence.  
3. Epilepsy. For this disability the statement of the drafted man is sufficient, and the fact must be established by the duly attested affidavit of a physician in good standing, who has examined him in the disease within the six months immediately preceding his examination by the Board.

4. Paralysis, generally or of one limb, or chorea; their existence to be adequately determined. Decided atrophy of a limb.  
5. Acute or organic diseases of the brain or spinal cord; or the heart or lungs; or of the liver or spleen; or the kidneys or bladder, which have so seriously impaired his general health as to leave no doubt of the man's incapacity for military service.

6. Confirmed consumption. Incipient consumption does not exempt.  
7. Cancer; aneurism of the large arteries.  
8. Inevitable and extensive disease of the skin, such as will necessarily impair his efficiency as a soldier.

9. Decided feebleness of constitution, or deficient size of the chest, sufficient in degree to leave no doubt of the man's unfitness for military service.  
10. Scrofula or constitutional syphilis, which has so seriously impaired his general health as to leave no doubt of the man's incapacity for military service.

11. Habitual and confirmed intemperance, or solitary vice, which has so materially enfeebled the constitution as to leave no doubt of the man's incapacity for military service.  
12. Chronic rheumatism, unless manifested by positive change of structure, wasting of the affected limb, or puffiness or distortion of the joints, does not exempt. Impaired motion of joints and contraction of the limbs alleged to arise from rheumatism, and in which the nutrition of the limb is not manifestly impaired, are to be proved by examination while in a state of anaesthesia induced by either only.

13. Pain, whether simulating headache, neuralgia in any of its forms, rheumatism, lumbago, or affections of the muscles, bones, or joints, is a symptom of disease so easily pretended that it is not to be admitted as a cause for exemption unless accompanied with manifest derangement of the general health, wasting of limb, or other positive sign of disqualifying local disease.

14. Great injuries or diseases of the skull, occasioning impairment of the intellectual faculties, epilepsy, or other manifest nervous or spasmodic symptoms.  
15. Total loss of sight; total loss of sight of right eye; cataract of right eye; loss of crystalline lens of right eye.

16. Partial loss of sight of both eyes, vision being so greatly impaired as to leave no doubt of the man's inability to perform military duty. Serious permanent diseases of the eye or eyelids, so manifestly affecting the use of the eyes as to leave no doubt of the man's incapacity for military service.—Nigh-sightedness does not exempt if found on trial to be so decided as to incapacitate for field service, the man capable to be transferred to the Invalid Corps.

17. Total loss of nose, deformity of nose so great as seriously to obstruct respiration; or, oozing, dependent on caries in progress.  
18. Decided deafness. This disability must not be admitted on the mere statement of the drafted man, but must be proved by the existence of positive disease, or by other satisfactory evidence; and it must be so decided as to leave no doubt of the man's unfitness for military service. Chronic purulent otorrhoea.

19. Incapable diseases or deformities of either jaw, such as will necessarily greatly impede mastication or speech. Anchylosis of the lower jaw; caries of the bones of the face, if in progress; cleft palate (bony); extensive loss of substance of the cheeks, or salivary fistula.  
20. Dumbness; permanent loss of voice; not to be admitted without clear and satisfactory proof.

21. Total loss of tongue; hypertrophy, atrophy, mutilation, or obstinate chronic ulceration of the tongue; sufficient in degree to interfere seriously with the use of the organ.  
22. Stammering, if excessive and confirmed; to be established by satisfactory evidence under oath.  
23. Loss of sufficient number of teeth to prevent mastication of food.—This applies to those cases only where

the loss of teeth is so great that, if the man were restricted to solid food, he would soon become incapacitated for military service.

24. Tumors or wounds of the neck, impeding respiration or deglutition; fistula of larynx or trachea; torticollis, if of long standing and well marked.

25. Deformity of the chest, or excessive curvature of the spine, sufficient to prevent the carrying of arms and military equipments; caries of the spine, ribs, or sternum.  
26. Abdomen grossly protuberant; excessive obesity.  
27. Hernia.

28. Artificial anus; stricture of the rectum; prolapsus ani. *Edema* is not a positive disqualification, but may be so, if extensive or complicated with visceral disease.

29. Old and ulcerated internal hemorrhoids, if in degree sufficient to impair the man's efficiency. External hemorrhoids are no cause for exemption.  
30. Total loss or nearly total loss of penis; epispadia or hypospadias at the middle or near the root of the penis.  
31. Incurable permanent organic stricture of the urethra, in which urine is passed drop by drop, or which is complicated with disease of the bladder, urinary fistula. Recent or spasmodic stricture of the urethra does not exempt.

32. Incontinence of urine, being a disease frequently feigned and of rare occurrence, is not, of itself, a cause for exemption. Stone in the bladder, ascertained by the introduction of the metallic catheter, is a positive disqualification.

33. Loss or complete atrophy of both testicles from any cause; permanent retention of one or both testicles within the inguinal canal; but voluntary retraction does not exempt.  
34. Confirmed or malignant sarcocele; hydrocele, if complicated with organic disease of the testicle. Varicocele is not, in itself, disqualifying.

35. Loss of an arm, forearm, hand, thigh, leg or foot.  
36. Wounds, muscular or cutaneous contraction from wounds or burns, or tumors, which would prevent marching, or otherwise manifestly incapacitate the man for military service.

37. Fractures, irreducible dislocations, or ankylosis of the large joints, or chronic diseases of the joints or bones, that would prevent marching, or otherwise unfit the man for military service.  
38. Total loss of thumb; total loss of the index finger of the right hand. Other permanent defects or deformities of the hands, so decided as to leave no doubt of the man's incapacity for military service.

39. Club feet; total loss of a great toe. Other permanent defects or deformities of the feet, such as will necessarily prevent marching.  
40. Various veins of inferior extremities, if large and numerous, and accompanied with chronic swellings or ulcerations.

41. Chronic ulcers; extensive, deep, and adherent cicatrices of lower extremities.  
Surgeons of Boards of Enrollment in reporting the "statistics of the causes of exemption on account of physical disability," will hereafter, in addition to the alphabetical list of disabilities required by Circular No. 90, from this office, report the number rejected under each paragraph of the above list of disqualifying infirmities.

JAMES B. FAR, Provost Marshal-General.

COOK'S LAST EXPLOIT.  
Dan McCook, the guerrilla, bandit, highway-robber—whatever you chose to call him—(and neither of these would be a misnomer)—has been, ever since his escape from this place, prowling around through some of the counties in Eastern Kentucky, committing all sorts of depredations, such as horse-stealing, pillaging, robbing, and murdering.—His last exploit occurred in Carter county, a few days since. With a squad of men, among them his brother, who is also a somewhat noted guerrilla—he rode up to the house of William Tyree, deputy provost marshal for Carter county, and called to him to come out, saying they were Union soldiers, and desired to see him on business. Tyree opened the door, when Cook drew a revolver and shot him, the ball taking effect in his chest. The wounded man fell outside the door, and Cook rushed up to shoot again. Tyree told him he would give him one hundred dollars if he would not shoot again. Cook told him to land out the money, which he did, and then the treacherous scoundrel again drew his revolver to finish the work of death.—He attempted to shoot his victim in the second time, but was prevented by his companions. The first shot, however, was a fatal one, and the unfortunate man died soon after.

A man named Caskey, who went out with Tyree, was also shot, the ball taking effect in his thigh.

A terrible retribution awaits this man Cook. He will surely be "picked up" one of these days. If he should fall into the hands of loyal Kentuckians, he would be disposed of without judge or jury, or the benefit of clergy. Since the removal of the 40th Kentucky regiment from Grayson, there are no troops in that immediate neighborhood to look after guerrilla bands.—*Frontier Register.*

## SCHURZ TO COMBS.

From the Louisville Journal.  
We publish the note below in compliance with the request of the author, though we can but regret that he has thought fit to couch his denial in terms so exceedingly unbecoming and unwarranted:

CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA, }  
Nov. 6, 1863. }  
To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

In your paper of Nov. 3d, I see a letter signed by Mr. Leslie Combs, in which the following allusion is made to me:—"Our children have fought in every battlefield, and never one led as Carl Schurz and his gang of freedom-shirkers did at Chattanooga." I am not in the habit of popping to calumny and abuse springing from the impure inspiration of party spirit, but Gen. Leslie Combs being a man of note, I deem it proper to avail myself of this opportunity to stop a slander which political enemies seem bent upon sustaining by frequent repetition.

I wish, therefore, to say that in asserting that "Carl Schurz led at Chattanooga," Mr. Leslie Combs lies. I chose the word "led"—although with extreme reluctance and regret—upon due consideration of its meaning; for, if Mr. Leslie Combs has inquired into the facts, he must know that he is saying what is false; and, if he has made no such inquiry, then he gives with unpardonable levity the sanction of his name to a statement which is most injurious to another man's reputation, and which he does not know to be true.

I wish to add, that in saying "Mr. Leslie Combs lies," I hold myself responsible for what I say.

This may seem equivalent to a challenge, and so it is. But I do not, however, mean to fight a duel with Mr. Leslie Combs. Being a good pistol shot, I might perhaps easily kill him, which I should not like to do; or, if he is equally skillful, he might kill me—and I should be sorry to die on so trifling an occasion; or we might not hurt each other, and then it would be a farce. Besides, I am opposed to dueling on principle.

But I challenge Mr. Leslie Combs to a different kind of a contest, which will be preferable to a common duel as a test of personal courage. I invite him to the hospitality of my headquarters in the camp of the Army of the Cumberland. I will share with him my tent, my blankets, my meals; but I invite him also to accompany me personally in the next battle, and not to leave me a single moment. There Mr. Leslie Combs may determine whether he will have the heart to repeat that calumny, or whether it would not be better for him, and more honorable, to retract it.

I trust, sir, you will give this letter the same publicity which you accorded to that of Mr. Leslie Combs.

Yours respectfully,  
CARL SCHURZ.

THE RICHMOND EXAMINER ON AFFAIRS OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—The Richmond Examiner, of the 9th, says:—"It was reported that Gen. Echols had been disastrously beaten near Lewisburg, Va., but it was more than defeat—a shameful, unmitigated disgrace was permitted to befall our arms in the boasted Army of Northern Virginia.—Two whole brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia were captured on Sunday. We learned this not as rumor but as fact from such a source that we cannot question its truth. We could not learn whose brigades they were, nor even whether they were cavalry or infantry."

LYNCHBURG, Nov. 10.—The special correspondent of the Lynchburg Virginian gives the following particulars of the late fight:—"Twenty-five miles west of Lewisburg, 5,000 Yankees under Averill, who came from Beverly, attacked Johnson. The latter fell back to the point named, and was joined by Echols, and a severe fight ensued.—Our loss was heavy. We lost one piece of artillery, and saved our wagons.—Gen. Echols hearing that a force, supposed to be under Scammon, was approaching from Kanawha to cut him off, fell back toward Salt Pond Mountain, and passed through Lewisburg on Friday evening. The force expected from the Kanawha arrived the next morning."

An apparatus has been invented by Capt. Rudkin, for attachment to the discharging terminus of the worm end of a still, whether on a large or small scale, that will, with unerring certainty gauge every gallon of liquor having passed off, with the absolute gravity of alcohol, and when once adjusted, may be locked up and kept in constant use an indefinite number of years. The quantity of spirits actually manufactured is shown without a possibility of error. The days, hours, and minutes of work through all its respective changes, appear entered on the journal, and all records are carried on so that neither excise officer nor distiller can interfere with or derange the entries.—It is to be examined in Washington.

It is stated that its adoption will greatly benefit the distiller, the interests of agriculture, and would save the Excise at least \$5,000,000 annually, which is expended and lost on an army of inspectors, errors in gauging, deliberate fraud, and other consequences of false oaths, and false returns.