THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Tallmadge Block--Third story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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DRILLING.

Sweet Amy asked, with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your Captain say—
I should so like to drill you!"

"What! little one, you take command!
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing:
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this: 'Squad—Stand at ease.'"
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs:
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see;
And then, I need scarce mention,
The next command you have to give
Is this one: 'Squad attention!'

"Now, Amy, smartly after me—
(You're sure, my dear, 'twon't bore you?)
Forward—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right Dress!
There, now, I'm close before you.

"Present arms—Well! it does look odd;
You don't believe I'd trifle:
We hold our arms out just like this,
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say, 'Salute your officer!'"
"Oh, Charles, for shame! how can you?
I thought you were at some trick,
You horrid, cheating man, you!"

Charles "ordered arms" without command;
She smoothed her ruffled hair,
And pouted, frowned and blushed, and then
Said softly—"As you were!"

A Wide Awake American Before an English Audience--Bold and Timely Speech.

[From the London American.]

The reflecting men of England are concentrating their thoughts on the American question; all classes discuss it, and it is the general theme of conversation wherever men gather together. Each newspaper has its leader, and each member of Parliament has his fling at the "Bubble bursting Republic of the West." At a dinner given by Henry Wood, Esq. the large anchor and chain manufacturer of Birkenhead, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, this all absorbing subject, the American question, was the feature of the entertainment. Our Consul, Mr. Morse, made a most eloquent speech. Mr. Bell the builder of the Warrior, Mr. Gladstone, and a distinguished gentleman from Georgia, who recently left that State for his Union sentiments, and several other gentlemen joined in the animated debate between the English, the Scotch, and the Americans. Mr. George Francis Train, whose strong Union sentiments have so often been recorded in these columns, created some excitement by his attack on England's unmanly course in this ungodly rebellion, and some of his strictures were emphatically denied by some of the gentlemen present—the chairman especially—who asserted that he knew there was the most friendly feeling in this country toward America.

Some extracts from Mr. Train's speech will show the warmth of this debate.

Mr. Chairman—You are an old friend of mine, and knowing me so well, I am surprised that you call me up on street railroads when the American question is on the table. (Hear.) I admit I am good for a speech on that or any other topic, but to night I intend to sink the shop and talk the Senate chamber—suffice it to know that my success is complete (Hear and cheers.) I have run the gauntlet, with all kinds of weapons aimed at me, but have passed the Manassas Gap of English conservatism and introduced a carriage for the people—(cheers)—with colors flying and lots of money still in the treasury. (Hear and laughter.) But no more of that, let me talk on America. I thank you, Mr. Wood, and you, gentlemen, for your good wishes for peace, but we want no peace. You say England is with us, I know that she is against us, and has been from the first. (No, no.) I say yes, yes—and the question is, how much plain talking can you stand from a man who loves his wife, his children and his God, but who loves his country more than all—(loud cheers)—for a man without a country is unworthy of a wife and children, and poor God-forsaken devil, he had better die—(hear; hear,)—and this, gentlemen, is what England has recommended. (No)

England's neutrality has already cost five thousand lives. She has made a great mistake, and three months hence she will acknowledge it. Will you let me speak my mind? (Yes.) Now, I beg of you, gentlemen, not to get excited when I tell you a few startling facts to prove how unwise, how ungenerous, how dangerous has been England's so-called neutrality on the American question.

England's sympathies are with, and have been with the South, not because of hate to the North, but because she wished to see us break in two. (No.) When a man is very ill it is, to say the least of it bad taste to go and order all your mourning, for perhaps he may get well again; and I ow surprised he would be to see the notices of his death which were prepared. England's neutrality consists in standing on the platform and cheering the rebels on. Read the Secession organs of the country. Secession organs, did I say? There are no others save the Daily News, the Star, the Liverpool Post, and two or three more journals—the rest all have flags flying and canons booming to stimulate treason on to murder. The press leads the way. The Cabinet would declare war at once if it dared; and I am not sure but what the Mexican intervention is war in disguise. Read the speeches of members of Parliament to their constituents. You find them Secession to the backbone. Is there any question about Lindsay's language, or Captain Jarvis or Bulwer Lytton? I like Bulwer for his frankness and his honesty. He is no hypocrite. He talks as he thinks, and says, he hopes the country will not only break up in two, but in four pieces! It is already too powerful, and its growth sho'd be checked. England's neutrality consists in giving all her sympathy to the rebels. Suppose you and I, Mr. Chairman, were friends of forty years acquaintance, and some night on the highway a highwaymen tries to assassinate you after having stolen your money, would you not think it almost out the pale of humanity in this civilized age to have me remain neutral? or, what is still worse, to hear me cheer the thief on in his bloody work? (Chairman—It is not a fair analogy.) Analogy or not, that is England's position toward America. (No, no.) Ere many months you may have revolution in this garden island—the revolution that arises from a starving population—for is there not unmistakable signs of a corn famine in Ireland and a cotton famine in England? Suppose such to happen, and class should be arrayed against class, would you not think it damnable for America to join the rebels and cry lustily for the destruction of this proud nation, as England is continuing to cry for America's ruin. (Hear, hear and no.)

Here are the facts I wish to make known. The South has always been the enemy of England, as the North has been her friend. (Hear, and true.) Every act of hostility has emanated from that quarter. Look along our history's page. What was the non intercourse act previous to the last war but a Southern institution? Was not the embargo act and the War of 1812 itself a Southern institution? The whole north was against it, and the Hartford conventionites, to this day, are subjects of derision by the Southerners for the sympathy New England showed for Old England. (Hear and cheers.) What was the high tariff act, the twenty-five cents a yard duty on cotton, of 1816, but a Southern institution? All New England voted against Mr. Calhoun's American system. It was the same in 1820 and 1824; but the South having passed their high tariff, the North showed its enterprise by putting up cotton mills, and it was not for some years after, (1828) that the North voted for protection. Then Mr. Calhoun, in 1832, wanted to kill the bantling he had created in 1816, and because he could not succeed, started his hell-born nullification cry, which was so summarily stopped by General Jackson. What was the Mexican war but a Southern institution to get new slave lands? What were the filibustering expeditions against Cuba but Southern institutions? Where did Lopez hail from? Where did Lynch law, the Bowie knife, and the duelist originate but in the South? Is not repudiation a purely Southern institution? Who was it that showed their sympathies against England in the Russian war but the entire Democratic party, which for forty years has been a southern institution? The Whigs were with England, but the Democrats cheered the Russian arms. These are all Southern institutions, and certainly negro slavery is not an institution of the North. Where, then, does England find food for sympathy with the damned traitors in this hell born conspiracy? Was it the North or the South who sent the contributions to Ireland in their distress? (Hear, hear.) Was it the North or the South who put the flags at half-mast on the death of Havelock? and tell me, gentlemen, who received the son of your Queen with open arms, but the proud children of our northern country? Boiling over with good will to England, we took the Prince and embraced him, because we loved this old land and its mighty associations. (Cheers.) We loved to mix our history and lose it even in yours, (Cheers.) We loved your christain Queen, and showed all these things in the warm and honest reception we gave her son. (Loud cheers.) All this was in the North, but when he crossed the border into the slave country, he hastened away quickly for fear of repeated insults! Yes, gentlemen, it was in the capital of the so-called Confederate States Richmond, that the Prince of Wales feared the action of the mob, and saw for the first time that he was not welcome in the land where once his ancestors ruled. (Hear and true.] Knowing, then, that all these acts of violence and hostility against England came from the South, you can imagine the disgust of the North in reading the Times day after day, and the Telegraph, the Herald, the Chronicle, and nearly all the entire British press, encouraging the rebels on in their unchristian work! England has made a mistake—a fatal mistake: To make sure that I am not in the wrong, I am preparing a book of opinions of the press—extracts from speeches of members of Parliament and the Ministry, which will prove the hostility of England against the Federal Power.

Mr. Bell asks, how could we have done otherwise than remain neutral? But I maintain that you are not neutral. When you find two boys at blows you must not forget that while you do not enter the ring, the more you hurrah for Bill the stronger it makes him, and the more it discourages Joe. You cheer one side continually and hiss the other, and call it *neutrality*. [Hear, hear, and applause.] However, it has taught America one lesson—that is, not to put her trust in princes [laughter] but to rely on her own strong arm. It has opened her eyes to many things, but none more important than this, namely, that England may war with Russia, France and Austria, and all Europe may be blazing away with the flash of musketry, the clang of armor, and the sound of cannon, without America being affected. But when America, desirous of showing off her military nature, gets up a little national sham fight within her own borders in three months' time with a million of soldiers, fires off a million of rifles, discharges a million of revolvers, and has her artillery booming on every hill—I say, when the American people, in the absence of foreign war, get up a grand review and kill ten thousand traitors on the *Champs de Mars* of the Potomac, all the world tremblingly stoops to gaze, and all the world's commerce becomes deranged. [Hear, hear.] Europe may fight, but America cares not. America plays with fire arms to keep her hand in and Europe is pale for fear, for it has come to pass that the commerce of the United States with Europe sums up each year *one hundred millions of pounds sterling!* Stop this commerce for twelve months, and millions here are thrown out of employment. [Hear.] Even my friend Mr. Wood, will feel it; in the absence of orders from the shipyards of the North. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] I have listened with earnestness to the bold words of Mr. Morse. I meet him to-night for the first time; and I congratulate, at last, our people at having a live Consul to represent them in London. [Cheers.] We have had enough of dead men, God knows. [Cheers.] His Union sentiments are refreshing. Now we shall have no more treason hatching in the American consulates of England. His predecessor was buying muskets all the time—so it was at Liverpool, and so was it with the Paris Embassy—the flag was outraged, the consuls and the ministers are guilty of high treason, and should suffer the doom of traitors.

No man dared to speak out until the Russian Ambassador arrived. I indorse every word of Cassius M. Clay, and wish all our representatives were equally national! I say I welcome our new Consul, and give him a cordial shake of the hand over his brave, bold words for the land I love; and you, too, my eloquent friend from Georgia—whose name shall not go into the papers, for I would not have your children who remain in the State suffer for your love of the Union—you, too, we welcome for your honest defense of the Nation. You have astonished many present by your graphic description of affairs in the South. I knew it must be so; I knew that the Southern country was full of Union men, who will spring around the flag the moment our forces land in Savannah! [Yes, and cheers.] Secession in your part of the country is fashionable; no wonder the fair Southern Ladies are enraged; for all their crinoline was used long ago, and they do not make it in the South. [Laughter.] How can they be out of fashion? They believed that Mrs. Davis would hold levees in Washington, they believed that Mr. Walker would raise the traitor's flag on the capitol, but when the truth breaks upon them, what a sensation of shame awaits them; for it must be a terrible thing to realize that they have been the wives and daughters and sisters who have made red so many battle fields. It looks to me, I am sorry to say, as though the rebellion was nearly dead—the war nearly over. [Oh.] I want it to last another year. [Oh, and no.] I want Europe and England to know us better, and another year's war will best explain our strength. I have a policy of my own. Away with free trade these distracted days. Let England have her own laws and let America have hers. You may not agree with me—few people do—[laughter]—but nevertheless I have opinions, and will express them, even if the distinguished archangel who got put out of Court on a memorable occasion had his carriage at the door. [Cheers and laughter.] Here is my platform: Take Japan and China for a model; that is, live a few years by ourselves; (cheers;] clap an export duty on our cotton and tobacco, and double the Morrill tariff. (Oh, and no, no.] Destroy the port of Charleston—make a Sebastopol of its forts and block up its channels, and give Beautort or Savannah all its commerce. Partition the State and inkblot her name out of the map. [Hear.] Build the Pacific railroad and establish a line of swift steamers between San Francisco and China. Make New York the stock market of the world. Establish military schools, have a decent army—it looks respectable when you want a review. [Laughter.] Augment the navy, and give Spain a hammering for her impudence in landing in St. Domingo. [Hear.] Wait till she gets into Mexico, under the guarantee of France and England, and gets the military roads built: then let Northern and Southern army close up & take Cuba as a dependency, and carry out the Monroe doctrine. [Hear, hear.] We want more room. [Laughter.] We are getting cramped and crowded, and we must have an outlet for the rush of emigrants that will pour into the country when we declare peace. Put a discriminating duty on, shutting out English goods, if England continues to side with the rebels.

Don't get alarmed, gentlemen, you know it is all fun. (Loud Laughter] You know you call me eccentric, and I must keep this illusion. [Hear, hear and laughter.] England has slept in the middle of the bed long enough! [Loud Laughter.] The times are changing. The speck on the horizon is already bigger than an ox-cart. (Laughter.) The fires of free opinions have been smouldering in Europe for nearly fifteen years. Poor Poland is in sackcloth and ashes! Hungary sleeps awakingly, and will shortly spring upon the enemy's camp, when Caprera's chief will land in Venice. France groans under a disordered commerce and a diseased finance. Europe has enough to look after without troubling herself with America. Let America lock her gates for a while—economize—buy no foreign fabrics—live within herself—manufacture her own cotton, and take the profit we have so long given to England. Our strength is shown by this contest. Six hours of such rebellion would have changed a dynasty in France; six days in Austria, or Prussia, or Spain. Six weeks without a Ministry would capsize the English Constitution, but after six months of preparation America begins to show her strength.

It was a clever move of the President in this great national game of chess, to give up Fort Sumper—always give a castle to checkmate your opponent. [Hear, hear.] The Cabinet done nobly; Seward upheld our foreign relations, and proved himself the man we knew he was. So has Chase; and Welles, with his five hundred ship of war, armed to the teeth; and Cameron, too, with his half a million of fighting men [Hear and cheers.] I don't believe the reports of corruption in the departments; they are circulated by rebel spies and enemies of the country. I have faith in Seward, and Cameron, and Welles, and Chase, and know the President is an honest man. (Loud cheers.) I like the strong measures of the Administration. In times like these, one cannot do things too firmly. Act first, and apologize afterward—strain a point in the Constitution, if necessary, to save a nation—over with spies—down with the traitorous woman—down with the vile hordes who infest the country with their treason—macadamize Fort Lafayette with the best bones of the land, if they have crystalized into patricides.

The civil power is nothing when a country is to be saved. Give us martial law—overboard with Habeas Corpus Act, and command obedience with the sword and the gallows. Yes, gentlemen, to put down treason I would put on the thumb-screw. Out with the guillotine—raise the inquisition and enforce the law, at whatever cost of money or men. Break up the printing press—shut the mouth that dares to breathe against the "Army of the Constitution." Who thinks of saving brush and comb, sponge and towel, when the house is in flames? Who stops for overcoat and carpetsacks when the ship is in the breakers? Who thinks of wearing white kids when shells are exploding in the drawing room? Let the Administration save the nation and overlooked any little thing that may have been omitted. (Hear, hear.)

Christians hate Iscariot, Romans despise Catiline, Americans loathe the name of Arnold. So will the Southern pirate chieftains in their exile be marked with contempt by the patriots of the Constitution! Separation is impossible! Annihilation absurd! Who ever heard of twenty millions being annihilated? America must change her policy, be more republican, (laughter.) less aristocrat, overcome our modesty, and not be too religious about forms. America fights with her own men—our soldiers go to battle for glory, law, liberty—Europeans fight for pay. Ours is a volunteer army; we have no Hessians or hired battalions.

Our thirty million loan, so readily taken by our people, is nothing to what we can do. England spends that sum every year on army and navy. The days of Perry, and Decatur, and Paul Jones are to be revived. The fleets are off—a new set of tactics—take Hatteras. Send back the North Carolina troops! telegraphs the Governor. Take Savannah! Send back the Georgian regiments! telegraphs the General in command to Beauregard. Take New Orleans! Send back the Louisiana contingent, and shortly Beauregard is left high and dry without an army, having reduced Virginia to a desert, like a vineyard destroyed by locusts. Where is Beauregard?—alone, uncared for, forgotten. Where is Davis?—ill in mind, ill in body, the shattered frame battling with diseased brain and the seared conscience. The North flourishes amid the clash of arms—stocks rising, bullion increasing, ships launching, factories building, corn shipping, while the South is paralyzed, and England and the world wondering where it is all to end. Why do consols droop day after day unless there is some terrible secret in Downing street? Why does France borrow two millions on the Bank of England unless France is about to lead an army somewhere? Verily the times are changing, and it may turn out that America is not only the richest country, but possesses one half the common sense, three-fourths the enterprise, and seven-eighths the beauty of the world.—[Laughter and loud applause.)

☞ At the late "Presidential Election" in Secessia, Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens were re-elected President and Vice President for a term of six years.

Army Correspondence.

CAMP MOORE, Near Danville, Boyle Co., Ky., November 26, 1861.

EDITORS GAZETTE: The 17th is camped upon a beautiful eminence two miles south of Danville. The 30th is camped near town. I suppose that the people of Fairfield have heard of the disastrous march of this division from London to Crab Orchard. While the Union people of East Tennessee and Northern Alabama were patiently looking for the appearance of Federal troops, Gen. Thomas conceived the bold idea of advancing into the "Blue Grass" region. His retreat is well known, and Gen. Zollicoffer has now another opportunity for a raid into Kentucky. But red tape is omnipotent, and "Blue Grass" must be protected even against imaginary enemies. Columbia is, I believe, the nearest point where the enemy is in force. We will leave soon for Lebanon, the junction of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. We are well pleased with the way affairs are working in other quarters. The capture of Slidell and Mason & the fall of Beaufort are events that will cheer the hearts of Union men everywhere. The slaveholders in this region do not seem to fear that their "contrabands" are in any danger, for some of them are in camp every day.

The paymaster made his welcome appearance the other day and settled our little accounts with Uncle Samuel. Capt. Stinchcomb's company sent home fourteen hundred dollars.

In looking over the forces now in the field, we are surprised at the magnitude of the struggle, and on what apparently small events hang the destiny of the nation. Bonapart, with Soult, Ney, Lannes, and a host of other subordinate officers were overthrown on the ensanguined field of Waterloo by the treachery of Grouchy. Later the world stood appalled by the array of armies around Sebastopol. The Tchernaya ran red with blood, the heights of Alma and the valley of Inkerman, were the scene of dreadful slaughter. Still later, Francis Joseph staked his throne with the emperor of the French. Magenta, Palestro, and Solferino decided the conflict and stayed the strife. Southern demagogues, intent upon the disintegration of the American Republic, and the perpetuation of slavery, inaugurated civil war. Sumter fell, the tocsin of war sounded through the land, and the North from the bleak hills of Maine to the prairies of Kansas answered the call. Half a million of men are ready to avenge their slaughtered brethren and vindicate the "Stars and Stripes. The South in this suicidal rebellion has arrayed her brave, but misguided hosts against us. The magnitude of the struggle and issues at stake are indeed great. Let us cherish the hope that under the guidance of our ruler, the strife now raging will result in the supremacy of law and order over despotism, and place our honored flag over every foot of American soil.

J. P. SAIN.

The Enemy's Condition--Military Positions in Virginia.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25.

THE REBEL EXHAUSTION.

Robert J. Walker, who is here, asserts with great positiveness that the rebel treasury will completely break down before next March, and that the rebellion will by that time prove an utter failure. Mr. Walker has had an extensive experience in the South, and understands the capabilities of the rebel States as well as any public man not engaged in the rebellion. Other Southern men here assert that while he does not underrate the material resources of the South, he does not give full credit to their desperate energy and bitter hatred of the North. Prominent Kentuckians, who are unquestioned friends of the Union and the Government say that from their knowledge of Southern character, they are convinced that it will take two or three great victories upon the battle field to cure the rebels of their folly. They assert that the South cannot be starved into good citizenship; but that anything which shall convince the great mass of Southern people of their inferiority on the field of battle, will plunge them instantly in the depths of despair.

THEY MUST BE WHIPPED INTO ORDER.

Up to the time of the success of the naval expedition at Port Royal, the Southern people were proudly confident of their power to sink our entire navy, if an attempt should be made to attack their forts with our ships. A panic suddenly followed the Government success, and it is running all over the South. The Southern people have the same blind confidence in their troops. The latest Southern newspapers are filled with boasts of the superior courage and ability of the rebel troops. The successes of the rebel arms in Eastern Virginia have led many Southern people to suppose that the rebel troops are really better fighters than the Government soldiers. They must be disabused of this idea before they will acknowledge the Government. The view taken by Mr. Walker very generally obtains in Washington. Everything passes so quietly that some of our people imagine that the rebels are about ready to flock in and lay down their arms. No man in America believes less in this theory than General McClellan. He believes that the rebels must be soundly thrashed—beaten on the field—before the rebellion will succumb. It is because he has an adequate idea of the immense power of the rebellion, that he takes his own time to meet it in the field. Those who urge him prematurely on do not comprehend the difficulties in the way, nor comprehend the terrible risks of another defeat. Gen. McClellan says proudly that he does not mean to give battle to the enemy until he considers success to be reasonably certain.

THE ARMY.

Two more Brigadier-Generals are about to be made at the War Department, making in all one hundred and thirteen now in the pay of the Government.

Before the pay of the troops across the river and on the side arrived, which was but a day or two since, the number of drunken soldiers picked up on the streets by the Provost Marshal numbered on the average but four per day. Since pay day the number has run up above two hundred and one day as high as two hundred and seventy-four. These singular facts have arrested the attention of the Government, and, if possible, some arrangements will be made to obviate the evil effects of a postponement of pay-day. It is found to be very much better to pay off the regiments often than it is to allow two or three months to pass away; at the end of which time the men have no control over themselves, and very many throw away their entire earnings.

Interesting from Beaufort--The Savannah River Commanded by Our Forces.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28—The steamer Illinois, from Port Royal on the 25th, P. M., brings the mails and 74 passengers, also several prisoners. The steamer Flag arrived at Port Royal on the 24th, and reported that Tybee Island was shelled by the Pocahontas, Seneca, Augusta and Flag, which met little or no response. A force of marines was sent on shore and found it evacuated. They took possession, hoisting the American flag. Tybee Island is at the mouth of the Savannah river.

Contrabands continue to arrive at Port Royal in large numbers.

General Sherman had built intrenchments across the whole island.

Sore throats prevailed among the troops.

Large quantities of cotton were still being found in store-houses and barns, mostly uninjured.

Another expedition, consisting of two brigades, under General Nicle, would sail from Port Royal for the Southern coast.

Beaufort is still unoccupied by our troops, but two gunboats were anchored off the town.

The schooner Essex arrived at Hilton Head. She reports being chased and fired at by a privateer several times between St. Helena sound and Hilton Head.

Affairs at Fort Pickens.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Post, mentioned that the Secessionists in Washington and Baltimore were on Sunday last much cast down at the news of the rebel losses at Pensacola. It is known that these persons have extraordinary means of information, and generally have knowledge of important events occurring in the South in advance even of the Government. It seems that on this occasion, too, they were well informed. The telegraph brings us accounts to-day of affairs at Pensacola, in which not only Fort Pickens but also several of our ships are said to have taken part.—That the rebel accounts are very meager is something in our favor, and when we remember, beside, that, according to our correspondent, the Washington Secessionists are cast down at the result, we may feel sure that our arms have fully sustained themselves and inflicted loss on the enemy, in the Gulf.

Colonel Brown, the Commandant of Pickens, has long been ready for the rebels; and felt himself able not only to repel an assault, but also to drive them out of their works.

A gentlemen of this city writes us, on this point, as follows: "I dined with Colonel Brown in Fort Pickens about ten weeks ago; and he showed me, from the parapet of the fort, after dinner, in what manner and by what means he could without great difficulty, drive the enemy out of every one of his works. But he said it would take seven thousand five hundred men to hold the shore works against the rebels, and until the Government was ready to occupy Pensacola, it was of no use to waste powder and shot on Bragg. Col. Brown, therefore, did not mean to fire unless first attacked. In that case he proposed to return the fire of the enemy and show him his power."

Whether that part of the great naval expedition which did not enter Port Royal, sailed to Fort Pickens, and whether, with his aid, Colonal Brown began offensive operations, is not yet known; but we may be sure that the gallant commandant will give a good account of himself when ever the time comes for action.

THE FOOD OF AN ARMY.—The Union forces, regulars and volunteers, now in the field and in the course of organization, amount, in round numbers, to six hundred and fifty thousand men. It may be interesting to know what an army of this strength will consume in the course of a month. We, therefore, append the following figures, which are strictly correct:

14,625,000 lbs. of pork, or 24,375 pounds of fresh beef; 36,994 barrels of flour; 48,750 bushels of beans, or 1,950,000 lbs. of rice; 1,950,000 pounds of coffee; 2,892,000 pounds of sugar; 195,000 gallon of vinegar; 12,549 bushels of salt; 8,580,000 lbs. of potatoes.

SAW-BUCK RANGERS.—The boys of Batavia, in Clermont county, have formed a company of what they designate 'Saw Buck Rangers.' The purpose is to saw the wood of all the wives whose husbands are in the army.

Miscellany.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

Dress plainly—the thinnest soap bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

Marry if you would prosper: a pair are always four-handed—an individual never.

A man's life is too long when he outlives his character, his health and his estate.

Men should be like wine they should grow better as they grow older.

Some men's mouths seem to be like the dikes of Holland—made to keep out water.

If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.

If a woman is truly beautiful, let not her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.

We are apt to be partial to our own observations—probably for the observer's sake.

Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

Shut not up a brood of evil passions in your bosom; like enraged serpents they will bite their cage.

To a lover there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

If you have gone so far as to cut a lion's claws, you had better not feel secure till you have drawn his teeth.

Those who are always peering into the affairs of their neighbors constitute a very mean sort of peerage.

A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim, "what an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace over dress."

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit; lives without love, and dies without tears.

Down East they put a fellow in jail for swindling. The audacious chap had dried snow, and sold it for salt.

Men who endeavor to look fierce by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-em-scare em fellows.

That wondrous book, whose leaves are the strata of rocks, waited six thousand years for readers.

A chemist, however witless away from his business, is, when at it, never without his retort.

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time;" now with the aid of sewing machines, they take one in time.

You may speak out more plainly to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Persons live uncommonly long at Brighton. There are two men there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

We like to see a noisy mountain brook put its broad shoulders ever and anon to the wheel of a mill, and show that it can labor as well as laugh.

Mahomet undoubtedly understood how to raise troops for his wars, and to make them fight. He ordained that the soldier who performed any signal exploit in battle should not be refused, during the whole expedition, whatever his age or deformity, a kiss from any woman that he chose to ask for it.

Later from Port Royal.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Letters from Port Royal, report that an expedition left on the 24th to St. Helena, and without striking a blow took the enemy's work. Guns had been carried inland.

Another expedition to the interior was on its way.

It was reported there were 14,000 rebels at Hardinsville, 20 miles from Hilton's Head, under General Drayton, most of them impressed men.

The rebels are also said to be concentrating a force at Bluffton.

Appearances indicate that the planters are determined to burn their crops, on the appearance of our troops or gunboats.

The rebels' guns at Braddock's Point, the extreme southerly end of Hilton Head Island, have been unspiked, and are now in readiness for use by our forces.

A LONG ARMY.—Men marching in files are usually a little more than three feet apart; horses, whether in cavalry or artillery, need twelve feet; a wagon in a train, with four horses, occupies fifty feet. Now, if the army of the Potomac was in line, moving on a narrow country road, with cavalry four abreast, and men in files of four, accompanied by all the wagons and ambulances and ammunition trains, it would reach from Wheeling to Piedmont, on the Baltimore & Ohio R. R a distance of about one hundred and seventy miles. Think of that!

WHAT IS DESERTION?—Owing to the fact that many soldiers have been induced to leave the companies into which they had been sworn and join others, the Adjutant General has addressed a letter to an officer who had been practicing this unfair method of procuring recruits, declaring that for a soldier to enlist in any regiment, troop or company, without a regular discharge from his proper regiment, troop or company, is desertion, punishable with death in time of war. To induce, or persuade him to such desertion, or even to advise him to it, is also punishable with death. For failing to confine or deliver up such deserter, a commissioned officer is to be cashiered.

☞ The Southern authorities are advertising for saltpeter, at 35 cents per pound. But neither salt nor saltpeter will save them.