

THE GOODHUE VOLUNTEER

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION, FIRST, LAST, AND ALL THE TIME.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 49.

RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1862

WHOLE NUMBER 311

The Goodhue Volunteer

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
BY
PARKER & ALLEN,
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 per annum
strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Line	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
10 lines or less make a square.	\$1.50	\$1.25	\$1.00	\$0.75	\$0.50	\$0.25	\$0.10	\$0.05	\$0.02	\$0.01
11 to 20 lines	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75	0.50	0.25	0.10	0.05	0.02
21 to 30 lines	3.50	2.75	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75	0.50	0.25	0.10	0.05
31 to 40 lines	4.50	3.50	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75	0.50	0.25	0.10
41 to 50 lines	5.50	4.25	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75	0.50	0.25
51 to 60 lines	6.50	5.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75	0.50
61 to 70 lines	7.50	5.75	4.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00	0.75
71 to 80 lines	8.50	6.50	4.50	4.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50	1.00
81 to 90 lines	9.50	7.25	5.00	4.50	4.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00	1.50
91 to 100 lines	10.50	8.00	5.50	5.00	4.50	4.00	3.50	3.00	2.50	2.00

DEAD ADVERTISEMENTS, 40 cts. per sq. for first insertion, 25 cts. each subsequent insertion. Advertisements set in double column, 1/2 price additional.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, continued advertisements quarterly and legal advertisements monthly the day of sale.
Business Cards, (six lines), \$6 per year. All advertisements continued until ordered out.

JAMES H. PARKER. WM. G. ALLEN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. W. PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA

JAMES H. PARKER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.

C. & J. C. McCLURE,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.

J. F. PINGREY,
Attorney & Counselor at Law.
RED WING MINN.

FRANK IVES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

GEORGE W. RUTHERFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
ROSCOE, GOODHUE COUNTY.

W. E. HAWKINS,
Painter, Glazier
AND
PAPER HANGER.

FURNITURE.
On Bush Street, near the Red Wing House.

G. R. STERLING & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
LEATHER & SHOE FINDINGS.

C. BERG,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
A full assortment of
READY MADE CLOTHING

THE CELEBRATED
EAGLE
PANNING MILL.

City Bakery,
ON BUSH STREET, NEAR RED WING HOUSE.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY HATTIE GERMAN.

Over the river—the deep, dark river,
Came a messenger grim,
And surmounted our Alice—our gentle Alice,
To hasten and go with him;
On her breast we folded her snowy hands,
And robed her in spotless white,
And he bore her over the turbid stream,
To the far-off realm of light.

Oh, there's a beautiful, beautiful realm,
Beyond that flowing river,
Where streams of perpetual blissfulness
Flow on, and forever;
And Alice—our darling Alice has gone,
To that blessed blessed land,
While on the verge of the fathomless stream,
With tear-blinded eyes we stand!

Oh, yes, we weep, though we know she is freed
From pains and sorrows of earth;
We weep for the sweet loved voice that we'll
never hear
We weep at our family hearth!
We'll miss our dear over the river
Before we enter the land
Where the fragrant flowers of joy and love
In fadeless beauty expand!

By-and-by a voice will call, and a hand
Will beckon us over the river,
In the unseen world, where partings and tears
Are known no more forever!
Ah, a happy land is the realm of light.
And Alice has gone before,
To welcome us after a little while,
On its ever-tranquil shore!

ANTHONY TROLLOPE ON AMERICA.

Mrs. Francis Trollope, some thirty years ago, wrote a spicy and spiteful book on America. Her son, the novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope, had long thought of writing a work about the United States. Last year he visited us for the purpose, and extended his travels to Minnesota, where he spent considerable time principally in the country. The New York Evening Post makes many extracts from the proof sheets of his book, but we have only room from the following. Here is Mr. Trollope's sketch of the WESTERN PIONEER FARMER.

But yet this man has his romance, his high poetic feeling, and above all his manly dignity. Visit him and you will find him without coat or waistcoat, unshorn, in ragged blue trousers and old flannel shirt, too often bearing on his lantern jaws the signs of age, and sickness; but he will stand upright before you and speak to you with all the ease of a lettered gentleman in his own library. All the odious incivility of the republican servant has been banished. He is his own master, standing on his own threshold, and finds no need to assert his equality by rudeness. He is delighted to see you and bids you sit down on his battered bench without dreaming of any such apology as an English cotter offers to a Lady Bountiful when she calls.

He has worked out his independence and shows it in every easy movement of his body. He tells you of it unconsciously in every tone of his voice. You will always find in his cabin some newspapers, some books, some tokens of advance in education. When he questions you about the old country he astonishes you by the extent of his knowledge. I defy you not to feel that he is superior to the race from whence he has sprung in England or in Ireland. To me, I confess that the manliness of such a man is very charming. He is dirty and perhaps squalid. His children are sick and he is without comforts. His wife is pale, and you think you see shortness of life written in the faces of all the family. But over and above it there is an independence which sits gracefully on his shoulders, and teaches you at the first glance that the man has a right to assume himself to be your equal.

It is quite noticeable that whenever Mr. Trollope makes a direct comparison between the Englishman and the American, in nine cases out of ten it is in favor of the latter. He indeed assumes that the Englishman or Englishwoman, with a competent income and an assured place in society, is better and better off than anybody else in the world. But when it comes to the great masses, the case is quite the reverse. Here are a few passages, taken almost at random from quite different parts of his work:

"The one thing in which, as far as my judgment goes, the people of the United States excel us Englishmen, so as to justify them in taking to themselves praise which we cannot take to ourselves, or refuse to them, is the matter of education, and unprivileged population, wealth and intelligence have been the results; and with these, looking at the whole mass of the people—I think I am justified in saying—unrivaled comfort and happiness. It is not that you my reader, to whom in this matter of education fortune and your parents have probably been bountiful, would have been more happy in New York than London. It is not that I, who, at least can read and write, have caused to wish myself an American. But it is this: if you and I can count on in a day all those on whom our eyes may rest, and learn the circumstances of their lives, we shall be driven to conclude that nine tenths of that number would have had a better life as Americans than they can have in their spheres as Englishmen.

If a man can forget his own miseries in his enjoyments, and think of the people he comes to see rather than of himself, I think he will find himself driven to admit that education has made life for the million in the northern States better than life for the million in us.

I must confess that in going from

the States into Canada, an Englishman is struck by the feeling that he is going from a richer country into one that is poorer, and from a greater country into one that is less.

I could not enter Canada without seeing and hearing and feeling that there was less of enterprise around me than in the States—less of general movement, and less of commercial success. To say why this is so would require a long and very difficult discussion, and one which I am not prepared to hold. It may be that a dependent country, let the feeling of dependence be ever so much modified by powers of self-governance, cannot hold its own against countries which are in all respects their own masters.

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy jugs, cigar boxes, boot-jacks, absconding hirt-boutons whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, hand-boxes, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, little willow chairs, cradles, pap, sugar teats, paragonie, live syrup, soothing syrup, senna, salts, squills, and doctor's bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more live syrup, etc. etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught.

I was always the darndest, most teacustard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approach me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one. T'wasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knot hole, I couldn't look at one long enough.

Well, my sister Lib, gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house, whistling Old Dan Tucker, dancing to keep my feet warm; and watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, I concluded to slip up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I quickly found myself snug in bed. "Now," says I, "let her rip! dance till your wind gives out!" and cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs, and stewed tripe, and was having a good time when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up "Rapped" again. I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside.

"Rap, rap!"
Then Lib sings out—
"Jack, are you in there?"
"Yes," says I.
Then came a roar of laughter!
"Let us in," says she.
"I won't," says I, "can't you let a fellow alone?"
"Are you a-bed?" says she.
"I am," says I.
"Get up," says she.
"I won't," says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" I cried.
"Can't you get a bean without hauling in a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't—so you may clear out!" Then throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But, presently oh! mortal buttons, I heard a still small voice, very much like sister Lib's and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are in there!"
Oh, lord, what a pickle! I think of me in bed! all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I would have fainted on the spot. As it was I rolled out among the bonnet wire and ribbons in a hurry.

"Smash!" went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peek—and the way I tumbled about was death on straw hats. The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my leg-horn cries one," "my dear darling winter velvet," cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms right around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that and I give her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar till the Fourth of July.

"Jack," says she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"
"Yes," said I, "I will." I did it and had another smack at the gate, too.

After that, we took a turtle-dove after each other, and both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

were preparing them for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated baglog, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters, grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow notes of a distant jaekass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullein stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious orders of hen-roosts and pig-styes. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman shone through a knot-hole in the hog-pen full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair with an orange peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to a bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my Auburn locks of jet black hue; she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccupps, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan—
"Will you have me?"
She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heavens and the blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said,
"Yes!"

She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap—She corkscrawed and I corkscrawed and rolled in it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she had eaten the week before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced every night for four weeks, how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks.

The night, the company, and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kerslap on the oil-cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cursed fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail.

A NEW IRON-CLAD WAR STEAMER.

Jersey City is the birth place of a new iron vessel, the keel of which was laid there yesterday—the work of construction having been secured by the Colwell foundry. The new vessel will be built on the plan of the Monitor; the hull of the best quality of flange iron, three-quarters of an inch thick, butted and strapped every six feet; the bulwarks of a series of vertical blocks of oak; and the turret composed of eleven plates in thickness which are to measure through eleven inches. The top of the turret is formed of wrought iron plates, half an inch thick, resting on forged beams and railway bars; the pilot house to be on the top of the turret, and entered by an aperture in its roof. This pilot-house is to be six feet in diameter. The turret is intended for two 15-inch Dahlgren guns, and will revolve around a fixed centre column of wrought iron twelve inches in diameter, and its rotation will, by means of ingenious machinery, be controlled by the gunner while he is looking over his gun. The impregnable smoke-pipe, in height eight feet and inside forty-six inches, will be composed of six plates of iron, riveted together in such a manner as to effectually break the joints. The engines will consist of two cylinders, forty inches in diameter and twenty-two inches in stroke, combined in one piece.

The vessel, which will contain many improvements, suggested by the experience of the Monitor, will be of the following general dimensions.

Extreme length over armor, 200 feet; extreme length of proper, on water line, 190 feet; length outside of stem and stern-post, 159 feet; extreme beam over armor, 46 feet; breadth of beam of boat proper (moulded) 37 feet 8 inches; depth of hold amidships, from top beams to skin, 11 feet 10 inches; crown of deck amidships, 5 inches; shear of deck, measured on gunwale, 12 inches; distance from stem to extreme end of boat proper, 16 feet 8 inches; distance from stem to extreme end of armor forward, 16 feet 8 inches; distance from stern-post to extreme end of boat aft, 20 feet 3 inches; distance from stern-post to extreme end of armor aft, 25 feet.

She will cost \$400,000, and is to be delivered in five months, fully equipped for sea service, excepting ordnance, coal, guns, and ammunition. The Government has prohibited the use of any foreign iron in the vessel, so she will be a purely American production.

—N. Y. Post.

A GOOD GUESS ABOUT MEXICO.

Charles Francis Train is still amusing the people of England by his spread-eagle, and, considering the circumstances, rather impudent though clever speeches. He holds forth once a week and always succeeds in creating a sensation by his extreme Yankee views and the peculiar way of stating them. The last London American contains a speech on the Mexican imbroglio by Mr. Train, which is likely to attract no little attention from a very remarkable prediction it contains concerning the probable fate of the French army in Mexico. It is embraced in the following extract:

"France has gone to Mexico. Orizaba is seventy miles from the shore. The next station is La Puebla, where we shall hear from the army by the mail due here on Saturday, which left Vera Cruz on the 27th of April. Juarez will fight in the mountains. Guerilla warfare is a Mexican patent. France is in a singular position away inland—no reinforcements—yellow fever in the camp—guerrillas on all sides—England and Spain hostile—100 miles from Mexico! Good gracious, what a position! The French army has been sent there to perish—to be sacrificed in order to allure France to the proper pitch of enthusiasm to send reinforcements. (Cheers.) For to-day the invasion meets with no favor in the army—the navy—or with the people. All are against it—all oppose. The *Siccle La Presse* the *Opinion Nationale*, and half the journals of France, England, France, and Spain signed a contract to do a certain thing. (Hear.) If England is right in returning, France is wrong. If France is right in remaining, England is wrong. (Applause.) Prim English press are all cheering France on to destruction. Is England trying to get France into a war with America? The way to win your game of chess is not to smash the table. (Hear.) I mentioned that France must have a reverse in Mexico to arouse the French. That is the way Palmerston managed the Chinese affair. Remember the Peiho! How easy after that it was to send out ships, and troops and cannon, and add £10,000,000 to the taxes. (Hear.) Palmerston understands the people. He can eject a Parliament any time on any war, anywhere! unless it should happen that the people are hungry!"

These remarks were made by me in a speech on the 26th day of May last, before the slightest hint was given in the Mexican news known in England to warrant a speculation on the probable fate of the French army. Had Mr. Train claimed to be a trance medium this guess would have made his fortune, for it proved correct even to the locality of the apprehended disaster.

"CALIFORNIA JOE."

This celebrated sharpshooter of Berdan's regiment is still picking off the rebels in front of Richmond. A late letter says:
Speaking of California Joe, I must here be pardoned a digression in stating a fact about him that never yet has found its way into type. Bachelor that he is, and rough of exterior, he has a heart as big as an ox, "trudely stamped and wanting love's majesty." Shortly after joining the regiment he drew up his will, giving, in case of his death in battle, \$60,000—on deposit in the Merchants' Bank, Philadelphia—to the widows and orphans of those of the regiment killed during the war. I was told this fact by an officer of the regiment who witnessed the will.

And here is an incident of which he is the hero:—our General was today near one of the brigades, giving directions about the work. A rebel sharpshooter had been amusing himself and annoying the general and other officers by firing several times in that direction, and sending the bullets whistling in unwelcome proximity to their heads.

"My man, can't you get your piece on that fellow who is firing on us, and stop his impertinence?" asked the General.
"I think so," replied Joe; and he brought his telescopic rifle to a horizontal position.
"Do you see him?" inquired the General.
"I do."
"How far is he away?"
"Fifteen hundred yards."
"Can you fetch him?"
"I'll try."

And Joe did try. He brought his piece to a steady aim, pulled the trigger and sent the bullet whizzing on its experimental tour, the officers meanwhile looking through their field glasses. Joe hit the fellow in the leg or foot; he went hobbling up the hill on one leg and two hands in a style of locomotion that was amusing. Our General was so tickled—there is no better word—at the style and velocity of this fellows retreat, that it was some time before he could get command of his risibles sufficiently to thank Joe for what he had done.

The rebel artillery have been planted on the side of the hill, across the Chickabombay, and a gun was pulled out on an excavation in the hill; but very soon two of the gunners were killed and three wounded by some of Berdan's men. This compelled the abandonment of the gun.

STATE POLITICS.

Never since the foundation of the government, has there been a time when so weighty a responsibility rested upon every American citizen as at the present time. Our country demands our entire solicitude and our unceasing efforts to restore it to its wonted peace and prosperity. To save the Union and perpetuate it through untroubled centuries of lasting and permanent peace should be the great object of every loyal citizen. The duty of political parties is plain; like that of individuals they are in duty bound to make every consideration subsidiary to that of the country.

We had hoped that an exciting partisan strife on either side of the coming fall, would be avoided. But the late movements of the Democracy plainly indicate that an unfeeling and very injudicious contest is before us. They have inaugurated it and must be held responsible for doing so.

What is the duty of Republicans under existing circumstances is the question to be decided.
To us the way appears plain. We must meet our adversaries and go before the people of the State upon a Republican Union platform. The principle issue to be decided at the ballot-box at the approaching election from present indications, will be Union or no Union; country or no country. There is no dodging it; this will be the real issue, though it will be made up in different language.

Therefore, it will not be difficult for the people to decide, which side they will join.
Opposition to the Administration and the preservation of slavery will be the work of the democracy. Who will aid them in such endeavors.
Lake City Times.

A SUCCESSFUL AMAZON.

A private letter, which the Boston Courier copies, from Clarkburg, Va., tells of the capture of a formidable character—certainly a very unsafe companion for a person devoted to the Union to sit up with. The letter says:
We also captured a very desperate woman, by the name of Jenny Green and sent her under guard to Wheeling. She is only about 18 or 20 years of age and not bad looking; she lived about 30 miles from here, and told Gen. Kelly that she cut all his telegraph when he was up the Kanawha, and she'd "be d—d if she wouldn't do it again." She has been in the habit of visiting the rebel camps, rides a fine horse, carries a pistol, revolver, and a handsome revolving rifle, presented to her by some rebel officers, and with which she boasts she has killed a great many d—d Yankees. She is said to be an unerring shot, and can put a bullet through the ace of clubs, at a distance of one hundred yards, nine times out of ten. She has been pursued many times but has made her escape by the fleetness of her horse, and, when obliged where escape seemed impossible, would cause her horse to leap the most horrible ravines, and plunge over rocks where the soldiers dare not follow her. She was taken by strategy and sent to Wheeling once before, and imprisoned; but by the intercession of some secession ladies there Gen. Rosecrans released her on parole. When brought before the captain of the company who arrested her, the captain said: "Well, Miss Jenny, you are come to visit us again;" to which she replied with a terrible oath, and snatched a rifle from one of the guards, discharging it at the captain in an instant; but he saw the movement and struck up the muzzle of the gun, and the ball passed through his cap, just grazing his head.

A DEAR LITTLE REBEL WIDOW.

We have received a magnificent magnolia blossom from a beautiful and charming young widow of Nashville, who tells us that, although she is a terrible rebel she is an admirer of ours, and that, if we will visit Nashville, she will not spit in our face, as some Nashville trölpel lately threatened to do, but give us a cordial welcome to her home.

Sweet widow, we thank you. If there are any created beings more charming than the angels, it must be according to our notion, be young widows. You are a widow after our own heart, and we acknowledge you have got it. We will soon pass an hour with you, and if we do not make you loyal the first half hour, we will agree to be a rebel the last half. We slept last night with your great, fragrant blossom on our bedside, and we hardly need tell you that our dreams were a blending of flowers, and music, and birds, and stars, and love, and moonlight, and paradise, and kisses, and witches, and widows—Louisville Journal.

Ten snakes stone feet at Charleston is said to be mostly broken up—whole sides of ships have floated ashore. The steamer Planter, recently run out of Charleston, found 18 feet of water on the bar. The sands and channels there are as slippery as Floyd's. Doubtless the navigation will soon be in a good order as ever, if not better. Nature is a formidable antagonist.

EMIGRATION.

The passage of the Homestead law by Congress has had the effect predicted by its friends in Minnesota. A steady tide of emigration has been rolling into Minnesota ever since, and at the present rate, every vacant quarter section for 100 miles west will be occupied before the close of navigation. We understand the emigration is pouring into the south-western part of the State very rapidly. During the past week not less than fifty families have passed through town, with large numbers of cattle and horses, seeking homes in the West. Emigrants should by all means give the vacant lands between this point and the Minnesota river a look before going farther west.

There are fine farming lands in Steele, Waseca, and Le Sueur counties, which we understand, are unclaimed, and those who prefer locating in a settled country to a frontier life, can find excellent lands in the hands of speculators which can be bought cheap.

There is room for thousands in Minnesota, and all emigrants can find fine farms and free homes.—Fairfax Rep.

Gen. Dana's Brigade.
All authorities are loud in praise of the determined bayonet charge made by our troops, which so disconcerted and signally defeated the rebels at Fair Oaks, before Richmond, on Sunday, June 1st. We perceive, by the following brief notice of the brave and gallant conduct of our troops, that our former townsmen, Brig. Gen. N. J. T. Dana, evinced the same coolness, courage and efficiency which distinguished him in the Mexican War, and it seems almost providential that in his late exposure to so "galling a fire," he should have escaped even a more dangerous wound, than that he received at Cerro Gordo.

Gen. Dana led in person one of his regiments, the 7th Michigan, whose Colonel was absent; to the bayonet charge—won the field at dark on the 31st on the extreme left—his horse falling dead perforated by six bullets, and the regiment losing 101 men.—Pittsburgh Journal.

The Leaburg Rebels Come to Grief.
The Secretary of War having received complaints that the jail of London county, Va., was being used for the detention of the slaves of rebels; and that the rebels of that county were actively co-operating with authorities of the rebel States, the matter was referred to Gen. Wadsworth, as commander of the department. Col. Swain, of Scott's cavalry, was ordered, with a detachment of his command, to go to Leaburg, after a week's absence, the command returned last evening. Col. Swain had a general jail delivery of the negroes confined on rebel accounts, straightened up things generally, and brought Justice Asa Rogers and Rev. E. H. Nourse as prisoners, they refusing to take the oath of allegiance, and being proved to be active in the rebel cause, the reverend gentleman acting as a kind of rebel post boy. Nourse is charged with being a sort of participant secret mail agent, the medium of communication between rebel spies and sympathizers in rebellion out of the county.

It is alleged that Rogers sent his own negroes to aid Jackson in his second raid upon the valley. He also presided very recently at a session of county court that acknowledged allegiance to the treasonable State government at Richmond, which, under the medium of communication for the poor, took the liberty of assessing on the county a tax of \$20,000, really to aid the rebellion by providing for the families and other dependents of citizens of London now in arms against their country. Leaburg proves to be a hotbed of secession, the ladies of the place crossing the streets to avoid meeting the officers of the troop, the children singing "Dixie" in front of the quarters, and most of the stores were closed during the stay of the troops.—N. Y. Herald, June 16th.

Possums.—President Lincoln has a very dry way of "putting the question" Par example: A clergyman recently gave the President his views of conducting the war, and after five minutes drew up to see what the President had to say. "Perhaps you had better try to run the machine a week" quipped the old Abe. Another gentleman after pouring out his vials of wrath upon a Government officer, was surprised to hear the President quietly remark, "Now you are just the man I have been looking for. I want you to give me your address and tell me if you were in my place and heard all you've been telling, and didn't believe a word of it, what would you do." It was a poser.

L. DeWilde, of West Troy, New York, upwards of eighty years of age, is one of the few men now living who took part in Mirra's memorable charge at Eylau. He was in the fight for ten hours as captain of a company of dragoons, and was himself severely wounded.

POSTUMOUS ABOLITION.—On the 28th ult., the House of Representatives passed a bill, by a very large majority prohibiting polygamy in the Territories, and repealing the laws of Utah on that subject. A rebellion among the Saints may be expected.

A Maine editor thus distinguishes between different sorts of patriotism: "Some esteem it sweet and decorous to die for one's country; others regard it sweet to live for one's country; and yet others hold it to be sweeter still to live on one's country."

The Indianapolis Sentinel says that the wheat crop throughout the State of Indiana never before, from all accounts, was so promising as it is this season.

The Indianapolis Sentinel says that the wheat crop throughout the State of Indiana never before, from all accounts, was so promising as it is this season.