ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By James Reed. | Independent in all things. | $1 50 in Advance

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O. P. M'DONALD, Physician and Surgeon located opposite John Mansfield's Clothing Store, Main street, Ashtabula, O. 373

A. BARRETT, Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, second floor Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 408

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 468

Attorneys.

SHERMAN FARMER & HALL, Attorneys Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula County, Ohio.
LABAN S. SHERMAN, ... Ashtabula.
JOHN Q. FARMER, ...
THEODORE HALL, ... Geneva.

CHARLES BOOTH.—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAN.—Attorney at Law—Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House. Commerce, O.

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Hotels.

ASHTABULA HOUSE—T. S. Fuller, late of the Jefferson House, Proprietor, Ashtabula, O. 619

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, at the Depot has just been put in order, and being conveniently an pleasantly situated, with good accommodations for man and beast, is a good stopping place for travelers, or those from the interior having teams to be cared for while during a temporary absence by the Railroad. S. MOWRY, Proprietor. Ashtabula, July, 1860. 553

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, O.—E. G. GLEASON, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this house, to convey passengers to any point. 488

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Jefferson, Ohio.

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HASKELL & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries, Provisions, and Ready Made Clothing. Also Dealers in all kinds of White Wood, Ash, Oak, Hickor, Lumber, and Flour Barrel Hoops, Main street, Ashtabula.
J. W. HASKELL. 616 D W HASKELL.

STEPHEN HALL—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Lasts and Shoe findings, and general Merchandize, 2 doors South of the Bank. 543

A. HENDRY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, &c. Choice Family Groceries, including Teas, Coffees, &c. Patent Medicines. Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. Physician's prescriptions carefully and promptly attended to. 614

PRENTICE & OSBORN, General Dealers in Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., & two doors North of Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 419

J. P. ROBERTSON,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and every other class of Goods usually looked for in a First Class Country Store. Courtesy and fair dealing are the inducements offered for a share of public favor. Main street, Ashtabula Ohio.

H. L. MORRISON,—Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, O. 419

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WELLS & FAULKNER.—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit and Flour, Ashtabula, Ohio. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the Lowest cash cost. 470

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods Worked Collars and Sleeves, and Fancy Goods. Next door to the Fisk House. 470

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O.

Clothing.

L. WOLFF & CO. Dealer in Ready-made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods. Ashtabula, O. 544

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Ashtabula. 419

Agents.

H. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, a Renting of Real Estate, Insurance, Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, &c. Property sold for Commission only, and no sale no charge. A sale, direct or indirect, constitutes a commission. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, Notary Public. 470

Manufacturers.

GEORGE WILLARD, Manufacturer of Sash, Blinds and Doors, on hand and made to order. Also, Planing, Matching, etc., done to order in the best possible manner, Ashtabula, O. 503

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Steel and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

T. M'GUIRE, Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Strict attention paid to making, setting up and repairing Stoves, Stove-Pipe, Pumps and Lead Pipe, Eve-Troughs, Conductors, etc. Old iron, Rags, Copper, Lead, etc., etc., taken in Exchange. Also—Sole Agent for the "*Brilliant Cook Stove*," with the latest improvements.—2 doors South of the Fisk House Ashtabula, O. 48

B. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines. Saw, and other Mill Work, and Jobbing and Repairing done to order, on short notice, and in a workman-like manner, south Main st. Ashtabula. 570

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing and Matching and Scroll-Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop South side of the Methodist Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Elm street near the corner of Center street, Ashtabula. 41

OLMSTED & CROSBY, Iron Founder, and manufacturer a Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 628

SMITH & CARLISLE,—Manufacturers of Sole Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealers in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins. W. W. SMITH, 543 F. W. CARLISLE.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot on Park street, Ashtabula. See advertisement. 416

Books.

M. G. DICK, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer. Also, Dealer in Sheet-Music, Toys, and General Variety Goods, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 467

Furniture.

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Drs. Farrington & Hall. Ashtabula, O. 416

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a Dealers in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main street, North of South Public Square Ashtabula. 419

Livery Stables

H. F. & J. G. CULVER, have removed to the Fisk House Stable, where they offer to the citizens of Ashtabula the use of the best equipped Livery Stable in Ashtabula County, at prices that range but just above the living standard. Call and see. Nov. 1, 1860. 567

Miscellaneous.

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale dealer in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 105 and 107 Chambers st., and 85 & 91 Reade st., New-York.

SAMUEL HUMPHREY is now offering Good Building Lots cheaper than ever, and at prices within the reach of almost every one. See advertisement. 556

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union is removed to the Drug Store of Hendry & Copeland, corner Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House J. M. ALLEN, Manager. 467

A. RAYMOND,—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, &c., Penfield, Monroe County, N. York. Orders solicited.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables.
Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatos, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. R. ALLEN.—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O. 470

WILLARD & REEVES.—Dealers in Italian and Rutland Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments, Table Tops, &c., Ashtabula.

LIME.—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cts per bushel. 466 J. W. HILL.

TIME TABLE OF THE
CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.
Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.					GOING WEST.			
MAIL.	Ac.	N Ex.	STATIONS	N Ex	Accm	MAIL.	
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
9.55	3.26	9.00	Cleveland,	7.15	9.25	7.15	
10.59	4.42	10.07	Painesville	6.19	8.10	6.07	
11.22	5.12		Madison,		7.41	5.38	
	5.29		Unionville,		7.23		
11.50	5.39		Geneva,		7.22	5.25	
	5.44		Saybrook,		7.10		
12.02	5.58	11.08	Ashtauula,	5.06	6.56	5.04	
12.18	6.14		Kingsville,		6.41	4.49	
12.33	6.36		Conneaut,	4.32	6.20	4.31	
1.20		12.43	Erie.	3.20	A. M.	3.20	

Trains do not stop at Stations where the time is omitted in the above tables.
All through Trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland, with Trains for *Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, &c.*
And all through Trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the Trains of N. Y. & E. R. R., and at Buffalo, with those of N. Y. Central, and Buffalo & N. Y. City Railroads, for *New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, &c., &c.*
A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.
CLEVELAND, Nov. 4, 1861.

More New Goods!

THE Undersigned has just returned from New York with a

Fresh Stock of Merchandize,

Embracing all the Usual Varieties kept in his several Departments, which he offers or "Cash for Ready Pay" as low as any other dealer, here or elsewhere.

Remember, for CASH or READY PAY, until after the War is over. **Geo. Willard.**
Ashtabula, Nov. 14, 1861.

Ladies' Dress Goods—Plain and figured Merinos, plain and figured Coburgs, plain and fig. DeLaines, embroidered and printed Reps, Poplins, DeBages, Valencias, black and colored Silks, in great variety.

Prints and Ginghams—a large assortment, very cheap.

White Goods of every description.

Flannels, a great variety—all wool.

Shawls—A splendid lot of all wool Long Shawls. Also Broche, long and square—cheap.

Hoop Skirts, all styles and prices.

Gloves and Hosiery—A large stock, and very cheap.

Sheetings.—Bleached and brown—a full assortment heavy and fine.

Cotton Yarn—A fine assortment of all numbers Cheap for the times.

Cotton Batts, Wadding, Wicking and Twine.

Cloths—A full stock of Beaver and heavy Coatings, Broad Cloths, Ladies' Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Kentucky Jeans, Tweeds, Vestings, &c. &c.

Clothing.—Fall Suits got up on short notice. All kinds of work made to order. Cutting at all times. A full assortment of Tailor's Trimmings, &c.

Boots and Shoes—a choice lot of the very best work made, not only good but cheap.

Hats and Caps—a general stock of both Men's and Boys.

Crockery—a fresh new stock, just opened.

Glass Ware—a fine assortment, including a large stock of Coal Oil Lamps, which will compete with any thing in the market, in beauty or price.

2,000 other kinds of Dry Goods and Yankee Notions not enumerated in the foregoing, to be found at the old popular stand of

Geo. Willard.

Groceries.—In Family Groceries we have a large and very choice supply.

Drugs and Medicines—A fresh supply of all the leading and desirable articles of Drugs.

Hardware and *Sadlery*.—The Best and most Extensive assortment of Shelf and Heavy Hardware in the county.

Paints, Oils, &c.—White Lead, Zinc and Mineral Paints, Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Venetian Red, Paris Green, Chrome Green, and every description of artist Paints. Also Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Varnishes, &c. cheap.

Iron, Steel, &c.—a full and complete assortment.

Nails—200 kegs, assorted sizes—cheap.

Glass and *Putty*—The largest and most general assortment of Window Glass ever before brought into Ashtabula. Also, Putty Whiting, &c. very cheap.

Remember, if you have the Money to pay for goods and cant get the value of it, call at

Geo. Willard's.

Finally, if you have any kind of Produce to sell for Cash, or Exchange for Goods, bring it to the old and well tried stand of

Ashtabula, Nov. 14, '61. G. Willard.

LADIES' CLOTH—for Cloaks—Black, Drab, Gray and Brown—double and single width, sold to be the cheapest in town, at
October 8, 1861. MORRISON'S.

Pork! Pork!!
BEST BROAD SIDE Pork at 8 cents per pound, can be found at MORRISON'S.

BOOTS & SHOES.—1500 pairs Boots and Shoes, just received, which I offer 25 per cent cheaper than have been sold in this town for ten years. Try him on and see. JNO. P. ROBERTSON'S.

OATS! OATS!—1000 bushels of Oats for sale by
June 18, 1861. MORRISON.

CAYUGA BLACK LUCKS.
THE Subscriber wishes to say that he has a few more of those Large Black Cayuga Ducks for sale, which can be had if called for soon. 3m18 B. STEPHENS, Ashtabula O.

"ON TO FREEDOM."

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

"There has been the cry, On to Richmond!' and still an other cry, 'On to England!' Better than either is the cry 'On to Freedom!'"—CHARLES SUMNER.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
'Tis the everlasting cry
Of floods that strive with Ocean,
Of the storms that smite the sky,
Of the atoms of the whirlwind,
Of the seed beneath the ground,
Of each living thing of Nature
That is bound!
'Twas the cry that led from Egypt,
Through the desert wilds of Edom:
Out of Darkness—Out of Bondage—
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

O! thou stony-hearted Pharaoh,
Vainly warrest thou with God!
Moveless, at thy palace-portals,
Moses waits, with lifted rod!
O! thou poor barbarian, Xerxes,
Vainly o'er the Pontic main
Flingest thou, to curb its utterance,
Scourge or chain!
For every cry that led from Egypt,
Over desert wilds of Edom,
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

In the Roman streets, from Gracchus,
Hark! I hear that cry outswell;
In the German woods, from Herrmann,
And on Switzer hills, from Tell!
Up from Spartacus, the Bondman,
When his tyrants' yoke he clave;
And from stalwart Wat the Tyler,
Saxon slave!
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,
Struggling out from wilds of Edom,
Sounding down through all the ages:
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

God's own mandate: "On to Freedom!"
Gospel-cry of laboring Time!
Uttering still, through seers and heroes,
Words of Hope and Faith sublime!
From our Sydneys, and our Hampdens,
And our Washingtons, they come;
And we cannot, and we dare not,
Make them dumb!
Out of all the shames of Egypt,
Out of all the snares of Edom,
Out of Darkness, out of Bondage—
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

War and its Delays.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

"The heart-sickness of hope deferred" is a common experience not of individuals only, but of nations. Even in War, which would seem a straightforward and decisive business, delay after delay occurs to paralyze the energies and stifle the enthusism of a people. The young patriot grasps his musket and hurries to the rendezvous of his regiment, expecting that instant marches, reconnoissances, skirmishes, assaults, battles will decide the issue of the contest, and leave him, should he survive, free to return to his home and family within a few months at futherest. But such is not the actual experience of war, save in the rare instances wherein a Napoleon directs its operations. On the contrary, preparation is the never-ending, still-beginning trial of the patriot soldier's energies and delay the curse of his existence. He has volunteered to fight for his country; but to fight effectively he must have arms—not anything that can be carried over the shoulder, but effective and expensive weapons. These cost heavily; but money will not buy them when wanted in large quantities: they must be made; and that is a work of time. Cannon, knapsacks, blankets, clothing, shoes, cartridges, provisions, forage, medicines, and an infinite variety of conveniences of the march, the camp, and the battle-field, are required; and when everything else is provided, the number of wagons and horses required to move the baggage and artillery of a great army is absolutely appalling. Yet the army cannot move without its baggage, its guns; and so, even when the means of purchasing are ample and the work-shops at hand, it is the labor of months to fit an army of a hundred thousand men to take the field and move forward into a hostile country.

—But was it always thus? a novice will naturally ask; if so, how have hostile countries been rapidly traversed and empires overthrown by military force alone?

No, it has *not* always been thus. The *impediments* of an ancient army were nothing to that of its modern successor. The discovery of gunpowder has enormously increased the weight per man that must be borne along with an army expecting to fight The Roman soldier, indeed, marched with a weight on his back which no modern army could be induced to shoulder; but his weapons were not heavy, and his missiles were few and of small account. Modern warfare delights in heavy rifled cannon, in costly and weighty projectiles, in shells, round-shot, and grape, all costly and tedious in preparation and enormous in aggregate weight. The difference tells immensely in the proper opening and conduct of a campaign.

The wondrous conquests of Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, and other great warriors of antiquity were the fruits of years of previous study and preparation. Each wielded the resources of a powerful military state, which had armies trained to efficiency in former conflicts, and arsenals bursting with weapons and stores prepared for the exigencies of war. The overthrow of the Persian empire by Greek valor had been the passionate dream of multitudes since the days of Xenophon and of Themistocles. So the carrying of war into the heart of Italy, among the overbone allies and myriad slaves of the Romans, was the obvious dictate of Carthagenian policy and hate: the genius of Hanibal but gave direction and force to the National inspiration. The Crusades were disastrous failures, because it was mistakenly supposed that numbers, enthusiasm, and valor, could be relied on for succes in the absence of a vast and complete provision of what is justly termed the material of war. Without a well-organized and well-provided commissariat, a great and valiant army must speedily be dispersed by famine, proving a terror not so much to its foes as to its countrymen.

These suggestions are made to explain, not to excuse, the delays which have so taxed the public patience. Other nations, surprised by the sudden outbreak of war, have had to create armies and munitions; it has fallen to our lot to create generals as well. Beside Gen. Scott, whose advanced age and physical infirmities rendered it impossible that he should take the field, we had absolutely no soldier who had ever been proved cable of leading an army; and of our few officers who had had any considerable experience in subordinate positions, nearly all forswore themselves and went over to the enemy. Twiggs, Lee, Beauregard, the two Johnstons, Magruder, Ruggles—in short, all who have thus far achieved any sort of distinction in the Confederate armies—were in the service and pay of the Union until they saw it fit to leave it for that of the rebellion. Bishop Polk, Gen. Pillow, Gen. G. W. Smith, and nearly all the lesser lights of treason, learned whatever they know of the art of war at the cost of the U. S. On the other hand, Gens. McClellan, Burnside, and others of our present Military chiefs, were running railroads when Fort Sumter was cannonaded; Gen. Fremont was attending to his Mining operations; and so with most of our chieftains Practically, not only our rank and file but our Generals, our Colonels, our Engineers, have been called from the pursuits of peaceful industry to make head in the tented field against the gigantic levies and matured preparations of Slaveholding Treason.

Of course, grave mistakes have been committed and wasteful expenditures incurred. Had our Government correctly measured at the outset the force it was called to encounter, it would never have called out 75 Thousand Militia for a service of 3 months only—dismissing them to their homes just when, at an enormous cost, they had been qualified for effective service. Nor would it have allowed Norfolk to be seized, and its immense stores of cannon and munitions appropriated to the uses of the rebellion, while its faithful officers were compelled to burn the Armory at Harper's Ferry in order to damage if not destroy the efficiency of the small arms there deposited. Had it been deemed proper to station a regiment of regulars at Manassas Junction the day after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, it is quite possible that the Union might have been restored and its authority vindicated before the first of last September. There have been grave mistakes and sad blunders committed on the side of the Union and its defenders; let us thank God and take courage in view of the fact that, in spite of them all, no acre of the thoroughly loyal States has ever yet been held by the rebels, while the revolters are threatened on every side by the armies and fleets of the Union. If we are not on the eve of straight and strong blows at the heart of the rebellion, then appearances are uncommonly, signally deceptive. Let Eurohe refasain from intermeddling with us, and the triumphs of trerson must be near their appointed conclusion.

The Crab-Apples.

A NEW FARCE, NOW BEING PERFORMED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. JOHN BULL—A puffy, quarrelsome old fellow.

MRS. COLUMBIA—A respectable school-teacher, recently much afflicted by domestic griefs.

MASTER WILKES—One of her favorite scholars, a very spunky little boy; and others.

SCENE—*A Schoolroom, with Mrs. Columbia seated, and surrounded by her scholars.*

Enter Mr. John Bull (very abruptly and in tremendous excitement.)

John Bull—Odds! Zounds and buttercups! Ma'am, but I will av satisfaction for this ere hinsult. I've been pestered long henough by your boys, and I arnt a going to stand it no longer. Blow me tight hif I don't—hif I don't—

Mrs. C. Be calm, Mr. Bull pray be seated; what is the matter, sir?

John Bull—the matter? Zounds! Why, this morning, as one of my young 'uns was a coming 'ome, hup comes one o' your saucy himps,—Vilks I think you call 'im.—

Mrs. C.—Master Wilkes, come here, (Master Wilkes advances.)

John Bull—Hup comes this ere Vilkes,—shakes his fist in my younker's face,—takes out of his pocket two crab happles as the boy 'ad picked up somewhere,—and sends 'im 'ome, a bellowing like a young bull-calf.

Master Wilkes—Please, Ma'am, I knew he stole them out of your garden, and was hiding them to shy at our windows.

John Bull—I don't care 'oose they are, or where they come from; I demand and WILL AV 'EM!

Mrs. C.—Well, Mr. Bull, but if—

John Bull—O, none o' your *hifs* to me, Ma'am; I don't come ere to *hargue*, I comes ere for *reparation*. I WILL AV THEM HAPPLES, or by—

Mrs. C.—Stop! Mr. Bull; really Sir, I am shocked at this indecent behavior, and despise the brutality that can take advantage of my weakness. You know my Jonathan is away fighting the savages, or you would never dare to insult me so. If Master Wilkes had struck your boy, for instance—

John Bull—Ah! that's just were it is. Hif my younker ad been brought to you along with the happles, and you ad warmed his jacket well for im, or sent im hoff with a flee in his hear, I would'ut ave ad a word to say.

Mrs. C.—Well then, Sir, how easily can your grievence be settled! Here take the apples—(presenting them)—which I am sure are not worthy of becoming "apples of discord" between us. They are two very miserable specimens, and I am now gathering so many millions of them on my Southern property, that I can well afford you those two poor, rotten, blighted things. Are you satisfied?

John Bull, (gruffly,)—No; I arnt. I want to make a hexample o' that Vilks, and make me a hample hapology besides.

Mrs. C.—Well, Sir, I never told Master Wilkes to assault your boy; although I am sorry to say that your family have behaved very strangely to me lately, even sheltering thieves that you know were going to rob me. I wish to live on good terms with all my neighbors, and therefore regret this little occurrence; but be assured, Sir, my *Jonathan will some day call you to an account for these insults*. You may depend upon my making an example of Master Wilkes. Will that do?

John Bull, (Very sulkily.)—I suppose so [Exit.]

Mrs. C.—Now boys listen. I have many very distressing things to occupy me just now, and therefore—as you love me—do nothing whatever to bring me in contact with that rude and overbearing man. He is a dangerous and sanctimonious old hypocrit, who would set my house on fire for the value of a spool of cotton—if it served his purpose. Master Wilkes, I am indeed very proud of you, and only regret that you did not bring that wicked boy to me for punishment. But, I have promised Mr. Bull to make an example of you, and therefore I promote you to the head of your class. Now, my dear boys, you may all have a holiday.

1812 and 1862.

The magnitude of the scale upon which the war is raging in this country, as conducted, is appalling. The Revolution, compared with it, was relatively a mere succession of skirmishes. The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operation, shrinks into contemptible insignificance beside the gigantic operations that are going on at the present hour. If we look back at the history, more especially of the last war with England and compare its leading incidents with those of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly rises to the dignity of modern reconnoisance. The "battles" dwindle down into the veriest martial *emutes*; the casualities are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorious engagements counted rather by hundreds than thousands.

We cite a few incidents from the war of 1812 to show what petty affairs relatively were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms.

The first battle of any importance was that of Brownstown, near Detroit, fought August 9th, 1812. Our force was only 600, that of the British and Indians combined, 750. Our loss was 18 killed and sixty-three wounded; that of the enemy 160.

Gen. Hull's "army," which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six weeks later, only numbered *twenty five hundred men*; while that of the enemy consisted of only 700 English and 600 Indians. No wonder Gen. Brock, who commanded the latter, wrote to Sir George Provost: "When I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised."

At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of 800 men each, did about all the fighting on our side. Gen Van Renselear, in his report, says: "One-third part of the men idle might have saved all." As it was, some looked on, while "many fled to the woods," leaving their brethern to their fate.

At the seige of Fort Erie, the English threw 5,000 red hot shot without hurting a man. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded.

Brigadier General Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West because, although he had been preparing the greater part of the summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only 1,500 men; and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless he had 1,500 more.

At the battle of York our force was 1,700; that of the enemy, 700 English and 100 Indians. Our loss was 306 in killed and wounded; that of the enemy 100 killed, 300 wounded, 200 taken prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant of our victories, yet it is not to be compared with the battle of Belmont or that of Ball's Bluff, either as regards numbers engaged or losses sustained.

At the battle of Sackett's Harbor, the enemy's force was 1000; ours 500. Their loss in killed and wounded was 150, ours 154. Among the trophies taken by our troops were the British standard and mace. *Over the latter hung a human scalp.*

Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie was esteemed a "big thing" in its day yet his whole fleet consisted of only 54 guns and two swivels; that of the enemy 62 guns and two swivels. Our loss in killed and wounded was 123; that of the enemy has never been definitely known.

At the battle of Baltimore, the enemy's forces numbered from 7,000 to 8,000; ours was probably less than half that number. Our loss was about 270; that of the enemy some 700 in killed, wounded and missing.

Even the battle of New Orleans looks insignificant to eyes that have witnessed a *reconnoisance* on the Potomac 16,000 strong and a review of 70,000 troops. The British force, including sailors and marines, was about 14,000; that of Gen. Jackson, 3,200 on the left bank of the river and about 800 distributed in positions hard by. Our loss was seven killed and six wounded; that of the enemy 700 killed, and 1,400 wounded.

It is safe to say, that notwithstanding the torpor of a large share of our army, and taunts that we have thus far "been playing at war," a greater number of lives have been lost within the past five months than during the entire "war of 1812."

Col. Colt.

Col. Samuel Colt, who died at Hartford Ct., recently, was born in that city, on July 19, 1814. Entering a factory belonging to his father when ten years old, he worked faithfully four years, and then was sent away to school at Amherst, Mass. He managed to run away from this establishment, and shipped as a boy before the mast on a ship bound to the East Indies. On his return from this voyage, he served a short apprenticeship at a factory at Ware, Mass., but getting weary of this manner of life, assumed the name of Dr. Coult, and travelled through the United States and British Provinces, lecturing on Chemistry. The money thus earned enabled him to perfect his famous revolver, of which he had conceived the idea when on the way to Calcutta, and in 1835, when but twenty-one years of age, he took out his first patent for revolving fire-arms. A company was formed in 1835, with a capital of $300,000 to manufacture these arms, but there was so little demand for them that it was obliged to suspend in 1842, and when the Mexican war broke out they had gone so entirely out of use that Col. Colt found it necessary to make a new model before he could fill gov't. orders. Since that time the business has increased so rapidly that the manufactory in Hartford, which has cost altogether over $1,000,000, has been found insufficient to fully supply the demand, although the arms are also made both in England and in Russia, at establishments erected under Col. Colt's supervision. Col. Colt's ingenuity was not confined to the perfection of fire-arms. He has invented a submarine battery of great power and efficiency, and as early as 1843 laid and operated a submarine cable from Coney Island and fire Island to this city, and from the mouth of the harbor to the Merchants' Exchange. Although overwhelmed with business cares, Col. Colt has always manifested the greatest interest in the welfare of his employees, having erected for them remarkably tasteful and convenient places of residence, and established a public hall, where they have the privilege of attending courses of lectures and concerts.

N. Y. Times.

Literary Misery.

In the humbler walks of literature, which indicate most nearly and accurately the tendencies of our people when their thoughts aspire to artistic expression, this affectation, or reality, of dumps and desolation, is copiously, and sometimes rather comically manifested. Let the reader, when an opportunity occurs, look over a morning's mail of editor's exchange papers from different parts of the country. There will be found, among the original poetry in the collection, more merit than is generally supposed to inspire such lyrics, and with the merit there will be an overwhelming proportion of misery. I have found in such searches that sometimes four-fifths of the whole were devoted to wailing over long lost but evidently imaginary loves; to sorrows awakened by blue skies and fresh breezes out of vanity-fed antagonism to the bustling "world," which is vulgar enough to like such things—and be it observed, reader, that the flattest snobbishness of art and poetry consists in the affectation of feeling apart from those of the world, instead of boldly claiming community with them and striving to elevate them—but it is needless to say of what monodies consist. Dead Loras, ruined hopes, "lost Edens, buried Lenores," little graves. No joy save in heaven; all ending in one mournful monotony: "Let us all be unhappy together!" One thing deserves remark in examning such a collection. Few of the bards of this broken-hearted and hope-bereaved companie could glance over the assembled and contrasted lyrics without laughing. For doleful poems, which are not by themselves remarkable in poet's corners become genially absurd and insanely bizarre when placed one by the other; for instance, when a creditable imitation of some popular poet lies side by side with some illiterate bungler's effort to show the world that he, too, "feels fine," and is too gifted to require hearty common sense, and has his own miseries and his own little private weeping closet as well as his betters. It is, indeed, exquisitely absurd that great as is the proportion of mock misery and spiritual vanity among good poets and writers, it greatly increases as we descend to the bunglers and tyros.

When the literary effort of one of these latter is not a love poem "To——," or a "religious" gush, we may generally assume that it will be a soaring sorrow from one of those ill-bodied, squealing, Mother Carey's chicken's, which attempt to fly before they can walk, or write poetry before they are familiar with plain prose. But the simile is a bad one, after all, for it is natural for a Mother Carey's chickens to fly, while these wretched howlers have seldom anything natural about them.

"Inner Life" at Washington—Interesting Facts.

From the correspondence of the N. H. Statesman.

I visited the residence of Senator Douglas the day previously to the auction, in order to see what was to be seen, and can assure you that to me it was altogether a sad entertainment. As I wandered through the lofty and gorgeous halls and rooms, and saw the rich and elegant furniture tumbled about promiscuously, a feeling of desolation took possession of me, and I was informed by persons present at the auction, that the articles sold at high prices.—Many of the choicest articles were not put up for sale. Mrs. Douglas, I am informed, contemplates taking the place which Judge Douglas owned, and in which he resided at the time Minnesota Row was erected. It is a very beautiful situation, near the 'Row.' Judge Douglas purchased it as a fancy place, paid a fabulous sum for it, and expended more money in adorning it, than the whole establishment would, even in favorable times, bring in the market. None of his books—of which, especially Congressional books, there are immense quantities—have been yet offered for sale.

But the auction sale pertaining to the effects of great men, which was on the whole invested with as much curiosity as any of the season, was that of the rebel Jew, Senator Benjamin. It is well known that Benjamin married a music teacher in Charleston, where he resided in early life, before taking up his residence in New Orleans, and that after living with her a short time, she eloped with an Italian by the name of Celini, and for some twenty years lived with him in Paris, Benjamin in the meanwhile making periodical visits to his early love in her new abode, until she was induced, some three years since, to re-emigrate, "bag and baggage," and resume domestic relations in this city with her "first love."

To carry this arrangement into effect, the distinguished Senator took the elegant residence which was erected by Commodore Decatur a short time before his death. It is one of the first private residences in the city, erected under the direction of Latrobe, the architect of the Capitol, at a cost of some $30,000 or $40,000. He paid $3,000 annual rent for the premises, and the establishment was furnished at an expense fully equal to the original cost of the building. The whole furniture, of everykind, was brought from Paris. It was under such auspices that Senator Benjamin and his truant spouse set up housekeeping on their "reunion" in this city. The course of true love, however, never did run smooth, and the Senator had only got well settled in domestic felicity again when his mistress mate, fickle as the wind, took it into her head or heart, as you may please, to transfer her domestic arrangements back again to her long tried companion in Paris. This last movement occured some two years ago, and shortly afterward much of the most valuable household furniture sold at auction. The remainder of the effects have now been sold to pay the houserent

Among the articles sold was a marble bust of Benjamin himself, a full length portrait of his musical spouse, and also one of like description of his wife's father. There was also sold an excellent full length portrait of his wife's daughter, a beautiful girl, some 18 years of age, who was born soon after the mother took up her residence with Celini. This last portrait, and one of the French Empress, are in the highest style of the art; oil paintings, all of them. They sold from $10 to $20 a piece, and were bid in, it is said, by the auctioneer, who has made a fortune in his business within a few years, and who has one of the best galleries of paintings in the city. A French divan, purchased in Paris at a cost of $500, was struck off to Secretary Welles for $70.—Old family silver plate, of French patterns and of the richest quality, was sold in immense quantities, and for a song.

Senator Benjamin is a noted gambler, and wasted in this way the vast income which at one period he derived from his professional practice. On one occasion, after obtaining $70,000 in a great case against the celebrated John Randolph Grimes, he sat down for three days to a gambling table, and Slidell in that time won every dollar of that sum from him. Slidell is celebrated for his skill in that business, and has accumulated much of his fortune, it is said, in this way.

If the history of these men who are leading this assault upon the liberties of this country, could be spread out to the world, it would make it evident that they have been persons who "neither feared God nor regarded man." Jeff. Davis is well known to be no pattern of morality, as those still in the city, who have been with him in gambling debaucheries, with wine and women, not a biscuit's throw from Brown's hotel, can well testify. It was only an ordinary matter to see Floyd, while Secretary, go into his office of a morning, trembling in every muscle with the premonitions of delirium from the last night's revel; and so open and intolerable where the visits of Secretary Thompson to a hotel haunt on Pennsylvania Avenue, that his wife was repeatedly notified, through the mail, of her husband' disgraceful