

West-Jersey

Pioneer

An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Education, Morality, Local and General News, &c.

\$1.25 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON, N. J., SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1863.

VOL. XVI No. 804

Business Directory.
CARPETS.
TOWNSEND & CO.,
 No. 39 South Second St., above Chestnut
 PHILADELPHIA.
 Importers and Dealers in
 Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window
 Shades, &c., &c.
 AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.
 March 28, 1863—y

JOHN C. BESSON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
 Master in Chancery,
 No. 100 N. 2d St., Phila.
 Will attend the Courts in the Counties of Cumberland, York, Adams, and Lancaster, Pa. and in the County of Chester, Pa. and in the County of Delaware. Also, in the State of New Jersey. All cases taken, and AC-KNOWLEDGEMENTS taken.
 April 1, 1863.

B. F. FERGUSON,
 ARTIST,
 S. W. cor. Arch and 8th Sts., Phila.
 (Over Parrish's Drug Store.)
 Engraving and drawing, and AC-KNOWLEDGEMENTS taken.
 April 1, 1863.

JAMES J. REEVES,
 Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
 OFFICE OF COMMERCE STREET,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 July 18th, 1863.

J. C. KIRBY,
 Surgeon Dentist,
 5 Doors West of E. Davis & Son's Hotel,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 Feb. 2, 1863.

CHAS. E. EDWARDS,
 SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
 OFFICE—Corner High & Sanson Sts.,
 MILLVILLE, N. J.
 Sept. 14, 1861.

S. E. M'GEAR & BRO.,
 CHEAP DRY GOODS AND
 FURNISHING
 STORE,
 CROSSCUP'S BUILDING,
 Commercial and Laurel Sts., BRIDGETON, N. J.
 No. 25 EAST COMMERCIAL STREET,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.

F. A. GINENBACK,
 Stationary & Notion
 Store,
 No. 25 EAST COMMERCIAL STREET,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.

H. LANING,
 SURGEON DENTIST,
 BRIDGEWAY, BRIDGETON, N. J.
 Feb. 2, 1863.

M. & T. WATSON,
 LIVERY STABLE ATTACHED,
 37 & 39 North Second St.,
 BETWEEN MARKET AND ARCH,
 PHILADELPHIA.

SHEPARD & GARRISON,
 Fancy & Simple Dry Goods,
 HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS,
 and Fancy Dress Trimmings,
 Commerce Street, opposite the Clerk's Office,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.
 March 9, 1861.

W. HARRIS & BABIN,
 BOOT, SHOES AND LEATHER STORE
 NO. 10, CARROLL'S BUILDING,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
 DEALERS IN
 IRON AND
 STEEL,
 BRIDGETON, N. J.

WILLIAM M. WILSON,
 Importer & Wholesale Druggist,
 No. 208 Market Street,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 Dealer in Drugs, Oils, Spices, Oils, Vanishes,
 Perfumery, &c. &c. &c. Also, a complete and
 up-to-date assortment of Foreign and Domestic
 Patent Medicines.

Bridgeton Marble Works.
 Granite, Head-Stones and Posts.
 GEO. W. CLAYPOOLE,
 Bridgeton, Sept. 7, '61.

TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER.
 I would call the attention of Farmers and others
 to my TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER, which has
 been thoroughly tested and proven to be a
 power that must supersede all Endless Chain
 or Old Lever. It is of very light Draught, and
 can be moved from place to place readily, if being
 used on wheels with fenders and rollers, and can
 be used in position for work in less time than any
 other kind of power. The exceeding cheapness of
 maintenance is its greatest recommendation.
 I would refer those in want of a good power to the
 following names:
 FREDERICK DEBOIS—Irishman's Mill.
 DAVID WILSON—Steeple Creek.
 FREDERICK DEBOIS—Steeple Creek.
 DEWITT BOWEN—Bridgeton.
 FREDERICK DEBOIS—Steeple Creek.

BRIDGETON, N. J.
 Farmers and others in want of Power should call
 upon the subscriber at the mail Company Building,
 No. 100 of Front Street for sale cheap or made
 to order at any width.
 H. BISBING.
 Oct 25th, 1862.

FRESH ROSENDALE CEMENT, for sale at
 1, W. M. FORD'S.

The Times.
 BY THE BARD OF TOWER HALL.
 That we have fallen on evil times
 I mournfully confess,
 For Fate's decrees and human crimes
 Bring trouble and distress.
 But not in murmurs and complaints
 The good man's courage never faints,
 Whatever ills abound.
 The patriot's hope survives the shock,
 When stormy fancies rave,
 And, like the light house on the rock,
 Resists the raging wave.
 Our Ship of State, though tempest-tost,
 Beholds the beacon ray,
 And though imperill'd can't be lost
 While that directs her way.
 The patriot's duty is the card
 By which our course we steer,
 And while its teachings we regard,
 No breakers need we fear.
 So when we choose the proper course,
 And steer for Tower Hall,
 No disappointment, or remorse,
 Or sorrow can befall.

APPEARANCE OF VICKSBURG.
 A correspondent writing from Vicksburg the full particulars of the siege and its surrender, says:
 THE CITY.
 The appearance of the city after such an unparalleled bombardment, was naturally a point of much curiosity. We expected to see awful havoc from shells and mortar bombs. The first sight is a disappointment. The place is not damaged as might have been expected. Nearly every house has been shot through, it is true, but a hole made by a cannon ball in comparison, but a small matter. Here and there were buildings with a corner blown out, and some with a bulge in the walls. Huge craters were to be seen in the streets, where the 13-inch shells had burst, the pillows of house-porches split and shattered to splinters.
 There is not, perhaps, a whole pane of glass within five miles of the Court House. One church was riddled, while another near by was only scratched. Hospital flags were stuck up on houses all over the city. There are not less than three hundred houses occupied as hospitals. A very large fire occurred about three weeks previous to our entrance, in a block of stores on Washington street. The stores are said to have contained flour and other commodities, which the owners were holding at exorbitant rates, and which the citizens or soldiers had set on fire.
 The Court House, the most conspicuous building in the place, was shattered by several shells. A turretted white house at the lower end of the city, belonging to a St. Louis lawyer, but recently occupied as Gen. Pemberton's headquarters, was also a object of interest, as the garden grounds were plowed up by shells of all sizes. All of the stores and most of the houses are wretchedly poor. Scarcely a single horse could be found in servicable condition.

THE CITIZENS.
 In the thirty-one thousand inhabitants there were 3 thousand citizens and a thousand negroes. It is understood that they will be required either to take the oath of allegiance or leave the city soon. In the meantime they will have to be fed. Of food there is very little left. Even the secret hoards had all been brought out before the surrender. Something of their sufferings may be understood when we discover that flour was actually sold at \$10.00 per pound or \$200 a barrel; sugar, \$1.75; corn, \$10.00 a bushel; bacon, \$5.00 a pound; rum, \$100 a gallon, and other things in proportion.
HORRORS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.
 When we consider that these people—men, women and children—have, for a month and a half, been in daily terror of their lives, never being able to sleep a night at their homes, but crawling into caves, unable to move except in the few peaceful intervals in the heat of the day, we may appreciate what a life of horrors was theirs.
 These caves, indeed, are among the most curious features of this life in a besieged city. In several places the streets are cut through the bluff, and in the walls rows of caverns have been hewn, resembling somewhat the appearance of a burrow of rabbits. Most of these are shaped like the letter Y, the stem forming the main entrance, and branching out some seven feet. Into these subterranean pits the inhabitants would crawl so often as the guns and mortars opened out what promised to be a heavy fire. As many as twenty-five have been crowded into one hole. The sight of these poor creatures lying
 "With blanket in the alarm of fear caught up,"
 was both ludicrous and melancholy.
 The cry would go up from the irreverent soldiers, "Rats to your holes," as women and children huddled into the bank, or sought shelter in the bombproofs and magazines nearer the batteries.

CASUALTIES.
 It is surprising that the injuries to the citizens have not been greater. The incessant rain of shells and balls which at times resembled the fall of hail, scores, for the most part, to have fallen harmless into the ramparts of solid earth.
 About three thousand wounded are to be found in the hospitals. About four hundred and fifty have been buried by the rebels.
PUNCTUALITY.—Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his excuse.

JOB POTSON'S EXPERIMENT.
 BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
 It was a disagreeable, stormy day out of doors, and in the village store were collected a dozen or more, of social spirits, engaged in drinking cider and talking politics. By and by they had talked the political field dry, and one of the number—Sam Shute by name—a red nose, bleary-eyed man, opened upon the subject of domestic government. He ventilated himself upon household affairs in general, and finally approached one of his hobbies as follows:
 "I tell you, my boys, a man's got to be master in his own house if he ever expects to be anybody. I'd like to see a woman pull me around by the nose."
 "The fact is," resumed Sam Shute, "these ere women have got two leadin' strings, and when they can't pull by one, they try the other. In the first place, they try to govern like masters,—that suits 'em best but if they can't do that then they try to fetch us round by freetin' and coaxin'. But they don't come none of their nonsense over us. Lord! no. When a man once puts his foot down what can a woman do?"
 "That's so," pronounced Burnham, digging up the moist tobacco in his dirty pipe with the blade of his jack-knife, and then puffing away for dear life. "That's so," he repeated, after his pipe was once more in smoking order. "I've had 'xperience in that. When a man once puts his foot down, a woman can't do nothin'. A woman 'll pull an' haul just as long as there's a chance of havin' her own way; but when she finds that she's got a master, why, Lord! she'll be like a colt with the bit in,—there may be some kickin' and strugglin'; but she's got to come 'round finally. Women have to be broken jes' like colts."
 "Eggs-zactly!" said Lot Quimby, lowering his boots to the floor, but leaving a part of the dirt upon the stove-hearth.
 "Eggs-zactly!" added Tom Burnham, "I've ever got to be a slave, I hope I shan't be a slave to a woman—that's all I've got to say. As long as I own a house, I'll kalkilate to live in it. What's your opinion, Joe?"
 This last remark was addressed to Job Potson, a small sized, quiet-looking man, who sat in the corner, smoking a new pipe.
 "I guess," said Sam Shute, with a laugh, "that Job is a little on the other tack."
 "Shouldn't wonder," added Tom Burnham, with a wink. He ran a broom straw through the muddy stem of his old pipe, and then continued,—"His wife's got the upper hand, I rath'er guess."
 "Not by a derned sight," exclaimed Job, in a high, dog-dog tone. "No, sir! My wife don't rule me. You're mighty mistaken if you think I'm hen-pecked."
 "But Mrs. Potson does just about as she's a mind to, I take it," suggested Shute.
 "And," added Burnham, who had got his pipe a going once more, "I rath'er guess Job does just about as she tells him to do."
 "That's so, fast enough," said Lot Quimby.
 But Job declared that it was not so, and he became very angry when his companions laughed at him, and expressed their pity for him.
 But when Job Potson went out from the store, and started for home, he began to wonder if they had not told the truth. Job was not a large-minded man. He was an honest, kind-hearted, truthful man; but he lacked pride, and decision. Still he had some pride, as all small men are apt to have; and the remarks of his companions had touched him in a tender spot. As he walked slowly homeward he thought the matter over, and finally came to the conclusion that his wife did rule. He called to mind all the domestic arrangements and doings of the past week, and he was forced to admit that he was, in many respects, the governed party. He stopped square in the road, and put his foot down.
 "This won't do!" he declared to himself. "I must turn over a new leaf. By the great Moses! I'll be master in my own house! We'll see who'll govern."
 Sarah Potson sat in her kitchen, engaged in mending her husband's frock. She was a medium-sized, mild-faced woman, with clear hazel eyes, and dark brown hair—a faithful, loving woman, frugal and industrious, and possessing a good share of firmness and decision. The house was clean and in order; the barn was well kept; the cows and pigs were fat and sleek; the orchard was trim; and the farm was productive; and a careful observer, who had watched the doings of fifteen years, would have said that Sarah Potson was the genius who presided over all this order and thrift.
 Job Potson reached his home, and hung his hat upon the back of a chair, and sat

down by the stove.
 "Job," said his wife, without stopping her needle, "as soon as you get warm, I guess you'd better fix our door-step. The plank on the lower step is loose. And after dinner would be a good time to secure the beam over the tie up. You had better do it before the stanchions get loose."
 "A stick in time saves nine," you know," "I'll look out for my part," said Job, placing rather an undue emphasis upon the word.
 His wife's needle fairly stopped, and a look of curious surprise crept over her face. What did the man mean?
 "But, Job," she suggested, kindly, "hasn't you noticed that the beam is loose?"
 "I'm rather staggered," said Job, but he quickly recovered himself and placed his right foot a little more firmly upon the floor.
 "Sarah," he said, "I will look out for my own affairs. If you will attend to your duties here in the house, you'll do enough."
 "Job Potson what do you mean?"
 "I mean this," replied Job, speaking quickly and snappily. He hadn't the strength to speak slowly and sternly. "I mean this: I'll be master of my own affairs. I don't intend to have one."
 Like all men who are venturing beyond their depth, Job Potson was forced to make up in bitterness what he lacked of power.
 At first his wife was astounded; but when she saw that he kept his eyes upon the fire, not daring to raise them toward her, when she saw that his teeth were closely shut, and his head cocked over upon one side, the truth flashed upon her. She was a woman of quick, keen perception, and she knew something of her husband's character. She knew that he had been down to the store, and she knew whom he had met there for she knew they were in the habit of congregating there. It was just as plain to her perception as though she had heard Sam Shute and Tom Burnham ventilating their stores of domestic philosophy.
 "Job," she inquired, very quietly, "what are your duties?"
 Now Job Potson had put his foot into it, and he must not back down. He was not a diplomat, and he answered, bluntly and squarely:
 "Your duty is, to obey your husband; and I mean to do so." "You've hit it," his wife said, with a smile.
 "Do you mean that you are going to turn over a new leaf in your family?" inquired Mrs. Potson.
 "That's it exactly," cried Job. "You've hit it the first time."
 "And you are to be master?"
 "I AM!"
 "And hereafter you want none of my suggestions?"
 "Hereafter I shall pay such attention to your suggestions as I may think they merit."
 "Poor, dear little man!" She did not say this aloud, but she thought it to herself. A quiet smile stole over her face, and she patted her trim foot upon the floor. She had not the least thought of being angry with her husband—not the least in the world. She knew his weakness, and she knew that somebody had been thwarting her. She said after she had reflected a few moments, "I am your wife. You are a man, while I am only a woman. It is right that you should command. I am your most humble servant. Give your orders as you please; but I beg of you, treat me kindly."
 And then with sober face and bearded head, Sarah pursued her work.
 But Job in the world was Job Potson to say now. He had never heard his wife speak so sadly and solemnly before. He sat no longer firmly in his seat. He sat upon nettles. He got up and went to the closet; he tried to whistle; and finally he left the house. He went to the barn; and examined the beam over the tie-up. It was loose, and he saw at once that it ought to be fixed; but he would not do it that day—it would look to much like being governed by the wife. By and by he went down, and looked at the steps at the front door. They certainly needed fixing; but he would not do the job until after dinner.—If he put it off till afternoon, that would show that he was not controlled by his wife.
 For an hour and a half Job Potson loafed around the barn and shed like a man who knew not what to do with himself. The door-step and the tie-up beam troubled him. He knew that they ought to be fixed; but he could not turn back so soon upon the new road.
 At length the dinner horn sounded, and Job went in and took his seat at the table. The old smile that had cheered him morning, noon, and night, had faded from his wife's face, and she gazed upon him moodily and submissively.
 "What's my master make some of this sauce?" he asked. There was no irony in the tone—no malice; but she spoke quietly and politely.
 "Yes," said Job, "I should like some of it."
 But his dinner did not taste good to him. He did not feel at home. He felt, to use one form of his own thought, "like a cat in a stange garret." After dinner he went out and fixed the door-step, and then he went and fixed the middle of the beam, and from then until supper-time he worked at his wood-pile. At the supper-table he felt more nervous and uneasy than he had done at dinner. Once or twice he ventured to raise his eyes to his wife's face, but there was no smile for him—none of the old happy look.
 This was more than Job Potson had been prepared for. He had—supposed he had—expected his courage up to the point of meeting his wife's show of temper—

in fact, he had a store of harsh, commanding words, already arranged, to hurl back at her when she should dare to question his authority, or offer to treat him with contempt. But he had not planned for meeting such an emergency as this. He had announced his intention of governing his wife, and she had taken him at his word. What should he do? How should he commence? What sort of a task had he before him? As he sat in the chimney corner, chatting over the evening chores had all been done, smoking his pipe, he felt very much like a man who had attempted to "speak in meetings," and has forgotten his speech. His wife had been in the habit, every evening, when she was well, of singing and chatting over her knitting; but her voice was now hushed.
 At nine o'clock he arose to attend to the cattle. He looked for the lantern, but could not find it.
 "Where is my lantern?"
 "I guess it is where you left it," said Sarah. She laid down her knitting, and went out into the porch, where she found it setting on a bench. She lighted and handed it to her husband.
 "Shall I do anything more for you Job?"
 "She was calm and passive; he was choking with perplexity.
 "That's all," he gasped. And then he went away and fed the cattle, and got in his wood for morning.
 What a cheerless evening it had been! On the following morning Job found the same sad face at the breakfast table. After breakfast he went out and fixed the beam in the tie up, and then he was at his wife's end. What would he have given at that moment for a suggestion from his wife. By and by a lucky thought struck him. He could break the ice without lowering his own dignity. He went into the house with this purpose.
 "Sarah," he said, with his hands working nervously in his pockets, "what do you think about having the loom put in order?"
 "I don't think anything about it, Job. You will do as you think best?"
 "But you know whether you want to use it or not, don't you?" Mr. Potson exhibited a little feeling.
 "The wool is at your disposal, Job. If you please to have some cloth made, I will spin and weave it. You have but to issue your orders." Her voice was very low and calm, and her bearing was respectful.
 "I've started up, how was he in temper, "you know whether the loom wants fixing?"
 "If it is your wish, my husband, I will go and examine it, and report to you what will do anything you say. Only let me do, and don't expect me to anticipate your wants. Shall I go up with you now?"
 "Yes!"
 The loom was in the shed chamber, and thither Job led the way. His wife pointed out to him what was necessary to be done, and then left him at his work.
 Dinner and supper—cheerless and dark!
 Job Potson had got the length of his line. What in the world to do with himself he did not know. How could he work to advantage without the suggestions of his wife? Where were the hints, and helps, and encouragements which, for so many years, had been his guide and assistants? And, when he came to think of it seriously, what sort of a piece of work should he make of it in attempting to rule and govern a person who knew more than he did, and who understood better what should be done? And, furthermore, how was he to call back to light of those smiles, and to keep up the warmth of the old love?—What would his home be with that light and warmth withdrawn?
 Job Potson took his pipe down from its little shelf over the fire-place, and filled it with tobacco. But he did not light it then. He held it in his hand awhile, and finally laid it upon the mantel. Then he went and stood before his wife trembling like an egg-cup child.
 "Sarah, I want to enjoy my smoke this evening."
 She looked up at him wondering what he meant.
 "How can I help you, Job?"
 "Tell me that I have been a confounded fool!"
 "Job—"
 "And then kiss me and be good to me; and let us be as we always have been."
 "Sarah, you won't—"
 "Tut, tut, Job, you are one of the best husbands, and I love you truly and fondly. Now go and light your pipe, and we'll have a chat. I want to tell you about Mrs. Braek-ett's visit to Boston, and how she found her lost brother."
 Job Potson was once more happy and content; and at the close of the pleasant social evening, he was resolved that the suggestions of men, who knew no more about the joys of a peaceful, orderly home than they know about the inhabitants of the moon, should lead him never again to try domestic experiments.

VALUE OF AMUSEMENT.—The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any description. It will not do. Rest must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting gentle emotions, and his body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influences and motion. It will not rest in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much mental sadness; too much injuriously as to pernicious as none at all. But, to the industrious toiler, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flower; both soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.
 A DEAD AND BURIED SOLDIER TURNS UP ALIVE.
 The Detroit Tribune of the 13th inst., narrates the following story.
 "A case of mistaken identity has been brought to our notice, the results of which has created a thrill of joy to an afflicted mother, and at the same time shows how easily it is for one to be mistaken. In March last Mrs. Julia Esmond, Parma, Jackson County, in this State, received a letter from Captain Soule, of Co. I, Sixth Michigan Infantry, Infantry, announcing the death of her son, Edward V. Esmond. The letter added:
 "The Surgeon informs me he was buried in a beautiful spot by a kind old lady and her daughter, the grave covered with evergreens, and a nice head-board bearing his name, age and residence, together with the regiment and company."
 "Young Esmond, the ideal person alluded to in this letter as having been buried arrived in Detroit a few days ago and reported for duty at the barracks.
 "As soon as Mrs. Esmond received the letter announcing the death of her son, she sent it to Captain Robinson, commanding at the Barracks, with the solicitation that he should make the necessary inquiry into the case, and if possible, aid her in obtaining his remains, &c. Captain Robinson broke the seal, adjusted his spectacles, and read the letter.—While engaged in reading, a young man—apparently a stranger—walked up to him, and with hat in his hand awaited his leisure. As soon as he had completed reading the letter the young man accosted him with "are you commander of this post?" "I am," said the captain. "Then I wish to report for duty," said the stranger. "I am from the Sixth Michigan, and having just at this moment arrived with my regiment, I desire to be sent back as soon as you may have a detachment of men ready to go there." Upon being asked his name he told it. The Captain informed him of the contents of the letter which he held in his hands. The young man assured the commander that he was the identical Edward V. Esmond, and desired a pass to visit his mother.—The necessary documents were of course granted, and he started for his home.—The story, as stated by him, is that he was engaged in a skirmish, but having got separated from his regiment he wandered about in the marshes for some days. He then saw a kind old lady, and almost in temper, "you know whether the loom wants fixing?"
 "If it is your wish, my husband, I will go and examine it, and report to you what will do anything you say. Only let me do, and don't expect me to anticipate your wants. Shall I go up with you now?"
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EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.
 All the Irish papers we receive, join in assuring us that an exodus of the Irish people is in progress, which equals in numerical extent even that of a few years ago. It differs only in the class of people. Then old and young fled from the land where poverty and tyranny joined to exterminate them, but now it is the young, hale and hearty only who go out on the wave full of hope and confidence that they will obtain in America what is denied to them at home. The fact of war raging here does not seem to deter them in the least. With all its horror and attendant misery it cannot make America so disgusting or repugnant to them as is their own birth-place. What a commentary on English Government! The finest, healthiest island in the world, once the abode of poetry and valor, now surrounded by all the halo of glorious ancient tradition has no beauty, has no attraction to its inhabitants, and they fly from it as if from a plague, to seek refuge in an entirely strange land, where a bloody strife is waged with terrible, obstinate fierceness.
 It is through that refined method of oppression adopted by England—the land tenure, that the population is being expatriated, and well may she applaud her own cunning. It has brought penury and famine, and penury and famine have driven away the people. Soan flocks and herds will have an opportunity of feasting on the green sod that draws its sustenance from the bones of generation after generation of Irish dead.
 The Irish clergy raise a piteous cry over this emigration. Well they may, for they see, as we see, that as the population flies, Irish nationality dies, and that if it continues, Ireland will cease to be except as a colony of Englishmen. But there is one consolation. Those thousands that are coming to our shores are all so many deadly enemies of England, and the time will come when their avenging arms will wipe out the record of her crime, for 600 years, kept against England.
 Some of the provincial journals express a fear that when the emigrants step on our shores, they will immediately be drafted into the ranks of our army. Such a fear is utterly groundless. The Conscription Act, which is soon to be enforced, will build up an army without any necessity for depriving traitless foreigners of their rights of personal liberty. Let them come then, whatever fate befall them here, it will be preferable to the object of their emigration, and in what they call their birth.

A HEN STORY.
 The following story is told by a paper in Stockton, Cal.
 "One of our prominent republican citizens is now engaged in a singular controversy with one of his colored brethren. The dark-skinned brother, it appears, owned a hen, this hen, visited the premises of her master's white brother, and thereby hangs a tale. The said negro's hen then laid a nest full of eggs upon the republican's lot, and commenced setting. The said republican, having some choice Spanish hen's eggs, took advantage of the hen's situation, and removed her own laid eggs and in their stead placed the Spanish hen's eggs. In due course of time the eggs were hatched. But now comes the irrepressible niggar, and demands both hen and chickens, claiming that the former is the mother of the latter. The republican demurs to this, and puts in a plea that the real mother is the hen that laid the eggs. The niggar 'don't see it,' and points to a precedent where his old master, Judge McGee when a woman sued for a divorce from the children to the colored man's brood 'em. The real question between 'brethren' is, which hen is the mother of the chickens? The negro threatens to sue, either for the chickens or for damage from use of his hen. Whether this question will be carried to the Supreme Court remains to be seen."

IN A PRINTING OFFICE.
 The composing room of a printing office is about as productive of various questions, and elicits as much curiosity from visitors as any place of business we know of. The first thing a visitor does is to step up to a case where fingers are at work, and watch every motion, with perfect steadfastness, looking into the compositor's face to see where his eyes are; the process looks mysterious, and questions follow about like this.
 "How do you know where to find the letters?"
 "Are they arranged in order?"
 "How do you know when they are right side up?"
 "What's the reason there are more types in some boxes than in others?"
 "I should think you would make mistakes; why don't you have the boxes marked?"
 "Don't you get the wrong letters sometimes?"
 Looking around, he spies in one corner "something" that calls forth—
 "What are these?"
 Compositor—Quads?
 Visitor—What's quads?
 Compositor explains.
 Next finds the form from which another is distributing.
 Vis.—Distributing them, are you?
 Com.—Yes.
 Vis.—Can you do that faster than you can set? What makes you set the type? (Looking at the form.) Why, it's all upside down. You can read it, can you?
 Com.—Yes, we are used to it.
 Next goes round the press and finds the roller, puts his fingers on it, and gets them dyed a shade or two blacker than their natural hue.
 Vis.—What is this roller made of?
 India rubber?
 Com.—No, of glue and molasses.
 Vis.—Of molasses? I should think it would mold.
 Com.—'Twill if it gets warm enough.
 His eyes next fall upon the paper, "laid down" ready for the press.
 Vis.—Why, this paper is all wet. Do you have to do that?
 Com.—Yes.
 Vis.—What for?
 Compositor explains, and wishes he would clear out of the office.
 He looks around and finds a form of advertisement in the column, and knocks a square of it into confusion. Compositor looks cross, and says:
 "Confound it! you have knocked it into it!"
 Visitor looks around, whistles, and with a bow goes out, without any invitation to call again.
 One Sunday, little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put on the contribution plate, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.
 Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widow in clover with a widow in weeds.

THE DRAFTED MEN—Important Notice.
 War Department, Washington, July 7—Circular No. 47.—
 No. 1. Drafted men become soldiers in the service of the United States by the fact of their names having been called upon them by the Provost Marshal. It is merely an announcement of the fact and an order for them to report for duty at a designated time and place.
 2. The following opinion of the Hon. William Whiting, Solicitor of the War Department, is published for the information of all concerned:
 "When a person's name is called in the presence of the Enrollment act of March, 1863, notice of such draft must be served within ten days thereafter by a written or printed notice, to be served on him personally, or by leaving a copy at his last place of residence, requiring him to appear at a designated rendezvous to report for duty. Any person failing to report for duty after notice left at his place of residence, or served on him personally, without furnishing a substitute or paying \$300, is prosecuted by law to be a deserter. He may be arrested and held for trial by court martial, and sentenced to death."
 "If a person after being drafted and before receiving notice deserts, the notice may still be served by leaving it at his place of residence and if he does not appear in accordance with the notice, or furnish the substitute, or pay the \$300, he will be in law a deserter, and must be treated accordingly. There is no way of escape in which a person once enrolled can escape his public duties, and when and after, whether present or absent, whether he changes his residence or abroad, the rights of the United States against him are secured, and it is only by the performance of his duty to the country that he will escape liabilities to be treated as a criminal."
 Wm. Whiting,
 Solicitor of the War Department.
 "Jas. B. Fay, Provost Marshal Gen."

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